

# The Spectator, vol 1 [with accents]

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THE SPECTATOR

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A NEW EDITION

REPRODUCING THE ORIGINAL TEXT BOTH AS FIRST ISSUED AND AS CORRECTED BY ITS AUTHORS

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND INDEX

BY

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IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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## INTRODUCTION

When Richard Steele, in number 555 of his 'Spectator', signed its last paper and named those who had most helped him

'to keep up the spirit of so long and approved a performance,'

he gave chief honour to one who had on his page, as in his heart, no name but Friend. This was

'the gentleman of whose assistance I formerly boasted in the Preface and concluding Leaf of my 'Tatlers'. I am indeed much more proud of his long-continued Friendship, than I should be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished the 'Tender Husband', I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might some time or other publish a work, written by us both, which should bear the name of THE MONUMENT, in Memory of our Friendship.'

Why he refers to such a wish, his next words show. The seven volumes of the 'Spectator', then complete, were to his mind The Monument, and of the Friendship it commemorates he wrote,

'I heartily wish what I have done here were as honorary to that sacred name as learning, wit, and humanity render those pieces which I have taught the reader how to distinguish for his.'

So wrote Steele; and the 'Spectator' will bear witness how religiously his friendship was returned. In number 453, when, paraphrasing David's Hymn on Gratitude, the 'rising soul' of Addison surveyed the mercies of his God, was it not Steele whom he felt near to him at the Mercy-seat as he wrote

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss Has made my cup run o'er, And in a kind and faithful Friend Has doubled all my store?

The *Spectator*, Steele—and—Addison's *Spectator*, is a monument befitting the most memorable friendship in our history. Steele was its projector, founder, editor, and he was writer of that part of it which took the widest grasp upon the hearts of men. His sympathies were with all England. Defoe and he, with eyes upon the future, were the truest leaders of their time. It was the firm hand of his friend Steele that helped Addison up to the place in literature which became him. It was Steele who caused the nice critical taste which Addison might have spent only in accordance with the fleeting fashions of his time, to be inspired with all Addison's religious earnestness, and to be enlivened with the free play of that sportive humour, delicately whimsical and gaily wise, which made his conversation the delight of the few men with whom he sat at ease. It was Steele who drew his friend towards the days to come, and made his gifts the wealth of a whole people. Steele said in one of the later numbers of his *Spectator*, No. 532, to which he prefixed a motto that assigned to himself only the part of whetstone to the wit of others,

'I claim to myself the merit of having extorted excellent productions from a person of the greatest abilities, who would not have let them appear by any other means.'

There were those who argued that he was too careless of his own fame in unselfish labour for the exaltation of his friend, and, no doubt, his rare generosity of temper has been often misinterpreted. But for that Addison is not answerable. And why should Steele have defined his own merits? He knew his countrymen, and was in too genuine accord with the spirit of a time then distant but now come, to doubt that, when he was dead, his whole life's work would speak truth for him to posterity.

The friendship of which this work is the monument remained unbroken from boyhood until death. Addison and Steele were schoolboys together at the Charterhouse. Addison was a dean's son, and a private boarder; Steele, fatherless, and a boy on the foundation. They were of like age. The register of Steele's baptism, corroborated by the entry made on his admission to the Charterhouse (which also implies that he was baptized on the day of his birth) is March 12, 1671, Old Style; New Style, 1672. Addison was born on May—day, 1672. Thus there was a difference of only seven weeks.

Steele's father according to the register, also named Richard, was an attorney in Dublin. Steele seems to draw from experience—although he is not writing as of himself or bound to any truth of personal detail—when in No. 181 of the 'Tatler' he speaks of his father as having died when he was not quite five years of age, and of his mother as 'a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit.' The first Duke of Ormond is referred to by Steele in his Dedication to the 'Lying Lover' as the patron of his infancy; and it was by this nobleman that a place was found for him, when in his thirteenth year, among the foundation boys at the Charterhouse, where he first met with Joseph Addison. Addison, who was at school at Lichfield in 1683–4–5, went to the Charterhouse in 1686, and left in 1687, when he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford. Steele went to Oxford two years later, matriculating at Christ Church, March 13, 1689–90, the year in which Addison was elected a Demy of Magdalene. A letter of introduction from Steele, dated April 2, 1711, refers to the administration of the will of 'my uncle Gascoigne, to whose bounty I owe a liberal education.' This only representative of the family ties into which Steele was born, an 'uncle' whose surname is not that of Steele's mother before marriage, appears, therefore, to have died just before or at the time when the 'Spectator' undertook to publish a sheetful of thoughts every morning, and—Addison here speaking for him—looked forward to

'leaving his country, when he was summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that he had not lived in vain.'

To Steele's warm heart Addison's friendship stood for all home blessings he had missed. The sister's playful grace, the brother's love, the mother's sympathy and simple faith in God, the father's guidance, where were these for Steele, if not in his friend Addison?

Addison's father was a dean; his mother was the sister of a bishop; and his ambition as a schoolboy, or his father's ambition for him, was only that he should be one day a prosperous and pious dignitary of the Church. But there was in him, as in Steele, the genius which shaped their lives to its own uses, and made them both what they are to us now. Joseph Addison was born into a home which the steadfast labour of his father, Lancelot, had made prosperous and happy. Lancelot Addison had earned success. His father, Joseph's grandfather, had been also a clergyman, but he was one of those Westmoreland clergy of whose simplicity and poverty many a joke has been made. Lancelot got his education as a poor child in the Appleby Grammar School; but he made his own way when at College; was too avowed a Royalist to satisfy the Commonwealth, and got, for his zeal, at the Restoration, small reward in a chaplaincy to the garrison at Dunkirk. This was changed, for the worse, to a position of the same sort at Tangier, where he remained eight years. He lost that office by misadventure, and would have been left destitute if Mr. Joseph Williamson had not given him a living of £120 a-year at Milston in Wiltshire. Upon this Lancelot Addison married Jane Gulstone, who was the daughter of a Doctor of Divinity, and whose brother became Bishop of Bristol. In the little Wiltshire parsonage Joseph Addison and his younger brothers and sisters were born. The essayist was named Joseph after his father's patron, afterwards Sir Joseph Williamson, a friend high in office. While the children grew, the father worked. He showed his ability and loyalty in books on West Barbary, and Mahomet, and the State of the Jews; and he became one of the King's chaplains in ordinary at a time when his patron Joseph Williamson was Secretary of State. Joseph Addison was then but three years old. Soon afterwards the busy father became Archdeacon of Salisbury, and he was made Dean of Lichfield in 1683, when his boy Joseph had reached the age of 11. When Archdeacon of Salisbury, the Rev. Lancelot Addison sent Joseph to school at Salisbury; and when his father became Dean of Lichfield, Joseph was sent to school at Lichfield, as before said, in the years 1683–4–5. And then he was sent as a private pupil to the Charterhouse. The friendship he there formed with Steele was ratified by the approval of the Dean. The desolate boy with the warm heart, bright intellect, and noble aspirations, was carried home by his friend, at holiday times, into the Lichfield Deanery, where, Steele wrote afterwards to Congreve in a Dedication of the 'Drummer',

'were things of this nature to be exposed to public view, I could show under the Dean's own hand, in the warmest terms, his blessing on the friendship between his son and me; nor had he a child who did not prefer me in the first place of kindness and esteem, as their father loved me like one of them.'

Addison had two brothers, of whom one traded and became Governor of Fort George in India, and the other became, like himself, a Fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford. Of his three sisters two died young, the other married twice, her first husband being a French refugee minister who became a Prebendary of Westminster. Of this sister of Addison's, Swift said she was 'a sort of wit, very like him. I was not fond of her.'

In the latter years of the seventeenth century, when Steele and Addison were students at Oxford, most English writers were submissive to the new strength of the critical genius of France. But the English nation had then newly accomplished the great Revolution that secured its liberties, was thinking for itself, and calling forth the energies of writers who spoke for the people and looked to the people for approval and support. A new period was then opening, of popular influence on English literature. They were the young days of the influence now full grown, then slowly getting strength and winning the best minds away from an imported Latin style adapted to the taste of patrons who sought credit for nice critical discrimination. In 1690 Addison had been three years, Steele one year, at Oxford. Boileau was then living, fifty-four years old; and Western Europe was submissive to his sway as the great monarch of literary criticism. Boileau was still living when Steele published his 'Tatler', and died in the year of the establishment of the 'Spectator'. Boileau, a true-hearted man, of genius and sense, advanced his countrymen from the nice weighing of words by the *Précieuses* and the grammarians, and by the French Academy, child of the intercourse between those ladies and gentlemen. He brought ridicule on the inane politeness of a style then in its decrepitude, and bade the writers of his time find models in the Latin writers who, like Virgil and Horace, had brought natural thought and speech to their perfection. In the preceding labour for the rectifying of the language, preference had been given to French words of Latin origin. French being one of those languages in which Latin is the chief constituent, this was but a fair following of the desire to make it run pure from its source.

If the English critics who, in Charles the Second's time, submitted to French law, had seen its spirit, instead of paying blind obedience to the letter, they also would have looked back to the chief source of their language. Finding this to be not Latin but Saxon, they would have sought to give it strength and harmony, by doing then what, in the course of nature, we have learnt again to do, now that the patronage of literature has gone from the cultivated noble who appreciates in much accordance with the fashion of his time, and passed into the holding of the English people. Addison and Steele lived in the transition time between these periods. They were born into one of them and—Steele immediately, Addison through Steele's influence upon him—they were trusty guides into the other. Thus the 'Spectator' is not merely the best example of their skill. It represents also, perhaps best represents, a wholesome Revolution in our Literature. The essential character of English Literature was no more changed than characters of Englishmen were altered by the Declaration of Right which Prince William of Orange had accepted with the English Crown, when Addison had lately left and Steele was leaving Charterhouse for Oxford. Yet change there was, and Steele saw to the heart of it, even in his College days.

Oxford, in times not long past, had inclined to faith in divine right of kings. Addison's father, a church dignitary who had been a Royalist during the Civil War, laid stress upon obedience to authority in Church and State. When modern literature was discussed or studied at Oxford there would be the strongest disposition to maintain the commonly accepted authority of French critics, who were really men of great ability, correcting bad taste in their predecessors, and conciliating scholars by their own devout acceptance of the purest Latin authors as the types of a good style or proper method in the treatment of a subject. Young Addison found nothing new to him in the temper of his University, and was influenced, as in his youth every one must and should be, by the prevalent tone of opinion in cultivated men. But he had, and felt that he had, wit and genius of his own. His sensitive mind was simply and thoroughly religious, generous in its instincts, and strengthened in its nobler part by close communion with the mind of his friend Steele.

May we not think of the two friends together in a College chamber, Addison of slender frame, with features wanting neither in dignity nor in refinement, Steele of robust make, with the radiant 'short face' of the 'Spectator', by right of which he claimed for that worthy his admission to the Ugly Club. Addison reads Dryden, in praise of whom he wrote his earliest known verse; or reads endeavours of his own, which his friend Steele warmly applauds. They dream together of the future; Addison sage, but speculative, and Steele practical, if rash. Each is disposed to find God in the ways of life, and both avoid that outward show of irreligion, which, after the recent Civil Wars, remains yet common in the country, as reaction from an ostentatious piety which laid on burdens of restraint; a natural reaction which had been intensified by the base influence of a profligate King. Addison, bred among the preachers, has a little of the preacher's abstract tone, when talk between the friends draws them at times into direct expression of the sacred sense of life which made them one.

Apart also from the mere accidents of his childhood, a speculative turn in Addison is naturally stronger than in Steele. He relishes analysis of thought. Steele came as a boy from the rough world of shame and sorrow; his great, kindly heart is most open to the realities of life, the state and prospects of his country, direct personal sympathies; actual wrongs, actual remedies. Addison is sensitive, and has among strangers the reserve of speech and aspect which will pass often for coldness and pride, but is, indeed, the shape taken by modesty in thoughtful men whose instinct it is to speculate and analyze, and who become self-conscious, not through conceit, but because they cannot help turning their speculations also on themselves. Steele wholly comes out of himself as his heart hastens to meet his friend. He lives in his surroundings, and, in friendly intercourse, fixes his whole thought on the worth of his companion. Never abating a jot of his ideal of a true and perfect life, or ceasing to uphold the good because he cannot live to the full height of his own argument, he is too frank to conceal the least or greatest of his own shortcomings. Delight and strength of a friendship like that between Steele and Addison are to be found, as many find them, in the charm and use of a compact where characters differ so much that one lays open as it were a fresh world to the other, and each draws from the other aid of forces which the friendship makes his own. But the deep foundations of this friendship were laid in the religious earnestness that was alike in both; and in religious earnestness are laid also the foundations of

this book, its Monument.

Both Addison and Steele wrote verse at College. From each of them we have a poem written at nearly the same age: Addison's in April, 1694, Steele's early in 1695. Addison drew from literature a metrical 'Account of the Greatest English Poets.' Steele drew from life the grief of England at the death of William's Queen, which happened on the 28th of December, 1694.

Addison, writing in that year, and at the age of about 23, for a College friend,

A short account of all the Muse—possest, That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times  
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes,

was so far under the influence of French critical authority, as accepted by most cultivators of polite literature at Oxford and wherever authority was much respected, that from 'An Account of the Greatest English Poets' he omitted Shakespeare. Of Chaucer he then knew no better than to say, what might have been said in France, that

... age has rusted what the Poet writ, Worn out his language, and obscured his wit: In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain, And tries to make his readers laugh in vain. Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage, In ancient tales amused a barb'rous age; But now the mystic tale, that pleased of yore, Can charm an understanding age no more.

It cost Addison some trouble to break loose from the critical cobweb of an age of periwigs and patches, that accounted itself 'understanding,' and the grand epoch of our Elizabethan literature, 'barbarous.' Rymer, one of his critics, had said, that

'in the neighing of an horse, or in the growling of a mastiff, there is a meaning, there is as lively expression, and, may I say, more humanity than many times in the tragical flights of Shakespeare.'

Addison, with a genius of his own helped to free movement by the sympathies of Steele, did break through the cobwebs of the critics; but he carried off a little of their web upon his wings. We see it when in the 'Spectator' he meets the prejudices of an 'understanding age,' and partly satisfies his own, by finding reason for his admiration of 'Chevy Chase' and the 'Babes in the Wood', in their great similarity to works of Virgil. We see it also in some of the criticisms which accompany his admirable working out of the resolve to justify his true natural admiration of the poetry of Milton, by showing that 'Paradise Lost' was planned after the manner of the ancients, and supreme even in its obedience to the laws of Aristotle. In his 'Spectator' papers on Imagination he but half escapes from the conventions of his time, which detested the wildness of a mountain pass, thought Salisbury Plain one of the finest prospects in England, planned parks with circles and straight lines of trees, despised our old cathedrals for their 'Gothic' art, and saw perfection in the Roman architecture, and the round dome of St. Paul's. Yet in these and all such papers of his we find that Addison had broken through the weaker prejudices of the day, opposing them with sound natural thought of his own. Among cultivated readers, lesser moulders of opinion, there can be no doubt that his genius was only the more serviceable in amendment of the tastes of his own time, for friendly understanding and a partial sharing of ideas for which it gave itself no little credit.

It is noticeable, however, that in his Account of the Greatest English Poets, young Addison gave a fifth part of the piece to expression of the admiration he felt even then for Milton. That his appreciation became critical, and, although limited, based on a sense of poetry which brought him near to Milton, Addison proved in the 'Spectator' by his eighteen Saturday papers upon 'Paradise Lost'. But it was from the religious side that he first entered into the perception of its grandeur. His sympathy with its high purpose caused him to praise, in the same pages that commended 'Paradise Lost' to his countrymen, another 'epic,' Blackmore's 'Creation', a dull metrical treatise against atheism, as a work which deserved to be looked upon as

'one of the most useful and noble productions of our English verse. The reader,' he added, of a piece which shared certainly with Salisbury Plain the charms of flatness and extent of space, 'the reader cannot but be pleased to find the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination.'

The same strong sympathy with Blackmore's purpose in it blinded Dr. Johnson also to the failure of this poem, which is Blackmore's best. From its religious side, then, it may be that Addison, when a student at Oxford, first took his impressions of the poetry of Milton. At Oxford he accepted the opinion of France on Milton's art, but honestly declared, in spite of that, unchecked enthusiasm:

Whate'er his pen describes I more than see, Whilst every verse, arrayed in majesty, Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws, And seems above the critic's nicer laws.

This chief place among English poets Addison assigned to Milton, with his mind fresh from the influences of a father who had openly contemned the Commonwealth, and by whom he had been trained so to regard Milton's service of it that of this he wrote:

Oh, had the Poet ne'er profaned his pen, To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men; His other works might have deserved applause But now the language can't support the cause, While the clean current, tho' serene and bright, Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

If we turn now to the verse written by Steele in his young Oxford days, and within twelve months of the date of Addison's lines upon English poets, we have what Steele called 'The Procession.' It is the procession of those who followed to the grave the good Queen Mary, dead of small-pox, at the age of 32. Steele shared his friend Addison's delight in Milton, and had not, indeed, got beyond the sixth number of the 'Tatler' before he compared the natural beauty and innocence of Milton's Adam and Eve with Dryden's treatment of their love. But the one man for whom Steele felt most enthusiasm was not to be sought through books, he was a living moulder of the future of the nation. Eagerly intent upon King William, the hero of the Revolution that secured our liberties, the young patriot found in him also the hero of his verse. Keen sense of the realities about him into which Steele had been born, spoke through the very first lines of this poem:

The days of man are doom'd to pain and strife, Quiet and ease are foreign to our life; No satisfaction is, below, sincere, Pleasure itself has something that's severe.

Britain had rejoiced in the high fortune of King William, and now a mourning world attended his wife to the tomb. The poor were her first and deepest mourners, poor from many causes; and then Steele pictured, with warm sympathy, form after form of human suffering. Among those mourning poor were mothers who, in the despair of want, would have stabbed infants sobbing for their food,

But in the thought they stopp'd, their locks they tore, Threw down the steel, and cruelly forbore. The innocents their parents' love forgive, Smile at their fate, nor know they are to live.

To the mysteries of such distress the dead queen penetrated, by her 'cunning to be good.' After the poor, marched the House of Commons in the funeral procession. Steele gave only two lines to it:

With dread concern, the awful Senate came, Their grief, as all their passions, is the same. The next Assembly dissipates our fears, The stately, mourning throng of British Peers.

A factious intemperance then characterized debates of the Commons, while the House of Lords stood in the front of the Revolution, and secured the permanency of its best issues. Steele describes, as they pass, Ormond, Somers, Villars, who leads the horse of the dead queen, that 'heaves into big sighs when he would neigh'—the verse has in it crudity as well as warmth of youth—and then follow the funeral chariot, the jewelled

mourners, and the ladies of the court,

Their clouded beauties speak man's gaudy strife, The glittering miseries of human life.

I yet see, Steele adds, this queen passing to her coronation in the place whither she now is carried to her grave. On the way, through acclamations of her people, to receive her crown,

She unconcerned and careless all the while Rewards their loud applauses with a smile, With easy Majesty and humble State Smiles at the trifle Power, and knows its date.

But now

What hands commit the beautiful, good, and just, The dearer part of William, to the dust? In her his vital heat, his glory lies, In her the Monarch lived, in her he dies. ... No form of state makes the Great Man forego The task due to her love and to his woe; Since his kind frame can't the large suffering bear In pity to his People, he's not here: For to the mighty loss we now receive The next affliction were to see him grieve.

If we look from these serious strains of their youth to the literary expression of the gayer side of character in the two friends, we find Addison sheltering his taste for playful writing behind a Roman Wall of hexameter. For among his Latin poems in the Oxford 'Musæ Anglicanæ' are eighty or ninety lines of resonant Latin verse upon 'Machinæ Gesticulantes, 'anglice' A Puppet-show.' Steele, taking life as he found it, and expressing mirth in his own way of conversation, wrote an English comedy, and took the word of a College friend that it was valueless. There were two paths in life then open to an English writer. One was the smooth and level way of patronage; the other a rough up-hill track for men who struggled in the service of the people. The way of patronage was honourable. The age had been made so very discerning by the Romans and the French that a true understanding of the beauties of literature was confined to the select few who had been taught what to admire. Fine writing was beyond the rude appreciation of the multitude. Had, therefore, the reading public been much larger than it was, men of fastidious taste, who paid as much deference to polite opinion as Addison did in his youth, could have expected only audience fit but few, and would have been without encouragement to the pursuit of letters unless patronage rewarded merit. The other way had charms only for the stout-hearted pioneer who foresaw where the road was to be made that now is the great highway of our literature. Addison went out into the world by the way of his time; Steele by the way of ours.

Addison, after the campaign of 1695, offered to the King the homage of a paper of verses on the capture of Namur, and presented them through Sir John Somers, then Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. To Lord Somers he sent with them a flattering dedicatory address. Somers, who was esteemed a man of taste, was not unwilling to 'receive the present of a muse unknown.' He asked Addison to call upon him, and became his patron. Charles Montagu, afterwards Earl of Halifax, critic and wit himself, shone also among the statesmen who were known patrons of letters. Also to him, who was a prince of patrons 'fed with soft dedication all day long,' Addison introduced himself. To him, in 1697, as it was part of his public fame to be a Latin scholar, Addison, also a skilful Latinist, addressed, in Latin, a paper of verses on the Peace of Ryswick. With Somers and Montagu for patrons, the young man of genius who wished to thrive might fairly commit himself to the service of the Church, for which he had been bred by his father; but Addison's tact and refinement promised to be serviceable to the State, and so it was that, as Steele tells us, Montagu made Addison a layman.

'His arguments were founded upon the general pravity and corruption of men of business, who wanted liberal education. And I remember, as if I had read the letter yesterday, that my Lord ended with a compliment, that, however he might be represented as no friend to the Church, he never would do it any other injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it.'

To the good offices of Montagu and Somers, Addison was indebted, therefore, in 1699, for a travelling allowance of £300 a year. The grant was for his support while qualifying himself on the continent by study of

modern languages, and otherwise, for diplomatic service. It dropped at the King's death, in the spring of 1702, and Addison was cast upon his own resources; but he thrived, and lived to become an Under-Secretary of State in days that made Prior an Ambassador, and rewarded with official incomes Congreve, Rowe, Hughes, Philips, Stepney, and others. Throughout his honourable career prudence dictated to Addison more or less of dependence on the friendship of the strong. An honest friend of the popular cause, he was more ready to sell than give his pen to it; although the utmost reward would at no time have tempted him to throw his conscience into the bargain. The good word of Halifax obtained him from Godolphin, in 1704, the Government order for a poem on the Battle of Blenheim, with immediate earnest of payment for it in the office of a Commissioner of Appeal in the Excise worth £200 a year. For this substantial reason Addison wrote the 'Campaign'; and upon its success, he obtained the further reward of an Irish Under-secretaryship.

The 'Campaign' is not a great poem. Reams of 'Campaigns' would not have made Addison's name, what it now is, a household word among his countrymen. The 'Remarks on several Parts of Italy, &c.,' in which Addison followed up the success of his 'Campaign' with notes of foreign travel, represent him visiting Italy as 'Virgil's Italy,' the land of the great writers in Latin, and finding scenery or customs of the people eloquent of them at every turn. He crammed his pages with quotation from Virgil and Horace, Ovid and Tibullus, Propertius, Lucan, Juvenal and Martial, Lucretius, Statius, Claudian, Silius Italicus, Ausonius, Seneca, Phædrus, and gave even to his 'understanding age' an overdose of its own physic for all ills of literature. He could not see a pyramid of jugglers standing on each other's shoulders, without observing how it explained a passage in Claudian which shows that the Venetians were not the inventors of this trick. But Addison's short original accounts of cities and states that he saw are pleasant as well as sensible, and here and there, as in the space he gives to a report of St. Anthony's sermon to the fishes, or his short account of a visit to the opera at Venice, there are indications of the humour that was veiled, not crushed, under a sense of classical propriety. In his account of the political state of Naples and in other passages, there is mild suggestion also of the love of liberty, a part of the fine nature of Addison which had been slightly warmed by contact with the generous enthusiasm of Steele. In his poetical letter to Halifax written during his travels Addison gave the sum of his prose volume when he told how he felt himself

... on classic ground. For here the Muse so oft her harp hath strung,  
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;  
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,  
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

But he was writing to a statesman of the Revolution, who was his political patron, just then out of office, and propriety suggested such personal compliment as calling the Boyne a Tiber, and Halifax an improvement upon Virgil; while his heart was in the closing emphasis, also proper to the occasion, which dwelt on the liberty that gives their smile to the barren rocks and bleak mountains of Britannia's isle, while for Italy, rich in the unexhausted stores of nature, proud Oppression in her valleys reigns, and tyranny usurps her happy plains. Addison's were formal raptures, and he knew them to be so, when he wrote,

I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,  
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

Richard Steele was not content with learning to be bold. Eager, at that turning point of her national life, to serve England with strength of arm, at least, if not with the good brains which he was neither encouraged nor disposed to value highly, Steele's patriotism impelled him to make his start in the world, not by the way of patronage, but by enlisting himself as a private in the Coldstream Guards. By so doing he knew that he offended a relation, and lost a bequest. As he said of himself afterwards,

'when he mounted a war-horse, with a great sword in his hand, and planted himself behind King William III against Louis XIV, he lost the succession to a very good estate in the county of Wexford, in Ireland, from the same humour which he has preserved, ever since, of preferring the state of his mind to that of his fortune.'

Steele entered the Duke of Ormond's regiment, and had reasons for enlistment. James Butler, the first Duke, whom his father served, had sent him to the Charterhouse. That first Duke had been Chancellor of the

University at Oxford, and when he died, on the 21st of July, 1688, nine months before Steele entered to Christchurch, his grandson, another James Butler, succeeded to the Dukedom. This second Duke of Ormond was also placed by the University of Oxford in his grandfather's office of Chancellor. He went with King William to Holland in 1691, shared the defeat of William in the battle of Steinkirk in August, 1692, and was taken prisoner in July, 1693, when King William was defeated at Landen. These defeats encouraged the friends of the Stuarts, and in 1694, Bristol, Exeter and Boston adhered to King James. Troops were raised in the North of England to assist his cause. In 1696 there was the conspiracy of Sir George Barclay to seize William on the 15th of February. Captain Charnock, one of the conspirators, had been a Fellow of Magdalene. On the 23rd of February the plot was laid before Parliament. There was high excitement throughout the country. Loyal Associations were formed. The Chancellor of the University of Oxford was a fellow-soldier of the King's, and desired to draw strength to his regiment from the enthusiasm of the time. Steele's heart was with the cause of the Revolution, and he owed also to the Ormonds a kind of family allegiance. What was more natural than that he should be among those young Oxford men who were tempted to enlist in the Chancellor's own regiment for the defence of liberty? Lord Cutts, the Colonel of the Regiment, made Steele his Secretary, and got him an Ensign's commission. It was then that he wrote his first book, the 'Christian Hero', of which the modest account given by Steele himself long afterwards, when put on his defence by the injurious violence of faction, is as follows:

'He first became an author when an Ensign of the Guards, a way of life exposed to much irregularity; and being thoroughly convinced of many things, of which he often repented, and which he more often repeated, he writ, for his own private use, a little book called the 'Christian Hero', with a design principally to fix upon his own mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity towards unwarrantable pleasures. This secret admiration was too weak; he therefore printed the book with his name, in hopes that a standing testimony against himself, and the eyes of the world (that is to say, of his acquaintance) upon him in a new light, would make him ashamed of understanding and seeming to feel what was virtuous, and living so contrary a life.'

Among his brother soldiers, and fresh from the Oxford worship of old classical models, the religious feeling that accompanies all true refinement, and that was indeed part of the English nature in him as in Addison, prompted Steele to write this book, in which he opposed to the fashionable classicism of his day a sound reflection that the heroism of Cato or Brutus had far less in it of true strength, and far less adaptation to the needs of life, than the unfashionable Christian Heroism set forth by the Sermon on the Mount.

According to the second title of this book it is 'an Argument, proving that no Principles but those of Religion are sufficient to make a Great Man.' It is addressed to Lord Cutts in a dedication dated from the Tower-Yard, March 23, 1701, and is in four chapters, of which the first treats of the heroism of the ancient world, the second connects man with his Creator, by the Bible Story and the Life and Death of Christ, the third defines the Christian as set forth by the character and teaching of St. Paul, applying the definition practically to the daily life of Steele's own time. In the last chapter he descends from the consideration of those bright incentives to a higher life, and treats of the ordinary passions and interests of men, the common springs of action (of which, he says, the chief are Fame and Conscience) which he declares to be best used and improved when joined with religion; and here all culminates in a final strain of patriotism, closing with the character of King William, 'that of a glorious captain, and (what he much more values than the most splendid titles) that of a sincere and honest man.' This was the character of William which, when, in days of meaner public strife, Steele quoted it years afterwards in the *Spectator*, he broke off painfully and abruptly with a

... Fuit Ilium, et ingens Gloria.

Steele's 'Christian Hero' obtained many readers. Its fifth edition was appended to the first collection of the 'Tatler' into volumes, at the time of the establishment of the 'Spectator'. The old bent of the English mind was strong in Steele, and he gave unostentatiously a lively wit to the true service of religion, without having spoken or written to the last day of his life a word of mere religious cant. One officer thrust a duel on him for

his zeal in seeking to make peace between him and another comrade. Steele, as an officer, then, or soon afterwards, made a Captain of Fusiliers, could not refuse to fight, but stood on the defensive; yet in parrying a thrust his sword pierced his antagonist, and the danger in which he lay quickened that abiding detestation of the practice of duelling, which caused Steele to attack it in his plays, in his 'Tatler', in his 'Spectator', with persistent energy.

Of the 'Christian Hero' his companions felt, and he himself saw, that the book was too didactic. It was indeed plain truth out of Steele's heart, but an air of superiority, freely allowed only to the professional man teaching rules of his own art, belongs to a too didactic manner. Nothing was more repugnant to Steele's nature than the sense of this. He had defined the Christian as 'one who is always a benefactor, with the mien of a receiver.' And that was his own character, which was, to a fault, more ready to give than to receive, more prompt to ascribe honour to others than to claim it for himself. To right himself, Steele wrote a light-hearted comedy, 'The Funeral', or 'Grief à la Mode'; but at the core even of that lay the great earnestness of his censure against the mockery and mummery of grief that should be sacred; and he blended with this, in the character of Lawyer Puzzle, a protest against mockery of truth and justice by the intricacies of the law. The liveliness of this comedy made Steele popular with the wits; and the inevitable touches of the author's patriotism brought on him also the notice of the Whigs. Party men might, perhaps, already feel something of the unbending independence that was in Steele himself, as in this play he made old Lord Brumpton teach it to his son:

'But be them honest, firm, impartial; Let neither love, nor hate, nor faction move thee; Distinguish words from things, and men from crimes.'

King William, perhaps, had he lived, could fairly have recognized in Steele the social form of that sound mind which in Defoe was solitary. In a later day it was to Steele a proud recollection that his name, to be provided for, 'was in the last table-book ever worn by the glorious and immortal William III.'

The 'Funeral', first acted with great success in 1702, was followed in the next year by 'The Tender Husband', to which Addison contributed some touches, for which Addison wrote a Prologue, and which Steele dedicated to Addison, who would 'be surprised,' he said, 'in the midst of a daily and familiar conversation, with an address which bears so distant an air as a public dedication.' Addison and his friend were then thirty-one years old. Close friends when boys, they are close friends now in the prime of manhood. It was after they had blended wits over the writing of this comedy that Steele expressed his wish for a work, written by both, which should serve as THE MONUMENT to their most happy friendship. When Addison and Steele were amused together with the writing of this comedy, Addison, having lost his immediate prospect of political employment, and his salary too, by King William's death in the preceding year, had come home from his travels. On his way home he had received, in September, at the Hague, news of his father's death. He wrote from the Hague, to Mr. Wyche,

'At my first arrival I received the news of my father's death, and ever since have been engaged in so much noise and company, that it was impossible for me to think of rhyming in it.'

As his father's eldest son, he had, on his return to England, family affairs to arrange, and probably some money to receive. Though attached to a party that lost power at the accession of Queen Anne, and waiting for new employment, Addison—who had declined the Duke of Somerset's over-condescending offer of a hundred a year and all expenses as travelling tutor to his son, the Marquis of Hertford—was able, while lodging poorly in the Haymarket, to associate in London with the men by whose friendship he hoped to rise, and was, with Steele, admitted into the select society of wits, and men of fashion who affected wit and took wits for their comrades, in the Kitcat Club. When in 1704 Marlborough's victory at Blenheim revived the Whig influence, the suggestion of Halifax to Lord Treasurer Godolphin caused Addison to be applied to for his poem of the 'Campaign'. It was after the appearance of this poem that Steele's play was printed, with the dedication to his friend, in which he said,

'I look upon my intimacy with you as one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life. At the same time I make the town no ill compliment for their kind acceptance of this comedy, in acknowledging that it has so far raised my opinion of it, as to make me think it no improper memorial of an inviolable Friendship. I should not offer it to you as such, had I not been very careful to avoid everything that might look ill-natured, immoral, or prejudicial to what the better part of mankind hold sacred and honourable.'

This was the common ground between the friends. Collier's 'Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage' had been published in 1698; it attacked a real evil, if not always in the right way, and Congreve's reply to it had been a failure. Steele's comedies with all their gaiety and humour were wholly free from the garnish of oaths and unwholesome expletives which his contemporaries seemed to think essential to stage emphasis. Each comedy of his was based on seriousness, as all sound English wit has been since there have been writers in England. The gay manner did not conceal all the earnest thoughts that might jar with the humour of the town; and thus Steele was able to claim, by right of his third play, 'the honour of being the only English dramatist who had had a piece damned for its piety.'

This was the 'Lying Lover', produced in 1704, an adaptation from Corneille in which we must allow that Steele's earnestness in upholding truth and right did cause him to spoil the comedy. The play was afterwards re-adapted by Foote as the 'Liar', and in its last form, with another change or two, has been revived at times with great success. It is worth while to note how Steele dealt with the story of this piece. Its original is a play by Alarcon, which Corneille at first supposed to have been a play by Lope de Vega. Alarcon, or, to give him his full style, Don Juan Ruiz de Alarcon y Mendoza, was a Mexican-born Spaniard of a noble family which had distinguished itself in Mexico from the time of the conquest, and took its name of Alarcon from a village in New Castile. The poet was a humpbacked dwarf, a thorough, but rather haughty, Spanish gentleman, poet and wit, who wrote in an unusually pure Spanish style; a man of the world, too, who came to Spain in or about the year 1622, and held the very well-paid office of reporter to the Royal Council of the Indies. When Alarcon, in 1634, was chosen by the Court to write a festival drama, and, at the same time, publishing the second part of his dramatic works, vehemently reclaimed plays for which, under disguised names, some of his contemporaries had taken credit to themselves, there was an angry combination against him, in which Lope de Vega, Gongora, and Quevedo were found taking part. All that Alarcon wrote was thoroughly his own, but editors of the 17th century boldly passed over his claims to honour, and distributed his best works among plays of other famous writers, chiefly those of Rojas and Lope de Vega. This was what deceived Corneille, and caused him to believe and say that Alarcon's 'la Verdad sospechosa', on which, in 1642, he founded his 'Menteur', was a work of Lope de Vega's. Afterwards Corneille learnt how there had been in this matter lying among editors. He gave to Alarcon the honour due, and thenceforth it is chiefly by this play that Alarcon has been remembered out of Spain. In Spain, when in 1852 Don Juan Hartzbusch edited Alarcon's comedies for the Biblioteca de Autores Españoles, he had to remark on the unjust neglect of that good author in Spain also, where the poets and men of letters had long wished in vain for a complete edition of his works. Lope de Vega, it may be added, was really the author of a sequel to 'la Verdad sospechosa', which Corneille adapted also as a sequel to his 'Menteur', but it was even poorer than such sequels usually are.

The 'Lying Lover' in Alarcon's play is a Don Garcia fresh from his studies in Salamanca, and Steele's Latine first appears there as a Tristan, the gracioso of old Spanish comedy. The two ladies are a Jacinta and Lucrecia. Alarcon has in his light and graceful play no less than three heavy fathers, of a Spanish type, one of whom, the father of Lucrecia, brings about Don Garcia's punishment by threatening to kill him if he will not marry his daughter; and so the Liar is punished for his romancing by a marriage with the girl he does not care for, and not marrying the girl he loves.

Corneille was merciful, and in the fifth act bred in his 'Menteur' a new fancy for Lucrece, so that the marriage at cross purposes was rather agreeable to him.

Steele, in adapting the 'Menteur' as his 'Lying Lover', altered the close in sharp accordance with that 'just regard to a reforming age,' which caused him (adapting a line in his 'Procession' then unprinted) to write in his

Prologue to it, 'Pleasure must still have something that's severe.' Having translated Corneille's translations of Garcia and Tristan (Dorante and Cliton) into Young Bookwit and Latine, he transformed the servant into a college friend, mumming as servant because, since 'a prating servant is necessary in intrigues,' the two had 'cast lots who should be the other's footman for the present expedition.' Then he adapted the French couplets into pleasant prose comedy, giving with a light touch the romancing of feats of war and of an entertainment on the river, but at last he turned desperately serious, and sent his Young Bookwit to Newgate on a charge of killing the gentleman—here called Lovemore—who was at last to win the hand of the lady whom the Liar loved. In his last act, opening in Newgate, Steele started with blank verse, and although Lovemore of course was not dead, and Young Bookwit got at last more than a shadow of a promise of the other lady in reward for his repentance, the changes in construction of the play took it beyond the bounds of comedy, and were, in fact, excellent morality but not good art. And this is what Steele means when he says that he had his play damned for its piety.

With that strong regard for the drama which cannot well be wanting to the man who has an artist's vivid sense of life, Steele never withdrew his good will from the players, never neglected to praise a good play, and, I may add, took every fair occasion of suggesting to the town the subtlety of Shakespeare's genius. But he now ceased to write comedies, until towards the close of his life he produced with a remarkable success his other play, the 'Conscious Lovers'. And of that, by the way, Fielding made his Parson Adams say that 'Cato' and the 'Conscious Lovers' were the only plays he ever heard of, fit for a Christian to read, 'and, I must own, in the latter there are some things almost solemn enough for a sermon.'

Perhaps it was about this time that Addison wrote his comedy of the 'Drummer', which had been long in his possession when Steele, who had become a partner in the management of Drury Lane Theatre, drew it from obscurity, suggested a few changes in it, and produced it—not openly as Addison's—upon the stage. The published edition of it was recommended also by a preface from Steele in which he says that he liked this author's play the better

'for the want of those studied similies and repartees which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our plays, to indulge and gain upon a false taste that has prevailed for many years in the British theatre. I believe the author would have condescended to fall into this way a little more than he has, had he before the writing of it been often present at theatrical representations. I was confirmed in my thoughts of the play by the opinion of better judges to whom it was communicated, who observed that the scenes were drawn after Molière's manner, and that an easy and natural vein of humour ran through the whole. I do not question but the reader will discover this, and see many beauties that escaped the audience; the touches being too delicate for every taste in a popular assembly. My brother—sharers' (in the Drury Lane patent) 'were of opinion, at the first reading of it, that it was like a picture in which the strokes were not strong enough to appear at a distance. As it is not in the common way of writing, the approbation was at first doubtful, but has risen every time it has been acted, and has given an opportunity in several of its parts for as just and good actions as ever I saw on the stage.'

Addison's comedy was not produced till 1715, the year after his unsuccessful attempt to revive the 'Spectator', which produced what is called the eighth volume of that work. The play, not known to be his, was so ill spoken of that he kept the authorship a secret to the last, and Tickell omitted it from the collection of his patron's works. But Steele knew what was due to his friend, and in 1722 manfully republished the piece as Addison's, with a dedication to Congreve and censure of Tickell for suppressing it. If it be true that the 'Drummer' made no figure on the stage though excellently acted, 'when I observe this,' said Steele, 'I say a much harder thing of this than of the comedy.' Addison's Drummer is a gentleman who, to forward his suit to a soldier's widow, masquerades as the drumbeating ghost of her husband in her country house, and terrifies a self-confident, free-thinking town exquisite, another suitor, who believes himself brought face to face with the spirit world, in which he professes that he can't believe. 'For my part, child, I have made myself easy in those points.' The character of a free-thinking exquisite is drawn from life without exaggeration, but with more than a touch of the bitter contempt Addison felt for the atheistic coxcomb, with whom he was too ready

to confound the sincere questioner of orthodox opinion. The only passages of his in the 'Spectator' that border on intolerance are those in which he deals with the free-thinker; but it should not be forgotten that the commonest type of free-thinker in Queen Anne's time was not a thoughtful man who battled openly with doubt and made an independent search for truth, but an idler who repudiated thought and formed his character upon tradition of the Court of Charles the Second. And throughout the 'Spectator' we may find a Christian under-tone in Addison's intolerance of infidelity, which is entirely wanting when the moralist is Eustace Budgell. Two or three persons in the comedy of the 'Drummer' give opportunity for good character-painting in the actor, and on a healthy stage, before an audience able to discriminate light touches of humour and to enjoy unstrained although well-marked expression of varieties of character, the 'Drummer' would not fail to be a welcome entertainment.

But our sketch now stands at the year 1705, when Steele had ceased for a time to write comedies. Addison's 'Campaign' had brought him fame, and perhaps helped him to pay, as he now did, his College debts, with interest. His 'Remarks on Italy', now published, were, as Tickell says, 'at first but indifferently relished by the bulk of readers;' and his 'Drummer' probably was written and locked in his desk. There were now such days of intercourse as Steele looked back to when with undying friendship he wrote in the preface to that edition of the 'Drummer' produced by him after Addison's death:

'He was above all men in that talent we call humour, and enjoyed it in such perfection, that I have often reflected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world, that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature, heightened with humour more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed.' And again in the same Preface, Steele dwelt upon 'that smiling mirth, that delicate satire and genteel raillery, which appeared in Mr. Addison when he was free from that remarkable bashfulness which is a cloak that hides and muffles merit; and his abilities were covered only by modesty, which doubles the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed.'

Addison had the self-consciousness of a sensitive and speculative mind. This, with a shy manner among those with whom he was not intimate, passed for cold self-assertion. The 'little senate' of his intimate friends was drawn to him by its knowledge of the real warmth of his nature. And his friendships, like his religion, influenced his judgment. His geniality that wore a philosophic cloak before the world, caused him to abandon himself in the 'Spectator', even more unreservedly than Steele would have done, to iterated efforts for the help of a friend like Ambrose Philips, whose poems to eminent babies, 'little subject, little wit,' gave rise to the name of Namby-pamby. Addison's quietness with strangers was against a rapid widening of his circle of familiar friends, and must have made the great-hearted friendship of Steele as much to him as his could be to Steele. In very truth it 'doubled all his store.' Steele's heart was open to enjoyment of all kindly intercourse with men. In after years, as expression of thought in the literature of nations gained freedom and sincerity, two types of literature were formed from the types of mind which Addison and Steele may be said to have in some measure represented. Each sought advance towards a better light, one part by dwelling on the individual duties and responsibilities of man, and his relation to the infinite; the other by especial study of man's social ties and liberties, and his relation to the commonwealth of which he is a member. Goethe, for instance, inclined to one study; Schiller to the other; and every free mind will incline probably to one or other of these centres of opinion. Addison was a cold politician because he was most himself when analyzing principles of thought, and humours, passions, duties of the individual. Steele, on the contrary, braved ruin for his convictions as a politician, because his social nature turned his earnestness into concern for the well-being of his country, and he lived in times when it was not yet certain that the newly-secured liberties were also finally secured. The party was strong that desired to re-establish ancient tyrannies, and the Queen herself was hardly on the side of freedom.

In 1706, the date of the union between England and Scotland, Whig influence had been strengthened by the elections of the preceding year, and Addison was, early in 1706, made Under-Secretary of State to Sir Charles Hedges, a Tory, who was superseded before the end of the year by Marlborough's son-in-law, the

Earl of Sunderland, a Whig under whom Addison, of course, remained in office, and who was, thenceforth, his active patron. In the same year the opera of *Rosamond* was produced, with Addison's libretto. It was but the third, or indeed the second, year of operas in England, for we can hardly reckon as forming a year of opera the Italian intermezzi and interludes of singing and dancing, performed under Clayton's direction, at York Buildings, in 1703. In 1705, Clayton's *Arsinoe*, adapted and translated from the Italian, was produced at Drury Lane. Buononcini's *Camilla* was given at the house in the Haymarket, and sung in two languages, the heroine's part being in English and the hero's in Italian. Thomas Clayton, a second-rate musician, but a man with literary tastes, who had been introducer of the opera to London, argued that the words of an opera should be not only English, but the best of English, and that English music ought to illustrate good home-grown literature. Addison and Steele agreed heartily in this. Addison was persuaded to write words for an opera by Clayton—his *Rosamond*—and Steele was persuaded afterwards to speculate in some sort of partnership with Clayton's efforts to set English poetry to music in the entertainments at York Buildings, though his friend Hughes warned him candidly that Clayton was not much of a musician. *Rosamond* was a failure of Clayton's and not a success of Addison's. There is poor jesting got by the poet from a comic Sir Trusty, who keeps Rosamond's bower, and has a scolding wife. But there is a happy compliment to Marlborough in giving to King Henry a vision at Woodstock of the glory to come for England, and in a scenic realization of it by the rising of Blenheim Palace, the nation's gift to Marlborough, upon the scene of the Fair Rosamond story. Indeed there can be no doubt that it was for the sake of the scene at Woodstock, and the opportunity thus to be made, that Rosamond was chosen for the subject of the opera. Addison made Queen Eleanor give Rosamond a narcotic instead of a poison, and thus he achieved the desired happy ending to an opera.

Believe your Rosamond alive.

'King.' O happy day! O pleasing view! My Queen forgives—

'Queen.' —My lord is true.

'King.' No more I'll change.

'Queen.' No more I'll grieve.

'Both.' But ever thus united live.

That is to say, for three days, the extent of the life of the opera. But the literary Under-Secretary had saved his political dignity with the stage tribute to Marlborough, which backed the closet praise in the 'Campaign.'

In May, 1707, Steele received the office of Gazetteer, until then worth £60, but presently endowed by Harley with a salary of £300 a-year. At about the same time he was made one of the gentlemen ushers to Queen Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark. In the same year Steele married. Of his most private life before this date little is known. He had been married to a lady from Barbadoes, who died in a few months. From days referred to in the 'Christian Hero' he derived a daughter of whom he took fatherly care. In 1707 Steele, aged about 35, married Miss (or, as ladies come of age were then called, Mrs.) Mary Scurlock, aged 29. It was a marriage of affection on both sides. Steele had from his first wife an estate in Barbadoes, which produced, after payment of the interest on its encumbrances, £670 a-year. His appointment as Gazetteer, less the £45 tax on it, was worth £255 a-year, and his appointment on the Prince Consort's household another hundred. Thus the income upon which Steele married was rather more than a thousand a-year, and Miss Scurlock's mother had an estate of about £330 a-year. Mary Scurlock had been a friend of Steele's first wife, for before marriage she recalls Steele to her mother's mind by saying, 'It is the survivor of the person to whose funeral I went in my illness.'

'Let us make our regards to each other,' Steele wrote just before marriage, 'mutual and unchangeable, that whilst the world around us is enchanted with the false satisfactions of vagrant desires, our persons may be

shrines to each other, and sacred to conjugal faith, unreserved confidence, and heavenly society.'

There remains also a prayer written by Steele before first taking the sacrament with his wife, after marriage. There are also letters and little notes written by Steele to his wife, treasured by her love, and printed by a remorseless antiquary, blind to the sentence in one of the first of them:

'I beg of you to shew my letters to no one living, but let us be contented with one another's thoughts upon our words and actions, without the intervention of other people, who cannot judge of so delicate a circumstance as the commerce between man and wife.'

But they are printed for the frivolous to laugh at and the wise to honour. They show that even in his most thoughtless or most anxious moments the social wit, the busy patriot, remembered his 'dear Prue,' and was her lover to the end. Soon after marriage, Steele took his wife to a boarding-school in the suburbs, where they saw a young lady for whom Steele showed an affection that caused Mrs. Steele to ask, whether she was not his daughter. He said that she was. 'Then,' said Mrs. Steele, 'I beg she may be mine too.' Thenceforth she lived in their home as Miss Ousley, and was treated as a daughter by Steele's wife. Surely this was a woman who deserved the love that never swerved from her. True husband and true friend, he playfully called Addison her rival. In the *Spectator* there is a paper of Steele's (No. 142) representing some of his own love-letters as telling what a man said and should be able to say of his wife after forty years of marriage. Seven years after marriage he signs himself, 'Yours more than you can imagine, or I express.' He dedicates to her a volume of the *Lady's Library*, and writes of her ministrations to him:

'if there are such beings as guardian angels, thus are they employed. I will no more believe one of them more good in its inclinations than I can conceive it more charming in its form than my wife.'

In the year before her death he was signing his letters with 'God bless you!' and 'Dear Prue, eternally yours.' That Steele made it a duty of his literary life to contend against the frivolous and vicious ridicule of the ties of marriage common in his day, and to maintain their sacred honour and their happiness, readers of the 'Spectator' cannot fail to find.

Steele, on his marriage in 1707, took a house in Bury Street, St. James's, and in the following year went to a house at Hampton, which he called in jest the Hovel. Addison had lent him a thousand pounds for costs of furnishing and other immediate needs. This was repaid within a year, and when, at the same time, his wife's mother was proposing a settlement of her money beneficial to himself, Steele replied that he was far from desiring, if he should survive his wife, 'to turn the current of the estate out of the channel it would have been in, had I never come into the family.' Liberal always of his own to others, he was sometimes without a guinea, and perplexed by debt. But he defrauded no man. When he followed his Prue to the grave he was in no man's debt, though he left all his countrymen his debtors, and he left more than their mother's fortune to his two surviving children. One died of consumption a year afterwards, the other married one of the Welsh Judges, afterwards Lord Trevor.

The friendship—equal friendship—between Steele and Addison was as unbroken as the love between Steele and his wife. Petty tales may have been invented or misread. In days of malicious personality Steele braved the worst of party spite, and little enough even slander found to throw against him. Nobody in their lifetime doubted the equal strength and sincerity of the relationship between the two friends. Steele was no follower of Addison's. Throughout life he went his own way, leading rather than following; first as a playwright; first in conception and execution of the scheme of the 'Tatler', 'Spectator', and 'Guardian'; following his own sense of duty against Addison's sense of expediency in passing from the 'Guardian' to the 'Englishman', and so to energetic movement upon perilous paths as a political writer, whose whole heart was with what he took to be the people's cause.

When Swift had been writing to Addison that he thought Steele 'the vilest of mankind,' in writing of this to

Swift, Steele complained that the 'Examiner',—in which Swift had a busy hand,—said Addison had 'bridled him in point of politics,' adding,

'This was ill hinted both in relation to him and me. I know no party; but the truth of the question is what I will support as well as I can, when any man I honour is attacked.'

John Forster, whose keen insight into the essentials of literature led him to write an essay upon each of the two great founders of the latest period of English literature, Defoe and Steele, has pointed out in his masterly essay upon Steele that Swift denies having spoken of Steele as bridled by his friend, and does so in a way that frankly admits Steele's right to be jealous of the imputation. Mr. Forster justly adds that throughout Swift's intimate speech to Stella,

'whether his humours be sarcastic or polite, the friendship of Steele and Addison is for ever suggesting some annoyance to himself, some mortification, some regret, but never once the doubt that it was not intimate and sincere, or that into it entered anything inconsistent with a perfect equality.'

Six months after Addison's death Steele wrote (in No. 12 of the 'Theatre', and I am again quoting facts cited by John Forster),

'that there never was a more strict friendship than between himself and Addison, nor had they ever any difference but what proceeded from their different way of pursuing the same thing; the one waited and stemmed the torrent, while the other too often plunged into it; but though they thus had lived for some years past, shunning each other, they still preserved the most passionate concern for their mutual welfare; and when they met they were as unreserved as boys, and talked of the greatest affairs, upon which they saw where they differed, without pressing (what they knew impossible) to convert each other.'

As to the substance or worth of what thus divided them, Steele only adds the significant expression of his hope that, if his family is the worse, his country may be the better, 'for the mortification *he* has undergone.'

Such, then, was the Friendship of which the 'Spectator' is the abiding Monument. The 'Spectator' was a modified continuation of the 'Tatler', and the 'Tatler' was suggested by a portion of Defoe's 'Review'. The 'Spectator' belongs to the first days of a period when the people at large extended their reading power into departments of knowledge formerly unsought by them, and their favour was found generally to be more desirable than that of the most princely patron. This period should date from the day in 1703 when the key turned upon Defoe in Newgate, the year of the production of Steele's 'Tender Husband', and the time when Addison was in Holland on the way home from his continental travels. Defoe was then forty-two years old, Addison and Steele being about eleven years younger.

In the following year, 1704, the year of Blenheim—Defoe issued, on the 19th of February, No. 1 of 'A Weekly Review of the Affairs of France: Purg'd from the Errors and Partiality of 'News-Writers' and 'Petty-Statesmen', of all Sides,' and in the introductory sketch of its plan, said:

'After our Serious Matters are over, we shall at the end of every Paper, Present you with a little Diversion, as anything occurs to make the World Merry; and whether Friend or Foe, one Party or another, if anything happens so scandalous as to require an open Reproof, the World may meet with it there.'

Here is the first 'little Diversion'; the germ of 'Tatlers' and 'Spectators' which in after years amused and edified the town.

'Mercure Scandale:

or,

ADVICE from the Scandalous CLUB. 'Translated out of French'.

This Society is a Corporation long since established in 'Paris', and we cannot compleat our Advices from 'France', without entertaining the World with everything we meet with from that Country.

And, tho Corresponding with the Queens Enemies is prohibited; yet since the Matter will be so honest, as only to tell the World of what everybody will own to be scandalous, we reckon we shall be welcome.

This Corporation has been set up some months, and open'd their first Sessions about last 'Bartholomew' Fair; but having not yet obtain'd a Patent, they have never, till now, made their Resolves publick.

The Business of this Society is to censure the Actions of Men, not of Parties, and in particular, those Actions which are made publick so by their Authors, as to be, in their own Nature, an Appeal to the general Approbation.

They do not design to expose Persons but things; and of them, none but such as more than ordinarily deserve it; they who would not be censur'd by this Assembly, are desired to act with caution enough, not to fall under their Hands; for they resolve to treat Vice, and Villanous Actions, with the utmost Severity.

The First considerable Matter that came before this Society, was about 'Bartholomew' Fair; but the Debates being long, they were at last adjourn'd to the next Fair, when we suppose it will be decided; so being not willing to trouble the World with anything twice over, we refer that to next 'August'.

On the 10th of September last, there was a long Hearing, before the Club, of a Fellow that said he had kill'd the Duke of 'Bavaria'. Now as David punish'd the Man that said he had kill'd King 'Saul', whether it was so or no, twas thought this Fellow ought to be deliver'd up to Justice, tho the Duke of 'Bavaria' was alive.

Upon the whole, twas voted a scandalous Thing, That News-Writers shoud kill Kings and Princes, and bring them to life again at pleasure; and to make an Example of this Fellow, he was dismiss'd, upon Condition he should go to the Queens-bench once a Day, and bear Fuller, his Brother of the Faculty, company two hours for fourteen Days together; which cruel Punishment was executed with the utmost Severity.

The Club has had a great deal of trouble about the News-Writers, who have been continually brought before them for their ridiculous Stories, and imposing upon Mankind; and tho the Proceedings have been pretty tedious, we must give you the trouble of a few of them in our next.

The addition to the heading, 'Translated out of French,' appears only in No. 1, and the first title 'Mercur Scandale' (adopted from a French book published about 1681) having been much criticized for its grammar and on other grounds, was dropped in No. 18. Thenceforth Defoe's pleasant comment upon passing follies appeared under the single head of 'Advice from the Scandalous Club.' Still the verbal Critics exercised their wits upon the title.

'We have been so often on the Defence of our Title,' says Defoe, in No. 38, 'that the world begins to think Our Society wants Employment ... If Scandalous must signify nothing but Personal Scandal, respecting the Subject of which it is predicated; we desire those gentlemen to answer for us how 'Post-Man' or 'Post-Boy' can signify a News-Paper, the Post Man or Post Boy being in all my reading properly and strictly applicable, not to the Paper, but to the Person bringing or carrying the News? Mercury also is, if I understand it, by a Transmutation of Meaning, from a God turned into a Book--From hence our Club thinks they have not fair Play, in being deny'd the Privilege of making an Allegory as well as other People.'

In No. 46 Defoe made, in one change more, a whimsical half concession of a syllable, by putting a sign of contraction in its place, and thenceforth calling this part of his Review, Advice from the Scandal Club.

Nothing can be more evident than the family likeness between this forefather of the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator' and its more familiar descendants. There is a trick of voice common to all, and some papers of Defoe's might have been written for the 'Spectator'. Take the little allegory, for instance, in No. 45, which tells of a desponding young Lady brought before the Society, as found by Rosamond's Pond in the Park in a strange condition, taken by the mob for a lunatic, and whose clothes were all out of fashion, but whose face, when it was seen, astonished the whole society by its extraordinary sweetness and majesty. She told how she had been brought to despair, and her name proved to be—Modesty. In letters, questions, and comments also which might be taken from Defoe's Monthly Supplementary Journal to the Advice from the Scandal Club, we catch a likeness to the spirit of the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator' now and then exact. Some censured Defoe for not confining himself to the weightier part of his purpose in establishing the 'Review'. He replied, in the Introduction to his first Monthly Supplement, that many men

'care but for a little reading at a time,' and said, 'thus we wheedle them in, if it may be allow'd that Expression, to the Knowledge of the World, who rather than take more Pains, would be content with their Ignorance, and search into nothing.'

Single-minded, quick-witted, and prompt to act on the first suggestion of a higher point of usefulness to which he might attain, Steele saw the mind of the people ready for a new sort of relation to its writers, and he followed the lead of Defoe. But though he turned from the more frivolous temper of the enfeebled playhouse audience, to commune in free air with the country at large, he took fresh care for the restraint of his deep earnestness within the bounds of a cheerful, unpretending influence. Drop by drop it should fall, and its strength lie in its persistence. He would bring what wit he had out of the playhouse, and speak his mind, like Defoe, to the people themselves every post-day. But he would affect no pedantry of moralizing, he would appeal to no passions, he would profess himself only 'a Tatler.' Might he not use, he thought, modestly distrustful of the charm of his own mind, some of the news obtained by virtue of the office of Gazetteer that Harley had given him, to bring weight and acceptance to writing of his which he valued only for the use to which it could be put. For, as he himself truly says in the 'Tatler',

'wit, if a man had it, unless it be directed to some useful end, is but a wanton, frivolous quality; all that one should value himself upon in this kind is that he had some honourable intention in it.'

Swift, not then a deserter to the Tories, was a friend of Steele's, who, when the first 'Tatler' appeared, had been amusing the town at the expense of John Partridge, astrologer and almanac-maker, with 'Predictions for the year 1708,' professing to be written by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. The first prediction was of the death of Partridge,

'on the 29th of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever.'

Swift answered himself, and also published in due time

'The Accomplishment of the first of Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions: being an account of the death of Mr. Partridge, the almanack-maker, upon the 29th instant.'

Other wits kept up the joke, and, in his next year's almanac (that for 1709), Partridge advertised that,

'whereas it has been industriously given out by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., and others, to prevent the sale of this year's almanack, that John Partridge is dead, this may inform all his loving countrymen that he is still living, in health, and they are knaves that reported it otherwise.'

Steele gave additional lightness to the touch of his 'Tatler', which first appeared on the 12th of April, 1709, by writing in the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, and carrying on the jest, that was to his serious mind a blow dealt against prevailing superstition. Referring in his first 'Tatler' to this advertisement of Partridge's, he said of it,

'I have in another place, and in a paper by itself, sufficiently convinced this man that he is dead; and if he has any shame, I do not doubt but that by this time he owns it to all his acquaintance. For though the legs and arms and whole body of that man may still appear and perform their animal functions, yet since, as I have elsewhere observed, his art is gone, the man is gone.'

To Steele, indeed, the truth was absolute, that a man is but what he can do.

In this spirit, then, Steele began the 'Tatler', simply considering that his paper was to be published 'for the use of the good people of England,' and professing at the outset that he was an author writing for the public, who expected from the public payment for his work, and that he preferred this course to gambling for the patronage of men in office. Having pleasantly shown the sordid spirit that underlies the mountebank's sublime professions of disinterestedness,

'we have a contempt,' he says, 'for such paltry barterers, and have therefore all along informed the public that we intend to give them our advices for our own sakes, and are labouring to make our lucubrations come to some price in money, for our more convenient support in the service of the public. It is certain that many other schemes have been proposed to me, as a friend offered to show me in a treatise he had writ, which he called, "The whole Art of Life; or, The Introduction to Great Men, illustrated in a Pack of Cards." But being a novice at all manner of play, I declined the offer.'

Addison took these cards, and played an honest game with them successfully. When, at the end of 1708, the Earl of Sunderland, Marlborough's son-in-law, lost his secretaryship, Addison lost his place as under-secretary; but he did not object to go to Ireland as chief secretary to Lord Wharton, the new Lord-lieutenant, an active party man, a leader on the turf with reputation for indulgence after business hours according to the fashion of the court of Charles II.

Lord Wharton took to Ireland Clayton to write him musical entertainments, and a train of parasites of quality. He was a great borough-monger, and is said at one critical time to have returned thirty members. He had no difficulty, therefore, in finding Addison a seat, and made him in that year, 1709, M.P. for Malmesbury. Addison only once attempted to speak in the House of Commons, and then, embarrassed by encouraging applause that welcomed him he stammered and sat down. But when, having laid his political cards down for a time, and at ease in his own home, pen in hand, he brought his sound mind and quick humour to the aid of his friend Steele, he came with him into direct relation with the English people. Addison never gave posterity a chance of knowing what was in him till, following Steele's lead, he wrote those papers in 'Tatler', 'Spectator', and 'Guardian', wherein alone his genius abides with us, and will abide with English readers to the end. The 'Tatler', the 'Spectator', and the 'Guardian' were, all of them, Steele's, begun and ended by him at his sole discretion. In these three journals Steele was answerable for 510 papers; Addison for 369. Swift wrote two papers, and sent about a dozen fragments. Congreve wrote one article in the 'Tatler'; Pope wrote thrice for the 'Spectator', and eight times for the 'Guardian'. Addison, who was in Ireland when the 'Tatler' first appeared, only guessed the authorship by an expression in an early number; and it was not until eighty numbers had been issued, and the character of the new paper was formed and established, that Addison, on his return to London, joined the friend who, with his usual complete absence of the vanity of self-assertion, finally ascribed to the ally he dearly loved, the honours of success.

It was the kind of success Steele had desired—a widely-diffused influence for good. The 'Tatlers' were penny papers published three times a week, and issued also for another halfpenny with a blank half-sheet for transmission by post, when any written scraps of the day's gossip that friend might send to friend could be included. It was through these, and the daily 'Spectators' which succeeded them, that the people of England really learnt to read. The few leaves of sound reason and fancy were but a light tax on uncultivated powers of attention. Exquisite grace and true kindness, here associated with familiar ways and common incidents of everyday life, gave many an honest man fresh sense of the best happiness that lies in common duties honestly performed, and a fresh energy, free as Christianity itself from malice—for so both Steele and Addison meant

that it should be—in opposing themselves to the frivolities and small frauds on the conscience by which manliness is undermined.

A pamphlet by John Gay—'The Present State of Wit, in a Letter to a Friend in the Country'—was dated May 3, 1711, about two months after the 'Spectator' had replaced the 'Tatler'. And thus Gay represents the best talk of the town about these papers:

"Before I proceed further in the account of our weekly papers, it will be necessary to inform you that at the beginning of the winter, to the infinite surprise of all the Town, Mr. Steele flung up his 'Tatler', and instead of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, subscribed himself Richard Steele to the last of those papers, after a handsome compliment to the Town for their kind acceptance of his endeavours to divert them.

The chief reason he thought fit to give for his leaving off writing was, that having been so long looked on in all public places and companies as the Author of those papers, he found that his most intimate friends and acquaintance were in pain to speak or act before him.

The Town was very far from being satisfied with this reason, and most people judged the true cause to be, either

That he was quite spent, and wanted matter to continue his undertaking any longer; or That he laid it down as a sort of submission to, and composition with, the Government for some past offences; or, lastly, That he had a mind to vary his Shape, and appear again in some new light.

However that were, his disappearance seemed to be bewailed as some general calamity. Every one wanted so agreeable an amusement, and the Coffee-houses began to be sensible that the Esquire's 'Lucubrations' alone had brought them more customers than all their other newspapers put together.

It must indeed be confessed that never man threw up his pen, under stronger temptations to have employed it longer. His reputation was at a greater height, than I believe ever any living author's was before him. It is reasonable to suppose that his gains were proportionably considerable. Every one read him with pleasure and good-will; and the Tories, in respect to his other good qualities, had almost forgiven his unaccountable imprudence in declaring against them.

Lastly, it was highly improbable that, if he threw off a Character, the ideas of which were so strongly impressed in every one's mind, however finely he might write in any new form, that he should meet with the same reception.

To give you my own thoughts of this gentleman's writings I shall, in the first place, observe, that there is a noble difference between him and all the rest of our gallant and polite authors. The latter have endeavoured to please the Age by falling in with them, and encouraging them in their fashionable vices and false notions of things. It would have been a jest, some time since, for a man to have asserted that anything witty could be said in praise of a married state, or that Devotion and Virtue were any way necessary to the character of a Fine Gentleman. 'Bickerstaff' ventured to tell the Town that they were a parcel of fops, fools, and coquettes; but in such a manner as even pleased them, and made them more than half inclined to believe that he spoke truth.

Instead of complying with the false sentiments or vicious tastes of the Age—either in morality, criticism, or good breeding—he has boldly assured them that they were altogether in the wrong; and commanded them, with an authority which perfectly well became him, to surrender themselves to his arguments for Virtue and Good Sense.

It is incredible to conceive the effect his writings have had on the Town; how many thousand follies they have either quite banished or given a very great check to; how much countenance they have added to Virtue and

Religion; how many people they have rendered happy, by shewing them it was their own fault if they were not so; and, lastly, how entirely they have convinced our young fops and young fellows of the value and advantages of Learning.

He has indeed rescued it out of the hands of pedants and fools, and discovered the true method of making it amiable and lovely to all mankind. In the dress he gives it, it is a most welcome guest at tea-tables and assemblies, and is relished and caressed by the merchants on the Change. Accordingly there is not a Lady at Court, nor a Banker in Lombard Street, who is not verily persuaded that Captain Steele is the greatest scholar and best Casuist of any man in England.

Lastly, his writings have set all our Wits and men of letters on a new way of thinking, of which they had little or no notion before: and, although we cannot say that any of them have come up to the beauties of the original, I think we may venture to affirm, that every one of them writes and thinks much more justly than they did some time since.

The vast variety of subjects which Mr. Steele has treated of, in so different manners, and yet all so perfectly well, made the World believe that it was impossible they should all come from the same hand. This set every one upon guessing who was the Esquire's friend? and most people at first fancied it must be Doctor Swift; but it is now no longer a secret, that his only great and constant assistant was Mr. Addison.

This is that excellent friend to whom Mr. Steele owes so much; and who refuses to have his name set before those pieces, which the greatest pens in England would be proud to own. Indeed, they could hardly add to this Gentleman's reputation: whose works in Latin and English poetry long since convinced the World, that he was the greatest Master in Europe in those two languages.

I am assured, from good hands, that all the visions, and other tracts of that way of writing, with a very great number of the most exquisite pieces of wit and raillery through the 'Lucubrations' are entirely of this Gentleman's composing: which may, in some measure, account for that different Genius, which appears in the winter papers, from those of the summer; at which time, as the 'Examiner' often hinted, this friend of Mr. Steele was in Ireland.

Mr. Steele confesses in his last Volume of the 'Tatlers' that he is obliged to Dr. Swift for his 'Town Shower', and the 'Description of the Morn', with some other hints received from him in private conversation.

I have also heard that several of those 'Letters', which came as from unknown hands, were written by Mr. Henley: which is an answer to your query, 'Who those friends are whom Mr. Steele speaks of in his last 'Tatler?'

But to proceed with my account of our other papers. The expiration of 'Bickerstaff's Lucubrations' was attended with much the same consequences as the death of Meliboeus's 'Ox' in Virgil: as the latter engendered swarms of bees, the former immediately produced whole swarms of little satirical scribblers.

One of these authors called himself the 'Growler', and assured us that, to make amends for Mr. Steele's silence, he was resolved to 'growl' at us weekly, as long as we should think fit to give him any encouragement. Another Gentleman, with more modesty, called his paper the 'Whisperer'; and a third, to please the Ladies, christened his the 'Tell tale'.

At the same-time came out several 'Tatlers'; each of which, with equal truth and wit, assured us that he was the genuine 'Isaac Bickerstaff'.

It may be observed that when the 'Esquire' laid down his pen; though he could not but foresee that several scribblers would soon snatch it up, which he might (one would think) easily have prevented: he scorned to

take any further care about it, but left the field fairly open to any worthy successor. Immediately, some of our Wits were for forming themselves into a Club, headed by one Mr. Harrison, and trying how they could shoot in this Bow of Ulysses; but soon found that this sort of writing requires so fine and particular a manner of thinking, with so exact a knowledge of the World, as must make them utterly despair of success.

They seemed indeed at first to think that what was only the garnish of the former 'Tatlers', was that which recommended them; and not those Substantial Entertainments which they everywhere abound in. According they were continually talking of their 'Maid', 'Night Cap', 'Spectacles', and Charles Lillie. However there were, now and then, some faint endeavours at Humour and sparks of Wit: which the Town, for want of better entertainment, was content to hunt after through a heap of impertinences; but even those are, at present, become wholly invisible and quite swallowed up in the blaze of the 'Spectator'.

You may remember, I told you before, that one cause assigned for the laying down the 'Tatler' was, Want of Matter; and, indeed, this was the prevailing opinion in Town: when we were surprised all at once by a paper called the 'Spectator', which was promised to be continued every day; and was written in so excellent a style, with so nice a judgment, and such a noble profusion of wit and humour, that it was not difficult to determine it could come from no other hands but those which had penned the 'Lucubrations'.

This immediately alarmed these gentlemen, who, as it is said Mr. Steele phrases it, had 'the Censorship in Commission.' They found the new 'Spectator' came on like a torrent, and swept away all before him. They despaired ever to equal him in wit, humour, or learning; which had been their true and certain way of opposing him: and therefore rather chose to fall on the Author; and to call out for help to all good Christians, by assuring them again and again that they were the First, Original, True, and undisputed 'Isaac Bickerstaff'.

Meanwhile, the 'Spectator', whom we regard as our Shelter from that flood of false wit and impertinence which was breaking in upon us, is in every one's hands; and a constant for our morning conversation at tea-tables and coffee-houses. We had at first, indeed, no manner of notion how a diurnal paper could be continued in the spirit and style of our present 'Spectators': but, to our no small surprise, we find them still rising upon us, and can only wonder from whence so prodigious a run of Wit and Learning can proceed; since some of our best judges seem to think that they have hitherto, in general, outshone even the 'Esquire's' first 'Tatlers'.

Most people fancy, from their frequency, that they must be composed by a Society: I withal assign the first places to Mr. Steele and his Friend.

So far John Gay, whose discussion of the 'Tatlers' and 'Spectators' appeared when only fifty-five numbers of the 'Spectator' had been published.

There was high strife of faction; and there was real peril to the country by a possible turn of affairs after Queen Anne's death, that another Stuart restoration, in the name of divine right of kings, would leave rights of the people to be reconquered in civil war. The chiefs of either party were appealing to the people, and engaging all the wit they could secure to fight on their side in the war of pamphlets. Steele's heart was in the momentous issue. Both he and Addison had it in mind while they were blending their calm playfulness with all the clamour of the press. The spirit in which these friends worked, young Pope must have felt; for after Addison had helped him in his first approach to fame by giving honour in the 'Spectator' to his 'Essay on Criticism,' and when he was thankful for that service, he contributed to the 'Spectator' his 'Messiah.' Such offering clearly showed how Pope interpreted the labour of the essayists.

In the fens of Lincolnshire the antiquary Maurice Johnson collected his neighbours of Spalding.

'Taking care,' it is said, 'not to alarm the country gentlemen by any premature mention of antiquities, he endeavoured at first to allure them into the more flowery paths of literature. In 1709 a few of them were

brought together every post-day at the coffee-house in the Abbey Yard; and after one of the party had read aloud the last published number of the 'Tatler', they proceeded to talk over the subject among themselves.'

Even in distant Perthshire

'the gentlemen met after church on Sunday to discuss the news of the week; the 'Spectators' were read as regularly as the 'Journal'.'

So the political draught of bitterness came sweetened with the wisdom of good-humour. The good-humour of the essayists touched with a light and kindly hand every form of affectation, and placed every-day life in the light in which it would be seen by a natural and honest man. A sense of the essentials of life was assumed everywhere for the reader, who was asked only to smile charitably at its vanities. Steele looked through all shams to the natural heart of the Englishman, appealed to that, and found it easily enough, even under the disguise of the young gentleman cited in the 77th 'Tatler',

'so ambitious to be thought worse than he is that in his degree of understanding he sets up for a free-thinker, and talks atheistically in coffee-houses all day, though every morning and evening, it can be proved upon him, he regularly at home says his prayers.'

But as public events led nearer to the prospect of a Jacobite triumph that would have again brought Englishmen against each other sword to sword, there was no voice of warning more fearless than Richard Steele's. He changed the 'Spectator' for the 'Guardian', that was to be, in its plan, more free to guard the people's rights, and, standing forward more distinctly as a politician, he became member for Stockbridge. In place of the 'Guardian', which he had dropped when he felt the plan of that journal unequal to the right and full expression of his mind, Steele took for a periodical the name of 'Englishman', and under that name fought, with then unexampled abstinence from personality, against the principles upheld by Swift in his 'Examiner'. Then, when the Peace of Utrecht alarmed English patriots, Steele in a bold pamphlet on 'The Crisis' expressed his dread of arbitrary power and a Jacobite succession with a boldness that cost him his seat in Parliament, as he had before sacrificed to plain speaking his place of Gazetteer.

Of the later history of Steele and Addison a few words will suffice. This is not an account of their lives, but an endeavour to show why Englishmen must always have a living interest in the 'Spectator', their joint production. Steele's 'Spectator' ended with the seventh volume. The members of the Club were all disposed of, and the journal formally wound up; but by the suggestion of a future ceremony of opening the 'Spectator's' mouth, a way was made for Addison, whenever he pleased, to connect with the famous series an attempt of his own for its revival. A year and a half later Addison made this attempt, producing his new journal with the old name and, as far as his contributions went, not less than the old wit and earnestness, three times a week instead of daily. But he kept it alive only until the completion of one volume. Addison had not Steele's popular tact as an editor. He preached, and he suffered drier men to preach, while in his jest he now and then wrote what he seems to have been unwilling to acknowledge. His eighth volume contains excellent matter, but the subjects are not always well chosen or varied judiciously, and one understands why the 'Spectator' took a firmer hold upon society when the two friends in the full strength of their life, aged about forty, worked together and embraced between them a wide range of human thought and feeling. It should be remembered also that Queen Anne died while Addison's eighth volume was appearing, and the change in the Whig position brought him other occupation of his time.

In April, 1713, in the interval between the completion of the true 'Spectator' and the appearance of the supplementary volume, Addison's tragedy of 'Cato', planned at College; begun during his foreign travels, retouched in England, and at last completed, was produced at Drury Lane. Addison had not considered it a stage play, but when it was urged that the time was proper for animating the public with the sentiments of Cato, he assented to its production. Apart from its real merit the play had the advantage of being applauded by the Whigs, who saw in it a Whig political ideal, and by the Tories, who desired to show that they were as

warm friends of liberty as any Whig could be.

Upon the death of Queen Anne Addison acted for a short time as secretary to the Regency, and when George I. appointed Addison's patron, the Earl of Sunderland, to the Lord-lieutenancy of Ireland, Sunderland took Addison with him as chief secretary. Sunderland resigned in ten months, and thus Addison's secretaryship came to an end in August, 1716. Addison was also employed to meet the Rebellion of 1715 by writing the 'Freeholder'. He wrote under this title fifty-five papers, which were published twice a week between December, 1715, and June, 1716; and he was rewarded with the post of Commissioner for Trade and Colonies. In August, 1716, he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, mother to the young Earl of Warwick, of whose education he seems to have had some charge in 1708. Addison settled upon the Countess £4000 in lieu of an estate which she gave up for his sake. Henceforth he lived chiefly at Holland House. In April, 1717, Lord Sunderland became Secretary of State, and still mindful of Marlborough's illustrious supporter, he made Addison his colleague. Eleven months later, ill health obliged Addison to resign the seals; and his death followed, June 17, 1719, at the age of 47.

Steele's political difficulties ended at the death of Queen Anne. The return of the Whigs to power on the accession of George I. brought him the office of Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court; he was also first in the Commission of the peace for Middlesex, and was made one of the deputy lieutenants of the county. At the request of the managers Steele's name was included in the new patent required at Drury Lane by the royal company of comedians upon the accession of a new sovereign. Steele also was returned as M.P. for Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, was writer of the Address to the king presented by the Lord-lieutenant and the deputy lieutenants of Middlesex, and being knighted on that occasion, with two other of the deputies, became in the spring of the year, 1714, Sir Richard Steele. Very few weeks after the death of his wife, in December, 1718, Sunderland, at a time when he had Addison for colleague, brought in a bill for preventing any future creations of peers, except when an existing peerage should become extinct. Steele, who looked upon this as an infringement alike of the privileges of the crown and of the rights of the subject, opposed the bill in Parliament, and started in March, 1719, a paper called the 'Plebeian', in which he argued against a measure tending, he said, to the formation of an oligarchy. Addison replied in the 'Old Whig', and this, which occurred within a year of the close of Addison's life, was the main subject of political difference between them. The bill, strongly opposed, was dropped for that session, and reintroduced (after Addison's death) in the December following, to be thrown out by the House of Commons.

Steele's argument against the government brought on him the hostility of the Duke of Newcastle, then Lord Chamberlain; and it was partly to defend himself and his brother patentees against hostile action threatened by the Duke, that Steele, in January, 1720, started his paper called the 'Theatre'. But he was dispossessed of his government of the theatre, to which a salary of £600 a-year had been attached, and suffered by the persecution of the court until Walpole's return to power. Steele was then restored to his office, and in the following year, 1722, produced his most successful comedy, 'The Conscious Lovers'. After this time his health declined; his spirits were depressed. He left London for Bath. His only surviving son, Eugene, born while the 'Spectator' was being issued, and to whom Prince Eugene had stood godfather, died at the age of eleven or twelve in November, 1723. The younger also of his two daughters was marked for death by consumption. He was broken in health and fortune when, in 1726, he had an attack of palsy which was the prelude to his death. He died Sept. 1, 1729, at Carmarthen, where he had been boarding with a mercer who was his agent and receiver of rents. There is a pleasant record that

'he retained his cheerful sweetness of temper to the last; and would often be carried out, of a summer's evening, where the country lads and lasses were assembled at their rural sports,—and, with his pencil, gave an order on his agent, the mercer, for a new gown to the best dancer.'

Two editions of the 'Spectator', the tenth and eleventh, were published by Tonson in the year of Steele's death. These and the next edition, dated 1739, were without the translations of the mottos, which appear, however, in the edition of 1744. Notes were first added by Dr. Percy, the editor of the 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry', and Dr.

Calder. Dr. John Calder, a native of Aberdeen, bred to the dissenting ministry, was for some time keeper of Dr. Williams's Library in Redcross Street. He was a candidate for the office given to Dr. Abraham Rees, of editor and general super-intendent of the new issue of Chambers's Cyclopædia, undertaken by the booksellers in 1776, and he supplied to it some new articles. The Duke of Northumberland warmly patronized Dr. Calder, and made him his companion in London and at Alnwick Castle as Private Literary Secretary. Dr. Thomas Percy, who had constituted himself cousin and retainer to the Percy of Northumberland, obtained his bishopric of Dromore in 1782, in the following year lost his only son, and suffered from that failure in eyesight, which resulted in a total blindness.

Having become intimately acquainted with Dr. Calder when at Northumberland House and Alnwick, Percy intrusted to him the notes he had collected for illustrating the 'Tatler', 'Spectator', and 'Guardian'. These were after-wards used, with additions by Dr. Calder, in the various editions of those works, especially in the six-volume edition of the 'Tatler', published by John Nichols in 1786, where Percy's notes have a P. attached to them, and Dr. Calder's are signed 'Annotator.' The 'Tatler' was annotated fully, and the annotated 'Tatler' has supplied some pieces of information given in the present edition of the 'Spectator'. Percy actually edited two volumes for R. Tonson in 1764, but the work was stopped by the death of the bookseller, and the other six were added to them in 1789. They were slightly annotated, both as regards the number and the value of the notes; but Percy and Calder lived when 'Spectator' traditions were yet fresh, and oral information was accessible as to points of personal allusion or as to the authorship of a few papers or letters which but for them might have remained anonymous. Their notes are those of which the substance has run through all subsequent editions. Little, if anything, was added to them by Bisset or Chalmers; the energies of those editors having been chiefly directed to the preserving or multiplying of corruptions of the text. Percy, when telling Tonson that he had completed two volumes of the 'Spectator', said that he had corrected 'innumerable corruptions' which had then crept in, and could have come only by misprint. Since that time not only have misprints been preserved and multiplied, but punctuation has been deliberately modernized, to the destruction of the freshness of the original style, and editors of another 'understanding age' have also taken upon themselves by many a little touch to correct Addison's style or grammar.

This volume reprints for the first time in the present century the text of the 'Spectator' as its authors left it. A good recent edition contains in the first 18 papers, which are a fair sample of the whole, 88 petty variations from the proper text (at that rate, in the whole work more than 3000) apart from the recasting of the punctuation, which is counted as a defect only in two instances, where it has changed the sense. Chalmers's text, of 1817, was hardly better, and about two-thirds of the whole number of corruptions had already appeared in Bisset's edition of 1793, from which they were transferred. Thus Bisset as well as Chalmers in the Dedication to Vol. I. turned the 'polite *parts* of learning' into the 'polite *arts* of learning,' and when the silent gentleman tells us that many to whom his person is well known speak of him 'very currently by Mr. What-d'ye-call him,' Bisset before Chalmers rounded the sentence into 'very correctly by *the appellation* of Mr. What-d'ye-call him.' But it seems to have been Chalmers who first undertook to correct, in the next paper, Addison's grammar, by turning 'have laughed \_to have seen\_' into 'have laughed \_to see\_' and transformed a treaty '*with* London and Wise,'—a firm now of historical repute,—for the supply of flowers to the opera, into a treaty '*between* London and Wise,' which most people would take to be a very different matter. If the present edition has its own share of misprints and oversights, at least it inherits none; and it contains no wilful alteration of the text.

The papers as they first appeared in the daily issue of a penny (and after the stamp was imposed two-penny) folio half-sheet, have been closely compared with the first issue in guinea octavos, for which they were revised, and with the last edition that appeared before the death of Steele. The original text is here given precisely as it was left after revision by its authors; and there is shown at the same time the amount and character of the revision.

Sentences added in the reprint are placed between square brackets [ ], without any appended note.

Sentences omitted, or words altered, are shown by bracketing the revised version, and giving the text as it stood in the original daily issue within corresponding brackets as a foot-note.[1]

Thus the reader has here both the original texts of the 'Spectator'. The Essays, as revised by their authors for permanent use, form the main text of the present volume.

But if the words or passages in brackets be omitted; the words or passages in corresponding foot-notes,—where there are such foot-notes,—being substituted for them; the text becomes throughout that of the 'Spectator' as it first came out in daily numbers.

As the few differences between good spelling in Queen Anne's time and good spelling now are never of a kind to obscure the sense of a word, or lessen the enjoyment of the reader, it has been thought better to make the reproduction perfect, and thus show not only what Steele and Addison wrote, but how they spelt, while restoring to their style the proper harmony of their own methods of punctuating, and their way of sometimes getting emphasis by turning to account the use of capitals, which in their hands was not wholly conventional.

The original folio numbers have been followed also in the use of *italics* [\_shown between underscored thus\_] and other little details of the disposition of the type; for example, in the reproduction of those rows of single inverted commas, which distinguish what a correspondent called the parts 'laced down the side with little c's.' [This last detail of formatting has not been reproduced in this file. Text Ed.]

The translation of the mottos and Latin quotations, which Steele and Addison deliberately abstained from giving, and which, as they were since added, impede and sometimes confound and contradict the text, are here placed in a body at the end, for those who want them. Again and again the essayists indulge in banter on the mystery of the Latin and Greek mottos; and what confusion must enter into the mind of the unwary reader who finds Pope's Homer quoted at the head of a 'Spectator' long before Addison's word of applause to the young poet's 'Essay on Criticism.' The mottos then are placed in an Appendix.

There is a short Appendix also of advertisements taken from the original number of the 'Spectator', and a few others, where they seem to illustrate some point in the text, will be found among the notes.

In the large number of notes here added to a revision of those bequeathed to us by Percy and Calder, the object has been to give information which may contribute to some nearer acquaintance with the writers of the book, and enjoyment of allusions to past manners and events.

Finally, from the 'General Index to the Spectators, &c.,' published as a separate volume in 1760, there has been taken what was serviceable, and additions have been made to it with a desire to secure for this edition of the 'Spectator' the advantages of being handy for reference as well as true to the real text.

H. M.

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[Footnote 1: "Sentences omitted, or words altered;" not, of course, the immaterial variations of spelling into which compositors slipped in the printing office. In the 'Athenaeum' of May 12, 1877, is an answer to misapprehensions on this head by the editor of a Clarendon Press volume of 'Selections from Addison'.]

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD SOMMERS,

BARON OF EVESHAM. [1]

My LORD,

I should not act the Part of an impartial Spectator, if I Dedicated the following Papers to one who is not of the most consummate and most acknowledged Merit.

None but a person of a finished Character can be the proper Patron of a Work, which endeavours to Cultivate and Polish Human Life, by promoting Virtue and Knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either Useful or Ornamental to Society.

I know that the Homage I now pay You, is offering a kind of Violence to one who is as solicitous to shun Applause, as he is assiduous to deserve it. But, my Lord, this is perhaps the only Particular in which your Prudence will be always disappointed.

While Justice, Candour, Equanimity, a Zeal for the Good of your Country, and the most persuasive Eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable Distinctions, You are not to expect that the Publick will so far comply with your Inclinations, as to forbear celebrating such extraordinary Qualities. It is in vain that You have endeavoured to conceal your Share of Merit, in the many National Services which You have effected. Do what You will, the present Age will be talking of your Virtues, tho' Posterity alone will do them Justice.

Other Men pass through Oppositions and contending Interests in the ways of Ambition, but Your Great Abilities have been invited to Power, and importuned to accept of Advancement. Nor is it strange that this should happen to your Lordship, who could bring into the Service of Your Sovereign the Arts and Policies of Ancient 'Greece' and 'Rome'; as well as the most exact knowledge of our own Constitution in particular, and of the interests of 'Europe' in general; to which I must also add, a certain Dignity in Yourself, that (to say the least of it) has been always equal to those great Honours which have been conferred upon You.

It is very well known how much the Church owed to You in the most dangerous Day it ever saw, that of the Arraignment of its Prelates; and how far the Civil Power, in the Late and present Reign, has been indebted to your Counsels and Wisdom.

But to enumerate the great Advantages which the publick has received from your Administration, would be a more proper Work for an History, than an Address of this Nature.

Your Lordship appears as great in your Private Life, as in the most Important Offices which You have born. I would therefore rather chuse to speak of the Pleasure You afford all who are admitted into your Conversation, of Your Elegant Taste in all the Polite Parts of Learning, of Your great Humanity and Complacency of Manners, and of the surprising Influence which is peculiar to You in making every one who Converses with your Lordship prefer You to himself, without thinking the less meanly of his own Talents. But if I should take notice of all that might be observed in your Lordship, I should have nothing new to say upon any other Character of Distinction.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient,

Most Devoted

Humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

[Footnote 1: In 1695, when a student at Oxford, aged 23, Joseph Addison had dedicated 'to the Right Honourable Sir George Somers, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal,' a poem written in honour of King William III. after his capture of Namur in sight of the whole French Army under Villeroi. This was Addison's first bid for success in Literature; and the twenty-seven lines in which he then asked Somers to 'receive the present of a Muse unknown,' were honourably meant to be what Dr. Johnson called 'a kind of rhyming introduction to Lord Somers.' If you, he said to Somers then—

'If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays, Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise, For next to what you write, is what you praise.'

Somers did smile, and at once held out to Addison his helping hand. Mindful of this, and of substantial friendship during the last seventeen years, Addison joined Steele in dedicating to his earliest patron the first volume of the *Essays* which include his best security of fame.

At that time, John Somers, aged 61, and retired from political life, was weak in health and high in honours earned by desert only. He was the son of an attorney at Worcester, rich enough to give him a liberal education at his City Grammar School and at Trinity College, Oxford, where he was entered as a Gentleman Commoner. He left the University, without taking a degree, to practise law. Having a strong bent towards Literature as well as a keen, manly interest in the vital questions which concerned the liberties of England under Charles the Second, he distinguished himself by political tracts which maintained constitutional rights. He rose at the bar to honour and popularity, especially after his pleading as junior counsel for Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Six Bishops, Lloyd, Turner, Lake, Ken, White, and Trelawney, who signed the petition against the King's order for reading in all churches a Declaration for Liberty of Conscience, which they said 'was founded upon such a dispensing power as hath been often declared illegal in Parliament.' Somers earned the gratitude of a people openly and loudly triumphing in the acquittal of the Seven Bishops. He was active also in co-operation with those who were planning the expulsion of the Stuarts and the bringing over of the Prince of Orange. During the Interregnum he, and at the same time also Charles Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, first entered Parliament. He was at the conference with the Lords upon the question of declaring the Throne vacant. As Chairman of the Committee appointed for the purpose, it was Somers who drew up the Declaration of Right, which, in placing the Prince and Princess of Orange on the throne, set forth the grounds of the Revolution and asserted against royal encroachment the ancient rights and liberties of England. For these services and for his rare ability as a constitutional lawyer, King William, in the first year of his reign, made Somers Solicitor-General. In 1692 he became Attorney-General as Sir John Somers, and soon afterwards, in March 1692-3, the Great Seal, which had been four years in Commission, was delivered to his keeping, with a patent entitling him to a pension of £2000 a year from the day he quitted office. He was then also sworn in as Privy Councillor. In April 1697 Somers as Lord Keeper delivered up the Great Seal, and received it back with the higher title of Lord Chancellor. He was at the same time created Baron Somers of Evesham; Crown property was also given to him to support his dignity. One use that he made of his influence was to procure young Addison a pension, that he might be forwarded in service of the State. Party spirit among his political opponents ran high against Somers. At the close of 1699 they had a majority in the Commons, and deprived him of office, but they failed before the Lords in an impeachment against him. In Queen Anne's reign, between 1708 and 1710, the constitutional statesman, long infirm of health, who had been in retirement serving Science as President of the Royal Society, was serving the State as President of the Council. But in 1712, when Addison addressed to him this Dedication of the first Volume of the first reprint of 'the Spectator', he had withdrawn from public life, and four years afterwards he died of a stroke of apoplexy.

Of Somers as a patron Lord Macaulay wrote:

'He had traversed the whole vast range of polite literature, ancient and modern. He was at once a munificent and a severely judicious patron of genius and learning. Locke owed opulence to Somers. By Somers Addison

was drawn forth from a cell in a college. In distant countries the name of Somers was mentioned with respect and gratitude by great scholars and poets who had never seen his face. He was the benefactor of Leclerc. He was the friend of Filicaja. Neither political nor religious differences prevented him from extending his powerful protection to merit. Hickes, the fiercest and most intolerant of all the non-jurors, obtained, by the influence of Somers, permission to study Teutonic antiquities in freedom and safety. Vertue, a Strict Roman Catholic, was raised, by the discriminating and liberal patronage of Somers, from poverty and obscurity to the first rank among the engravers of the age.']

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No. 1. Thursday, March 1, 1711. Addison.

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'Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.'

Hor.

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I have observed, that a Reader seldom peruses a Book with Pleasure 'till he knows whether the Writer of it be a black or a fair Man, of a mild or choleric Disposition, Married or a Batchelor, with other Particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right Understanding of an Author. To gratify this Curiosity, which is so natural to a Reader, I design this Paper, and my next, as Prefatory Discourses to my following Writings, and shall give some Account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this Work. As the chief trouble of Compiling, Digesting, and Correcting will fall to my Share, I must do myself the Justice to open the Work with my own History.

I was born to a small Hereditary Estate, which [according to the tradition of the village where it lies, [1]] was bounded by the same Hedges and Ditches in *William* the Conqueror's Time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from Father to Son whole and entire, without the Loss or Acquisition of a single Field or Meadow, during the Space of six hundred Years. There [runs [2]] a Story in the Family, that when my Mother was gone with Child of me about three Months, she dreamt that she was brought to Bed of a Judge. Whether this might proceed from a Law-suit which was then depending in the Family, or my Father's being a Justice of the Peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any Dignity that I should arrive at in my future Life, though that was the Interpretation which the Neighbourhood put upon it. The Gravity of my Behaviour at my very first Appearance in the World, and all the Time that I sucked, seemed to favour my Mother's Dream: For, as she has often told me, I threw away my Rattle before I was two Months old, and would not make use of my Coral till they had taken away the Bells from it.

As for the rest of my Infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in Silence. I find that, during my Nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen Youth, but was always a Favourite of my School-master, who used to say, *\_that my parts were solid, and would wear well\_*. I had not been long at the University, before I distinguished myself by a most profound Silence: For, during the Space of eight Years, excepting in the publick Exercises of the College, I scarce uttered the Quantity of an hundred Words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three Sentences together in my whole Life. Whilst I was in this Learned Body, I applied myself with so much Diligence to my Studies, that there are very few celebrated Books, either in the Learned or the Modern Tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the Death of my Father I was resolved to travel into Foreign Countries, and therefore left the University, with the Character of an odd unaccountable Fellow, that had a great deal of Learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable Thirst after Knowledge carried me into all the Countries of *\_Europe\_*, [in which [3]] there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a Degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great Men concerning the Antiquities of *\_Egypt\_*, I made a Voyage to *\_Grand Cairo\_*, on purpose to take the Measure of a Pyramid; and, as soon as I had set my self right in that Particular, returned to my Native Country with great Satisfaction. [4]

I have passed my latter Years in this City, where I am frequently seen in most publick Places, tho' there are not above half a dozen of my select Friends that know me; of whom my next Paper shall give a more particular Account. There is no place of [general [5]] Resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my Head into a Round of Politicians at \_Will's\_ [6] and listning with great Attention to the Narratives that are made in those little Circular Audiences. Sometimes I smook a Pipe at \_Child's\_ [7] and, while I seem attentive to nothing but the \_Post-Man\_ [8] over-hear the Conversation of every Table in the Room. I appear on *Sunday* nights at \_St. James's\_ Coffee House, [9] and sometimes join the little Committee of Politicks in the Inner-Room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My Face is likewise very well known at the \_Grecian\_ [10] the \_Cocoa-Tree\_ [11] and in the Theaters both of *Drury Lane* and the \_Hay-Market\_ [12] I have been taken for a Merchant upon the *Exchange* for above these ten Years, and sometimes pass for a *Jew* in the Assembly of Stock-jobbers at \_Jonathan's\_ [13] In short, where-ever I see a Cluster of People, I always mix with them, tho' I never open my Lips but in my own Club.

Thus I live in the World, rather as a Spectator of Mankind, than as one of the Species; by which means I have made my self a Speculative Statesman, Soldier, Merchant, and Artizan, without ever meddling with any Practical Part in Life. I am very well versed in the Theory of an Husband, or a Father, and can discern the Errors in the Oeconomy, Business, and Diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as Standers-by discover Blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the Game. I never espoused any Party with Violence, and am resolved to observe an exact Neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forc'd to declare myself by the Hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my Life as a Looker-on, which is the Character I intend to preserve in this Paper.

I have given the Reader just so much of my History and Character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the Business I have undertaken. As for other Particulars in my Life and Adventures, I shall insert them in following Papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own Taciturnity; and since I have neither Time nor Inclination to communicate the Fulness of my Heart in Speech, I am resolved to do it in Writing; and to Print my self out, if possible, before I Die. I have been often told by my Friends that it is Pity so many useful Discoveries which I have made, should be in the Possession of a Silent Man. For this Reason therefore, I shall publish a Sheet full of Thoughts every Morning, for the Benefit of my Contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the Diversion or Improvement of the Country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret Satisfaction of thinking that I have not Lived in vain.

There are three very material Points which I have not spoken to in this Paper, and which, for several important Reasons, I must keep to my self, at least for some Time: I mean, an Account of my Name, my Age, and my Lodgings. I must confess I would gratify my Reader in any thing that is reasonable; but as for these three Particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the Embellishment of my Paper, I cannot yet come to a Resolution of communicating them to the Publick. They would indeed draw me out of that Obscurity which I have enjoyed for many Years, and expose me in Publick Places to several Salutes and Civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest [pain] I can suffer, [is [14]] the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this Reason likewise, that I keep my Complexion and Dress, as very great Secrets; tho' it is not impossible, but I may make Discoveries of both in the Progress of the Work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon my self, I shall in to-Morrow's Paper give an Account of those Gentlemen who are concerned with me in this Work. For, as I have before intimated, a Plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other Matters of Importance are) in a Club. However, as my Friends have engaged me to stand in the Front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their Letters \_To the Spectator\_, at Mr. \_Buckley's\_, in *Little Britain* [15]. For I must further acquaint the Reader, that tho' our Club meets only on *Tuesdays* and \_Thursdays\_, we have appointed a Committee to sit every Night, for the Inspection of all such Papers as may contribute to the Advancement of the Publick Weal.

## C. [16]

[Footnote 1: I find by the writings of the family,]

[Footnote 2: goes]

[Footnote 3: where]

[Footnote 4: This is said to allude to a description of the Pyramids of Egypt, by John Greaves, a Persian scholar and Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, who studied the principle of weights and measures in the Roman Foot and the Denarius, and whose visit to the Pyramids in 1638, by aid of his patron Laud, was described in his 'Pyramidographia.' That work had been published in 1646, sixty-five years before the appearance of the 'Spectator', and Greaves died in 1652. But in 1706 appeared a tract, ascribed to him by its title-page, and popular enough to have been reprinted in 1727 and 1745, entitled, 'The Origine and Antiquity of our English Weights and Measures discovered by their near agreement with such Standards that are now found in one of the Egyptian Pyramids.' It based its arguments on measurements in the 'Pyramidographia,' and gave to Professor Greaves, in Addison's time, the same position with regard to Egypt that has been taken in our time by the Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, Professor Piazzi Smyth.]

[Footnote 5: publick]

[Footnote 6: 'Will's' Coffee House, which had been known successively as the 'Red Cow' and the 'Rose' before it took a permanent name from Will Urwin, its proprietor, was the corner house on the north side of Russell Street, at the end of Bow Street, now No. 21. Dryden's use of this Coffee House caused the wits of the town to resort there, and after Dryden's death, in 1700, it remained for some years the Wits' Coffee House. There the strong interest in current politics took chiefly the form of satire, epigram, or entertaining narrative. Its credit was already declining in the days of the 'Spectator'; wit going out and card-play coming in.]

[Footnote 7: 'Child's' Coffee House was in St. Paul's Churchyard. Neighbourhood to the Cathedral and Doctors' Commons made it a place of resort for the Clergy. The College of Physicians had been first established in Linacre's House, No. 5, Knighttrider Street, Doctors' Commons, whence it had removed to Amen Corner, and thence in 1674 to the adjacent Warwick Lane. The Royal Society, until its removal in 1711 to Crane Court, Fleet Street, had its rooms further east, at Gresham College. Physicians, therefore, and philosophers, as well as the clergy, used 'Child's' as a convenient place of resort.]

[Footnote 8: The 'Postman', established and edited by M. Fonvive, a learned and grave French Protestant, who was said to make £600 a year by it, was a penny paper in the highest repute, Fonvive having secured for his weekly chronicle of foreign news a good correspondence in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Flanders, Holland. John Dunton, the bookseller, in his 'Life and Errors,' published in 1705, thus characterized the chief newspapers of the day:

'the 'Observator' is best to towel the Jacks, the 'Review' is best to promote peace, the 'Flying Post' is best for the Scotch news, the 'Postboy' is best for the English and Spanish news, the 'Daily Courant' is the best critic, the 'English Post' is the best collector, the 'London Gazette' has the best authority, and the 'Postman' is the best for everything.']

[Footnote 9: 'St. James's' Coffee House was the last house but one on the south-west corner of St. James's Street; closed about 1806. On its site is now a pile of buildings looking down Pall Mall. Near St. James's Palace, it was a place of resort for Whig officers of the Guards and men of fashion. It was famous also in Queen Anne's reign, and long after, as the house most favoured Whig statesmen and members of Parliament, who could there privately discuss their party tactics.]

[Footnote 10: The 'Grecian' Coffee House was in Devereux Court, Strand, and named from a Greek, Constantine, who kept it. Close to the Temple, it was a place of resort for the lawyers. Constantine's Greek had tempted also Greek scholars to the house, learned Professors and Fellows of the Royal Society. Here, it is said, two friends quarrelled so bitterly over a Greek accent that they went out into Devereux Court and fought a duel, in which one was killed on the spot.]

[Footnote 11: The 'Cocoa Tree' was a Chocolate House in St. James's Street, used by Tory statesmen and men of fashion as exclusively as 'St. James's' Coffee House, in the same street, was used by Whigs of the same class. It afterwards became a Tory club.]

[Footnote 12: Drury Lane had a theatre in Shakespeare's time, 'the Phoenix,' called also 'the Cockpit.' It was destroyed in 1617 by a Puritan mob, re-built, and occupied again till the stoppage of stage-plays in 1648. In that theatre Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta,' Massinger's 'New Way to Pay Old Debts,' and other pieces of good literature, were first produced. Its players under James I. were 'the Queen's servants.' In 1656 Davenant broke through the restriction upon stage-plays, and took actors and musicians to 'the Cockpit,' from Aldersgate Street. After the Restoration, Davenant having obtained a patent, occupied, in Portugal Row, the Lincoln's Inn Theatre, and afterwards one on the site of Dorset House, west of Whitefriars, the last theatre to which people went in boats. Sir William Davenant, under the patronage of the Duke of York, called his the Duke's Players. Thomas Killigrew then had 'the Cockpit' in Drury Lane, his company being that of the King's Players, and it was Killigrew who, dissatisfied with the old 'Cockpit,' opened, in 1663, the first 'Drury Lane Theatre,' nearly upon the site now occupied by D.L. No. 4. The original theatre, burnt in 1671-2, was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, and opened in 1674 with a Prologue by Dryden. That (D.L. No. 2) was the house visited by 'the Spectator'. It required rebuilding in 1741 (D.L. No. 3); and was burnt down, and again rebuilt, in 1809, as we now have it (D.L. No. 4). There was no Covent Garden Theatre till after 'the Spectator's' time, in 1733, when that house was first opened by Rich, the harlequin, under the patent granted to the Duke's Company.

In 1711 the other great house was the theatre in the Haymarket, recently built by Sir John Vanbrugh, author of 'The Provoked Wife,' and architect of Blenheim. This 'Haymarket Theatre', on the site of that known as 'Her Majesty's,' was designed and opened by Vanbrugh in 1706, thirty persons of quality having subscribed a hundred pounds each towards the cost of it. He and Congreve were to write the plays, and Betterton was to take charge of their performance. The speculation was a failure; partly because the fields and meadows of the west end of the town cut off the poorer playgoers of the City, who could not afford coach-hire; partly because the house was too large, and its architecture swallowed up the voices of the actors. Vanbrugh and Congreve opened their grand west-end theatre with concession to the new taste of the fashionable for Italian Opera. They began with a translated opera set to Italian music, which ran only for three nights. Sir John Vanbrugh then produced his comedy of 'The Confederacy,' with less success than it deserved. In a few months Congreve abandoned his share in the undertaking. Vanbrugh proceeded to adapt for his new house three plays of Molière. Then Vanbrugh, still failing, let the Haymarket to Mr. Owen Swiney, a trusted agent of the manager of 'Drury Lane', who was to allow him to draw what actors he pleased from 'Drury Lane' and divide profits. The recruited actors in the 'Haymarket' had better success. The secret league between the two theatres was broken. In 1707 the 'Haymarket' was supported by a subscription headed by Lord Halifax. But presently a new joint patentee brought energy into the counsels of 'Drury Lane'. Amicable restoration was made to the Theatre Royal of the actors under Swiney at the 'Haymarket'; and to compensate Swiney for his loss of profit, it was agreed that while 'Drury Lane' confined itself to the acting of plays, he should profit by the new taste for Italian music, and devote the house in the 'Haymarket' to opera. Swiney was content. The famous singer Nicolini had come over, and the town was impatient to hear him. This compact held for a short time. It was broken then by quarrels behind the scenes. In 1709 Wilks, Dogget, Cibber, and Mrs. Oldfield treated with Swiney to be sharers with him in the 'Haymarket' as heads of a dramatic company. They contracted the width of the theatre, brought down its enormously high ceiling, thus made the words of the plays audible, and had the town to themselves, till a lawyer, Mr. William Collier, M.P. for Truro, in spite of the counter-attraction of the trial of Sacheverell, obtained a license to open 'Drury Lane', and produced an actress who drew money to Charles Shadwell's comedy, 'The Fair Quaker of Deal.' At the close of the season Collier agreed with Swiney

and his actor-colleagues to give up to them 'Drury Lane' with its actors, take in exchange the 'Haymarket' with its singers, and be sole Director of the Opera; the actors to pay Collier two hundred a year for the use of his license, and to close their house on the Wednesdays when an opera was played.

This was the relative position of 'Drury Lane' and the 'Haymarket' theatres when the 'Spectator' first appeared. 'Drury Lane' had entered upon a long season of greater prosperity than it had enjoyed for thirty years before. Collier, not finding the 'Haymarket' as prosperous as it was fashionable, was planning a change of place with Swiney, and he so contrived, by lawyer's wit and court influence, that in the winter following 1711 Collier was at Drury Lane with a new license for himself, Wilks, Dogget, and Cibber; while Swiney, transferred to the Opera, was suffering a ruin that caused him to go abroad, and be for twenty years afterwards an exile from his country.]

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[Footnote 13: 'Jonathan's' Coffee House, in Change Alley, was the place of resort for stock-jobbers. It was to 'Garraway's', also in Change Alley, that people of quality on business in the City, or the wealthy and reputable citizens, preferred to go.]

[Footnote 14: pains ... are.]

[Footnote 15: 'The Spectator' in its first daily issue was 'Printed for 'Sam. Buckley', at the 'Dolphin' in 'Little Britain'; and sold by 'A. Baldwin' in 'Warwick Lane'.']

[Footnote 16: The initials appended to the papers in their daily issue were placed, in a corner of the page, after the printer's name.]

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No. 2. Friday, March 2, 1711. Steele.

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... Ast Alii sex Et plures uno conclamant ore.

Juv.

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The first of our Society is a Gentleman of Worcestershire, of antient Descent, a Baronet, his Name Sir ROGER DE COVERLY. [1] His great Grandfather was Inventor of that famous Country-Dance which is call'd after him. All who know that Shire are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of Sir ROGER. He is a Gentleman that is very singular in his Behaviour, but his Singularities proceed from his good Sense, and are Contradictions to the Manners of the World, only as he thinks the World is in the wrong. However, this Humour creates him no Enemies, for he does nothing with Sourness or Obstinacy; and his being unconfined to Modes and Forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square: [2] It is said, he keeps himself a Batchelour by reason he was crossed in Love by a perverse beautiful Widow of the next County to him. Before this Disappointment, Sir ROGER was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord *Rochester* [3] and Sir George Etherege, [4] fought a Duel upon his first coming to Town, and kick'd Bully *Dawson* [5] in a publick Coffee-house for calling him Youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very serious for a Year and a half; and tho' his Temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself and never dressed afterwards; he continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the same Cut that were in Fashion at the Time of his Repulse, which, in his merry Humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve Times since he first wore it. 'Tis said Sir ROGER grew humble in his Desires after he had forgot this cruel Beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in Point of Chastity with Beggars and Gypsies: but this is look'd upon by his Friends rather as Matter of Raillery than Truth. He is now in his Fifty-sixth Year, cheerful, gay, and hearty, keeps a good House in both Town and Country; a great Lover of Mankind; but there is such a mirthful Cast in his Behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His

Tenants grow rich, his Servants look satisfied, all the young Women profess Love to him, and the young Men are glad of his Company: When he comes into a House he calls the Servants by their Names, and talks all the way Up Stairs to a Visit. I must not omit that Sir ROGER is a Justice of the *\_Quorum\_*; that he fills the chair at a Quarter-Session with great Abilities, and three Months ago, gained universal Applause by explaining a Passage in the Game-Act.

The Gentleman next in Esteem and Authority among us, is another Batchelour, who is a Member of the *\_Inner Temple\_*: a Man of great Probity, Wit, and Understanding; but he has chosen his Place of Residence rather to obey the Direction of an old humoursome Father, than in pursuit of his own Inclinations. He was plac'd there to study the Laws of the Land, and is the most learned of any of the House in those of the Stage. *Aristotle* and *Longinus* are much better understood by him than *Littleton* or *Cooke*. The Father sends up every Post Questions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leases, and Tenures, in the Neighbourhood; all which Questions he agrees with an Attorney to answer and take care of in the Lump. He is studying the Passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the Debates among Men which arise from them. He knows the Argument of each of the Orations of *Demosthenes* and *\_Tully\_*, but not one Case in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate Friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This Turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: As few of his Thoughts are drawn from Business, they are most of them fit for Conversation. His Taste of Books is a little too just for the Age he lives in; he has read all, but Approves of very few. His Familiarity with the Customs, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Antients, makes him a very delicate Observer of what occurs to him in the present World. He is an excellent Critick, and the Time of the Play is his Hour of Business; exactly at five he passes through *\_New Inn\_*, crosses through *\_Russel Court\_*; and takes a turn at *\_Will's\_* till the play begins; he has his shoes rubb'd and his Perriwig powder'd at the Barber's as you go into the Rose [6]—It is for the Good of the Audience when he is at a Play, for the Actors have an Ambition to please him.

The Person of next Consideration is Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Merchant of great Eminence in the City of *\_London\_*: A Person of indefatigable Industry, strong Reason, and great Experience. His Notions of Trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich Man has usually some sly Way of Jesting, which would make no great Figure were he not a rich Man) he calls the Sea the *British Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its Parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous Way to extend Dominion by Arms; for true Power is to be got by Arts and Industry. He will often argue, that if this Part of our Trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one Nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that Diligence makes more lasting Acquisitions than Valour, and that Sloth has ruin'd more Nations than the Sword. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, amongst which the greatest Favourite is, 'A Penny saved is a Penny got.' A General Trader of good Sense is pleasanter Company than a general Scholar; and Sir ANDREW having a natural unaffected Eloquence, the Perspicuity of his Discourse gives the same Pleasure that Wit would in another Man. He has made his Fortunes himself; and says that *England* may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain Methods as he himself is richer than other Men; tho' at the same Time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the Compass, but blows home a Ship in which he is an Owner.

Next to Sir ANDREW in the Club-room sits Captain SENTRY, [7] a Gentleman of great Courage, good Understanding, but Invincible Modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their Talents within the Observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some Years a Captain, and behaved himself with great Gallantry in several Engagements, and at several Sieges; but having a small Estate of his own, and being next Heir to Sir ROGER, he has quitted a Way of Life in which no Man can rise suitably to his Merit, who is not something of a Courtier, as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a Profession where Merit is placed in so conspicuous a View, Impudence should get the better of Modesty. When he has talked to this Purpose, I never heard him make a sour Expression, but frankly confess that he left the World, because he was not fit for it. A strict Honesty and an even regular Behaviour, are in themselves Obstacles to him that must press through Crowds who endeavour at the same End with himself, the Favour of a Commander. He will, however, in this Way of Talk, excuse Generals, for not disposing according to Men's Desert, or enquiring into it: For, says he, that great Man who has a Mind to help

me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: Therefore he will conclude, that the Man who would make a Figure, especially in a military Way, must get over all false Modesty, and assist his Patron against the Importunity of other Pretenders, by a proper Assurance in his own Vindication. He says it is a civil Cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military Fear to be slow in attacking when it is your Duty. With this Candour does the Gentleman speak of himself and others. The same Frankness runs through all his Conversation. The military Part of his Life has furnished him with many Adventures, in the Relation of which he is very agreeable to the Company; for he is never over-bearing, though accustomed to command Men in the utmost Degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an Habit of obeying Men highly above him.

But that our Society may not appear a Set of Humourists unacquainted with the Gallantries and Pleasures of the Age, we have among us the gallant WILL. HONEYCOMB, [8] a Gentleman who, according to his Years, should be in the Decline of his Life, but having ever been very careful of his Person, and always had a very easy Fortune, Time has made but very little Impression, either by Wrinkles on his Forehead, or Traces in his Brain. His Person is well turned, and of a good Height. He is very ready at that sort of Discourse with which Men usually entertain Women. He has all his Life dressed very well, and remembers Habits as others do Men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the History of every Mode, and can inform you from which of the French King's Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this Manner of curling their Hair, that Way of placing their Hoods; whose Frailty was covered by such a Sort of Petticoat, and whose Vanity to show her Foot made that Part of the Dress so short in such a Year. In a Word, all his Conversation and Knowledge has been in the female World: As other Men of his Age will take Notice to you what such a Minister said upon such and such an Occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of *Monmouth* danced at Court such a Woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the Head of his Troop in the *Park*. In all these important Relations, he has ever about the same Time received a kind Glance, or a Blow of a Fan, from some celebrated Beauty, Mother of the present Lord such-a-one. If you speak of a young Commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up,

'He has good Blood in his Veins, *Tom Mirabell* begot him, the Rogue cheated me in that Affair; that young Fellow's Mother used me more like a Dog than any Woman I ever made Advances to.'

This Way of Talking of his, very much enlivens the Conversation among us of a more sedate Turn; and I find there is not one of the Company but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that Sort of Man, who is usually called a well-bred fine Gentleman. To conclude his Character, where Women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy Man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our Company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every Man else a new Enjoyment of himself. He is a Clergyman, a very philosophick Man, of general Learning, great Sanctity of Life, and the most exact good Breeding. He has the Misfortune to be of a very weak Constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such Cares and Business as Preferments in his Function would oblige him to: He is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-Counsellor is among Lawyers. The Probity of his Mind, and the Integrity of his Life, create him Followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the Subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in Years, that he observes when he is among us, an Earnestness to have him fall on some divine Topick, which he always treats with much Authority, as one who has no Interests in this World, as one who is hastening to the Object of all his Wishes, and conceives Hope from his Decays and Infirmities. These are my ordinary Companions.

R. [9]

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[Footnote 1: The character of Sir Roger de Coverley is said to have been drawn from Sir John Pakington, of Worcestershire, a Tory, whose name, family, and politics are represented by a statesman of the present time. The name, on this its first appearance in the 'Spectator', is spelt Coverly; also in the first reprint.]

[Footnote 2: 'Soho Square' was then a new and most fashionable part of the town. It was built in 1681. The Duke of Monmouth lived in the centre house, facing the statue. Originally the square was called King Square. Pennant mentions, on Pegg's authority, a tradition that, on the death of Monmouth, his admirers changed the name to Soho, the word of the day at the field of Sedgemoor. But the ground upon which the Square stands was called Soho as early as the year 1632. 'So ho' was the old call in hunting when a hare was found.]

[Footnote 3: John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, b. 1648, d. 1680. His licentious wit made him a favourite of Charles II. His strength was exhausted by licentious living at the age of one and thirty. His chief work is a poem upon 'Nothing.' He died repentant of his wasted life, in which, as he told Burnet, he had 'for five years been continually drunk,' or so much affected by frequent drunkenness as in no instance to be master of himself.]

[Footnote 4: Sir George Etherege, b. 1636, d. 1694. 'Gentle George' and 'Easy Etherege,' a wit and friend of the wits of the Restoration. He bought his knighthood to enable him to marry a rich widow who required a title, and died of a broken neck, by tumbling down—stairs when he was drunk and lighting guests to their apartments. His three comedies, 'The Comical Revenge,' 'She Would if she Could,' and 'The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter,' excellent embodiments of the court humour of his time, were collected and printed in 8vo in 1704, and reprinted, with addition of five poems, in 1715.]

[Footnote 5: Bully Dawson, a swaggering sharper of Whitefriars, is said to have been sketched by Shadwell in the Captain Hackum of his comedy called 'The Squire of Alsatia.']

[Footnote 6: The 'Rose' Tavern was on the east side of Brydges Street, near Drury Lane Theatre, much favoured by the looser sort of play—goers. Garrick, when he enlarged the Theatre, made the 'Rose' Tavern a part of it.]

[Footnote 7: Captain Sentry was by some supposed to have been drawn from Colonel Kempenfelt, the father of the Admiral who went down with the 'Royal George'.]

[Footnote 8: Will. Honeycomb was by some found in a Colonel Cleland.]

[Footnote 9: Steele's signature was R till No. 91; then T, and occasionally R, till No. 134; then always T.

Addison signed C till No. 85, when he first used L; and was L or C till No. 265, then L, till he first used I in No. 372. Once or twice using L, he was I till No. 405, which he signed O, and by this letter he held, except for a return to C (with a single use of O), from 433 to 477.]

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No. 3. Saturday, March 3, 1711. Addison.

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'Quoi quisque ferè studio devinctus adhæret: Aut quibus in rebus multùm sumus antè morati: Atque in quâ ratione fuit contenta magis mens; In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.'

Lucr. L. 4.

In one of my late Rambles, or rather Speculations, I looked into the great Hall where the Bank [1] is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the Directors, Secretaries, and Clerks, with all the other Members of that wealthy Corporation, ranged in their several Stations, according to the Parts they act in that just and regular Oeconomy. This revived in my Memory the many Discourses which I had both read and heard, concerning the Decay of Publick Credit, with the Methods of restoring it, and which, in my Opinion, have always been defective, because they have always been made with an Eye to separate Interests and Party Principles.

The Thoughts of the Day gave my Mind Employment for the whole Night, so that I fell insensibly into a kind of Methodical Dream, which disposed all my Contemplations into a Vision or Allegory, or what else the Reader shall please to call it.

Methoughts I returned to the Great Hall, where I had been the Morning before, but to my Surprize, instead of the Company that I left there, I saw, towards the Upper-end of the Hall, a beautiful Virgin seated on a Throne of Gold. Her Name (as they told me) was *Publick Credit*. The Walls, instead of being adorned with Pictures and Maps, were hung with many Acts of Parliament written in Golden Letters. At the Upper end of the Hall was the *\_Magna Charta\_*, [2] with the Act of Uniformity [3] on the right Hand, and the Act of Toleration [4] on the left. At the Lower end of the Hall was the Act of Settlement, [5] which was placed full in the Eye of the Virgin that sat upon the Throne. Both the Sides of the Hall were covered with such Acts of Parliament as had been made for the Establishment of Publick Funds. The Lady seemed to set an unspeakable Value upon these several Pieces of Furniture, insomuch that she often refreshed her Eye with them, and often smiled with a Secret Pleasure, as she looked upon them; but at the same time showed a very particular Uneasiness, if she saw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared indeed infinitely timorous in all her Behaviour: And, whether it was from the Delicacy of her Constitution, or that she was troubled with the Vapours, as I was afterwards told by one who I found was none of her Well-wishers, she changed Colour, and startled at everything she heard. She was likewise (as I afterwards found) a greater Valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own Sex, and subject to such Momentary Consumptions, that in the twinkling of an Eye, she would fall away from the most florid Complexion, and the most healthful State of Body, and wither into a Skeleton. Her Recoveries were often as sudden as her Decays, insomuch that she would revive in a Moment out of a wasting Distemper, into a Habit of the highest Health and Vigour.

I had very soon an Opportunity of observing these quick Turns and Changes in her Constitution. There sat at her Feet a Couple of Secretaries, who received every Hour Letters from all Parts of the World; which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her; and according to the News she heard, to which she was exceedingly attentive, she changed Colour, and discovered many Symptoms of Health or Sickness.

Behind the Throne was a prodigious Heap of Bags of Mony, which were piled upon one another so high that they touched the Ceiling. The Floor on her right Hand, and on her left, was covered with vast Sums of Gold that rose up in Pyramids on either side of her: But this I did not so much wonder at, when I heard, upon Enquiry, that she had the same Virtue in her Touch, which the Poets tell us a 'Lydian' King was formerly possessed of; and that she could convert whatever she pleased into that precious Metal.

After a little Dizziness, and confused Hurry of Thought, which a Man often meets with in a Dream, methoughts the Hall was alarm'd, the Doors flew open, and there entered half a dozen of the most hideous Phantoms that I had ever seen (even in a Dream) before that Time. They came in two by two, though match'd in the most dissociable Manner, and mingled together in a kind of Dance. It would be tedious to describe their Habits and Persons; for which Reason I shall only inform my Reader that the first Couple were Tyranny and Anarchy, the second were Bigotry and Atheism, the third the Genius of a Common-Wealth, and a young Man of about twenty-two Years of Age, [6] whose Name I could not learn. He had a Sword in his right Hand, which in the Dance he often brandished at the Act of Settlement; and a Citizen, who stood by me, whispered in my Ear, that he saw a Sponge in his left Hand. The Dance of so many jarring Natures put me in mind of the Sun, Moon, and Earth, in the 'Rehearsal', [7] that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

The Reader will easily suppose, by what has been before said, that the Lady on the Throne would have been almost frightened to Distraction, had she seen but any one of these Spectres; what then must have been her Condition when she saw them all in a Body? She fainted and dyed away at the sight.

'Et neq; jam color est misto candore rubori; Nec Vigor, et Vires, et quæ modò visa placebant; Nec Corpus remanet ...'

Ov. 'Met.' Lib. 3.

There was as great a Change in the Hill of Mony Bags, and the Heaps of Mony, the former shrinking, and falling into so many empty Bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with Mony. The rest that took up the same Space, and made the same Figure as the Bags that were really filled with Mony, had been blown up with Air, and called into my Memory the Bags full of Wind, which Homer tells us his Hero received as a present from Æolus. The great Heaps of Gold, on either side of the Throne, now appeared to be only Heaps of Paper, or little Piles of notched Sticks, bound up together in Bundles, like Bath-Faggots.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden Desolation that had been made before me, the whole Scene vanished: In the Room of the frightful Spectres, there now entered a second Dance of Apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable Phantoms. The first Pair was Liberty, with Monarchy at her right Hand: The Second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third a Person whom I had never seen, [8] with the genius of *Great Britain*. At their first Entrance the Lady reviv'd, the Bags swell'd to their former Bulk, the Piles of Faggots and Heaps of Paper changed into Pyramids of Guineas: [9] And for my own part I was so transported with Joy, that I awaked, tho' I must confess I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my Vision, if I could have done it.

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[Footnote 1: The Bank of England was then only 17 years old. It was founded in 1694, and grew out of a loan of £1,200,000 for the public service, for which the lenders—so low was the public credit—were to have 8 per cent. interest, four thousand a year for expense of management, and a charter for 10 years, afterwards renewed from time to time, as the 'Governor and Company of the Bank of England.']

[Footnote 2: Magna Charta Libertatum, the Great Charter of Liberties obtained by the barons of King John, June 16, 1215, not only asserted rights of the subject against despotic power of the king, but included among them right of insurrection against royal authority unlawfully exerted.]

[Footnote 3: The Act of Uniformity, passed May 19, 1662, withheld promotion in the Church from all who had not received episcopal ordination, and required of all clergy assent to the contents of the Prayer Book on pain of being deprived of their spiritual promotion. It forbade all changes in matters of belief otherwise than by the king in Parliament. While it barred the unconstitutional exercise of a dispensing power by the king, and kept the settlement of its faith out of the hands of the clergy and in those of the people, it was so contrived also according to the temper of the majority that it served as a test act for the English Hierarchy, and cast out of the Church, as Nonconformists, those best members of its Puritan clergy, about two thousand in number, whose faith was sincere enough to make them sacrifice their livings to their sense of truth.]

[Footnote 4: The Act of Toleration, with which Addison balances the Act of Uniformity, was passed in the first year of William and Mary, and confirmed in the 10th year of Queen Anne, the year in which this Essay was written. By it all persons dissenting from the Church of England, except Roman Catholics and persons denying the Trinity, were relieved from such acts against Nonconformity as restrained their religious liberty and right of public worship, on condition that they took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, subscribed a declaration against transubstantiation, and, if dissenting ministers, subscribed also to certain of the Thirty-Nine Articles.]

[Footnote 5: The Act of Settlement was that which, at the Revolution, excluded the Stuarts and settled the succession to the throne of princes who have since governed England upon the principle there laid down, not of divine right, but of an original contract between prince and people, the breaking of which by the prince may lawfully entail forfeiture of the crown.]

[Footnote 6: James Stuart, son of James II, born June 10, 1688, was then in the 23rd year of his age.]

[Footnote 7: The 'Rehearsal' was a witty burlesque upon the heroic dramas of Davenant, Dryden, and others,

written by George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, the Zimri of Dryden's 'Absalom and Achitophel,' 'that life of pleasure and that soul of whim,' who, after running through a fortune of £50,000 a year, died, says Pope, 'in the worst inn's worst room.' His 'Rehearsal', written in 1663–4, was first acted in 1671. In the last act the poet Bayes, who is showing and explaining a Rehearsal of his play to Smith and Johnson, introduces an Eclipse which, as he explains, being nothing else but an interposition, &c.

'Well, Sir, then what do I, but make the earth, sun, and moon, come out upon the stage, and dance the hey' ...  
'Come, come out, eclipse, to the tune of 'Tom Tyler'.'

[Enter Luna.]

'Luna': Orbis, O Orbis! Come to me, thou little rogue, Orbis.

[Enter the Earth.]

'Orb.' Who calls Terra–firma pray?

...

[Enter Sol, to the tune of Robin Hood, &c.]

While they dance Bayes cries, mightily taken with his device,

'Now the Earth's before the Moon; now the Moon's before the Sun: there's the Eclipse again.']

[Footnote 8: The elector of Hanover, who, in 1714, became King George I.]

[Footnote 9: In the year after the foundation of the Bank of England, Mr. Charles Montague,—made in 1700 Baron and by George I., Earl of Halifax, then (in 1695) Chancellor of the Exchequer,—restored the silver currency to a just standard. The process of recoinage caused for a time scarcity of coin and stoppage of trade. The paper of the Bank of England fell to 20 per cent. discount. Montague then collected and paid public debts from taxes imposed for the purpose and invented (in 1696), to relieve the want of currency, the issue of Exchequer bills. Public credit revived, the Bank capital increased, the currency sufficed, and. says Earl Russell in his Essay on the English Government and Constitution,

'from this time loans were made of a vast increasing amount with great facility, and generally at a low interest, by which the nation were enabled to resist their enemies. The French wondered at the prodigious efforts that were made by so small a power, and the abundance with which money was poured into its treasury... Books were written, projects drawn up, edicts prepared, which were to give to France the same facilities as her rival; every plan that fiscal ingenuity could strike out, every calculation that laborious arithmetic could form, was proposed, and tried, and found wanting; and for this simple reason, that in all their projects drawn up in imitation of England, one little element was omitted, *\_videlicet\_*, her free constitution.'

That is what Addison means by his allegory.]

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No. 4. Monday, March 5, 1711. Steele.

... Egregii Mortalem altique silenti!

Hor.

An Author, when he first appears in the World, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his Performances. With a good Share of this Vanity in my Heart, I made it my Business these three Days to listen after my own Fame; and, as I have sometimes met with Circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others which gave me much Mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this time observed some Part of the Species to be, what mere Blanks they are when they first come abroad in the Morning, how utterly they are at a Stand, until they are set a going by some Paragraph in a News-Paper: Such Persons are very acceptable to a young Author, for they desire no more [in anything] but to be new, to be agreeable. If I found Consolation among such, I was as much disquieted by the Incapacity of others. These are Mortals who have a certain Curiosity without Power of Reflection, and perused my Papers like Spectators rather than Readers. But there is so little Pleasure in Enquiries that so nearly concern our selves (it being the worst Way in the World to Fame, to be too anxious about it), that upon the whole I resolv'd for the future to go on in my ordinary Way; and without too much Fear or Hope about the Business of Reputation, to be very careful of the Design of my Actions, but very negligent of the Consequences of them.

It is an endless and frivolous Pursuit to act by any other Rule than the Care of satisfying our own Minds in what we do. One would think a silent Man, who concerned himself with no one breathing, should be very liable to Misinterpretations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a Jesuit, for no other reason but my profound Taciturnity. It is from this Misfortune, that to be out of Harm's Way, I have ever since affected Crowds. He who comes into Assemblies only to gratify his Curiosity, and not to make a Figure, enjoys the Pleasures of Retirement in a more exquisite Degree, than he possibly could in his Closet; the Lover, the Ambitious, and the Miser, are followed thither by a worse Crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the Passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing Solitude. I can very justly say with the antient Sage, 'I am never less alone than when alone'. As I am insignificant to the Company in publick Places, and as it is visible I do not come thither as most do, to shew my self; I gratify the Vanity of all who pretend to make an Appearance, and often have as kind Looks from well-dressed Gentlemen and Ladies, as a Poet would bestow upon one of his Audience. There are so many Gratifications attend this publick sort of Obscurity, that some little Distastes I daily receive have lost their Anguish; and I [did the other day, [1]] without the least Displeasure overhear one say of me,

'That strange Fellow,'

and another answer,

'I have known the Fellow's Face for these twelve Years, and so must you; but I believe you are the first ever asked who he was.'

There are, I must confess, many to whom my Person is as well known as that of their nearest Relations, who give themselves no further Trouble about calling me by my Name or Quality, but speak of me very currently by Mr 'what-d-ye-call-him'.

To make up for these trivial Disadvantages, I have the high Satisfaction of beholding all Nature with an unprejudiced Eye; and having nothing to do with Men's Passions or Interests, I can with the greater Sagacity consider their Talents, Manners, Failings, and Merits.

It is remarkable, that those who want any one Sense, possess the others with greater Force and Vivacity. Thus my Want of, or rather Resignation of Speech, gives me all the Advantages of a dumb Man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary Penetration in Seeing; and flatter my self that I have looked into the Highest and Lowest of Mankind, and make shrewd Guesses, without being admitted to their Conversation, at the inmost Thoughts and Reflections of all whom I behold. It is from hence that good or ill Fortune has no manner of Force towards affecting my Judgment. I see Men flourishing in Courts, and languishing in Jayls, without being prejudiced from their Circumstances to their Favour or Disadvantage; but from their inward Manner of

bearing their Condition, often pity the Prosperous and admire the Unhappy.

Those who converse with the Dumb, know from the Turn of their Eyes and the Changes of their Countenance their Sentiments of the Objects before them. I have indulged my Silence to such an Extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me, answer my Smiles with concurrent Sentences, and argue to the very Point I shak'd my Head at without my speaking. WILL. HONEYCOMB was very entertaining the other Night at a Play to a Gentleman who sat on his right Hand, while I was at his Left. The Gentleman believed WILL. was talking to himself, when upon my looking with great Approbation at a [young thing [2]] in a Box before us, he said,

'I am quite of another Opinion: She has, I will allow, a very pleasing Aspect, but, methinks, that Simplicity in her Countenance is rather childish than innocent.'

When I observed her a second time, he said,

'I grant her Dress is very becoming, but perhaps the Merit of Choice is owing to her Mother; for though,' continued he, 'I allow a Beauty to be as much to be commended for the Elegance of her Dress, as a Wit for that of his Language; yet if she has stolen the Colour of her Ribbands from another, or had Advice about her Trimmings, I shall not allow her the Praise of Dress, any more than I would call a Plagiary an Author.'

When I threw my Eye towards the next Woman to her, WILL. spoke what I looked, [according to his romantic imagination,] in the following Manner.

'Behold, you who dare, that charming Virgin. Behold the Beauty of her Person chastised by the Innocence of her Thoughts. Chastity, Good-Nature, and Affability, are the Graces that play in her Countenance; she knows she is handsome, but she knows she is good. Conscious Beauty adorned with conscious Virtue! What a Spirit is there in those Eyes! What a Bloom in that Person! How is the whole Woman expressed in her Appearance! Her Air has the Beauty of Motion, and her Look the Force of Language.'

It was Prudence to turn away my Eyes from this Object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtless Creatures who make up the Lump of that Sex, and move a knowing Eye no more than the Portraits of insignificant People by ordinary Painters, which are but Pictures of Pictures.

Thus the working of my own Mind, is the general Entertainment of my Life; I never enter into the Commerce of Discourse with any but my particular Friends, and not in Publick even with them. Such an Habit has perhaps raised in me uncommon Reflections; but this Effect I cannot communicate but by my Writings. As my Pleasures are almost wholly confined to those of the Sight, I take it for a peculiar Happiness that I have always had an easy and familiar Admittance to the fair Sex. If I never praised or flattered, I never belyed or contradicted them. As these compose half the World, and are by the just Complaisance and Gallantry of our Nation the more powerful Part of our People, I shall dedicate a considerable Share of these my Speculations to their Service, and shall lead the young through all the becoming Duties of Virginity, Marriage, and Widowhood. When it is a Woman's Day, in my Works, I shall endeavour at a Stile and Air suitable to their Understanding. When I say this, I must be understood to mean, that I shall not lower but exalt the Subjects I treat upon. Discourse for their Entertainment, is not to be debased but refined. A Man may appear learned without talking Sentences; as in his ordinary Gesture he discovers he can dance, tho' he does not cut Capers. In a Word, I shall take it for the greatest Glory of my Work, if among reasonable Women this Paper may furnish Tea-Table Talk. In order to it, I shall treat on Matters which relate to Females as they are concern'd to approach or fly from the other Sex, or as they are tyed to them by Blood, Interest, or Affection. Upon this Occasion I think it but reasonable to declare, that whatever Skill I may have in Speculation, I shall never betray what the Eyes of Lovers say to each other in my Presence. At the same Time I shall not think my self obliged by this Promise, to conceal any false Protestations which I observe made by Glances in publick Assemblies; but endeavour to make both Sexes appear in their Conduct what they are in their Hearts. By this Means Love, during the Time of my Speculations, shall be carried on with the same Sincerity as any other

Affair of less Consideration. As this is the greatest Concern, Men shall be from henceforth liable to the greatest Reproach for Misbehaviour in it. Falsehood in Love shall hereafter bear a blacker Aspect than Infidelity in Friendship or Villany in Business. For this great and good End, all Breaches against that noble Passion, the Cement of Society, shall be severely examined. But this and all other Matters loosely hinted at now and in my former Papers, shall have their proper Place in my following Discourses: The present writing is only to admonish the World, that they shall not find me an idle but a very busy Spectator.

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[Footnote 1: can]

[Footnote 2: blooming Beauty]

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No. 5. Tuesday, March 6, 1711. Addison.

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'Spectatum admissi risum teneatis?'

Hor.

An Opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its Decorations, as its only Design is to gratify the Senses, and keep up an indolent Attention in the Audience. Common Sense however requires that there should be nothing in the Scenes and Machines which may appear Childish and Absurd. How would the Wits of King \_Charles's\_ time have laughed to have seen *Nicolini* exposed to a Tempest in Robes of Ermin, and sailing in an open Boat upon a Sea of Paste-Board? What a Field of Raillery would they have been let into, had they been entertain'd with painted Dragons spitting Wild-fire, enchanted Chariots drawn by *Flanders* Mares, and real Cascades in artificial Land-skips? A little Skill in Criticism would inform us that Shadows and Realities ought not to be mix'd together in the same Piece; and that Scenes, which are designed as the Representations of Nature, should be filled with Resemblances, and not with the Things themselves. If one would represent a wide Champaign Country filled with Herds and Flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the Country only upon the Scenes, and to crowd several Parts of the Stage with Sheep and Oxen. This is joining together Inconsistencies, and making the Decoration partly Real, and partly Imaginary. I would recommend what I have here said, to the Directors, as well as to the Admirers, of our Modern Opera.

As I was walking [in] the Streets about a Fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary Fellow carrying a Cage full of little Birds upon his Shoulder; and as I was wondering with my self what Use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an Acquaintance, who had the same Curiosity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his Shoulder, he told him, that he had been buying Sparrows for the Opera. Sparrows for the Opera, says his Friend, licking his lips, what are they to be roasted? No, no, says the other, they are to enter towards the end of the first Act, and to fly about the Stage.

This strange Dialogue awakened my Curiosity so far that I immediately bought the Opera, by which means I perceived the Sparrows were to act the part of Singing Birds in a delightful Grove: though, upon a nearer Enquiry I found the Sparrows put the same Trick upon the Audience, that Sir *Martin Mar-all* [1] practised upon his Mistress; for, though they flew in Sight, the Musick proceeded from a Consort of Flagellets and Bird-calls which was planted behind the Scenes. At the same time I made this Discovery, I found by the Discourse of the Actors, that there were great Designs on foot for the Improvement of the Opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the Wall, and to surprize the Audience with a Party of an hundred Horse, and that there was actually a Project of bringing the *New River* into the House, to be employed in Jetteaus and Water-works. This Project, as I have since heard, is post-poned 'till the Summer-Season; when it is thought the Coolness that proceeds from Fountains and Cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to People of Quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable Entertainment for the Winter-Season, the Opera of *Rinaldo* [2] is filled with Thunder and Lightning, Illuminations, and Fireworks; which the Audience

may look upon without catching Cold, and indeed without much Danger of being burnt; for there are several Engines filled with Water, and ready to play at a Minute's Warning, in case any such Accident should happen. However, as I have a very great Friendship for the Owner of this Theater, I hope that he has been wise enough to *insure* his House before he would let this Opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder, that those Scenes should be very surprizing, which were contrived by two Poets of different Nations, and raised by two Magicians of different Sexes. *Armida* (as we are told in the Argument) was an *Amazonian* Enchantress, and poor Seignior *Cassani* (as we learn from the *\_Persons represented\_*) a Christian Conjuror (*\_Mago Christiano\_*). I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an *Amazon* should be versed in the Black Art, or how a [good] Christian [for such is the part of the magician] should deal with the Devil.

To consider the Poets after the Conjurers, I shall give you a Taste of the *\_Italian\_*, from the first Lines of his Preface.

'Eccoti, benigno Lettore, un Parto di poche Sere, che se ben nato di Notte, non è però aborto di Tenebre, mà si farà conoscere Figlio d'Apollò con qualche Raggio di Parnasso.

Behold, gentle Reader, the Birth of a few Evenings, which, tho' it be the Offspring of the Night, is not the Abortive of Darkness, but will make it self known to be the Son of Apollò, with a certain Ray of Parnassus.'

He afterwards proceeds to call Minheer *\_Hendel\_*, [3] the *Orpheus* of our Age, and to acquaint us, in the same Sublimity of Stile, that he Composed this Opera in a Fortnight. Such are the Wits, to whose Tastes we so ambitiously conform our selves. The Truth of it is, the finest Writers among the Modern *Italians* express themselves in such a florid form of Words, and such tedious Circumlocutions, as are used by none but Pedants in our own Country; and at the same time, fill their Writings with such poor Imaginations and Conceits, as our Youths are ashamed of, before they have been Two Years at the University. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of Genius which produces this difference in the Works of the two Nations; but to show there is nothing in this, if we look into the Writings of the old *\_Italians\_*, such as *Cicero* and *\_Virgil\_*, we shall find that the *English* Writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those Authors much more than the modern *Italians* pretend to do. And as for the Poet himself from whom the Dreams of this Opera are taken, I must entirely agree with Monsieur *\_Boileau\_*, that one Verse in *Virgil* is worth all the *Clingant* or Tinsel of *Tasso*.

But to return to the Sparrows; there have been so many Flights of them let loose in this Opera, that it is feared the House will never get rid of them; and that in other Plays, they may make their Entrance in very wrong and improper Scenes, so as to be seen flying in a Lady's Bed-Chamber, or perching upon a King's Throne; besides the Inconveniencies which the Heads of the Audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a Design of casting into an Opera the Story of *Whittington* and his Cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great Quantity of Mice; but Mr. *\_Rich\_*, the Proprietor of the Play-House, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the Cat to kill them all, and that consequently the Princes of his Stage might be as much infested with Mice, as the Prince of the Island was before the Cat's arrival upon it; for which Reason he would not permit it to be Acted in his House. And indeed I cannot blame him; for, as he said very well upon that Occasion, I do not hear that any of the Performers in our Opera, pretend to equal the famous Pied Piper, who made all the Mice of a great Town in *Germany* [4] follow his Musick, and by that means cleared the Place of those little Noxious Animals.

Before I dismiss this Paper, I must inform my Reader, that I hear there is a Treaty on Foot with *London* and *Wise* [5] (who will be appointed Gardeners of the Play-House,) to furnish the Opera of *Rinaldo* and *Armida* with an Orange-Grove; and that the next time it is Acted, the Singing Birds will be Personated by Tom-Tits: The undertakers being resolved to spare neither Pains nor Mony, for the Gratification of the Audience.

C.

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[Footnote 1: Dryden's play of 'Sir Martin Mar-all' was produced in 1666. It was entered at Stationers' Hall as by the duke of Newcastle, but Dryden finished it. In Act 5 the foolish Sir Martin appears at a window with a lute, as if playing and singing to Millicent, his mistress, while his man Warner plays and sings. Absorbed in looking at the lady, Sir Martin foolishly goes on opening and shutting his mouth and fumbling on the lute after the man's song, a version of Voiture's 'L'Amour sous sa Loi', is done. To which Millicent says,

'A pretty-humoured song—but stay, methinks he plays and sings still, and yet we cannot hear him—Play louder, Sir Martin, that we may have the Fruits on't.']

[Footnote 2: Handel had been met in Hanover by English noblemen who invited him to England, and their invitation was accepted by permission of the elector, afterwards George I., to whom he was then Chapel-master. Immediately upon Handel's arrival in England, in 1710, Aaron Hill, who was directing the Haymarket Theatre, bespoke of him an opera, the subject being of Hill's own devising and sketching, on the story of Rinaldo and Armida in Tasso's 'Jerusalem Delivered'. G. Rossi wrote the Italian words. 'Rinaldo', brought out in 1711, on the 24th of February, had a run of fifteen nights, and is accounted one of the best of the 35 operas composed by Handel for the English stage. Two airs in it, 'Cara sposa' and 'Lascia ch'io pianga' (the latter still admired as one of the purest expressions of his genius), made a great impression. In the same season the Haymarket produced 'Hamlet' as an opera by Gasparini, called 'Ambleto', with an overture that had four movements ending in a jig. But as was Gasparini so was Handel in the ears of Addison and Steele. They recognized in music only the sensual pleasure that it gave, and the words set to music for the opera, whatever the composer, were then, as they have since been, almost without exception, insults to the intellect.]

[Footnote 3: Addison's spelling, which is as good as ours, represents what was the true and then usual pronunciation of the name of Haendel.]

[Footnote 4: The Pied Piper of Hamelin (i.e. Hameln).

'Hamelin town's in Brunswick, By famous Hanover city; The river Weser, deep and wide, Washes its wall on the southern side.'

The old story has been annexed to English literature by the genius of Robert Browning.]

[Footnote 5: Evelyn, in the preface to his translation of Quintinye's 'Complete Gardener' (1701), says that the nursery of Messrs. London and Wise far surpassed all the others in England put together. It exceeded 100 acres in extent. George London was chief gardener first to William and Mary, then to Queen Anne. London and Wise's nursery belonged at this time to a gardener named Swinhoe, but kept the name in which it had become famous.]

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No. 6. Wednesday, March 7, 1711. Steele.

'Credebant hoc grande Nefas, et Morte piandum, Si Juvenis Vetulo non assurrexerat ...'

Juv.

I know no Evil under the Sun so great as the Abuse of the Understanding, and yet there is no one Vice more common. It has diffus'd itself through both Sexes, and all Qualities of Mankind; and there is hardly that Person to be found, who is not more concerned for the Reputation of Wit and Sense, than Honesty and Virtue. But this unhappy Affectation of being Wise rather than Honest, Witty than Good-natur'd, is the Source of

most of the ill Habits of Life. Such false Impressions are owing to the abandon'd Writings of Men of Wit, and the awkward Imitation of the rest of Mankind.

For this Reason, Sir ROGER was saying last Night, that he was of Opinion that none but Men of fine Parts deserve to be hanged. The Reflections of such Men are so delicate upon all Occurrences which they are concern'd in, that they should be expos'd to more than ordinary Infamy and Punishment, for offending against such quick Admonitions as their own Souls give them, and blunting the fine Edge of their Minds in such a Manner, that they are no more shock'd at Vice and Folly, than Men of slower Capacities. There is no greater Monster in Being, than a very ill Man of great Parts: He lives like a Man in a Palsy, with one Side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the Satisfaction of Luxury, of Wealth, of Ambition, he has lost the Taste of Good-will, of Friendship, of Innocence. *\_Scarecrow\_*, the Beggar in *\_Lincoln's-Inn-Fields\_*, who disabled himself in his Right Leg, and asks Alms all Day to get himself a warm Supper and a Trull at Night, is not half so despicable a Wretch as such a Man of Sense. The Beggar has no Relish above Sensations; he finds Rest more agreeable than Motion; and while he has a warm Fire and his Doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. Every Man who terminates his Satisfaction and Enjoyments within the Supply of his own Necessities and Passions, is, says Sir Roger, in my Eye as poor a Rogue as *Scarecrow*. But, continued he, for the loss of publick and private Virtue we are beholden to your Men of Parts forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it is done with an Air. But to me who am so whimsical in a corrupt Age as to act according to Nature and Reason, a selfish Man in the most shining Circumstance and Equipage, appears in the same Condition with the Fellow above-mentioned, but more contemptible in Proportion to what more he robs the Publick of and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a Rule, That the whole Man is to move together; that every Action of any Importance is to have a Prospect of publick Good; and that the general Tendency of our indifferent Actions ought to be agreeable to the Dictates of Reason, of Religion, of good Breeding; without this, a Man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper Motion.

While the honest Knight was thus bewildering himself in good Starts, I look'd intently upon him, which made him I thought collect his Mind a little. What I aim at, says he, is, to represent, That I am of Opinion, to polish our Understandings and neglect our Manners is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern Passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and, as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise Man is not always a good Man. This Degeneracy is not only the Guilt of particular Persons, but also at some times of a whole People; and perhaps it may appear upon Examination, that the most polite Ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the Folly of admitting Wit and Learning as Merit in themselves, without considering the Application of them. By this Means it becomes a Rule not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false Beauty will not pass upon Men of honest Minds and true Taste. Sir *Richard Blackmore* says, with as much good Sense as Virtue, *\_It is a mighty Dishonour and Shame to employ excellent Faculties and abundance of Wit, to humour and please Men in their Vices and Follies. The great Enemy of Mankind, notwithstanding his Wit and Angelick Faculties, is the most odious Being in the whole Creation\_*. He goes on soon after to say very generously, That he undertook the writing of his Poem *\_to rescue the Muses out of the Hands of Ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste Mansions, and to engage them in an Employment suitable to their Dignity.* [1] This certainly ought to be the Purpose of every man who appears in Publick; and whoever does not proceed upon that Foundation, injures his Country as fast as he succeeds in his Studies. When Modesty ceases to be the chief Ornament of one Sex, and Integrity of the other, Society is upon a wrong Basis, and we shall be ever after without Rules to guide our Judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and Reason direct one thing, Passion and Humour another: To follow the Dictates of the two latter, is going into a Road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our Passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but *England* is at present as polite a Nation as any in the World; but any Man who thinks can easily see, that the Affectation of being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good Sense and our Religion. Is there anything so just, as that Mode and Gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the Institutions of Justice and Piety among us? And yet is there anything more

common, than that we run in perfect Contradiction to them? All which is supported by no other Pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good Grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what Nature it self should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of Superiours is founded methinks upon Instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as Age? I make this abrupt Transition to the Mention of this Vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little Story, which I think a pretty Instance that the most polite Age is in danger of being the most vicious.

'It happen'd at *\_Athens\_*, during a publick Representation of some Play exhibited in honour of the Common-wealth that an old Gentleman came too late for a Place suitable to his Age and Quality. Many of the young Gentlemen who observed the Difficulty and Confusion he was in, made Signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sate: The good Man bustled through the Crowd accordingly; but when he came to the Seats to which he was invited, the Jest was to sit close, and expose him, as he stood out of Countenance, to the whole Audience. The Frolick went round all the Athenian Benches. But on those Occasions there were also particular Places assigned for Foreigners: When the good Man skulked towards the Boxes appointed for the *\_Lacedemonians\_*, that honest People, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a Man, and with the greatest Respect received him among them. The *Athenians* being suddenly touched with a Sense of the *Spartan* Virtue, and their own Degeneracy, gave a Thunder of Applause; and the old Man cry'd out, *The Athenians \_understand what is good, but the\_ Lacedemonians practise it.'*

R.

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[Footnote 1: Richard Blackmore, born about 1650, d. 1729, had been knighted in 1697, when he was made physician in ordinary to King William. He was a thorough Whig, earnestly religious, and given to the production of heroic poems. Steele shared his principles and honoured his sincerity. When this essay was written, Blackmore was finishing his best poem, the 'Creation', in seven Books, designed to prove from nature the existence of a God. It had a long and earnest preface of expostulation with the atheism and mocking spirit that were the legacy to his time of the Court of the Restoration. The citations in the text express the purport of what Blackmore had written in his then unpublished but expected work, but do not quote from it literally.]

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No. 7. Thursday, March 8, 1711. Addison.

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'Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, Sagas, Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides?'

Hor.

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Going Yesterday to Dine with an old Acquaintance, I had the Misfortune to find his whole Family very much dejected. Upon asking him the Occasion of it, he told me that his Wife had dreamt a strange Dream the Night before, which they were afraid portended some Misfortune to themselves or to their Children. At her coming into the Room, I observed a settled Melancholy in her Countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while,

'My dear', says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the Stranger that was in the Candle last Night'.

Soon after this, as they began to talk of Family Affairs, a little Boy at the lower end of the Table told her, that he was to go into Join-hand on *\_Thursday\_*:

'Thursday,' says she, 'no, Child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your Writing-Master that Friday will be soon enough'.

I was reflecting with my self on the Odness of her Fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a Rule to lose a Day in every Week. In the midst of these my Musings she desired me to reach her a little Salt upon the Point of my Knife, which I did in such a Trepidation and hurry of Obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, observing the Concern of the whole Table, began to consider my self, with some Confusion, as a Person that had brought a Disaster upon the Family. The Lady however recovering her self, after a little space, said to her Husband with a Sigh,

'My Dear, Misfortunes never come Single'.

My Friend, I found, acted but an under Part at his Table, and being a Man of more Goodnature than Understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the Passions and Humours of his Yoke-fellow:

'Do not you remember, Child', says she, 'that the Pidgeon-House fell the very Afternoon that our careless Wench spilt the Salt upon the Table?'

'Yes', says he, 'my Dear, and the next Post brought us an Account of the Battel of Almanza'. [1]

The Reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this Mischief. I dispatched my Dinner as soon as I could, with my usual Taciturnity; when, to my utter Confusion, the Lady seeing me [quitting [2]] my Knife and Fork, and laying them across one another upon my Plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that Figure, and place them side by side. What the Absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary Superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the Lady of the House, I disposed of my Knife and Fork in two parallel Lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any Reason for it.

It is not difficult for a Man to see that a Person has conceived an Aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the Lady's Looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of Fellow, with an unfortunate Aspect: For which Reason I took my leave immediately after Dinner, and withdrew to my own Lodgings. Upon my Return home, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Evils that attend these superstitious Follies of Mankind; how they subject us to imaginary Afflictions, and additional Sorrows, that do not properly come within our Lot. As if the natural Calamities of Life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent Circumstances into Misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling Accidents, as from real Evils. I have known the shooting of a Star spoil a Night's Rest; and have seen a Man in Love grow pale and lose his Appetite, upon the plucking of a Merry-thought. A Screech-Owl at Midnight has alarmed a Family, more than a Band of Robbers; nay, the Voice of a Cricket hath struck more Terrour, than the Roaring of a Lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable [which [3]] may not appear dreadful to an Imagination that is filled with Omens and Prognosticks. A Rusty Nail, or a Crooked Pin, shoot up into Prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt Assembly, that was full of Noise and Mirth, when on a sudden an old Woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in Company. This Remark struck a pannick Terror into several [who [4]] were present, insomuch that one or two of the Ladies were going to leave the Room; but a Friend of mine, taking notice that one of our female Companions was big with Child, affirm'd there were fourteen in the Room, and that, instead of portending one of the Company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my Friend found this Expedient to break the Omen, I question not but half the Women in the Company would have fallen sick that very Night.

An old Maid, that is troubled with the Vapours, produces infinite Disturbances of this kind among her Friends and Neighbours. I know a Maiden Aunt, of a great Family, who is one of these Antiquated \_Sybils\_, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the Year to the other. She is always seeing Apparitions, and hearing Death-Watches; and was the other Day almost frightened out of her Wits by the great House-Dog, that howled in the Stable at a time when she lay ill of the Tooth-ach. Such an extravagant Cast of Mind engages

Multitudes of People, not only in impertinent Terrors, but in supernumerary Duties of Life, and arises from that Fear and Ignorance which are natural to the Soul of Man. The Horrour with which we entertain the Thoughts of Death (or indeed of any future Evil), and the Uncertainty of its Approach, fill a melancholy Mind with innumerable Apprehensions and Suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the Observation of such groundless Prodigies and Predictions. For as it is the chief Concern of Wise–Men, to retrench the Evils of Life by the Reasonings of Philosophy; it is the Employment of Fools, to multiply them by the Sentiments of Superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this Divining Quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the Relish of any Happiness, nor feel the Weight of any Misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my Soul against these gloomy Presages and Terrours of Mind, and that is, by securing to my self the Friendship and Protection of that Being, who disposes of Events, and governs Futurity. He sees, at one View, the whole Thread of my Existence, not only that Part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the Depths of Eternity. When I lay me down to Sleep, I recommend my self to his Care; when I awake, I give my self up to his Direction. Amidst all the Evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for Help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my Advantage. Though I know neither the Time nor the Manner of the Death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it, because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

C.

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[Footnote 1: Fought April 25 (O.S. 14), 1707, between the English, under Lord Galway, a Frenchman, with Portuguese, Dutch, and Spanish allies, and a superior force of French and Spaniards, under an Englishman, the Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II. Deserted by many of the foreign troops, the English were defeated.]

[Footnote 2: cleaning]

[Footnote 3: that]

[Footnote 4: that]

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No. 8. Friday, March 9, 1711. Addison.

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'At *Venus* obscuro gradientes ære sepsit, Et multo Nebulae circum Dea fudit amictu, Cernere ne quis eos ...'

Virg.

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I shall here communicate to the World a couple of Letters, which I believe will give the Reader as good an Entertainment as any that I am able to furnish [him [1]] with, and therefore shall make no Apology for them.

To the SPECTATOR, &c.

SIR,

I am one of the Directors of the Society for the Reformation of Manners, and therefore think myself a proper Person for your Correspondence. I have thoroughly examined the present State of Religion in

\_Great-Britain\_, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant Vice of every Market-Town in the whole Island. I can tell you the Progress that Virtue has made in all our Cities, Boroughs, and Corporations; and know as well the evil Practices that are committed in *Berwick* or *Exeter*, as what is done in my own Family. In a Word, Sir, I have my Correspondents in the remotest Parts of the Nation, who send me up punctual Accounts from time to time of all the little Irregularities that fall under their Notice in their several Districts and Divisions.

I am no less acquainted with the particular Quarters and Regions of this great Town, than with the different Parts and Distributions of the whole Nation. I can describe every Parish by its Impieties, and can tell you in which of our Streets Lewdness prevails, which Gaming has taken the Possession of, and where Drunkenness has got the better of them both. When I am disposed to raise a Fine for the Poor, I know the Lanes and Allies that are inhabited by common Swearers. When I would encourage the Hospital of *Bridewell*, and improve the Hempen Manufacture, I am very well acquainted with all the Haunts and Resorts of Female Night-walkers.

After this short Account of my self, I must let you know, that the Design of this Paper is to give you Information of a certain irregular Assembly which I think falls very properly under your Observation, especially since the Persons it is composed of are Criminals too considerable for the Animadversions of our Society. I mean, Sir, the Midnight Masque, which has of late been frequently held in one of the most conspicuous Parts of the Town, and which I hear will be continued with Additions and Improvements. As all the Persons who compose this lawless Assembly are masqued, we dare not attack any of them in *our Way*, lest we should send a Woman of Quality to *Bridewell*, or a Peer of *Great-Britain* to the *Counter*: Besides, that their Numbers are so very great, that I am afraid they would be able to rout our whole Fraternity, tho' we were accompanied with all our Guard of Constables. Both these Reasons which secure them from our Authority, make them obnoxious to yours; as both their Disguise and their Numbers will give no particular Person Reason to think himself affronted by you.

If we are rightly inform'd, the Rules that are observed by this new Society are wonderfully contriv'd for the Advancement of Cuckoldom. The Women either come by themselves, or are introduced by Friends, who are obliged to quit them upon their first Entrance, to the Conversation of any Body that addresses himself to them. There are several Rooms where the Parties may retire, and, if they please, show their Faces by Consent. Whispers, Squeezes, Nods, and Embraces, are the innocent Freedoms of the Place. In short, the whole Design of this libidinous Assembly seems to terminate in Assignations and Intrigues; and I hope you will take effectual Methods, by your publick Advice and Admonitions, to prevent such a promiscuous Multitude of both Sexes from meeting together in so clandestine a Manner.'

I am,

Your humble Servant,

And Fellow Labourer,

T. B.

Not long after the Perusal of this Letter I received another upon the same Subject; which by the Date and Stile of it, I take to be written by some young Templer.

Middle Temple, 1710-11.

SIR,

When a Man has been guilty of any Vice or Folly, I think the best Attonement he can make for it is to warn

others not to fall into the like. In order to this I must acquaint you, that some Time in *February* last I went to the Tuesday's Masquerade. Upon my first going in I was attacked by half a Dozen female Quakers, who seemed willing to adopt me for a Brother; but, upon a nearer Examination, I found they were a Sisterhood of Coquets, disguised in that precise Habit. I was soon after taken out to dance, and, as I fancied, by a Woman of the first Quality, for she was very tall, and moved gracefully. As soon as the Minuet was over, we ogled one another through our Masques; and as I am very well read in *\_Waller\_*, I repeated to her the four following Verses out of his poem to *Vandike*.

'The heedless Lover does not know Whose Eyes they are that wound him so; But confounded with thy Art, Enquires her Name that has his Heart.'

I pronounced these Words with such a languishing Air, that I had some Reason to conclude I had made a Conquest. She told me that she hoped my Face was not akin to my Tongue; and looking upon her Watch, I accidentally discovered the Figure of a Coronet on the back Part of it. I was so transported with the Thought of such an Amour, that I plied her from one Room to another with all the Gallantries I could invent; and at length brought things to so happy an Issue, that she gave me a private Meeting the next Day, without Page or Footman, Coach or Equipage. My Heart danced in Raptures; but I had not lived in this golden Dream above three Days, before I found good Reason to wish that I had continued true to my Landress. I have since heard by a very great Accident, that this fine Lady does not live far from *\_Covent-Garden\_*, and that I am not the first Cully whom she has passed herself upon for a Countess.

Thus, Sir, you see how I have mistaken a *Cloud* for a *\_Juno\_*; and if you can make any use of this Adventure for the Benefit of those who may possibly be as vain young Coxcombs as my self, I do most heartily give you Leave.'

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble admirer,

B. L.

I design to visit the next Masquerade my self, in the same Habit I wore at *\_Grand Cairo\_*; [2] and till then shall suspend my Judgment of this Midnight Entertainment.

C.

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[Footnote 1: them]

[Footnote 2: See [Spectator] No. 1.]

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No. 9. Saturday, March 10, 1711. Addison.

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Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit ursis.

Juv.

Man is said to be a Sociable Animal, and, as an Instance of it, we may observe, that we take all Occasions and Pretences of forming ourselves into those little Nocturnal Assemblies, which are commonly known by the

name of 'Clubs'. When a Sett of Men find themselves agree in any Particular, tho' never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of Fraternity, and meet once or twice a Week, upon the Account of such a Fantastick-Resemblance. I know a considerable Market-town, in which there was a Club of Fat-Men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with Sprightliness and Wit, but to keep one another in Countenance: The Room, where the Club met, was something of the largest, and had two Entrances, the one by a Door of a moderate Size, and the other by a Pair of Folding-Doors. If a Candidate for this Corpulent Club could make his Entrance through the first he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the Passage, and could not force his Way through it, the Folding-Doors were immediately thrown open for his Reception, and he was saluted as a Brother. I have heard that this Club, though it consisted but of fifteen Persons, weighed above three Tun.

In Opposition to this Society, there sprung up another composed of Scare-Crows and Skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the Designs of their Bulky Brethren, whom they represented as Men of Dangerous Principles; till at length they worked them out of the Favour of the People, and consequently out of the Magistracy. These Factions tore the Corporation in Pieces for several Years, till at length they came to this Accommodation; that the two Bailiffs of the Town should be annually chosen out of the two Clubs; by which Means the principal Magistrates are at this Day coupled like Rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the Club, or rather the Confederacy, of the 'Kings'. This grand Alliance was formed a little after the Return of King 'Charles' the Second, and admitted into it Men of all Qualities and Professions, provided they agreed in this Sir-name of 'King', which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the Owners of it to be altogether untainted with Republican and Anti-Monarchical Principles.

A Christian Name has likewise been often used as a Badge of Distinction, and made the Occasion of a Club. That of the 'Georges', which used to meet at the Sign of the 'George', on St. 'George's' day, and swear 'Before George', is still fresh in every one's Memory.

There are at present in several Parts of this City what they call 'Street-Clubs', in which the chief Inhabitants of the Street converse together every Night. I remember, upon my enquiring after Lodgings in 'Ormond-Street', the Landlord, to recommend that Quarter of the Town, told me there was at that time a very good Club in it; he also told me, upon further Discourse with him, that two or three noisy Country Squires, who were settled there the Year before, had considerably sunk the Price of House-Rent; and that the Club (to prevent the like Inconveniencies for the future) had thoughts of taking every House that became vacant into their own Hands, till they had found a Tenant for it, of a Sociable Nature and good Conversation.

The 'Hum-Drum' Club, of which I was formerly an unworthy Member, was made up of very honest Gentlemen, of peaceable Dispositions, that used to sit together, smook their Pipes, and say nothing 'till Midnight. The 'Mum' Club (as I am informed) is an Institution of the same Nature, and as great an Enemy to Noise.

After these two innocent Societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the Reign of King 'Charles' the Second: I mean 'the Club of Duellists', in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his Man. The President of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single Combat; and as for the other Members, they took their Seats according to the number of their Slain. There was likewise a Side-Table for such as had only drawn Blood, and shown a laudable Ambition of taking the first Opportunity to qualify themselves for the first Table. This Club, consisting only of Men of Honour, did not continue long, most of the Members of it being put to the Sword, or hanged, a little after its Institution.

Our Modern celebrated Clubs are founded upon Eating and Drinking, which are Points wherein most Men agree, and in which the Learned and Illiterate, the Dull and the Airy, the Philosopher and the Buffoon, can all of them bear a Part. The 'Kit-Cat' [1] it self is said to have taken its Original from a Mutton-Pye. The

'Beef–Steak' [2] and October [3] Clubs, are neither of them averse to Eating and Drinking, if we may form a Judgment of them from their respective Titles.

When Men are thus knit together, by Love of Society, not a Spirit of Faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another: When they are thus combined for their own Improvement, or for the Good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the Business of the Day, by an innocent and cheerful Conversation, there may be something very useful in these little Institutions and Establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this Paper with a Scheme of Laws that I met with upon a Wall in a little Ale–house: How I came thither I may inform my Reader at a more convenient time. These Laws were enacted by a Knot of Artizans and Mechanicks, who used to meet every Night; and as there is something in them, which gives us a pretty Picture of low Life, I shall transcribe them Word for Word.

'RULES to be observed in the Two–penny Club, erected in this Place, for the Preservation of Friendship and good Neighbourhood.'

I. Every Member at his first coming in shall lay down his Two Pence.

II. Every Member shall fill his Pipe out of his own Box.

III. If any Member absents himself he shall forfeit a Penny for the Use of the Club, unless in case of Sickness or Imprisonment.

IV. If any Member swears or curses, his Neighbour may give him a Kick upon the Shins.

V. If any Member tells Stories in the Club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third Lie an Half–Penny.

VI. If any Member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his Club for him.

VII. If any Member brings his Wife into the Club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smoaks.

VIII If any Member's Wife comes to fetch him Home from the Club, she shall speak to him without the Door.

IX. If any Member calls another Cuckold, he shall be turned out of the Club.

X. None shall be admitted into the Club that is of the same Trade with any Member of it.

XI. None of the Club shall have his Cloaths or Shoes made or mended, but by a Brother Member.

XII. No Non–juror shall be capable of being a Member.

The Morality of this little Club is guarded by such wholesome Laws and Penalties, that I question not but my Reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the 'Leges Convivales' of \_Ben. Johnson\_, [4] the Regulations of an old *Roman* Club cited by \_Lipsius\_, or the rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient *Greek* author.

C.

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[Footnote 1: The 'Kit–Cat' Club met at a famous Mutton–Pie house in Shire Lane, by Temple Bar. The house was kept by Christopher Cat, after whom his pies were called Kit–Cats. The club originated in the hospitality of Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, who, once a week, was host at the house in Shire Lane to a gathering of

writers. In an occasional poem on the Kit–Cat Club, attributed to Sir Richard Blackmore, Jacob is read backwards into Bocaj, and we are told

One Night in Seven at this convenient Seat Indulgent Bocaj did the Muses treat; Their Drink was gen'rous Wine and Kit–Cat's Pyes their Meat. Hence did th' Assembly's Title first arise, And Kit–Cat Wits spring first from Kit–Cat's Pyes.

About the year 1700 this gathering of wits produced a club in which the great Whig chiefs were associated with foremost Whig writers, Tonson being Secretary. It was as much literary as political, and its 'toasting glasses,' each inscribed with lines to a reigning beauty, caused Arbuthnot to derive its name from 'its pell mell pack of toasts'

'Of old Cats and young Kits.'

Tonson built a room for the Club at Barn Elms to which each member gave his portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller, who was himself a member. The pictures were on a new–sized canvas adapted to the height of the walls, whence the name 'kit–cat' came to be applied generally to three–quarter length portraits.]

[Footnote 2: The 'Beef–Steak' Club, founded in Queen Anne's time, first of its name, took a gridiron for badge, and had cheery Dick Estcourt the actor for its providore. It met at a tavern in the Old Jewry that had old repute for broiled steaks and 'the true British quintessence of malt and hops.']

[Footnote 3: The 'October' Club was of a hundred and fifty Tory squires, Parliament men, who met at the Bell Tavern, in King Street, Westminster, and there nourished patriotism with October ale. The portrait of Queen Anne that used to hang in its Club room is now in the Town Council–chamber at Salisbury.]

[Footnote 4: In Four and Twenty Latin sentences engraven in marble over the chimney, in the Apollo or Old Devil Tavern at Temple Bar; that being his club room.]

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No. 10. Monday, March 12, 1711. Addison.

'Non aliter quàm qui adverso vix flumine lembum Remigiis subigit: si brachia fortè remisit, Atque illum in præceps pronò rapit alveus amni.'

Virg.

It is with much Satisfaction that I hear this great City inquiring Day by Day after these my Papers, and receiving my Morning Lectures with a becoming Seriousness and Attention. My Publisher tells me, that there are already Three Thousand of them distributed every Day: So that if I allow Twenty Readers to every Paper, which I look upon as a modest Computation, I may reckon about Threescore thousand Disciples in *London* and *Westminster*, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless Herd of their ignorant and unattentive Brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an Audience, I shall spare no Pains to make their Instruction agreeable, and their Diversion useful. For which Reasons I shall endeavour to enliven Morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with Morality, that my Readers may, if possible, both Ways find their account in the Speculation of the Day. And to the End that their Virtue and Discretion may not be short transient intermitting Starts of Thought, I have resolved to refresh their Memories from Day to Day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate State of Vice and Folly, into which the Age is fallen. The Mind that lies fallow but a single Day, sprouts up in Follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous Culture. It was said of *Socrates*, that he brought Philosophy down from Heaven, to inhabit among Men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of Closets and Libraries, Schools and

Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Assemblies, at Tea-tables, and in Coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular Manner recommend these my Speculations to all well-regulated Families, that set apart an Hour in every Morning for Tea and Bread and Butter; and would earnestly advise them for their Good to order this Paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a Part of the Tea Equipage.

Sir *Francis Bacon* observes, that a well-written Book, compared with its Rivals and Antagonists, is like *Moses's* Serpent, that immediately swallow'd up and devoured those of the *Ægyptians*. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the SPECTATOR appears, the other publick Prints will vanish; but shall leave it to my Readers Consideration, whether, Is it not much better to be let into the Knowledge of ones-self, than to hear what passes in *Muscovy* or *Poland*; and to amuse our selves with such Writings as tend to the wearing out of Ignorance, Passion, and Prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame Hatreds, and make Enmities irreconcilable.

In the next Place, I would recommend this Paper to the daily Perusal of those Gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good Brothers and Allies, I mean the Fraternity of Spectators who live in the World without having any thing to do in it; and either by the Affluence of their Fortunes, or Laziness of their Dispositions, have no other Business with the rest of Mankind but to look upon them. Under this Class of Men are comprehended all contemplative Tradesmen, titular Physicians, Fellows of the Royal Society, Templers that are not given to be contentious, and Statesmen that are out of business. In short, every one that considers the World as a Theatre, and desires to form a right Judgment of those who are the Actors on it.

There is another Set of Men that I must likewise lay a Claim to, whom I have lately called the Blanks of Society, as being altogether unfurnish'd with Ideas, till the Business and Conversation of the Day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor Souls with an Eye of great Commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first Man they have met with, whether there was any News stirring? and by that Means gathering together Materials for thinking. These needy Persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve a Clock in the Morning; for by that Time they are pretty good Judges of the Weather, know which Way the Wind sits, and whether the Dutch Mail be come in. As they lie at the Mercy of the first Man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the Day long, according to the Notions which they have imbibed in the Morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their Chambers till they have read this Paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome Sentiments, as shall have a good Effect on their Conversation for the ensuing twelve Hours.

But there are none to whom this Paper will be more useful than to the female World. I have often thought there has not been sufficient Pains taken in finding out proper Employments and Diversions for the Fair ones. Their Amusements seem contrived for them rather as they are Women, than as they are reasonable Creatures; and are more adapted to the Sex, than to the Species. The Toilet is their great Scene of Business, and the right adjusting of their Hair the principal Employment of their Lives. The sorting of a Suit of Ribbons is reckoned a very good Morning's Work; and if they make an Excursion to a Mercer's or a Toy-shop, so great a Fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the Day after. Their more serious Occupations are Sowing and Embroidery, and their greatest Drudgery the Preparation of Jellies and Sweetmeats. This, I say, is the State of ordinary Women; tho' I know there are Multitudes of those of a more elevated Life and Conversation, that move in an exalted Sphere of Knowledge and Virtue, that join all the Beauties of the Mind to the Ornaments of Dress, and inspire a kind of Awe and Respect, as well as Love, into their Male-Beholders. I hope to encrease the Number of these by publishing this daily Paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving Entertainment, and by that Means at least divert the Minds of my female Readers from greater Trifles. At the same Time, as I would fain give some finishing Touches to those which are already the most beautiful Pieces in humane Nature, I shall endeavour to point out all those Imperfections that are the Blemishes, as well as those Virtues which are the Embellishments, of the Sex. In the mean while I hope these my gentle Readers, who have so much Time on their Hands, will not grudge throwing away a

Quarter of an Hour in a Day on this Paper, since they may do it without any Hindrance to Business.

I know several of my Friends and Well-wishers are in great Pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the Spirit of a Paper which I oblige myself to furnish every Day: But to make them easy in this Particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be Matter of great Raillery to the small Wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my Promise, desire me to keep my Word, assure me that it is high Time to give over, with many other little Pleasantries of the like Nature, which men of a little smart Genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best Friends, when they have such a Handle given them of being witty. But let them remember, that I do hereby enter my Caveat against this Piece of Raillery.

C.

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No. 11. Tuesday, March 13, 1711. Steele.

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'Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.'

Juv.

Arietta is visited by all Persons of both Sexes, who may have any Pretence to Wit and Gallantry. She is in that time of Life which is neither affected with the Follies of Youth or Infirmities of Age; and her Conversation is so mixed with Gaiety and Prudence, that she is agreeable both to the Young and the Old. Her Behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blameable; and as she is out of the Tract of any amorous or ambitious Pursuits of her own, her Visitants entertain her with Accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their Passions or their Interests. I made her a Visit this Afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the Honour of her Acquaintance, by my friend \_Will. Honeycomb\_, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her Assembly, as a civil, inoffensive Man. I found her accompanied with one Person only, a Common-Place Talker, who, upon my Entrance, rose, and after a very slight Civility sat down again; then turning to \_Arietta\_, pursued his Discourse, which I found was upon the old Topick, of Constancy in Love. He went on with great Facility in repeating what he talks every Day of his Life; and, with the Ornaments of insignificant Laughs and Gestures, enforced his Arguments by Quotations out of Plays and Songs, which allude to the Perjuries of the Fair, and the general Levity of Women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his Talkative Way, that he might insult my Silence, and distinguish himself before a Woman of \_Arietta's\_ Taste and Understanding. She had often an Inclination to interrupt him, but could find no Opportunity, 'till the Larum ceased of its self; which it did not 'till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated Story of the *Ephesian* Matron. [1]

*Arietta* seemed to regard this Piece of Raillery as an Outrage done to her Sex; as indeed I have always observed that Women, whether out of a nicer Regard to their Honour, or what other Reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general Aspersions, which are cast upon their Sex, than Men are by what is said of theirs.

When she had a little recovered her self from the serious Anger she was in, she replied in the following manner.

Sir, when I consider, how perfectly new all you have said on this Subject is, and that the Story you have given us is not quite two thousand Years Old, I cannot but think it a Piece of Presumption to dispute with you: But your Quotations put me in Mind of the Fable of the Lion and the Man. The Man walking with that noble Animal, showed him, in the Ostentation of Human Superiority, a Sign of a Man killing a Lion. Upon which the Lion said very justly, \_We Lions are none of us Painters, else we could show a hundred Men killed by Lions, for one Lion killed by a Man\_. You Men are Writers, and can represent us Women as Unbecoming as

you please in your Works, while we are unable to return the Injury. You have twice or thrice observed in your Discourse, that Hypocrisy is the very Foundation of our Education; and that an Ability to dissemble our affections, is a professed Part of our Breeding. These, and such other Reflections, are sprinkled up and down the Writings of all Ages, by Authors, who leave behind them Memorials of their Resentment against the Scorn of particular Women, in Invectives against the whole Sex. Such a Writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated *Petronius*, who invented the pleasant Aggravations of the Frailty of the *Ephesian* Lady; but when we consider this Question between the Sexes, which has been either a Point of Dispute or Raillery ever since there were Men and Women, let us take Facts from plain People, and from such as have not either Ambition or Capacity to embellish their Narrations with any Beauties of Imagination. I was the other Day amusing myself with *Ligon's* Account of *Barbadoes*; and, in Answer to your well-wrought Tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my Memory) out of that honest Traveller, in his fifty fifth page, the History of *Inkle* and *Yarico*. [2]

Mr. *Thomas Inkle* of *London*, aged twenty Years, embarked in the *Downs*, on the good Ship called the 'Achilles', bound for the *West Indies*, on the 16th of June 1647, in order to improve his Fortune by Trade and Merchandize. Our Adventurer was the third Son of an eminent Citizen, who had taken particular Care to instill into his Mind an early Love of Gain, by making him a perfect Master of Numbers, and consequently giving him a quick View of Loss and Advantage, and preventing the natural Impulses of his Passions, by Prepossession towards his Interests. With a Mind thus turned, young *Inkle* had a Person every way agreeable, a ruddy Vigour in his Countenance, Strength in his Limbs, with Ringlets of fair Hair loosely flowing on his Shoulders. It happened, in the Course of the Voyage, that the *Achilles*, in some Distress, put into a Creek on the Main of *America*, in search of Provisions. The Youth, who is the Hero of my Story, among others, went ashore on this Occasion. From their first Landing they were observed by a Party of *Indians*, who hid themselves in the Woods for that Purpose. The *English* unadvisedly marched a great distance from the Shore into the Country, and were intercepted by the Natives, who slew the greatest Number of them. Our Adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a Forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless Part of the Wood, he threw himself [tired and] breathless on a little Hillock, when an *Indian* Maid rushed from a Thicket behind him: After the first Surprize, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the *European* was highly charmed with the Limbs, Features, and wild Graces of the Naked *American*; the *American* was no less taken with the Dress, Complexion, and Shape of an *European*, covered from Head to Foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently sollicitous for his Preservation: She therefore conveyed him to a Cave, where she gave him a Delicious Repast of Fruits, and led him to a Stream to slake his Thirst. In the midst of these good Offices, she would sometimes play with his Hair, and delight in the Opposition of its Colour to that of her Fingers: Then open his Bosome, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a Person of Distinction, for she every day came to him in a different Dress, of the most beautiful Shells, Bugles, and Bredes. She likewise brought him a great many Spoils, which her other Lovers had presented to her; so that his Cave was richly adorned with all the spotted Skins of Beasts, and most Party-coloured Feathers of Fowls, which that World afforded. To make his Confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the Dusk of the Evening, or by the favour of Moon-light, to unfrequented Groves, and Solitudes, and show him where to lye down in Safety, and sleep amidst the Falls of Waters, and Melody of Nightingales. Her Part was to watch and hold him in her Arms, for fear of her Country-men, and wake on Occasions to consult his Safety. In this manner did the Lovers pass away their Time, till they had learn'd a Language of their own, in which the Voyager communicated to his Mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his Country, where she should be Cloathed in such Silks as his Wastecoat was made of, and be carried in Houses drawn by Horses, without being exposed to Wind or Weather. All this he promised her the Enjoyment of, without such Fears and Alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender Correspondence these Lovers lived for several Months, when *Yarico*, instructed by her Lover, discovered a Vessel on the Coast, to which she made Signals, and in the Night, with the utmost Joy and Satisfaction accompanied him to a Ships-Crew of his Country-Men, bound for *Barbadoes*. When a Vessel from the Main arrives in that Island, it seems the Planters come down to the Shoar, where there is an immediate Market of the *Indians* and other Slaves, as with us of Horses and Oxen.

To be short, Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, now coming into *English* Territories, began seriously to reflect upon his

loss of Time, and to weigh with himself how many Days Interest of his Mony he had lost during his Stay with *Yarico*. This Thought made the Young Man very pensive, and careful what Account he should be able to give his Friends of his Voyage. Upon which Considerations, the prudent and frugal young Man sold *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* Merchant; notwithstanding that the poor Girl, to incline him to commiserate her Condition, told him that she was with Child by him: But he only made use of that Information, to rise in his Demands upon the Purchaser.

I was so touch'd with this Story, (which I think should be always a Counterpart to the *Ephesian* Matron) that I left the Room with Tears in my Eyes; which a Woman of *Arietta's* good Sense, did, I am sure, take for greater Applause, than any Compliments I could make her.

R.

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[Footnote 1: Told in the prose 'Satyricon' ascribed to Petronius, whom Nero called his Arbiter of Elegance. The tale was known in the Middle Ages from the stories of the 'Seven Wise Masters.' She went down into the vault with her husband's corpse, resolved to weep to death or die of famine; but was tempted to share the supper of a soldier who was watching seven bodies hanging upon trees, and that very night, in the grave of her husband and in her funeral garments, married her new and stranger guest.]

[Footnote 2: 'A True and Exact History of the Island of Barbadoes. By Richard Ligon, Gent.,' fol. 1673. The first edition had appeared in 1657. Steele's beautiful story is elaborated from the following short passage in the page he cites. After telling that he had an Indian slave woman 'of excellent shape and colour,' who would not be wooed by any means to wear clothes, Mr. Ligon says:

'This *Indian* dwelling near the Sea Coast, upon the Main, an *English* ship put in to a Bay, and sent some of her Men a shoar, to try what victuals or water they could find, for in some distress they were: But the *Indians* perceiving them to go up so far into the Country, as they were sure they could not make a safe retreat, intercepted them in their return, and fell upon them, chasing them into a Wood, and being dispersed there, some were taken, and some kill'd: But a young man amongst them straggling from the rest, was met by this *Indian* maid, who upon the first sight fell in love with him, and hid him close from her Countrymen (the *Indians*) in a Cave, and there fed him, till they could safely go down to the shoar, where the ship lay at anchor, expecting the return of their friends. But at last, seeing them upon the shoar, sent the long-Boat for them, took them aboard, and brought them away. But the youth, when he came ashoar in the *Barbadoes*, forgot the kindness of the poor maid, that had ventured her life for his safety, and sold her for a slave, who was as free born as he: And so poor *Yarico* for her love, lost her liberty.']

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No. 12. Wednesday, March 14, 1711. Addison.

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... Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.

Per.

At my coming to *London*, it was some time before I could settle my self in a House to my likeing. I was forced to quit my first Lodgings, by reason of an officious Land-lady, that would be asking every Morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest Family, and lived very happily for above a Week; when my Land-lord, who was a jolly good-natur'd Man, took it into his head that I wanted Company, and therefore would frequently come into my Chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for Two or Three Days; but telling me one Day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new Lodgings that very Night. About a Week after, I found my jolly Land-lord, who, as I said before was an honest hearty Man, had put me into an Advertisement of the 'Daily Courant', in the

following Words.

'\_Whereas a melancholy Man left his Lodgings on Thursday last in the Afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; If any one can give Notice of him to\_ R. B., Fishmonger in the\_ Strand, \_he shall be very well rewarded for his Pains.\_'

As I am the best Man in the World to keep my own Counsel, and my Land-lord the Fishmonger not knowing my Name, this Accident of my Life was never discovered to this very Day.

I am now settled with a Widow-woman, who has a great many Children, and complies with my Humour in everything. I do not remember that we have exchange'd a Word together these Five Years; my Coffee comes into my Chamber every Morning without asking for it; if I want Fire I point to my Chimney, if Water, to my Bason: Upon which my Land-lady nods, as much as to say she takes my Meaning, and immediately obeys my Signals. She has likewise model'd her Family so well, that when her little Boy offers to pull me by the Coat or prattle in my Face, his eldest Sister immediately calls him off and bids him not disturb the Gentleman. At my first entering into the Family, I was troubled with the Civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the Room; but my Land-lady observing, that upon these Occasions I always cried Pish and went out again, has forbidden any such Ceremony to be used in the House; so that at present I walk into the Kitchin or Parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any Interruption to the Business or Discourse of the Family. The Maid will ask her Mistress (tho' I am by) whether the Gentleman is ready to go to Dinner, as the Mistress (who is indeed an excellent Housewife) scolds at the Servants as heartily before my Face as behind my Back. In short, I move up and down the House and enter into all Companies, with the same Liberty as a Cat or any other domestick Animal, and am as little suspected of telling anything that I hear or see.

I remember last Winter there were several young Girls of the Neighbourhood sitting about the Fire with my Land-lady's Daughters, and telling Stories of Spirits and Apparitions. Upon my opening the Door the young Women broke off their Discourse, but my Land-lady's Daughters telling them that it was no Body but the Gentleman (for that is the Name which I go by in the Neighbourhood as well as in the Family), they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the Candle that stood on a Table at one End of the Room; and pretending to read a Book that I took out of my Pocket, heard several dreadful Stories of Ghosts as pale as Ashes that had stood at the Feet of a Bed, or walked over a Churchyard by Moonlight: And of others that had been conjured into the \_Red-Sea\_, for disturbing People's Rest, and drawing their Curtains at Midnight; with many other old Women's Fables of the like Nature. As one Spirit raised another, I observed that at the End of every Story the whole Company closed their Ranks and crouded about the Fire: I took Notice in particular of a little Boy, who was so attentive to every Story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this Twelvemonth. Indeed they talked so long, that the Imaginations of the whole Assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the Girls, that had looked upon me over her Shoulder, asking the Company how long I had been in the Room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some Apprehensions that I should be forced to explain my self if I did not retire; for which Reason I took the Candle in my Hand, and went up into my Chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable Weakness in reasonable Creatures, [that they should [1]] love to astonish and terrify one another.

Were I a Father, I should take a particular Care to preserve my Children from these little Horrors of Imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in Years. I have known a Soldier that has enter'd a Breach, affrighted at his own Shadow; and look pale upon a little scratching at his Door, who the Day before had march'd up against a Battery of Cannon. There are Instances of Persons, who have been terrify'd, even to Distraction, at the Figure of a Tree or the shaking of a Bull-rush. The Truth of it is, I look upon a sound Imagination as the greatest Blessing of Life, next to a clear Judgment and a good Conscience. In the mean Time, since there are very few whose Minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful Thoughts and Apprehensions, we ought to arm our selves against them by the Dictates of Reason and Religion, *to pull the old Woman out of our Hearts* (as *Persius* expresses it in the Motto

of my Paper), and extinguish those impertinent Notions which we imbibed at a Time that we were not able to judge of their Absurdity. Or if we believe, as many wise and good Men have done, that there are such Phantoms and Apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to our selves an Interest in him who holds the Reins of the whole Creation in his Hand, and moderates them after such a Manner, that it is impossible for one Being to break loose upon another without his Knowledge and Permission.

For my own Part, I am apt to join in Opinion with those who believe that all the Regions of Nature swarm with Spirits; and that we have Multitudes of Spectators on all our Actions, when we think our selves most alone: But instead of terrifying my self with such a Notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable Society in searching out the Wonders of the Creation, and joining in the same Consort of Praise and Adoration.

Milton [2] has finely described this mixed Communion of Men and Spirits in Paradise; and had doubtless his Eye upon a Verse in old *\_Hesiod\_*, [3] which is almost Word for Word the same with his third Line in the following Passage.

'Nor think, though Men were none, That Heav'n would want Spectators, God want praise: Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep; All these with ceaseless Praise his Works behold Both Day and Night. How often from the Steep Of echoing Hill or Thicket, have we heard Celestial Voices to the midnight Air, Sole, or responsive each to others Note, Singing their great Creator: Oft in bands, While they keep Watch, or nightly Rounding walk, With heav'nly Touch of instrumental Sounds, In full harmonick Number join'd, their Songs Divide the Night, and lift our Thoughts to Heav'n.'

C.

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[Footnote 1: who]

[Footnote 2: 'Paradise Lost', B. IV., lines 675–688.]

[Footnote 3: In Bk. I. of the 'Works and Days,' description of the Golden Age, when the good after death

Yet still held state on earth, and guardians were Of all best mortals still surviving there, Observ'd works just and unjust, clad in air, And gliding undiscovered everywhere.

'Chapman's Translation'.]

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No. 13. Thursday, March 15, 1711. Addison.

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'Dic mi hi si fueris tu leo qualis eris?'

Mart.

There is nothing that of late Years has afforded Matter of greater Amusement to the Town than Signior *\_Nicolini's\_* Combat with a Lion in the *\_Hay-Market\_* [1] which has been very often exhibited to the general Satisfaction of most of the Nobility and Gentry in the Kingdom of *Great Britain*. Upon the first Rumour of this intended Combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed by many in both Galleries, that there would be a tame Lion sent from the Tower every Opera Night, in order to be killed by *\_Hydaspes\_*; this Report, tho' altogether groundless, so universally prevailed in the upper Regions of the Play-House, that some of the most refined Politicians in those Parts of the Audience, gave it out in Whisper, that the Lion was a

Cousin—German of the Tyger who made his Appearance in King \_William's\_ days, and that the Stage would be supplied with Lions at the public Expence, during the whole Session. Many likewise were the Conjectures of the Treatment which this Lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior \_Nicolini\_ ; some supposed that he was to Subdue him in \_Recitativo\_ , as *Orpheus* used to serve the wild Beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head; some fancied that the Lion would not pretend to lay his Paws upon the Hero, by Reason of the received Opinion, that a Lion will not hurt a Virgin. Several, who pretended to have seen the Opera in \_Italy\_ , had informed their Friends, that the Lion was to act a part in \_High Dutch\_ , and roar twice or thrice to a thorough Base, before he fell at the Feet of *Hydaspes*. To clear up a Matter that was so variously reported, I have made it my Business to examine whether this pretended Lion is really the Savage he appears to be, or only a Counterfeit.

But before I communicate my Discoveries, I must acquaint the Reader, that upon my walking behind the Scenes last Winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally jostled against a monstrous Animal that extremely startled me, and, upon my nearer Survey of it, appeared to be a Lion—Rampant. The Lion, seeing me very much surprized, told me, in a gentle Voice, that I might come by him if I pleased: 'For' (says he) 'I do not intend to hurt anybody'. I thanked him very kindly, and passed by him. And in a little time after saw him leap upon the Stage, and act his Part with very great Applause. It has been observed by several, that the Lion has changed his manner of Acting twice or thrice since his first Appearance; which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my Reader that the Lion has been changed upon the Audience three several times. The first Lion was a Candle—snuffer, who being a Fellow of a testy, cholerick Temper over—did his Part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides, it was observ'd of him, that he grew more surly every time he came out of the Lion; and having dropt some Words in ordinary Conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his Back in the Scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr 'Nicolini' for what he pleased, out of his Lion's Skin, it was thought proper to discard him: And it is verily believed to this Day, that had he been brought upon the Stage another time, he would certainly have done Mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first Lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder Paws, and walked in so erect a Posture, that he looked more like an old Man than a Lion. The second Lion was a Taylor by Trade, who belonged to the Play—House, and had the Character of a mild and peaceable Man in his Profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish, for his Part; insomuch that after a short modest Walk upon the Stage, he would fall at the first Touch of 'Hydaspes', without grappling with him, and giving him an Opportunity of showing his Variety of 'Italian' Tripps: It is said, indeed, that he once gave him a Ripp in his flesh—colour Doublet, but this was only to make work for himself, in his private Character of a Taylor. I must not omit that it was this second Lion [who [2]] treated me with so much Humanity behind the Scenes. The Acting Lion at present is, as I am informed, a Country Gentleman, who does it for his Diversion, but desires his Name may be concealed. He says very handsomely in his own Excuse, that he does not Act for Gain, that he indulges an innocent Pleasure in it, and that it is better to pass away an Evening in this manner, than in Gaming and Drinking: But at the same time says, with a very agreeable Raillery upon himself, that if his name should be known, the ill—natured World might call him, \_The Ass in the Lion's skin\_ . This Gentleman's Temper is made out of such a happy Mixture of the Mild and the Cholerick, that he out—does both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater Audiences than have been known in the Memory of Man.

I must not conclude my Narrative, without taking Notice of a groundless Report that has been raised, to a Gentleman's Disadvantage, of whom I must declare my self an Admirer; namely, that Signior *Nicolini* and the Lion have been seen sitting peaceably by one another, and smoking a Pipe together, behind the Scenes; by which their common Enemies would insinuate, it is but a sham Combat which they represent upon the Stage: But upon Enquiry I find, that if any such Correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the Combat was over, when the Lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received Rules of the *Drama*. Besides, this is what is practised every day in \_Westminster—Hall\_ , where nothing is more usual than to see a Couple of Lawyers, who have been rearing each other to pieces in the Court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this Relation, to reflect upon Signior *Nicolini*, who, in Acting this Part only complies with the wretched Taste of his Audience; he knows very well, that the Lion has many more Admirers than himself; as they say of the famous *Equestrian* Statue on the *Pont-Neuf* at *Paris*, that more People go to see the Horse, than the King who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just Indignation, to see a Person whose Action gives new Majesty to Kings, Resolution to Heroes, and Softness to Lovers, thus sinking from the Greatness of his Behaviour, and degraded into the Character of the *London* Prentice. I have often wished that our Tragoedians would copy after this great Master in Action. Could they make the same use of their Arms and Legs, and inform their Faces with as significant Looks and Passions, how glorious would an *English* Tragedy appear with that Action which is capable of giving a Dignity to the forced Thoughts, cold Conceits, and unnatural Expressions of an *Italian* Opera. In the mean time, I have related this Combat of the Lion, to show what are at present the reigning Entertainments of the Politer Part of *Great Britain*.

Audiences have often been reproached by Writers for the Coarseness of their Taste, but our present Grievance does not seem to be the Want of a good Taste, but of Common Sense.

C.

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[Footnote 1: The famous Neapolitan actor and singer, Cavalier Nicolino Grimaldi, commonly called Nicolini, had made his first appearance in an opera called 'Pyrrhus and Demetrius,' which was the last attempt to combine English with Italian. His voice was a soprano, but afterwards descended into a fine contralto, and he seems to have been the finest actor of his day. Prices of seats at the opera were raised on his coming from 7s. 6d. to 10s. for pit and boxes, and from 10s. 6d. to 15s. for boxes on the stage. When this paper was written he had appeared also in a new opera on 'Almahide,' and proceeded to those encounters with the lion in the opera of *Hydaspes*, by a Roman composer, Francesco Mancini, first produced May 23, 1710, which the *Spectator* has made memorable. It had been performed 21 times in 1710, and was now reproduced and repeated four times. Nicolini, as *Hydaspes* in this opera, thrown naked into an amphitheatre to be devoured by a lion, is so inspired with courage by the presence of his mistress among the spectators that (says Mr Sutherland Edwards in his 'History of the Opera')

'after appealing to the monster in a minor key, and telling him that he may tear his bosom, but cannot touch his heart, he attacks him in the relative major, and strangles him.']

[Footnote 2: that]

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No. 14. Friday, March 16, 1711. Steele.

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... Teque his, Infelix, exue monstros.

Ovid.

I was reflecting this Morning upon the Spirit and Humour of the publick Diversions Five and twenty Years ago, and those of the present Time; and lamented to my self, that though in those Days they neglected their Morality, they kept up their Good Sense; but that the *beau Monde*, at present, is only grown more childish, not more innocent, than the former. While I was in this Train of Thought, an odd Fellow, whose Face I have often seen at the Play-house, gave me the following Letter with these words, Sir, *The Lyon* presents his humble Service to you, and desired me to give this into your own Hands.

From my Den in the Hay-market, March 15.

SIR

I have read all your Papers, and have stifled my Resentment against your Reflections upon Operas, till that of this Day, wherein you plainly insinuate, that Signior *Grimaldi* and my self have a Correspondence more friendly than is consistent with the Valour of his Character, or the Fierceness of mine. I desire you would, for your own Sake, forbear such Intimations for the future; and must say it is a great Piece of Ill-nature in you, to show so great an Esteem for a Foreigner, and to discourage a *Lyon* that is your own Country-man.

I take notice of your Fable of the Lyon and Man, but am so equally concerned in that Matter, that I shall not be offended to which soever of the Animals the Superiority is given. You have misrepresented me, in saying that I am a Country-Gentleman, who act only for my Diversion; whereas, had I still the same Woods to range in which I once had when I was a Fox-hunter, I should not resign my Manhood for a Maintenance; and assure you, as low as my Circumstances are at present, I am so much a Man of Honour, that I would scorn to be any Beast for Bread but a Lyon.

Yours, &amp;c.

I had no sooner ended this, than one of my Land-lady's Children brought me in several others, with some of which I shall make up my present Paper, they all having a Tendency to the same Subject, *viz.* the Elegance of our present Diversions.

Covent Garden, March 13.

SIR,

I Have been for twenty Years Under-Sexton of this Parish of *\_St. Paul's, Covent-Garden\_*, and have not missed tolling in to Prayers six times in all those Years; which Office I have performed to my great Satisfaction, till this Fortnight last past, during which Time I find my Congregation take the Warning of my Bell, Morning and Evening, to go to a Puppett-show set forth by one *\_Powell\_*, under the *Piazzas*. By this Means, I have not only lost my two Customers, whom I used to place for six Pence a Piece over against Mrs *\_Rachel Eyebright\_*, but Mrs *Rachel* herself is gone thither also. There now appear among us none but a few ordinary People, who come to Church only to say their Prayers, so that I have no Work worth speaking of but on *Sundays*. I have placed my Son at the *\_Piazas\_*, to acquaint the Ladies that the Bell rings for Church, and that it stands on the other side of the *\_Garden\_*; but they only laugh at the Child.

I desire you would lay this before all the World, that I may not be made such a Tool for the Future, and that PUNCHINELLO may chuse Hours less canonical. As things are now, Mr *Powell* has a full Congregation, while we have a very thin House; which if you can Remedy, you will very much oblige,

Sir, Yours, &amp;c.'

The following Epistle I find is from the Undertaker of the Masquerade. [1]

SIR,

I Have observed the Rules of my Masque so carefully (in not enquiring into Persons), that I cannot tell whether you were one of the Company or not last *\_Tuesday\_*; but if you were not and still design to come, I desire you would, for your own Entertainment, please to admonish the Town, that all Persons indifferently are not fit for this Sort of Diversion. I could wish, Sir, you could make them understand, that it is a kind of acting to go in Masquerade, and a Man should be able to say or do things proper for the Dress in which he appears. We have now and then Rakes in the Habit of Roman Senators, and grave Politicians in the Dress of Rakes. The Misfortune of the thing is, that People dress themselves in what they have a Mind to be, and not what

they are fit for. There is not a Girl in the Town, but let her have her Will in going to a Masque, and she shall dress as a Shepherdess. But let me beg of them to read the *Arcadia*, or some other good Romance, before they appear in any such Character at my House. The last Day we presented, every Body was so rashly habited, that when they came to speak to each other, a Nymph with a Crook had not a Word to say but in the pert Stile of the Pit Bawdry; and a Man in the Habit of a Philosopher was speechless, till an occasion offered of expressing himself in the Refuse of the Tying-Rooms. We had a Judge that danced a Minuet, with a Quaker for his Partner, while half a dozen Harlequins stood by as Spectators: A *Turk* drank me off two Bottles of Wine, and a *Jew* eat me up half a Ham of Bacon. If I can bring my Design to bear, and make the Maskers preserve their Characters in my Assemblies, I hope you will allow there is a Foundation laid for more elegant and improving Gallantries than any the Town at present affords; and consequently that you will give your Approbation to the Endeavours of,

Sir, Your most obedient humble servant.'

I am very glad the following Epistle obliges me to mention Mr *Powell* a second Time in the same Paper; for indeed there cannot be too great Encouragement given to his Skill in Motions, provided he is under proper Restrictions.

SIR,

'The Opera at the *\_Hay-Market\_*, and that under the little *Piazza* in *\_Covent-Garden\_*, being at present the Two leading Diversions of the Town; and Mr *Powell* professing in his Advertisements to set up *Whittington and his Cat* against *\_Rinaldo and Armida\_*, my Curiosity led me the Beginning of last Week to view both these Performances, and make my Observations upon them.

First therefore, I cannot but observe that Mr *Powell* wisely forbearing to give his Company a Bill of Fare before-hand, every Scene is new and unexpected; whereas it is certain, that the Undertakers of the *\_Hay-Market\_*, having raised too great an Expectation in their printed Opera, very much disappointed their Audience on the Stage.

The King of *Jerusalem* is obliged to come from the City on foot, instead of being drawn in a triumphant Chariot by white Horses, as my Opera-Book had promised me; and thus, while I expected *\_Armida's\_* Dragons should rush forward towards *\_Argantes\_*, I found the Hero was obliged to go to *\_Armida\_*, and hand her out of her Coach. We had also but a very short Allowance of Thunder and Lightning; tho' I cannot in this Place omit doing Justice to the Boy who had the Direction of the Two painted Dragons, and made them spit Fire and Smoke: He flash'd out his Rosin in such just Proportions, and in such due Time, that I could not forbear conceiving Hopes of his being one Day a most excellent Player. I saw, indeed, but Two things wanting to render his whole Action compleat, I mean the keeping his Head a little lower, and hiding his Candle.

I observe that Mr *Powell* and the Undertakers had both the same Thought, and I think, much about the same time, of introducing Animals on their several Stages, though indeed with very different Success. The Sparrows and Chaffinches at the *\_Hay-Market\_* fly as yet very irregularly over the Stage; and instead of perching on the Trees and performing their Parts, these young Actors either get into the Galleries or put out the Candles; whereas Mr *Powell* has so well disciplined his Pig, that in the first Scene he and Punch dance a Minuet together. I am informed however, that Mr *Powell* resolves to excell his Adversaries in their own Way; and introduce Larks in his next Opera of *\_Susanna\_*, or *\_Innocence betrayed\_*, which will be exhibited next Week with a Pair of new Elders.' [2]

The Moral of Mr *\_Powell's\_* Drama is violated I confess by Punch's national Reflections on the *\_French\_*, and King *\_Harry's\_* laying his Leg upon his Queen's Lap in too ludicrous a manner before so great an Assembly.

As to the Mechanism and Scenary, every thing, indeed, was uniform, and of a Piece, and the Scenes were managed very dexterously; which calls on me to take Notice, that at the *\_Hay-Market\_* the Undertakers forgetting to change their Side-Scenes, we were presented with a Prospect of the Ocean in the midst of a delightful Grove; and tho' the Gentlemen on the Stage had very much contributed to the Beauty of the Grove, by walking up and down between the Trees, I must own I was not a little astonished to see a well-dressed young Fellow in a full-bottomed Wigg, appear in the Midst of the Sea, and without any visible Concern taking Snuff.

I shall only observe one thing further, in which both Dramas agree; which is, that by the Squeak of their Voices the Heroes of each are Eunuchs; and as the Wit in both Pieces are equal, I must prefer the Performance of Mr *\_Powell\_*, because it is in our own Language.

I am, &c.'

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[Footnote 1: Masquerades took rank as a leading pleasure of the town under the management of John James Heidegger, son of a Zurich clergyman, who came to England in 1708, at the age of 50, as a Swiss negotiator. He entered as a private in the Guards, and attached himself to the service of the fashionable world, which called him 'the Swiss Count,' and readily accepted him as leader. In 1709 he made five hundred guineas by furnishing the spectacle for Motteux's opera of 'Tomyris, Queen of Scythia'. When these papers were written he was thriving upon the Masquerades, which he brought into fashion and made so much a rage of the town that moralists and satirists protested, and the clergy preached against them. A sermon preached against them by the Bishop of London, January 6th, 1724, led to an order that no more should take place than the six subscribed for at the beginning of the month. Nevertheless they held their ground afterwards by connivance of the government. In 1728, Heidegger was called in to nurse the Opera, which thro' by his bold puffing. He died, in 1749, at the age of 90, claiming chief honour to the Swiss for ingenuity.

'I was born,' he said, 'a Swiss, and came to England without a farthing, where I have found means to gain, £5000 a-year,—and to spend it. Now I defy the ablest Englishman to go to Switzerland and either gain that income or spend it there.']

[Footnote 2: The 'History of Susanna' had been an established puppet play for more than two generations. An old copy of verses on Bartholomew Fair in the year 1665, describing the penny and twopenny puppet plays, or, as they had been called in and since Queen Elizabeth's time, 'motions,' says

"Their Sights are so rich, is able to bewitch The heart of a very fine man—a; Here's 'Patient Grisel' here, and 'Fair Rosamond' there, And 'the History of Susanna.'"

Pepys tells of the crowd waiting, in 1667, to see Lady Castlemaine come out from the puppet play of 'Patient Grisel.'

The Powell mentioned in this essay was a deformed cripple whose Puppet-Show, called Punch's Theatre, owed its pre-eminence to his own power of satire. This he delivered chiefly through Punch, the clown of the puppets, who appeared in all plays with so little respect to dramatic rule that Steele in the Tatler (for May 17, 1709) represents a correspondent at Bath, telling how, of two ladies, Prudentia and Florimel, who would lead the fashion, Prudentia caused Eve in the Puppet-Show of 'the Creation of the World' to be

'made the most like Florimel that ever was seen,'

and

'when we came to Noah's Flood in the show, Punch and his wife were introduced dancing in the ark.'

Of the fanatics called French Prophets, who used to assemble in Moorfields in Queen Anne's reign, Lord Chesterfield remembered that

'the then Ministry, who loved a little persecution well enough, was, however, so wise as not to disturb their madness, and only ordered one Powell, the master of a famous Puppet-Show, to make Punch turn Prophet; which he did so well, that it soon put an end to the prophets and their prophecies. The obscure Dr Sacheverell's fortune was made by a parliamentary prosecution' (from Feb. 27 to March 23, 1709-10) 'much about the same time the French Prophets were totally extinguished by a Puppet-Show'

(Misc. Works, ed. Maty., Vol. II, p. 523, 555).

This was the Powell who played in Covent Garden during the time of week-day evening service, and who, taking up Addison's joke against the opera from No. 5 of the 'Spectator', produced 'Whittington and his Cat' as a rival to 'Rinaldo and Armida'. [See also a note to No. 31.]

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#### ADVERTISEMENT.

On the first of April will be performed at the Play-house in the Hay-market, an Opera call'd 'The Cruelty of Atreus'.

N.B. The Scene wherein Thyestes eats his own Children, is to be performed by the famous Mr Psalmanazar, [1] lately arrived from Formosa; The whole Supper being set to Kettle-drums.

R.

[Footnote 1: George Psalmanazar, who never told his real name and precise birthplace, was an impostor from Languedoc, and 31 years old in 1711. He had been educated in a Jesuit college, where he heard stories of the Jesuit missions in Japan and Formosa, which suggested to him how he might thrive abroad as an interesting native. He enlisted as a soldier, and had in his character of Japanese only a small notoriety until, at Sluys, a dishonest young chaplain of Brigadier Lauder's Scotch regiment, saw through the trick and favoured it, that he might recommend himself to the Bishop of London for promotion. He professed to have converted Psalmanazar, baptized him, with the Brigadier for godfather, got his discharge from the regiment, and launched him upon London under the patronage of Bishop Compton. Here Psalmanazar, who on his arrival was between nineteen and twenty years old, became famous in the religious world. He supported his fraud by invention of a language and letters, and of a Formosan religion. To oblige the Bishop he translated the church catechism into 'Formosan,' and he published in 1704 'an historical and geographical Description of Formosa,' of which a second edition appeared in the following year. It contained numerous plates of imaginary scenes and persons. His gross and puerile absurdities in print and conversation—such as his statements that the Formosans sacrificed eighteen thousand male infants every year, and that the Japanese studied Greek as a learned tongue,—excited a distrust that would have been fatal to the success of his fraud, even with the credulous, if he had not forced himself to give colour to his story by acting the savage in men's eyes. But he must really, it was thought, be a savage who fed upon roots, herbs, and raw flesh. He made, however, so little by the imposture, that he at last confessed himself a cheat, and got his living as a well-conducted bookseller's hack for many years before his death, in 1763, aged 84. In 1711, when this jest was penned, he had not yet publicly eaten his own children, i.e. swallowed his words and declared his writings forgeries. In 1716 there was a subscription of £20 or £30 a year raised for him as a Formosan convert. It was in 1728 that he began to write that formal confession of his fraud, which he left for publication after his death, and whereby he made his great public appearance as Thyestes.

This jest against Psalmanazar was expunged from the first reprint of the *Spectator* in 1712, and did not reappear in the lifetime of Steele or Addison, or until long after it had been amply justified.]

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No. 15. Saturday, March 17, 1711. Addison.

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'Parva leves capiunt animos ...'

Ovid.

When I was in *France*, I used to gaze with great Astonishment at the Splendid Equipages and Party-coloured Habits, of that Fantastick Nation. I was one Day in particular contemplating a Lady that sate in a Coach adorned with gilded *Cupids*, and finely painted with the Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis*. The Coach was drawn by six milk-white Horses, and loaden behind with the same Number of powder'd Foot-men. Just before the Lady were a Couple of beautiful Pages, that were stuck among the Harness, and by their gay Dresses, and smiling Features, looked like the elder Brothers of the little Boys that were carved and painted in every Corner of the Coach.

The Lady was the unfortunate *Cleanthe*, who afterwards gave an Occasion to a pretty melancholy Novel. She had, for several Years, received the Addresses of a Gentleman, whom, after a long and intimate Acquaintance, she forsook, upon the Account of this shining Equipage which had been offered to her by one of great Riches, but a Crazy Constitution. The Circumstances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the Disguises only of a broken Heart, and a kind of Pageantry to cover Distress; for in two Months after, she was carried to her Grave with the same Pomp and Magnificence: being sent thither partly by the Loss of one Lover, and partly by the Possession of another.

I have often reflected with my self on this unaccountable Humour in Woman-kind, of being smitten with every thing that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless Evils that befall the Sex, from this light, fantastical Disposition. I my self remember a young Lady that was very warmly solicited by a Couple of importunate Rivals, who, for several Months together, did all they could to recommend themselves, by Complacency of Behaviour, and Agreeableness of Conversation. At length, when the Competition was doubtful, and the Lady undetermined in her Choice, one of the young Lovers very luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary Lace to his Liveries, which had so good an Effect that he married her the very Week after.

The usual Conversation of ordinary Women, very much cherishes this Natural Weakness of being taken with Outside and Appearance. Talk of a new-married Couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their Coach and six, or eat in Plate: Mention the Name of an absent Lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her Gown and Petticoat. A Ball is a great Help to Discourse, and a Birth-Day furnishes Conversation for a Twelve-month after. A Furbelow of precious Stones, an Hat buttoned with a Diamond, a Brocade Waistcoat or Petticoat, are standing Topicks. In short, they consider only the Drapery of the Species, and never cast away a Thought on those Ornaments of the Mind, that make Persons Illustrious in themselves, and Useful to others. When Women are thus perpetually dazling one anothers Imaginations, and filling their Heads with nothing but Colours, it is no Wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial Parts of Life, than the solid and substantial Blessings of it. A Girl, who has been trained up in this kind of Conversation, is in danger of every Embroidered Coat that comes in her Way. A Pair of fringed Gloves may be her Ruin. In a word, Lace and Ribbons, Silver and Gold Galloons, with the like glittering Gew-Gaws, are so many Lures to Women of weak Minds or low Educations, and, when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy Coquet from the wildest of her Flights and Rambles.

True Happiness is of a retired Nature, and an Enemy to Pomp and Noise; it arises, in the first place, from the Enjoyment of ones self; and, in the next, from the Friendship and Conversation of a few select Companions. It loves Shade and Solitude, and naturally haunts Groves and Fountains, Fields and Meadows: In short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no Addition from Multitudes of Witnesses and Spectators. On the contrary, false Happiness loves to be in a Crowd, and to draw the Eyes of the World upon her. She does not receive any Satisfaction from the Applauses which she gives her self, but from the Admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in Courts and Palaces, Theatres and Assemblies, and has no Existence but when she is looked upon.

\_Aurelia\_, tho' a Woman of Great Quality, delights in the Privacy of a Country Life, and passes away a great part of her Time in her own Walks and Gardens. Her Husband, who is her Bosom Friend and Companion in her Solitudes, has been in Love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good Sense, consummate Virtue, and a mutual Esteem; and are a perpetual Entertainment to one another. Their Family is under so regular an Oeconomy, in its Hours of Devotion and Repast, Employment and Diversion, that it looks like a little Common-Wealth within it self. They often go into Company, that they may return with the greater Delight to one another; and sometimes live in Town not to enjoy it so properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the Relish of a Country Life. By this means they are Happy in each other, beloved by their Children, adored by their Servants, and are become the Envy, or rather the Delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the Life of \_Fulvia\_! she considers her Husband as her Steward, and looks upon Discretion and good House-Wifery, as little domestick Virtues, unbecoming a Woman of Quality. She thinks Life lost in her own Family, and fancies herself out of the World, when she is not in the Ring, the Play-House, or the Drawing-Room: She lives in a perpetual Motion of Body and Restlessness of Thought, and is never easie in any one Place, when she thinks there is more Company in another. The missing of an Opera the first Night, would be more afflicting to her than the Death of a Child. She pities all the valuable Part of her own Sex, and calls every Woman of a prudent modest retired Life, a poor-spirited, unpolished Creature. What a Mortification would it be to \_Fulvia\_, if she knew that her setting her self to View, is but exposing her self, and that she grows Contemptible by being Conspicuous.

I cannot conclude my Paper, without observing that *Virgil* has very finely touched upon this Female Passion for Dress and Show, in the Character of \_Camilla\_; who, tho' she seems to have shaken off all the other Weaknesses of her Sex, is still described as a Woman in this Particular. The Poet tells us, that, after having made a great Slaughter of the Enemy, she unfortunately cast her Eye on a *Trojan* [who[1]] wore an embroidered Tunick, a beautiful Coat of Mail, with a Mantle of the finest Purple. \_A Golden Bow\_, says he, \_Hung upon his Shoulder; his Garment was buckled with a Golden Clasp, and his Head was covered with an Helmet of the same shining Mettle\_. The *Amazon* immediately singled out this well-dressed Warrior, being seized with a Woman's Longing for the pretty Trappings that he was adorned with:

'... Totumque incauta per agmen Fæmineo prædæ et spoliolum ardebat amore.'

This heedless Pursuit after these glittering Trifles, the Poet (by a nice concealed Moral) represents to have been the Destruction of his Female Hero.

C.

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[Footnote 1: that]

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Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

Hor.

I have receiv'd a Letter, desiring me to be very satirical upon the little Muff that is now in Fashion; another informs me of a Pair of silver Garters buckled below the Knee, that have been lately seen at the Rainbow Coffee-house in *\_Fleet-street\_*; [1] a third sends me an heavy Complaint against fringed Gloves. To be brief, there is scarce an Ornament of either Sex which one or other of my Correspondents has not inveighed against with some Bitterness, and recommended to my Observation. I must therefore, once for all inform my Readers, that it is not my Intention to sink the Dignity of this my Paper with Reflections upon Red-heels or Top-knots, but rather to enter into the Passions of Mankind, and to correct those depraved Sentiments that give Birth to all those little Extravagancies which appear in their outward Dress and Behaviour. Foppish and fantastick Ornaments are only Indications of Vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish Vanity in the Mind, and you naturally retrench the little Superfluities of Garniture and Equipage. The Blossoms will fall of themselves, when the Root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my Remedies to the first Seeds and Principles of an affected Dress, without descending to the Dress it self; though at the same time I must own, that I have Thoughts of creating an Officer under me to be entituled, *\_The Censor of small Wares\_*, and of allotting him one Day in a Week for the Execution of such his Office. An Operator of this Nature might act under me with the same Regard as a Surgeon to a Physician; the one might be employ'd in healing those Blotches and Tumours which break out in the Body, while the other is sweetning the Blood and rectifying the Constitution. To speak truly, the young People of both Sexes are so wonderfully apt to shoot out into long Swords or sweeping Trains, bushy Head-dresses or full-bottom'd Perriwigs, with several other Incumbrances of Dress, that they stand in need of being pruned very frequently [lest they should [2]] be oppressed with Ornaments, and over-run with the Luxuriency of their Habits. I am much in doubt, whether I should give the Preference to a Quaker that is trimmed close and almost cut to the Quick, or to a Beau that is loaden with such a Redundance of Excrescencies. I must therefore desire my Correspondents to let me know how they approve my Project, and whether they think the erecting of such a petty Censorship may not turn to the Emolument of the Publick; for I would not do any thing of this Nature rashly and without Advice.

There is another Set of Correspondents to whom I must address my self, in the second Place; I mean such as fill their Letters with private Scandal, and black Accounts of particular Persons and Families. The world is so full of Ill-nature, that I have Lampoons sent me by People [who [3]] cannot spell, and Satyrs compos'd by those who scarce know how to write. By the last Post in particular I receiv'd a Packet of Scandal that is not legible; and have a whole Bundle of Letters in Womens Hands that are full of Blots and Calumnies, insomuch that when I see the Name *\_Caelia, Phillis, Pastora\_*, or the like, at the Bottom of a Scrawl, I conclude on course that it brings me some Account of a fallen Virgin, a faithless Wife, or an amorous Widow. I must therefore inform these my Correspondents, that it is not my Design to be a Publisher of Intreagues and Cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous Stories out of their present lurking Holes into broad Day light. If I attack the Vicious, I shall only set upon them in a Body: and will not be provoked by the worst Usage that I can receive from others, to make an Example of any particular Criminal. In short, I have so much of a Drawcansir[4] in me, that I shall pass over a single Foe to charge whole Armies. It is not *Lais* or *\_Silenus\_*, but the Harlot and the Drunkard, whom I shall endeavour to expose; and shall consider the Crime as it appears in a Species, not as it is circumstanced in an Individual. I think it was *Caligula* who wished the whole City of *Rome* had but one Neck, that he might behead them at a Blow. I shall do out of Humanity what that Emperor would have done in the Cruelty of his Temper, and aim every Stroak at a collective Body of Offenders. At the same Time I am very sensible, that nothing spreads a Paper like private Calumny and Defamation; but as my Speculations are not under this Necessity, they are not exposed to this Temptation.

In the next Place I must apply my self to my Party-Correspondents, who are continually teasing me to take Notice of one anothers Proceedings. How often am I asked by both Sides, if it is possible for me to be an

unconcerned Spectator of the Rogueries that are committed by the Party which is opposite to him that writes the Letter. About two Days since I was reproached with an old Grecian Law, that forbids any Man to stand as a Neuter or a Looker-on in the Divisions of his Country. However, as I am very sensible [my [5]] Paper would lose its whole Effect, should it run into the Outrages of a Party, I shall take Care to keep clear of every thing [which [6]] looks that Way. If I can any way assuage private Inflammations, or allay publick Ferments, I shall apply my self to it with my utmost Endeavours; but will never let my Heart reproach me with having done any thing towards [encreasing [7]] those Feuds and Animosities that extinguish Religion, deface Government, and make a Nation miserable.

What I have said under the three foregoing Heads, will, I am afraid, very much retrench the Number of my Correspondents: I shall therefore acquaint my Reader, that if he has started any Hint which he is not able to pursue, if he has met with any surprizing Story which he does not know how to tell, if he has discovered any epidemical Vice which has escaped my Observation, or has heard of any uncommon Virtue which he would desire to publish; in short, if he has any Materials that can furnish out an innocent Diversion, I shall promise him my best Assistance in the working of them up for a publick Entertainment.

This Paper my Reader will find was intended for an answer to a Multitude of Correspondents; but I hope he will pardon me if I single out one of them in particular, who has made me so very humble a Request, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

To the SPECTATOR.

March 15, 1710–11.

SIR,

I Am at present so unfortunate, as to have nothing to do but to mind my own Business; and therefore beg of you that you will be pleased to put me into some small Post under you. I observe that you have appointed your Printer and Publisher to receive Letters and Advertisements for the City of *London*, and shall think my self very much honoured by you, if you will appoint me to take in Letters and Advertisements for the City of *Westminster* and the Dutchy of *Lancaster*. Tho' I cannot promise to fill such an Employment with sufficient Abilities, I will endeavour to make up with Industry and Fidelity what I want in Parts and Genius. I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Charles Lillie.'

C.

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[Footnote 1: The *Rainbow*, near the Inner Temple Gate, in Fleet Street, was the second Coffee-house opened in London. It was opened about 1656, by a barber named James Farr, part of the house still being occupied by the bookseller's shop which had been there for at least twenty years before. Farr also, at first, combined his coffee trade with the business of barber, which he had been carrying on under the same roof. Farr was made rich by his Coffee-house, which soon monopolized the *Rainbow*. Its repute was high in the *Spectator's* time; and afterwards, when coffee-houses became taverns, it lived on as a reputable tavern till the present day.]

[Footnote 2: that they may not]

[Footnote 3: that]

[Footnote 4: *Drawcansir* in the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal* parodies the heroic drama of the Restoration, as by turning the lines in Dryden's 'Tyrannic Love,'

Spite of myself, I'll stay, fight, love, despair; And all this I can do, because I dare,

into

I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and stare; And all this I can do, because I dare.

When, in the last act, a Battle is fought between Foot and great Hobby–Horses

'At last, Drawcansir comes in and Kills them all on both Sides,' explaining himself in lines that begin,

Others may boast a single man to kill; But I the blood of thousands daily spill.]

[Footnote 5: that my]

[Footnote 6: that]

[Footnote 7: the encreasing]

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No. 17. Tuesday, March 20, 1711. Steele.

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'... Tetrum ante Omnia vultum.'

Juv.

Since our Persons are not of our own Making, when they are such as appear Defective or Uncomely, it is, methinks, an honest and laudable Fortitude to dare to be Ugly; at least to keep our selves from being abashed with a Consciousness of Imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no Guilt. I would not defend an haggard Beau, for passing away much time at a Glass, and giving Softnesses and Languishing Graces to Deformity. All I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our Countenance and Shape, so far, as never to give our selves an uneasie Reflection on that Subject. It is to the ordinary People, who are not accustomed to make very proper Remarks on any Occasion, matter of great Jest, if a Man enters with a prominent Pair of Shoulders into an Assembly, or is distinguished by an Expansion of Mouth, or Obliquity of Aspect. It is happy for a Man, that has any of these Oddnesses about him, if he can be as merry upon himself, as others are apt to be upon that Occasion: When he can possess himself with such a Cheerfulness, Women and Children, who were at first frighted at him, will afterwards be as much pleased with him. As it is barbarous in others to railly him for natural Defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can Jest upon himself for them.

Madam *Maintenon's* first Husband was an Hero in this Kind, and has drawn many Pleantries from the Irregularity of his Shape, which he describes as very much resembling the Letter Z. [1] He diverts himself likewise by representing to his Reader the Make of an Engine and Pully, with which he used to take off his Hat. When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a Visage, and the Owner of it thinks it an Aspect of Dignity, he must be of very great Quality to be exempt from Raillery: The best Expedient therefore is to be pleasant upon himself. Prince *Harry* and *Falstaffe*, in *Shakespear*, have carried the Ridicule upon Fat and Lean as far as it will go. *Falstaffe* is Humourously called *Woolsack*, *Bed–presser*, and *Hill of Flesh*; *Harry* a *Starveling*, an *Elves–Skin*, a *Sheath*, a *Bowcase*, and a *Tuck*. There is, in several incidents of the Conversation between them, the Jest still kept up upon the Person. Great Tenderness and Sensibility in

this Point is one of the greatest Weaknesses of Self-love; for my own part, I am a little unhappy in the Mold of my Face, which is not quite so long as it is broad: Whether this might not partly arise from my opening my Mouth much seldomer than other People, and by Consequence not so much lengthning the Fibres of my Visage, I am not at leisure to determine. However it be, I have been often put out of Countenance by the Shortness of my Face, and was formerly at great Pains in concealing it by wearing a Periwigg with an high Foretop, and letting my Beard grow. But now I have thoroughly got over this Delicacy, and could be contented it were much shorter, provided it might qualify me for a Member of the Merry Club, which the following Letter gives me an Account of. I have received it from \_Oxford\_, and as it abounds with the Spirit of Mirth and good Humour, which is natural to that Place, I shall set it down Word for Word as it came to me.

'Most Profound Sir,

Having been very well entertained, in the last of your Speculations that I have yet seen, by your Specimen upon Clubs, which I therefore hope you will continue, I shall take the Liberty to furnish you with a brief Account of such a one as perhaps you have not seen in all your Travels, unless it was your Fortune to touch upon some of the woody Parts of the *African* Continent, in your Voyage to or from *Grand Cairo*. There have arose in this University (long since you left us without saying any thing) several of these inferior Hebdomadal Societies, as \_the Punning Club\_, \_the Witty Club\_, and amongst the rest, the \_Handsom Club\_; as a Burlesque upon which, a certain merry Species, that seem to have come into the World in Masquerade, for some Years last past have associated themselves together, and assumed the name of the \_Ugly Club\_: This ill-favoured Fraternity consists of a President and twelve Fellows; the Choice of which is not confin'd by Patent to any particular Foundation (as \_St. John's\_ Men would have the World believe, and have therefore erected a separate Society within themselves) but Liberty is left to elect from any School in \_Great Britain\_, provided the Candidates be within the Rules of the Club, as set forth in a Table entituled *The Act of Deformity*. A Clause or two of which I shall transmit to you.

I. That no Person whatsoever shall be admitted without a visible Quearity in his Aspect, or peculiar Cast of Countenance; of which the President and Officers for the time being are to determine, and the President to have the casting Voice.

II. That a singular Regard be had, upon Examination, to the Gibbosity of the Gentlemen that offer themselves, as Founders Kinsmen, or to the Obliquity of their Figure, in what sort soever.

III. That if the Quantity of any Man's Nose be eminently miscalculated, whether as to Length or Breadth, he shall have a just Pretence to be elected.

\_Lastly\_, That if there shall be two or more Competitors for the same Vacancy, \_caeteris paribus\_, he that has the thickest Skin to have the Preference.

Every fresh Member, upon his first Night, is to entertain the Company with a Dish of Codfish, and a Speech in praise of \_Æsop\_; [2] whose portraiture they have in full Proportion, or rather Disproportion, over the Chimney; and their Design is, as soon as their Funds are sufficient, to purchase the Heads of \_Thersites, Duns Scotus, Scarron, Hudibras\_, and the old Gentleman in \_Oldham\_, [3] with all the celebrated ill Faces of Antiquity, as Furniture for the Club Room.

As they have always been profess'd Admirers of the other Sex, so they unanimously declare that they will give all possible Encouragement to such as will take the Benefit of the Statute, tho' none yet have appeared to do it.

The worthy President, who is their most devoted Champion, has lately shown me two Copies of Verses composed by a Gentleman of his Society; the first, a Congratulatory Ode inscrib'd to Mrs. \_Touchwood\_, upon the loss of her two Fore-teeth; the other, a Panegyrick upon Mrs. *Andirons* left Shoulder. Mrs. *Vizard* (he says) since the Small Pox, is grown tolerably ugly, and a top Toast in the Club; but I never hear him so

lavish of his fine things, as upon old *\_Nell Trot\_*, who constantly officiates at their Table; her he even adores, and extolls as the very Counterpart of Mother *\_Shipton\_*; in short, *Nell* (says he) is one of the Extraordinary Works of Nature; but as for Complexion, Shape, and Features, so valued by others, they are all meer Outside and Symmetry, which is his Aversion. Give me leave to add, that the President is a facetious, pleasant Gentleman, and never more so, than when he has got (as he calls 'em) his dear Mummings about him; and he often protests it does him good to meet a Fellow with a right genuine Grimace in his Air, (which is so agreeable in the generality of the *French* Nation;) and as an Instance of his Sincerity in this particular, he gave me a sight of a List in his Pocket–book of all of this Class, who for these five Years have fallen under his Observation, with himself at the Head of 'em, and in the Rear (as one of a promising and improving Aspect),

Sir, Your Obliged and Humble Servant,

Alexander Carbuncle.' [Sidenote: Oxford, March 12, 1710.]

R.

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[Footnote 1: Abbé Paul Scarron, the burlesque writer, high in court favour, was deformed from birth, and at the age of 27 lost the use of all his limbs. In 1651, when 41 years old, Scarron married Frances d'Aubigné, afterwards Madame de Maintenon; her age was then 16, and she lived with Scarron until his death, which occurred when she was 25 years old and left her very poor. Scarron's comparison of himself to the letter Z is in his address 'To the Reader who has Never seen Me,' prefixed to his 'Relation Véritable de tout ce qui s'est passé en l'autre Monde, au combat des Parques et des Poètes, sur la Mort de Voiture.' This was illustrated with a burlesque plate representing himself as seen from the back of his chair, and surrounded by a wondering and mocking world. His back, he said, was turned to the public, because the convex of his back is more convenient than the concave of his stomach for receiving the inscription of his name and age.]

[Footnote 2: The Life of Æsop, ascribed to Planudes Maximus, a monk of Constantinople in the fourteenth century, and usually prefixed to the Fables, says that he was 'the most deformed of all men of his age, for he had a pointed head, flat nostrils, a short neck, thick lips, was black, pot–bellied, bow–legged, and hump–backed; perhaps even uglier than Homer's Thersites.']

[Footnote 3: The description of Thersites in the second book of the Iliad is thus translated by Professor Blackie:

'The most Ill–favoured wight was he, I ween, of all the Grecian host. With hideous squint the railer leered: on one foot he was lame; Forward before his narrow chest his hunching shoulders came; Slanting and sharp his forehead rose, with shreds of meagre hair.'

Controversies between the Scotists and Thomists, followers of the teaching of Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas, caused Thomist perversion of the name of Duns into its use as Duncie and tradition of the subtle Doctor's extreme personal ugliness. Doctor Subtilis was translated The Lath Doctor.

Scarron we have just spoken of. Hudibras's outward gifts are described in Part I., Canto i., lines 240–296 of the poem.

'His beard In cut and dye so like a tile A sudden view it would beguile: The upper part thereof was whey; The nether, orange mix'd with grey. This hairy meteor, &c.'

The 'old Gentleman in *\_Oldham\_*' is Loyola, as described in Oldham's third satire on the Jesuits, when

'Summon'd together, all th' officious band The orders of their bedrid, chief attend.'

Raised on his pillow he greets them, and, says Oldham,

'Like Delphic Hag of old, by Fiend possest, He swells, wild Frenzy heaves his panting breast, His bristling hairs stick up, his eyeballs glow, And from his mouth long strakes of drivel flow.'

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No. 18. Wednesday, March 21, 1711. Addison.

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Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas Omnis ad incertos oculos et gaudia vana.

Hor.

It is my Design in this Paper to deliver down to Posterity a faithful Account of the Italian Opera, and of the gradual Progress which it has made upon the English Stage: For there is no Question but our great Grand-children will be very curious to know the Reason why their Fore-fathers used to sit together like an Audience of Foreigners in their own Country, and to hear whole Plays acted before them in a Tongue which they did not understand.

'Arsinoe' [1] was the first Opera that gave us a Taste of Italian Musick. The great Success this Opera met with, produced some Attempts of forming Pieces upon Italian Plans, [which [2]] should give a more natural and reasonable Entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate Trifles of that Nation. This alarm'd the Poetasters and Fiddlers of the Town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary Kind of Ware; and therefore laid down an establish'd Rule, which is receiv'd as such to this [Day, [3]] 'That nothing is capable of being well set to Musick, that is not Nonsense.'

This Maxim was no sooner receiv'd, but we immediately fell to translating the Italian Operas; and as there was no great Danger of hurting the Sense of those extraordinary Pieces, our Authors would often make Words of their own [which [4]] were entirely foreign to the Meaning of the Passages [they [5]] pretended to translate; their chief Care being to make the Numbers of the English Verse answer to those of the Italian, that both of them might go to the same Tune. Thus the famous Song in 'Camilla',

'Barbara si t' intendo, &c.'

Barbarous Woman, yes, I know your Meaning,

which expresses the Resentments of an angry Lover, was translated into that English lamentation:

'Frail are a Lovers Hopes, &c.'

And it was pleasant enough to see the most refined Persons of the British Nation dying away and languishing to Notes that were filled with a Spirit of Rage and Indignation. It happen'd also very frequently, where the Sense was rightly translated, the necessary Transposition of Words [which [6]] were drawn out of the Phrase of one Tongue into that of another, made the Musick appear very absurd in one Tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an Italian verse that ran thus Word for Word,

'And turned my Rage, into Pity;'

which the English for Rhime sake translated,

'And into Pity turn'd my Rage.'

By this Means the soft Notes that were adapted to Pity in the Italian, fell upon the word Rage in the English; and the angry Sounds that were turn'd to Rage in the Original, were made to express Pity in the Translation. It oftentimes happen'd likewise, that the finest Notes in the Air fell upon the most insignificant Words in the Sentence. I have known the Word 'And' pursu'd through the whole Gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious 'The', and have heard the most beautiful Graces Quavers and Divisions bestowed upon 'Then, For,' and 'From;' to the eternal Honour of our English Particles. [7]

The next Step to our Refinement, was the introducing of Italian Actors into our Opera; who sung their Parts in their own Language, at the same Time that our Countrymen perform'd theirs in our native Tongue. The King or Hero of the Play generally spoke in Italian, and his Slaves answered him in English: The Lover frequently made his Court, and gained the Heart of his Princess in a Language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carry'd on Dialogues after this Manner, without an Interpreter between the Persons that convers'd together; but this was the State of the English Stage for about three Years.

At length the Audience grew tir'd of understanding Half the Opera, and therefore to ease themselves Entirely of the Fatigue of Thinking, have so order'd it at Present that the whole Opera is performed in an unknown Tongue. We no longer understand the Language of our own Stage; insomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian Performers chattering in the Vehemence of Action, that they have been calling us Names, and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we do put such an entire Confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our Faces, though they may do it with the same Safety as if it [were [8]] behind our Backs. In the mean Time I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an Historian, who writes Two or Three hundred Years hence, and does not know the Taste of his wise Fore-fathers, will make the following Reflection, 'In the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century, the Italian Tongue was so well understood in \_England\_, that Operas were acted on the publick Stage in that Language.'

One scarce knows how to be serious in the Confutation of an Absurdity that shews itself at the first Sight. It does not want any great Measure of Sense to see the Ridicule of this monstrous Practice; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the Taste of the Rabble, but of Persons of the greatest Politeness, which has establish'd it.

If the Italians have a Genius for Musick above the English, the English have a Genius for other Performances of a much higher Nature, and capable of giving the Mind a much nobler Entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a Time when an Author lived that was able to write the 'Phædra' and 'Hippolitus') [9] for a People to be so stupidly fond of the Italian Opera, as scarce to give a Third Days Hearing to that admirable Tragedy? Musick is certainly a very agreeable Entertainment, but if it would take the entire Possession of our Ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing Sense, if it would exclude Arts that have a much greater Tendency to the Refinement of humane Nature: I must confess I would allow it no better Quarter than 'Plato' has done, who banishes it out of his Common-wealth.

At present, our Notions of Musick are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like, only, in general, we are transported with any thing that is not English: so if it be of a foreign Growth, let it be Italian, French, or High-Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English Musick is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When a Royal Palace is burnt to the Ground, every Man is at Liberty to present his Plan for a new one; and tho' it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several Hints that may be of Use to a good Architect. I shall take the same Liberty in a following Paper, of giving my Opinion upon the Subject of Musick, which I shall lay down only in a problematical Manner to be considered by those who are Masters in the Art.

C.

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[Footnote 1: 'Arsinoe' was produced at Drury Lane in 1705, with Mrs. Tofts in the chief character, and her

Italian rival, Margarita de l'Epine, singing Italian songs before and after the Opera. The drama was an Italian opera translated into English, and set to new music by Thomas Clayton, formerly band master to William III. No. 20 of the Spectator and other numbers from time to time advertised 'The Passion of Sappho, and Feast of Alexander: Set to Musick by Mr. Thomas Clayton, as it is performed at his house in 'York Buildings.' It was the same Clayton who set to music Addison's unsuccessful opera of 'Rosamond', written as an experiment in substituting homegrown literature for the fashionable nonsense illustrated by Italian music. Thomas Clayton's music to 'Rosamond' was described as 'a jargon of sounds.' 'Camilla', composed by Marco Antonio Buononcini, and said to contain beautiful music, was produced at Sir John Vanbrugh's Haymarket opera in 1705, and sung half in English, half in Italian; Mrs. Tofts singing the part of the Amazonian heroine in English, and Valentini that of the hero in Italian.]

[Footnote 2: that]

[Footnote 3: very day]

[Footnote 4: that]

[Footnote 5: which they]

[Footnote 6: that]

[Footnote 7: It was fifty years after this that Churchill wrote of Mossop in the 'Rosciad,'

'In monosyllables his thunders roll, He, she, it, and, we, ye, they, fright the soul.']

[Footnote 8: was]

[Footnote 9: The Tragedy of 'Phædra and Hippolitus', acted without success in 1707, was the one play written by Mr. Edmund Smith, a merchant's son who had been educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford, and who had ended a dissolute life at the age of 42 (in 1710), very shortly before this paper was written. Addison's regard for the play is warmed by friendship for the unhappy writer. He had, indeed, written the Prologue to it, and struck therein also his note of war against the follies of Italian Opera.

'Had Valentini, musically coy, Shunned Phædra's Arms, and scorn'd the puffer'd Joy, It had not momed your Wonder to have seen An Eunich fly from an enamour'd Queen; How would it please, should she in English speak, And could Hippolitus reply in Greek!'

The Epilogue to this play was by Prior. Edmund Smith's relation to Addison is shown by the fact that, in dedicating the printed edition of his Phædra and Hippolitus to Lord Halifax, he speaks of Addison's lines on the Peace of Ryswick as 'the best Latin Poem since the Æneid.']

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No. 19. Thursday, March 22, 1711. Steele.

'Dii benefecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli Finxerunt animi, rarî et perpauca loquentis.'

Hor.

Observing one Person behold another, who was an utter Stranger to him, with a Cast of his Eye which, methought, expressed an Emotion of Heart very different from what could be raised by an Object so agreeable as the Gentleman he looked at, I began to consider, not without some secret Sorrow, the Condition of an

Envious Man. Some have fancied that Envy has a certain Magical Force in it, and that the Eyes of the Envious have by their Fascination blasted the Enjoyments of the Happy. Sir *Francis Bacon* says, [1] Some have been so curious as to remark the Times and Seasons when the Stroke of an Envious Eye is most effectually pernicious, and have observed that it has been when the Person envied has been in any Circumstance of Glory and Triumph. At such a time the Mind of the Prosperous Man goes, as it were, abroad, among things without him, and is more exposed to the Malignity. But I shall not dwell upon Speculations so abstracted as this, or repeat the many excellent Things which one might collect out of Authors upon this miserable Affection; but keeping in the road of common Life, consider the Envious Man with relation to these three Heads, His Pains, His Reliefs, and His Happiness.

The Envious Man is in Pain upon all Occasions which ought to give him Pleasure. The Relish of his Life is inverted, and the Objects which administer the highest Satisfaction to those who are exempt from this Passion, give the quickest Pangs to Persons who are subject to it. All the Perfections of their Fellow-Creatures are odious: Youth, Beauty, Valour and Wisdom are Provocations of their Displeasure. What a Wretched and Apostate State is this! To be offended with Excellence, and to hate a Man because we Approve him! The Condition of the Envious Man is the most Emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's Merit or Success, but lives in a World wherein all Mankind are in a Plot against his Quiet, by studying their own Happiness and Advantage. \_Will. Prosper\_ is an honest Tale-bearer, he makes it his business to join in Conversation with Envious Men. He points to such an handsom Young Fellow, and whispers that he is secretly married to a Great Fortune: When they doubt, he adds Circumstances to prove it; and never fails to aggravate their Distress, by assuring 'em that to his knowledge he has an Uncle will leave him some Thousands. \_Will.\_ has many Arts of this kind to torture this sort of Temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and say faintly They wish such a Piece of News is true, he has the Malice to speak some good or other of every Man of their Acquaintance.

The Reliefs of the Envious Man are those little Blemishes and Imperfections, that discover themselves in an Illustrious Character. It is matter of great Consolation to an Envious Person, when a Man of Known Honour does a thing Unworthy himself: Or when any Action which was well executed, upon better Information appears so alter'd in its Circumstances, that the Fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to One. This is a secret Satisfaction to these Malignants; for the Person whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own Condition as soon as his Merit is shared among others. I remember some Years ago there came out an Excellent Poem, without the Name of the Author. The little Wits, who were incapable of Writing it, began to pull in Pieces the supposed Writer. When that would not do, they took great Pains to suppress the Opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next Refuge was to say it was overlook'd by one Man, and many Pages wholly written by another. An honest Fellow, who sate among a Cluster of them in debate on this Subject, cryed out,

'Gentlemen, if you are sure none of you yourselves had an hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it.'

But the most usual Succour to the Envious, in cases of nameless Merit in this kind, is to keep the Property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the Reputation of it from falling upon any particular Person. You see an Envious Man clear up his Countenance, if in the Relation of any Man's Great Happiness in one Point, you mention his Uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns Pale, but recovers when you add that he has many Children. In a Word, the only sure Way to an Envious Man's Favour, is not to deserve it.

But if we consider the Envious Man in Delight, it is like reading the Seat of a Giant in a Romance; the Magnificence of his House consists in the many Limbs of Men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves Success in any Uncommon Undertaking miscarry in the Attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been Useful and Laudable, meets with Contempt and Derision, the Envious Man, under the Colour of hating Vainglory, can smile with an inward Wantonness of Heart at the ill Effect it may have upon an honest

Ambition for the future.

Having throughly considered the Nature of this Passion, I have made it my Study how to avoid the Envy that may acruë to me from these my Speculations; and if I am not mistaken in my self, I think I have a Genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a Coffee-house one of my Papers commended, I immediately apprehended the Envy that would spring from that Applause; and therefore gave a Description of my Face the next Day; [2] being resolved as I grow in Reputation for Wit, to resign my Pretensions to Beauty. This, I hope, may give some Ease to those unhappy Gentlemen, who do me the Honour to torment themselves upon the Account of this my Paper. As their Case is very deplorable, and deserves Compassion, I shall sometimes be dull, in Pity to them, and will from time to time administer Consolations to them by further Discoveries of my Person. In the meanwhile, if any one says the *Spectator* has Wit, it may be some Relief to them, to think that he does not show it in Company. And if any one praises his Morality they may comfort themselves by considering that his Face is none of the longest.

R.

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[Footnote 1:

We see likewise, the Scripture calleth Envy an Evil Eye: And the Astrologers call the evil influences of the stars, Evil Aspects; so that still there seemeth to be acknowledged, in the act of envy, an ejaculation or irradiation of the eye. Nay some have been so curious as to note that the times when the stroke or percussion of an envious eye doth most hurt, are, when the party envied is beheld in glory or triumph; for that sets an edge upon Envy; And besides, at such times, the spirits of the persons envied do come forth most into the outward parts, and so meet the blow.

'Bacon's Essays: IX. Of Envy'.]

[Footnote 2: In No. 17.]

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No. 20.] Friday, March 23, 1711. [Steele.

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[Greek: Kynos ommat' ech\_on ...]

Hom.

Among the other hardy Undertakings which I have proposed to my self, that of the Correction of Impudence is what I have very much at Heart. This in a particular Manner is my Province as SPECTATOR; for it is generally an Offence committed by the Eyes, and that against such as the Offenders would perhaps never have an Opportunity of injuring any other Way. The following Letter is a Complaint of a Young Lady, who sets forth a Trespass of this Kind with that Command of herself as befits Beauty and Innocence, and yet with so much Spirit as sufficiently expresses her Indignation. The whole Transaction is performed with the Eyes; and the Crime is no less than employing them in such a Manner, as to divert the Eyes of others from the best use they can make of them, even looking up to Heaven.

'SIR,

There never was (I believe) an acceptable Man, but had some awkward Imitators. Ever since the SPECTATOR appear'd, have I remarked a kind of Men, whom I choose to call *\_Starers\_*, that without any Regard to Time, Place, or Modesty, disturb a large Company with their impertinent Eyes. Spectators make up a proper Assembly for a Puppet-Show or a Bear-Garden; but devout Supplicants and attentive Hearers, are

the Audience one ought to expect in Churches. I am, Sir, Member of a small pious congregation near one of the North Gates of this City; much the greater Part of us indeed are Females, and used to behave our selves in a regular attentive Manner, till very lately one whole Isle has been disturbed with one of these monstrous *\_Starers\_*: He's the Head taller than any one in the Church; but for the greater Advantage of exposing himself, stands upon a Hassock, and commands the whole Congregation, to the great Annoyance of the devoutest part of the Auditory; for what with Blushing, Confusion, and Vexation, we can neither mind the Prayers nor Sermon. Your Animadversion upon this Insolence would be a great favour to,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

S. C.

I have frequently seen of this Sort of Fellows; and do not think there can be a greater Aggravation of an Offence, than that it is committed where the Criminal is protected by the Sacredness of the Place which he violates. Many Reflections of this Sort might be very justly made upon this Kind of Behaviour, but a *Starer* is not usually a Person to be convinced by the Reason of the thing; and a Fellow that is capable of showing an impudent Front before a whole Congregation, and can bear being a publick Spectacle, is not so easily rebuked as to amend by Admonitions. If therefore my Correspondent does not inform me, that within Seven Days after this Date the Barbarian does not at least stand upon his own Legs only, without an Eminence, my friend WILL. PROSPER has promised to take an Hassock opposite to him, and stare against him in Defence of the Ladies. I have given him Directions, according to the most exact Rules of Opticks, to place himself in such a Manner that he shall meet his Eyes wherever he throws them: I have Hopes that when WILL. confronts him, and all the Ladies, in whose Behalf he engages him, cast kind Looks and Wishes of Success at their Champion, he will have some Shame, and feel a little of the Pain he has so often put others to, of being out of Countenance.

It has indeed been Time out of Mind generally remarked, and as often lamented, that this Family of *Starers* have infested publick Assemblies: And I know no other Way to obviate so great an Evil, except, in the Case of fixing their Eyes upon Women, some Male Friend will take the Part of such as are under the Oppression of Impudence, and encounter the Eyes of the *Starers* wherever they meet them. While we suffer our Women to be thus impudently attacked, they have no Defence, but in the End to cast yielding Glances at the *\_Starers\_*: And in this Case, a Man who has no Sense of Shame has the same Advantage over his Mistress, as he who has no Regard for his own Life has over his Adversary. While the Generality of the World are fetter'd by Rules, and move by proper and just Methods, he who has no Respect to any of them, carries away the Reward due to that Propriety of Behaviour, with no other Merit but that of having neglected it.

I take an impudent Fellow to be a sort of Out-law in Good-Breeding, and therefore what is said of him no Nation or Person can be concerned for: For this Reason one may be free upon him. I have put my self to great Pains in considering this prevailing Quality which we call Impudence, and have taken Notice that it exerts it self in a different Manner, according to the different Soils wherein such Subjects of these Dominions as are Masters of it were born. Impudence in an Englishman is sullen and insolent, in a Scotchman it is untractable and rapacious, in an Irishman absurd and fawning: As the Course of the World now runs, the impudent Englishman behaves like a surly Landlord, the Scot, like an ill-received Guest, and the Irishman, like a Stranger who knows he is not welcome. There is seldom anything entertaining either in the Impudence of a South or North Briton; but that of an Irishman is always comick. A true and genuine Impudence is ever the Effect of Ignorance, without the least Sense of it. The best and most successful *Starers* now in this Town are of that Nation: They have usually the Advantage of the Stature mentioned in the above Letter of my Correspondent, and generally take their Stands in the Eye of Women of Fortune; insomuch that I have known one of them, three Months after he came from Plough, with a tolerable good Air lead out a Woman from a Play, which one of our own Breed, after four years at *Oxford* and two at the *\_Temple\_*, would have been

afraid to look at.

I cannot tell how to account for it, but these People have usually the Preference to our own Fools, in the Opinion of the sillier Part of Womankind. Perhaps it is that an English Coxcomb is seldom so obsequious as an Irish one; and when the Design of pleasing is visible, an Absurdity in the Way toward it is easily forgiven.

But those who are downright impudent, and go on without Reflection that they are such, are more to be tolerated, than a Set of Fellows among us who profess Impudence with an Air of Humour, and think to carry off the most inexcusable of all Faults in the World, with no other Apology than saying in a gay Tone, *I put an impudent Face upon the Matter*. No, no Man shall be allowed the Advantages of Impudence, who is conscious that he is such: If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwise; and it shall be expected that he blush, when he sees he makes another do it: For nothing can atone for the want of Modesty, without which Beauty is ungraceful, and Wit detestable.

R.

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No. 21. Saturday, March 24, 1711. [1] Addison.

'Locus est et phiribus Umbris.'

Hor.

I am sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great Professions of Divinity, Law, and Physick; how they are each of them over-burdened with Practitioners, and filled with Multitudes of Ingenious Gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the Clergy into Generals, Field-Officers, and Subalterns. Among the first we may reckon Bishops, Deans, and Arch-Deacons. Among the second are Doctors of Divinity, Prebendaries, and all that wear Scarfs. The rest are comprehended under the Subalterns. As for the first Class, our Constitution preserves it from any Redundancy of Incumbents, notwithstanding Competitors are numberless. Upon a strict Calculation, it is found that there has been a great Exceeding of late Years in the Second Division, several Brevets having been granted for the converting of Subalterns into Scarf-Officers; insomuch that within my Memory the price of Lute-string is raised above two Pence in a Yard. As for the Subalterns, they are not to be numbred. Should our Clergy once enter into the corrupt Practice of the Laity, by the splitting of their Free-holds, they would be able to carry most of the Elections in *England*.

The Body of the Law is no less encumbered with superfluous Members, that are like *\_Virgil's\_* Army, which he tells us was so crouded, [2] many of them had not Room to use their Weapons. This prodigious Society of Men may be divided into the Litigious and Peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in Coach-fulls to *\_Westminster-Hall\_* every Morning in Term-time. *\_Martial's\_* description of this Species of Lawyers is full of Humour:

'Iras et verba locant.'

Men that hire out their Words and Anger; that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their Client a quantity of Wrath proportionable to the Fee which they receive from him. I must, however, observe to the Reader, that above three Parts of those whom I reckon among the Litigious, are such as are only quarrelsome in their Hearts, and have no Opportunity of showing their Passion at the Bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what Strifes may arise, they appear at the Hall every Day, that they may show themselves in a Readiness to enter the Lists, whenever there shall be Occasion for them.

The Peaceable Lawyers are, in the first place, many of the Benchers of the several Inns of Court, who seem to be the Dignitaries of the Law, and are endowed with those Qualifications of Mind that accomplish a Man rather for a Ruler, than a Pleader. These Men live peaceably in their Habitations, Eating once a Day, and Dancing once a Year, [3] for the Honour of their Respective Societies.

Another numberless Branch of Peaceable Lawyers, are those young Men who being placed at the Inns of Court in order to study the Laws of their Country, frequent the Play-House more than \_Westminster-Hall\_, and are seen in all publick Assemblies, except in a Court of Justice. I shall say nothing of those Silent and Busie Multitudes that are employed within Doors in the drawing up of Writings and Conveyances; nor of those greater Numbers that palliate their want of Business with a Pretence to such Chamber-Practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the Profession of Physick, we shall find a most formidable Body of Men: The Sight of them is enough to make a Man serious, for we may lay it down as a Maxim, that When a Nation abounds in Physicians, it grows thin of People. Sir *William Temple* is very much puzzled to find a Reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious Swarms, and over-run the World with *Goths* and \_Vandals\_, as it did formerly; [4] but had that Excellent Author observed that there were no Students in Physick among the Subjects of *Thor* and \_Woden\_, and that this Science very much flourishes in the North at present, he might have found a better Solution for this Difficulty, than any of those he has made use of. This Body of Men, in our own Country, may be described like the *British Army* in \_Cæsar's\_ time: Some of them slay in Chariots, and some on Foot. If the Infantry do less Execution than the Charioteers, it is, because they cannot be carried so soon into all Quarters of the Town, and dispatch so much Business in so short a Time. Besides this Body of Regular Troops, there are Stragglers, who, without being duly listed and enrolled, do infinite Mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their Hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable Retainers to Physick, who, for want of other Patients, amuse themselves with the stifling of Cats in an Air Pump, cutting up Dogs alive, or impaling of Insects upon the point of a Needle for Microscopical Observations; besides those that are employed in the gathering of Weeds, and the Chase of Butterflies: Not to mention the Cockle-shell-Merchants and Spider-catchers.

When I consider how each of these Professions are crouded with Multitudes that seek their Livelihood in them, and how many Men of Merit there are in each of them, who may be rather said to be of the Science, than the Profession; I very much wonder at the Humour of Parents, who will not rather chuse to place their Sons in a way of Life where an honest Industry cannot but thrive, than in Stations where the greatest Probity, Learning and Good Sense may miscarry. How many Men are Country-Curates, that might have made themselves Aldermen of *London* by a right Improvement of a smaller Sum of Mony than what is usually laid out upon a learned Education? A sober, frugal Person, of slender Parts and a slow Apprehension, might have thrived in Trade, tho' he starves upon Physick; as a Man would be well enough pleased to buy Silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his Pulse. *Vagellius* is careful, studious and obliging, but withal a little thick-skull'd; he has not a single Client, but might have had abundance of Customers. The Misfortune is, that Parents take a Liking to a particular Profession, and therefore desire their Sons may be of it. Whereas, in so great an Affair of Life, they should consider the Genius and Abilities of their Children, more than their own Inclinations.

It is the great Advantage of a trading Nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in Stations of Life which may give them an Opportunity of making their Fortunes. A well-regulated Commerce is not, like Law, Physick or Divinity, to be overstocked with Hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by Multitudes, and gives Employment to all its Professors. Fleets of Merchantmen are so many Squadrons of floating Shops, that vend our Wares and Manufactures in all the Markets of the World, and find out Chapmen under both the Tropicks.

[Footnote 1: At this time, and until the establishment of New Style, from 1752, the legal year began in England on the 25th of March, while legally in Scotland, and by common usage throughout the whole kingdom, the customary year began on the 1st of January. The *Spectator* dated its years, according to custom, from the first of January; and so wrote its first date March 1, 1711. But we have seen letters in it dated in a way often adopted to avoid confusion (1710–11) which gave both the legal and the customary reckoning. March 24 being the last day of the legal year 1710, in the following papers, until December 31, the year is 1711 both by law and custom. Then again until March 24, while usage will be recognizing a new year, 1712, it will be still for England (but not for Scotland) 1711 to the lawyers. The reform initiated by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582, and not accepted for England and Ireland until 1751, had been adopted by Scotland from the 1st of January, 1600.

[This reform was necessary to make up for the inadequate shortness of the previous calendar (relative to the solar year), which had resulted in some months' discrepancy by the eighteenth century.]

[Footnote 2: [that]

[Footnote 3: In Dugdale's 'Origines Juridiciales' we read how in the Middle Temple, on All Saints' Day, when the judges and serjeants who had belonged to the Inn were feasted,

'the music being begun, the Master of the Revels was twice called. At the second call, the Reader with the white staff advanced, and began to lead the measures, followed by the barristers and students in order; and when one measure was ended, the Reader at the cupboard called for another.']

[Footnote 4: See Sir W. Temple's Essay on Heroic Virtue, Section 4.

'This part of Scythia, in its whole Northern extent, I take to have been the vast Hive out of which issued so many mighty swarms of barbarous nations,' &c. And again, 'Each of these countries was like a mighty hive, which, by the vigour of propagation and health of climate, growing too full of people, threw out some new swarm at certain periods of time, that took wing and sought out some new abode, expelling or subduing the old inhabitants, and seating themselves in their rooms, if they liked the conditions of place and commodities of life they met with; if not, going on till they found some other more agreeable to their present humours and dispositions.' He attributes their successes and their rapid propagation to the greater vigour of life in the northern climates; and the only reason he gives for the absence of like effects during the continued presence of like causes is, that Christianity abated their enthusiasm and allayed 'the restless humour of perpetual wars and actions.']

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No. 22. Monday, March 26, 1711. Steele.

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'Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.'

Hor.

The word *Spectator* being most usually understood as one of the Audience at Publick Representations in our Theatres, I seldom fail of many Letters relating to Plays and Operas. But, indeed, there are such monstrous things done in both, that if one had not been an Eye-witness of them, one could not believe that such Matters had really been exhibited. There is very little which concerns human Life, or is a Picture of Nature, that is regarded by the greater Part of the Company. The Understanding is dismissed from our Entertainments. Our Mirth is the Laughter of Fools, and our Admiration the Wonder of Idiots; else such improbable, monstrous, and incoherent Dreams could not go off as they do, not only without the utmost Scorn and Contempt, but even with the loudest Applause and Approbation. But the Letters of my Correspondents will represent this Affair in

a more lively Manner than any Discourse of my own; I [shall therefore [1] ] give them to my Reader with only this Preparation, that they all come from Players, [and that the business of Playing is now so managed that you are not to be surprised when I say] one or two of [them [2]] are rational, others sensitive and vegetative Actors, and others wholly inanimate. I shall not place these as I have named them, but as they have Precedence in the Opinion of their Audiences.

"Mr. SPECTATOR,

Your having been so humble as to take Notice of the Epistles of other Animals, emboldens me, who am the wild Boar that was killed by Mrs. *Tofts*, [3] to represent to you, That I think I was hardly used in not having the Part of the Lion in '*Hydaspes*' given to me. It would have been but a natural Step for me to have personated that noble Creature, after having behaved my self to Satisfaction in the Part above-mention'd: But that of a Lion, is too great a Character for one that never trod the Stage before but upon two Legs. As for the little Resistance which I made, I hope it may be excused, when it is considered that the Dart was thrown at me by so fair an Hand. I must confess I had but just put on my Brutality; and *Camilla's* charms were such, that b-holding her erect Mien, hearing her charming Voice, and astonished with her graceful Motion, I could not keep up to my assumed Fierceness, but died like a Man.

I am Sir,

Your most humble Servan.,

Thomas Prone."

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"Mr. SPECTATOR,

This is to let you understand, that the Play-House is a Representation of the World in nothing so much as in this Particular, That no one rises in it according to his Merit. I have acted several Parts of Household-stuff with great Applause for many Years: I am one of the Men in the Hangings in the *Emperour of the Moon*; [4] I have twice performed the third Chair in an English Opera; and have rehearsed the Pump in the *Fortune-Hunters*. [5] I am now grown old, and hope you will recommend me so effectually, as that I may say something before I go off the Stage: In which you will do a great Act of Charity to

Your most humble servant,

William Serene."

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"Mr. SPECTATOR,

Understanding that Mr. *Serene* has writ to you, and desired to be raised from dumb and still Parts; I desire, if you give him Motion or Speech, that you would advance me in my Way, and let me keep on in what I humbly presume I am a Master, to wit, in representing human and still Life together. I have several times acted one of the finest Flower-pots in the same Opera wherein Mr. *Serene* is a Chair; therefore, upon his promotion, request that I may succeed him in the Hangings, with my Hand in the Orange-Trees.

Your humble servant,

Ralph Simple."

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"Drury Lane, March 24, 1710-11.

SIR,

I saw your Friend the Templar this Evening in the Pit, and thought he looked very little pleased with the Representation of the mad Scene of the *Pilgrim*. I wish, Sir, you would do us the Favour to animadvert frequently upon the false Taste the Town is in, with Relation to Plays as well as Operas. It certainly requires a Degree of Understanding to play justly; but such is our Condition, that we are to suspend our Reason to perform our Parts. As to Scenes of Madness, you know, Sir, there are noble Instances of this Kind in *\_Shakespear\_*; but then it is the Disturbance of a noble Mind, from generous and humane Resentments: It is like that Grief which we have for the decease of our Friends: It is no Diminution, but a Recommendation of humane Nature, that in such Incidents Passion gets the better of Reason; and all we can think to comfort ourselves, is impotent against half what we feel. I will not mention that we had an Idiot in the Scene, and all the Sense it is represented to have, is that of Lust. As for my self, who have long taken Pains in personating the Passions, I have to Night acted only an Appetite: The part I play'd is Thirst, but it is represented as written rather by a Drayman than a Poet. I come in with a Tub about me, that Tub hung with Quart-pots; with a full Gallon at my Mouth. [6] I am ashamed to tell you that I pleased very much, and this was introduced as a Madness; but sure it was not humane Madness, for a Mule or an [ass [7]] may have been as dry as ever I was in my Life.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient And humble servant."

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"From the Savoy in the Strand.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

If you can read it with dry Eyes, I give you this trouble to acquaint you, that I am the unfortunate King *\_Latinus\_*, and believe I am the first Prince that dated from this Palace since *John of Gaunt*. Such is the Uncertainty of all human Greatness, that I who lately never moved without a Guard, am now pressed as a common Soldier, and am to sail with the first fair Wind against my Brother *Lewis of France*. It is a very hard thing to put off a Character which one has appeared in with Applause: This I experienced since the Loss of my Diadem; for, upon quarrelling with another Recruit, I spoke my Indignation out of my Part in *\_recitativo\_*:

... Most audacious Slave, Dar'st thou an angry Monarch's Fury brave? [8]

The Words were no sooner out of my Mouth, when a Serjeant knock'd me down, and ask'd me if I had a Mind to Mutiny, in talking things no Body understood. You see, Sir, my unhappy Circumstances; and if by your Mediation you can procure a Subsidy for a Prince (who never failed to make all that beheld him merry at his Appearance) you will merit the Thanks of

Your friend,

The King of *Latium*."

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[Footnote 1: therefore shall]

[Footnote 2: whom]

[Footnote 3: In the opera of 'Camilla':

Camilla: That Dorindas my Name.

Linco: Well, I knowt, Ill take care.

Camilla: And my Life scarce of late—

Linco: You need not repeat.

Prenesto: Help me! oh help me!

[A wild Boar struck by Prenesto.]

Huntsman: Lets try to assist him.

Linco: Ye Gods, what Alarm!

Huntsman: Quick run to his aid.

[Enter Prenesto: The Boar pursuing him.]

Prenesto: O Heavns! who defends me?

Camilla: My Arm.

[She throws a Dart, and kills the Boar.]

Linco: Dorinda of nothing afraid, Shes sprightly and gay, a valiant Maid, And as bright as the Day.

Camilla: Take Courage, Hunter, the Savage is dead.

Katherine Tofts, the daughter of a person in the family of Bishop Burnet, had great natural charms of voice, person, and manner. Playing with Nicolini, singing English to his Italian, she was the first of our 'prime donne' in Italian Opera. Mrs. Tofts had made much money when in 1709 she quitted the stage with disordered intellect; her voice being then unbroken, and her beauty in the height of its bloom. Having recovered health, she married Mr. Joseph Smith, a rich patron of arts and collector of books and engravings, with whom she went to Venice, when he was sent thither as English Consul. Her madness afterwards returned, she lived, therefore, says Sir J. Hawkins,

'sequestered from the world in a remote part of the house, and had a large garden to range in, in which she would frequently walk, singing and giving way to that innocent frenzy which had seized her in the earlier part of her life.'

She identified herself with the great princesses whose loves and sorrows she had represented in her youth, and died about the year 1760.]

[Footnote 4: The 'Emperor of the Moon' is a farce, from the French, by Mrs. Aphra Behn, first acted in London in 1687. It was originally Italian, and had run 80 nights in Paris as 'Harlequin l'Empereur dans le Monde de la Lune'. In Act II. sc. 3,

'The Front of the Scene is only a Curtain or Hangings to be drawn up at Pleasure.'

Various gay masqueraders, interrupted by return of the Doctor, are carried by Scaramouch behind the curtain. The Doctor enters in wrath, vowing he has heard fiddles. Presently the curtain is drawn up and discovers where Scaramouch has

'plac'd them all in the Hanging in which they make the Figures, where they stand without Motion in Postures.'

Scaramouch professes that the noise was made by putting up this piece of Tapestry,

'the best in Italy for the Rareness of the Figures, sir.'

While the Doctor is admiring the new tapestry, said to have been sent him as a gift, Harlequin, who is

'placed on a Tree in the Hangings, hits him on the 'Head with his Truncheon.'

The place of a particular figure in the picture, with a hand on a tree, is that supposed to be aspired to by the 'Spectator's' next correspondent.]

[Footnote 5: 'The Fortune Hunters, or Two Fools Well Met,' a Comedy first produced in 1685, was the only work of James Carlile, a player who quitted the stage to serve King William III. in the Irish Wars, and was killed at the battle of Aghrim. The crowning joke of the second Act of 'the Fortune Hunters' is the return at night of Mr. Spruce, an Exchange man, drunk and musical, to the garden-door of his house, when Mrs. Spruce is just taking leave of young Wealthy. Wealthy hides behind the pump. The drunken husband, who has been in a gutter, goes to the pump to clean himself, and seizes a man's arm instead of a pump-handle. He works it as a pump-handle, and complains that 'the pump's dry;' upon which Young Wealthy empties a bottle of orange-flower water into his face.]

[Footnote 6: In the third act of Fletcher's comedy of the 'Pilgrim', Pedro, the Pilgrim, a noble gentleman, has shown to him the interior of a Spanish mad-house, and discovers in it his mistress Alinda, who, disguised in a boy's dress, was found in the town the night before a little crazed, distracted, and so sent thither. The scene here shows various shapes of madness,

Some of pity That it would make ye melt to see their passions, And some as light again.

One is an English madman who cries, 'Give me some drink,'

Fill me a thousand pots and froth 'em, froth 'em!

Upon which a keeper says:

Those English are so malt-mad, there's no meddling with 'em. When they've a fruitful year of barley there, All the whole Island's thus.

We read in the text how they had produced on the stage of Drury Lane that madman on the previous Saturday night; this Essay appearing on the breakfast tables upon Monday morning.]

[Footnote 7: horse]

[Footnote 8: King Latinus to Turnus in Act II., sc. 10, of the opera of 'Camilla'. Posterity will never know in whose person 'Latinus, king of Latium and of the Volscians,' abdicated his crown at the opera to take the Queen of England's shilling. It is the only character to which, in the opera book, no name of a performer is attached. It is a part of sixty or seventy lines in tyrant's vein; but all recitative. The King of Latium was not once called upon for a song.]

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ADVERTISEMENT.

For the Good of the Publick.

Within two Doors of the Masquerade lives an eminent Italian Chirurgeon, arriv'd from the Carnival at Venice, of great Experience in private Cures. Accommodations are provided, and Persons admitted in their masquing Habits.

He has cur'd since his coming thither, in less than a Fortnight, Four Scaramouches, a Mountebank Doctor, Two Turkish Bassas, Three Nuns, and a Morris Dancer.

'Venienti occurrite morbo.'

N. B. Any Person may agree by the Great, and be kept in Repair by the Year. The Doctor draws Teeth without pulling off your Mask.

R.

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No. 23. Tuesday, March 27, 1711 [1] Addison.

Savit atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam Auctorem nec quo se ardens immittere possit.

Vir.

There is nothing that more betrays a base, ungenerous Spirit, than the giving of secret Stabs to a Man's Reputation. Lampoons and Satyrs, that are written with Wit and Spirit, are like poison'd Darts, which not only inflict a Wound, but make it incurable. For this Reason I am very much troubled when I see the Talents of Humour and Ridicule in the Possession of an ill-natured Man. There cannot be a greater Gratification to a barbarous and inhuman Wit, than to stir up Sorrow in the Heart of a private Person, to raise Uneasiness among near Relations, and to expose whole Families to Derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the Accomplishments of being Witty and Ill-natured, a Man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most mischievous Creatures that can enter into a Civil Society. His Satyr will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, Merit, and every thing that is Praise-worthy, will be made the Subject of Ridicule and Buffoonry. It is impossible to enumerate the Evils which arise from these Arrows that fly in the dark, and I know no other Excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the Wounds they give are only Imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret Shame or Sorrow in the Mind of the suffering Person. It must indeed be confess'd, that a Lampoon or a Satyr do not carry in them Robbery or Murder; but at the same time, how many are there that would not rather lose a considerable Sum of Money, or even Life it self, than be set up as a Mark of Infamy and Derision? And in this Case a Man should consider, that an Injury is not to be measured by the Notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Those who can put the best Countenance upon the Outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their secret Anguish. I have often observed a Passage in *Socrates's* Behaviour at his Death, in a Light wherein none of the Criticks have considered it. That excellent Man, entertaining his Friends a little before he drank the Bowl of Poison with a Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, at his entering upon it says, that he does not believe any the most Comick Genius can censure him for talking upon such a Subject at such a Time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon *Aristophanes*, who writ a Comedy on purpose to ridicule the Discourses of that Divine Philosopher: [2] It has been observed by many Writers, that *Socrates* was so little moved at this piece of Buffoonry, that he was several times present at its being acted upon the Stage, and never expressed the least Resentment of it. But, with Submission, I think the Remark I have here made shows us, that this unworthy Treatment made an impression upon his Mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

When *Julius Caesar* was Lampon'd by *Catullus*, he invited him to a Supper, and treated him with such a generous Civility, that he made the Poet his friend ever after. [3] Cardinal *Mazarine* gave the same kind of Treatment to the learned *Quillet*, who had reflected upon his Eminence in a famous Latin Poem. The Cardinal sent for him, and, after some kind Expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his Esteem, and dismissed him with a Promise of the next good Abby that should fall, which he accordingly conferr'd upon him in a few Months after. This had so good an Effect upon the Author, that he dedicated the second Edition of his Book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the Passages which had given him offence. [4]

*Sextus Quintus* was not of so generous and forgiving a Temper. Upon his being made Pope, the statue of *Pasquin* was one Night dressed in a very dirty Shirt, with an Excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul Linnen, because his Laundress was made a Princess. This was a Reflection upon the Pope's Sister, who, before the Promotion of her Brother, was in those mean Circumstances that *Pasquin* represented her. As this Pasquinade made a great noise in *Rome*, the Pope offered a Considerable Sum of Mony to any Person that should discover the Author of it. The Author, relying upon his Holiness's Generosity, as also on some private Overtures which he had received from him, made the Discovery himself; upon which the Pope gave him the Reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the Satyrist for the future, ordered his Tongue to be cut out, and both his Hands to be chopped off. [5] *Aretine* [6] is too trite an instance. Every

one knows that all the Kings of Europe were his tributaries. Nay, there is a Letter of his extant, in which he makes his Boasts that he had laid the Sophi of *Persia* under Contribution.

Though in the various Examples which I have here drawn together, these several great Men behaved themselves very differently towards the Wits of the Age who had reproached them, they all of them plainly showed that they were very sensible of their Reproaches, and consequently that they received them as very great Injuries. For my own part, I would never trust a Man that I thought was capable of giving these secret Wounds, and cannot but think that he would hurt the Person, whose Reputation he thus assaults, in his Body or in his Fortune, could he do it with the same Security. There is indeed something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary Scriblers of Lampoons. An Innocent young Lady shall be exposed, for an unhappy Feature. A Father of a Family turn'd to Ridicule, for some domestick Calamity. A Wife be made uneasy all her Life, for a misinterpreted Word or Action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a just Man, shall be put out of Countenance, by the Representation of those Qualities that should do him Honour. So pernicious a thing is Wit, when it is not tempered with Virtue and Humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedless, inconsiderate Writers, that without any Malice have sacrificed the Reputation of their Friends and Acquaintance to a certain Levity of Temper, and a silly Ambition of distinguishing themselves by a Spirit of Raillery and Satyr: As if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a Good-natured Man than a Wit. Where there is this little petulant Humour in an Author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which Reason I always lay it down as a Rule, that an indiscreet Man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the former will only attack his Enemies, and those he wishes ill to, the other injures indifferently both Friends and Foes. I cannot forbear, on this occasion, transcribing a Fable out of Sir *Roger l'Estrange*, [7] which accidentally lies before me.

'A company of Waggish Boys were watching of Frogs at the side of a Pond, and still as any of 'em put up their Heads, they'd be pelting them down again with Stones. *Children* (says one of the Frogs), *'you never consider that though this may be Play to you, 'tis Death to us.'*

As this Week is in a manner set apart and dedicated to Serious Thoughts, [8] I shall indulge my self in such Speculations as may not be altogether unsuitable to the Season; and in the mean time, as the settling in our selves a Charitable Frame of Mind is a Work very proper for the Time, I have in this Paper endeavoured to expose that particular Breach of Charity which has been generally over-looked by Divines, because they are but few who can be guilty of it.

C.

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[Footnote 1: At the top of this paper in a 12mo copy of the *Spectator*, published in 1712, and annotated by a contemporary Spanish merchant, is written, 'The character of Dr Swift.' This proves that the writer of the note had an ill opinion of Dr Swift and a weak sense of the purport of what he read. Swift, of course, understood what he read. At this time he was fretting under the sense of a chill in friendship between himself and Addison, but was enjoying his *Spectators*. A week before this date, on the 16th of March, he wrote,

'Have you seen the 'Spectators' yet, a paper that comes out every day? It is written by Mr. Steele, who seems to have gathered new life and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his 'Tatlers', and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club.'

Then he adds a complaint of the chill in their friendship. A month after the date of this paper Swift wrote in his journal,

'The 'Spectator' is written by Steele with Addison's help; 'tis often very pretty.'

Later in the year, in June and September, he records dinner and supper with his friends of old time, and says of Addison,

'I yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is.']

[Footnote 2: 'Plato's Phaedon', § 40. The ridicule of Socrates in 'The Clouds' of Aristophanes includes the accusation that he displaced Zeus and put in his place Dinos,—Rotation. When Socrates, at the point of death, assents to the request that he should show grounds for his faith

'that when the man is dead, the soul exists and retains thought and power,' Plato represents him as suggesting: Not the sharpest censor 'could say that in now discussing such matters, I am dealing with what does not concern me.']

[Footnote 3: The bitter attack upon Cæsar and his parasite Mamurra was not withdrawn, but remains to us as No. 29 of the Poems of Catullus. The doubtful authority for Cæsar's answer to it is the statement in the Life of Julius Cæsar by Suetonius that, on the day of its appearance, Catullus apologized and was invited to supper; Cæsar abiding also by his old familiar friendship with the poet's father. This is the attack said to be referred to in one of Cicero's letters to Atticus (the last of Bk. XIII.), in which he tells how Cæsar was

'after the eighth hour in the bath; then he heard *De Mamurrâ*; did not change countenance; was anointed; lay down; took an emetic.']

[Footnote 4: Claude Quillet published a Latin poem in four books, entitled '*Callipædia*, seu de pulchræ prolis habendâ ratione,' at Leyden, under the name of Calvidius Lætus, in 1655. In discussing unions harmonious and inharmonious he digressed into an invective against marriages of Powers, when not in accordance with certain conditions; and complained that France entered into such unions prolific only of ill, witness her gift of sovereign power to a Sicilian stranger.

'Trinacriis devectus ab oris advena.'

Mazarin, though born at Rome, was of Sicilian family. In the second edition, published at Paris in 1656, dedicated to the cardinal Mazarin, the passages complained of were omitted for the reason and with the result told in the text; the poet getting 'une jolie Abbaye de 400 pistoles,' which he enjoyed until his death (aged 59) in 1661.]

[Footnote 5: Pasquino is the name of a torso, perhaps of Menelaus supporting the dead body of Patroclus, in the Piazza di Pasquino in Rome, at the corner of the Braschi Palace. To this modern Romans affixed their scoffs at persons or laws open to ridicule or censure. The name of the statue is accounted for by the tradition that there was in Rome, at the beginning of the 16th century, a cobbler or tailor named Pasquino, whose humour for sharp satire made his stall a place of common resort for the idle, who would jest together at the passers-by. After Pasquino's death his stall was removed, and in digging up its floor there was found the broken statue of a gladiator. In this, when it was set up, the gossips who still gathered there to exercise their wit, declared that Pasquino lived again. There was a statue opposite to it called Marforio—perhaps because it had been brought from the Forum of Mars—with which the statue of Pasquin used to hold witty conversation; questions affixed to one receiving soon afterwards salted answers on the other. It was in answer to Marforio's question, Why he wore a dirty shirt? that Pasquin's statue gave the answer cited in the text, when, in 1585, Pope Sixtus V. had brought to Rome, and lodged there in great state, his sister Camilla, who had been a laundress and was married to a carpenter. The Pope's bait for catching the offender was promise of life and a thousand doubloons if he declared himself, death on the gallows if his name were disclosed by another.]

[Footnote 6: The satirist Pietro d'Arezzo (Aretino), the most famous among twenty of the name, was in his youth banished from Arezzo for satire of the Indulgence trade of Leo XI. But he throve instead of suffering by his audacity of bitterness, and rose to honour as the Scourge of Princes, *\_il Flagello de' Principi\_*. Under Clement VII. he was at Rome in the Pope's service. Francis I of France gave him a gold chain. Emperor Charles V gave him a pension of 200 scudi. He died in 1557, aged 66, called by himself and his compatriots, though his wit often was beastly, Aretino 'the divine.']

[Footnote 7: From the 'Fables of Æsop and other eminent Mythologists, with 'Morals and Reflections. By Sir Roger l'Estrange.' The vol. contains Fables of Æsop, Barlandus, Anianus, Abstemius, Poggio the Florentine, Miscellany from a Common School Book, and a Supplement of Fables out of several authors, in which last section is that of the Boys and Frogs, which Addison has copied out verbatim. Sir R. l'Estrange had died in 1704, aged 88.]

[Footnote 8: Easter Day in 1711 fell on the 1st of April.]

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No. 24. Wednesday, March 28, 1711. Steele.

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Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum; Arreptaque manu, Quid agis dulcissime rerum?

Hor.

There are in this Town a great Number of insignificant People, who are by no means fit for the better sort of Conversation, and yet have an impertinent Ambition of appearing with those to whom they are not welcome. If you walk in the *\_Park\_*, one of them will certainly joyn with you, though you are in Company with Ladies; if you drink a Bottle, they will find your Haunts. What makes [such Fellows [1]] the more burdensome is, that they neither offend nor please so far as to be taken Notice of for either. It is, I presume, for this Reason that my Correspondents are willing by my Means to be rid of them. The two following Letters are writ by Persons who suffer by such Impertinence. A worthy old Batchelour, who sets in for his Dose of Claret every Night at such an Hour, is teized by a Swarm of them; who because they are sure of Room and good Fire, have taken it in their Heads to keep a sort of Club in his Company; tho' the sober Gentleman himself is an utter Enemy to such Meetings.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Aversion I for some Years have had to Clubs in general, gave me a perfect Relish for your Speculation on that Subject; but I have since been extremely mortified, by the malicious World's ranking me amongst the Supporters of such impertinent Assemblies. I beg Leave to state my Case fairly; and that done, I shall expect Redress from your judicious Pen.

I am, Sir, a Batchelour of some standing, and a Traveller; my Business, to consult my own Humour, which I gratify without controuling other People's; I have a Room and a whole Bed to myself; and I have a Dog, a Fiddle, and a Gun; they please me, and injure no Creature alive. My chief Meal is a Supper, which I always make at a Tavern. I am constant to an Hour, and not ill-humour'd; for which Reasons, tho' I invite no Body, I have no sooner supp'd, than I have a Crowd about me of that sort of good Company that know not whither else to go. It is true every Man pays his Share, yet as they are Intruders, I have an undoubted Right to be the only Speaker, or at least the loudest; which I maintain, and that to the great Emolument of my Audience. I sometimes tell them their own in pretty free Language; and sometimes divert them with merry Tales, according as I am in Humour. I am one of those who live in Taverns to a great Age, by a sort of regular Intemperance; I never go to Bed drunk, but always flustered; I wear away very gently; am apt to be peevish, but never angry. Mr. SPECTATOR, if you have kept various Company, you know there is in every Tavern in Town some old Humourist or other, who is Master of the House as much as he that keeps it. The Drawers are all in Awe of him; and all the Customers who frequent his Company, yield him a sort of comical Obedience. I do not know but I may be such a Fellow as this my self. But I appeal to you, whether this is to be called a Club, because so many Impertinents will break in upon me, and come without Appointment? 'Clinch of Barnet' [2] has a nightly Meeting, and shows to every one that will come in and pay; but then he is the only Actor. Why should People miscall things?

If his is allowed to be a Consort, why mayn't mine be a Lecture? However, Sir, I submit it to you, and am,

Sir,

Your most obedient, Etc.

Tho. Kimbow.'

\* \* \*

Good Sir,

'You and I were press'd against each other last Winter in a Crowd, in which uneasy Posture we suffer'd together for almost Half an Hour. I thank you for all your Civilities ever since, in being of my Acquaintance wherever you meet me. But the other Day you pulled off your Hat to me in the \_Park\_, when I was walking with my Mistress: She did not like your Air, and said she wonder'd what strange Fellows I was acquainted with. Dear Sir, consider it is as much as my Life is Worth, if she should think we were intimate; therefore I earnestly intreat you for the Future to take no Manner of Notice of,

Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,

Will. Fashion.'

[A like [3]] Impertinence is also very troublesome to the superior and more intelligent Part of the fair Sex. It is, it seems, a great Inconvenience, that those of the meanest Capacities will pretend to make Visits, tho' indeed they are qualify'd rather to add to the Furniture of the House (by filling an empty Chair) than to the Conversation they come into when they visit. A Friend of mine hopes for Redress in this Case, by the

Publication of her Letter in my Paper; which she thinks those she would be rid of will take to themselves. It seems to be written with an Eye to one of those pert giddy unthinking Girls, who, upon the Recommendation only of an agreeable Person and a fashionable Air, take themselves to be upon a Level with Women of the greatest Merit.

Madam,

I take this Way to acquaint you with what common Rules and Forms would never permit me to tell you otherwise; to wit, that you and I, tho' Equals in Quality and Fortune, are by no Means suitable Companions. You are, 'tis true, very pretty, can dance, and make a very good Figure in a publick Assembly; but alas, Madam, you must go no further; Distance and Silence are your best Recommendations; therefore let me beg of you never to make me any more Visits. You come in a literal Sense to see one, for you have nothing to say. I do not say this that I would by any Means lose your Acquaintance; but I would keep it up with the Strictest Forms of good Breeding. Let us pay Visits, but never see one another: If you will be so good as to deny your self always to me, I shall return the Obligation by giving the same Orders to my Servants. When Accident makes us meet at a third Place, we may mutually lament the Misfortune of never finding one another at home, go in the same Party to a Benefit-Play, and smile at each other and put down Glasses as we pass in our Coaches. Thus we may enjoy as much of each others Friendship as we are capable: For there are some People who are to be known only by Sight, with which sort of Friendship I hope you will always honour,

Madam, Your most obedient humble Servant, Mary Tuesday.

P.S. I subscribe my self by the Name of the Day I keep, that my supernumerary Friends may know who I am.

[Footnote 1: these People]

[Footnote 2: Clinch of Barnet, whose place of performance was at the corner of Bartholomew Lane, behind the Royal Exchange, imitated, according to his own advertisement,

'the Horses, the Huntsmen and a Pack of Hounds, a Sham Doctor, an old Woman, the Bells, the Flute, the Double Curtell (or bassoon) and the Organ,—all with his own Natural Voice, to the greatest perfection.'

The price of admission was a shilling.]

[Footnote 3: This]

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#### ADVERTISEMENT.

To prevent all Mistakes that may happen among Gentlemen of the other End of the Town, who come but once a Week to St. \_James's\_ Coffee-house, either by miscalling the Servants, or requiring such things from them as are not properly within their respective Provinces; this is to give Notice, that \_Kidney,\_ Keeper of the Book-Debts of the outlying Customers, and Observer of those who go off without paying, having resigned that Employment, is succeeded by \_John Sowton\_; to whose Place of Enterer of Messages and first Coffee-Grinder, *William Bird* is promoted; and *Samuel Burdock* comes as Shooe-Cleaner in the Room of the said *Bird*.

R.

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No. 25. Thursday, March 29, 1711. Addison.

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... Ægrescitque medendo.

Vir.

The following Letter will explain it self, and needs no Apology.

SIR,

I am one of that sickly Tribe who are commonly known by the Name of *\_Valetudinarians\_*, and do confess to you, that I first contracted this ill Habit of Body, or rather of Mind, by the Study of Physick. I no sooner began to peruse Books of this Nature, but I found my Pulse was irregular, and scarce ever read the Account of any Disease that I did not fancy my self afflicted with. Dr. *\_Sydenham's\_* learned Treatise of Fevers [1] threw me into a lingring Hectick, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent Piece. I then applied my self to the Study of several Authors, who have written upon Phthisical Distempers, and by that means fell into a Consumption, till at length, growing very fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that Imagination. Not long after this I found in my self all the Symptoms of the Gout, except Pain, but was cured of it by a Treatise upon the Gravel, written by a very Ingenious Author, who (as it is usual for Physicians to convert one Distemper into another) eased me of the Gout by giving me the Stone. I at length studied my self into a Complication of Distempers; but accidentally taking into my Hand that Ingenious Discourse written by *\_Sanctorius\_*, [2] I was resolved to direct my self by a Scheme of Rules, which I had collected from his Observations. The Learned World are very well acquainted with that Gentleman's Invention; who, for the better carrying on of his Experiments, contrived a certain Mathematical Chair, which was so Artificially hung upon Springs, that it would weigh any thing as well as a Pair of Scales. By this means he discovered how many Ounces of his Food pass'd by Perspiration, what quantity of it was turned into Nourishment, and how much went away by the other Channels and Distributions of Nature.

Having provided myself with this Chair, I used to Study, Eat, Drink, and Sleep in it; insomuch that I may be said, for these three last Years, to have lived in a Pair of Scales. I compute my self, when I am in full Health, to be precisely Two Hundred Weight, falling short of it about a Pound after a Day's Fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full Meal; so that it is my continual Employment, to trim the Ballance between these two Volatile Pounds in my Constitution. In my ordinary Meals I fetch my self up to two Hundred Weight and [a half pound [3]]; and if after having dined I find my self fall short of it, I drink just so much Small Beer, or eat such a quantity of Bread, as is sufficient to make me weight. In my greatest Excesses I do not transgress more than the other half Pound; which, for my Healths sake, I do the first *Monday* in every Month. As soon as I find my self duly poised after Dinner, I walk till I have perspired five Ounces and four Scruples; and when I discover, by my Chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my Books, and Study away three Ounces more. As for the remaining Parts of the Pound, I keep no account of them. I do not dine and sup by the Clock, but by my Chair, for when that informs me my Pound of Food is exhausted I conclude my self to be hungry, and lay in another with all Diligence. In my Days of Abstinence I lose a Pound and an half, and on solemn Fasts am two Pound lighter than on other Days in the Year.

I allow my self, one Night with another, a Quarter of a Pound of Sleep within a few Grains more or less; and if upon my rising I find that I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my Chair. Upon an exact Calculation of what I expended and received the last Year, which I always register in a Book, I find the Medium to be two hundred weight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one Ounce in my Health during a whole Twelvemonth. And yet, Sir, notwithstanding this my great care to ballast my self equally every Day, and to keep my Body in its proper Poise, so it is that I find my self in a sick and languishing Condition. My Complexion is grown very sallow, my Pulse low, and my Body Hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to consider me as your Patient, and to give me more certain Rules to walk by than those I have already observed, and you will very much oblige

*Your Humble Servant.'*

This Letter puts me in mind of an *Italian* Epitaph written on the Monument of a Valetudinarian; 'Stavo ben, ma per star Meglio, sto qui': Which it is impossible to translate. [4] The Fear of Death often proves mortal, and sets People on Methods to save their Lives, which infallibly destroy them. This is a Reflection made by some Historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a Flight than in a Battel, and may be applied to those Multitudes of Imaginary Sick Persons that break their Constitutions by Physick, and throw themselves into the Arms of Death, by endeavouring to escape it. This Method is not only dangerous, but below the Practice of a Reasonable Creature. To consult the Preservation of Life, as the only End of it, To make our Health our Business, To engage in no Action that is not part of a Regimen, or course of Physick, are Purposes so abject, so mean, so unworthy human Nature, that a generous Soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides that a continual Anxiety for Life vitiates all the Relishes of it, and casts a Gloom over the whole Face of Nature; as it is impossible we should take Delight in any thing that we are every Moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due Care of their Health. On the contrary, as Cheerfulness of Mind, and Capacity for Business, are in a great measure the Effects of a well-tempered Constitution, a Man cannot be at too much Pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this Care, which we are prompted to, not only by common Sense, but by Duty and Instinct, should never engage us in groundless Fears, melancholly Apprehensions and imaginary Distempers, which are natural to every Man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In short, the Preservation of Life should be only a secondary Concern, and the Direction of it our Principal. If we have this Frame of Mind, we shall take the best Means to preserve Life, without being over-sollicitous about the Event; and shall arrive at that Point of Felicity which *Martial* has mentioned as the Perfection of Happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for Death.

In answer to the Gentleman, who tempers his Health by Ounces and by Scruples, and instead of complying with those natural Sollicitations of Hunger and Thirst, Drowsiness or Love of Exercise, governs himself by the Prescriptions of his Chair, I shall tell him a short Fable.

*Jupiter*, says the Mythologist, to reward the Piety of a certain Country-man, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The Country-man desired that he might have the Management of the Weather in his own Estate: He obtained his Request, and immediately distributed Rain, Snow, and Sunshine, among his several Fields, as he thought the Nature of the Soil required. At the end of the Year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary Crop, his Harvest fell infinitely short of that of his Neighbours: Upon which (says the fable) he desired *Jupiter* to take the Weather again into his own Hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruin himself.

C.

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[Footnote 1: Dr. Thomas Sydenham died in 1689, aged 65. He was the friend of Boyle and Locke, and has sometimes been called the English Hippocrates; though brethren of an older school endeavoured, but in vain, to banish him as a heretic out of the College of Physicians. His 'Methodus Curandi Febres' was first published in 1666.]

[Footnote 2: Sanctorius, a Professor of Medicine at Padua, who died in 1636, aged 75, was the first to discover the insensible perspiration, and he discriminated the amount of loss by it in experiments upon himself by means of his Statical Chair. His observations were published at Venice in 1614, in his 'Ars de Static Medicind', and led to the increased use of Sudorifics. A translation of Sanctorius by Dr. John Quincy appeared in 1712, the year after the publication of this essay. The 'Art of Static Medicine' was also translated into French by M. Le Breton, in 1722. Dr. John Quincy became well known as the author of a 'Complete Dispensatory' (1719, &c.).]

[Footnote 3: an half]

[Footnote 4: The old English reading is:

'I was well; I would be better; and here I am.']

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No. 26. Friday, March 30, 1711. Addison.

'Pallida mors aquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres, O beate Sexti, Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam. Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes, Et domus exilis Plutonia.'

Hor.

When I am in a serious Humour, I very often walk by my self in *Westminster* Abbey; where the Gloominess of the Place, and the Use to which it is applied, with the Solemnity of the Building, and the Condition of the People who lye in it, are apt to fill the Mind with a kind of Melancholy, or rather Thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I Yesterday pass'd a whole Afternoon in the Church-yard, the Cloysters, and the Church, amusing myself with the Tomb-stones and Inscriptions that I met with in those several Regions of the Dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried Person, but that he was born upon one Day and died upon another: The whole History of his Life, being comprehended in those two Circumstances, that are common to all Mankind. I could not but look upon these Registers of Existence, whether of Brass or Marble, as a kind of Satyr upon the departed Persons; who had left no other Memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several Persons mentioned in the Battles of Heroic Poems, who have sounding Names given them, for no other Reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the Head.

[Greek: Glaukon te, Medónta te, Thersilochón te]—Hom.

\_Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque\_.—Virg.

The Life of these Men is finely described in Holy Writ by *the Path of an Arrow* which is immediately closed up and lost. Upon my going into the Church, I entertain'd my self with the digging of a Grave; and saw in every Shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the Fragment of a Bone or Skull intermixt with a kind of fresh mouldering Earth that some time or other had a Place in the Composition of an humane Body. Upon this, I began to consider with my self, what innumerable Multitudes of People lay confus'd together under the Pavement of that ancient Cathedral; how Men and Women, Friends and Enemies, Priests and Soldiers, Monks and Prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common Mass; how Beauty, Strength, and Youth, with Old-age, Weakness, and Deformity, lay undistinguish'd in the same promiscuous Heap of Matter.

After having thus surveyed this great Magazine of Mortality, as it were in the Lump, I examined it more particularly by the Accounts which I found on several of the Monuments [which [1]] are raised in every Quarter of that ancient Fabrick. Some of them were covered with such extravagant Epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead Person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the Praises which his Friends [have [2]] bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the Character of the Person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that Means are not understood once in a Twelve-month. In the poetical Quarter, I found there were Poets [who [3]] had no Monuments, and Monuments [which [4]] had no Poets. I observed indeed that the present War [5] had filled the Church with many of these uninhabited Monuments, which had been erected to the Memory of Persons whose Bodies were perhaps buried in the Plains of *\_Blenheim\_*, or in the Bosom of the Ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern Epitaphs, which are written with great Elegance of Expression and Justness of Thought, and therefore do Honour to the Living as well as to the Dead. As a Foreigner is very apt to conceive an Idea of the Ignorance or Politeness of a Nation from the Turn of their publick Monuments and Inscriptions, they should be submitted to the Perusal of Men of Learning and Genius before they are put in Execution. Sir \_Cloudesly Shovel's\_ Monument has very often given me great Offence: Instead of the brave rough English Admiral, which was the distinguishing Character of that plain gallant Man, [6] he is represented on his Tomb by the Figure of a Beau, dress'd in a long Perriwig, and reposing himself upon Velvet Cushions under a Canopy of State, The Inscription is answerable to the Monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable Actions he had performed in the service of his Country, it acquaints us only with the Manner of his Death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any Honour. The \_Dutch\_, whom we are apt to despise for want of Genius, shew an infinitely greater Taste of Antiquity and Politeness in their Buildings and Works of this Nature, than what we meet with in those of our own Country. The Monuments of their Admirals, which have been erected at the publick Expence, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral Crowns and naval Ornaments, with beautiful Festoons of [Seaweed], Shells, and Coral.

But to return to our Subject. I have left the Repository of our English Kings for the Contemplation of another Day, when I shall find my Mind disposed for so serious an Amusement. I know that Entertainments of this Nature, are apt to raise dark and dismal Thoughts in timorous Minds and gloomy Imaginations; but for my own Part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can, therefore, take a View of Nature in her deep and solemn Scenes, with the same Pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this Means I can improve my self with those Objects, which others consider with Terror. When I look upon the Tombs of the Great, every Emotion of Envy dies in me; when I read the Epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate Desire goes out; when I meet with the Grief of Parents upon a Tombstone, my Heart melts with Compassion; when I see the Tomb of the Parents themselves, I consider the Vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: When I see Kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival Wits placed Side by Side, or the holy Men that divided the World with their Contests and Disputes, I reflect with Sorrow and Astonishment on the little Competitions, Factions and Debates of Mankind. When I read the several Dates of the Tombs, of some that dy'd Yesterday, and some six hundred Years ago, I consider that great Day when we shall all of us be Contemporaries, and make our Appearance together.

C.

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[Footnote 1: that]

[Footnote 2: had]

[Footnote 3: that]

[Footnote 4: that]

[Footnote 5: At the close of the reign of William III. the exiled James II died, and France proclaimed his son as King of England. William III thus was enabled to take England with him into the European War of the Spanish Succession. The accession of Queen Anne did not check the movement, and, on the 4th of May, 1702, war was declared against France and Spain by England, the Empire, and Holland. The war then begun had lasted throughout the Queen's reign, and continued, after the writing of the *Spectator* Essays, until the signing of the Peace of Utrecht on the 11th of April, 1713, which was not a year and a half before the Queen's death, on the 1st of August, 1714. In this war Marlborough had among his victories, Blenheim, 1704, Ramilies, 1706, Oudenarde, 1708, Malplaquet, 1709. At sea Sir George Rooke had defeated the French fleet off Vigo, in October, 1702, and in a bloody battle off Malaga, in August, 1704, after his capture of Gibraltar.]

[Footnote 6: Sir Cloudesly Shovel, a brave man of humble birth, who, from a cabin boy, became, through

merit, an admiral, died by the wreck of his fleet on the Scilly Islands as he was returning from an unsuccessful attack on Toulon. His body was cast on the shore, robbed of a ring by some fishermen, and buried in the sand. The ring discovering his quality, he was disinterred, and brought home for burial in Westminster Abbey.]

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No. 27. Saturday, March 31, 1711. Steele.

'Ut nox longa, quibus Mentitur arnica, diesque Longa videtur opus debentibus, ut piger Annus Pupillis, quos dura premit Custodia matrum, Sic mihi Tarda fluunt ingrataque Tempora, quæ spem Consiliumque morantur agendi Gnaviter, id quod Æquè pauperibus prodest, Locupletibus aquè, Æquè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.'

Hor.

There is scarce a thinking Man in the World, who is involved in the Business of it, but lives under a secret Impatience of the Hurry and Fatigue he suffers, and has formed a Resolution to fix himself, one time or other, in such a State as is suitable to the End of his Being. You hear Men every Day in Conversation profess, that all the Honour, Power, and Riches which they propose to themselves, cannot give Satisfaction enough to reward them for half the Anxiety they undergo in the Pursuit, or Possession of them. While Men are in this Temper (which happens very frequently) how inconsistent are they with themselves? They are wearied with the Toil they bear, but cannot find in their Hearts to relinquish it; Retirement is what they want, but they cannot betake themselves to it; While they pant after Shade and Covert, they still affect to appear in the most glittering Scenes of Life: But sure this is but just as reasonable as if a Man should call for more Lights, when he has a mind to go to Sleep.

Since then it is certain that our own Hearts deceive us in the Love of the World, and that we cannot command our selves enough to resign it, tho' we every Day wish our selves disengaged from its Allurements; let us not stand upon a Formal taking of Leave, but wean our selves from them, while we are in the midst of them.

It is certainly the general Intention of the greater Part of Mankind to accomplish this Work, and live according to their own Approbation, as soon as they possibly can: But since the Duration of Life is so uncertain, and that has been a common Topick of Discourse ever since there was such a thing as Life it self, how is it possible that we should defer a Moment the beginning to Live according to the Rules of Reason?

The Man of Business has ever some one Point to carry, and then he tells himself he'll bid adieu to all the Vanity of Ambition: The Man of Pleasure resolves to take his leave at least, and part civilly with his Mistress: But the Ambitious Man is entangled every Moment in a fresh Pursuit, and the Lover sees new Charms in the Object he fancy'd he could abandon. It is, therefore, a fantastical way of thinking, when we promise our selves an Alteration in our Conduct from change of Place, and difference of Circumstances; the same Passions will attend us where-ever we are, till they are Conquered, and we can never live to our Satisfaction in the deepest Retirement, unless we are capable of living so in some measure amidst the Noise and Business of the World.

I have ever thought Men were better known, by what could be observed of them from a Perusal of their private Letters, than any other way. My Friend, the Clergyman, [1] the other Day, upon serious Discourse with him concerning the Danger of Procrastination, gave me the following Letters from Persons with whom he lives in great Friendship and Intimacy, according to the good Breeding and good Sense of his Character. The first is from a Man of Business, who is his Convert; The second from one of whom he conceives good Hopes; The third from one who is in no State at all, but carried one way and another by starts.

SIR,

I know not with what Words to express to you the Sense I have of the high Obligation you have laid upon me, in the Penance you enjoined me of doing some Good or other, to a Person of Worth, every Day I live. The Station I am in furnishes me with daily Opportunities of this kind: and the Noble Principle with which you have inspired me, of Benevolence to all I have to deal with, quickens my Application in every thing I undertake. When I relieve Merit from Discountenance, when I assist a Friendless Person, when I produce conceal'd Worth, I am displeas'd with my self, for having design'd to leave the World in order to be Virtuous. I am sorry you decline the Occasions which the Condition I am in might afford me of enlarging your Fortunes; but know I contribute more to your Satisfaction, when I acknowledge I am the better Man, from the Influence and Authority you have over, SIR, Your most Oblig'd and Most Humble, Servant, R. O.'

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SIR,

I am intirely convinced of the Truth of what you were pleas'd to say to me, when I was last with you alone. You told me then of the silly way I was in; but you told me so, as I saw you loved me, otherwise I could not obey your Commands in letting you know my Thoughts so sincerely as I do at present. I know *the Creature for whom I resign so much of my Character* is all that you said of her; but then the Trifler has something in her so undesigning and harmless, that her Guilt in one kind disappears by the Comparison of her Innocence in another. Will you, Virtuous Men, allow no alteration of Offences? Must Dear [Chloe [2]] be called by the hard Name you pious People give to common Women? I keep the solemn Promise I made you, in writing to you the State of my Mind, after your kind Admonition; and will endeavour to get the better of this Fondness, which makes me so much her humble Servant, that I am almost asham'd to Subscribe my self Yours, T. D.'

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SIR,

There is no State of Life so Anxious as that of a Man who does not live according to the Dictates of his own Reason. It will seem odd to you, when I assure you that my Love of Retirement first of all brought me to Court; but this will be no Riddle, when I acquaint you that I placed my self here with a Design of getting so much Mony as might enable me to Purchase a handsome Retreat in the Country. At present my Circumstances enable me, and my Duty prompts me, to pass away the remaining Part of my Life in such a Retirement as I at first proposed to my self; but to my great Misfortune I have intirely lost the Relish of it, and shou'd now return to the Country with greater Reluctance than I at first came to Court. I am so unhappy, as to know that what I am fond of are Trifles, and that what I neglect is of the greatest Importance: In short, I find a Contest in my own Mind between Reason and Fashion. I remember you once told me, that I might live in the World, and out of it, at the same time. Let me beg of you to explain this Paradox more at large to me, that I may conform my Life, if possible, both to my Duty and my Inclination. I am, Your most humble Servant, R.B.'

R.

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[Footnote 1: See the close of No. 2.]

[Footnote 2: blank left]

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No. 28. Monday, April 2, 1711. Addison.

'... Neque semper arcum Tendit Apollo.'

Hor.

I shall here present my Reader with a Letter from a Projector, concerning a new Office which he thinks may very much contribute to the Embellishment of the City, and to the driving Barbarity out of our Streets. [I consider it as a Satyr upon Projectors in general, and a lively Picture of the whole Art of Modern Criticism. [1]]

SIR,

'Observing that you have Thoughts of creating certain Officers under you for the Inspection of several petty Enormities which you your self cannot attend to; and finding daily Absurdities hung out upon the Sign-Posts of this City, [2] to the great Scandal of Foreigners, as well as those of our own Country, who are curious Spectators of the same: I do humbly propose, that you would be pleased to make me your Superintendant of all such Figures and Devices, as are or shall be made use of on this Occasion; with full Powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such an Officer, there is nothing like sound Literature and good Sense to be met with in those Objects, that are everywhere thrusting themselves out to the Eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled with blue Boars, black Swans, and red Lions; not to mention flying Pigs, and Hogs in Armour, with many other Creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of *\_Africk\_*. Strange! that one who has all the Birds and Beasts in Nature to chuse out of, should live at the Sign of an *\_Ens Rationis!\_*

My first Task, therefore, should be, like that of *\_Hercules\_*, to clear the City from Monsters. In the second Place, I would forbid, that Creatures of jarring and incongruous Natures should be joined together in the same Sign; such as the Bell and the Neats-tongue, the Dog and Gridiron. The Fox and Goose may be supposed to have met, but what has the Fox and the Seven Stars to do together? and when did the Lamb [3] and Dolphin ever meet, except upon a Sign-Post? As for the Cat and Fiddle, there is a Conceit in it, and therefore, I do not intend that anything I have here said should affect it. I must however observe to you upon this Subject, that it is usual for a young Tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his own Sign that of the Master whom he serv'd; as the Husband, after Marriage, gives a Place to his Mistress's Arms in his own Coat. This I take to have given Rise to many of those Absurdities which are committed over our Heads, and, as I am inform'd, first occasioned the three Nuns and a Hare, which we see so frequently joined together. I would, therefore, establish certain Rules, for the determining how far one Tradesman may *give* the Sign of another, and in what Cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

In the third place, I would enjoin every Shop to make use of a Sign which bears some Affinity to the Wares in which it deals. What can be more inconsistent, than to see a Bawd at the Sign of the Angel, or a Taylor at the Lion? A Cook should not live at the Boot, nor a Shoemaker at the roasted Pig; and yet, for want of this Regulation, I have seen a Goat set up before the Door of a Perfumer, and the French King's Head at a Sword-Cutler's.

An ingenious Foreigner observes, that several of those Gentlemen who value themselves upon their Families, and overlook such as are bred to Trade, bear the Tools of their Fore-fathers in their Coats of Arms. I will not examine how true this is in Fact: But though it may not be necessary for Posterity thus to set up the Sign of their Fore-fathers; I think it highly proper for those who actually profess the Trade, to shew some such Marks of it before their Doors.

When the Name gives an Occasion for an ingenious Sign-post, I would likewise advise the Owner to take that Opportunity of letting the World know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. *Salmon* [4] to have lived at the Sign of the Trout; for which Reason she has erected before her House the Figure of the Fish that is her Namesake. Mr. *Bell* has likewise distinguished himself by a Device of the same Nature: And here, Sir, I must beg Leave to observe to you, that this particular Figure of a Bell has given Occasion to several Pieces of Wit in this Kind. A Man of your Reading must know, that *Abel Drugger* gained

great Applause by it in the Time of *Ben Johnson* [5]. Our Apocryphal Heathen God [6] is also represented by this Figure; which, in conjunction with the Dragon, make a very handsome picture in several of our Streets. As for the Bell–Savage, which is the Sign of a savage Man standing by a Bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the Conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old Romance translated out of the French; which gives an Account of a very beautiful Woman who was found in a Wilderness, and is called in the French *la \_belle Sauvage\_*; and is everywhere translated by our Countrymen the Bell–Savage. This Piece of Philology will, I hope, convince you that I have made Sign posts my Study, and consequently qualified myself for the Employment which I sollicit at your Hands. But before I conclude my Letter, I must communicate to you another Remark, which I have made upon the Subject with which I am now entertaining you, namely, that I can give a shrewd Guess at the Humour of the Inhabitant by the Sign that hangs before his Door. A surly cholerick Fellow generally makes Choice of a Bear; as Men of milder Dispositions, frequently live at the Lamb. Seeing a Punch–Bowl painted upon a Sign near *\_Charing Cross\_*, and very curiously garnished, with a couple of Angels hovering over it and squeezing a Lemmon into it, I had the Curiosity to ask after the Master of the House, and found upon Inquiry, as I had guessed by the little *\_Agrémens\_* upon his Sign, that he was a Frenchman. I know, Sir, it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these Hints to a Gentleman of your great Abilities; so humbly recommending my self to your Favour and Patronage,

I remain, &c.

I shall add to the foregoing Letter, another which came to me by the same Penny–Post.

From my own Apartment near Charing–Cross.

Honoured Sir,

'Having heard that this Nation is a great Encourager of Ingenuity, I have brought with me a Rope–dancer that was caught in one of the Woods belonging to the Great *Mogul*. He is by Birth a Monkey; but swings upon a Rope, takes a pipe of Tobacco, and drinks a Glass of Ale, like any reasonable Creature. He gives great Satisfaction to the Quality; and if they will make a Subscription for him, I will send for a Brother of his out of *\_Holland\_*, that is a very good Tumbler, and also for another of the same Family, whom I design for my Merry–Andrew, as being an excellent mimick, and the greatest Drole in the Country where he now is. I hope to have this Entertainment in a Readiness for the next Winter; and doubt not but it will please more than the Opera or Puppet–Show. I will not say that a Monkey is a better Man than some of the Opera Heroes; but certainly he is a better Representative of a Man, than the most artificial Composition of Wood and Wire. If you will be pleased to give me a good Word in your paper, you shall be every Night a Spectator at my Show for nothing.

I am, &c.

C.

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[Footnote 1: It is as follows.]

[Footnote 2: In the 'Spectator's' time numbering of houses was so rare that in Hatton's 'New View of London', published in 1708, special mention is made of the fact that

'in Prescott Street, Goodman's Fields, instead of signs the houses are distinguished by numbers, as the staircases in the Inns of Court and Chancery.']

[Footnote 3: sheep]

[Footnote 4: The sign before her Waxwork Exhibition, in Fleet Street, near Temple Bar, was 'the Golden

Salmon.' She had very recently removed to this house from her old establishment in St. Martin's le Grand.]

[Footnote 5: Ben Jonson's Alchemist having taken gold from Abel Drugger, the Tobacco Man, for the device of a sign—a good lucky one, a thriving sign—will give him nothing so commonplace as a sign copied from the constellation he was born under, but says:

'Subtle'. He shall have 'a bel', that's 'Abel'; And by it standing one whose name is 'Dee' In a 'rug' grown, there's 'D' and 'rug', that's 'Drug': And right anent him a dog snarling 'er', There's 'Drugger', Abel Drugger. That's his sign. And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic.

'Face'. Abel, thou art made.

'Drugger'. Sir, I do thank his worship.]

[Footnote 6: Bel, in the apocryphal addition to the Book of Daniel, called 'the 'History of the Destruction of Bel and the Dragon.']

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No. 29. Tuesday, April 3, 1711 Addison

... Sermo linguâ concinnus utrâque Suavior: ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.

Hor.

There is nothing that [has] more startled our *English* Audience, than the *Italian Recitativo* at its first Entrance upon the Stage. People were wonderfully surprized to hear Generals singing the Word of Command, and Ladies delivering Messages in Musick. Our Country-men could not forbear laughing when they heard a Lover chanting out a Billet-doux, and even the Superscription of a Letter set to a Tune. The Famous Blunder in an old Play of *\_Enter a King and two Fiddlers Solus\_*, was now no longer an Absurdity, when it was impossible for a Hero in a Desart, or a Princess in her Closet, to speak anything unaccompanied with Musical Instruments.

But however this *Italian* method of acting in *Recitativo* might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevailed in our *English* Opera before this Innovation: The Transition from an Air to Recitative Musick being more natural than the passing from a Song to plain and ordinary Speaking, which was the common Method in *\_Purcell's\_* Operas.

The only Fault I find in our present Practice, is the making use of *Italian Recitativo* with *English* Words.

To go to the Bottom of this Matter, I must observe, that the Tone, or (as the *French* call it) the Accent of every Nation in their ordinary Speech is altogether different from that of every other People, as we may see even in the *Welsh* and *\_Scotch\_*, [who [1]] border so near upon us. By the Tone or Accent, I do not mean the Pronunciation of each particular Word, but the Sound of the whole Sentence. Thus it is very common for an *English* Gentleman, when he hears a *French* Tragedy, to complain that the Actors all of them speak in a Tone; and therefore he very wisely prefers his own Country-men, not considering that a Foreigner complains of the same Tone in an *English* Actor.

For this Reason, the Recitative Musick in every Language, should be as different as the Tone or Accent of each Language; for otherwise, what may properly express a Passion in one Language, will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in *Italy* knows very well, that the Cadences in the *Recitativo* bear a remote Affinity to the Tone of their Voices in ordinary Conversation, or to speak more properly, are only the Accents

of their Language made more Musical and Tuneful.

Thus the Notes of Interrogation, or Admiration, in the *Italian* Musick (if one may so call them) which resemble their Accents in Discourse on such Occasions, are not unlike the ordinary Tones of an *English* Voice when we are angry; insomuch that I have often seen our Audiences extremely mistaken as to what has been doing upon the Stage, and expecting to see the Hero knock down his Messenger, when he has been [asking [2]] him a Question, or fancying that he quarrels with his Friend, when he only bids him Good-morrow.

For this Reason the *Italian* Artists cannot agree with our *English* Musicians in admiring *Purcell's* Compositions, [3] and thinking his Tunes so wonderfully adapted to his Words, because both Nations do not always express the same Passions by the same Sounds.

I am therefore humbly of Opinion, that an *English* Composer should not follow the *Italian* Recitative too servilely, but make use of many gentle Deviations from it, in Compliance with his own Native Language. He may Copy out of it all the lulling Softness and *Dying Falls* (as *Shakespear* calls them), but should still remember that he ought to accommodate himself to an *English* Audience, and by humouring the Tone of our Voices in ordinary Conversation, have the same Regard to the Accent of his own Language, as those Persons had to theirs whom he professes to imitate. It is observed, that several of the singing Birds of our own Country learn to sweeten their Voices, and mellow the Harshness of their natural Notes, by practising under those that come from warmer Climates. In the same manner, I would allow the *Italian* Opera to lend our *English* Musick as much as may grace and soften it, but never entirely to annihilate and destroy it. Let the Infusion be as strong as you please, but still let the Subject Matter of it be *English*.

A Composer should fit his Musick to the Genius of the People, and consider that the Delicacy of Hearing, and Taste of Harmony, has been formed upon those Sounds which every Country abounds with: In short, that Musick is of a Relative Nature, and what is Harmony to one Ear, may be Dissonance to another.

The same Observations which I have made upon the Recitative part of Musick may be applied to all our Songs and Airs in general.

Signior *Baptist Lully* [4] acted like a Man of Sense in this Particular. He found the *French* Musick extremely defective, and very often barbarous: However, knowing the Genius of the People, the Humour of their Language, and the prejudiced Ears [he [5]] had to deal with he did not pretend to extirpate the *French* Musick, and plant the *Italian* in its stead; but only to Cultivate and Civilize it with innumerable Graces and Modulations which he borrow'd from the *Italian*. By this means the *French* Musick is now perfect in its kind; and when you say it is not so good as the *Italian*, you only mean that it does not please you so well; for there is [scarce [6]] a *Frenchman* who would not wonder to hear you give the *Italian* such a Preference. The Musick of the *French* is indeed very properly adapted to their Pronunciation and Accent, as their whole Opera wonderfully favours the Genius of such a gay airy People. The Chorus in which that Opera abounds, gives the Parterre frequent Opportunities of joining in Consort with the Stage. This Inclination of the Audience to Sing along with the Actors, so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the Performer on the Stage do no more in a Celebrated Song, than the Clerk of a Parish Church, who serves only to raise the Psalm, and is afterwards drown'd in the Musick of the Congregation. Every Actor that comes on the Stage is a Beau. The Queens and Heroines are so Painted, that they appear as Ruddy and Cherry-cheek'd as Milk-maids. The Shepherds are all Embroider'd, and acquit themselves in a Ball better than our *English* Dancing Masters. I have seen a couple of Rivers appear in red Stockings; and *Alpheus*, instead of having his Head covered with Sedge and Bull-Rushes, making Love in a fair full-bottomed Perriwig, and a Plume of Feathers; but with a Voice so full of Shakes and Quavers that I should have thought the Murmurs of a Country Brook the much more agreeable Musick.

I remember the last Opera I saw in that merry Nation was the Rape of *Proserpine*, where *Pluto*, to make the more tempting Figure, puts himself in a *French* Equipage, and brings *Ascalaphus* along with him as his

*Valet de Chambre*. This is what we call Folly and Impertinence; but what the *French* look upon as Gay and Polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offer'd, than that Musick, Architecture, and Painting, as well as Poetry, and Oratory, are to deduce their Laws and Rules from the general Sense and Taste of Mankind, and not from the Principles of those Arts themselves; or, in other Words, the Taste is not to conform to the Art, but the Art to the Taste. Music is not design'd to please only Chromatick Ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable Notes. A Man of an ordinary Ear is a Judge whether a Passion is express'd in proper Sounds, and whether the Melody of those Sounds be more or less pleasing. [7]

C.

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[Footnote 1: that]

[Footnote 2: only asking]

[Footnote 3: Henry Purcell died of consumption in 1695, aged 37.

'He was,' says Mr. Hullah, in his Lectures on the History of Modern Music, 'the first Englishman to demonstrate the possibility of a national opera. No Englishman of the last century succeeded in following Purcell's lead into this domain of art; none, indeed, would seem to have understood in what his excellence consisted, or how his success was attained. His dramatic music exhibits the same qualities which had already made the success of Lulli. ... For some years after Purcell's death his compositions, of whatever kind, were the chief, if not the only, music heard in England. His reign might have lasted longer, but for the advent of a musician who, though not perhaps more highly gifted, had enjoyed immeasurably greater opportunities of cultivating his gifts,'

Handel, who had also the advantage of being born thirty years later.]

[Footnote 4: John Baptist Lulli, a Florentine, died in 1687, aged 53. In his youth he was an under-scellion in the kitchen of Madame de Montpensier, niece to Louis XIV. The discovery of his musical genius led to his becoming the King's Superintendent of Music, and one of the most influential composers that has ever lived. He composed the occasional music for Molière's comedies, besides about twenty lyric tragedies; which succeeded beyond all others in France, not only because of his dramatic genius, which enabled him to give to the persons of these operas a musical language fitted to their characters and expressive of the situations in which they were placed; but also, says Mr. Hullah, because

'Lulli being the first modern composer who caught the French ear, was the means, to a great extent, of forming the modern French taste.'

His operas kept the stage for more than a century.]

[Footnote 5: that he]

[Footnote 6: not]

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No. 30. [1] Wednesday, April 4, 1711. Steele.

'Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore Focisque Nil est Jucundum; vivas in amore Jocisque.'

Hor.

One common Calamity makes Men extremely affect each other, tho' they differ in every other Particular. The Passion of Love is the most general Concern among Men; and I am glad to hear by my last Advices from *\_Oxford\_*, that there are a Set of Sighers in that University, who have erected themselves into a Society in honour of that tender Passion. These Gentlemen are of that Sort of Inamoratos, who are not so very much lost to common Sense, but that they understand the Folly they are guilty of; and for that Reason separate themselves from all other Company, because they will enjoy the Pleasure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a Man comes into the Club, he is not obliged to make any Introduction to his Discourse, but at once, as he is seating himself in his Chair, speaks in the Thread of his own Thoughts, 'She gave me a very obliging Glance, She Never look'd so well in her Life as this Evening,' or the like Reflection, without Regard to any other Members of the Society; for in this Assembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every Man claims the full Liberty of talking to himself. Instead of Snuff-boxes and Canes, which are the usual Helps to Discourse with other young Fellows, these have each some Piece of Ribbon, a broken Fan, or an old Girdle, which they play with while they talk of the fair Person remember'd by each respective Token. According to the Representation of the Matter from my Letters, the Company appear like so many Players rehearsing behind the Scenes; one is sighing and lamenting his Destiny in beseeching Terms, another declaring he will break his Chain, and another in dumb-Show, striving to express his Passion by his Gesture. It is very ordinary in the Assembly for one of a sudden to rise and make a Discourse concerning his Passion in general, and describe the Temper of his Mind in such a Manner, as that the whole Company shall join in the Description, and feel the Force of it. In this Case, if any Man has declared the Violence of his Flame in more pathetick Terms, he is made President for that Night, out of respect to his superior Passion.

We had some Years ago in this Town a Set of People who met and dressed like Lovers, and were distinguished by the Name of the *\_Fringe-Glove Club\_*; but they were Persons of such moderate Intellects even before they were impaired by their Passion, that their Irregularities could not furnish sufficient Variety of Folly to afford daily new Impertinencies; by which Means that Institution dropp'd. These Fellows could express their Passion in nothing but their Dress; but the *Oxonians* are Fantastical now they are Lovers, in proportion to their Learning and Understanding before they became such. The Thoughts of the ancient Poets on this agreeable Phrenzy, are translated in honour of some modern Beauty; and *Chloris* is won to Day, by the same Compliment that was made to *Lesbia* a thousand Years ago. But as far as I can learn, the Patron of the Club is the renowned Don *Quixote*. The Adventures of that gentle Knight are frequently mention'd in the Society, under the colour of Laughing at the Passion and themselves: But at the same Time, tho' they are sensible of the Extravagancies of that unhappy Warrior, they do not observe, that to turn all the Reading of the best and wisest Writings into Rhapsodies of Love, is a Phrenzy no less diverting than that of the aforesaid accomplish'd *Spaniard*. A Gentleman who, I hope, will continue his Correspondence, is lately admitted into the Fraternity, and sent me the following Letter.

SIR,

'Since I find you take Notice of Clubs, I beg Leave to give you an Account of one in *\_Oxford\_*, which you have no where mention'd, and perhaps never heard of. We distinguish our selves by the Title of the *\_Amorous Club\_*, are all Votaries of *\_Cupid\_*, and Admirers of the Fair Sex. The Reason that we are so little known in the World, is the Secrecy which we are obliged to live under in the University. Our Constitution runs counter to that of the Place wherein we live: For in Love there are no Doctors, and we all profess so high Passion, that we admit of no Graduates in it. Our Presidentship is bestow'd according to the Dignity of Passion; our Number is unlimited; and our Statutes are like those of the Druids, recorded in our own Breasts only, and explained by the Majority of the Company. A Mistress, and a Poem in her Praise, will introduce any Candidate: Without the latter no one can be admitted; for he that is not in love enough to rhyme, is unqualified for our Society. To speak disrespectfully of any Woman, is Expulsion from our gentle Society. As we are at present all of us Gown-men, instead of duelling when we are Rivals, we drink together the Health of our

Mistress. The Manner of doing this sometimes indeed creates Debates; on such Occasions we have Recourse to the Rules of Love among the Antients.

'Naevia sex Cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.'

This Method of a Glass to every Letter of her Name, occasioned the other Night a Dispute of some Warmth. A young Student, who is in Love with Mrs. *Elizabeth Dimple*, was so unreasonable as to begin her Health under the Name of *Elizabetha*; which so exasperated the Club, that by common Consent we retrenched it to *Betty*. We look upon a Man as no Company, that does not sigh five times in a Quarter of an Hour; and look upon a Member as very absurd, that is so much himself as to make a direct Answer to a Question. In fine, the whole Assembly is made up of absent Men, that is, of such Persons as have lost their Locality, and whose Minds and Bodies never keep Company with one another. As I am an unfortunate Member of this distracted Society, you cannot expect a very regular Account of it; for which Reason, I hope you will pardon me that I so abruptly subscribe my self,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

humble Servant,

T. B.

I forgot to tell you, that *Albina*, who has six Votaries in this Club, is one of your Readers.'

R.

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[Footnote 1: To this number of the Spectator was added in the original daily issue an announcement of six places at which were to be sold 'Compleat Setts of this Paper for the Month of March.']

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No. 31. Thursday, April 5, 1711. Addison.

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'Sit mihi fas audita loqui!'

Vir.

Last Night, upon my going into a Coffee-House not far from the *Hay-Market* Theatre, I diverted my self for above half an Hour with overhearing the Discourse of one, who, by the Shabbiness of his Dress, the Extravagance of his Conceptions, and the Hurry of his Speech, I discovered to be of that Species who are generally distinguished by the Title of Projectors. This Gentleman, for I found he was treated as such by his Audience, was entertaining a whole Table of Listners with the Project of an Opera, which he told us had not cost him above two or three Mornings in the Contrivance, and which he was ready to put in Execution, provided he might find his Account in it. He said, that he had observed the great Trouble and Inconvenience which Ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the several Shows that are exhibited in different Quarters of the Town. The dancing Monkeys are in one place; the Puppet-Show in another; the Opera in a third; not to mention the Lions, that are almost a whole Day's Journey from the Politer Part of the Town. By this means People of Figure are forced to lose half the Winter after their coming to Town, before they have seen all the strange Sights about it. In order to remedy this great Inconvenience, our Projector drew out of his Pocket the Scheme of an Opera, Entitled, *The Expedition of Alexander the Great*; in which he had disposed of all the remarkable Shows about Town, among the Scenes and Decorations of his Piece. The Thought, he confessed,

was not originally his own, but that he had taken the Hint of it from several Performances which he had seen upon our Stage: In one of which there was a Rary-Show; in another, a Ladder-dance; and in others a Posture-man, a moving Picture, with many Curiosities of the like nature.

This *Expedition of Alexander* opens with his consulting the oracle at *\_Delphos\_*, in which the dumb Conjuror, who has been visited by so many Persons of Quality of late Years, is to be introduced as telling him his Fortune; At the same time *Clench of Barnet* is represented in another Corner of the Temple, as ringing the Bells of *\_Delphos\_*, for joy of his arrival. The Tent of *Darius* is to be Peopled by the Ingenious Mrs. *\_Salmon\_*, [1] where Alexander is to fall in Love with a Piece of Wax-Work, that represents the beautiful *Statira*. When Alexander comes into that Country, in which *Quintus Curtius* tells us the Dogs were so exceeding fierce that they would not loose their hold, tho' they were cut to pieces Limb by Limb, and that they would hang upon their Prey by their Teeth when they had nothing but a Mouth left, there is to be a scene of *\_Hockley in the Hole\_*, [2] in which is to be represented all the Diversions of that Place, the Bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the Theatre, by Reason of the Lowness of the Roof. The several Woods in *\_Asia\_*, which *Alexander* must be supposed to pass through, will give the Audience a Sight of Monkeys dancing upon Ropes, with many other Pleasantries of that ludicrous Species. At the same time, if there chance to be any Strange Animals in Town, whether Birds or Beasts, they may be either let loose among the Woods, or driven across the Stage by some of the Country People of *Asia*. In the last great Battel, Pinkethman [3] is to personate King *Porus* upon an *\_Elephant\_*, and is to be encountered by *Powell* [4] representing *Alexander* the Great upon a Dromedary, which nevertheless Mr. *Powell* is desired to call by the Name of *Bucephalus*. Upon the Close of this great decisive Battel, when the two Kings are thoroughly reconciled, to shew the mutual Friendship and good Correspondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a Puppet-Show, in which the ingenious Mr. *\_Powell, junior\_* [5] may have an Opportunity of displaying his whole Art of Machinery, for the Diversion of the two Monarchs. Some at the Table urged that a Puppet-Show was not a suitable Entertainment for *Alexander* the Great; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we suppose the Conqueror touched upon that part of *India* which is said to be inhabited by the Pigmies. But this Objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the Proposal immediately over-ruled. Our Projector further added, that after the Reconciliation of these two Kings they might invite one another to Dinner, and either of them entertain his Guest with the *\_German Artist\_*, Mr. *\_Pinkethman's\_* Heathen Gods, [6] or any of the like Diversions, which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This Project was receiv'd with very great Applause by the whole Table. Upon which the Undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his Design; for that *Alexander* being a *\_Greek\_*, it was his Intention that the whole Opera should be acted in that Language, which was a Tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the Ladies, especially when it was a little raised and rounded by the *Ionick* Dialect; and could not but be [acceptable [8]] to the whole Audience, because there are fewer of them who understand *Greek* than *Italian*. The only Difficulty that remained, was, how to get Performers, unless we could persuade some Gentlemen of the Universities to learn to sing, in order to qualify themselves for the Stage; but this Objection soon vanished, when the Projector informed us that the *Greeks* were at present the only Musicians in the *Turkish* Empire, and that it would be very easy for our Factory at *Smyrna* to furnish us every Year with a Colony of Musicians, by the Opportunity of the *Turkey* Fleet; besides, says he, if we want any single Voice for any lower Part in the Opera, *Lawrence* can learn to speak *\_Greek\_*, as well as he does *\_Italian\_*, in a Fortnight's time.

The Projector having thus settled Matters, to the good liking of all that heard him, he left his Seat at the Table, and planted himself before the Fire, where I had unluckily taken my Stand for the Convenience of over-hearing what he said. Whether he had observed me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not stood by me above a Quarter of a Minute, but he turned short upon me on a sudden, and catching me by a Button of my Coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner.

Besides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary Genius for Musick that lives in *\_Switzerland\_*, who has so strong a Spring in his Fingers, that he can make the Board of an Organ sound like a Drum, and if I could but

procure a Subscription of about Ten Thousand Pound every Winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by Articles to set every thing that should be sung upon the *English Stage*.

After this he looked full in my Face, expecting I would make an Answer, when by good Luck, a Gentleman that had entered the Coffee-house since the Projector applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his *Swiss Compositions*, cry'd out with a kind of Laugh,

Is our Musick then to receive further Improvements from *Switzerland!* [8]

This alarmed the Projector, who immediately let go my Button, and turned about to answer him. I took the Opportunity of the Diversion, which seemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down my Penny upon the Bar, retired with some Precipitation.

C.

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[Footnote 1: An advertisement of Mrs. Salmon's wax-work in the 'Tatler' for Nov. 30, 1710, specifies among other attractions the Turkish Seraglio in wax-work, the Fatal Sisters that spin, reel, and cut the thread of man's life, 'an Old Woman flying from Time, who shakes his head and hour-glass with sorrow at seeing age so unwilling to die. Nothing but life can exceed the motions of the heads, hands, eyes, &c., of these figures, &c.']

[Footnote 2: Hockley-in-the-Hole, memorable for its Bear Garden, was on the outskirt of the town, by Clerkenwell Green; with Mutton Lane on the East and the fields on the West. By Town's End Lane (called Coppice Row since the levelling of the coppice-crowned knoll over which it ran) through Pickled-Egg Walk (now Crawford's Passage) one came to Hockley-in-the-Hole or Hockley Hole, now Ray Street. The leveller has been at work upon the eminences that surrounded it. In Hockley Hole, dealers in rags and old iron congregated. This gave it the name of Rag Street, euphonized into Ray Street since 1774. In the *Spectator's* time its Bear Garden, upon the site of which there are now metal works, was a famous resort of the lowest classes. 'You must go to Hockley-in-the-Hole, child, to learn valour,' says Mr. Peachum to Filch in the *Beggar's Opera*.]

[Footnote 3: William Penkethman was a low comedian dear to the gallery at Drury Lane as 'Pinkey,' very popular also as a Booth Manager at Bartholomew Fair. Though a sour critic described him as 'the Flower of Bartholomew Fair and the Idol of the Rabble; a Fellow that overdoes everything, and spoils many a Part with his own Stuff,' the *Spectator* has in another paper given honourable fame to his skill as a comedian. Here there is but the whimsical suggestion of a favourite showman and low comedian mounted on an elephant to play King Porus.]

[Footnote 4: George Powell, who in 1711 and 1712 appeared in such characters as Falstaff, Lear, and Cortez in 'the Indian Emperor,' now and then also played the part of the favourite stage hero, Alexander the Great in Lee's *Rival Queens*. He was a good actor, spoilt by intemperance, who came on the stage sometimes warm with Nantz brandy, and courted his heroines so furiously that Sir John Vanbrugh said they were almost in danger of being conquered on the spot. His last new part of any note was in 1713, Portius in Addison's *Cato*. He lived on for a few wretched years, lost to the public, but much sought by sheriff's officers.]

[Footnote 5: 'Powell junior' of the Puppet Show (see note [Footnote 2 of No. 14], p. 59, *ante*) was a more prosperous man than his namesake of Drury Lane. In De Foe's 'Groans of Great Britain,' published in 1813, we read:

I was the other Day at a Coffee-House when the following Advertisement was thrown in.—At Punch's Theatre in the Little Piazza, Covent-Garden, this present Evening will be performed an Entertainment, called, The History of Sir Richard Whittington, shewing his Rise from a Scullion to be Lord-Mayor of London, with the Comical Humours of Old Madge, the jolly Chamber-Maid, and the Representation of the

Sea, and the Court of Great Britain, concluding with the Court of Aldermen, and \_Whittington \_Lord–Mayor, honoured with the Presence of K. Hen. VIII. and his Queen Anna Bullen, with other diverting Decorations proper to the Play, beginning at 6 o'clock\_. Note, \_No money to be returned after the Entertainment is begun.\_ Boxes, 2s. Pit, 1s. *Vivat Regina.*

On enquiring into the Matter, I find this has long been a noble Diversion of our Quality and Gentry; and that Mr. Powell, by Subscriptions and full Houses, has gathered such Wealth as is ten times sufficient to buy all the Poets in England; that he seldom goes out without his Chair, and thrives on this incredible Folly to that degree, that, were he a Freeman, he might hope that some future Puppet–Show might celebrate his being Lord Mayor, as he has done Sir R. Whittington.]

[Footnote 6:

'Mr. Penkethman's Wonderful Invention call'd the Pantheon: or, the Temple of the Heathen Gods. The Work of several Years, and great Expense, is now perfected; being a most surprising and magnificent Machine, consisting of 5 several curious Pictures, the Painting and contrivance whereof is beyond Expression Admirable. The Figures, which are above 100, and move their Heads, Legs, Arms, and Fingers, so exactly to what they perform, and setting one Foot before another, like living Creatures, that it justly deserves to be esteem'd the greatest Wonder of the Age. To be seen from 10 in the Morning till 10 at Night, in the Little Piazza, Covent Garden, in the same House where Punch's Opera is. Price 1s. 6d., 1s., and the lowest, 6d.'

This Advertisement was published in 46 and a few following numbers of the *Spectator*.]

[Footnote 7: wonderfully acceptable]

[Footnote 8: The satire is against Heidegger. See note [Footnote 1 of No. 14], p. 56, *ante*.]

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No. 32. Friday, April 6, 1711. Steele.

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'Nil illi larvâ aut tragicis opus esse Cothurnis.'

Hor.

The late Discourse concerning the Statutes of the \_Ugly–Club\_, having been so well received at \_Oxford\_, that, contrary to the strict Rules of the Society, they have been so partial as to take my own Testimonial, and admit me into that select Body; I could not restrain the Vanity of publishing to the World the Honour which is done me. It is no small Satisfaction, that I have given Occasion for the President's shewing both his Invention and Reading to such Advantage as my Correspondent reports he did: But it is not to be doubted there were many very proper Hums and Pauses in his Harangue, which lose their Ugliness in the Narration, and which my Correspondent (begging his Pardon) has no very good Talent at representing. I very much approve of the Contempt the Society has of Beauty: Nothing ought to be laudable in a Man, in which his Will is not concerned; therefore our Society can follow Nature, and where she has thought fit, as it were, to mock herself, we can do so too, and be merry upon the Occasion.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your making publick the late Trouble I gave you, you will find to have been the Occasion of this: Who should I meet at the Coffee–house Door t'other Night, but my old Friend Mr. President? I saw somewhat had pleased him; and as soon as he had cast his Eye upon me,

"Oho, Doctor, rare News from *\_London\_*, (says he); the SPECTATOR has made honourable Mention of the Club (Man) and published to the World his sincere Desire to be a Member, with a recommendatory Description of his Phiz: And tho' our Constitution has made no particular Provision for short Faces, yet, his being an extraordinary Case, I believe we shall find an Hole for him to creep in at; for I assure you he is not against the Canon; and if his Sides are as compact as his Joles, he need not disguise himself to make one of us."

I presently called for the Paper to see how you looked in Print; and after we had regaled our selves a while upon the pleasant Image of our Proselite, Mr. President told me I should be his Stranger at the next Night's Club: Where we were no sooner come, and Pipes brought, but Mr. President began an Harangue upon your Introduction to my Epistle; setting forth with no less Volubility of Speech than Strength of Reason, "That a Speculation of this Nature was what had been long and much wanted; and that he doubted not but it would be of inestimable Value to the Publick, in reconciling even of Bodies and Souls; in composing and quieting the Minds of Men under all corporal Redundancies, Deficiencies, and Irregularities whatsoever; and making every one sit down content in his own Carcase, though it were not perhaps so mathematically put together as he could wish." And again, "How that for want of a due Consideration of what you first advance, *\_viz.\_* that our Faces are not of our own choosing, People had been transported beyond all good Breeding, and hurried themselves into unaccountable and fatal Extravagancies: As, how many impartial Looking-Glasses had been censured and calumniated, nay, and sometimes shivered into ten thousand Splinters, only for a fair Representation of the Truth? How many Headstrings and Garters had been made accessory, and actually forfeited, only because Folks must needs quarrel with their own Shadows? And who (continues he) but is deeply sensible, that one great Source of the Uneasiness and Misery of human Life, especially amongst those of Distinction, arises from nothing in the World else, but too severe a Contemplation of an indefeasible Contexture of our external Parts, or certain natural and invincible Disposition to be fat or lean? When a little more of Mr. SPECTATOR'S Philosophy would take off all this; and in the mean time let them observe, that there's not one of their Grievances of this Sort, but perhaps in some Ages of the World has been highly in vogue; and may be so again, nay, in some Country or other ten to one is so at this Day. My Lady *Ample* is the most miserable Woman in the World, purely of her own making: She even grudges her self Meat and Drink, for fear she should thrive by them; and is constantly crying out, In a Quarter of a Year more I shall be quite out of all manner of Shape! Now [the[1]] Lady's Misfortune seems to be only this, that she is planted in a wrong Soil; for, go but t'other Side of the Water, it's a Jest at *Harlem* to talk of a Shape under eighteen Stone. These wise Traders regulate their Beauties as they do their Butter, by the Pound; and Miss *\_Cross\_*, when she first arrived in the *\_Low-Countries\_*, was not computed to be so handsom as Madam *Van Brisket* by near half a Tun. On the other hand, there's 'Squire *\_Lath\_*, a proper Gentleman of Fifteen hundred Pound *\_per Annum\_*, as well as of an unblameable Life and Conversation; yet would not I be the Esquire for half his Estate; for if it was as much more, he'd freely pare with it all for a pair of Legs to his Mind: Whereas in the Reign of our first King *Edward* of glorious Memory, nothing more modish than a Brace of your fine taper Supporters; and his Majesty without an Inch of Calf, managed Affairs in Peace and War as laudably as the bravest and most politick of his Ancestors; and was as terrible to his Neighbours under the Royal Name of *\_Long-shanks\_*, as *Coeur de Lion* to the *Saracens* before him. If we look farther back into History we shall find, that *Alexander* the Great wore his Head a little over the left Shoulder; and then not a Soul stirred out 'till he had adjusted his Neck-bone; the whole Nobility addressed the Prince and each other obliquely, and all Matters of Importance were concerted and carried on in the *Macedonian* Court with their Polls on one Side. For about the first Century nothing made more Noise in the World than *Roman* Noses, and then not a Word of them till they revived again in Eighty eight. [2] Nor is it so very long since *Richard* the Third set up half the Backs of the Nation; and high Shoulders, as well as high Noses, were the Top of the Fashion. But to come to our selves, Gentlemen, tho' I find by my quinquennial Observations that we shall never get Ladies enough to make a Party in our own Country, yet might we meet with better Success among some of our Allies. And what think you if our Board sate for a *Dutch* Piece? Truly I am of Opinion, that as odd as we appear in Flesh and Blood, we should be no such strange Things in *Metzo-Tinto*. But this Project may rest 'till our Number is compleat; and this being our Election Night, give me leave to propose Mr. SPECTATOR: You see his Inclinations, and perhaps we may not have his Fellow."

I found most of them (as it is usual in all such Cases) were prepared; but one of the Seniors (whom by the by Mr. President had taken all this Pains to bring over) sate still, and cocking his Chin, which seemed only to be levelled at his Nose, very gravely declared,

"That in case he had had sufficient Knowledge of you, no Man should have been more willing to have served you; but that he, for his part, had always had regard to his own Conscience, as well as other Peoples Merit; and he did not know but that you might be a handsome Fellow; for as for your own Certificate, it was every Body's Business to speak for themselves."

Mr. President immediately retorted,

"A handsome Fellow! why he is a Wit (Sir) and you know the Proverb;"

and to ease the old Gentleman of his Scruples, cried,

"That for Matter of Merit it was all one, you might wear a Mask."

This threw him into a Pause, and he looked, desirous of three Days to consider on it; but Mr. President improved the Thought, and followed him up with an old Story,

"That Wits were privileged to wear what Masks they pleased in all Ages; and that a Vizard had been the constant Crown of their Labours, which was generally presented them by the Hand of some Satyr, and sometimes of *Apollo* himself:"

For the Truth of which he appealed to the Frontispiece of several Books, and particularly to the *\_English Juvenal\_*, [3] to which he referred him; and only added,

"That such Authors were the *Larvati* [4] or *\_Larvâ donati\_* of the Ancients."

This cleared up all, and in the Conclusion you were chose Probationer; and Mr. President put round your Health as such, protesting,

"That tho' indeed he talked of a Vizard, he did not believe all the while you had any more Occasion for it than the Cat-a-mountain;"

so that all you have to do now is to pay your Fees, which here are very reasonable if you are not imposed upon; and you may stile your self *\_Informis Societatis Socius\_*: Which I am desired to acquaint you with; and upon the same I beg you to accept of the Congratulation of,

SIR,

Your oblig'd humble Servant,

R. A. C.

Oxford March 21.

[Footnote 1: this]

[Footnote 2: At the coming of William III.]

[Footnote 3: The third edition of Dryden's Satires of Juvenal and Persius, published in 1702, was the first

'adorn'd with Sculptures.' The Frontispiece represents at full length Juvenal receiving a mask of Satyr from Apollo's hand, and hovered over by a Cupid who will bind the Head to its Vizard with a Laurel Crown.]

[Footnote 4: Larvati were bewitched persons; from Larva, of which the original meaning is a ghost or spectre; the derived meanings are, a Mask and a Skeleton.]

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No. 33 Saturday, April 7, 1711. Steele.

'Fervidus tecum Puer, et solutis Gratiaē zonis, properentque Nymphæ, Et parum comis sine te Juventas, Mercuriusque.'

Hor. 'ad Venerem.'

A friend of mine has two Daughters, whom I will call *Lætitia* and *Daphne*; The Former is one of the Greatest Beauties of the Age in which she lives, the Latter no way remarkable for any Charms in her Person. Upon this one Circumstance of their Outward Form, the Good and Ill of their Life seems to turn. *Lætitia* has not, from her very Childhood, heard any thing else but Commendations of her Features and Complexion, by which means she is no other than Nature made her, a very beautiful Outside. The Consciousness of her Charms has rendered her insupportably Vain and Insolent, towards all who have to do with her. *Daphne*, who was almost Twenty before one civil Thing had ever been said to her, found her self obliged to acquire some Accomplishments to make up for the want of those Attractions which she saw in her Sister. Poor *Daphne* was seldom submitted to in a Debate wherein she was concerned; her Discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good Sense of it, and she was always under a Necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while *Lætitia* was listened to with Partiality, and Approbation sate in the Countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These Causes have produced suitable Effects, and *Lætitia* is as insipid a Companion, as *Daphne* is an agreeable one. *Lætitia*, confident of Favour, has studied no Arts to please; *Daphne*, despairing of any Inclination towards her Person, has depended only on her Merit. *Lætitia* has always something in her Air that is sullen, grave and disconsolate. *Daphne* has a Countenance that appears cheerful, open and unconcerned. A young Gentleman saw *Lætitia* this Winter at a Play, and became her Captive. His Fortune was such, that he wanted very little Introduction to speak his Sentiments to her Father. The Lover was admitted with the utmost Freedom into the Family, where a constrained Behaviour, severe Looks, and distant Civilities, were the highest Favours he could obtain of *Lætitia*; while *Daphne* used him with the good Humour, Familiarity, and Innocence of a Sister: Insomuch that he would often say to her, *Dear Daphne*; wert thou but as Handsome as *Lætitia*!—She received such Language with that ingenuous and pleasing Mirth, which is natural to a Woman without Design. He still Sighed in vain for *Lætitia*, but found certain Relief in the agreeable Conversation of *Daphne*. At length, heartily tired with the haughty Impertinence of *Lætitia*, and charmed with repeated Instances of good Humour he had observed in *Daphne*, he one Day told the latter, that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with.—*Faith Daphne*, continued he, *I am in Love with thee, and despise thy Sister sincerely*. The Manner of his declaring himself gave his Mistress occasion for a very hearty Laughter.—*Nay*, says he, *I knew you would Laugh at me, but I'll ask your Father*. He did so; the Father received his Intelligence with no less Joy than Surprize, and was very glad he had now no Care left but for his *Beauty*, which he thought he could carry to Market at his Leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this Conquest of my Friend *Daphne's*. All her Acquaintance congratulate her upon her Chance. Medley, and laugh at that premeditating Murderer her Sister. As it is an Argument of a light Mind, to think the worse of our selves for the Imperfections of our Persons, it is equally below us to value our selves upon the Advantages of them. The Female World seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this Particular; for which Reason, I shall recommend the following Extract out of a Friend's Letter to the Profess'd Beauties, who are a People almost as unsufferable as the Profess'd Wits.

Monsieur St. *Evreumont* [1] has concluded one of his Essays, with affirming that the last Sighs of a Handsome Woman are not so much for the loss of her Life, as of her Beauty. Perhaps this Raillery is pursued too far, yet it is turn'd upon a very obvious Remark, that Woman's strongest Passion is for her own Beauty, and that she values it as her Favourite Distinction. From hence it is that all Arts, which pretend to improve or preserve it, meet with so general a Reception among the Sex. To say nothing of many False Helps and Contraband Wares of Beauty, which are daily vended in this great Mart, there is not a Maiden-Gentlewoman, of a good Family in any County of *South-Britain*, who has not heard of the Virtues of *May-Dew*, or is unfurnished with some Receipt or other in Favour of her Complexion; and I have known a Physician of Learning and Sense, after Eight Years Study in the University, and a Course of Travels into most Countries of *Europe*, owe the first raising of his Fortunes to a Cosmetick Wash.

This has given me Occasion to consider how so Universal a Disposition in Womankind, which springs from a laudable Motive, the Desire of Pleasing, and proceeds upon an Opinion, not altogether groundless, that Nature may be helped by Art, may be turn'd to their Advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable Service to take them out of the Hands of Quacks and Pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering to them the true Secret and Art of improving Beauty.

In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few Preliminary Maxims, *viz.*

That no Woman can be Handsome by the Force of Features alone, any more than she can be Witty only by the Help of Speech.

That Pride destroys all Symmetry and Grace, and Affectation is a more terrible Enemy to fine Faces than the Small-Pox.

That no Woman is capable of being Beautiful, who is not incapable of being False.

And, That what would be Odious in a Friend, is Deformity in a Mistress.

From these few Principles, thus laid down, it will be easie to prove, that the true Art of assisting Beauty consists in Embellishing the whole Person by the proper Ornaments of virtuous and commendable Qualities. By this Help alone it is that those who are the Favourite Work of Nature, or, as Mr. *Dryden* expresses it, the Porcelain Clay of human Kind [2], become animated, and are in a Capacity of exerting their Charms: And those who seem to have been neglected by her, like Models wrought in haste, are capable, in a great measure, of finishing what She has left imperfect.

It is, methinks, a low and degrading Idea of that Sex, which was created to refine the Joys, and soften the Cares of Humanity, by the most agreeable Participation, to consider them meerly as Objects of Sight. This is abridging them of their natural Extent of Power, to put them upon a Level with their Pictures at *Kneller's*. How much nobler is the Contemplation of Beauty heighten'd by Virtue, and commanding our Esteem and Love, while it draws our Observation? How faint and spiritless are the Charms of a Coquet, when compar'd with the real Loveliness of *Sophronia's* Innocence, Piety, good Humour and Truth; Virtues which add a new Softness to her Sex, and even beautify her Beauty! That Agreeableness, which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest Virgin, is now preserv'd in the tender Mother, the prudent Friend, and the faithful Wife. Colours, artfully spread upon Canvas, may entertain the Eye, but not affect the Heart; and she, who takes no care to add to the natural Graces of her Person any excelling Qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a Picture, but not to triumph as a Beauty.

When *Adam* is introduced by *Milton* describing *Eve* in Paradise, and relating to the Angel the Impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first Creation, he does not represent her like a *Grecian Venus* by her Shape or Features, but by the Lustre of her Mind which shone in them, and gave them their Power of charming.

\_Grace was in all her Steps, Heaven in her Eye, In all her Gestures Dignity and Love.\_

Without this irradiating Power the proudest Fair One ought to know, whatever her Glass may tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect Features are Uninform'd and Dead.

I cannot better close this Moral, than by a short Epitaph written by \_Ben Johnson\_, with a Spirit which nothing could inspire but such an Object as I have been describing.

Underneath this Stone doth lie As much Virtue as cou'd die, Which when alive did Vigour give To as much Beauty as cou'd live. [3]

I am, Sir, Your most humble Servant, R. B.

R.

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[Footnote 1: Charles de St. Denis, Sieur de St. Evremond, died in 1703, aged 95, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His military and diplomatic career in France was closed in 1661, when his condemnations of Mazarin, although the Cardinal was then dead, obliged him to fly from the wrath of the French Court to Holland and afterwards to England, where Charles II granted him a pension of £300 a-year. At Charles's death the pension lapsed, and St. Evremond declined the post of cabinet secretary to James II. After the Revolution he had William III for friend, and when, at last, he was invited back, in his old age, to France, he chose to stay and die among his English friends. In a second volume of 'Miscellany Essays by Monsieur de St. Evremont,' done into English by Mr. Brown (1694), an Essay 'Of the Pleasure that Women take in their Beauty' ends (p. 135) with the thought quoted by Steele.]

[Footnote 2: In 'Don Sebastian, King of Portugal,' act I, says Muley Moloch, Emperor of Barbary, Ay; There look like the Workmanship of Heav'n: This is the Porcelain Clay of Human Kind.]

[Footnote 3: The lines are in the Epitaph 'on Elizabeth L.H.'

'One name was Elizabeth, The other, let it sleep in death.'

But Steele, quoting from memory, altered the words to his purpose. Ben Johnson's lines were:

'Underneath this stone doth lie, As much Beauty as could die, Which in Life did Harbour give To more Virture than doth live.')

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No. 34. Monday, April 9, 1711 Addison.

'... parcit Cognatis maculis similis fera ...'

Juv.

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The Club of which I am a Member, is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different Ways of Life, and disputed as it were out of the most conspicuous Classes of Mankind: By this Means I am furnished with the greatest Variety of Hints and Materials, and know every thing that passes in the different Quarters and Divisions, not only of this great City, but of the whole Kingdom. My Readers too have the Satisfaction to find, that there is no Rank or Degree among them who have not their Representative in this Club, and that there is always some Body present who will take Care of their respective Interests, that nothing

may be written or published to the Prejudice or Infringement of their just Rights and Privileges.

I last Night sat very late in company with this select Body of Friends, who entertain'd me with several Remarks which they and others had made upon these my Speculations, as also with the various Success which they had met with among their several Ranks and Degrees of Readers. WILL. HONEYCOMB told me, in the softest Manner he could, That there were some Ladies (but for your Comfort, says WILL., they are not those of the most Wit) that were offended at the Liberties I had taken with the Opera and the Puppet-Show: That some of them were likewise very much surpriz'd, that I should think such serious Points as the Dress and Equipage of Persons of Quality, proper Subjects for Raillery.

He was going on, when Sir ANDREW FREEPORT took him up short, and told him, That the Papers he hinted at had done great Good in the City, and that all their Wives and Daughters were the better for them: And further added, That the whole City thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous Intentions to scourge Vice and Folly as they appear in a Multitude, without condescending to be a Publisher of particular Intrigues and Cuckoldoms. In short, says Sir ANDREW, if you avoid that foolish beaten Road of falling upon Aldermen and Citizens, and employ your Pen upon the Vanity and Luxury of Courts, your Paper must needs be of general Use.

Upon this my Friend the TEMPLAR told Sir ANDREW, That he wondered to hear a Man of his Sense talk after that Manner; that the City had always been the Province for Satyr; and that the Wits of King \_Charles's\_ Time jested upon nothing else during his whole Reign. He then shewed, by the Examples of \_Horace, Juvenal, Boileau\_, and the best Writers of every Age, that the Follies of the Stage and Court had never been accounted too sacred for Ridicule, how great so-ever the Persons might be that patronized them. But after all, says he, I think your Raillery has made too great an Excursion, in attacking several Persons of the Inns of Court; and I do not believe you can shew me any Precedent for your Behaviour in that Particular.

My good Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERL[E]Y, who had said nothing all this while, began his Speech with a Pish! and told us. That he wondered to see so many Men of Sense so very serious upon Fooleries. Let our good Friend, says he, attack every one that deserves it: I would only advise you, Mr. SPECTATOR, applying himself to me, to take Care how you meddle with Country Squires: They are the Ornaments of the *English* Nation; Men of good Heads and sound Bodies! and let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you that you mention Fox-hunters with so little Respect.

Captain SENTRY spoke very sparingly on this Occasion. What he said was only to commend my Prudence in not touching upon the Army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that Point.

By this Time I found every subject of my Speculations was taken away from me by one or other of the Club; and began to think my self in the Condition of the good Man that had one Wife who took a Dislike to his grey Hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an Aversion to, they left his Head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with my self, my worthy Friend the Clergy-man, who, very luckily for me, was at the Club that Night, undertook my Cause. He told us, That he wondered any Order of Persons should think themselves too considerable to be advis'd: That it was not Quality, but Innocence which exempted Men from Reproof; That Vice and Folly ought to be attacked where-ever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous Stations of Life. He further added, That my Paper would only serve to aggravate the Pains of Poverty, if it chiefly expos'd those who are already depressed, and in some measure turn'd into Ridicule, by the Meanness of their Conditions and Circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take Notice of the great Use this Paper might be of to the Publick, by reprehending those Vices which are too trivial for the Chastisement of the Law, and too fantastical for the Cognizance of the Pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my Undertaking with Chearfulness; and assured me, that whoever might be displeas'd with me, I should be approved by all those whose Praises do Honour to the Persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole Club pays a particular Deference to the Discourse of this Gentleman, and are drawn into what he says as much by the candid and ingenuous Manner with which he delivers himself, as by the Strength of Argument and Force of Reason which he makes use of. WILL. HONEYCOMB immediately agreed, that what he had said was right; and that for his Part, he would not insist upon the Quarter which he had demanded for the Ladies. Sir ANDREW gave up the City with the same Frankness. The TEMPLAR would not stand out; and was followed by Sir ROGER and the CAPTAIN: Who all agreed that I should be at Liberty to carry the War into what Quarter I pleased; provided I continued to combat with Criminals in a Body, and to assault the Vice without hurting the Person.

This Debate, which was held for the Good of Mankind, put me in Mind of that which the *Roman* Triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their Destruction. Every Man at first stood hard for his Friend, till they found that by this Means they should spoil their Proscription: And at length, making a Sacrifice of all their Acquaintance and Relations, furnished out a very decent Execution.

Having thus taken my Resolution to march on boldly in the Cause of Virtue and good Sense, and to annoy their Adversaries in whatever Degree or Rank of Men they may be found: I shall be deaf for the future to all the Remonstrances that shall be made to me on this Account. If *Punch* grow extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely: If the Stage becomes a Nursery of Folly and Impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, If I meet with any thing in City, Court, or Country, that shocks Modesty or good Manners, I shall use my utmost Endeavours to make an Example of it. I must however intreat every particular Person, who does me the Honour to be a Reader of this Paper, never to think himself, or any one of his Friends or Enemies, aimed at in what is said: For I promise him, never to draw a faulty Character which does not fit at least a Thousand People; or to publish a single Paper, that is not written in the Spirit of Benevolence and with a Love to Mankind.

C.

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No. 35. Tuesday, April 10, 1711. Addison.

'Risus inepto res ineptior milla est.'

Mart.

Among all kinds of Writing, there is none in which Authors are more apt to miscarry than in Works of Humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excell. It is not an Imagination that teems with Monsters, an Head that is filled with extravagant Conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the World with Diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the Productions of several Writers, who set up for Men of Humour, what wild irregular Fancies, what unnatural Distortions of Thought, do we meet with? If they speak Nonsense, they believe they are talking Humour; and when they have drawn together a Scheme of absurd, inconsistent Ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor Gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the Reputation of Wits and Humourists, by such monstrous Conceits as almost qualify them for *Bedlam*; not considering that Humour should always lye under the Check of Reason, and that it requires the Direction of the nicest Judgment, by so much the more as it indulges it self in the most boundless Freedoms. There is a kind of Nature that is to be observed in this sort of Compositions, as well as in all other, and a certain Regularity of Thought [which [1]] must discover the Writer to be a Man of Sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to Caprice: For my part, when I read the delirious Mirth of an unskilful Author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert my self with it, but am rather apt to pity the Man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. *\_Shadwell\_*, who had himself a great deal of the Talent, which I am treating of, represents an empty Rake, in one of his Plays, as very much surprized to hear one say that breaking of Windows was not Humour;<sup>[2]</sup> and I question not but several *English* Readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent Pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd Chimerical Titles, are rather the Offsprings of a Distempered Brain, than Works of Humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not Humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as *Cowley* has done Wit, by Negatives. Were I to give my own Notions of it, I would deliver them after *\_Plato's\_* manner, in a kind of Allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a Person, deduce to him all his Qualifications, according to the following Genealogy. TRUTH was the Founder of the Family, and the Father of GOOD SENSE. GOOD SENSE was the Father of WIT, who married a Lady of a Collateral Line called MIRTH, by whom he had Issue HUMOUR. HUMOUR therefore being the youngest of this Illustrious Family, and descended from Parents of such different Dispositions, is very various and unequal in his Temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave Looks and a solemn Habit, sometimes airy in his Behaviour and fantastick in his Dress: Insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a Judge, and as jocular as a *\_Merry-Andrew\_*. But as he has a great deal of the Mother in his Constitution, whatever Mood he is in, he never fails to make his Company laugh.

But since there [is an Impostor <sup>[3]</sup>] abroad, who [takes upon him <sup>[4]</sup>] the Name of this young Gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the World; to the end that well-meaning Persons may not be imposed upon by [Cheats <sup>[5]</sup>], I would desire my Readers, when they meet with [this Pretender <sup>[6]</sup>], to look into his Parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to TRUTH, and lineally descended from GOOD SENSE; if not, they may conclude him a Counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive Laughter, in which he seldom gets his Company to join with him. For, as TRUE HUMOUR generally looks serious, whilst every Body laughs [about him <sup>[7]</sup>]; FALSE HUMOUR is always laughing, whilst every Body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a Mixture of both Parents, that is, if he would pass for the Offspring of WIT without MIRTH, or MIRTH without WIT, you may conclude him to be altogether Spurious, and a Cheat.

The Impostor, of whom I am speaking, descends Originally from FALSEHOOD, who was the Mother of NONSENSE, who was brought to Bed of a Son called FRENZY, who Married one of the Daughters of FOLLY, commonly known by the Name of LAUGHTER, on whom he begot that Monstrous Infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the Genealogical Table of FALSE HUMOUR, and, at the same time, place under it the Genealogy of TRUE HUMOUR, that the Reader may at one View behold their different Pedigrees and Relations.

FALSEHOOD. TRUTH. || NONSENSE. GOOD SENSE. || FRENZY.=LAUGHTER. WIT.=MIRTH. || FALSE HUMOUR. HUMOUR.

I might extend the Allegory, by mentioning several of the Children of FALSE HUMOUR, who are more in Number than the Sands of the Sea, and might in particular enumerate the many Sons and Daughters which he has begot in this Island. But as this would be a very invidious Task, I shall only observe in general, that FALSE HUMOUR differs from the TRUE, as a Monkey does from a Man.

*First* of all, He is exceedingly given to little Apish Tricks and Buffooneries.

*\_Secondly\_*, He so much delights in Mimickry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it Vice and Folly, Luxury and Avarice; or, on the contrary, Virtue and Wisdom, Pain and Poverty.

*\_Thirdly\_*, He is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch that he will bite the Hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both Friends and Foes indifferently. For having but small Talents, he must be merry where he can, not where he *should*.

\_Fourthly\_, Being entirely void of Reason, he pursues no Point either of Morality or Instruction, but is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

\_Fifthly\_, Being incapable of any thing but Mock–Representations, his Ridicule is always Personal, and aimed at the Vicious Man, or the Writer; not at the Vice, or at the Writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole Species of False Humourists; but as one of my principal Designs in this Paper is to beat down that malignant Spirit, which discovers it self in the Writings of the present Age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small Wits, that infest the World with such Compositions as are ill–natured, immoral and absurd. This is the only Exception which I shall make to the general Rule I have prescribed my self, of attacking Multitudes: Since every honest Man ought to look upon himself as in a Natural State of War with the Libeller and Lamponer, and to annoy them where–ever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others.

C.

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[Footnote 1: that]

[Footnote 2: Wit, in the town sense, is talked of to satiety in Shadwell's plays; and window–breaking by the street rioters called 'Scowrers,' who are the heroes of an entire play of his, named after them, is represented to the life by a street scene in the third act of his 'Woman Captain.']

[Footnote 3: are several Impostors]

[Footnote 4: take upon them]

[Footnote 5: Counterfeits]

[Footnote 6: any of these Pretenders]

[Footnote 7: that is about him]

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No. 36. Wednesday, April 11, 1711. Steele.

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'... Immania monstra Perferimus ...'

Virg.

I shall not put my self to any further Pains for this Day's Entertainment, than barely to publish the Letters and Titles of Petitions from the Play–house, with the Minutes I have made upon the Latter for my Conduct in relation to them.

Drury–Lane, April [1] the 9th.

'Upon reading the Project which is set forth in one of your late Papers, [2] of making an Alliance between all the Bulls, Bears, Elephants, and Lions, which are separately exposed to publick View in the Cities of *London* and Westminster; together with the other Wonders, Shows, and Monsters, whereof you made respective Mention in the said Speculation; We, the chief Actors of this Playhouse, met and sat upon the said Design. It is with great Delight that We expect the Execution of this Work; and in order to contribute to it, We have given Warning to all our Ghosts to get their Livelihoods where they can, and not to appear among us after

Day—break of the 16th Instant. We are resolved to take this Opportunity to part with every thing which does not contribute to the Representation of humane Life; and shall make a free Gift of all animated Utensils to your Projector. The Hangings you formerly mentioned are run away; as are likewise a Set of Chairs, each of which was met upon two Legs going through the *Rose* Tavern at Two this Morning. We hope, Sir, you will give proper Notice to the Town that we are endeavouring at these Regulations; and that we intend for the future to show no Monsters, but Men who are converted into such by their own Industry and Affectation. If you will please to be at the House to—night, you will see me do my Endeavour to show some unnatural Appearances which are in vogue among the Polite and Well—bred. I am to represent, in the Character of a fine Lady Dancing, all the Distortions which are frequently taken for Graces in Mien and Gesture. This, Sir, is a Specimen of the Method we shall take to expose the Monsters which come within the Notice of a regular Theatre; and we desire nothing more gross may be admitted by you Spectators for the future. We have cashiered three Companies of Theatrical Guards, and design our Kings shall for the future make Love and sit in Council without an Army: and wait only your Direction, whether you will have them reinforce King *Porus* or join the Troops of *Macedon*. Mr. *Penkethman* resolves to consult his *Pantheon* of Heathen Gods in Opposition to the Oracle of *\_Delphos\_*, and doubts not but he shall turn the Fortunes of *Porus* when he personates him. I am desired by the Company to inform you, that they submit to your Censures; and shall have you in greater Veneration than *Hercules* was in of old, if you can drive Monsters from the Theatre; and think your Merit will be as much greater than his, as to convince is more than to conquer.

I am, Sir, Your most obedient Servant, T.D.

SIR, When I acquaint you with the great and unexpected Vicissitudes of my Fortune, I doubt not but I shall obtain your Pity and Favour. I have for many Years last past been Thunderer to the Play—house; and have not only made as much Noise out of the Clouds as any Predecessor of mine in the Theatre that ever bore that Character, but also have descended and spoke on the Stage as the bold Thunder in *The Rehearsal* [1]

When they got me down thus low, they thought fit to degrade me further, and make me a Ghost. I was contented with this for these two last Winters; but they carry their Tyranny still further, and not satisfied that I am banished from above Ground, they have given me to understand that I am wholly to depart their Dominions, and taken from me even my subterraneous Employment. Now, Sir, what I desire of you is, that if your Undertaker thinks fit to use Fire—Arms (as other Authors have done) in the Time of *\_Alexander\_*, I may be a Cannon against *\_Porus\_*, or else provide for me in the Burning of *\_Persepolis\_*, or what other Method you shall think fit.

Salmoneus of Covent—Garden.'

The Petition of all the Devils of the Play—house in behalf of themselves and Families, setting forth their Expulsion from thence, with Certificates of their good Life and Conversation, and praying Relief.

*\_The Merit of this Petition referred to Mr. Chr. Rich, who made them Devils.\_*

The Petition of the Grave—digger in 'Hamlet', to command the Pioneers in the Expedition of *Alexander*.

*\_Granted.\_*

The Petition of *\_William Bullock\_*, to be *Hephestion* to *Penkethman the Great*. [4]

*\_Granted.\_*

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The caricature here, and in following lines, is of a passage in Sir Robert Stapylton's 'Slighted Maid': 'I am the

Evening, dark as Night,' &c.

In the 'Spectator's' time the Rehearsal was an acted play, in which Penkethman had the part of the gentleman Usher, and Bullock was one of the two Kings of Brentford; Thunder was Johnson, who played also the Grave-digger in Hamlet and other reputable parts.

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[Footnote 1: 'March' was written by an oversight left in the first reprint uncorrected.]

[Footnote 2: No. 31.]

[Footnote 3: Mr. Bayes, the poet, in the Duke of Buckingham's 'Rehearsal', after showing how he has planned a Thunder and Lightning Prologue for his play, says,

Come out, Thunder and Lightning.

[Enter Thunder and Lightning.]

'Thun'. I am the bold 'Thunder'.

'Bayes'. Mr. Cartwright, prithee speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse voice. I am the bold Thunder: pshaw! Speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed: I am the bold 'Thunder'.

'Thun'. I am the bold 'Thunder'.

'Light'. The brisk Lightning, I.]

[Footnote 4: William Bullock was a good and popular comedian, whom some preferred to Penkethman, because he spoke no more than was set down for him, and did not overact his parts. He was now with Penkethman, now with Cibber and others, joint-manager of a theatrical booth at Bartholomew Fair. When this essay was written Bullock and Penkethman were acting together in a play called 'Injured Love', produced at Drury Lane on the 7th of April, Bullock as 'Sir Bookish Outside,' Penkethman as 'Tipple,' a Servant. Penkethman, Bullock and Dogget were in those days Macbeth's three witches. Bullock had a son on the stage capable of courtly parts, who really had played Hephestion in 'the Rival Queens', in a theatre opened by Penkethman at Greenwich in the preceding summer.]

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ADVERTISEMENT.

\_A Widow Gentlewoman, wellborn both by Father and Mother's Side, being the Daughter of\_ Thomas Prater, \_once an eminent Practitioner in the Law, and of\_ Letitia Tattle, \_a Family well known in all Parts of this Kingdom, having been reduc'd by Misfortunes to wait on several great Persons, and for some time to be Teacher at a Boarding-School of young Ladies; giveth Notice to the Publick, That she hath lately taken a House near\_ Bloomsbury-Square, \_commodiously situated next the Fields in a good Air; where she teaches all sorts of Birds of the loquacious Kinds, as Parrots, Starlings, Magpies, and others, to imitate human Voices in greater Perfection than ever yet was practis'd. They are not only instructed to pronounce Words distinctly, and in a proper Tone and Accent, but to speak the Language with great Purity and Volubility of Tongue, together with all the fashionable Phrases and Compliments now in use either at Tea-Tables or visiting Days. Those that have good Voices may be taught to sing the newest Opera-Airs, and, if requir'd, to speak either\_ Italian *or* French, \_paying something extraordinary above the common Rates. They whose Friends are not

able to pay the full Prices may be taken as Half-boarders. She teaches such as are design'd for the Diversion of the Publick, and to act in enchanted Woods on the Theatres, by the Great. As she has often observ'd with much Concern how indecent an Education is usually given these innocent Creatures, which in some Measure is owing to their being plac'd in Rooms next the Street, where, to the great Offence of chaste and tender Ears, they learn Ribaldry, obscene Songs, and immodest Expressions from Passengers and idle People, and also to cry Fish and Card-matches, with other useless Parts of Learning to Birds who have rich Friends, she has fitted up proper and neat Apartments for them in the back Part of her said House; where she suffers none to approach them but her self, and a Servant Maid who is deaf and dumb, and whom she provided on purpose to prepare their Food and cleanse their Cages; having found by long Experience how hard a thing it is for those to keep Silence who have the Use of Speech, and the Dangers her Scholars are expos'd to by the strong Impressions that are made by harsh Sounds and vulgar Dialects. In short, if they are Birds of any Parts or Capacity, she will undertake to render them so accomplish'd in the Compass of a Twelve-month, that they shall be fit Conversation for such Ladies as love to chuse their Friends and Companions out of this Species\_.

R.

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No. 37. Thursday, April 12, 1711. Addison.

... Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ Foemineas assueta manus ...

Virg.

Some Months ago, my Friend Sir Roger, being in the Country, enclosed a Letter to me, directed to a certain Lady whom I shall here call by the Name of *Leonora*, and as it contained Matters of Consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own Hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyship pretty early in the Morning, and was desired by her Woman to walk into her Lady's Library, till such time as she was in a Readiness to receive me. The very Sound of a *Lady's Library* gave me a great Curiosity to see it; and as it was some time before the Lady came to me, I had an Opportunity of turning over a great many of her Books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful Order. At the End of the *Folios* (which were finely bound and gilt) were great Jars of *China* placed one above another in a very noble Piece of Architecture. The *Quartos* were separated from the *Octavos* by a Pile of smaller Vessels, which rose in a [delightful[1]] Pyramid. The *Octavos* were bounded by Tea Dishes of all Shapes Colours and Sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden Frame, that they looked like one continued Pillar indented with the finest Strokes of Sculpture, and stained with the greatest Variety of Dyes. That Part of the Library which was designed for the Reception of Plays and Pamphlets, and other loose Papers, was enclosed in a kind of Square, consisting of one of the prettiest Grottesque Works that ever I saw, and made up of Scaramouches, Lions, Monkeys, Mandarines, Trees, Shells, and a thousand other odd Figures in *China* Ware. In the midst of the Room was a little Japan Table, with a Quire of gilt Paper upon it, and on the Paper a Silver Snuff-box made in the Shape of a little Book. I found there were several other Counterfeit Books upon the upper Shelves, which were carved in Wood, and served only to fill up the Number, like Fagots in the muster of a Regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixt kind of Furniture, as seemed very suitable both to the Lady and the Scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a Grotto, or in a Library.

Upon my looking into the Books, I found there were some few which the Lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the Authors of them. Among several that I examin'd, I very well remember these that follow. [2]

*Ogleby's Virgil*. *Dryden's Juvenal*. *Cassandra*. *Cleopatra*. *Astraea*. *Sir Isaac Newton's* Works. The *Grand Cyrus*: With a Pin stuck in one of the middle Leaves. *Pembroke's Arcadia*. *Locke of Human Understanding*: With a Paper of Patches in it. A Spelling-Book. A Dictionary for the Explanation of hard

Words. *Sherlock* upon Death. The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony. Sir *William Temple's* Essays. Father *Malbranche's* Search after Truth, translated into *English*. A Book of Novels. The Academy of Compliments. *Culpepper's* Midwifry. The Ladies Calling. Tales in Verse by Mr. *Durfey*: Bound in Red Leather, gilt on the Back, and doubled down in several Places. All the Classick Authors in Wood. A set of *Elzevers* by the same Hand. *Clelia*: Which opened of it self in the Place that describes two Lovers in a Bower. *Baker's* Chronicle. Advice to a Daughter. The New *Atalantis*, with a Key to it. Mr. *Steel's* Christian Heroe. A Prayer Book: With a Bottle of *Hungary* Water by the side of it. Dr. *Sacheverell's* Speech. *Fielding's* Tryal. *Seneca's* Morals. *Taylor's* holy Living and Dying. *La ferte's* Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a Catalogue in my Pocket-Book of these, and several other Authors, when *Leonora* entred, and upon my presenting her with the Letter from the Knight, told me, with an unspeakable Grace, that she hoped Sir ROGER was in good Health: I answered *Yes*, for I hate long Speeches, and after a Bow or two retired.

*Leonora* was formerly a celebrated Beauty, and is still a very lovely Woman. She has been a Widow for two or three Years, and being unfortunate in her first Marriage, has taken a Resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no Children to take care of, and leaves the Management of her Estate to my good Friend Sir ROGER. But as the Mind naturally sinks into a kind of Lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some Favourite Pleasures and Pursuits, *Leonora* has turned all the Passions of her Sex into a Love of Books and Retirement. She converses chiefly with Men (as she has often said herself), but it is only in their Writings; and admits of very few Male-Visitants, except my Friend Sir ROGER, whom she hears with great Pleasure, and without Scandal. As her Reading has lain very much among Romances, it has given her a very particular Turn of Thinking, and discovers it self even in her House, her Gardens, and her Furniture. Sir ROGER has entertained me an Hour together with a Description of her Country-Seat, which is situated in a kind of Wilderness, about an hundred Miles distant from *London*, and looks like a little Enchanted Palace. The Rocks about her are shaped into Artificial Grottoes covered with Wood-Bines and Jessamines. The Woods are cut into shady Walks, twisted into Bowers, and filled with Cages of Turtles. The Springs are made to run among Pebbles, and by that means taught to Murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a Beautiful Lake that is Inhabited by a Couple of Swans, and empties it self by a litte Rivulet which runs through a Green Meadow, and is known in the Family by the Name of *The Purling Stream*. The Knight likewise tells me, that this Lady preserves her Game better than any of the Gentlemen in the Country, not (says Sir ROGER) that she sets so great a Value upon her Partridges and Pheasants, as upon her Larks and Nightingales. For she says that every Bird which is killed in her Ground, will spoil a Consort, and that she shall certainly miss him the next Year.

When I think how odly this Lady is improved by Learning, I look upon her with a Mixture of Admiration and Pity. Amidst these Innocent Entertainments which she has formed to her self, how much more Valuable does she appear than those of her Sex, [who [3]] employ themselves in Diversions that are less Reasonable, tho' more in Fashion? What Improvements would a Woman have made, who is so Susceptible of Impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such Books as have a Tendency to enlighten the Understanding and rectify the Passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the Imagination?

But the manner of a Lady's Employing her self usefully in Reading shall be the Subject of another Paper, in which I design to recommend such particular Books as may be proper for the Improvement of the Sex. And as this is a Subject of a very nice Nature, I shall desire my Correspondents to give me their Thoughts upon it.

C.

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[Footnote 1: very delightful]

[Footnote 2: John Ogilby, or Ogilvy, who died in 1676, aged 76, was originally a dancing-master, then Deputy Master of the Revels in Dublin; then, after the outbreak of the Irish Rebellion, a student of Latin and

Greek in Cambridge. Finally, he settled down as a cosmographer. He produced translations of both Virgil and Homer into English verse. His 'Virgil', published in 1649, was handsomely printed and the first which gave the entire works in English, nearly half a century before Dryden's which appeared in 1697.

The translation of 'Juvenal' and 'Persius' by Dryden, with help of his two sons, and of Congreve, Creech, Tate, and others, was first published in 1693. Dryden translated Satires 1, 3, 6, 10, and 16 of Juvenal, and the whole of Persius. His Essay on Satire was prefixed.

'Cassandra' and 'Cleopatra' were romances from the French of Gautier de Costes, Seigneur de la Calprenède, who died in 1663. He published 'Cassandra' in 10 volumes in 1642, 'Cleopatra' in 12 volumes in 1656, besides other romances. The custom was to publish these romances a volume at a time. A pretty and rich widow smitten with the 'Cleopatra' while it was appearing, married La Calprenède upon condition that he finished it, and his promise to do so was formally inserted in the marriage contract. The English translations of these French Romances were always in folio. 'Cassandra', translated by Sir Charles Cotterell, was published in 1652; 'Cleopatra' in 1668, translated by Robert Loveday. 'Astraea' was a pastoral Romance of the days of Henri IV. by Honoré D'Urfe, which had been translated by John Pyper in 1620, and was again translated by a Person 'of Quality' in 1657. It was of the same school as Sir Philip Sydney's 'Arcadia', first published after his death by his sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke, in 1590, and from her, for whom, indeed, it had been written, called the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.

Sir Isaac Newton was living in the 'Spectator's' time. He died in 1727, aged 85. John Locke had died in 1704. His 'Essay on the Human Understanding' was first published in 1690. Sir William Temple had died in 1699, aged 71.

The 'Grand Cyrus', by Magdeleine de Scudéri, was the most famous of the French Romances of its day. The authoress, who died in 1701, aged 94, was called the Sappho of her time. Cardinal Mazarin left her a pension by his will, and she had a pension of two thousand livres from the king. Her 'Grand Cyrus', published in 10 volumes in 1650, was translated (in one volume, folio) in 1653. 'Clelia', presently afterwards included in the list of Leonora's books, was another very popular romance by the same authoress, published in 10 volumes, a few years later, immediately translated into English by John Davies, and printed in the usual folio form.

Dr. William Sherlock, who after some scruple about taking the oaths to King William, did so, and was made Dean of St. Paul's, published his very popular 'Practical Discourse concerning Death', in 1689. He died in 1707.

Father Nicolas Malebranche, in the 'Spectator's' time, was living in enjoyment of his reputation as one of the best French writers and philosophers. The foundations of his fame had been laid by his 'Recherche de la Vérité', of which the first volume appeared in 1673. An English translation of it, by Thomas Taylor, was published (in folio) in 1694. He died in 1715, Aged 77.

Thomas D'Urfey was a licentious writer of plays and songs, whose tunes Charles II. would hum as he leant on their writer's shoulder. His 'New Poems, with Songs' appeared in 1690. He died in 1723, aged 95.

The 'New Atalantis' was a scandalous book by Mary de la Riviere Manley, a daughter of Sir Roger Manley, governor of Guernsey. She began her career as the victim of a false marriage, deserted and left to support herself; became a busy writer and a woman of intrigue, who was living in the 'Spectator's' time, and died in 1724, in the house of Alderman Barber, with whom she was then living. Her 'New Atalantis', published in 1709, was entitled 'Secret Memoirs and Manners of several Persons of Quality of both sexes, from the New Atalantis, an Island in the Mediterranean.' Under feigned names it especially attacked members of Whig families, and led to proceedings for libel.

La Ferte was a dancing master of the days of the 'Spectator', who in Nos. 52 and 54 advertised his School

'in Compton Street, Soho, over against St. Ann's Church Back-door,' adding that, 'at the desire of several gentlemen in the City,' he taught dancing on Tuesdays and Thursdays in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange.]

[Footnote 3: that]

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No. 38. Friday, April 13, 1711. Steele.

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'Cupias non placuisse nimis.'

Mart.

A Late Conversation which I fell into, gave me an Opportunity of observing a great deal of Beauty in a very handsome Woman, and as much Wit in an ingenious Man, turned into Deformity in the one, and Absurdity in the other, by the meer Force of Affectation. The Fair One had something in her Person upon which her Thoughts were fixed, that she attempted to shew to Advantage in every Look, Word, and Gesture. The Gentleman was as diligent to do Justice to his fine Parts, as the Lady to her beauteous Form: You might see his Imagination on the Stretch to find out something uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her; while she writhed her self into as many different Postures to engage him. When she laughed, her Lips were to sever at a greater Distance than ordinary to shew her Teeth: Her Fan was to point to somewhat at a Distance, that in the Reach she may discover the Roundness of her Arm; then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her own Folly, and is so wholly discomposed, that her Tucker is to be adjusted, her Bosom exposed, and the whole Woman put into new Airs and Graces. While she was doing all this, the Gallant had Time to think of something very pleasant to say next to her, or make some unkind Observation on some other Lady to feed her Vanity. These unhappy Effects of Affectation, naturally led me to look into that strange State of Mind which so generally discolours the Behaviour of most People we meet with.

The learned Dr. *\_Burnet\_*, [1] in his Theory of the Earth, takes Occasion to observe, That every Thought is attended with Consciousness and Representativeness; the Mind has nothing presented to it but what is immediately followed by a Reflection or Conscience, which tells you whether that which was so presented is graceful or unbecoming. This Act of the Mind discovers it self in the Gesture, by a proper Behaviour in those whose Consciousness goes no further than to direct them in the just Progress of their present Thought or Action; but betrays an Interruption in every second Thought, when the Consciousness is employed in too fondly approving a Man's own Conceptions; which sort of Consciousness is what we call Affectation.

As the Love of Praise is implanted in our Bosoms as a strong Incentive to worthy Actions, it is a very difficult Task to get above a Desire of it for things that should be wholly indifferent. Women, whose Hearts are fixed upon the Pleasure they have in the Consciousness that they are the Objects of Love and Admiration, are ever changing the Air of their Countenances, and altering the Attitude of their Bodies, to strike the Hearts of their Beholders with new Sense of their Beauty. The dressing Part of our Sex, whose Minds are the same with the sillyer Part of the other, are exactly in the like uneasy Condition to be regarded for a well-tied Cravat, an Hat cocked with an unusual Briskness, a very well-chosen Coat, or other Instances of Merit, which they are impatient to see unobserved.

But this apparent Affectation, arising from an ill-governed Consciousness, is not so much to be wonder'd at in such loose and trivial Minds as these: But when you see it reign in Characters of Worth and Distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without some Indignation. It creeps into the Heart of the wise Man, as well as that of the Coxcomb. When you see a Man of Sense look about for Applause, and discover an itching Inclination to be commended; lay Traps for a little Incense, even from those whose Opinion he values in nothing but his own Favour; Who is safe against this Weakness? or who knows whether he is guilty of it or

not? The best Way to get clear of such a light Fondness for Applause, is to take all possible Care to throw off the Love of it upon Occasions that are not in themselves laudable; but, as it appears, we hope for no Praise from them. Of this Nature are all Graces in Mens Persons, Dress and bodily Deportment; which will naturally be winning and attractive if we think not of them, but lose their Force in proportion to our Endeavour to make them such.

When our Consciousness turns upon the main Design of Life, and our Thoughts are employed upon the chief Purpose either in Business or Pleasure, we shall never betray an Affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it: But when we give the Passion for Praise an unbridled Liberty, our Pleasure in little Perfections, robs us of what is due to us for great Virtues and worthy Qualities. How many excellent Speeches and honest Actions are lost, for want of being indifferent where we ought? Men are oppressed with regard to their Way of speaking and acting; instead of having their Thought bent upon what they should do or say, and by that Means bury a Capacity for great things, by their fear of failing in indifferent things. This, perhaps, cannot be called Affectation; but it has some Tincture of it, at least so far, as that their Fear of erring in a thing of no Consequence, argues they would be too much pleased in performing it.

It is only from a thorough Disregard to himself in such Particulars, that a Man can act with a laudable Sufficiency: His Heart is fixed upon one Point in view; and he commits no Errors, because he thinks nothing an Error but what deviates from that Intention.

The wild Havock Affectation makes in that Part of the World which should be most polite, is visible where ever we turn our Eyes: It pushes Men not only into Impertinencies in Conversation, but also in their premeditated Speeches. At the Bar it torments the Bench, whose Business it is to cut off all Superfluities in what is spoken before it by the Practitioner; as well as several little Pieces of Injustice which arise from the Law it self. I have seen it make a Man run from the Purpose before a Judge, who was, when at the Bar himself, so close and logical a Pleader, that with all the Pomp of Eloquence in his Power, he never spoke a Word too much. [2]

It might be born even here, but it often ascends the Pulpit it self; and the Declaimer, in that sacred Place, is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the last Day it self with so many quaint Phrases, that there is no Man who understands Raillery, but must resolve to sin no more: Nay, you may behold him sometimes in Prayer for a proper Delivery of the great Truths he is to utter, humble himself with so very well turned Phrase, and mention his own Unworthiness in a Way so very becoming, that the Air of the pretty Gentleman is preserved, under the Lowliness of the Preacher.

I shall end this with a short Letter I writ the other Day to a very witty Man, over-run with the Fault I am speaking of.

Dear SIR,

I Spent some Time with you the other Day, and must take the Liberty of a Friend to tell you of the unsufferable Affectation you are guilty of in all you say and do. When I gave you an Hint of it, you asked me whether a Man is to be cold to what his Friends think of him? No; but Praise is not to be the Entertainment of every Moment: He that hopes for it must be able to suspend the Possession of it till proper Periods of Life, or Death it self. If you would not rather be commended than be Praiseworthy, condemn little Merits; and allow no Man to be so free with you, as to praise you to your Face. Your Vanity by this Means will want its Food. At the same time your Passion for Esteem will be more fully gratified; Men will praise you in their Actions: Where you now receive one Compliment, you will then receive twenty Civilities. Till then you will never have of either, further than

SIR,

Your humble Servant.'

R.

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[Footnote 1: Dr. Thomas Burnet, who produced in 1681 the 'Telluris Theoria Sacra,' translated in 1690 as 'the Sacred Theory of the Earth,' was living in the 'Spectator's' time. He died in 1715, aged 80. He was for 30 years Master of the Charter-house, and set himself against James II. in refusing to admit a Roman Catholic as a Poor Brother. Burnet's Theory, a romance that passed for science in its day, was opposed in 1696 by Whiston in his 'New Theory of the Earth' (one all for Fire, the other all for Water), and the new Romance was Science even in the eyes of Locke. Addison, from Oxford in 1699, addressed a Latin ode to Burnet.]

[Footnote 2: Lord Cowper.]

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No. 39. Saturday, April 14, 1711. Addison.

'Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum, Cum scribo.'

Hor.

As a perfect Tragedy is the Noblest Production of Human Nature, so it is capable of giving the Mind one of the most delightful and most improving Entertainments. A virtuous Man (says \_Seneca\_) struggling with Misfortunes, is such a Spectacle as Gods might look upon with Pleasure: [1] And such a Pleasure it is which one meets with in the Representation of a well-written Tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our Thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cherish and cultivate that Humanity which is the Ornament of our Nature. They soften Insolence, sooth Affliction, and subdue the Mind to the Dispensations of Providence.

It is no Wonder therefore that in all the polite Nations of the World, this part of the *Drama* has met with publick Encouragement.

The modern Tragedy excels that of *Greece* and \_Rome\_, in the Intricacy and Disposition of the Fable; but, what a Christian Writer would be ashamed to own, falls infinitely short of it in the Moral Part of the Performance.

This I [may [2]] shew more at large hereafter; and in the mean time, that I may contribute something towards the Improvement of the *English* Tragedy, I shall take notice, in this and in other following Papers, of some particular Parts in it that seem liable to Exception.

*Aristotle* [3] observes, that the *Iambick* Verse in the *Greek* Tongue was the most proper for Tragedy: Because at the same time that it lifted up the Discourse from Prose, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of Verse. For, says he, we may observe that Men in Ordinary Discourse very often speak \_Iambicks\_, without taking notice of it. We may make the same Observation of our *English* Blank Verse, which often enters into our Common Discourse, though we do not attend to it, and is such a due Medium between Rhyme and Prose, that it seems wonderfully adapted to Tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I see a Play in Rhyme, which is as absurd in \_English\_, as a Tragedy of *Hexameters* would have been in *Greek* or *Latin*. The Solaecism is, I think, still greater, in those Plays that have some Scenes in Rhyme and some in Blank Verse, which are to be looked upon as two several Languages; or where we see some particular Similies dignified with Rhyme, at the same time that everything about them lyes in Blank Verse. I would not however debar the Poet from concluding his Tragedy, or, if he pleases, every Act of it, with two or three Couplets, which may have the same Effect as an Air in the *Italian* Opera after a long \_Recitativo\_, and give

the Actor a graceful *Exit*. Besides that we see a Diversity of Numbers in some Parts of the Old Tragedy, in order to hinder the Ear from being tired with the same continued Modulation of Voice. For the same Reason I do not dislike the Speeches in our *English* Tragedy that close with an *\_Hemistick\_*, or half Verse, notwithstanding the Person who speaks after it begins a new Verse, without filling up the preceding one; Nor with abrupt Pauses and Breakings-off in the middle of a Verse, when they humour any Passion that is expressed by it.

Since I am upon this Subject, I must observe that our *English* Poets have succeeded much better in the Style, than in the Sentiments of their Tragedies. Their Language is very often Noble and Sonorous, but the Sense either very trifling or very common. On the contrary, in the Ancient Tragedies, and indeed in those of *Corneille* and *Racine* [4] tho' the Expressions are very great, it is the Thought that bears them up and swells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble Sentiment that is depressed with homely Language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the Sound and Energy of Expression. Whether this Defect in our Tragedies may arise from Want of Genius, Knowledge, or Experience in the Writers, or from their Compliance with the vicious Taste of their Readers, who are better Judges of the Language than of the Sentiments, and consequently relish the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectify the Conduct both of the one and of the other, if the Writer laid down the whole Contexture of his Dialogue in plain *\_English\_*, before he turned it into Blank Verse; and if the Reader, after the Perusal of a Scene, would consider the naked Thought of every Speech in it, when divested of all its Tragick Ornaments. By this means, without being imposed upon by Words, we may judge impartially of the Thought, and consider whether it be natural or great enough for the Person that utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a Blaze of Eloquence, or shew itself in such a Variety of Lights as are generally made use of by the Writers of our *English* Tragedy.

I must in the next place observe, that when our Thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the sounding Phrases, hard Metaphors, and forced Expressions in which they are cloathed. *Shakespear* is often very Faulty in this Particular. There is a fine Observation in *Aristotle* to this purpose, which I have never seen quoted. The Expression, says he, ought to be very much laboured in the unactive Parts of the Fable, as in Descriptions, Similitudes, Narrations, and the like; in which the Opinions, Manners and Passions of Men are not represented; for these (namely the Opinions, Manners and Passions) are apt to be obscured by Pompous Phrases, and Elaborate Expressions. [5] *\_Horace\_*, who copied most of his Criticisms after *\_Aristotle\_*, seems to have had his Eye on the foregoing Rule in the following Verses:

Et Tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedestri, Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque, Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba, Si curat cor Spectantis tetigisse querelâ.

Tragedians too lay by their State, to grieve\_. Peleus *and* Telephus, *\_Exit'd* and Poor, Forget their Swelling and Gigantick Words.

(Ld. ROSCOMMON.)

Among our Modern *English* Poets, there is none who was better turned for Tragedy than *\_Lee\_*; [6] if instead of favouring the Impetuosity of his Genius, he had restrained it, and kept it within its proper Bounds. His Thoughts are wonderfully suited to Tragedy, but frequently lost in such a Cloud of Words, that it is hard to see the Beauty of them: There is an infinite Fire in his Works, but so involved in Smoak, that it does not appear in half its Lustre. He frequently succeeds in the Passionate Parts of the Tragedy, but more particularly where he slackens his Efforts, and eases the Style of those Epithets and Metaphors, in which he so much abounds. What can be more Natural, more Soft, or more Passionate, than that Line in *\_Statira's\_* Speech, where she describes the Charms of *\_Alexander's\_* Conversation?

*\_Then he would talk: Good Gods! how he would talk!\_*

That unexpected Break in the Line, and turning the Description of his Manner of Talking into an Admiration of it, is inexpressibly Beautiful, and wonderfully suited, to the fond Character of the Person that speaks it. There is a Simplicity in the Words, that outshines the utmost Pride of Expression.

*Otway* [7] has followed Nature in the Language of his Tragedy, and therefore shines in the Passionate Parts, more than any of our *English* Poets. As there is something Familiar and Domestick in the Fable of his Tragedy, more than in those of any other Poet, he has little Pomp, but great Force in his Expressions. For which Reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting Part of his Tragedies, he sometimes falls into too great a Familiarity of Phrase in those Parts, which, by *Aristotle's* Rule, ought to have been raised and supported by the Dignity of Expression.

It has been observed by others, that this Poet has founded his Tragedy of *Venice Preserved* on so wrong a Plot, that the greatest Characters in it are those of Rebels and Traitors. Had the Hero of his Play discovered the same good Qualities in the Defence of his Country, that he showed for its Ruin and Subversion, the Audience could not enough pity and admire him: But as he is now represented, we can only say of him what the *Roman* Historian says of *Catiline*, that his Fall would have been Glorious (*\_si pro Patriâ sic concidisset\_*) had he so fallen in the Service of his Country.

C.

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[Footnote 1: From Seneca on Providence:

"De Providentiâ, sive Quare Bonis Viris Mala Accidunt cum sit Providentia' § 2, 'Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat intentus operi suo Deus: ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus, utique si et provocavit."

So also Minutius Felix, 'Adversus Gentes:'

"Quam pulchrum spectaculum Deo, cum Christianus cum dolore congueditur? cum adversus minas, et supplicia, et tormenta componitur? cum libertatem suam adversus reges ac Principes erigit."

Epictetus also bids the endangered man remember that he has been sent by God as an athlete into the arena.]

[Footnote 2: shall]

[Footnote 3: 'Poetics', Part I. § 7. Also in the 'Rhetoric', bk III. ch. i.]

[Footnote 4: These chiefs of the French tragic drama died, Corneille in 1684, and his brother Thomas in 1708; Racine in 1699.]

[Footnote 5: It is the last sentence in Part III. of the 'Poetics'.]

[Footnote 6: Nathaniel Lee died in 1692 of injury received during a drunken frolic. Disappointed of a fellowship at Cambridge, he turned actor; failed upon the stage, but prospered as a writer for it. His career as a dramatist began with 'Nero', in 1675, and he wrote in all eleven plays. His most successful play was the 'Rival Queens', or the Death of Alexander the Great, produced in 1677. Next to it in success, and superior in merit, was his 'Theodosius', or the Force of Love, produced in 1680. He took part with Dryden in writing the very successful adaptation of 'Oedipus', produced in 1679, as an English Tragedy based upon Sophocles and Seneca. During two years of his life Lee was a lunatic in Bedlam.]

[Footnote 7: Thomas Otway died of want in 1685, at the age of 34. Like Lee, he left college for the stage, attempted as an actor, then turned dramatist, and produced his first tragedy, 'Alcibiades', in 1675, the year in

which Lee produced also his first tragedy, 'Nero'. Otway's second play, 'Don Carlos', was very successful, but his best were, the 'Orphan', produced in 1680, remarkable for its departure from the kings and queens of tragedy for pathos founded upon incidents in middle life, and 'Venice Preserved', produced in 1682.]

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No. 40. Monday, April 16, 1711. Addison.

'Ac ne forte putes, me, que facere ipse recusem, Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne; Ille per extentum funem mihi fosse videtur Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit, Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet, Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.'

Hor.

The *English* Writers of Tragedy are possessed with a Notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent Person in Distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his Troubles, or made him triumph over his Enemies. This Error they have been led into by a ridiculous Doctrine in modern Criticism, that they are obliged to an equal Distribution of Rewards and Punishments, and an impartial Execution of poetical Justice. Who were the first that established this Rule I know not; but I am sure it has no Foundation in Nature, in Reason, or in the Practice of the Ancients. We find that Good and Evil happen alike to all Men on this side the Grave; and as the principal Design of Tragedy is to raise Commiseration and Terror in the Minds of the Audience, we shall defeat this great End, if we always make Virtue and Innocence happy and successful. Whatever Crosses and Disappointments a good Man suffers in the Body of the Tragedy, they will make but small Impression on our Minds, when we know that in the last Act he is to arrive at the End of his Wishes and Desires. When we see him engaged in the Depth of his Afflictions, we are apt to comfort our selves, because we are sure he will find his Way out of them: and that his Grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in Gladness. For this Reason the ancient Writers of Tragedy treated Men in their Plays, as they are dealt with in the World, by making Virtue sometimes happy and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the Fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their Audience in the most agreeable Manner. *Aristotle* considers the Tragedies that were written in either of these Kinds, and observes, That those which ended unhappily had always pleased the People, and carried away the Prize in the publick Disputes of the Stage, from those that ended happily. [1] Terror and Commiseration leave a pleasing Anguish in the Mind; and fix the Audience in such a serious Composure of Thought as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient Starts of Joy and Satisfaction. Accordingly, we find, that more of our English Tragedies have succeeded, in which the Favourites of the Audience sink under their Calamities, than those in which they recover themselves out of them. The best Plays of this Kind are 'The Orphan', 'Venice Preserved', 'Alexander the Great', 'Theodosius', 'All for Love', 'Oedipus', 'Oroonoko', 'Othello', [2] &c. 'King Lear' is an admirable Tragedy of the same Kind, as 'Shakespear' wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chymical Notion of Poetical Justice, in my humble Opinion it has lost half its Beauty. At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble Tragedies which have been framed upon the other Plan, and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good Tragedies, which have been written since the starting of the above-mentioned Criticism, have taken this Turn: As 'The Mourning Bride', 'Tamerlane', 'Ulysses', 'Phædra' and 'Hippolitus', with most of Mr. *Dryden's*. [3] I must also allow, that many of *Shakespear's*, and several of the celebrated Tragedies of Antiquity, are cast in the same Form. I do not therefore dispute against this Way of writing Tragedies, but against the Criticism that would establish this as the only Method; and by that Means would very much cramp the *English* Tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong Bent to the Genius of our Writers.

The Tragi-Comedy, which is the Product of the *English* Theatre, is one of the most monstrous Inventions that ever entered into a Poet's Thoughts. An Author might as well think of weaving the Adventures of *Æneas* and *Hudibras* into one Poem, as of writing such a motly Piece of Mirth and Sorrow. But the Absurdity of these Performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

The same Objections which are made to Tragi-Comedy, may in some Measure be applied to all Tragedies that have a double Plot in them; which are likewise more frequent upon the *English Stage*, than upon any other: For though the Grief of the Audience, in such Performances, be not changed into another Passion, as in Tragi-Comedies; it is diverted upon another Object, which weakens their Concern for the principal Action, and breaks the Tide of Sorrow, by throwing it into different Channels. This Inconvenience, however, may in a great Measure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skilful Choice of an Under-Plot, which may bear such a near Relation to the principal Design, as to contribute towards the Completion of it, and be concluded by the same Catastrophe.

There is also another Particular, which may be reckoned among the Blemishes, or rather the false Beauties, of our *English Tragedy*: I mean those particular Speeches, which are commonly known by the Name of *Rants*. The warm and passionate Parts of a Tragedy, are always the most taking with the Audience; for which Reason we often see the Players pronouncing, in all the Violence of Action, several Parts of the Tragedy which the Author writ with great Temper, and designed that they should have been so acted. I have seen *Powell* very often raise himself a loud Clap by this Artifice. The Poets that were acquainted with this Secret, have given frequent Occasion for such Emotions in the Actor, by adding Vehemence to Words where there was no Passion, or inflaming a real Passion into Fustian. This hath filled the Mouths of our Heroes with Bombast; and given them such Sentiments, as proceed rather from a Swelling than a Greatness of Mind. Unnatural Exclamations, Curses, Vows, Blasphemies, a Defiance of Mankind, and an Outraging of the Gods, frequently pass upon the Audience for tow'ring Thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite Applause.

I shall here add a Remark, which I am afraid our Tragick Writers may make an ill use of. As our Heroes are generally Lovers, their Swelling and Blustering upon the Stage very much recommends them to the fair Part of their Audience. The Ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a Man insulting Kings, or affronting the Gods, in one Scene, and throwing himself at the Feet of his Mistress in another. Let him behave himself insolently towards the Men, and abjectly towards the Fair One, and it is ten to one but he proves a Favourite of the Boxes. *Dryden* and *Lee*, in several of their Tragedies, have practised this Secret with good Success.

But to shew how a Rant pleases beyond the most just and natural Thought that is not pronounced with Vehemence, I would desire the Reader when he sees the Tragedy of *OEdipus*, to observe how quietly the Hero is dismissed at the End of the third Act, after having pronounced the following Lines, in which the Thought is very natural, and apt to move Compassion;

'To you, good Gods, I make my last Appeal; Or clear my Virtues, or my Crimes reveal. If in the Maze of Fate I blindly run, And backward trod those Paths I sought to shun; Impute my Errors to your own Decree: My Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free.'

Let us then observe with what Thunder-claps of Applause he leaves the Stage, after the Impieties and Execrations at the End of the fourth Act; [4] and you will wonder to see an Audience so cursed and so pleased at the same time;

'O that as oft have at Athens seen,—

[Where, by the Way, there was no Stage till many Years after OEdipus.]

... The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend; So now, in very Deed, I might behold This pond'rous Globe, and all yen marble Roof, Meet like the Hands of Jove, and crush Mankind. For all the Elements, &c.'

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[Footnote 1: Here Aristotle is not quite accurately quoted. What he says of the tragedies which end unhappily is, that Euripides was right in preferring them,

'and as the strongest proof of it we find that upon the stage, and in the dramatic contests, such tragedies, if

they succeed, have always the most tragic effect.'

Poetics, Part II. § 12.]

[Footnote 2: Of the two plays in this list, besides 'Othello', which have not been mentioned in the preceding notes, 'All for Love', produced in 1678, was Dryden's 'Antony and Cleopatra', 'Oroonoko', first acted in, 1678, was a tragedy by Thomas Southerne, which included comic scenes. Southerne, who held a commission in the army, was living in the 'Spectator's' time, and died in 1746, aged 86. It was in his best play, 'Isabella', or the Fatal Marriage, that Mrs. Siddons, in 1782, made her first appearance on the London stage.]

[Footnote 3: Congreve's 'Mourning Bride' was first acted in 1697; Rowe's 'Tamerlane' (with a hero planned in complement to William III.) in 1702; Rowe's 'Ulysses' in 1706; Edmund Smith's 'Phaedra' and 'Hippolitus' in 1707.]

[Footnote 4: The third Act of 'OEdipus' was by Dryden, the fourth by Lee. Dryden wrote also the first Act, the rest was Lee's.]

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#### ADVERTISEMENT

\_Having spoken of Mr.\_ Powell, as sometimes raising himself Applause from the ill Taste of an Audience; I must do him the Justice to own, that he is excellently formed for a Tragoedian, and, when he pleases, deserves the Admiration of the best Judges; as I doubt not but he will in the Conquest of Mexico, \_which is acted for his own Benefit To-morrow Night\_.

C.

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No. 41. Tuesday, April 17, 1711. Steele.

'Tu non inventa reperta es.'

Ovid

Compassion for the Gentleman who writes the following Letter, should not prevail upon me to fall upon the Fair Sex, if it were not that I find they are frequently Fairer than they ought to be. Such Impostures are not to be tolerated in Civil Society; and I think his Misfortune ought to be made publick, as a Warning for other Men always to Examine into what they Admire.

SIR,

Supposing you to be a Person of general Knowledge, I make my Application to you on a very particular Occasion. I have a great Mind to be rid of my Wife, and hope, when you consider my Case, you will be of Opinion I have very just Pretensions to a Divorce. I am a mere Man of the Town, and have very little Improvement, but what I have got from Plays. I remember in *The Silent Woman* the Learned Dr. \_Cutberd\_, or Dr. *Otter* (I forget which) makes one of the Causes of Separation to be \_Error Personæ\_, when a Man marries a Woman, and finds her not to be the same Woman whom he intended to marry, but another. [1] If that be Law, it is, I presume, exactly my Case. For you are to know, Mr. SPECTATOR, that there are Women who do not let their Husbands see their Faces till they are married.

Not to keep you in suspense, I mean plainly, that Part of the Sex who paint. They are some of them so Exquisitely skilful this Way, that give them but a Tolerable Pair of Eyes to set up with, and they will make Bosoms, Lips, Cheeks, and Eye-brows, by their own Industry. As for my Dear, never Man was so Enamour'd as I was of her fair Forehead, Neck, and Arms, as well as the bright Jett of her Hair; but to my great Astonishment, I find they were all the Effects of Art: Her Skin is so Tarnished with this Practice, that when she first wakes in a Morning, she scarce seems young enough to be the Mother of her whom I carried to Bed the Night before. I shall take the Liberty to part with her by the first Opportunity, unless her Father will make her Portion suitable to her real, not her assumed, Countenance. This I thought fit to let him and her know by your Means.

I am, SIR, Your most obedient, humble Servant.

I cannot tell what the Law, or the Parents of the Lady, will do for this Injured Gentleman, but must allow he has very much Justice on his Side. I have indeed very long observed this Evil, and distinguished those of our Women who wear their own, from those in borrowed Complexions, by the *Picts* and the *British*. There does not need any great Discernment to judge which are which. The *British* have a lively, animated Aspect; The *Picts*, tho' never so Beautiful, have dead, uninformed Countenances. The Muscles of a real Face sometimes swell with soft Passion, sudden Surprize, and are flushed with agreeable Confusions, according as the Objects before them, or the Ideas presented to them, affect their Imagination. But the *Picts* behold all things with the same Air, whether they are Joyful or Sad; the same fixed Insensibility appears upon all Occasions. A *Pict*, tho' she takes all that Pains to invite the Approach of Lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain Distance; a Sigh in a Languishing Lover, if fetched too near her, would dissolve a Feature; and a Kiss snatched by a Forward one, might transfer the Complexion of the Mistress to the Admirer. It is hard to speak of these false Fair Ones, without saying something uncomplaisant, but I would only recommend to them to consider how they like coming into a Room new Painted; they may assure themselves, the near Approach of a Lady who uses this Practice is much more offensive.

WILL. HONEYCOMB told us, one Day, an Adventure he once had with a *Pict*. This Lady had Wit, as well as Beauty, at Will; and made it her Business to gain Hearts, for no other Reason, but to rally the Torments of her Lovers. She would make great Advances to insnare Men, but without any manner of Scruple break off when there was no Provocation. Her Ill-Nature and Vanity made my Friend very easily Proof against the Charms of her Wit and Conversation; but her beauteous Form, instead of being blemished by her Falshood and Inconstancy, every Day increased upon him, and she had new Attractions every time he saw her. When she observed WILL. irrevocably her Slave, she began to use him as such, and after many Steps towards such a Cruelty, she at last utterly banished him. The unhappy Lover strove in vain, by servile Epistles, to revoke his Doom; till at length he was forced to the last Refuge, a round Sum of Money to her Maid. This corrupt Attendant placed him early in the Morning behind the Hangings in her Mistress's Dressing-Room. He stood very conveniently to observe, without being seen. The *Pict* begins the Face she designed to wear that Day, and I have heard him protest she had worked a full half Hour before he knew her to be the same Woman. As soon as he saw the Dawn of that Complexion, for which he had so long languished, he thought fit to break from his Concealment, repeating that of *Cowley*:

'Th' adorning Thee, with so much Art, Is but a barbarous Skill; 'Tis like the Pois'ning of a Dart, Too apt before to kill.' [2]

The *Pict* stood before him in the utmost Confusion, with the prettiest Smirk imaginable on the finished side of her Face, pale as Ashes on the other. HONEYCOMB seized all her Gallypots and Washes, and carried off his Han kerchief full of Brushes, Scraps of *Spanish Wool*, and Phials of Unguents. The Lady went into the Country, the Lover was cured.

It is certain no Faith ought to be kept with Cheats, and an Oath made to a *Pict* is of it self void. I would therefore exhort all the *British* Ladies to single them out, nor do I know any but *Lindamira*, who should be

Exempt from Discovery; for her own Complexion is so delicate, that she ought to be allowed the covering it with Paint, as a Punishment for choosing to be the worst Piece of Art extant, instead of the Masterpiece of Nature. As for my part, who have no Expectations from Women, and consider them only as they are Part of the Species, I do not half so much fear offending a Beauty, as a Woman of Sense; I shall therefore produce several Faces which have been in Publick this many Years, and never appeared. It will be a very pretty Entertainment in the Playhouse (when I have abolished this Custom) to see so many Ladies, when they first lay it down, *\_incog.\_*, in their own Faces.

In the mean time, as a Pattern for improving their Charms, let the Sex study the agreeable *Statira*. Her Features are enlivened with the Cheerfulness of her Mind, and good Humour gives an Alacrity to her Eyes. She is Graceful without affecting an Air, and Unconcerned without appearing Careless. Her having no manner of Art in her Mind, makes her want none in her Person.

How like is this Lady, and how unlike is a *\_Pict\_*, to that Description Dr. *Donne* gives of his Mistress?

Her pure and eloquent Blood Spoke in her Cheeks, and so distinctly wrought, That one would almost say her Body thought. [3]

[Footnote 1: Ben Jonson's 'Epicoene', or the Silent Woman, kept the stage in the Spectator's time, and was altered by G. Colman for Drury Lane, in 1776. Cutbeard in the play is a barber, and Thomas Otter a Land and Sea Captain.

"Tom Otter's bull, bear, and horse is known all over England, 'in rerum naturâ.'"

In the fifth act Morose, who has married a Silent Woman and discovered her tongue after marriage, is played upon by the introduction of Otter, disguised as a Divine, and Cutbeard, as a Canon Lawyer, to explain to him

'for how many causes a man may have 'divortium legitimum', a lawful divorce.'

Cutbeard, in opening with burlesque pedantry a budget of twelve impediments which make the bond null, is thus supported by Otter:

'Cutb.' The first is 'impedimentum erroris'.

'Otter.' Of which there are several species.

'Cutb.' Ay, 'as error personæ'.

'Otter. If you contract yourself to one person, thinking her another.']

[Footnote 2: This is fourth of five stanzas to 'The Waiting-Maid,' in the collection of poems called 'The Mistress.']

[Footnote 3: Donne's Funeral Elegies, on occasion of the untimely death of Mistress Elizabeth Drury. 'Of the Progress of the Soul,' Second Anniversary. It is the strain not of a mourning lover, but of a mourning friend. Sir Robert Drury was so cordial a friend that he gave to Donne and his wife a lodging rent free in his own large house in Drury Lane,

'and was also,' says Isaac Walton, 'a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathized 'with him and his, in all their joys and sorrows.'

The lines quoted by Steele show that the sympathy was mutual; but the poetry in them is a flash out of the

clouds of a dull context. It is hardly worth noticing that Steele, quoting from memory, puts 'would' for 'might' in the last line. Sir Robert's daughter Elizabeth, who, it is said, was to have been the wife of Prince Henry, eldest son of James I, died at the age of fifteen in 1610.]

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ADVERTISEMENT.

\_A young Gentlewoman of about Nineteen Years of Age (bred in the Family of a Person of Quality lately deceased,) who Paints the finest Flesh-colour, wants a Place, and is to be heard of at the House of Minheer\_ *Grotesque a Dutch Painter in Barbican.*

N. B. \_She is also well-skilled in the Drapery-part, and puts on Hoods and mixes Ribbons so as to suit the Colours of the Face with great Art and Success\_.

R.

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No. 42. Wednesday, April 18, 1711. Addison.

Garganum inugire putes nemus aut mare Thuscum, Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur; et artes, Divitiæque peregrina, quibus oblitus actor Cum stetit in Scena, concurrir dextera lævæ. Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane. Quid placet ergo? Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

Hor.

Aristotle [1] has observed, That ordinary Writers in Tragedy endeavour to raise Terror and Pity in their Audience, not by proper Sentiments and Expressions, but by the Dresses and Decorations of the Stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the *English* Theatre. When the Author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders; When he would make us melancholy, the Stage is darkened. But among all our Tragick Artifices, I am the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent Ideas of the Persons that speak. The ordinary Method of making an Hero, is to clap a huge Plume of Feathers upon his Head, which rises so very high, that there is often a greater Length from his Chin to the Top of his Head, than to the sole of his Foot. One would believe, that we thought a great Man and a tall Man the same thing. This very much embarrasses the Actor, who is forced to hold his Neck extremely stiff and steady all the while he speaks; and notwithstanding any Anxieties which he pretends for his Mistress, his Country, or his Friends, one may see by his Action, that his greatest Care and Concern is to keep the Plume of Feathers from falling off his Head. For my own part, when I see a Man uttering his Complaints under such a Mountain of Feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate Lunatick, than a distressed Hero. As these superfluous Ornaments upon the Head make a great Man, a Princess generally receives her Grandeur from those additional Incumbrances that fall into her Tail: I mean the broad sweeping Train that follows her in all her Motions, and finds constant Employment for a Boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to Advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this Sight, but, I must confess, my Eyes are wholly taken up with the Page's Part; and as for the Queen, I am not so attentive to any thing she speaks, as to the right adjusting of her Train, lest it should chance to trip up her Heels, or incommode her, as she walks to and fro upon the Stage. It is, in my Opinion, a very odd Spectacle, to see a Queen venting her Passion in a disordered Motion, and a little Boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the Tail of her Gown. The Parts that the two Persons act on the Stage at the same Time, are very different: The Princess is afraid lest she should incur the Displeasure of the King her Father, or lose the Hero her Lover, whilst her Attendant is only concerned lest she should entangle her Feet in her Petticoat.

We are told, That an ancient Tragick Poet, to move the Pity of his Audience for his exiled Kings and distressed Heroes, used to make the Actors represent them in Dresses and Cloaths that were thread-bare and decayed. This Artifice for moving Pity, seems as ill-contrived, as that we have been speaking of to inspire us with a great Idea of the Persons introduced upon the Stage. In short, I would have our Conceptions raised by the Dignity of Thought and Sublimity of Expression, rather than by a Train of Robes or a Plume of Feathers.

Another mechanical Method of making great Men, and adding Dignity to Kings and Queens, is to accompany them with Halberts and Battle-axes. Two or three Shifters of Scenes, with the two Candle-snuffers, make up a compleat Body of Guards upon the *English* Stage; and by the Addition of a few Porters dressed in Red Coats, can represent above a Dozen Legions. I have sometimes seen a Couple of Armies drawn up together upon the Stage, when the Poet has been disposed to do Honour to his Generals. It is impossible for the Reader's Imagination to multiply twenty Men into such prodigious Multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand Soldiers are fighting in a Room of forty or fifty Yards in Compass. Incidents of such a Nature should be told, not represented.

'Non tamen intus Digna geri promes in scenam: multaue tolles Ex oculis, qua mox narret facundia proesens.'

Hor.

'Yet there are things improper for a Scene, Which Men of Judgment only will relate.'

(L. Roscom.)

I should therefore, in this Particular, recommend to my Countrymen the Example of the *French* Stage, where the Kings and Queens always appear unattended, and leave their Guards behind the Scenes. I should likewise be glad if we imitated the *French* in banishing from our Stage the Noise of Drums, Trumpets, and Huzzas; which is sometimes so very great, that when there is a Battle in the *\_Hay-Market\_* Theatre, one may hear it as far as *\_Charing-Cross\_*.

I have here only touched upon those Particulars which are made use of to raise and aggrandize Persons in Tragedy; and shall shew in another Paper the several Expedients which are practised by Authors of a vulgar Genius to move Terror, Pity, or Admiration, in their Hearers.

The Tailor and the Painter often contribute to the Success of a Tragedy more than the Poet. Scenes affect ordinary Minds as much as Speeches; and our Actors are very sensible, that a well-dressed Play his sometimes brought them as full Audiences, as a well-written one. The *Italians* have a very good Phrase to express this Art of imposing upon the Spectators by Appearances: They call it the *\_Fourberia della Scena*, The Knavery or trickish Part of the Drama\_. But however the Show and Outside of the Tragedy may work upon the Vulgar, the more understanding Part of the Audience immediately see through it and despise it.

A good Poet will give the Reader a more lively Idea of an Army or a Battle in a Description, than if he actually saw them drawn up in Squadrons and Battalions, or engaged in the Confusion of a Fight. Our Minds should be opened to great Conceptions and inflamed with glorious Sentiments by what the Actor speaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the Trappings or Equipage of a King or Hero give *Brutus* half that Pomp and Majesty which he receives from a few Lines in *\_Shakespear\_*?

C.

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[Footnote 1: 'Poetics', Part II. § 13.]

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No. 43. Thursday, April 19, 1711. Steele.

'Ha tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem, Parcere Subjectis, et debellare Superbos.'

Virg.

There are Crowds of Men, whose great Misfortune it is that they were not bound to Mechanick Arts or Trades; it being absolutely necessary for them to be led by some continual Task or Employment. These are such as we commonly call dull Fellows; Persons, who for want of something to do, out of a certain Vacancy of Thought, rather than Curiosity, are ever meddling with things for which they are unfit. I cannot give you a Notion of them better than by presenting you with a Letter from a Gentleman, who belongs to a Society of this Order of Men, residing at *Oxford*.

Oxford, April 13, 1711. Four a Clock in the Morning.

SIR,

'In some of your late Speculations, I find some Sketches towards an History of Clubs: But you seem to me to shew them in somewhat too ludicrous a Light. I have well weighed that Matter, and think, that the most important Negotiations may best be carried on in such Assemblies. I shall therefore, for the Good of Mankind, (which, I trust, you and I are equally concerned for) propose an Institution of that Nature for Example sake.

I must confess, the Design and Transactions of too many Clubs are trifling, and manifestly of no consequence to the Nation or Publick Weal: Those I'll give you up. But you must do me then the Justice to own, that nothing can be more useful or laudable than the Scheme we go upon. To avoid Nicknames and Witticisms, we call ourselves *The Hebdomadal Meeting*: Our President continues for a Year at least, and sometimes four or five: We are all Grave, Serious, Designing Men, in our Way: We think it our Duty, as far as in us lies, to take care the Constitution receives no Harm,—*Ne quid detrimenti Res capiat publica*—To censure Doctrines or Facts, Persons or Things, which we don't like; To settle the Nation at home, and to carry on the War abroad, where and in what manner we see fit: If other People are not of our Opinion, we can't help that. 'Twere better they were. Moreover, we now and then condescend to direct, in some measure, the little Affairs of our own University.

Verily, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, we are much offended at the Act for importing *French Wines*: [1] A Bottle or two of good solid Edifying Port, at honest *George's*, made a Night chearful, and threw off Reserve. But this plaguy *French Claret* will not only cost us more Mony, but do us less Good: Had we been aware of it, before it had gone too far, I must tell you, we would have petitioned to be heard upon that Subject. But let that pass.

I must let you know likewise, good Sir, that we look upon a certain Northern Prince's March, in Conjunction with Infidels, [2] to be palpably against our Goodwill and Liking; and, for all Monsieur Palmquist, [3] a most dangerous Innovation; and we are by no means yet sure, that some People are not at the Bottom on't. At least, my own private Letters leave room for a Politician well versed in matters of this Nature, to suspect as much, as a penetrating Friend of mine tells me.

We think we have at last done the business with the Malecontents in *Hungary*, and shall clap up a Peace there. [4]

What the Neutrality Army [5] is to do, or what the Army in *Flanders*, and what two or three other Princes, is not yet fully determined among us; and we wait impatiently for the coming in of the next *Dyer's* [6] who, you must know, is our Authentick Intelligence, our *Aristotle* in Politics. And 'tis indeed but fit there should be some Dernier Resort, the Absolute Decider of all Controversies.

We were lately informed, that the Gallant Train'd Bands had patroll'd all Night long about the Streets of \_London:\_ We indeed could not imagine any Occasion for it, we guessed not a Tittle on't aforehand, we were in nothing of the Secret; and that City Tradesmen, or their Apprentices, should do Duty, or work, during the Holidays, we thought absolutely impossible: But *Dyer* being positive in it, and some Letters from other People, who had talked with some who had it from those who should know, giving some Countenance to it, the Chairman reported from the Committee, appointed to examine into that Affair, That 'twas Possible there might be something in't. I have much more to say to you, but my two good Friends and Neighbours, *Dominick* and *\_Slyboots\_*, are just come in, and the Coffee's ready. I am, in the mean time,

Mr. SPECTATOR,

\_Your Admirer, and

Humble Servant,\_

Abraham Froth.

You may observe the Turn of their Minds tends only to Novelty, and not Satisfaction in any thing. It would be Disappointment to them, to come to Certainty in any thing, for that would gravel them, and put an end to their Enquiries, which dull Fellows do not make for Information, but for Exercise. I do not know but this may be a very good way of accounting for what we frequently see, to wit, that dull Fellows prove very good Men of Business. Business relieves them from their own natural Heaviness, by furnishing them with what to do; whereas Business to Mercurial Men, is an Interruption from their real Existence and Happiness. Tho' the dull Part of Mankind are harmless in their Amusements, it were to be wished they had no vacant Time, because they usually undertake something that makes their Wants conspicuous, by their manner of supplying them. You shall seldom find a dull Fellow of good Education, but (if he happens to have any Leisure upon his Hands,) will turn his Head to one of those two Amusements, for all Fools of Eminence, Politicks or Poetry. The former of these Arts, is the Study of all dull People in general; but when Dulness is lodged in a Person of a quick Animal Life, it generally exerts it self in Poetry. One might here mention a few Military Writers, who give great Entertainment to the Age, by reason that the Stupidity of their Heads is quickened by the Alacrity of their Hearts. This Constitution in a dull Fellow, gives Vigour to Nonsense, and makes the Puddle boil, which would otherwise stagnate. The *\_British Prince\_*, that Celebrated Poem, which was written in the Reign of King Charles the Second, and deservedly called by the Wits of that Age *\_Incomparable\_*, [7] was the Effect of such an happy Genius as we are speaking of. From among many other Disticks no less to be quoted on this Account, I cannot but recite the two following Lines.

*A painted Vest Prince Voltager \_had on, Which from a Naked\_ Pict his Grandsire won.*

Here if the Poet had not been Vivacious, as well as Stupid, he could [not,] in the Warmth and Hurry of Nonsense, [have] been capable of forgetting that neither Prince *\_Voltager\_*, nor his Grandfather, could strip a Naked Man of his Doublet; but a Fool of a colder Constitution, would have staid to have Flea'd the *\_Pict\_*, and made Buff of his Skin, for the Wearing of the Conqueror.

To bring these Observations to some useful Purpose of Life, what I would propose should be, that we imitated those wise Nations, wherein every Man learns some Handycraft–Work. Would it not employ a Beau prettily enough, if instead of eternally playing with a Snuff–box, he spent some part of his Time in making one? Such a Method as this, would very much conduce to the Publick Emolument, by making every Man living good for something; for there would then be no one Member of Human Society, but would have some little Pretension for some Degree in it; like him who came to *\_Will's\_* Coffee–house, upon the Merit of having writ a Posie of a Ring.

R.

[Footnote 1: Like the chopping in two of the *Respublica* in the quotation just above of the well-known Roman formula by which consuls were to see *\_ne quid Respublica detrimenti capiat\_*, this is a jest on the ignorance of the political wiseacres. Port wine had been forced on England in 1703 in place of Claret, and the drinking of it made an act of patriotism,—which then meant hostility to France,—by the Methuen treaty, so named from its negotiator, Paul Methuen, the English Minister at Lisbon. It is the shortest treaty upon record, having only two clauses, one providing that Portugal should admit British cloths; the other that England should admit Portuguese wines at one-third less duty than those of France. This lasted until 1831, and so the English were made Port wine drinkers. Abraham Froth and his friends of the 'Hebdomadal Meeting', all 'Grave, Serious, Designing Men in their Way' have a confused notion in 1711 of the Methuen Treaty of 1703 as 'the Act for importing French wines,' with which they are much offended. The slowness and confusion of their ideas upon a piece of policy then so familiar, gives point to the whimsical solemnity of their 'Had we been aware,' &c.]

[Footnote 2: The subject of Mr. Froth's profound comment is now the memorable March of Charles XII of Sweden to the Ukraine, ending on the 8th of July, 1709, in the decisive battle of Pultowa, that established the fortune of Czar Peter the Great, and put an end to the preponderance of Sweden in northern Europe. Charles had seemed to be on his way to Moscow, when he turned south and marched through desolation to the Ukraine, whither he was tempted by Ivan Mazepa, a Hetman of the Cossacks, who, though 80 years old, was ambitious of independence to be won for him by the prowess of Charles XII. Instead of 30,000 men Mazepa brought to the King of Sweden only himself as a fugitive with 40 or 50 attendants; but in the spring of 1709 he procured for the wayworn and part shoeless army of Charles the alliance of the Saporogue Cossacks. Although doubled by these and by Wallachians, the army was in all but 20,000 strong with which he then determined to besiege Pultowa; and there, after two months' siege, he ventured to give battle to a relieving army of 60,000 Russians. Of his 20,000 men, 9000 were left on that battle-field, and 3000 made prisoners. Of the rest—all that survived of 54,000 Swedes with whom he had quitted Saxony to cross the steppes of Russia, and of 16,000 sent to him as reinforcement afterwards—part perished, and they who were left surrendered on capitulation, Charles himself having taken refuge at Bender in Bessarabia with the Turks, Mr. Froth's Infidels.]

[Footnote 3: Perhaps Monsieur Palmquist is the form in which these 'Grave, Serious, Designing Men in their Way' have picked up the name of Charles's brave general, Count Poniatowski, to whom he owed his escape after the battle of Pultowa, and who won over Turkey to support his failing fortunes. The Turks, his subsequent friends, are the 'Infidels' before-mentioned, the wise politicians being apparently under the impression that they had marched with the Swedes out of Saxony.]

[Footnote 4: Here Mr. Froth and his friends were truer prophets than anyone knew when this number of the *Spectator* appeared, on the 19th of April. The news had not reached England of the death of the Emperor Joseph I on the 17th of April. During his reign, and throughout the war, the Hungarians, desiring independence, had been fighting on the side of France. The Archduke Charles, now become Emperor, was ready to give the Hungarians such privileges, especially in matters of religion, as restored their friendship.]

[Footnote 5: After Pultowa, Frederick IV of Denmark, Augustus II of Poland, and Czar Peter, formed an alliance against Sweden; and in the course of 1710 the Emperor of Germany, Great Britain, and the States-General concluded two treaties guaranteeing the neutrality of all the States of the Empire. This suggests to Mr. Froth and his friends the idea that there is a 'Neutrality Army' operating somewhere.]

[Footnote 6: Dyer was a Jacobite printer, whose News-letter was twice in trouble for 'misrepresenting the proceedings of the House,' and who, in 1703, had given occasion for a proclamation against 'printing and spreading false 'news.']

[Footnote 7: 'The British Princes', an Heroick Poem,' by the Hon. Edward Howard, was published in 1669.

The author produced also five plays, and a volume of Poems and Essays, with a Paraphrase on Cicero's Laelius in Heroic Verse. The Earls of Rochester and Dorset devoted some verses to jest both on 'The British Princes' and on Edward Howard's Plays. Even Dr. Sprat had his rhymed joke with the rest, in lines to a Person of Honour 'upon his Incomparable, Incomprehensible Poem, intitled 'The British Princes'.' Edward Howard did not print the nonsense here ascribed to him. It was a burlesque of his lines:

'A vest as admir'd Vortiger had on, Which from this Island's foes his Grandsire won.']

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No. 44. Friday, April 20, 1711. Addison.

'Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.'

Hor.

Among the several Artifices which are put in Practice by the Poets to fill the Minds of [an] [1] Audience with Terror, the first Place is due to Thunder and Lightning, which are often made use of at the Descending of a God, or the Rising of a Ghost, at the Vanishing of a Devil, or at the Death of a Tyrant. I have known a Bell introduced into several Tragedies with good Effect; and have seen the whole Assembly in a very great Alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our 'English' Theatre so much as a Ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody Shirt. A Spectre has very often saved a Play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the Stage, or rose through a Cleft of it, and sunk again without speaking one Word. There may be a proper Season for these several Terrors; and when they only come in as Aids and Assistances to the Poet, they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus the sounding of the Clock in 'Venice Preserved', [2] makes the Hearts of the whole Audience quake; and conveys a stronger Terror to the Mind than it is possible for Words to do. The Appearance of the Ghost in 'Hamlet' is a Master-piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the Circumstances that can create either Attention or Horror. The Mind of the Reader is wonderfully prepared for his Reception by the Discourses that precede it: His Dumb Behaviour at his first Entrance, strikes the Imagination very strongly; but every time he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can read the Speech with which young 'Hamlet' accosts him, without trembling?

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us! Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd; Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n, or Blasts from Hell; Be thy Events wicked or charitable; Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet, King, Father, Royal Dane: Oh! Oh! Answer me, Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell Why thy canoniz'd Bones, hearsed in Death, Have burst their Cearments? Why the Sepulchre, Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd, Hath op'd his ponderous and marble Jaws To cast thee up again? What may this mean? That thou dead Coarse again in compleat Steel Revisit'st thus the Glimpses of the Moon, Making Night hideous?

I do not therefore find Fault with the Artifices above-mentioned when they are introduced with Skill, and accompanied by proportionable Sentiments and Expressions in the Writing.

For the moving of Pity, our principal Machine is the Handkerchief; and indeed in our common Tragedies, we should not know very often that the Persons are in Distress by any thing they say, if they did not from time to time apply their Handkerchiefs to their Eyes. Far be it from me to think of banishing this Instrument of Sorrow from the Stage; I know a Tragedy could not subsist without it: All that I would contend for, is, to keep it from being misapplied. In a Word, I would have the Actor's Tongue sympathize with his Eyes.

A disconsolate Mother, with a Child in her Hand, has frequently drawn Compassion from the Audience, and has therefore gained a place in several Tragedies. A Modern Writer, that observed how this had took in other Plays, being resolved to double the Distress, and melt his Audience twice as much as those before him had done, brought a Princess upon the Stage with a little Boy in one Hand and a Girl in the other. This too had a very good Effect. A third Poet, being resolved to out-write all his Predecessors, a few Years ago introduced three Children, with great Success: And as I am informed, a young Gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate Hearts, has a Tragedy by him, where the first Person that appears upon the Stage, is an afflicted Widow in her mourning Weeds, with half a Dozen fatherless Children attending her, like those that usually hang about the Figure of Charity. Thus several Incidents that are beautiful in a good Writer, become ridiculous by falling into the Hands of a bad one.

But among all our Methods of moving Pity or Terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the Contempt and Ridicule of our Neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is so very frequent upon the *English* Stage. To delight in seeing Men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the Sign of a cruel Temper: And as this is often practised before the *British* Audience, several *French* Criticks, who think these are grateful Spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a People that delight in Blood. [3] It is indeed very odd, to see our Stage strowed with Carcasses in the last Scene of a Tragedy; and to observe in the Ward-robe of a Play-house several Daggers, Poniards, Wheels, Bowls for Poison, and many other Instruments of Death. Murders and Executions are always transacted behind the Scenes in the *French* Theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the Manners of a polite and civilized People: But as there are no Exceptions to this Rule on the *French* Stage, it leads them into Absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present Censure. I remember in the famous Play of *\_Cornelle\_*, written upon the Subject of the *Horatii* and *\_Curiatii\_*; the fierce young hero who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another, (instead of being congratulated by his Sister for his Victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her Lover,) in the Height of his Passion and Resentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate so brutal an Action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the Sentiments of Nature, Reason, or Manhood could take Place in him. However, to avoid *\_publick Blood-shed\_*, as soon as his Passion is wrought to its Height, he follows his Sister the whole length of the Stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the Scenes. I must confess, had he murder'd her before the Audience, the Indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold Blood. To give my Opinion upon this Case; the Fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any Occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the Reader, to see how *Sophocles* has conducted a Tragedy under the like delicate Circumstances. *Orestes* was in the same Condition with *Hamlet* in *\_Shakespear\_*, his Mother having murdered his Father, and taken possession of his Kingdom in Conspiracy with her Adulterer. That young Prince therefore, being determined to revenge his Father's Death upon those who filled his Throne, conveys himself by a beautiful Stratagem into his Mother's Apartment with a Resolution to kill her. But because such a Spectacle would have been too shocking to the Audience, this dreadful Resolution is executed behind the Scenes: The Mother is heard calling out to her Son for Mercy; and the Son answering her, that she shewed no Mercy to his Father; after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our Plays there are Speeches made behind the Scenes, though there are other Instances of this Nature to be met with in those of the Ancients: And I believe my Reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful Dialogue between the Mother and her Son behind the Scenes, than could have been in anything transacted before the Audience. *Orestes* immediately after meets the Usurper at the Entrance of his Palace; and by a very happy Thought of the Poet avoids killing him before the Audience, by telling him that he should live some Time in his present Bitterness of Soul before he would dispatch him; and [by] ordering him to retire into that Part of the Palace where he had slain his Father, whose Murther he would revenge in the very same Place where it was committed. By this means the Poet observes that Decency, which *Horace* afterwards established by a Rule, of forbearing to commit Parricides or unnatural Murthers before the Audience.

*Nec coram populo natos Medea trucidet.*

*Let not Medea \_draw her murth'ring Knife, And spill her Children's Blood upon the Stage.\_*

The *French* have therefore refin'd too much upon *Horace's* Rule, who never designed to banish all Kinds of Death from the Stage; but only such as had too much Horror in them, and which would have a better Effect upon the Audience when transacted behind the Scenes. I would therefore recommend to my Countrymen the Practice of the ancient Poets, who were very sparing of their publick Executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the Scenes, if it could be done with as great an Effect upon the Audience. At the same time I must observe, that though the devoted Persons of the Tragedy were seldom slain before the Audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their Bodies were often produced after their Death, which has always in it something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing on the Stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an Indecency, but also as an Improbability.

*Nec pueros coram populo Medea \_trucidet; Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius\_ Atreus; Aut in avem Progne \_vertatur\_, Cadmus \_in anguem, Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi\_.*

Hor.

*Medea \_must not draw her murth'ring Knife, Nor\_ Atreus \_there his horrid Feast prepare.\_ Cadmus and Progne's \_Metamorphosis, (She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake) And whatsoever contradicts my Sense, I hate to see, and never can believe.\_*

(Ld. ROSCOMMON.) [4]

I have now gone through the several Dramatick Inventions which are made use of by [the] Ignorant Poets to supply the Place of Tragedy, and by [the] Skilful to improve it; some of which I could wish entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with Caution. It would be an endless Task to consider Comedy in the same Light, and to mention the innumerable Shifts that small Wits put in practice to raise a Laugh. *Bullock* in a short Coat, and *Norris* in a long one, seldom fail of this Effect. [5] In ordinary Comedies, a broad and a narrow brim'd Hat are different Characters. Sometimes the Wit of the Scene lies in a Shoulder-belt, and Sometimes in a Pair of Whiskers. A Lover running about the Stage, with his Head peeping out of a Barrel, was thought a very good Jest in King *Charles* the Second's time; and invented by one of the first Wits of that Age. [6] But because Ridicule is not so delicate as Compassion, and [because] [7] the Objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater Latitude for comick than tragick Artifices, and by Consequence a much greater Indulgence to be allowed them.

C.

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[Footnote 1: the]

[Footnote 2: In Act V The toll of the passing bell for Pierre in the parting scene between Jaffier and Belvidera.]

[Footnote 3: Thus Rene Rapin,—whom Dryden declared alone

'sufficient, were all other critics lost, to teach anew the rules of writing,'

said in his 'Reflections on Aristotle's Treatise of Poetry,' translated by Rymer in 1694,

The English, our Neighbours, love Blood in their Sports, by the quality of their Temperament: These are *\_Insulaires\_*, separated from the rest of men; we are more humane ... The English have more of Genius for

Tragedy than other People, as well by the Spirit of their Nation, which delights in Cruelty, as also by the Character of their Language, which is proper for Great Expressions.']

[Footnote 4: The Earl of Roscommon, who died in 1684, aged about 50, besides his 'Essay on Translated Verse,' produced, in 1680, a Translation of 'Horace's Art of Poetry' into English Blank Verse, with Remarks. Of his 'Essay,' Dryden said:

'The Muse's Empire is restored again In Charles his reign, and by Roscommon's pen.']

[Footnote 5: Of Bullock see note, p. 138, *ante*. Norris had at one time, by his acting of Dicky in Farquhar's 'Trip to the Jubilee,' acquired the name of Jubilee Dicky.

[Footnote 6: Sir George Etherege. It was his first play, 'The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub', produced in 1664, which introduced him to the society of Rochester, Buckingham, &c.

[Footnote 7: as]

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No. 45. Saturday, April 21, 1711. Addison.

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'Natio Comæda est.'

Juv.

There is nothing which I more desire than a safe and honourable Peace, [1] tho' at the same time I am very apprehensive of many ill Consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our Politicks, but to our Manners. What an Inundation of Ribbons and Brocades will break in upon us? What Peals of Laughter and Impertinence shall we be exposed to? For the Prevention of these great Evils, I could heartily wish that there was an Act of Parliament for Prohibiting the Importation of *French* Fopperies.

The Female Inhabitants of our Island have already received very strong Impressions from this ludicrous Nation, tho' by the Length of the War (as there is no Evil which has not some Good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well-bred Country-Women kept their *\_Valet de Chambre\_*, because, forsooth, a Man was much more handy about them than one of their own Sex. I myself have seen one of these Male *Abigails* tripping about the Room with a Looking-glass in his Hand, and combing his Lady's Hair a whole Morning together. Whether or no there was any Truth in the Story of a Lady's being got with Child by one of these her Handmaids I cannot tell, but I think at present the whole Race of them is extinct in our own Country.

About the Time that several of our Sex were taken into this kind of Service, the Ladies likewise brought up the Fashion of receiving Visits in their Beds. [2] It was then look'd upon as a piece of Ill Breeding, for a Woman to refuse to see a Man, because she was not stirring; and a Porter would have been thought unfit for his Place, that could have made so awkward an Excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB to carry me along with him to one of these Travelled Ladies, desiring him, at the same time, to present me as a Foreigner who could not speak *\_English\_*, that so I might not be obliged to bear a Part in the Discourse. The Lady, tho' willing to appear undrest, had put on her best Looks, and painted her self for our Reception. Her Hair appeared in a very nice Disorder, as the Night-Gown which was thrown upon her Shoulders was ruffled with great Care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing which looks immodest in the Fair Sex, that I could not forbear taking off my Eye from her when she moved in her Bed, and was in the greatest Confusion imaginable every time she stired a Leg or an Arm. As the Coquets, who introduced this Custom, grew old, they left it off by Degrees; well

knowing that a Woman of Threescore may kick and tumble her Heart out, without making any Impressions.

*Sempronia* is at present the most profest Admirer of the *French* Nation, but is so modest as to admit her Visitants no further than her Toilet. It is a very odd Sight that beautiful Creature makes, when she is talking Politicks with her Tresses flowing about her Shoulders, and examining that Face in the Glass, which does such Execution upon all the Male Standers-by. How prettily does she divide her Discourse between her Woman and her Visitants? What sprightly Transitions does she make from an Opera or a Sermon, to an Ivory Comb or a Pincushion? How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an Account of her Travels, by a Message to her Footman; and holding her Tongue, in the midst of a Moral Reflexion, by applying the Tip of it to a Patch?

There is nothing which exposes a Woman to greater dangers, than that Gaiety and Airiness of Temper, which are natural to most of the Sex. It should be therefore the Concern of every wise and virtuous Woman, to keep this Sprightliness from degenerating into Levity. On the contrary, the whole Discourse and Behaviour of the *French* is to make the Sex more Fantastical, or (as they are pleased to term it,) *more awakened*, than is consistent either with Virtue or Discretion. To speak Loud in Publick Assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of Things that should only be mentioned in Private or in Whisper, are looked upon as Parts of a refined Education. At the same time, a Blush is unfashionable, and Silence more ill-bred than any thing that can be spoken. In short, Discretion and Modesty, which in all other Ages and Countries have been regarded as the greatest Ornaments of the Fair Sex, are considered as the Ingredients of narrow Conversation, and Family Behaviour.

Some Years ago I was at the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed myself under a Woman of Quality that is since Dead; who, as I found by the Noise she made, was newly returned from *France*. A little before the rising of the Curtain, she broke out into a loud Soliloquy, *When will the dear Witches enter?* and immediately upon their first Appearance, asked a Lady that sat three Boxes from her, on her Right-hand, if those Witches were not charming Creatures. A little after, as *Betterton* was in one of the finest Speeches of the Play, she shook her Fan at another Lady, who sat as far on the Left hand, and told her with a Whisper, that might be heard all over the Pit, *We must not expect to see Balloon to-night.* [3] Not long after, calling out to a young Baronet by his Name, who sat three Seats before me, she asked him whether *Macbeth's* Wife was still alive; and before he could give an Answer, fell a talking of the Ghost of *Banquo*. She had by this time formed a little Audience to herself, and fixed the Attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the Play, I got out of the Sphere of her Impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest Corners of the Pit.

This pretty Childishness of Behaviour is one of the most refined Parts of Coquetry, and is not to be attained in Perfection, by Ladies that do not Travel for their Improvement. A natural and unconstrained Behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no Wonder to see People endeavouring after it. But at the same time, it is so very hard to hit, when it is not Born with us, that People often make themselves Ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious *French* Author [4] tells us, that the Ladies of the Court of *France*, in his Time, thought it Ill-breeding, and a kind of Female Pedantry, to pronounce an hard Word right; for which Reason they took frequent occasion to use hard Words, that they might shew a Politeness in murdering them. He further adds, that a Lady of some Quality at Court, having accidentally made use of an hard Word in a proper Place, and pronounced it right, the whole Assembly was out of Countenance for her.

I must however be so just to own, that there are many Ladies who have Travelled several Thousand of Miles without being the worse for it, and have brought Home with them all the Modesty, Discretion and good Sense that they went abroad with. As on the contrary, there are great Numbers of *Travelled* Ladies, [who] [5] have lived all their Days within the Smoke of *London*. I have known a Woman that never was out of the Parish of *St. James's*, [betray] [6] as many Foreign Fopperies in her Carriage, as she could have Gleaned up in half the Countries of *Europe*.

C.

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[Footnote 1: At this date the news would just have reached England of the death of the Emperor Joseph and accession of Archduke Charles to the German crown. The Archduke's claim to the crown of Spain had been supported as that of a younger brother of the House of Austria, in whose person the two crowns of Germany and Spain were not likely to be united. When, therefore, Charles became head of the German empire, the war of the Spanish succession changed its aspect altogether, and the English looked for peace. That of 1711 was, in fact, Marlborough's last campaign; peace negotiations were at the same time going on between France and England, and preliminaries were signed in London in October of this year, 1711. England was accused of betraying the allied cause; but the changed political conditions led to her withdrawal from it, and her withdrawal compelled the assent of the allies to the general peace made by the Treaty of Utrecht, which, after tedious negotiations, was not signed until the 11th of April, 1713, the continuous issue of the *Spectator* having ended, with Vol. VII., in December, 1712.]

[Footnote 2: The custom was copied from the French *Précieuses*, at a time when *courir les ruelles* (to take the run of the bedsides) was a Parisian phrase for fashionable morning calls upon the ladies. The *ruelle* is the little path between the bedside and the wall.]

[Footnote 3: *Balloon* was a game like tennis played with a foot-ball; but the word may be applied here to a person. It had not the sense which now first occurs to the mind of a modern reader. Air balloons are not older than 1783.]

[Footnote 4: Describing perhaps one form of reaction against the verbal pedantry and *Phébus* of the *Précieuses*.]

[Footnote 5: that]

[Footnote 6: with]

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No 46. Monday, April 23, 1711. Addison

Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.

Ovid.

When I want Materials for this Paper, it is my Custom to go abroad in quest of Game; and when I meet any proper Subject, I take the first Opportunity of setting down an Hint of it upon Paper. At the same time I look into the Letters of my Correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford Matter of Speculation, I likewise enter a Minute of it in my Collection of Materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole Sheetful of Hints, that would look like a Rhapsody of Nonsense to any Body but myself: There is nothing in them but Obscurity and Confusion, Raving and Inconsistency. In short, they are my Speculations in the first Principles, that (like the World in its Chaos) are void of all Light, Distinction, and Order.

About a Week since there happened to me a very odd Accident, by Reason of one of these my Papers of Minutes which I had accidentally dropped at *Lloyd's* [1] Coffee-house, where the Auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a Cluster of People who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one End of the Coffee-house: It had raised so much Laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the Courage to own it. The Boy of the Coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his Hand, asking every Body if they had dropped a written Paper; but no Body

challenging it, he was ordered by those merry Gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the Auction Pulpit, and read it to the whole Room, that if any one would own it they might. The Boy accordingly mounted the Pulpit, and with a very audible Voice read as follows.

MINUTES.

Sir *Roger de Coverly's* Country Seat—Yes, for I hate long Speeches—Query, if a good Christian may be a Conjuror—*Childermas*—day, Saltseller, House—Dog, Screech—owl, Cricket—Mr. *Thomas Inkle* of London, in the good Ship called *The Achilles*. *Yarico*—*Ægrescitique medendo*—Ghosts—The Lady's Library—Lion by Trade a Taylor—Dromedary called *Bucephalus*—Equipage the Lady's *summum bonum*—*Charles Lillie* to be taken notice of [2]—Short Face a Relief to Envy—Redundancies in the three Professions—King *Latinus* a Recruit—Jew devouring an Ham of Bacon—*Westminster Abbey*—*Grand Cairo*—Procrastination—*April Fools*—Blue Boars, Red Lions, Hogs in Armour—Enter a King and two Fiddlers *solus*—Admission into the Ugly Club—Beauty, how improveable—Families of true and false Humour—The Parrot's School—Mistress—Face half *Pict* half *British*—no Man to be an Hero of Tragedy under Six foot—Club of Sighers—Letters from Flower—Pots, Elbow—Chairs, Tapestry—Figures, Lion, Thunder—The Bell rings to the Puppet—Show—Old—Woman with a Beard married to a smock—faced Boy—My next Coat to be turned up with Blue—Fable of Tongs and Gridiron—Flower Dyers—The Soldier's Prayer—Thank ye for nothing, says the Gally—Pot—*Pactolus* in Stockings, with golden Clocks to them—Bamboos, Cudgels, Drumsticks—Slip of my Landlady's eldest Daughter—The black Mare with a Star in her Forehead—The Barber's Pole—WILL. HONEYCOMB'S Coat—pocket—*Cæsar's* Behaviour and my own in Parallel Circumstances—Poem in Patch—work—*Nulli gravis est percussus Achilles*—The Female Conventicler—The Ogle Master.

The reading of this Paper made the whole Coffee—house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a Madman, and others by some Body that had been taking Notes out of the Spectator. One who had the Appearance of a very substantial Citizen, told us, with several politick Winks and Nods, that he wished there was no more in the Paper than what was expressed in it: That for his part, he looked upon the Dromedary, the Gridiron, and the Barber's Pole, to signify something more than what is usually meant by those Words; and that he thought the Coffee—man could not do better than to carry the Paper to one of the Secretaries of State. He further added, that he did not like the Name of the outlandish Man with the golden Clock in his Stockings. A young [*Oxford Scholar* [3]], who chanced to be with his Uncle at the Coffee—house, discover'd to us who this *Pactolus* was; and by that means turned the whole Scheme of this worthy Citizen into Ridicule. While they were making their several Conjectures upon this innocent Paper, I reach'd out my Arm to the Boy, as he was coming out of the Pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon me; but after having cast a cursory Glance over it, and shook my Head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of Match, and litt my Pipe with it. My profound Silence, together with the Steadiness of my Countenance, and the Gravity of my Behaviour during this whole Transaction, raised a very loud Laugh on all Sides of me; but as I had escaped all Suspicion of being the Author, I was very well satisfied, and applying myself to my Pipe, and the *Post—man*, took no [further] Notice of any thing that passed about me.

My Reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the Contents of the foregoing Paper; and will easily Suppose, that those Subjects which are yet untouched were such Provisions as I had made for his future Entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this Accident, I shall only give him the Letters which relate to the two last Hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many a Husband who suffers very much in his private Affairs by the indiscreet Zeal of such a Partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous Inscription quoted by the Bishop of *Salisbury* in his Travels; [4] *Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia*.

SIR,

I am one of those unhappy Men that are plagued with a Gospel–Gossip, so common among Dissenters (especially Friends). Lectures in the Morning, Church–Meetings at Noon, and Preparation Sermons at Night, take up so much of her Time, 'tis very rare she knows what we have for Dinner, unless when the Preacher is to be at it. With him come a Tribe, all Brothers and Sisters it seems; while others, really such, are deemed no Relations. If at any time I have her Company alone, she is a meer Sermon Poptun, repeating and discharging Texts, Proofs, and Applications so perpetually, that however weary I may go to bed, the Noise in my Head will not let me sleep till towards Morning. The Misery of my Case, and great Numbers of such Sufferers, plead your Pity and speedy Relief, otherwise must expect, in a little time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed into Want, unless the Happiness of being sooner talked to Death prevent it.

I am, &c. R. G.

The second Letter relating to the Ogling Master, runs thus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am an Irish Gentleman, that have travelled many Years for my Improvement; during which time I have accomplished myself in the whole Art of Ogling, as it is at present practised in all the polite Nations of *Europe*. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the Advice of my Friends, to set up for an Ogling–Master. I teach the Church Ogle in the Morning, and the Play–house Ogle by Candle–light. I have also brought over with me a new flying Ogle fit for the Ring; which I teach in the Dusk of the Evening, or in any Hour of the Day by darkning one of my Windows. I have a Manuscript by me called *‘The Compleat Ogler’*, which I shall be ready to show you upon any Occasion. In the mean time, I beg you will publish the Substance of this Letter in an Advertisement, and you will very much oblige,

Yours, &c.

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[Footnote 1: *‘Lloyd’s Coffee House’* was first established in Lombard Street, at the corner of Abchurch Lane. Pains were taken to get early Ship news at Lloyd’s, and the house was used by underwriters and insurers of Ships’ cargoes. It was found also to be a convenient place for sales. A poem called *‘The Wealthy Shopkeeper’*, printed in 1700, says of him,

Now to Lloyd’s Coffee–house he never fails, To read the Letters, and attend the Sales.

It was afterwards removed to Pope’s Head Alley, as *‘the New Lloyd’s Coffee House’*; again removed in 1774 to a corner of the Old Royal Exchange; and in the building of the new Exchange was provided with the rooms now known as *‘Lloyd’s Subscription Rooms’*, an institution which forms part of our commercial system.]

[Footnote 2: Charles Lillie, the perfumer in the Strand, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings—where the business of a perfumer is at this day carried on—appears in the 16th, 18th, and subsequent numbers of the *‘Spectator’*, together with Mrs. Baldwin of Warwick Lane, as a chief agent for the sale of the Paper. To the line which had run

*‘LONDON: Printed for Sam. Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little Britain; and Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick–Lane; where Advertisements are taken in;’*

there was then appended:

*‘as also by Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beaufort–Buildings in the Strand.’*

Nine other agents, of whom complete sets could be had, were occasionally set forth together with these two in an advertisement; but only these are in the colophon.]

[Footnote 3: Oxonian]

[Footnote 4: Gilbert Burnet, author of the 'History of the Reformation,' and 'History of his own Time,' was Bishop of Salisbury from 1689 to his death in 1715. Addison here quotes:

'Some Letters containing an Account of what seemed most remarkable in Travelling through Switzerland, Italy, some parts of Germany, &c., in the Years 1685 and 1686. Written by G. Burnet, D.D., to the Honourable R. B.'

In the first letter, which is from Zurich, Dr. Burnet speaks of many Inscriptions at Lyons of the late and barbarous ages, as 'Bonum Memoriam', and 'Epitaphium hunc'. Of 23 Inscriptions in the Garden of the Fathers of Mercy, he quotes one which must be towards the barbarous age, as appears by the false Latin in 'Nimia' He quotes it because he has 'made a little reflection on it,' which is, that its subject, Sutia Anthis, to whose memory her husband Cecalius Calistis dedicates the inscription which says

'quædum Nimia pia fuit, facta est Impia'

(who while she was too pious, was made impious),

must have been publicly accused of Impiety, or her husband would not have recorded it in such a manner; that to the Pagans Christianity was Atheism and Impiety; and that here, therefore, is a Pagan husband's testimony to the better faith, that the Piety of his wife made her a Christian.]

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No. 47. Tuesday, April 24, 1711. Addison.

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'Ride si sapis.'

Mart.

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Mr. Hobbs, in his Discourse of Human Nature, [1] which, in my humble Opinion, is much the best of all his Works, after some very curious Observations upon Laughter, concludes thus:

'The Passion of Laughter is nothing else but sudden Glory arising from some sudden Conception of some Eminency in ourselves by Comparison with the Infirmary of others, or with our own formerly: For Men laugh at the Follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to Remembrance, except they bring with them any present Dishonour.'

According to this Author, therefore, when we hear a Man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very Merry, we ought to tell him he is very Proud. And, indeed, if we look into the bottom of this Matter, we shall meet with many Observations to confirm us in his Opinion. Every one laughs at some Body that is in an inferior State of Folly to himself. It was formerly the Custom for every great House in *England* to keep a tame Fool dressed in Petticoats, that the Heir of the Family might have an Opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting himself with his Absurdities. For the same Reason Idiots are still in Request in most of the Courts of Germany, where there is not a Prince of any great Magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed Fools in his Retinue, whom the rest of the Courtiers are always breaking their Jest upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for their Industry and Application, than for Wit and Humour, hang up in several of their Streets what they call the Sign of the Gaper, that is, the Head of an Idiot dressed in a Cap and Bells, and gapping in a most immoderate manner: This is a standing Jest at *Amsterdam*.

Thus every one diverts himself with some Person or other that is below him in Point of Understanding, and triumphs in the Superiority of his Genius, whilst he has such Objects of Derision before his Eyes. Mr. *Dennis* has very well expressed this in a Couple of humourous Lines, which are part of a Translation of a Satire in Monsieur Boileau. [2]

Thus one Fool lolls his Tongue out at another, And shakes his empty Noddle at his Brother.

Mr. *Hobbs's* Reflection gives us the Reason why the insignificant People above-mentioned are Stirrers up of Laughter among Men of a gross Taste: But as the more understanding Part of Mankind do not find their Risibility affected by such ordinary Objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several Provocatives of Laughter in Men of superior Sense and Knowledge.

In the first Place I must observe, that there is a Set of merry Drolls, whom the common People of all Countries admire, and seem to love so well, *that they could eat them*, according to the old Proverb: I mean those circumforaneous Wits whom every Nation calls by the Name of that Dish of Meat which it loves best. In *Holland* they are termed *Pickled Herrings*; in *France*, *Jean Pottages*; in *Italy*, *Maccaronies*; and in *Great Britain*, *Jack Puddings*. These merry Wags, from whatsoever Food they receive their Titles, that they may make their Audiences laugh, always appear in a Fool's Coat, and commit such Blunders and Mistakes in every Step they take, and every Word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little Triumph of the Understanding, under the Disguise of Laughter, is no where more visible than in that Custom which prevails every where among us on the first Day of the present Month, when every Body takes it in his Head to make as many Fools as he can. In proportion as there are more Follies discovered, so there is more Laughter raised on this Day than on any other in the whole Year. A Neighbour of mine, who is a Haberdasher by Trade, and a very shallow conceited Fellow, makes his Boasts that for these ten Years successively he has not made less than an hundred *April* Fools. My Landlady had a falling out with him about a Fortnight ago, for sending every one of her Children upon some *Sleeveless Errand*, as she terms it. Her eldest Son went to buy an Halfpenny worth of Inkle at a Shoe-maker's; the eldest Daughter was dispatch'd half a Mile to see a Monster; and, in short, the whole Family of innocent Children made *April* Fools. Nay, my Landlady herself did not escape him. This empty Fellow has laughed upon these Conceits ever since.

This Art of Wit is well enough, when confined to one Day in a Twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious Tribe of Men sprung up of late Years, who are for making *April* Fools every Day in the Year. These Gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the Name of *Biters*; a Race of Men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those Mistakes which are of their own Production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one Man is more refined than another, he chooses his Fool out of a lower or higher Class of Mankind: or, to speak in a more Philosophical Language, That secret Elation and Pride of Heart, which is generally called Laughter, arises in him from his comparing himself with an Object below him, whether it so happens that it be a Natural or an Artificial Fool. It is indeed very possible, that the Persons we laugh at may in the main of their Characters be much wiser Men than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those Respects which stir up this Passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too Abstracted in my Speculations, if I shew that when a Man of Wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some Oddness or Infirmary in his own Character, or in the Representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a Brute or even [at] an inanimate thing, it is at some Action or Incident that bears a remote Analogy to any Blunder or Absurdity in reasonable Creatures.

But to come into common Life: I shall pass by the Consideration of those Stage Coxcombs that are able to shake a whole Audience, and take notice of a particular sort of Men who are such Provokers of Mirth in Conversation, that it is impossible for a Club or Merry-meeting to subsist without them; I mean, those honest Gentlemen that are always exposed to the Wit and Raillery of their Well-wishers and Companions; that are

pelted by Men, Women, and Children, Friends and Foes, and, in a word, stand as *Butts* in Conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these *\_Butts\_*, who are Men of Wit and Sense, though by some odd Turn of Humour, some unlucky Cast in their Person or Behaviour, they have always the Misfortune to make the Company merry. The Truth of it is, a Man is not qualified for a *\_Butt\_*, who has not a good deal of Wit and Vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his Character. A stupid *Butt* is only fit for the Conversation of ordinary People: Men of Wit require one that will give them Play, and bestir himself in the absurd Part of his Behaviour. A *Butt* with these Accomplishments frequently gets the Laugh of his side, and turns the Ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir *John Falstaff* was an Hero of this Species, and gives a good Description of himself in his Capacity of a *\_Butt\_*, after the following manner; *Men of all Sorts* (says that merry Knight) *\_take a pride to gird at me. The Brain of Man is not able to invent any thing that tends to Laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only Witty in my self, but the Cause that Wit is in other Men\_.* [3]

C.

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[Footnote 1: Chap. ix. § 13. Thomas Hobbes's 'Human Nature' was published in 1650. He died in 1679, aged 91.]

[Footnote 2: Boileau's 4th satire. John Dennis was at this time a leading critic of the French school, to whom Pope afterwards attached lasting ridicule. He died in 1734, aged 77.]

[Footnote 3: 'Henry IV Part II' Act I § 2.]

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No. 48. Wednesday, April 25, 1711. Steele.

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... Per multas aditum sibi sæpe figuras Repperit ...

Ovid

My Correspondents take it ill if I do not, from Time to Time let them know I have received their Letters. The most effectual Way will be to publish some of them that are upon important Subjects; which I shall introduce with a Letter of my own that I writ a Fortnight ago to a Fraternity who thought fit to make me an honorary Member.

To the President and Fellows of the *Ugly Club*.

*\_May it please your Deformities\_*,

I have received the Notification of the Honour you have done me, in admitting me into your Society. I acknowledge my Want of Merit, and for that Reason shall endeavour at all Times to make up my own Failures, by introducing and recommending to the Club Persons of more undoubted Qualifications than I can pretend to. I shall next Week come down in the Stage-Coach, in order to take my Seat at the Board; and shall bring with me a Candidate of each Sex. The Persons I shall present to you, are an old Beau and a modern *Pict*. If they are not so eminently gifted by Nature as our Assembly expects, give me Leave to say their acquired Ugliness is greater than any that has ever appeared before you. The Beau has varied his Dress every Day of his Life for these thirty Years last past, and still added to the Deformity he was born with. The *Pict* has still greater Merit towards us; and has, ever since she came to Years of Discretion, deserted the handsome Party, and taken all possible Pains to acquire the Face in which I shall present her to your Consideration and Favour.

I desire to know whether you admit People of Quality.

I am, Gentlemen, Your most obliged Humble Servant, The SPECTATOR.

April 7.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

To shew you there are among us of the vain weak Sex, some that have Honesty and Fortitude enough to dare to be ugly, and willing to be thought so; I apply my self to you, to beg your Interest and Recommendation to the Ugly Club. If my own Word will not be taken, (tho' in this Case a Woman's may) I can bring credible Witness of my Qualifications for their Company, whether they insist upon Hair, Forehead, Eyes, Cheeks, or Chin; to which I must add, that I find it easier to lean to my left Side than my right. I hope I am in all respects agreeable: And for Humour and Mirth, I'll keep up to the President himself. All the Favour I'll pretend to is, that as I am the first Woman has appeared desirous of good Company and agreeable Conversation, I may take and keep the upper End of the Table. And indeed I think they want a Carver, which I can be after as ugly a Manner as they can wish. I desire your Thoughts of my Claim as soon as you can. Add to my Features the Length of my Face, which is full half Yard; tho' I never knew the Reason of it till you gave one for the Shortness of yours. If I knew a Name ugly enough to belong to the above-described Face, I would feign one; but, to my unspeakable Misfortune, my Name is the only disagreeable Prettiness about me; so prithee make one for me that signifies all the Deformity in the World: You understand Latin, but be sure bring it in with my being in the Sincerity of my Heart, \_Your most frightful Admirer, and Servant\_, Hecatissa.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Read your Discourse upon Affectation, and from the Remarks made in it examined my own Heart so strictly, that I thought I had found out its most secret Avenues, with a Resolution to be aware of you for the future. But alas! to my Sorrow I now understand, that I have several Follies which I do not know the Root of. I am an old Fellow, and extremely troubled with the Gout; but having always a strong Vanity towards being pleasing in the Eyes of Women, I never have a Moment's Ease, but I am mounted in high-heel'd Shoes with a glazed Wax-leather Instep. Two Days after a severe Fit I was invited to a Friend's House in the City, where I believed I should see Ladies; and with my usual Complaisance crippled my self to wait upon them: A very sumptuous Table, agreeable Company, and kind Reception, were but so many importunate Additions to the Torment I was in. A Gentleman of the Family observed my Condition; and soon after the Queen's Health, he, in the Presence of the whole Company, with his own Hand degraded me into an old Pair of his own Shoes. This operation, before fine Ladies, to me (who am by Nature a Coxcomb) was suffered with the same Reluctance as they admit the Help of Men in their greatest Extremity. The Return of Ease made me forgive the rough Obligation laid upon me, which at that time relieved my Body from a Distemper, and will my Mind for ever from a Folly. For the Charity received I return my Thanks this Way. \_Your most humble Servant. Epping, April 18.\_

\_SIR\_,

We have your Papers here the Morning they come out, and we have been very well entertained with your last, upon the false Ornaments of Persons who represent Heroes in a Tragedy. What made your Speculation come very seasonably amongst us is, that we have now at this Place a Company of Strolers, who are very far from offending in the impertinent Splendor of the Drama. They are so far from falling into these false Gallantries, that the Stage is here in its Original Situation of a Cart. *Alexander* the Great was acted by a Fellow in a Paper Cravat. The next Day, the Earl of Essex [1] seemed to have no Distress but his Poverty: And my Lord Foppington [2] the same Morning wanted any better means to shew himself a Fop, than by wearing Stockings of different Colours. In a Word, tho' they have had a full Barn for many Days together, our Itinerants are still so wretchedly poor, that without you can prevail to send us the Furniture you forbid at the Play-house, the Heroes appear only like sturdy Beggars, and the Heroines Gipsies. We have had but one Part which was performed and dressed with Propriety, and that was Justice Clodpate: [3] This was so well done that it

offended Mr. Justice Overdo; [4] who, in the midst of our whole Audience, was (like Quixote in the Puppet-Show) so highly provok'd, that he told them, If they would move compassion, it should be in their own Persons, and not in the Characters of distressed Princes and Potentates: He told them, If they were so good at finding the way to People's Hearts, they should do it at the End of Bridges or Church-Porches, in their proper Vocation of Beggars. This, the Justice says, they must expect, since they could not be contented to act Heathen Warriors, and such Fellows as *Alexander*, but must presume to make a Mockery of one of the *Quorum*. Your Servant.

R.

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[Footnote 1: In 'The Unhappy Favourite', or the Earl of Essex, a Tragedy of John Banks, first acted in 1682.]

[Footnote 2: Lord Foppington is in the Colley Cibber's 'Careless Husband', first acted in 1794.]

[Footnote 3: Justice Clodpate is in the Shadwell's 'Epsoms Wells', first acted in 1676.]

[Footnote 4: Adam Overdo is the Justice of the Peace, who in Ben Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair' goes disguised 'for the good of the Republic in the Fair and the weeding out of enormity.']

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No. 49. Thursday, April 26, 1711. Steele.

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... Hominem pagina nostra sapit.

Mart.

It is very natural for a Man who is not turned for Mirthful Meetings of Men, or Assemblies of the fair Sex, to delight in that sort of Conversation which we find in Coffee-houses. Here a Man, of my Temper, is in his Element; for if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his Company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only an Hearer. It is a Secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the Conduct of Life, that when you fall into a Man's Conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater Inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general Desire, and I know very able Flatterers that never speak a Word in Praise of the Persons from whom they obtain daily Favours, but still practise a skilful Attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very Curious to observe the Behaviour of Great Men and their Clients; but the same Passions and Interests move Men in lower Spheres; and I (that have nothing else to do but make Observations) see in every Parish, Street, Lane, and Alley of this Populous City, a little Potentate that has his Court, and his Flatterers who lay Snares for his Affection and Favour, by the same Arts that are practised upon Men in higher Stations.

In the Place I most usually frequent, Men differ rather in the Time of Day in which they make a Figure, than in any real Greatness above one another. I, who am at the Coffee-house at Six in a Morning, know that my Friend *Beaver* the Haberdasher has a Levy of more undissembled Friends and Admirers, than most of the Courtiers or Generals of *Great-Britain*. Every Man about him has, perhaps, a News-Paper in his Hand; but none can pretend to guess what Step will be taken in any one Court of *Europe*, 'till Mr. *Beaver* has thrown down his Pipe, and declares what Measures the Allies must enter into upon this new Posture of Affairs. Our Coffee-house is near one of the Inns of Court, and *Beaver* has the Audience and Admiration of his Neighbours from Six 'till within a Quarter of Eight, at which time he is interrupted by the Students of the House; some of whom are ready dress'd for *Westminster*, at Eight in a Morning, with Faces as busie as if they were retained in every Cause there; and others come in their Night-Gowns to saunter away their Time, as if they never designed to go thither. I do not know that I meet, in any of my Walks, Objects which move both my Spleen and Laughter so effectually, as these young Fellows at the *Grecian*, *Squire's*, *Searle's*, [1] and all

other Coffee-houses adjacent to the Law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their Laziness. One would think these young *\_Virtuoso's\_* take a gay Cap and Slippers, with a Scarf and Party-coloured Gown, to be Ensigns of Dignity; for the vain Things approach each other with an Air, which shews they regard one another for their Vestments. I have observed, that the Superiority among these proceeds from an Opinion of Gallantry and Fashion: The Gentleman in the Strawberry Sash, who presides so much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every Opera this last Winter, and is supposed to receive Favours from one of the Actresses.

When the Day grows too busie for these Gentlemen to enjoy any longer the Pleasures of their *\_Deshabilé\_*, with any manner of Confidence, they give place to Men who have Business or good Sense in their Faces, and come to the Coffee-house either to transact Affairs or enjoy Conversation. The Persons to whose Behaviour and Discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of Men: Such as have not Spirits too Active to be happy and well pleased in a private Condition, nor Complexions too warm to make them neglect the Duties and Relations of Life. Of these sort of Men consist the worthier Part of Mankind; of these are all good Fathers, generous Brothers, sincere Friends, and faithful Subjects. Their Entertainments are derived rather from Reason than Imagination: Which is the Cause that there is no Impatience or Instability in their Speech or Action. You see in their Countenances they are at home, and in quiet Possession of the present Instant, as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any Passion, or prosecuting any new Design. These are the Men formed for Society, and those little Communities which we express by the Word *Neighbourhoods*.

The Coffee-house is the Place of Rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary Life. *Eubulus* presides over the middle Hours of the Day, when this Assembly of Men meet together. He enjoys a great Fortune handsomely, without launching into Expence; and exerts many noble and useful Qualities, without appearing in any publick Employment. His Wisdom and Knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them; and he does the office of a Council, a Judge, an Executor, and a Friend to all his Acquaintance, not only without the Profits which attend such Offices, but also without the Deference and Homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of Thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest Gratitude you can shew him is to let him see you are the better Man for his Services; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

In the private Exigencies of his Friends he lends, at legal Value, considerable Sums, which he might highly increase by rolling in the Publick Stocks. He does not consider in whose Hands his Mony will improve most, but where it will do most Good.

*Eubulus* has so great an Authority in his little Diurnal Audience, that when he shakes his Head at any Piece of publick News, they all of them appear dejected; and on the contrary, go home to their Dinners with a good Stomach and cheerful Aspect, when *Eubulus* seems to intimate that Things go well. Nay, their Veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other Company they speak and act after him; are Wise in his Sentences, and are no sooner sat down at their own Tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond as they saw him do at the Coffee-house. In a word, every Man is *Eubulus* as soon as his Back is turned.

Having here given an Account of the several Reigns that succeed each other from Day-break till Dinner-time, I shall mention the Monarchs of the Afternoon on another Occasion, and shut up the whole Series of them with the History of *Tom* the Tyrant; who, as first Minister of the Coffee-house, takes the Government upon him between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve at Night, and gives his Orders in the most Arbitrary manner to the Servants below him, as to the Disposition of Liquors, Coal and Cinders.

R.

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[Footnote 1: The 'Grecian' (see note [Footnote 10 of No. 1], p. 7, 'ante',) was by the Temple; 'Squire's', by Gray's Inn; 'Serle's', by Lincoln's Inn. 'Squire's', a roomy, red-brick house, adjoined the gate of Gray's Inn, in

Fulwood's Rents, Holborn, then leading to Gray's Inn Walks, which lay open to the country. Squire, the establisher of this coffee-house, died in 1717. 'Serle's' was near Will's, which stood at the corner of Serle Street and Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.

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No. 50. Friday, April 27, 1711. [1] Addison.

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'Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia dixit.'

Juv.

When the four *Indian* Kings were in this Country about a Twelvemonth ago, [2] I often mixed with the Rabble, and followed them a whole Day together, being wonderfully struck with the Sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their Departure, employed a Friend to make many Inquiries of their Landlord the Upholsterer, relating to their Manners and Conversation, as also concerning the Remarks which they made in this Country: For, next to the forming a right Notion of such Strangers, I should be desirous of learning what Ideas they have conceived of us.

The Upholsterer finding my Friend very inquisitive about these his Lodgers, brought him some time since a little Bundle of Papers, which he assured him were written by King \_Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow\_, and, as he supposes, left behind by some Mistake. These Papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd Observations, which I find this little Fraternity of Kings made during their Stay in the Isle of *Great Britain*. I shall present my Reader with a short Specimen of them in this Paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the Article of *London* are the following Words, which without doubt are meant of the Church of *St. Paul*.

'On the most rising Part of the Town there stands a huge House, big enough to contain the whole Nation of which I am King. Our good Brother \_E Tow O Koam\_, King of the \_Rivers\_, is of opinion it was made by the Hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The Kings of *Granajah* and of the *Six Nations* believe that it was created with the Earth, and produced on the same Day with the Sun and Moon. But for my own Part, by the best Information that I could get of this Matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious Pile was fashioned into the Shape it now bears by several Tools and Instruments of which they have a wonderful Variety in this Country. It was probably at first an huge mis-shapen Rock that grew upon the Top of the Hill, which the Natives of the Country (after having cut it into a kind of regular Figure) bored and hollowed with incredible Pains and Industry, till they had wrought in it all those beautiful Vaults and Caverns into which it is divided at this Day. As soon as this Rock was thus curiously scooped to their Liking, a prodigious Number of Hands must have been employed in chipping the Outside of it, which is now as smooth as [the Surface of a Pebble; [3]] and is in several Places hewn out into Pillars that stand like the Trunks of so many Trees bound about the Top with Garlands of Leaves. It is probable that when this great Work was begun, which must have been many Hundred Years ago, there was some Religion among this People; for they give it the Name of a Temple, and have a Tradition that it was designed for Men to pay their Devotions in. And indeed, there are several Reasons which make us think that the Natives of this Country had formerly among them some sort of Worship; for they set apart every seventh Day as sacred: But upon my going into one of [these [4]] holy Houses on that Day, I could not observe any Circumstance of Devotion in their Behaviour: There was indeed a Man in Black who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of Vehemence; but as for those underneath him, instead of paying their Worship to the Deity of the Place, they were most of them bowing and curtsying to one another, and a considerable Number of them fast asleep.

The Queen of the Country appointed two Men to attend us, that had enough of our Language to make themselves understood in some few Particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great Enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same Story. We could make a Shift to gather out of one of them, that

this Island was very much infested with a monstrous Kind of Animals, in the Shape of Men, called \_Whigs;\_ and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our Way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being Kings.

Our other Interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of Animal called a \_Tory\_, that was as great a Monster as the \_Whig\_, and would treat us as ill for being Foreigners. These two Creatures, it seems, are born with a secret Antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the Elephant and the Rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either of these Species, we are apt to think that our Guides deceived us with Misrepresentations and Fictions, and amused us with an Account of such Monsters as are not really in their Country.

These Particulars we made a shift to pick out from the Discourse of our Interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a Word of what they said, and afterwards making up the Meaning of it among ourselves. The Men of the Country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft Works; but withal so very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned Fellows carried up and down the Streets in little covered Rooms by a Couple of Porters, who are hired for that Service. Their Dress is likewise very barbarous, for they almost strangle themselves about the Neck, and bind their Bodies with many Ligatures, that we are apt to think are the Occasion of several Distempers among them which our Country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful Feathers with which we adorn our Heads, they often buy up a monstrous Bush of Hair, which covers their Heads, and falls down in a large Fleece below the Middle of their Backs; with which they walk up and down the Streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

We were invited to one of their publick Diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great Men of their Country running down a Stag or pitching a Bar, that we might have discovered who were the [Persons of the greatest Abilities among them; [5]] but instead of that, they conveyed us into a huge Room lighted up with abundance of Candles, where this lazy People sat still above three Hours to see several Feats of Ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

As for the Women of the Country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our Remarks upon them at a Distance. They let the Hair of their Heads grow to a great Length; but as the Men make a great Show with Heads of Hair that are not of their own, the Women, who they say have very fine Heads of Hair, tie it up in a Knot, and cover it from being seen. The Women look like Angels, and would be more beautiful than the Sun, were it not for little black Spots that are apt to break out in their Faces, and sometimes rise in very odd Figures. I have observed that those little Blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one Part of the Face, they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch that I have seen a Spot upon the Forehead in the Afternoon, which was upon the Chin in the Morning. [6]

The Author then proceeds to shew the Absurdity of Breeches and Petticoats, with many other curious Observations, which I shall reserve for another Occasion. I cannot however conclude this Paper without taking notice, That amidst these wild Remarks there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, That we are all guilty in some Measure of the same narrow way of Thinking, which we meet with in this Abstract of the *Indian Journal*; when we fancy the Customs, Dress, and Manners of other Countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own.

C.

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[Footnote 1: Swift writes to Stella, in his Journal, 28th April, 1711:

'The SPECTATOR is written by Steele, with Addison's help; 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his Tatlers, about an Indian, supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too; but I never see him or Addison.'

The paper, it will be noticed, was not written by Steele.]

[Footnote 2: The four kings Te Yee Neen Ho Ga Prow, Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow, E Tow O Koam, and Oh Nee Yeath Ton Now Prow, were chiefs of the Iroquois Indians who had been persuaded by adjacent British colonists to come and pay their respects to Queen Anne, and see for themselves the untruth of the assertion made among them by the Jesuits, that the English and all other nations were vassals to the French king. They were said also to have been told that the Saviour was born in France and crucified in England.]

[Footnote 3: polished Marble]

[Footnote 4: those]

[Footnote 5: Men of the greatest Perfections in their Country]

[Footnote 6: There was, among other fancies, a patch cut to the pattern of a coach and horses. Suckling, in verses 'upon the Black Spots worn by my Lady D. E.,' had called them her

... Mourning weeds for Hearts forlorn, Which, though you must not love, you could not scorn,]

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No. 51. Saturday, April 28, 1711. Steele.

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'Torquet ab Obscenis jam nunc Sermonibus Aurem.'

Hor.

Mr. Spectator,

'My Fortune, Quality, and Person are such as render me as Conspicuous as any Young Woman in Town. It is in my Power to enjoy it in all its Vanities, but I have, from a very careful Education, contracted a great Aversion to the forward Air and Fashion which is practised in all Publick Places and Assemblies. I attribute this very much to the Stile and Manners of our Plays: I was last Night at the *\_Funeral\_*, where a Confident Lover in the Play, speaking of his Mistress, cries out: *Oh that Harriot!* *\_to fold these Arms about the Waste of that Beauteous struggling, and at last yielding Fair!\_* [1]

Such an Image as this ought, by no means, to be presented to a Chaste and Regular Audience. I expect your Opinion of this Sentence, and recommend to your Consideration, as a SPECTATOR, the conduct of the Stage at present with Relation to Chastity and Modesty.

*\_I am, SIR, Your Constant Reader and Well-wisher.\_*

The Complaint of this Young Lady is so just, that the Offence is [great [2]] enough to have displeased Persons who cannot pretend to that Delicacy and Modesty, of which she is Mistress. But there is a great deal to be said in Behalf of an Author: If the Audience would but consider the Difficulty of keeping up a sprightly Dialogue for five Acts together, they would allow a Writer, when he wants Wit, and can't please any otherwise, to help it out with a little Smuttiness. I will answer for the Poets, that no one ever writ Bawdy for any other Reason but Dearth of Invention. When the Author cannot strike out of himself any more of that which he has superior to those who make up the Bulk of his Audience, his natural Recourse is to that which he has in common with them; and a Description which gratifies a sensual Appetite will please, when the Author has nothing [about him to delight [3]] a refined Imagination. It is to such a Poverty we must impute this and all other Sentences in Plays, which are of this Kind, and which are commonly termed Luscious Expressions.

This Expedient, to supply the Deficiencies of Wit, has been used more or less, by most of the Authors who have succeeded on the Stage; tho' I know but one who has professedly writ a Play upon the Basis of the Desire of Multiplying our Species, and that is the Polite Sir \_George Etherege;\_ if I understand what the Lady would be at, in the Play called \_She would if She could.\_ Other Poets have, here and there, given an Intimation that there is this Design, under all the Disguises and Affectations which a Lady may put on; but no Author, except this, has made sure Work of it, and put the Imaginations of the Audience upon this one Purpose, from the Beginning to the End of the Comedy. It has always fared accordingly; for whether it be, that all who go to this Piece would if they could, or that the Innocents go to it, to guess only what \_She would if She could\_, the Play has always been well received.

It lifts an heavy empty Sentence, when there is added to it a lascivious Gesture of Body; and when it is too low to be raised even by that, a flat Meaning is enlivened by making it a double one. Writers, who want \_Genius\_, never fail of keeping this Secret in reserve, to create a Laugh, or raise a Clap. I, who know nothing of Women but from seeing Plays, can give great Guesses at the whole Structure of the fair Sex, by being innocently placed in the Pit, and insulted by the Petticoats of their Dancers; the Advantages of whose pretty Persons are a great Help to a dull Play. When a Poet flags in writing Lusciously, a pretty Girl can move Lasciviously, and have the same good Consequence for the Author. Dull Poets in this Case use their Audiences, as dull Parasites do their Patrons; when they cannot longer divert [them [4]] with their Wit or Humour, they bait [their [5]] Ears with something which is agreeable to [their [6]] Temper, though below [their [7]] Understanding. *Apicius* cannot resist being pleased, if you give him an Account of a delicious Meal; or *Clodius*, if you describe a Wanton Beauty: Tho' at the same time, if you do not awake those Inclinations in them, no Men are better Judges of what is just and delicate in Conversation. But as I have before observed, it is easier to talk to the Man, than to the Man of Sense.

It is remarkable, that the Writers of least Learning are best skilled in the luscious Way. The Poetesses of the Age have done Wonders in this kind; and we are obliged to the Lady who writ *Ibrahim* [8], for introducing a preparatory Scene to the very Action, when the Emperor throws his Handkerchief as a Signal for his Mistress to follow him into the most retired Part of the Seraglio. It must be confessed his *Turkish* Majesty went off with a good Air, but, methought, we made but a sad Figure who waited without. This ingenious Gentlewoman, in this piece of Bawdry, refined upon an Author of the same Sex, [9] who, in the *Rover*, makes a Country Squire strip to his Holland Drawers. For *Blunt* is disappointed, and the Emperor is understood to go on to the utmost. The Pleasantry of stripping almost Naked has been since practised (where indeed it should have begun) very successfully at *Bartholomew* Fair.

It is not here to be omitted, that in one of the above-mentioned Female Compositions, the *Rover* is very frequently sent on the same Errand; as I take it, above once every Act. This is not wholly unnatural; for, they say, the Men-Authors draw themselves in their chief Characters, and the Women-Writers may be allowed the same Liberty. Thus, as the Male Wit gives his Hero a [good] Fortune, the Female gives her Heroine a great Gallant, at the End of the Play. But, indeed, there is hardly a Play one can go to, but the Hero or fine Gentleman of it struts off upon the same account, and leaves us to consider what good Office he has put us to, or to employ our selves as we please. To be plain, a Man who frequents Plays would have a very respectful Notion of himself, were he to recollect how often he has been used as a Pimp to ravishing Tyrants, or successful Rakes. When the Actors make their *Exit* on this good Occasion, the Ladies are sure to have an examining Glance from the Pit, to see how they relish what passes; and a few lewd Fools are very ready to employ their Talents upon the Composure or Freedom of their Looks. Such Incidents as these make some Ladies wholly absent themselves from the Play-House; and others never miss the first Day of a Play, lest it should prove too luscious to admit their going with any Countenance to it on the second.

If Men of Wit, who think fit to write for the Stage, instead of this pitiful way of giving Delight, would turn their Thoughts upon raising it from good natural Impulses as are in the Audience, but are choked up by Vice and Luxury, they would not only please, but befriend us at the same time. If a Man had a mind to be new in his way of Writing, might not he who is now represented as a fine Gentleman, tho' he betrays the Honour and

Bed of his Neighbour and Friend, and lies with half the Women in the Play, and is at last rewarded with her of the best Character in it; I say, upon giving the Comedy another Cast, might not such a one divert the Audience quite as well, if at the Catastrophe he were found out for a Traitor, and met with Contempt accordingly? There is seldom a Person devoted to above one Darling Vice at a time, so that there is room enough to catch at Men's Hearts to their Good and Advantage, if the Poets will attempt it with the Honesty which becomes their Characters.

There is no Man who loves his Bottle or his Mistress, in a manner so very abandoned, as not to be capable of relishing an agreeable Character, that is no way a Slave to either of those Pursuits. A Man that is Temperate, Generous, Valiant, Chaste, Faithful and Honest, may, at the same time, have Wit, Humour, Mirth, Good-breeding, and Gallantry. While he exerts these latter Qualities, twenty Occasions might be invented to shew he is Master of the other noble Virtues. Such Characters would smite and reprove the Heart of a Man of Sense, when he is given up to his Pleasures. He would see he has been mistaken all this while, and be convinced that a sound Constitution and an innocent Mind are the true Ingredients for becoming and enjoying Life. All Men of true Taste would call a Man of Wit, who should turn his Ambition this way, a Friend and Benefactor to his Country; but I am at a loss what Name they would give him, who makes use of his Capacity for contrary Purposes.

R.

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[Footnote 1: The Play is by Steele himself, the writer of this Essay. Steele's Plays were as pure as his 'Spectator' Essays, absolutely discarding the customary way of enforcing feeble dialogues by the spurious force of oaths, and aiming at a wholesome influence upon his audience. The passage here recanted was a climax of passion in one of the lovers of two sisters, Act II., sc. I, and was thus retrenched in subsequent editions:

'Campley.' Oh that Harriot! to embrace that beauteous—

'Lord Hardy.' Ay, Tom; but methinks your Head runs too much on the Wedding Night only, to make your Happiness lasting; mine is fixt on the married State; I expect my Felicity from Lady Sharlot, in her Friendship, her Constancy, her Piety, her household Cares, her maternal Tenderness —You think not of any excellence of your Mistress that is more than skin deep.']

[Footnote 2: gross]

[Footnote 3: else to gratifie]

[Footnote 4: him]

[Footnote 5: his]

[Footnote 6: his]

[Footnote 7: his]

[Footnote 8: Mary Fix, whose Tragedy of 'Ibrahim XII, Emperor of the Turks', was first acted in 1696.]

[Footnote 9: Mrs. Aphra Behn, whose 'Rover, or the Banished Cavaliers', is a Comedy in two Parts; first acted,

**Part I**

in 1677,

**Part II**

in 1681.]

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No. 52. Monday, April 30, 1711. Steele.

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'Omnes ut Tecum meritis pro Talibus annos Exigat, et pulchra faciat Te prole parentem.'

Virg.

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An ingenious Correspondent, like a sprightly Wife, will always have the last Word. I did not think my last Letter to the deformed Fraternity would have occasioned any Answer, especially since I had promised them so sudden a Visit: But as they think they cannot shew too great a Veneration for my Person, they have already sent me up an Answer. As to the Proposal of a Marriage between my self and the matchless *\_Hecatissa\_*, I have but one Objection to it; which is, That all the Society will expect to be acquainted with her; and who can be sure of keeping a Woman's Heart long, where she may have so much Choice? I am the more alarmed at this, because the Lady seems particularly smitten with Men of their Make.

I believe I shall set my Heart upon her; and think never the worse of my Mistress for an Epigram a smart Fellow writ, as he thought, against her; it does but the more recommend her to me. At the same time I cannot but discover that his Malice is stolen from *Martial*.

Tacta places, Audit a places, si non videare Tota places, neutro, si videare, places.

Whilst in the Dark on thy soft Hand I hung, And heard the tempting Siren in thy Tongue, What Flames, what Darts, what Anguish I endured! But when the Candle entered I was cur'd.

'Your Letter to us we have received, as a signal Mark of your Favour and brotherly Affection. We shall be heartily glad to see your short Face in *\_Oxford\_*: And since the Wisdom of our Legislature has been immortalized in your Speculations, and our personal Deformities in some sort by you recorded to all Posterity; we hold ourselves in Gratitude bound to receive with the highest Respect, all such Persons as for their extraordinary Merit you shall think fit, from Time to Time, to recommend unto the Board. As for the Pictish Damsel, we have an easy Chair prepared at the upper End of the Table; which we doubt not but she will grace with a very hideous Aspect, and much better become the Seat in the native and unaffected Uncomeliness of her Person, than with all the superficial Airs of the Pencil, which (as you have very ingeniously observed) vanish with a Breath, and the most innocent Adorer may deface the Shrine with a Salutation, and in the literal Sense of our Poets, snatch and imprint his balmy Kisses, and devour her melting Lips: In short, the only Faces of the Pictish Kind that will endure the Weather, must be of Dr. *\_Carbuncle's\_ Die*; tho' his, in truth, has cost him a World the Painting; but then he boasts with *\_Zeuxes*, In eternitatem pingo\_; and oft jocosely tells the Fair Ones, would they acquire Colours that would stand kissing, they must no longer Paint but Drink for a Complexion: A Maxim that in this our Age has been pursued with no ill Success; and has been as admirable in its Effects, as the famous Cosmetick mentioned in the *\_Post-man\_*, and invented by the renowned *British Hippocrates* of the Pestle and Mortar; making the Party, after a due Course, rosy, hale and airy; and the best

and most approved Receipt now extant for the Fever of the Spirits. But to return to our Female Candidate, who, I understand, is returned to herself, and will no longer hang out false Colours; as she is the first of her Sex that has done us so great an Honour, she will certainly, in a very short Time, both in Prose and Verse, be a Lady of the most celebrated Deformity now living; and meet with Admirers here as frightful as herself. But being a long-headed Gentlewoman, I am apt to imagine she has some further Design than you have yet penetrated; and perhaps has more mind to the SPECTATOR than any of his Fraternity, as the Person of all the World she could like for a Paramour: And if so, really I cannot but applaud her Choice; and should be glad, if it might lie in my Power, to effect an amicable Accommodation betwixt two Faces of such different Extremes, as the only possible Expedient to mend the Breed, and rectify the Physiognomy of the Family on both Sides. And again, as she is a Lady of very fluent Elocution, you need not fear that your first Child will be born dumb, which otherwise you might have some Reason to be apprehensive of. To be plain with you, I can see nothing shocking in it; for tho she has not a Face like a *\_John-Apple\_*, yet as a late Friend of mine, who at Sixty-five ventured on a Lass of Fifteen, very frequently, in the remaining five Years of his Life, gave me to understand, That, as old as he then seemed, when they were first married he and his Spouse [could [1]] make but Fourscore; so may Madam *Hecatissa* very justly allege hereafter, That, as long-visaged as she may then be thought, upon their Wedding-day Mr. SPECTATOR and she had but Half an Ell of Face betwixt them: And this my very worthy Predecessor, Mr. Sergeant *\_Chin\_*, always maintained to be no more than the true oval Proportion between Man and Wife. But as this may be a new thing to you, who have hitherto had no Expectations from Women, I shall allow you what Time you think fit to consider on't; not without some Hope of seeing at last your Thoughts hereupon subjoin'd to mine, and which is an Honour much desired by,

Sir,

Your assured Friend, and most humble Servant,

Hugh [Gobling, [2]] Præses.'

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The following Letter has not much in it, but as it is written in my own Praise I cannot for my Heart suppress it.

SIR,

'You proposed, in your SPECTATOR of last *\_Tuesday\_*, Mr. *\_Hobbs's\_* Hypothesis for solving that very odd Phænomenon of Laughter. You have made the Hypothesis valuable by espousing it your self; for had it continued Mr. *\_Hobbs's\_*, no Body would have minded it. Now here this perplexed Case arises. A certain Company laughed very heartily upon the Reading of that very Paper of yours: And the Truth on it is, he must be a Man of more than ordinary Constancy that could stand it out against so much Comedy, and not do as we did. Now there are few Men in the World so far lost to all good Sense, as to look upon you to be a Man in a State of Folly *inferior to himself*. Pray then how do you justify your Hypothesis of Laughter?

Thursday, the 26th of the Month of Fools.

Your most humble,

Q. R.'

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SIR,

'In answer to your Letter, I must desire you to recollect yourself; and you will find, that when you did me the Honour to be so merry over my Paper, you laughed at the Idiot, the *German* Courtier, the Gaper, the Merry-Andrew, the Haberdasher, the Biter, the Butt, and not at

Your humble Servant,

The SPECTATOR.'

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[Footnote 1: could both]

[Footnote 2: Goblin]

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No. 53. Tuesday, May 1, 1711. Steele.

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... Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

Hor.

My Correspondents grow so numerous, that I cannot avoid frequently inserting their Applications to me.

Mr SPECTATOR,

I am glad I can inform you, that your Endeavours to adorn that Sex, which is the fairest Part of the visible Creation, are well received, and like to prove not unsuccessful. The Triumph of *Daphne* over her Sister *Letitia* has been the Subject of Conversation at Several Tea-Tables where I have been present; and I have observed the fair Circle not a little pleased to find you considering them as reasonable Creatures, and endeavouring to banish that *Mahometan* Custom which had too much prevailed even in this Island, of treating Women as if they had no Souls. I must do them the Justice to say, that there seems to be nothing wanting to the finishing of these lovely Pieces of Human Nature, besides the turning and applying their Ambition properly, and the keeping them up to a Sense of what is their true Merit. *Epictetus*, that plain honest Philosopher, as little as he had of Gallantry, appears to have understood them, as well as the polite St. *Evremont*, and has hit this Point very luckily.[1] *When young Women*, says he, *arrive at a certain Age*, they hear themselves called *Mistresses*, and are made to believe that their only Business is to please the Men; they immediately begin to dress, and place all their Hopes in the adorning of their Persons; it is therefore, continues he, *worth the while to endeavour by all means to make them sensible that the Honour paid to them is only, upon account of their cotiducting themselves with Virtue, Modesty, and Discretion*.

Now to pursue the Matter yet further, and to render your Cares for the Improvement of the Fair Ones more effectual, I would propose a new method, like those Applications which are said to convey their virtues by Sympathy; and that is, in order to embellish the Mistress, you should give a new Education to the Lover, and teach the Men not to be any longer dazzled by false Charms and unreal Beauty. I cannot but think that if our Sex knew always how to place their Esteem justly, the other would not be so often wanting to themselves in deserving it. For as the being enamoured with a Woman of Sense and Virtue is an Improvement to a Man's Understanding and Morals, and the Passion is ennobled by the Object which inspires it; so on the other side, the appearing amiable to a Man of a wise and elegant Mind, carries in it self no small Degree of Merit and Accomplishment. I conclude therefore, that one way to make the Women yet more agreeable is, to make the Men more virtuous.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

R. B.'

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April 26.

SIR,

'Yours of *Saturday* last I read, not without some Resentment; but I will suppose when you say you expect an Inundation of Ribbons and Brocades, and to see many new Vanities which the Women will fall into upon a Peace with *France*, that you intend only the unthinking Part of our Sex: And what Methods can reduce them to Reason is hard to imagine.

But, Sir, there are others yet, that your Instructions might be of great Use to, who, after their best Endeavours, are sometimes at a loss to acquit themselves to a Censorious World: I am far from thinking you can altogether disapprove of Conversation between Ladies and Gentlemen, regulated by the Rules of Honour and Prudence; and have thought it an Observation not ill made, that where that was wholly denied, the Women lost their Wit, and the Men their Good-manners. 'Tis sure, from those improper Liberties you mentioned, that a sort of undistinguishing People shall banish from their Drawing-Rooms the best-bred Men in the World, and condemn those that do not. Your stating this Point might, I think, be of good use, as well as much oblige,

SIR,

Your Admirer, and most humble Servant,

ANNA BELLA.'

*No Answer to this, till Anna Bella sends a Description of those she calls the Best-bred Men in the World.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Gentleman who for many Years last past have been well known to be truly Splenatick, and that my Spleen arises from having contracted so great a Delicacy, by reading the best Authors, and keeping the most refined Company, that I cannot bear the least Impropriety of Language, or Rusticity of Behaviour. Now, Sir, I have ever looked upon this as a wise Distemper; but by late Observations find that every heavy Wretch, who has nothing to say, excuses his Dulness by complaining of the Spleen. Nay, I saw, the other Day, two Fellows in a Tavern Kitchen set up for it, call for a Pint and Pipes, and only by Guzling Liquor to each other's Health, and wafting Smoke in each other's Face, pretend to throw off the Spleen. I appeal to you, whether these Dishonours are to be done to the Distemper of the Great and the Polite. I beseech you, Sir, to inform these Fellows that they have not the Spleen, because they cannot talk without the help of a Glass at their Mouths, or convey their Meaning to each other without the Interposition of Clouds. If you will not do this with all Speed, I assure you, for my part, I will wholly quit the Disease, and for the future be merry with the Vulgar.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant.'

SIR,

'This is to let you understand, that I am a reformed Starer, and conceived a Detestation for that Practice from what you have writ upon the Subject. But as you have been very severe upon the Behaviour of us Men at Divine Service, I hope you will not be so apparently partial to the Women, as to let them go wholly unobserved. If they do everything that is possible to attract our Eyes, are we more culpable than they for looking at them? I happened last *Sunday* to be shut into a Pew, which was full of young Ladies in the Bloom of Youth and Beauty. When the Service began, I had not Room to kneel at the Confession, but as I stood kept

my eyes from wandering as well as I was able, till one of the young Ladies, who is a Peeper, resolved to bring down my Looks, and fix my Devotion on her self. You are to know, Sir, that a Peeper works with her Hands, Eyes, and Fan; one of which is continually in Motion, while she thinks she is not actually the Admiration of some Ogler or Starer in the Congregation. As I stood utterly at a loss how to behave my self, surrounded as I was, this Peeper so placed her self as to be kneeling just before me. She displayed the most beautiful Bosom imaginable, which heaved and fell with some Fervour, while a delicate well-shaped Arm held a Fan over her Face. It was not in Nature to command ones Eyes from this Object; I could not avoid taking notice also of her Fan, which had on it various Figures, very improper to behold on that Occasion. There lay in the Body of the Piece a *\_Venus\_*, under a Purple Canopy furled with curious Wreaths of Drapery, half naked, attended with a Train of *\_Cupids\_*, who were busied in Fanning her as she slept. Behind her was drawn a Satyr peeping over the silken Fence, and threatening to break through it. I frequently offered to turn my Sight another way, but was still detained by the Fascination of the Peeper's Eyes, who had long practised a Skill in them, to recal the parting Glances of her Beholders. You see my Complaint, and hope you will take these mischievous People, the Peepers, into your Consideration: I doubt not but you will think a Peeper as much more pernicious than a Starer, as an Ambuscade is more to be feared than an open Assault.

I am, SIR,

Your most Obedient Servant.'

*\_This Peeper using both Fan and Eyes to be considered as a \_Pict\_, and proceed accordingly.\_*

King *Latinus* to the *\_Spectator\_*, Greeting.

'Tho' some may think we descend from our Imperial Dignity, in holding Correspondence with a private [*\_Litterato\_*; [2]] yet as we have great Respect to all good Intentions for our Service, we do not esteem it beneath us to return you our Royal Thanks for what you published in our Behalf, while under Confinement in the Enchanted Castle of the *\_Savoy\_*, and for your Mention of a Subsidy for a Prince in Misfortune. This your timely Zeal has inclined the Hearts of divers to be aiding unto us, if we could propose the Means. We have taken their Good will into Consideration, and have contrived a Method which will be easy to those who shall give the Aid, and not unacceptable to us who receive it. A Consort of Musick shall be prepared at *\_Haberdashers-Hall\_* for *Wednesday* the Second of *\_May\_*, and we will honour the said Entertainment with our own Presence, where each Person shall be assessed but at two Shillings and six Pence. What we expect from you is, that you publish these our Royal Intentions, with Injunction that they be read at all Tea-Tables within the Cities of *London* and *\_Westminster\_*; and so we bid you heartily Farewell.

*\_Latinus\_*, King of the *Volscians*.'

*Given at our Court in Vinegar-Yard, Story the Third from the Earth.*

April 28, 1711.

R.

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[Footnote 1: 'Epictetus his Morals, with Simplicius his Comment,' was translated by George Stanhope in 1694. The citation above is a free rendering of the sense of cap. 62 of the Morals.]

[Footnote 2: *\_Litterati\_*]

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No. 54. Wednesday, May 2, 1711. Steele.

'... Sirenuā nos exercet inertia.'

Hor.

The following Letter being the first that I have received from the learned University of *Cambridge*, I could not but do my self the Honour of publishing it. It gives an Account of a new Sect of Philosophers which has arose in that famous Residence of Learning; and is, perhaps, the only Sect this Age is likely to produce.

Cambridge, April 26.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Believing you to be an universal Encourager of liberal Arts and Sciences, and glad of any Information from the learned World, I thought an Account of a Sect of Philosophers very frequent among us, but not taken Notice of, as far as I can remember, by any Writers either ancient or modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The Philosophers of this Sect are in the Language of our University called *Lowngers*. I am of Opinion, that, as in many other things, so likewise in this, the Ancients have been defective; *viz.* in mentioning no Philosophers of this Sort. Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of Peripateticks, because we see them continually walking about. But I would have these Gentlemen consider, that tho' the ancient Peripateticks walked much, yet they wrote much also; (witness, to the Sorrow of this Sect, *Aristotle* and others): Whereas it is notorious that most of our Professors never lay out a Farthing either in Pen, Ink, or Paper. Others are for deriving them from *Diogenes*, because several of the leading Men of the Sect have a great deal of the cynical Humour in them, and delight much in Sun-shine. But then again, *Diogenes* was content to have his constant Habitation in a narrow Tub; whilst our Philosophers are so far from being of his Opinion, that it's Death to them to be confined within the Limits of a good handsome convenient Chamber but for half an Hour. Others there are, who from the Clearness of their Heads deduce the Pedigree of *Lowngers* from that great Man (I think it was either *Plato* or *Socrates* [1]) who after all his Study and Learning professed, That all he then knew was, that he knew nothing. You easily see this is but a shallow Argument, and may be soon confuted.

I have with great Pains and Industry made my Observations from time to time upon these Sages; and having now all Materials ready, am compiling a Treatise, wherein I shall set forth the Rise and Progress of this famous Sect, together with their Maxims, Austerities, Manner of living, &c. Having prevailed with a Friend who designs shortly to publish a new Edition of *Diogenes Laertius*, to add this Treatise of mine by way of Supplement; I shall now, to let the World see what may be expected from me (first begging Mr. SPECTATOR'S Leave that the World may see it) briefly touch upon some of my chief Observations, and then subscribe my self your humble Servant. In the first Place I shall give you two or three of their Maxims: The fundamental one, upon which their whole System is built, is this, *viz.* That Time being an implacable Enemy to and Destroyer of all things, ought to be paid in his own Coin, and be destroyed and murdered without Mercy by all the Ways that can be invented. Another favourite Saying of theirs is, That Business was designed only for Knaves, and Study for Blockheads. A third seems to be a ludicrous one, but has a great Effect upon their Lives; and is this, That the Devil is at Home. Now for their Manner of Living: And here I have a large Field to expatiate in; but I shall reserve Particulars for my intended Discourse, and now only mention one or two of their principal Exercises. The elder Proficients employ themselves in inspecting *mores hominum multorum*, in getting acquainted with all the Signs and Windows in the Town. Some are arrived at so great Knowledge, that they can tell every time any Butcher kills a Calf, every time any old Woman's Cat is in the Straw; and a thousand other Matters as important. One ancient Philosopher contemplates two or three Hours every Day over a Sun-Dial; and is true to the Dial,

... As the Dial to the Sun, Although it be not shone upon. [2]

Our younger Students are content to carry their Speculations as yet no farther than Bowling-greens,

Billiard-Tables, and such like Places. This may serve for a Sketch of my Design; in which I hope I shall have your Encouragement. I am,

SIR,

Yours. [3]

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I must be so just as to observe I have formerly seen of this Sect at our other University; tho' not distinguished by the Appellation which the learned Historian, my Correspondent, reports they bear at *Cambridge*. They were ever looked upon as a People that impaired themselves more by their strict Application to the Rules of their Order, than any other Students whatever. Others seldom hurt themselves any further than to gain weak Eyes and sometimes Head-Aches; but these Philosophers are seized all over with a general Inability, Indolence, and Weariness, and a certain Impatience of the Place they are in, with an Heaviness in removing to another.

The *Lowngers* are satisfied with being merely Part of the Number of Mankind, without distinguishing themselves from amongst them. They may be said rather to suffer their Time to pass, than to spend it, without Regard to the past, or Prospect of the future. All they know of Life is only the present Instant, and do not taste even that. When one of this Order happens to be a Man of Fortune, the Expence of his Time is transferr'd to his Coach and Horses, and his Life is to be measured by their Motion, not his own Enjoyments or Sufferings. The chief Entertainment one of these Philosophers can possibly propose to himself, is to get a Relish of Dress: This, methinks, might diversifie the Person he is weary of (his own dear self) to himself. I have known these two Amusements make one of these Philosophers make a tolerable Figure in the World; with a variety of Dresses in publick Assemblies in Town, and quick Motion of his Horses out of it, now to *\_Bath\_*, now to *\_Tunbridge\_*, then to *\_Newmarket\_*, and then to *\_London\_*, he has in Process of Time brought it to pass, that his Coach and his Horses have been mentioned in all those Places. When the *Lowngers* leave an Academick Life, and instead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite World, retire to the Seats of their Ancestors, they usually join a Pack of Dogs, and employ their Days in defending their Poultry from Foxes: I do not know any other Method that any of this Order has ever taken to make a Noise in the World; but I shall enquire into such about this Town as have arrived at the Dignity of being *Lowngers* by the Force of natural Parts, without having ever seen an University; and send my Correspondent, for the Embellishment of his Book, the Names and History of those who pass their Lives without any Incidents at all; and how they shift Coffee-houses and Chocolate-houses from Hour to Hour, to get over the insupportable Labour of doing nothing.

R.

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[Footnote 1: Socrates in his Apology, or Defence before his Judges, as reported by Plato. The oracle having said that there was none wiser than he, he had sought to confute the oracle, and found the wise man of the world foolish through belief in his own wisdom.

'When I left him I reasoned thus with myself, I am wiser than this man, for neither of us appears to know anything great and good; but he fancies he knows something, although he knows nothing, whereas I, as I do not know anything, do not fancy that I do.']

[Footnote 2:

*\_True as Dial to the Sun, Although it be not shired upon.\_*

Hudibras. Part III. c. 2.]

[Footnote 3: This Letter may be by Laurence Eusden. See Note to No. 78.]

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No. 55. Thursday May 3, 1711. Addison.

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'... Intus, et in jecore ægro Nascuntur Domini ...'

Pers.

Most of the Trades, Professions, and Ways of Living among Mankind, take their Original either from the Love of Pleasure or the Fear of Want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As these two Principles of Action draw different Ways, *Persius* has given us a very humourous Account of a young Fellow who was roused out of his Bed, in order to be sent upon a long Voyage, by *Avarice*, and afterwards over-persuaded and kept at Home by *Luxury*. I shall set down at length the Pleadings of these two imaginary Persons, as they are in the Original with Mr. *Dryden's* Translation of them.

*Mane, piger, stertis: surge, inquit Avaritia; eja Surge. Negas, Instat, surge inquit. Non queo. Surge. Et quid agam? Rogitas? Saperdas advehe Ponto, Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa. Tolle recens primus piper è siliente camelo. Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter Audiet. Eheu! Baro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis. Jam pueris pellem succinctus et ænophorum aptas; Ocyus ad Navem. Nil obstat quin trabe vasta Ægæum rapias, nisi solers Luxuria ante Seductum moneat; quo deinde, insane ruis? Quo? Quid tibi vis? Calido sub pectore mascula bilis Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ? Tun' mare transilias? Tibi torta cannabe fulto Coena sit in transtro? Veientanúmque rubellum Exhalet vapida læsum pice sessilis obba? Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto Nutrieras, pergant avidos sudare deunces? Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; nostrum est Quod vivis; cinis, et manes, et fabula fies. Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc quod loquor, inde est. En quid agis? Duplici in diversum scinderis hamo. Hunc sine, an hunc sequeris!-----*

Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's Lap, When thou wouldst take a lazy Morning's Nap; Up, up, says AVARICE; thou snor'st again, Stretchest thy Limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain. The rugged Tyrant no Denial takes; At his Command th' unwilling Sluggard wakes. What must I do? he cries; What? says his Lord: Why rise, make ready, and go streight Aboard: With Fish, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Vessel freight; Flax, Castor, *Coan* Wines, the precious Weight Of Pepper and *Sabean* Incense, take With thy own Hands, from the tir'd Camel's Back, And with Post-haste thy running Markets make. Be sure to turn the Penny; Lye and Swear, 'Tis wholesome Sin: But *Jove*, thou say'st, will hear. Swear, Fool, or Starve; for the *Dilemma's* even: A Tradesman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?

Resolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage pack, Each saddled with his Burden on his Back. Nothing retards thy Voyage, now; but He, That soft voluptuous Prince, call'd LUXURY; And he may ask this civil Question; Friend, What dost thou make a Shipboard? To what End? Art thou of *Bethlem's* noble College free? Stark, staring mad, that thou wouldst tempt the Sea? Cubb'd in a Cabbin, on a Mattress laid, On a brown *George*, with lousy Swobbers fed; Dead Wine, that stinks of the *Borachio*, sup From a foul Jack, or greasy Maple Cup! Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise the Store, From Six i'th' Hundred to Six Hundred more? Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give: For, not to live at Ease, is not, to live: Death stalks behind thee, and each flying Hour Does some loose Remnant of thy Life devour. Live, while thou liv'st; for Death will make us all, A Name, a Nothing but an Old Wife's Tale. Speak, wilt thou *Avarice* or *Pleasure* choose To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuse.

When a Government flourishes in Conquests, and is secure from foreign Attacks, it naturally falls into all the Pleasures of Luxury; and as these Pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh Supplies of Mony, by all the Methods of Rapaciousness and Corruption; so that Avarice and

Luxury very often become one complicated Principle of Action, in those whose Hearts are wholly set upon Ease, Magnificence, and Pleasure. The most Elegant and Correct of all the *Latin* Historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable States of the World were subdued by the *Romans*, the Republick sunk into those two Vices of a quite different Nature, Luxury and Avarice: [1] And accordingly describes *Catiline* as one who coveted the Wealth of other Men, at the same time that he squander'd away his own. This Observation on the Commonwealth, when it was in its height of Power and Riches, holds good of all Governments that are settled in a State of Ease and Prosperity. At such times Men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in Pomp and Splendor, and having no Fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the Enjoyment of all the Pleasures they can get into their Possession; which naturally produces Avarice, and an immoderate Pursuit after Wealth and Riches.

As I was humouring my self in the Speculation of these two great Principles of Action, I could not forbear throwing my Thoughts into a little kind of Allegory or Fable, with which I shall here present my Reader.

There were two very powerful Tyrants engaged in a perpetual War against each other: The Name of the first was *Luxury*, and of the second *Avarice*. The Aim of each of them was no less than Universal Monarchy over the Hearts of Mankind. *Luxury* had many Generals under him, who did him great Service, as *Pleasure*, *Mirth*, *Pomp* and *Fashion*. *Avarice* was likewise very strong in his Officers, being faithfully served by *Hunger*, *Industry*, *Care* and *Watchfulness*: He had likewise a Privy-Counsellor who was always at his Elbow, and whispering something or other in his Ear: The Name of this Privy-Counsellor was *Poverty*. As *Avarice* conducted himself by the Counsels of *Poverty*, his Antagonist was entirely guided by the Dictates and Advice of *Plenty*, who was his first Counsellor and Minister of State, that concerted all his Measures for him, and never departed out of his Sight. While these two great Rivals were thus contending for Empire, their Conquests were very various. *Luxury* got Possession of one Heart, and *Avarice* of another. The Father of a Family would often range himself under the Banners of *Avarice*, and the Son under those of *Luxury*. The Wife and Husband would often declare themselves on the two different Parties; nay, the same Person would very often side with one in his Youth, and revolt to the other in his old Age. Indeed the Wise Men of the World stood *Neuter*; but alas! their Numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two Potentates had wearied themselves with waging War upon one another, they agreed upon an Interview, at which neither of their Counsellors were to be present. It is said that *Luxury* began the Parley, and after having represented the endless State of War in which they were engaged, told his Enemy, with a Frankness of Heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good Friends, were it not for the Instigations of *Poverty*, that pernicious Counsellor, who made an ill use of his Ear, and filled him with groundless Apprehensions and Prejudices. To this *Avarice* replied, that he looked upon *Plenty* (the first Minister of his Antagonist) to be a much more destructive Counsellor than *Poverty*, for that he was perpetually suggesting Pleasures, banishing all the necessary Cautions against Want, and consequently undermining those Principles on which the Government of *Avarice* was founded. At last, in order to an Accommodation, they agreed upon this Preliminary; That each of them should immediately dismiss his Privy-Counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a Peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good Friends and Confederates, and to share between them whatever Conquests were made on either side. For this Reason, we now find *Luxury* and *Avarice* taking Possession of the same Heart, and dividing the same Person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the Counsellors above-mentioned, *Avarice* supplies *Luxury* in the room of *Plenty*, as *Luxury* prompts *Avarice* in the place of *Poverty*.

C.

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[Footnote 1:

Alieni appetens, sui profusus.

*Sallust.*]

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No. 56. Friday, May 4, 1711. Addison.

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'Felices errore suo ...'

Lucan.

The *Americans* believe that all Creatures have Souls, not only Men and Women, but Brutes, Vegetables, nay even the most inanimate things, as Stocks and Stones. They believe the same of all the Works of Art, as of Knives, Boats, Looking-glasses: And that as any of these things perish, their Souls go into another World, which is inhabited by the Ghosts of Men and Women. For this Reason they always place by the Corpse of their dead Friend a Bow and Arrows, that he may make use of the Souls of them in the other World, as he did of their wooden Bodies in this. How absurd soever such an Opinion as this may appear, our *European* Philosophers have maintained several Notions altogether as improbable. Some of *Plato's* followers in particular, when they talk of the World of Ideas, entertain us with Substances and Beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many *Aristotelians* have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial Forms. I shall only instance *Albertus Magnus*, who in his Dissertation upon the Loadstone observing that Fire will destroy its magnetick Vertues, tells us that he took particular Notice of one as it lay glowing amidst an Heap of burning Coals, and that he perceived a certain blue Vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the *substantial Form*, that is, in our *West-Indian* Phrase, the *Soul* of the Loadstone. [1]

There is a Tradition among the *Americans*, that one of their Countrymen descended in a Vision to the great Repository of Souls, or, as we call it here, to the other World; and that upon his Return he gave his Friends a distinct Account of every thing he saw among those Regions of the Dead. A Friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the Interpreters of the *Indian Kings*, [2] to inquire of them, if possible, what Tradition they have among them of this Matter: Which, as well as he could learn by those many Questions which he asked them at several times, was in Substance as follows.

The Visionary, whose Name was *Marraton*, after having travelled for a long Space under an hollow Mountain, arrived at length on the Confines of this World of Spirits; but could not enter it by reason of a thick Forest made up of Bushes, Brambles and pointed Thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a Passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some Track or Path-way that might be worn in any Part of it, he saw an huge Lion crouched under the Side of it, who kept his Eye upon him in the same Posture as when he watches for his Prey. The *Indian* immediately started back, whilst the Lion rose with a Spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other Weapons, he stooped down to take up an huge Stone in his Hand; but to his infinite Surprize grasped nothing, and found the supposed Stone to be only the Apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this Side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the Lion, which had seized on his left Shoulder, had no Power to hurt him, and was only the Ghost of that ravenous Creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent Enemy, but he marched up to the Wood, and after having surveyed it for some Time, endeavoured to press into one Part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great Surprize, he found the Bushes made no Resistance, but that he walked through Briars and Brambles with the same Ease as through the open Air; and, in short, that the whole Wood was nothing else but a Wood of Shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge Thicket of Thorns and Brakes was designed as a kind of Fence or quick-set Hedge to the Ghosts it inclosed; and that probably their soft Substances might be torn by these subtle Points and Prickles, which were too weak to make any Impressions in Flesh and Blood. With this Thought he resolved to travel through this intricate Wood; when by Degrees he felt a Gale of Perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in Proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further when he observed the Thorns and Briars to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green Trees covered with Blossoms of the finest Scents and Colours, that formed a Wilderness of Sweets, and were a kind of Lining to those ragged

Scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful Part of the Wood, and entering upon the Plains it inclosed, he saw several Horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the Cry of a Pack of Dogs. He had not listned long before he saw the Apparition of a milk–white Steed, with a young Man on the Back of it, advancing upon full Stretch after the Souls of about an hundred Beagles that were hunting down the Ghost of an Hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable Swiftness. As the Man on the milk–white Steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince *\_Nicharagua\_*, who died about Half a Year before, and, by reason of his great Vertues, was at that time lamented over all the Western Parts of *America*.

He had no sooner got out of the Wood, but he was entertained with such a Landskip of flowry Plains, green Meadows, running Streams, sunny Hills, and shady Vales, as were not to be [represented [3]] by his own Expressions, nor, as he said, by the Conceptions of others. This happy Region was peopled with innumerable Swarms of Spirits, who applied themselves to Exercises and Diversions according as their Fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the Figure of a Colt; others were pitching the Shadow of a Bar; others were breaking the Apparition of [a [4]] Horse; and Multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious Handicrafts with the Souls of *\_departed Utensils\_*; for that is the Name which in the *Indian* Language they give their Tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful Scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the Flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest Variety and Profusion, having never seen several of them in his own Country: But he quickly found that though they were Objects of his Sight, they were not liable to his Touch. He at length came to the Side of a great River, and being a good Fisherman himself stood upon the Banks of it some time to look upon an Angler that had taken a great many Shapes of Fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my Reader, that this *Indian* had been formerly married to one of the greatest Beauties of his Country, by whom he had several Children. This Couple were so famous for their Love and Constancy to one another, that the *Indians* to this Day, when they give a married Man Joy of his Wife, wish that they may live together like *Marraton* and *Yaratilda*. *Marraton* had not stood long by the Fisherman when he saw the Shadow of his beloved *\_Yaratilda\_*, who had for some time fixed her Eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her Arms were stretched out towards him, Floods of Tears ran down her Eyes; her Looks, her Hands, her Voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the River was impassable. Who can describe the Passion made up of Joy, Sorrow, Love, Desire, Astonishment, that rose in the Indian upon the Sight of his dear *\_Yaratilda\_*? He could express it by nothing but his Tears, which ran like a River down his Cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this Posture long, before he plunged into the Stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the Phantom of a River, walked on the Bottom of it till he arose on the other Side. At his Approach *Yaratilda* flew into his Arms, whilst *Marraton* wished himself disencumbered of that Body which kept her from his Embraces. After many Questions and Endearments on both Sides, she conducted him to a Bower which she had dressed with her own Hands with all the Ornaments that could be met with in those blooming Regions. She had made it gay beyond Imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As *Marraton* stood astonished at the unspeakable Beauty of her Habitation, and ravished with the Fragrancy that came from every Part of it, *Yaratilda* told him that she was preparing this Bower for his Reception, as well knowing that his Piety to his God, and his faithful Dealing towards Men, would certainly bring him to that happy Place whenever his Life should be at an End. She then brought two of her Children to him, who died some Years before, and resided with her in the same delightful Bower, advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a Manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy Place.

The Tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a Sight of those dismal Habitations which are the Portion of ill Men after Death; and mentions several Molten Seas of Gold, in which were plunged the Souls of barbarous *\_Europeans\_*, [who [5]] put to the Sword so many Thousands of poor *Indians* for the sake of that precious Metal: But having already touched upon the chief Points of this Tradition, and exceeded the Measure of my Paper, I shall not give any further Account of it.

C.

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[Footnote 1: Albertus Magnus, a learned Dominican who resigned, for love of study, his bishopric of Ratisbon, died at Cologne in 1280. In alchemy a distinction was made between stone and spirit, as between body and soul, substance and accident. The evaporable parts were called, in alchemy, spirit and soul and accident.]

[Footnote 2: See No. 50.]

[Footnote 3: described]

[Footnote 4: an]

[Footnote 5: that]

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No. 57. Saturday, May 5, 1711. Addison.

'Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem, Quæ fugit à Sexu!'

Juv.

When the Wife of *\_Hector\_*, in *\_Homer's Iliads\_*, discourses with her Husband about the Battel in which he was going to engage, the Hero, desiring her to leave that Matter to his Care, bids her go to her Maids and mind her Spinning: [1] by which the Poet intimates, that Men and Women ought to busy themselves in their proper Spheres, and on such Matters only as are suitable to their respective Sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young Gentleman, who has passed a great Part of his Life in the Nursery, and, upon Occasion, can make a Caudle or a Sack-Posset better than any Man in *England*. He is likewise a wonderful Critick in Cambrick and Muslins, and will talk an Hour together upon a Sweet-meat. He entertains his Mother every Night with Observations that he makes both in Town and Court: As what Lady shews the nicest Fancy in her Dress; what Man of Quality wears the fairest Whig; who has the finest Linnen, who the prettiest Snuff-box, with many other the like curious Remarks that may be made in good Company.

On the other hand I have very frequently the Opportunity of seeing a Rural *\_Andromache\_*, who came up to Town last Winter, and is one of the greatest Fox-hunters in the Country. She talks of Hounds and Horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a Six-bar Gate. If a Man tells her a waggish Story, she gives him a Push with her Hand in jest, and calls him an impudent Dog; and if her Servant neglects his Business, threatens to kick him out of the House. I have heard her, in her Wrath, call a Substantial Trades-man a Lousy Cur; and remember one Day, when she could not think of the Name of a Person, she described him in a large Company of Men and Ladies, by the Fellow with the Broad Shoulders.

If those Speeches and Actions, which in their own Nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong Sex, the Faults and Imperfections of one Sex transplanted into another, appear black and monstrous. As for the Men, I shall not in this Paper any further concern my self about them: but as I would fain contribute to make Womankind, which is the most beautiful Part of the Creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little Spots and Blemishes that are apt to rise among the Charms which Nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this Paper to their Service. The Spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that Party-Rage which of late Years is very much crept into their Conversation. This is, in its Nature, a Male Vice, and made up of many angry and cruel Passions that are altogether repugnant to the Softness, the Modesty, and those other endearing Qualities which are natural to the Fair Sex. Women were

formed to temper Mankind, and sooth them into Tenderness and Compassion, not to set an Edge upon their Minds, and blow up in them those Passions which are too apt to rise of their own Accord. When I have seen a pretty Mouth uttering Calumnies and Invectives, what would not I have given to have stopt it? How have I been troubled to see some of the finest Features in the World grow pale, and tremble with Party–Rage? *Camilla* is one of the greatest Beauties in the *British* Nation, and yet values her self more upon being the *Virago* of one Party, than upon being the Toast of both. The Dear Creature, about a Week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful *Penthesilea* across a Tea–Table; but in the Height of her Anger, as her Hand chanced to shake with the Earnestness of the Dispute, she scalded her Fingers, and spilt a Dish of Tea upon her Petticoat. Had not this Accident broke off the Debate, no Body knows where it would have ended.

There is one Consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my Female Readers, and which, I hope, will have some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the Face as Party–Zeal. It gives an ill–natured Cast to the Eye, and a disagreeable Sourness to the Look; besides, that it makes the Lines too strong, and flushes them worse than Brandy. I have seen a Woman's Face break out in Heats, as she has been talking against a great Lord, whom she had never seen in her Life; and indeed never knew a Party–Woman that kept her Beauty for a Twelvemonth. I would therefore advise all my Female Readers, as they value their Complexions, to let alone all Disputes of this Nature; though, at the same time, I would give free Liberty to all superannuated motherly Partizans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no Danger either of their spoiling their Faces, or of their gaining Converts.

[2] For my own part, I think a Man makes an odious and despicable Figure, that is violent in a Party: but a Woman is too sincere to mitigate the Fury of her Principles with Temper and Discretion, and to act with that Caution and Reservedness which are requisite in our Sex. When this unnatural Zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand Heats and Extravagancies; their generous [Souls [3]] set no Bounds to their Love or to their Hatred; and whether a Whig or Tory, a Lap–Dog or a Gallant, an Opera or a Puppet–Show, be the Object of it, the Passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole Woman.

I remember when Dr. *Titus Oates* [4] was in all his Glory, I accompanied my Friend WILL. [HONEYCOMB] [5] in a Visit to a Lady of his Acquaintance: We were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my Eyes about the Room, I found in almost every Corner of it a Print that represented the Doctor in all Magnitudes and Dimensions. A little after, as the Lady was discoursing my Friend, and held her Snuff–box in her Hand, who should I see in the Lid of it but the Doctor. It was not long after this, when she had Occasion for her Handkerchief, which upon the first opening discovered among the Plaits of it the Figure of the Doctor. Upon this my Friend WILL., who loves Raillery, told her, That if he was in Mr. *Truelove's* Place (for that was the Name for her Husband) she should be made as uneasy by a Handkerchief as ever *Othello* was. *I am afraid,* said she, *Mr.* [HONEYCOMB,[6]] *you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a Friend to the Doctor or not?* WILL., instead of making her a Reply, smiled in her Face (for indeed she was very pretty) and told her that one of her Patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, *Well,* says she, *I'll be hang'd if you and your silent Friend there are not against the Doctor in your Hearts, I suspected as much by his saying nothing.* Upon this she took her Fan into her Hand, and upon the opening of it again displayed to us the Figure of the Doctor, who was placed with great Gravity among the Sticks of it. In a word, I found that the Doctor had taken Possession of her Thoughts, her Discourse, and most of her Furniture; but finding my self pressed too close by her Question, I winked upon my Friend to take his Leave, which he did accordingly.

C.

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[Footnote 1: Hector's parting from Andromache, at the close of Book VI.

No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home, There guide the spindle, and direct the loom; Me glory summons to the martial scene, The field of combat is the sphere for men.]

[Footnote 2: Not a new paragraph in the first issue.]

[Footnote 3: "Souls (I mean those of ordinary Women)." This, however, was cancelled by an Erratum in the next number.]

[Footnote 4: Addison was six years old when Titus Oates began his 'Popish Plot' disclosures. Under a name which called up recollections of the vilest trading upon theological intolerance, he here glances at Dr. Henry Sacheverell, whose trial (Feb. 27–March 20, 1710) for his sermons in praise of the divine right of kings and contempt of the Whigs, and his sentence of suspension for three years, had caused him to be admired enthusiastically by all party politicians who were of his own way of thinking. The change of person pleasantly puts 'Tory' for 'Whig,' and avoids party heat by implying a suggestion that excesses are not all on one side. Sacheverell had been a College friend of Addison's. He is the 'dearest Harry' for whom, at the age of 22, Addison wrote his metrical 'Account of the greatest English Poets' which omitted Shakespeare from the list.]

[Footnotes 5: Honycombe]

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No. 58. Monday, May 7, 1711. Addison.

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Ut pictura poesis erit ...

Hor.

Nothing is so much admired, and so little understood, as Wit. No Author that I know of has written professedly upon it; and as for those who make any Mention of it, they only treat on the Subject as it has accidentally fallen in their Way, and that too in little short Reflections, or in general declamatory Flourishes, without entering into the Bottom of the Matter. I hope therefore I shall perform an acceptable Work to my Countrymen, if I treat at large upon this Subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a Manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the Censure which a famous Critick bestows upon one who had written a Treatise upon *the Sublime* in a low groveling Stile. I intend to lay aside a whole Week for this Undertaking, that the Scheme of my Thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise my self, if my Readers will give me a Week's Attention, that this great City will be very much changed for the better by next *Saturday* Night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary Capacities; but if my Readers meet with any Paper that in some Parts of it may be a little out of their Reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only End of these my Speculations is to banish Vice and Ignorance out of the Territories of *Great-Britain*, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a Taste of polite Writing. It is with this View that I have endeavoured to set my Readers right in several Points relating to Operas and Tragedies; and shall from time to time impart my Notions of Comedy, as I think they may tend to its Refinement and Perfection. I find by my Bookseller that these Papers of Criticism, with that upon Humour, have met with a more kind Reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such Subjects; for which Reason I shall enter upon my present Undertaking with greater Chearfulness.

In this, and one or two following Papers, I shall trace out the History of false Wit, and distinguish the several Kinds of it as they have prevailed in different Ages of the World. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed there were Attempts on foot last Winter to revive some of those antiquated Modes of Wit that have been long exploded out of the Commonwealth of Letters. There were several Satyrs and Panegyricks handed about in Acrostick, by which Means some of the most arrant undisputed Blockheads about the Town began to entertain ambitious Thoughts, and to set up for polite Authors. I shall therefore describe at length those many Arts of false Wit, in which a Writer does not show himself a Man of a beautiful Genius, but of

great Industry.

The first Species of false Wit which I have met with is very venerable for its Antiquity, and has produced several Pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* it self: I mean those short Poems printed among the minor *Greek* Poets, which resemble the Figure of an Egg, a Pair of Wings, an Ax, a Shepherd's Pipe, and an Altar.

[1] As for the first, it is a little oval Poem, and may not improperly be called a Scholar's Egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible Language, to translate it into *\_English\_*, did not I find the Interpretation of it very difficult; for the Author seems to have been more intent upon the Figure of his Poem, than upon the Sense of it.

The Pair of Wings consist of twelve Verses, or rather Feathers, every Verse decreasing gradually in its Measure according to its Situation in the Wing. The subject of it (as in the rest of the Poems which follow) bears some remote Affinity with the Figure, for it describes a God of Love, who is always painted with Wings.

The Ax methinks would have been a good Figure for a Lampoon, had the Edge of it consisted of the most satirical Parts of the Work; but as it is in the Original, I take it to have been nothing else but the Posy of an Ax which was consecrated to *\_Minerva\_*, and was thought to have been the same that *Epeus* made use of in the building of the *Trojan* Horse; which is a Hint I shall leave to the Consideration of the Criticks. I am apt to think that the Posy was written originally upon the Ax, like those which our modern Cutlers inscribe upon their Knives; and that therefore the Posy still remains in its ancient Shape, tho' the Ax it self is lost.

The Shepherd's Pipe may be said to be full of Musick, for it is composed of nine different Kinds of Verses, which by their several Lengths resemble the nine Stops of the old musical Instrument, [that [2]] is likewise the Subject of the Poem. [3]

The Altar is inscribed with the Epitaph of *Troilus* the Son of *\_Hecuba\_*; which, by the way, makes me believe, that these false Pieces of Wit are much more ancient than the Authors to whom they are generally ascribed; at least I will never be perswaded, that so fine a Writer as *Theocritus* could have been the Author of any such simple Works.

It was impossible for a Man to succeed in these Performances who was not a kind of Painter, or at least a Designer: He was first of all to draw the Out-line of the Subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the Description to the Figure of his Subject. The Poetry was to contract or dilate itself according to the Mould in which it was cast. In a word, the Verses were to be cramped or extended to the Dimensions of the Frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the Fate of those Persons whom the Tyrant *Procrustes* used to lodge in his Iron Bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a Rack, and if they were too long, chopped off a Part of their Legs, till they fitted the Couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. *Dryden* hints at this obsolete kind of Wit in one of the following Verses, [in his *\_Mac Flecko\_*;] which an *English* Reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little Poems abovementioned in the Shape of Wings and Altars.

... *\_Chuse for thy Command Some peaceful Province in Acrostick Land; There may'st thou Wings display, and\_ Altars \_raise, And torture one poor Word a thousand Ways.\_*

This Fashion of false Wit was revived by several Poets of the last Age, and in particular may be met with among *\_Mr. Herbert's\_* Poems; and, if I am not mistaken, in the Translation of *Du Bartas*. [4]—I do not remember any other kind of Work among the Moderns which more resembles the Performances I have mentioned, than that famous Picture of King *Charles* the First, which has the whole Book of *Psalms* written in

the Lines of the Face and the Hair of the Head. When I was last at *Oxford* I perused one of the Whiskers; and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the Impatience of my Friends and Fellow-Travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a Piece of Curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent Writing-Master in Town, who has transcribed all the *Old Testament* in a full-bottomed Periwig; and if the Fashion should introduce the thick kind of Wigs which were in Vogue some few Years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary Locks that shall contain all the *Apocrypha*. He designed this Wig originally for King *\_William\_*, having disposed of the two Books of *Kings* in the two Forks of the Foretop; but that glorious Monarch dying before the Wig was finished, there is a Space left in it for the Face of any one that has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient Poems in Picture, I would humbly propose, for the Benefit of our modern Smatterers in Poetry, that they would imitate their Brethren among the Ancients in those ingenious Devices. I have communicated this Thought to a young Poetical Lover of my Acquaintance, who intends to present his Mistress with a Copy of Verses made in the Shape of her Fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finished the three first Sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the Measure of his Mistress's Marriage-Finger, with a Design to make a Posy in the Fashion of a Ring, which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good Hint, that I do not question but my ingenious Readers will apply what I have said to many other Particulars; and that we shall see the Town filled in a very little time with Poetical Tippets, Handkerchiefs, Snuff-Boxes, and the like Female Ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a Word of Advice to those admirable *English* Authors who call themselves Pindarick Writers, [5] that they would apply themselves to this kind of Wit without Loss of Time, as being provided better than any other Poets with Verses of all Sizes and Dimensions.

C.

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[Footnote 1: Not a new paragraph in the first issue.]

[Footnote 2: which]

[Footnote 3: The 'Syrinx' of Theocritus consists of twenty verses, so arranged that the length of each pair is less than that of the pair before, and the whole resembles the ten reeds of the mouth organ or Pan pipes ([Greek: syrix]). The Egg is, by tradition, called Anacreon's. Simmias of Rhodes, who lived about B.C. 324, is said to have been the inventor of shaped verses. Butler in his 'Character of a Small Poet' said of Edward Benlowes:

'As for Altars and Pyramids in poetry, he has outdone all men that way; for he has made a gridiron and a frying-pan in verse, that besides the likeness in shape, the very tone and sound of the words did perfectly represent the noise that is made by those utensils.'

[Footnote 4: But a devout earnestness gave elevation to George Herbert's ingenious conceits. Joshua Sylvester's dedication to King James the First of his translation of the Divine Weeks and Works of Du Bartas has not this divine soul in its oddly-fashioned frame. It begins with a sonnet on the Royal Anagram 'James Stuart: A just Master;' celebrates his Majesty in French and Italian, and then fills six pages with verse built in his Majesty's honour, in the form of bases and capitals of columns, inscribed each with the name of one of the Muses. Puttenham's *Art of Poetry*, published in 1589, book II., ch. ii. contains the fullest account of the mysteries and varieties of this sort of versification.]

[Footnote 5: When the tyranny of French criticism had imprisoned nearly all our poetry in the heroic couplet, outside exercise was allowed only to those who undertook to serve under Pindar.]

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No. 59. Tuesday, May 8, 1711. Addison.

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'Operose Nihil agunt.'

Seneca.

There is nothing more certain than that every Man would be a Wit if he could, and notwithstanding Pedants of a pretended Depth and Solidity are apt to decry the Writings of a polite Author, as *Flash* and *\_Froth\_*, they all of them shew upon Occasion that they would spare no pains to arrive at the Character of those whom they seem to despise. For this Reason we often find them endeavouring at Works of Fancy, which cost them infinite Pangs in the Production. The Truth of it is, a Man had better be a Gally-Slave than a Wit, were one to gain that Title by those Elaborate Trifles which have been the Inventions of such Authors as were often Masters of great Learning but no Genius.

In my last Paper I mentioned some of these false Wits among the Ancients, and in this shall give the Reader two or three other Species of them, that flourished in the same early Ages of the World. The first I shall produce are the *Lipogrammatists* [1] or *\_Letter-droppers\_* of Antiquity, that would take an Exception, without any Reason, against some particular Letter in the Alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole Poem. One *Tryphiodorus* was a great Master in this kind of Writing. He composed an *Odyssey* or Epick Poem on the Adventures of *\_Ulysses\_*, consisting of four and twenty Books, having entirely banished the Letter *A* from his first Book, which was called *Alpha* (as *\_Lucus a non Lucendo\_*) because there was not an *Alpha* in it. His second Book was inscribed *Beta* for the same Reason. In short, the Poet excluded the whole four and twenty Letters in their Turns, and shewed them, one after another, that he could do his Business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this Poet avoiding the reprobate Letter, as much as another would a false Quantity, and making his Escape from it through the several *Greek* Dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular Syllable. For the most apt and elegant Word in the whole Language was rejected, like a Diamond with a Flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong Letter. I shall only observe upon this Head, that if the Work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyssey* of *\_Tryphiodorus\_*, in all probability, would have been oftner quoted by our learned Pedants, than the *Odyssey* of *Homer*. What a perpetual Fund would it have been of obsolete Words and Phrases, unusual Barbarisms and Rusticities, absurd Spellings and complicated Dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable Treasuries of the *Greek* Tongue.

I find likewise among the Ancients that ingenious kind of Conceit, which the Moderns distinguish by the Name of a *\_Rebus\_*, [2] that does not sink a Letter but a whole Word, by substituting a Picture in its Place. When *\_Cæsar\_* was one of the Masters of the *Roman* Mint, he placed the Figure of an Elephant upon the Reverse of the Publick Mony; the Word *\_Cæsar\_* signifying an Elephant in the *Punick* Language. This was artificially contrived by *\_Cæsar\_*, because it was not lawful for a private Man to stamp his own Figure upon the Coin of the Commonwealth. *\_Cicero\_*, who was so called from the Founder of his Family, that was marked on the Nose with a little Wen like a Vetch (which is *Cicer* in *\_Latin\_*) instead of *\_Marcus Tullius Cicero\_*, order'd the Words *Marcus Tullius* with the Figure of a Vetch at the End of them to be inscribed on a publick Monument. [3] This was done probably to shew that he was neither ashamed of his Name or Family, notwithstanding the Envy of his Competitors had often reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous Building that was marked in several Parts of it with the Figures of a Frog and a Lizard: Those Words in *Greek* having been the Names of the Architects, who by the Laws of their Country were never permitted to inscribe their own Names upon their Works. For the same Reason it is thought, that the Forelock of the Horse in the Antique Equestrian Statue of *\_Marcus Aurelius\_*, represents at a Distance the Shape of an Owl, to intimate the Country of the Statuary, who, in all probability, was an *Athenian*. This kind of Wit was very much in Vogue among our own Countrymen about an Age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique Reason, as the Ancients abovementioned, but purely for the sake of being Witty. Among innumerable Instances that may be given of this Nature, I shall produce the Device of one Mr *\_Newberry\_*, as I find it

mentioned by our learned *Cambden* in his Remains. Mr *Newberry*, to represent his Name by a Picture, hung up at his Door the Sign of a Yew-Tree, that had several Berries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden *N* hung upon a Bough of the Tree, which by the Help of a little false Spelling made up the Word *\_N-ew-berry\_*.

I shall conclude this Topick with a *\_Rebus\_*, which has been lately hewn out in Free-stone, and erected over two of the Portals of *Blenheim* House, being the Figure of a monstrous Lion tearing to Pieces a little Cock. For the better understanding of which Device, I must acquaint my *English* Reader that a Cock has the Misfortune to be called in *Latin* by the same Word that signifies a *\_Frenchman\_*, as a Lion is the Emblem of the *English* Nation. Such a Device in so noble a Pile of Building looks like a Punn in an Heroick Poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious Architect would suffer the Statuary to blemish his excellent Plan with so poor a Conceit: But I hope what I have said will gain Quarter for the Cock, and deliver him out of the Lion's Paw.

I find likewise in ancient Times the Conceit of making an *Eccho* talk sensibly, and give rational Answers. If this could be excusable in any Writer, it would be in *\_Ovid\_*, where he introduces the *Eccho* as a Nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a Voice. The learned *\_Erasmus\_*, tho' a Man of Wit and Genius, has composed a Dialogue [4] upon this silly kind of Device, and made use of an *Eccho* who seems to have been a very extraordinary Linguist, for she answers the Person she talks with in *\_Latin, Greek\_,* and *\_Hebrew\_*, according as she found the Syllables which she was to repeat in any one of those learned Languages. *\_Hudibras\_*, in Ridicule of this false kind of Wit, has described *Bruin* bewailing the Loss of his Bear to a solitary *Eccho*, who is of great used to the Poet in several Disticks, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his Verse, and furnishes him with *Rhymes*.

*\_He rag'd, and kept as heavy a Coil as Stout Hercules for loss of\_ Hylas; \_Forcing the Valleys to repeat The Accents of his sad Regret; He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair, For Loss of his dear Crony Bear, That Eccho from the hollow Ground His Doleful Wailings did resound More wistfully, bu many times, Then in small Poets Splay-foot Rhymes, That make her, in her rueful Stories To answer to Introgatories, And most unconscionably depose Things of which She nothing knows: And when she has said all she can say, 'Tis wrested to the Lover's Fancy. Quoth he, O whither, wicked\_ Bruin, \_Art thou fled to my-----Eccho\_, Ruin? \_I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a Step for Fear. (Quoth Eccho)\_ Marry guesp. \_Am not I here to take thy Part! Then what has quell'd thy stubborn Heart? Have these Bones rattled, and this Head So often in thy Quarrel bled? Nor did I ever winch or grudge it, For thy dear Sake. (Quoth she)\_ Mum budget. \_Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' Dish. Thou turn'dst thy Back? Quoth Eccho\_, Pish. To run from those th' hadst overcome Thus cowardly? Quoth Eccho\_, Mum. \_But what a-vengeance makes thee fly From me too, as thine Enemy? Or if thou hadst not Thought of me, Nor what I have endur'd for Thee, Yet Shame and Honour might prevail To keep thee thus for turning tail; For who will grudge to spend his Blood in His Honour's Cause? Quoth she\_, A Pudding.*

[Footnote 1: From [Greek: leíp\_o], I omit, [Greek: grámma], a letter. In modern literature there is a *Pugna Porcorum* (pig-fight) of which every word begins with a p, and there are Spanish odes from which all vowels but one are omitted. The earliest writer of Lipogrammatic verse is said to have been the Greek poet Lasus, born in Achaia 538 B.C. Lope de Vega wrote five novels, each with one of the five vowels excluded from it.]

[Footnote 2: This French name for an enigmatical device is said to be derived from the custom of the priests of Picardy at carnival time to set up ingenious jests upon current affairs, 'de *rebus* quæ geruntur.']

[Footnote 3: Addison takes these illustrations from the chapter on 'Rebus or Name devises,' in that pleasant old book, *Camden's Remains*, which he presently cites. The next chapter in the 'Remains' is upon Anagrams.]

[Footnote 4: *\_Colloquia Familiaria\_*, under the title *Echo*. The dialogue is ingeniously contrived between a youth and *Echo*.]

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No. 60. Wednesday, May 9, 1711. Addison.

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'Hoc est quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat, Hoc est?'

Per. 'Sat. 3.'

Several kinds of false Wit that vanished in the refined Ages of the World, discovered themselves again in the Times of Monkish Ignorance.

As the Monks were the Masters of all that little Learning which was then extant, and had their whole Lives entirely disengaged from Business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted Genius for higher Performances, employed many Hours in the Composition of such Tricks in Writing as required much Time and little Capacity. I have seen half the *Æneid* turned into *Latin Rhymes* by one of the *Beaux Esprits* of that dark Age; who says in his Preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing but the Sweets of Rhyme to make it the most perfect Work in its Kind. I have likewise seen an Hymn in Hexameters to the Virgin *Mary*, which filled a whole Book, tho' it consisted but of the eight following Words.

*Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, Caelo.*

Thou hast as many Virtues, O Virgin, as there are Stars in Heaven.

The Poet rung the [changes [1]] upon these eight several Words, and by that Means made his Verses almost as numerous as the Virtues and the Stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that Men who had so much Time upon their Hands did not only restore all the antiquated Pieces of false Wit, but enriched the World with Inventions of their own. It was to this Age that we owe the Production of Anagrams,[2] which is nothing else but a Transmutation of one Word into another, or the turning of the same Set of Letters into different Words; which may change Night into Day, or Black into White, if Chance, who is the Goddess that presides over these Sorts of Composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty Author, in Allusion to this kind of Writing, calls his Rival, who (it seems) was distorted, and had his Limbs set in Places that did not properly belong to them, *The Anagram of a Man*.

When the Anagrammatist takes a Name to work upon, he considers it at first as a Mine not broken up, which will not shew the treasure it contains till he shall have spent many Hours in the Search of it: For it is his Business to find out one Word that conceals it self in another, and to examine the Letters in all the Variety of Stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a Gentleman who, when this Kind of Wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain his Mistress's Heart by it. She was one of the finest Women of her Age, and [known [3]] by the Name of the Lady *Mary Boon*. The Lover not being able to make any thing of *Mary*, by certain Liberties indulged to this kind of Writing, converted it into *Moll*; and after having shut himself up for half a Year, with indefatigable Industry produced an Anagram. Upon the presenting it to his Mistress, who was a little vexed in her Heart to see herself degraded into *Moll Boon*, she told him, to his infinite Surprise, that he had mistaken her Sirname, for that it was not *Boon* but *Bohun*.

*... Ibi omnis Effusus labor ...*

The lover was thunder-struck with his Misfortune, insomuch that in a little time after he lost his Senses, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual Application he had given to his Anagram.

The Acrostick [4] was probably invented about the same time with the Anagram, tho' it is impossible to decide whether the Inventor of the one or the other [were [5]] the greater Blockhead. The *Simple* Acrostick is

nothing but the Name or Title of a Person or Thing made out of the initial Letters of several Verses, and by that Means written, after the Manner of the *\_Chinese\_*, in a perpendicular Line. But besides these there are *Compound Acrosticks*, where the principal Letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the Verses have not only been edged by a Name at each Extremity, but have had the same Name running down like a Seam through the Middle of the Poem.

There is another near Relation of the Anagrams and Acrosticks, which is commonly [called [6]] a Chronogram. This kind of Wit appears very often on many modern Medals, especially those of *\_Germany\_*, [7] when they represent in the Inscription the Year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a Medal of *Gustavus Adolphus* the following Words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick the Figures out of the several Words, and range them in their proper Order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627, the Year in which the Medal was stamped: For as some of the Letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and overtop their Fellows, they are to be considered in a double Capacity, both as Letters and as Figures. Your laborious *German Wits* will turn over a whole Dictionary for one of these ingenious Devices. A Man would think they were searching after an apt classical Term, but instead of that they are looking out a Word that has an L, and M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of these Inscriptions, we are not so much to look in 'em for the Thought, as for the Year of the Lord.

The *Boutz Rimez* [8] were the Favourites of the *French Nation* for a whole Age together, and that at a Time when it abounded in Wit and Learning. They were a List of Words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another Hand, and given to a Poet, who was to make a Poem to the Rhymes in the same Order that they were placed upon the List: The more uncommon the Rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the Genius of the Poet that could accommodate his Verses to them. I do not know any greater Instance of the Decay of Wit and Learning among the *French* (which generally follows the Declension of Empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish Kind of Wit. If the Reader will be at the trouble to see Examples of it, let him look into the new *\_Mercure Galant\_*; where the Author every Month gives a List of Rhymes to be filled up by the Ingenious, in order to be communicated to the Publick in the *Mercure* for the succeeding Month. That for the Month of *November* [last], which now lies before me, is as follows.

----- Lauriers ----- Guerriers ----- Musette ----  
 ----- Lisette ----- Cesars ----- Etendars -----  
 ----- Houlette ----- Folette

One would be amazed to see so learned a Man as *Menage* talking seriously on this Kind of Trifle in the following Passage.

*Monsieur de la Chambre* \_has told me that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his Pen into his Hand; but that one Sentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I should write next when I was making Verses. In the first place I got all my Rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four Months in filling them up. I one Day shewed Monsieur\_ Gombaud \_a Composition of this Nature, in which among others I had made use of the four following Rhymes, \_ Amaryllis, Phillis, Marne, Arne, \_ desiring him to give me his Opinion of it. He told me immediately, that my Verses were good for nothing. And upon my asking his Reason, he said, Because the Rhymes are too common; and for that Reason easy to be put into Verse. Marry, says I, if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the Pains I have been at. But by Monsieur\_ Gombaud's \_Leave, notwithstanding the Severity of the Criticism, the Verses were good.\_

Vid. MENAGIANA. Thus far the learned *\_Menage\_*, whom I have translated Word for Word. [9]

The first Occasion of these *Bouts Rimez* made them in some manner excusable, as they were Tasks which the *French Ladies* used to impose on their Lovers. But when a grave Author, like him above-mentioned, tasked himself, could there be anything more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the Author played [booby [10]], and did not make his List of Rhymes till he had finished his Poem?

I shall only add, that this Piece of false Wit has been finely ridiculed by Monsieur *\_Sarasin\_* in a Poem intituled, *\_La Defaite des Bouts–Rimez, The Rout of the Bouts–Rimez.\_* [11]

I must subjoin to this last kind of Wit the double Rhymes, which are used in Doggerel Poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant Readers. If the Thought of the Couplet in such Compositions is good, the Rhyme adds [little [12]] to it; and if bad, it will not be in the Power of the Rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great Numbers of those who admire the incomparable *\_Hudibras\_*, do it more on account of these Doggerel Rhymes than of the Parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the

Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick, Was beat with fist instead of a Stick,

and

There was an ancient sage Philosopher Who had read Alexander Ross over,

more frequently quoted, than the finest Pieces of Wit in the whole Poem.

C.

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[Footnote 1: chymes]

[Footnote 2: This is an error. [Greek: Anágramma] meant in old Greek what it now means. Lycophron, who lived B.C. 280, and wrote a Greek poem on Cassandra, was famous for his Anagrams, of which two survive. The Cabalists had a branch of their study called Themuru, changing, which made mystical anagrams of sacred names.]

[Footnote 3: was called]

[Footnote 4: The invention of Acrostics is attributed to Porphyrius Optatianus, a writer of the 4th century. But the arguments of the Comedies of Plautus are in form of acrostics, and acrostics occur in the original Hebrew of the 'Book of Psalms'.]

[Footnote 5: was]

[Footnote 6: known by the name of]

[Footnote 7: The Chronogram was popular also, especially among the Germans, for inscriptions upon marble or in books. More than once, also, in Germany and Belgium a poem was written in a hundred hexameters, each yielding a chronogram of the date it was to celebrate.]

[Footnote 8: Bouts rimés are said to have been suggested to the wits of Paris by the complaint of a verse turner named Dulot, who grieved one day over the loss of three hundred sonnets; and when surprise was expressed at the large number, said they were the 'rhymed ends,' that only wanted filling up.]

[Footnote 9: Menagiana, vol. I. p. 174, ed. Amst. 1713. The Menagiana were published in 4 volumes, in 1695 and 1696. Gilles Menage died at Paris in 1692, aged 79. He was a scholar and man of the world, who had a retentive memory, and, says Bayle,

'could say a thousand good things in a thousand pleasing ways.'

The repertory here quoted from is the best of the numerous collections of 'ana.']

[Footnote 10: double]

[Footnote 11: Jean François Sarasin, whose works were first collected by Menage, and published in 1656, two years after his death. His defeat of the Bouts–Rimés, has for first title 'Dulot Vaincu' is in four cantos, and was written in four or five days.]

[Footnote 12: nothing]

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No. 61. Thursday, May 10, 1711. Addison.

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'Non equidem studeo, bullalis ut mihi nugis Pagina turgescal, dare pondus idonea fumo.'

Pers.

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There is no kind of false Wit which has been so recommended by the Practice of all Ages, as that which consists in a Jingle of Words, and is comprehended under the general Name of *Punning*. It is indeed impossible to kill a Weed, which the Soil has a natural Disposition to produce. The Seeds of Punning are in the Minds of all Men, and tho' they may be subdued by Reason, Reflection and good Sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest Genius, that is not broken and cultivated by the Rules of Art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the Mind to Poetry, Painting, Musick, or other more noble Arts, it often breaks out in Punsns and Quibbles.

\_Aristotle\_, in the Eleventh

## Chapter of

his Book of Rhetorick, describes two or three kinds of Punsns, which he calls Paragrams, among the Beauties of good Writing, and produces Instances of them out of some of the greatest Authors in the *Greek* Tongue. *Cicero* has sprinkled several of his Works with Punsns, and in his Book where he lays down the Rules of Oratory, quotes abundance of Sayings as Pieces of Wit, which also upon Examination prove arrant Punsns. But the Age in which *the Punn* chiefly flourished, was the Reign of King *James* the First. That learned Monarch was himself a tolerable Punnster, and made very few Bishops or Privy–Counsellors that had not some time or other signalized themselves by a Clinch, or a *Conundrum*. It was therefore in this Age that the Punn appeared with Pomp and Dignity. It had before been admitted into merry Speeches and ludicrous Compositions, but was now delivered with great Gravity from the Pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the Council–Table. The greatest Authors, in their most serious Works, made frequent use of Punsns. The Sermons of Bishop *\_Andrews\_*, and the Tragedies of *\_Shakespear\_*, are full of them. The Sinner was punned into Repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a Hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen Lines together.

I must add to these great Authorities, which seem to have given a kind of Sanction to this Piece of false Wit, that all the Writers of Rhetorick have treated of Punning with very great Respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard Names, that are reckoned among the Figures of Speech, and recommended as Ornaments in Discourse. I remember a Country School–master of my Acquaintance told me once, that he had been in Company with a Gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest *Paragrammatist* among the Moderns. Upon Inquiry, I found my learned Friend had dined that Day with Mr. *\_Swan\_*, the famous Punnster; and desiring him to give me some Account of Mr. *\_Swan's\_* Conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *\_Paranomasia\_*, that he sometimes gave into the *\_Plocè\_*, but that in his humble Opinion he shined most in the *Antanaclasis*.

I must not here omit, that a famous University of this Land was formerly very much infested with Punnings; but whether or no this might not arise from the Fens and Marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the Determination of more skilful Naturalists.

After this short History of Punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the Learned World, as it is at present, especially since it had found a Place in the Writings of the most ancient Polite Authors. To account for this, we must consider, that the first Race of Authors, who were the great Heroes in Writing, were destitute of all Rules and Arts of Criticism; and for that Reason, though they excel later Writers in Greatness of Genius, they fall short of them in Accuracy and Correctness. The Moderns cannot reach their Beauties, but can avoid their Imperfections. When the World was furnished with these Authors of the first Eminence, there grew up another Set of Writers, who gained themselves a Reputation by the Remarks which they made on the Works of those who preceded them. It was one of the Employments of these Secondary Authors, to distinguish the several kinds of Wit by Terms of Art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in Truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even such Authors as *Isocrates*, *Plato*, and *Cicero*, should have such little Blemishes as are not to be met with in Authors of a much inferior Character, who have written since those several Blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper Separation made between Punnings and [true [1]] Wit by any of the Ancient Authors, except *Quintilian* and *Longinus*. But when this Distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all Men of Sense to agree in it. As for the Revival of this false Wit, it happened about the time of the Revival of Letters; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one Age and rose in another, it will again recover it self in some distant Period of Time, as Pedantry and Ignorance shall prevail upon Wit and Sense. And, to speak the Truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last Winter's Productions, which had their Sets of Admirers, that our Posterity will in a few Years degenerate into a Race of Punnsters: At least, a Man may be very excusable for any Apprehensions of this kind, that has seen *Acrosticks* handed about the Town with great Secrecy and Applause; to which I must also add a little Epigram called the *Witches Prayer*, that fell into Verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it Cursed one way and Blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such Pains-takers among our *British Wits*, who can tell what it may end in? If we must Lash one another, let it be with the manly Strokes of Wit and Satyr; for I am of the old Philosopher's Opinion, That if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the Paw of a Lion, than the Hoof of an Ass. I do not speak this out of any Spirit of Party. There is a most crying Dulness on both Sides. I have seen Tory *Acrosticks* and Whig *Anagrams*, and do not quarrel with either of them, because they are *Whigs* or *Tories*, but because they are *Anagrams* and *Acrosticks*.

But to return to Punning. Having pursued the History of a Punn, from its Original to its Downfal, I shall here define it to be a Conceit arising from the use of two Words that agree in the Sound, but differ in the Sense. The only way therefore to try a Piece of Wit, is to translate it into a different Language: If it bears the Test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the Experiment, you may conclude it to have been a Punn. In short, one may say of a Punn, as the Countryman described his Nightingale, that it is *vox et præterea nihil*, a Sound, and nothing but a Sound. On the contrary, one may represent true Wit by the Description which *Aristinetus* makes of a fine Woman; when she is *dressed* she is Beautiful, when she is *undressed* she is Beautiful; or as *Mercerus* has translated it [more Emphatically]

*Induitur, formosa est: Exuitur, ipsa forma est.*

C.

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[Footnote 1: fine]

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'Scribendi rectè sapere est et principium et fons.'

Hor.

Mr. *Lock* has an admirable Reflexion upon the Difference of Wit and Judgment, whereby he endeavours to shew the Reason why they are not always the Talents of the same Person. His Words are as follows:

—And hence, perhaps, may be given some Reason of that common Observation, That Men who have a great deal of Wit and prompt Memories, have not always the clearest Judgment, or deepest Reason. For Wit lying most in the Assemblage of Ideas, and putting those together with Quickness and Variety, wherein can be found any Resemblance or Congruity, thereby to make up pleasant Pictures and agreeable Visions in the Fancy; Judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other Side, In separating carefully one from another, Ideas wherein can be found the least Difference, thereby to avoid being misled by Similitude, and by Affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to Metaphor and Allusion; wherein, for the most part, lies that Entertainment and Pleasantry of Wit which strikes so lively on the Fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all People. [1]

This is, I think, the best and most Philosophical Account that I have ever met with of Wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a Resemblance and Congruity of Ideas as this Author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of Explanation, That every Resemblance of Ideas is not that which we call Wit, unless it be such an one that gives *Delight* and *Surprise* to the Reader: These two Properties seem essential to Wit, more particularly the last of them. In order therefore that the Resemblance in the Ideas be Wit, it is necessary that the Ideas should not lie too near one another in the Nature of things; for where the Likeness is obvious, it gives no Surprise. To compare one Man's Singing to that of another, or to represent the Whiteness of any Object by that of Milk and Snow, or the Variety of its Colours by those of the Rainbow, cannot be called Wit, unless besides this obvious Resemblance, there be some further Congruity discovered in the two Ideas that is capable of giving the Reader some Surprise. Thus when a Poet tells us, the Bosom of his Mistress is as white as Snow, there is no Wit in the Comparison; but when he adds, with a Sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into Wit. Every Reader's Memory may supply him with innumerable Instances of the same Nature. For this Reason, the Similitudes in Heroick Poets, who endeavour rather to fill the Mind with great Conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprizing, have seldom any thing in them that can be called Wit. Mr. *Lock's* Account of Wit, with this short Explanation, comprehends most of the Species of Wit, as Metaphors, Similitudes, Allegories, Ænigmas, Mottos, Parables, Fables, Dreams, Visions, dramattick Writings, Burlesque, and all the Methods of Allusion: As there are many other Pieces of Wit, (how remote soever they may appear at first sight, from the foregoing Description) which upon Examination will be found to agree with it.

As *true Wit* generally consists in this Resemblance and Congruity of Ideas, *false Wit* chiefly consists in the Resemblance and Congruity sometimes of single Letters, as in Anagrams, Chronograms, Lipograms, and Acrosticks: Sometimes of Syllables, as in Echhos and Doggerel Rhymes: Sometimes of Words, as in Puns and Quibbles; and sometimes of whole Sentences or Poems, cast into the Figures of *Eggs*, *Axes*, or *Altars*: Nay, some carry the Notion of Wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external Mimickry; and to look upon a Man as an ingenious Person, that can resemble the Tone, Posture, or Face of another.

As *true Wit* consists in the Resemblance of Ideas, and *false Wit* in the Resemblance of Words, according to the foregoing Instances; there is another kind of Wit which consists partly in the Resemblance of Ideas, and partly in the Resemblance of Words; which for Distinction Sake I shall call *mixt Wit*. This kind of Wit is that which abounds in *Cowley*, more than in any Author that ever wrote. Mr. *Waller* has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. *Dryden* is very sparing in it. *Milton* had a Genius much above it. *Spencer* is in the same Class with *Milton*. The *Italians*, even in their Epic Poetry, are full of it. Monsieur *Boileau*, who formed himself upon the Ancient Poets, has every where rejected it with Scorn. If we look after mixt Wit among the *Greek* Writers, we shall find it no where but in the Epigrammatists. There are indeed some Strokes of it in the little Poem

ascribed to Musoeus, which by that, as well as many other Marks, betrays it self to be a modern Composition. If we look into the *Latin* Writers, we find none of this mixt Wit in *\_Virgil*, *Lucretius*, or *\_Catullus*; very little in *\_Horace*, but a great deal of it in *\_Ovid*, and scarce any thing else in *Martial*.

Out of the innumerable Branches of *\_mixt Wit*, I shall choose one Instance which may be met with in all the Writers of this Class. The Passion of Love in its Nature has been thought to resemble Fire; for which Reason the Words Fire and Flame are made use of to signify Love. The witty Poets therefore have taken an Advantage from the doubtful Meaning of the Word Fire, to make an infinite Number of Witticisms. *Cowley* observing the cold Regard of his Mistress's Eyes, and at the same Time their Power of producing Love in him, considers them as Burning-Glasses made of Ice; and finding himself able to live in the greatest Extremities of Love, concludes the Torrid Zone to be habitable. When his Mistress has read his Letter written in Juice of Lemmon by holding it to the Fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by Love's Flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward Heat that distilled those Drops from the Limbeck. When she is absent he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty Degrees nearer the Pole than when she is with him. His ambitious Love is a Fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy Love is the Beams of Heaven, and his unhappy Love Flames of Hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a Flame that sends up no Smoak; when it is opposed by Counsel and Advice, it is a Fire that rages the more by the Wind's blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a Tree in which he had cut his Loves, he observes that his written Flames had burnt up and withered the Tree. When he resolves to give over his Passion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the Fire. His Heart is an *\_Ætna*, that instead of *\_Vulcan's* Shop incloses *\_Cupid's* Forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his Love in Wine, is throwing Oil upon the Fire. He would insinuate to his Mistress, that the Fire of Love, like that of the Sun (which produces so many living Creatures) should not only warm but beget. Love in another Place cooks Pleasure at his Fire. Sometimes the Poet's Heart is frozen in every Breast, and sometimes scorched in every Eye. Sometimes he is drowned in Tears, and burnt in Love, like a Ship set on Fire in the Middle of the Sea.

The Reader may observe in every one of these Instances, that the Poet mixes the Qualities of Fire with those of Love; and in the same Sentence speaking of it both as a Passion and as real Fire, surprizes the Reader with those seeming Resemblances or Contradictions that make up all the Wit in this kind of Writing. *Mixt Wit* therefore is a Composition of Punn and true Wit, and is more or less perfect as the Resemblance lies in the Ideas or in the Words: Its Foundations are laid partly in Falsehood and partly in Truth: Reason puts in her Claim for one Half of it, and Extravagance for the other. The only Province therefore for this kind of Wit, is Epigram, or those little occasional Poems that in their own Nature are nothing else but a Tissue of Epigrams. I cannot conclude this Head of *\_mixt Wit*, without owning that the admirable Poet out of whom I have taken the Examples of it, had as much true Wit as any Author that ever writ; and indeed all other Talents of an extraordinary Genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this Subject, that I should take notice of Mr. *\_Dryden's* Definition of Wit; which, with all the Deference that is due to the Judgment of so great a Man, is not so properly a Definition of Wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is 'a Propriety of Words and Thoughts adapted to the Subject.' [2] If this be a true Definition of Wit, I am apt to think that *Euclid* [was [3]] the greatest Wit that ever set Pen to Paper: It is certain that never was a greater Propriety of Words and Thoughts adapted to the Subject, than what that Author has made use of in his Elements. I shall only appeal to my Reader, if this Definition agrees with any Notion he has of Wit: If it be a true one I am sure Mr. *Dryden* was not only a better Poet, but a greater Wit than Mr. *\_Cowley*; and *Virgil* a much more facetious Man than either *Ovid* or *Martial*.

*\_Bouhours*, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the *French* Criticks, has taken pains to shew, that it is impossible for any Thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its Foundation in the Nature of things: That the Basis of all Wit is Truth; and that no Thought can be valuable, of which good Sense is not the Ground-work. [4] *Boileau* has endeavoured to inculcate the same Notions in several Parts of his Writings, both in Prose and Verse. [5] This is that natural Way of Writing, that beautiful Simplicity, which we so much admire in the Compositions of the Ancients; and which no Body deviates from, but those who want Strength

of Genius to make a Thought shine in its own natural Beauties. Poets who want this Strength of Genius to give that Majestick Simplicity to Nature, which we so much admire in the Works of the Ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign Ornaments, and not to let any Piece of Wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as *Goths* in Poetry, who, like those in Architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful Simplicity of the old *Greeks and Romans*, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the Extravagancies of an irregular Fancy. Mr. *Dryden* makes a very handsome Observation, on *Ovid*'s writing a Letter from *Dido* to *Aeneas*, in the following Words. [6]

'*Ovid*' says he, (speaking of *Virgil*'s Fiction of *Dido* and *Aeneas*) 'takes it up after him, even in the same Age, and makes an Ancient Heroine of *Virgil*'s new-created *Dido*; dictates a Letter for her just before her Death to the ungrateful Fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a Sword with a Man so much superior in Force to him on the same Subject. I think I may be Judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous Author of the Art of Love has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a greater Master in his own Profession, and, which is worse, improves nothing which he finds: Nature fails him, and being forced to his old Shift, he has Recourse to Witticism. This passes indeed with his soft Admirers, and gives him the Preference to *Virgil* in their Esteem.'

Were not I supported by so great an Authority as that of Mr. *Dryden*, I should not venture to observe, That the Taste of most of our *English* Poets, as well as Readers, is extremely *Gothick*. He quotes Monsieur *Segrais* [7] for a threefold Distinction of the Readers of Poetry: In the first of which he comprehends the Rabble of Readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their Quality, but to their Numbers and Coarseness of their Taste. His Words are as follow:

'*Segrais* has distinguished the Readers of Poetry, according to their Capacity of judging, into three Classes. [He might have said the same of Writers too, if he had pleased.] In the lowest Form he places those whom he calls *Les Petits Esprits*, such things as are our Upper-Gallery Audience in a Play-house; who like nothing but the Husk and Rind of Wit, prefer a Quibble, a Conceit, an Epigram, before solid Sense and elegant Expression: These are Mob Readers. If *Virgil* and *Martial* stood for Parliament-Men, we know already who would carry it. But though they make the greatest Appearance in the Field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is they are but a sort of *French* Huguenots, or *Dutch* Boors, brought over in Herds, but not Naturalized; who have not Lands of two Pounds *per Annum* in *Parnassus*, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their Authors are of the same Level, fit to represent them on a Mountebank's Stage, or to be Masters of the Ceremonies in a Bear-garden: Yet these are they who have the most Admirers. But it often happens, to their Mortification, that as their Readers improve their Stock of Sense, (as they may by reading better Books, and by Conversation with Men of Judgment) they soon forsake them.'

I [must not dismiss this Subject without [8]] observing that as Mr. *Lock* in the Passage above-mentioned has discovered the most fruitful Source of Wit, so there is another of a quite contrary Nature to it, which does likewise branch it self out into several kinds. For not only the *Resemblance*, but the *Opposition* of Ideas, does very often produce Wit; as I could shew in several little Points, Turns and Antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future Speculation.

C.

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[Footnote 1: 'Essay concerning Human Understanding', Bk II. ch. II (p. 68 of ed. 1690; the first).]

[Footnote 2:

'If Wit has truly been defined as a Propriety of Thoughts and Words, then that definition will extend to all sorts of Poetry... Propriety of Thought is that Fancy which arises naturally from the Subject, or which the Poet adapts to it. Propriety of Words is the cloathing of these Thoughts with such Expressions as are naturally proper to them.'

Dryden's Preface to 'Albion and Albanus'.]

[Footnote 3: is]

[Footnote 4: Dominique Bouhours, a learned and accomplished Jesuit, who died in 1702, aged 75, was a Professor of the Humanities, in Paris, till the headaches by which he was tormented until death compelled him to resign his chair. He was afterwards tutor to the two young Princes of Longueville, and to the son of the minister Colbert. His best book was translated into English in 1705, as

'The Art of Criticism: or the Method of making a Right Judgment upon Subjects of Wit and Learning. Translated from the best Edition of the *\_French\_*, of the Famous Father Bouhours, by a Person of Quality. In Four Dialogues.'

Here he says:

'Truth is the first Quality, and, as it were, the foundation of Thought; the fairest is the faultiest, or, rather, those which pass for the fairest, are not really so, if they want this Foundation ... I do not understand your Doctrine, replies Philanthus, and I can scarce persuade myself that a witty Thought should be always founded on Truth: On the contrary, I am of the opinion of a famous Critic (i.e. Vavassor in his book on Epigrams) that Falsehood gives it often all its Grace, and is, as it were, the Soul of it,'

&c., pp, 6, 7, and the following.]

[Footnote 5: As in the lines

*\_Tout doit tendre au Bon Sens: mais pour y parvenir Le chemin est glissant et penible a tenir.\_*

'Art. Poétique', chant 1.

And again,

*\_Aux dépens du Bon Sens gardez de plaisanter.\_*

'Art. Poétique', chant 3.]

[Footnote 6: Dedication of his translation of the 'Æneid' to Lord Normanby, near the middle; when speaking of the anachronism that made Dido and Æneas contemporaries.]

[Footnote 7: Jean Regnaud de Segrais, b. 1624, d. 1701, was of Caen, where he was trained by Jesuits for the Church, but took to Literature, and sought thereby to support four brothers and two sisters, reduced to want by the dissipations of his father. He wrote, as a youth, odes, songs, a tragedy, and part of a romance. Attracting, at the age of 20, the attention of a noble patron, he became, in 1647, and remained for the next 24 years, attached to the household of Mlle. de Montpensier. He was a favoured guest among the *\_Précieuses\_* of the *\_Hotel Rambouillet\_*, and was styled, for his acquired air of *\_bon ton\_*, the *Voiture* of Caen. In 1671 he was received by Mlle. de La Fayette. In 1676 he married a rich wife, at Caen, his native town, where he settled and revived the local 'Academy.' Among his works were translations into French verse of the 'Æneid' and 'Georgics'. In the dedication of his own translation of the 'Æneid' by an elaborate essay to Lord Normanby, Dryden refers much, and with high respect, to the dissertation prefixed by Segrais to his French version, and towards the end (on p. 80 where the essay occupies 100 pages), writes as above quoted. The first parenthesis is part of the quotation.]

[Footnote 8: "would not break the thread of this discourse without;" and an ERRATUM appended to the next

Number says, 'for *without* read *with*.'

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No. 63. Saturday, May 12, 1711. Addison.

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'Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam Jungere si velit et varias inducere plumas Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum Desinat in piscem mulier formosa supernè; Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici? Credite, Piones, isti tabulæ fore librum Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ Finguntur species ...'

Hor.

It is very hard for the Mind to disengage it self from a Subject in which it has been long employed. The Thoughts will be rising of themselves from time to time, tho' we give them no Encouragement; as the Tossings and Fluctuations of the Sea continue several Hours after the Winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my last Night's Dream or Vision, which formed into one continued Allegory the several Schemes of Wit, whether False, Mixed, or True, that have been the Subject of my late Papers.

Methoughts I was transported into a Country that was filled with Prodigies and Enchantments, governed by the Goddess of FALSEHOOD, entitled *the Region of False Wit*. There is nothing in the Fields, the Woods, and the Rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the Trees blossomed in Leaf-Gold, some of them produced Bone-Lace, and some of them precious Stones. The Fountains bubbled in an Opera Tune, and were filled with Stags, Wild-Boars, and Mermaids, that lived among the Waters; at the same time that Dolphins and several kinds of Fish played upon the Banks or took their Pastime in the Meadows. The Birds had many of them golden Beaks, and human Voices. The Flowers perfumed the Air with Smells of Incense, Amber-greese, and Pulvillios; [1] and were so interwoven with one another, that they grew up in Pieces of Embroidery. The Winds were filled with Sighs and Messages of distant Lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted Wilderness, I could not forbear breaking out into Soliloquies upon the several Wonders which lay before me, when, to my great Surprise, I found there were artificial Ecchoes in every Walk, that by Repetitions of certain Words which I spoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I said. In the midst of my Conversation with these invisible Companions, I discovered in the Centre of a very dark Grove a monstrous Fabrick built after the *Gothick* manner, and covered with innumerable Devices in that barbarous kind of Sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of Heathen Temple consecrated to the God of *Dullness*. Upon my Entrance I saw the Deity of the Place dressed in the Habit of a Monk, with a Book in one Hand and a Rattle in the other. Upon his right Hand was *\_Industry\_*, with a Lamp burning before her; and on his left *\_Caprice\_*, with a Monkey sitting on her Shoulder. Before his Feet there stood an *Altar* of a very odd Make, which, as I afterwards found, was shaped in that manner to comply with the Inscription that surrounded it. Upon the Altar there lay several Offerings of *\_Axes, Wings\_*, and *\_Eggs\_*, cut in Paper, and inscribed with Verses. The Temple was filled with Votaries, who applied themselves to different Diversions, as their Fancies directed them. In one part of it I saw a Regiment of *\_Anagrams\_*, who were continually in motion, turning to the Right or to the Left, facing about, doubling their Ranks, shifting their Stations, and throwing themselves into all the Figures and Countermarches of the most changeable and perplexed Exercise.

Not far from these was a Body of *\_Acrosticks\_*, made up of very disproportioned Persons. It was disposed into three Columns, the Officers planting themselves in a Line on the left Hand of each Column. The Officers were all of them at least Six Foot high, and made three Rows of very proper Men; but the Common Soldiers, who filled up the Spaces between the Officers, were such Dwarfs, Cripples, and Scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the *Acrosticks* two or three Files of *\_Chronograms\_*, which differed only from the former, as their Officers were equipped (like the Figure of Time) with an Hour-glass in one Hand, and a Scythe in the other, and took their Posts promiscuously among the private Men whom they commanded.

In the Body of the Temple, and before the very Face of the Deity, methought I saw the Phantom of *Tryphiodorus* the *\_Lipogrammatist\_*, engaged in a Ball with four and twenty Persons, who pursued him by Turns thro' all the Intricacies and Labyrinths of a Country Dance, without being able to overtake him.

Observing several to be very busie at the Western End of the *\_Temple\_*, I inquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that Quarter the great Magazine of *\_Rebus's\_*. These were several Things of the most different Natures tied up in Bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like Faggots. You might behold an Anchor, a Night-rail, and a Hobby-horse bound up together. One of the Workmen seeing me very much surprized, told me, there was an infinite deal of Wit in several of those Bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleased; I thanked him for his Civility, but told him I was in very great haste at that time. As I was going out of the Temple, I observed in one Corner of it a Cluster of Men and Women laughing very heartily, and diverting themselves at a Game of *Crambo*. I heard several *Double Rhymes* as I passed by them, which raised a great deal of Mirth.

Not far from these was another Set of merry People engaged at a Diversion, in which the whole Jest was to mistake one Person for another. To give Occasion for these ludicrous Mistakes, they were divided into Pairs, every Pair being covered from Head to Foot with the same kind of Dress, though perhaps there was not the least Resemblance in their Faces. By this means an old Man was sometimes mistaken for a Boy, a Woman for a Man, and a Black-a-moor for an *\_European\_*, which very often produced great Peals of Laughter. These I guessed to be a Party of *Punns*. But being very desirous to get out of this World of Magick, which had almost turned my Brain, I left the Temple, and crossed over the Fields that lay about it with all the Speed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the Sound of Trumpets and Alarms, which seemed to proclaim the March of an Enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great Distance a very shining Light, and, in the midst of it, a Person of a most beautiful Aspect; her Name was TRUTH. On her right Hand there marched a Male Deity, who bore several Quivers on his Shoulders,—and grasped several Arrows in his Hand. His Name was *Wit*. The Approach of these two Enemies filled all the Territories of *False Wit* with an unspeakable Consternation, insomuch that the Goddess of those Regions appeared in Person upon her Frontiers, with the several inferior Deities, and the different Bodies of Forces which I had before seen in the Temple, who were now drawn up in Array, and prepared to give their Foes a warm Reception. As the March of the Enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several Inhabitants who bordered upon the *Regions* of FALSEHOOD to draw their Forces into a Body, with a Design to stand upon their Guard as Neuters, and attend the Issue of the Combat.

I must here inform my Reader, that the Frontiers of the Enchanted Region, which I have before described, were inhabited by the Species of MIXED WIT, who made a very odd Appearance when they were mustered together in an Army. There were Men whose Bodies were stuck full of Darts, and Women whose Eyes were Burning-glasses: Men that had Hearts of Fire, and Women that had Breasts of Snow. It would be endless to describe several Monsters of the like Nature, that composed this great Army; which immediately fell asunder and divided itself into two Parts, the one half throwing themselves behind the Banners of TRUTH, and the others behind those of FALSEHOOD.

The Goddess of FALSEHOOD was of a Gigantick Stature, and advanced some Paces before the Front of her Army: but as the dazzling Light, which flowed from TRUTH, began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly; insomuch that in a little Space she looked rather like an huge Phantom, than a real Substance. At length, as the Goddess of TRUTH approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the Brightness of her Presence; so that there did not remain the least Trace or Impression of her Figure in the Place where she had been seen.

As at the rising of the Sun the Constellations grow thin, and the Stars go out one after another, till the whole Hemisphere is extinguished; such was the vanishing of the Goddess: And not only of the Goddess her self, but of the whole Army that attended her, which sympathized with their Leader, and shrunk into Nothing, in proportion as the Goddess disappeared. At the same time the whole Temple sunk, the Fish betook themselves

to the Streams, and the wild Beasts to the Woods: The Fountains recovered their Murmurs, the Birds their Voices, the Trees their Leaves, the Flowers their Scents, and the whole Face of Nature its true and genuine Appearance. Tho' I still continued asleep, I fancied my self as it were awakened out of a Dream, when I saw this Region of Prodigies restored to Woods and Rivers, Fields and Meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild Scene of Wonders, which had very much disturbed my Imagination, I took a full Survey of the Persons of WIT and TRUTH; for indeed it was impossible to look upon the first, without seeing the other at the same time. There was behind them a strong and compact Body of Figures. The Genius of *Heroic Poetry* appeared with a Sword in her Hand, and a Lawrel on her Head. *Tragedy* was crowned with Cypress, and covered with Robes dipped in Blood. *Satyr* had Smiles in her Look, and a Dagger under her Garment. *Rhetorick* was known by her Thunderbolt; and *Comedy* by her Mask. After several other Figures, *Epigram* marched up in the Rear, who had been posted there at the Beginning of the Expedition, that he might not revolt to the Enemy, whom he was suspected to favour in his Heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the Appearance of the God of \_Wit\_; there was something so amiable and yet so piercing in his Looks, as inspired me at once with Love and Terror. As I was gazing on him, to my unspeakable Joy, he took a Quiver of Arrows from his Shoulder, in order to make me a Present of it; but as I was reaching out my Hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a Chair, and by that means awaked.

C.

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[Footnote 1: Scent bags. Ital. Polviglio; from Pulvillus, a little cushion.]

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No. 64. Monday, May 14, 1711. Steele.

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'... Hic vivimus Ambitiosa Paupertate omnes ...'

Juv.

The most improper things we commit in the Conduct of our Lives, we are led into by the Force of Fashion. Instances might be given, in which a prevailing Custom makes us act against the Rules of Nature, Law and common Sense: but at present I shall confine my Consideration of the Effect it has upon Men's Minds, by looking into our Behaviour when it is the Fashion to go into Mourning. The Custom of representing the Grief we have for the Loss of the Dead by our Habits, certainly had its Rise from the real Sorrow of such as were too much distressed to take the proper Care they ought of their Dress. By Degrees it prevailed, that such as had this inward Oppression upon their Minds, made an Apology for not joining with the rest of the World in their ordinary Diversions, by a Dress suited to their Condition. This therefore was at first assumed by such only as were under real Distress; to whom it was a Relief that they had nothing about them so light and gay as to be irksome to the Gloom and Melancholy of their inward Reflections, or that might misrepresent them to others. In process of Time this laudable Distinction of the Sorrowful was lost, and Mourning is now worn by Heirs and Widows. You see nothing but Magnificence and Solemnity in the Equipage of the Relict, and an Air [of [1]] Release from Servitude in the Pomp of a Son who has lost a wealthy Father. This Fashion of Sorrow is now become a generous Part of the Ceremonial between Princes and Sovereigns, who in the Language of all Nations are stiled Brothers to each other, and put on the Purple upon the Death of any Potentate with whom they live in Amity. Courtiers, and all who wish themselves such, are immediately seized with Grief from Head to Foot upon this Disaster to their Prince; so that one may know by the very Buckles of a Gentleman-Usher, what Degree of Friendship any deceased Monarch maintained with the Court to which he belongs. A good Courtier's Habit and Behaviour is hieroglyphical on these Occasions: He deals much in Whispers, and you may see he dresses according to the best Intelligence.

The general Affectation among Men, of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole World run into the Habit of the Court. You see the Lady, who the Day before was as various as a Rainbow, upon the Time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a Cloud. This Humour does not prevail only on those whose Fortunes can support any Change in their Equipage, not on those only whose Incomes demand the Wantonness of new Appearances; but on such also who have just enough to cloath them. An old Acquaintance of mine, of Ninety Pounds a Year, who has naturally the Vanity of being a Man of Fashion deep at his Heart, is very much put to it to bear the Mortality of Princes. He made a new black Suit upon the Death of the King of *\_Spain\_*, he turned it for the King of *\_Portugal\_*, and he now keeps his Chamber while it is scouring for the Emperor. [2] He is a good Oeconomist in his Extravagance, and makes only a fresh black Button upon his Iron-gray Suit for any Potentate of small Territories; he indeed adds his Crape Hatband for a Prince whose Exploits he has admired in the *Gazette*. But whatever Compliments may be made on these Occasions, the true Mourners are the Mercers, Silkmen, Lacemen and Milliners. A Prince of merciful and royal Disposition would reflect with great Anxiety upon the Prospect of his Death, if he considered what Numbers would be reduced to Misery by that Accident only: He would think it of Moment enough to direct, that in the Notification of his Departure, the Honour done to him might be restrained to those of the Houshold of the Prince to whom it should be signified. He would think a general Mourning to be in a less Degree the same Ceremony which is practised in barbarous Nations, of killing their Slaves to attend the Obsequies of their Kings.

I had been wonderfully at a Loss for many Months together, to guess at the Character of a Man who came now and then to our Coffee-house: He ever ended a News-paper with this Reflection, *\_Well, I see all the Foreign Princes are in good Health\_*. If you asked, Pray, Sir, what says the *Postman* from *\_Vienna\_*? he answered, *\_Make us thankful, the\_ German \_Princes are all well\_*: What does he say from *\_Barcelona\_*? *He does not speak but that the Country agrees very well with the new Queen*. After very much Enquiry, I found this Man of universal Loyalty was a wholesale Dealer in Silks and Ribbons: His Way is, it seems, if he hires a Weaver, or Workman, to have it inserted in his Articles,

'That all this shall be well and truly performed, provided no foreign Potentate shall depart this Life within the Time above-mentioned.'

It happens in all publick Mournings, that the many Trades which depend upon our Habits, are during that Folly either pinched with present Want, or terrified with the apparent Approach of it. All the Atonement which Men can make for wanton Expences (which is a sort of insulting the Scarcity under which others labour) is, that the Superfluities of the Wealthy give Supplies to the Necessities of the Poor: but instead of any other Good arising from the Affectation of being in courtly Habits of Mourning, all Order seems to be destroyed by it; and the true Honour which one Court does to another on that Occasion, loses its Force and Efficacy. When a foreign Minister beholds the Court of a Nation (which flourishes in Riches and Plenty) lay aside, upon the Loss of his Master, all Marks of Splendor and Magnificence, though the Head of such a joyful People, he will conceive greater Idea of the Honour done his Master, than when he sees the Generality of the People in the same Habit. When one is afraid to ask the Wife of a Tradesman whom she has lost of her Family; and after some Preparation endeavours to know whom she mourns for; how ridiculous is it to hear her explain her self, That we have lost one of the House of *\_Austria\_*! Princes are elevated so highly above the rest of Mankind, that it is a presumptuous Distinction to take a Part in Honours done to their Memories, except we have Authority for it, by being related in a particular Manner to the Court which pays that Veneration to their Friendship, and seems to express on such an Occasion the Sense of the Uncertainty of human Life in general, by assuming the Habit of Sorrow though in the full possession of Triumph and Royalty.

R.

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[Footnote 1: of a]

[Footnote 2: The death of Charles II of Spain, which gave occasion for the general war of the Spanish succession, took place in 1700. John V, King of Portugal, died in 1706, and the Emperor Joseph I died on the 17th of April, 1711, less than a month before this paper was written. The black suit that was now 'scouring for the Emperor' was, therefore, more than ten years old, and had been turned five years ago.]

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No. 65. Tuesday, May 15, 1711. Steele.

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'... Demetri teque Tigelli Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.'

Hor.

After having at large explained what Wit is, and described the false Appearances of it, all that Labour seems but an useless Enquiry, without some Time be spent in considering the Application of it. The Seat of Wit, when one speaks as a Man of the Town and the World, is the Play-house; I shall therefore fill this Paper with Reflections upon the Use of it in that Place. The Application of Wit in the Theatre has as strong an Effect upon the Manners of our Gentlemen, as the Taste of it has upon the Writings of our Authors. It may, perhaps, look like a very presumptuous Work, though not Foreign from the Duty of a SPECTATOR, to tax the Writings of such as have long had the general Applause of a Nation; But I shall always make Reason, Truth, and Nature the Measures of Praise and Dispraise; if those are for me, the Generality of Opinion is of no Consequence against me; if they are against me, the general Opinion cannot long support me.

Without further Preface, I am going to look into some of our most applauded Plays, and see whether they deserve the Figure they at present bear in the Imagination of Men, or not.

In reflecting upon these Works, I shall chiefly dwell upon that for which each respective Play is most celebrated. The present Paper shall be employed upon Sir *Fopling Flutter*. [1] The received Character of this Play is, That it is the Pattern of Genteel Comedy. *Dorimant* and *Harriot* are the Characters of greatest Consequence, and if these are Low and Mean, the Reputation of the Play is very Unjust.

I will take for granted, that a fine Gentleman should be honest in his Actions, and refined in his Language. Instead of this, our Hero in this Piece is a direct Knave in his Designs, and a Clown in his Language. *Bellair* is his Admirer and Friend; in return for which, because he is forsooth a greater Wit than his said Friend, he thinks it reasonable to persuade him to marry a young Lady, whose Virtue, he thinks, will last no longer than till she is a Wife, and then she cannot but fall to his Share, as he is an irresistible fine Gentleman. The Falshood to Mrs. *Loveit*, and the Barbarity of Triumphant over her Anguish for losing him, is another Instance of his Honesty, as well as his Good-nature. As to his fine Language; he calls the Orange-Woman, who, it seems, is inclined to grow Fat, *An Over-grown Jade, with a Flasket of Guts before her*; and salutes her with a pretty Phrase of *How now, Double Tripe*? Upon the mention of a Country Gentlewoman, whom he knows nothing of, (no one can imagine why) he *will lay his Life she is some awkward ill-fashioned Country Toad, who not having above four Dozen of Hairs on her Head, has adorned her Baldness with a large white Fruz, that she may look Sparkishly in the Forefront of the King's Box at an old Play*. Unnatural Mixture of senseless Common-Place!

As to the Generosity of his Temper, he tells his poor Footman, *If he did not wait better*—he would turn him away, in the insolent Phrase of, *I'll uncase you*.

Now for Mrs. *Harriot*: She laughs at Obedience to an absent Mother, whose Tenderness *Busie* describes to be very exquisite, for *that she is so pleased with finding Harriot* again, that she cannot chide her for being out of the way. This Witty Daughter, and fine Lady, has so little Respect for this good Woman, that she Ridicules her Air in taking Leave, and cries, *In what Struggle is my poor Mother yonder? See, see, her Head*

tottering, her Eyes staring, and her under Lip trembling\_. But all this is atoned for, because \_she has more Wit than is usual in her Sex, and as much Malice, tho' she is as Wild as you would wish her and has a Demureness in her Looks that makes it so surprising!\_ Then to recommend her as a fit Spouse for his Hero, the Poet makes her speak her Sense of Marriage very ingeniously: \_I think\_, says she, \_I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reasonable Woman should expect in an Husband\_. It is, methinks, unnatural that we are not made to understand how she that was bred under a silly pious old Mother, that would never trust her out of her sight, came to be so Polite.

It cannot be denied, but that the Negligence of every thing, which engages the Attention of the sober and valuable Part of Mankind, appears very well drawn in this Piece: But it is denied, that it is necessary to the Character of a Fine Gentleman, that he should in that manner trample upon all Order and Decency. As for the Character of \_Dorimant\_, it is more of a Coxcomb than that of *Fopling*. He says of one of his Companions, that a good Correspondence between them is their mutual Interest. Speaking of that Friend, he declares, their being much together \_makes the Women think the better of his Understanding, and judge more favourably of my Reputation. It makes him pass upon some for a Man of very good Sense, and me upon others for a very civil Person\_.

This whole celebrated Piece is a perfect Contradiction to good Manners, good Sense, and common Honesty; and as there is nothing in it but what is built upon the Ruin of Virtue and Innocence, according to the Notion of Merit in this Comedy, I take the Shoemaker to be, in reality, the Fine Gentleman of the Play: For it seems he is an Atheist, if we may depend upon his Character as given by the Orange-Woman, who is her self far from being the lowest in the Play. She says of a Fine Man who is \_Dorimant's\_ Companion, There \_is not such another Heathen in the Town, except the Shoemaker\_. His Pretension to be the Hero of the *Drama* appears still more in his own Description of his way of Living with his Lady. \_There is\_, says he, \_never a Man in Town lives more like a Gentleman with his Wife than I do; I never mind her Motions; she never enquires into mine. We speak to one another civilly, hate one another heartily; and because it is Vulgar to Lye and Soak together, we have each of us our several Settle-Bed\_. That of *Soaking together* is as good as if *Dorimant* had spoken it himself; and, I think, since he puts Human Nature in as ugly a Form as the Circumstances will bear, and is a staunch Unbeliever, he is very much Wronged in having no part of the good Fortune bestowed in the last Act.

To speak plainly of this whole Work, I think nothing but being lost to a sense of Innocence and Virtue can make any one see this Comedy, without observing more frequent Occasion to move Sorrow and Indignation, than Mirth and Laughter. At the same time I allow it to be Nature, but it is Nature in its utmost Corruption and Degeneracy. [2]

R.

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[Footnote 1: 'The Man of Mode', or 'Sir Fopling Flutter', by Sir George Etherege, produced in 1676. Etherege painted accurately the life and morals of the Restoration, and is said to have represented himself in Bellair; Beau Hewit, the son of a Herefordshire Baronet, in Sir Fopling; and to have formed Dorimant upon the model of the Earl of Rochester.]

[Footnote 2: To this number of the Spectator is appended the first advertisement of Pope's 'Essay on Criticism'.

This Day is publish'd An ESSAY on CRITICISM.

Printed for W. Lewis in Russell street Covent-Garden; and Sold by W. Taylor, at the Ship in Pater Noster Row; T. Osborn, in Gray's Inn near the Walks; T. Graves, in St. James's Street; and T. Morphew, near Stationers-Hall.

Price 1s.]

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No. 66. Wednesday, May 16, 1711. Steele.

'Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos Matura Virgo, et fingitur artubus Jam nunc, et incestos amores De Tenero meditatur Ungui.'

Hor.

The two following Letters are upon a Subject of very great Importance, tho' expressed without an Air of Gravity.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR, I Take the Freedom of asking your Advice in behalf of a Young Country Kinswoman of mine who is lately come to Town, and under my Care for her Education. She is very pretty, but you can't imagine how unformed a Creature it is. She comes to my Hands just as Nature left her, half-finished, and without any acquired Improvements. When I look on her I often think of the *Belle Sauvage* mentioned in one of your Papers. Dear *Mr.* SPECTATOR, help me to make her comprehend the visible Graces of Speech, and the dumb Eloquence of Motion; for she is at present a perfect Stranger to both. She knows no Way to express her self but by her Tongue, and that always to signify her Meaning. Her Eyes serve her yet only to see with, and she is utterly a Foreigner to the Language of Looks and Glances. In this I fancy you could help her better than any Body. I have bestowed two Months in teaching her to Sigh when she is not concerned, and to Smile when she is not pleased; and am ashamed to own she makes little or no Improvement. Then she is no more able now to walk, than she was to go at a Year old. By Walking you will easily know I mean that regular but easy Motion, which gives our Persons so irresistible a Grace as if we moved to Musick, and is a kind of disengaged Figure, or, if I may so speak, recitative Dancing. But the want of this I cannot blame in her, for I find she has no Ear, and means nothing by Walking but to change her Place. I could pardon too her Blushing, if she knew how to carry her self in it, and if it did not manifestly injure her Complexion.

They tell me you are a Person who have seen the World, and are a Judge of fine Breeding; which makes me ambitious of some Instructions from you for her Improvement: Which when you have favoured me with, I shall further advise with you about the Disposal of this fair Forrester in Marriage; for I will make it no Secret to you, that her Person and Education are to be her Fortune. I am, SIR, Your very humble Servant  
CELIMENE.

SIR, Being employed by *Celimene* to make up and send to you her Letter, I make bold to recommend the Case therein mentioned to your Consideration, because she and I happen to differ a little in our Notions. I, who am a rough Man, am afraid the young Girl is in a fair Way to be spoiled: Therefore pray, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, let us have your Opinion of this fine thing called *\_Fine Breeding\_*; for I am afraid it differs too much from that plain thing called *Good Breeding*. *Your most humble Servant*. [1]

The general Mistake among us in the Educating our Children, is, That in our Daughters we take care of their Persons and neglect their Minds: in our Sons we are so intent upon adorning their Minds, that we wholly neglect their Bodies. It is from this that you shall see a young Lady celebrated and admired in all the Assemblies about Town, when her elder Brother is afraid to come into a Room. From this ill Management it arises, That we frequently observe a Man's Life is half spent before he is taken notice of; and a Woman in the Prime of her Years is out of Fashion and neglected. The Boy I shall consider upon some other Occasion, and at present stick to the Girl: And I am the more inclined to this, because I have several Letters which complain to me that my Female Readers have not understood me for some Days last past, and take themselves to be

unconcerned in the present Turn of my Writings. When a Girl is safely brought from her Nurse, before she is capable of forming one simple Notion of any thing in Life, she is delivered to the Hands of her Dancing-Master; and with a Collar round her Neck, the pretty wild Thing is taught a fantastical Gravity of Behaviour, and forced to a particular Way of holding her Head, heaving her Breast, and moving with her whole Body; and all this under Pain of never having an Husband, if she steps, looks, or moves awry. This gives the young Lady wonderful Workings of Imagination, what is to pass between her and this Husband that she is every Moment told of, and for whom she seems to be educated. Thus her Fancy is engaged to turn all her Endeavours to the Ornament of her Person, as what must determine her Good and Ill in this Life; and she naturally thinks, if she is tall enough, she is wise enough for any thing for which her Education makes her think she is designed. To make her an agreeable Person is the main Purpose of her Parents; to that is all their Cost, to that all their Care directed; and from this general Folly of Parents we owe our present numerous Race of Coquets. These Reflections puzzle me, when I think of giving my advice on the Subject of managing the wild Thing mentioned in the Letter of my Correspondent. But sure there is a middle Way to be followed; the Management of a young Lady's Person is not to be overlooked, but the Erudition of her Mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will see the Mind follow the Appetites of the Body, or the Body express the Virtues of the Mind.

*Cleomira* dances with all the Elegance of Motion imaginable; but her Eyes are so chastised with the Simplicity and Innocence of her Thoughts, that she raises in her Beholders Admiration and good Will, but no loose Hope or wild Imagination. The true Art in this Case is, To make the Mind and Body improve together; and if possible, to make Gesture follow Thought, and not let Thought be employed upon Gesture.

R.

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[Footnote 1: John Hughes is the author of these two letters, and, Chalmers thinks, also of the letters signed R. B. in Nos. 33 and 53. He was in 1711 thirty-two years old. John Hughes, the son of a citizen of London, was born at Marlborough, educated at the private school of a Dissenting minister, where he had Isaac Watts for schoolfellow, delicate of health, zealous for poetry and music, and provided for by having obtained, early in life, a situation in the Ordnance Office. He died of consumption at the age of 40, February 17, 1719–20, on the night of the first production of his Tragedy of 'The Siege of Damascus'. Verse of his was in his lifetime set to music by Purcell and Handel. In 1712 an opera of 'Calypso and Telemachus', to which Hughes wrote the words, was produced with success at the Haymarket. In translations, in original verse, and especially in prose, he merited the pleasant little reputation that he earned; but his means were small until, not two years before his death, Lord Cowper gave him the well-paid office of Secretary to the Commissioners of the Peace. Steele has drawn the character of his friend Hughes as that of a religious man exempt from every sensual vice, an invalid who could take pleasure in seeing the innocent happiness of the healthy, who was never peevish or sour, and who employed his intervals of ease in drawing and designing, or in music and poetry.]

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No. 67. Thursday, May 17, 1711. Budgell. [1]

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'Saltare elegantius quam necesse est probæ.'

Sal.

Lucian, in one of his Dialogues, introduces a Philosopher chiding his Friend for his being a Lover of Dancing, and a Frequenter of Balls. [2] The other undertakes the Defence of his Favourite Diversion, which, he says, was at first invented by the Goddess *\_Rhea\_*, and preserved the Life of *Jupiter* himself, from the Cruelty of his Father *\_Saturn\_*. He proceeds to shew, that it had been Approved by the greatest Men in all Ages; that *Homer* calls *Merion* a *\_Fine Dancer\_*; and says, That the graceful Mien and great Agility which he had acquired by that Exercise, distinguished him above the rest in the Armies, both of *Greeks* and *Trojans*.

He adds, that *Pyrrhus* gained more Reputation by Inventing the Dance which is called after his Name, than by all his other Actions: That the *Lacedaemonians*, who were the bravest People in *Greece*, gave great Encouragement to this Diversion, and made their *Hormus* (a Dance much resembling the *French Brawl*) famous over all *Asia*: That there were still extant some *Thessalian* Statues erected to the Honour of their best Dancers: And that he wondered how his Brother Philosopher could declare himself against the Opinions of those two Persons, whom he professed so much to admire, *Homer* and *Hesiod*; the latter of which compares Valour and Dancing together; and says, That *the Gods have bestowed Fortitude on some Men, and on others a Disposition for Dancing*.

Lastly, he puts him in mind that *Socrates*, (who, in the Judgment of *Apollo*, was the wisest of Men) was not only a professed Admirer of this Exercise in others, but learned it himself when he was an old Man.

The Morose Philosopher is so much affected by these, and some other Authorities, that he becomes a Convert to his Friend, and desires he would take him with him when he went to his next Ball.

I love to shelter my self under the Examples of Great Men; and, I think, I have sufficiently shewed that it is not below the Dignity of these my Speculations to take notice of the following Letter, which, I suppose, is sent me by some substantial Tradesman about *Change*.

SIR,

I am a Man in Years, and by an honest Industry in the World have acquired enough to give my Children a liberal Education, tho' I was an utter Stranger to it my self. My eldest Daughter, a Girl of Sixteen, has for some time been under the Tuition of Monsieur *Rigadoon*, a Dancing-Master in the City; and I was prevailed upon by her and her Mother to go last Night to one of his Balls. I must own to you, Sir, that having never been at any such Place before, I was very much pleased and surprized with that Part of his Entertainment which he called *French Dancing*. There were several young Men and Women, whose Limbs seemed to have no other Motion, but purely what the Musick gave them. After this Part was over, they began a Diversion which they call *Country Dancing*, and wherein there were also some things not disagreeable, and divers *Emblematical Figures*, Compos'd, as I guess, by Wise Men, for the Instruction of Youth.

Among the rest, I observed one, which, I think, they call *Hunt the Squirrel*, in which while the Woman flies the Man pursues her; but as soon as she turns, he runs away, and she is obliged to follow.

The Moral of this Dance does, I think, very aptly recommend Modesty and Discretion to the Female Sex.

But as the best Institutions are liable to Corruptions, so, Sir, I must acquaint you, that very great Abuses are crept into this Entertainment. I was amazed to see my Girl handed by, and handing young Fellows with so much Familiarity; and I could not have thought it had been in the Child. They very often made use of a most impudent and lascivious Step called *Setting*, which I know not how to describe to you, but by telling you that it is the very reverse of *Back to Back*. At last an impudent young Dog bid the Fiddlers play a Dance called *Mol Patley*,<sup>[1]</sup> and after having made two or three Capers, ran to his Partner, locked his Arms in hers, and whisked her round cleverly above Ground in such manner, that I, who sat upon one of the lowest Benches, saw further above her Shoe than I can think fit to acquaint you with. I could no longer endure these Enormities; wherefore just as my Girl was going to be made a Whirligig, I ran in, seized on the Child, and carried her home.

Sir, I am not yet old enough to be a Fool. I suppose this Diversion might be at first invented to keep up a good Understanding between young Men and Women, and so far I am not against it; but I shall never allow of these things. I know not what you will say to this Case at present, but am sure that had you been with me you would have seen matter of great Speculation.

I am

\_Yours, &c.\_

I must confess I am afraid that my Correspondent had too much Reason to be a little out of Humour at the Treatment of his Daughter, but I conclude that he would have been much more so, had he seen one of those *kissing Dances* in which WILL. HONEYCOMB assures me they are obliged to dwell almost a Minute on the Fair One's Lips, or they will be too quick for the Musick, and dance quite out of Time.

I am not able however to give my final Sentence against this Diversion; and am of Mr. \_Cowley's\_ Opinion, [4] that so much of Dancing at least as belongs to the Behaviour and an handsome Carriage of the Body, is extremely useful, if not absolutely necessary.

We generally form such Ideas of People at first Sight, as we are hardly ever persuaded to lay aside afterwards: For this Reason, a Man would wish to have nothing disagreeable or uncomely in his Approaches, and to be able to enter a Room with a good Grace.

I might add, that a moderate Knowledge in the little Rules of Good-breeding gives a Man some Assurance, and makes him easie in all Companies. For want of this, I have seen a Professor of a Liberal Science at a Loss to salute a Lady; and a most excellent Mathematician not able to determine whether he should stand or sit while my Lord drank to him.

It is the proper Business of a Dancing-Master to regulate these Matters; tho' I take it to be a just Observation, that unless you add something of your own to what these fine Gentlemen teach you, and which they are wholly ignorant of themselves, you will much sooner get the Character of an Affected Fop, than of a Well-bred Man.

As for \_Country Dancing\_, it must indeed be confessed, that the great Familiarities between the two Sexes on this Occasion may sometimes produce very dangerous Consequences; and I have often thought that few Ladies Hearts are so obdurate as not to be melted by the Charms of Musick, the Force of Motion, and an handsome young Fellow who is continually playing before their Eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect Use of all his Limbs.

But as this kind of Dance is the particular Invention of our own Country, and as every one is more or less a Proficient in it, I would not Discountenance it; but rather suppose it may be practised innocently by others, as well as myself, who am often Partner to my Landlady's Eldest Daughter.

POSTSCRIPT.

Having heard a good Character of the Collection of Pictures which is to be Exposed to Sale on *Friday* next; and concluding from the following Letter, that the Person who Collected them is a Man of no unelegant Taste, I will be so much his Friend as to Publish it, provided the Reader will only look upon it as filling up the Place of an Advertisement.

From \_the three Chairs in the Piazza\_, Covent-Garden.

\_SIR\_, *May* 16, 1711.

'As you are SPECTATOR, I think we, who make it our Business to exhibit any thing to publick View, ought to apply our selves to you for your Approbation. I have travelled Europe to furnish out a Show for you, and have brought with me what has been admired in every Country through which I passed. You have declared in many Papers, that your greatest Delights are those of the Eye, which I do not doubt but I shall gratifie with as

Beautiful Objects as yours ever beheld. If Castles, Forests, Ruins, Fine Women, and Graceful Men, can please you, I dare promise you much Satisfaction, if you will Appear at my Auction on *Friday* next. A Sight is, I suppose, as grateful to a SPECTATOR, as a Treat to another Person, and therefore I hope you will pardon this Invitation from,

SIR,

Your most Obedient Humble Servant,

J. GRAHAM.

[Footnote 1: Eustace Budgell, the contributor of this and of about three dozen other papers to the *Spectator*, was, in 1711, twenty–six years old, and by the death of his father, Gilbert Budgell, D.D., obtained, in this year, encumbered by some debt, an income of £950. He was first cousin to Addison, their mothers being two daughters of Dr. Nathaniel Gulstone, and sisters to Dr. Gulstone, bishop of Bristol. He had been sent in 1700 to Christ Church, Oxford, where he spent several years. When, in 1709, Addison went to Dublin as secretary to Lord Wharton, in his Irish administration, he took with him his cousin Budgell as a private secretary. During Addison's first stay in Ireland Budgell lived with him, and paid careful attention to his duties. To this relationship and friendship Budgell was indebted for the insertion of papers of his in the *Spectator*. Addison not only gratified his literary ambition, but helped him to advancement in his service of the government. On the accession of George I, Budgell was appointed Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland and Deputy Clerk of the Council; was chosen also Honorary Bencher of the Dublin Inns of Court and obtained a seat in the Irish Parliament. In 1717, when Addison became Secretary of State for Ireland, he appointed Eustace Budgell to the post of Accountant and Comptroller–General of the Irish Revenue, which was worth nearly £400 a–year. In 1718, anger at being passed over in an appointment caused Budgell to charge the Duke of Bolton, the newly–arrived Lord–Lieutenant, with folly and imbecility. For this he was removed from his Irish appointments. He then ruined his hope of patronage in England, lost three–fourths of his fortune in the South Sea Bubble, and spent the other fourth in a fruitless attempt to get into Parliament. While struggling to earn bread as a writer, he took part in the publication of Dr. Matthew Tindal's *Christianity as Old as the Creation*, and when, in 1733, Tindal died, a Will was found which, to the exclusion of a favourite nephew, left £2100 (nearly all the property) to Budgell. The authenticity of the Will was successfully contested, and thereby Budgell disgraced. He retorted on Pope for some criticism upon this which he attributed to him, and Pope wrote in the prologue to his *Satires*,

*Let Budgell charge low Grub–street on my quill, And write whate'er he please,—except my Will.*

At last, in May, 1737, Eustace Budgell filled his pockets with stones, hired a boat, and drowned himself by jumping from it as it passed under London Bridge. There was left on his writing–table at home a slip of paper upon which he had written,

'What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong.']

[Footnote 2: The Dialogue 'Of Dancing' between Lucian and Crato is here quoted from a translation then just published in four volumes,

'of the Works of Lucian, translated from the Greek by several Eminent Hands, 1711.'

The dialogue is in Vol. III, pp. 402—432, translated 'by Mr. Savage of the Middle Temple.']

[Footnote 3: 'Moll Peatley' was a popular and vigorous dance, dating, at least, from 1622.]

[Footnote 4: In his scheme of a College and School, published in 1661, as 'a Proposition for the Advancement

of Experimental Philosophy,' among the ideas for training boys in the school is this, that

'in foul weather it would not be amiss for them to learn to Dance, that is, to learn just so much (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse) as may give them a graceful comportment of their bodies.']

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No. 68. Friday, May 18, 1711. Addison.

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'Nos duo turba sumus ...'

Ovid.

One would think that the larger the Company is, in which we are engaged, the greater Variety of Thoughts and Subjects would be started in Discourse; but instead of this, we find that Conversation is never so much straightened and confined as in numerous Assemblies. When a Multitude meet together upon any Subject of Discourse, their Debates are taken up chiefly with Forms and general Positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted Assembly of Men and Women, the Talk generally runs upon the Weather, Fashions, News, and the like publick Topicks. In Proportion as Conversation gets into Clubs and Knots of Friends, it descends into Particulars, and grows more free and communicative: But the most open, instructive, and unreserved Discourse, is that which passes between two Persons who are familiar and intimate Friends. On these Occasions, a Man gives a Loose to every Passion and every Thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired Opinions of Persons and Things, tries the Beauty and Strength of his Sentiments, and exposes his whole Soul to the Examination of his Friend.

*Tully* was the first who observed, that Friendship improves Happiness and abates Misery, by the doubling of our Joy and dividing of our Grief; a Thought in which he hath been followed by all the Essayers upon Friendship, that have written since his Time. Sir *Francis Bacon* has finely described other Advantages, or, as he calls them, Fruits of Friendship; and indeed there is no Subject of Morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient Author, whose Book would be regarded by our Modern Wits as one of the most shining Tracts of Morality that is extant, if it appeared under the Name of a *\_Confucius\_*, or of any celebrated *Grecian* Philosopher: I mean the little Apocryphal Treatise entitled, *The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach*. How finely has he described the Art of making Friends, by an obliging and affable Behaviour? And laid down that Precept which a late excellent Author has delivered as his own,

'That we should have many Well-wishers, but few 'Friends.'

\_Sweet Language will multiply Friends; and a fair-speaking Tongue will increase kind Greetings. Be in Peace with many, nevertheless have but one Counsellor of a thousand\_. [1]

With what Prudence does he caution us in the Choice of our Friends? And with what Strokes of Nature (I could almost say of Humour) has he described the Behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested Friend?

\_If thou wouldst get a Friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: For some Man is a Friend for his own Occasion, and will not abide in the Day of thy Trouble. And there is a Friend, who being turned to Enmity and Strife will discover thy Reproach\_.

Again,

\_Some Friend is a Companion at the Table, and will not continue in the Day of thy Affliction: But in thy Prosperity he will be as thy self, and will be bold over thy Servants. If thou be brought low he will be against

thee, and hide himself from thy Face.\_ [2]

What can be more strong and pointed than the following Verse?

\_Separate thy self from thine Enemies, and take heed of thy Friends.\_

In the next Words he particularizes one of those Fruits of Friendship which is described at length by the two famous Authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general Elogium of Friendship, which is very just as well as very sublime.

\_A faithful Friend is a strong Defence; and he that hath found such an one, hath found a Treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful Friend, and his Excellency is unvaluable. A faithful Friend is the Medicine of Life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his Friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his Neighbour\_ (that is, his Friend) \_be also.\_ [3]

I do not remember to have met with any Saying that has pleased me more than that of a Friend's being the Medicine of Life, to express the Efficacy of Friendship in healing the Pains and Anguish which naturally cleave to our Existence in this World; and am Wonderfully pleased with the Turn in the last Sentence, That a virtuous Man shall as a Blessing meet with a Friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another Saying in the same Author, which would have been very much admired in an Heathen Writer;

\_Forsake not an old Friend, for the new is not comparable to him: A new Friend is as new Wine; When it is old thou shalt drink it with Pleasure.\_ [4]

With what Strength of Allusion and Force of Thought, has he described the Breaches and Violations of Friendship?

\_Whoso casteth a Stone at the Birds frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his Friend, breaketh Friendship. Tho' thou drawest a Sword at a Friend yet despair not, for there may be a returning to Favour: If thou hast opened thy Mouth against thy Friend fear not, for there may be a Reconciliation; except for Upbraiding, or Pride, or disclosing of Secrets, or a treacherous Wound; for, for these things every Friend will depart.\_ [5]

We may observe in this and several other Precepts in this Author, those little familiar Instances and Illustrations, which are so much admired in the moral Writings of *Horace* and *Epictetus*. There are very beautiful Instances of this Nature in the following Passages, which are likewise written upon the same Subject:

\_Whoso discovereth Secrets, loseth his Credit, and shall never find a Friend to his Mind. Love thy Friend, and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayest his Secrets, follow no more after him: For as a Man hath destroyed his Enemy, so hast thou lost the Love of thy Friend; as one that letteth a Bird go out of his Hand, so hast thou let thy Friend go, and shalt not get him again: Follow after him no mere, for he is too far off; he is as a Roe escaped out of the Snare. As for a Wound it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be Reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth Secrets, is without Hope.\_ [6]

Among the several Qualifications of a good Friend, this wise Man has very justly singled out Constancy and Faithfulness as the principal: To these, others have added Virtue, Knowledge, Discretion, Equality in Age and Fortune, and as *Cicero* calls it, *\_Morum Comitatus\_*, a Pleasantness of Temper. [7] If I were to give my Opinion upon such an exhausted Subject, I should join to these other Qualifications a certain *Æquability* or Evenness of Behaviour. A Man often contracts a Friendship with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a Year's Conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill Humour breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entering into an Intimacy with him. There are several Persons who in some

certain Periods of their Lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. *Martial* has given us a very pretty Picture of one of this Species in the following Epigram:

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem, Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

In all thy Humours, whether grave or mellow, Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant Fellow; Hast so much Wit, and Mirth, and Spleen about thee, There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a Man to be entangled in a Friendship with one, who by these Changes and Vicissitudes of Humour is sometimes amiable and sometimes odious: And as most Men are at some Times in an admirable Frame and Disposition of Mind, it should be one of the greatest Tasks of Wisdom to keep our selves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable Part of our Character.

C.

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[Footnote 1: Ecclesiasticus vii. 5, 6.]

[Footnote 2: Eccles. vi. 7, and following verses.]

[Footnote 3: Eccles. vi. 15–18.]

[Footnote 4: Eccles. ix. 10.]

[Footnote 5: Eccles. ix, 20–22.]

[Footnote 6: Eccles. xxvii. 16, &c.]

[Footnote 7: Cicero 'de Amicitia', and in the 'De Officiis' he says (Bk. II.),

'difficile dicta est, quantopere conciliet animos hominum comitas, affabilitasque sermonia.']

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No. 69. Saturday, May 19, 1711. Addison.

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'Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ: Arborei foetus alibi, atque injussa virescunt Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores, India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi? At Chalybes nudi ferrum, viroaque Pontus Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum? Continuo has leges æternaque foedera certis Imposuit Natura locis ...'

Virg.

There is no Place in the Town which I so much love to frequent as the *Royal-Exchange*. It gives me a secret Satisfaction, and in some measure, gratifies my Vanity, as I am an *Englishman*, to see so rich an Assembly of Countrymen and Foreigners consulting together upon the private Business of Mankind, and making this Metropolis a kind of *Emporium* for the whole Earth. I must confess I look upon High-Change to be a great Council, in which all considerable Nations have their Representatives. Factors in the Trading World are what Ambassadors are in the Politick World; they negotiate Affairs, conclude Treaties, and maintain a good Correspondence between those wealthy Societies of Men that are divided from one another by Seas and Oceans, or live on the different Extremities of a Continent. I have often been pleased to hear Disputes adjusted between an Inhabitant of *Japan* and an Alderman of *London*, or to see a Subject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a League with one of the *Czar of Muscovy*. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several

Ministers of Commerce, as they are distinguished by their different Walks and different Languages: Sometimes I am justled among a Body of *\_Armenians\_*; Sometimes I am lost in a Crowd of *\_Jews\_*; and sometimes make one in a Groupe of *Dutchmen*. I am a *\_Dane\_*, *\_Swede\_*, or *Frenchman* at different times; or rather fancy my self like the old Philosopher, who upon being asked what Countryman he was, replied, That he was a Citizen of the World.

Though I very frequently visit this busie Multitude of People, I am known to no Body there but my Friend, Sir ANDREW, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the Crowd, but at the same time connives at my Presence without taking any further Notice of me. There is indeed a Merchant of *\_Egypt\_*, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some Mony to *\_Grand Cairo\_*; [1] but as I am not versed in the Modern *\_Coptick\_*, our Conferences go no further than a Bow and a Grimace.

This grand Scene of Business gives me an infinite Variety of solid and substantial Entertainments. As I am a great Lover of Mankind, my Heart naturally overflows with Pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy Multitude, insomuch that at many publick Solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my Joy with Tears that have stolen down my Cheeks. For this Reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a Body of Men thriving in their own private Fortunes, and at the same time promoting the Publick Stock; or in other Words, raising Estates for their own Families, by bringing into their Country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular Care to disseminate her Blessings among the different Regions of the World, with an Eye to this mutual Intercourse and Traffick among Mankind, that the Natives of the several Parts of the Globe might have a kind of Dependance upon one another, and be united together by their common Interest. Almost every *Degree* produces something peculiar to it. The Food often grows in one Country, and the Sauce in another. The Fruits of *Portugal* are corrected by the Products of *\_Barbadoes\_*: The Infusion of a *China* Plant sweetned with the Pith of an *Indian* Cane. The *Philippick* Islands give a Flavour to our *European* Bowls. The single Dress of a Woman of Quality is often the Product of a hundred Climates. The Muff and the Fan come together from the different Ends of the Earth. The Scarf is sent from the Torrid Zone, and the Tippet from beneath the Pole. The Brocade Petticoat rises out of the Mines of *\_Peru\_*, and the Diamond Necklace out of the Bowels of *Indostan*.

If we consider our own Country in its natural Prospect, without any of the Benefits and Advantages of Commerce, what a barren uncomfortable Spot of Earth falls to our Share! Natural Historians tell us, that no Fruit grows Originally among us, besides Hips and Haws, Acorns and Pig-Nutts, with other Delicates of the like Nature; That our Climate of itself, and without the Assistances of Art, can make no further Advances towards a Plumb than to a Sloe, and carries an Apple to no greater a Perfection than a Crab: That [our [2]] Melons, our Peaches, our Figs, our Apricots, and Cherries, are Strangers among us, imported in different Ages, and naturalized in our *English* Gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the Trash of our own Country, if they were wholly neglected by the Planter, and left to the Mercy of our Sun and Soil. Nor has Traffick more enriched our Vegetable World, than it has improved the whole Face of Nature among us. Our Ships are laden with the Harvest of every Climate: Our Tables are stored with Spices, and Oils, and Wines: Our Rooms are filled with Pyramids of *\_China\_*, and adorned with the Workmanship of *\_Japan\_*: Our Morning's Draught comes to us from the remotest Corners of the Earth: We repair our Bodies by the Drugs of *\_America\_*, and repose ourselves under *Indian* Canopies. My Friend Sir ANDREW calls the Vineyards of *France* our Gardens; the Spice-Islands our Hot-beds; the *Persians* our Silk-Weavers, and the *Chinese* our Potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare Necessaries of Life, but Traffick gives us greater Variety of what is Useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is Convenient and Ornamental. Nor is it the least Part of this our Happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest Products of the North and South, we are free from those Extremities of Weather [which [3]] give them Birth; That our Eyes are refreshed with the green Fields of *\_Britain\_*, at the same time that our Palates are feasted with Fruits that rise between the Tropicks.

For these Reasons there are no more useful Members in a Commonwealth than Merchants. They knit Mankind together in a mutual Intercourse of good Offices, distribute the Gifts of Nature, find Work for the Poor, add Wealth to the Rich, and Magnificence to the Great. Our *English* Merchant converts the Tin of his own Country into Gold, and exchanges his Wool for Rubies. The *Mahometans* are clothed in our *British* Manufacture, and the Inhabitants of the frozen Zone warmed with the Fleeces of our Sheep.

When I have been upon the *'Change*\_, I have often fancied one of our old Kings standing in Person, where he is represented in Effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy Concourse of People with which that Place is every Day filled. In this Case, how would he be surprized to hear all the Languages of *Europe* spoken in this little Spot of his former Dominions, and to see so many private Men, who in his Time would have been the Vassals of some powerful Baron, negotiating like Princes for greater Sums of Mony than were formerly to be met with in the Royal Treasury! Trade, without enlarging the *British* Territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire: It has multiplied the Number of the Rich, made our Landed Estates infinitely more Valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an Accession of other Estates as Valuable as the Lands themselves.

C.

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[Footnote 1: A reference to the Spectator's voyage to Grand Cairo mentioned in No. 1.]

[Footnote 2: "these Fruits, in their present State, as well as our"]

[Footnote 3: that]

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No. 70. Monday, May 21, 1711. Addison.

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'Interdum vulgus rectum videt.'

Hor.

When I travelled, I took a particular Delight in hearing the Songs and Fables that are come from Father to Son, and are most in Vogue among the common People of the Countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a Multitude, tho' they are only the Rabble of a Nation, which hath not in it some peculiar Aptness to please and gratify the Mind of Man. Human Nature is the same in all reasonable Creatures; and whatever falls in with it, will meet with Admirers amongst Readers of all Qualities and Conditions. *Molière*\_, as we are told by Monsieur *Boileau*\_, used to read all his Comedies to [an [1]] old Woman [who [2]] was his Housekeeper, as she sat with him at her Work by the Chimney-Corner; and could foretel the Success of his Play in the Theatre, from the Reception it met at his Fire-side: For he tells us the Audience always followed the old Woman, and never failed to laugh in the same Place. [3]

I know nothing which more shews the essential and inherent Perfection of Simplicity of Thought, above that which I call the Gothick Manner in Writing, than this, that the first pleases all Kinds of Palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial Taste upon little fanciful Authors and Writers of Epigram. *Homer*\_, *Virgil*\_, or *Milton*\_, so far as the Language of their Poems is understood, will please a Reader of plain common Sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an Epigram of *Martial*\_, or a Poem of *Cowley*\_: So, on the contrary, an ordinary Song or Ballad that is the Delight of the common People, cannot fail to please all such Readers as are not unqualified for the Entertainment by their Affectation or Ignorance; and the Reason is plain, because the same Paintings of Nature which recommend it to the most ordinary Reader, will appear Beautiful to the most refined.

The old Song of *Chevey Chase* is the favourite Ballad of the common People of *England*; and *Ben Johnson* used to say he had rather have been the Author of it than of all his Works. Sir *Philip Sidney* in his 'Discourse of Poetry' [4] speaks of it in the following Words;

*I never heard the old Song of Piercy and Douglas, that I found not my Heart more moved than with a Trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind Crowder with no rougher Voice than rude Stile; which being so evil apparelled in the Dust and Cobweb of that uncivil Age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous Eloquence of Pindar?*

For my own part I am so professed an Admirer of this antiquated Song, that I shall give my Reader a Critick upon it, without any further Apology for so doing.

The greatest Modern Criticks have laid it down as a Rule, that an Heroick Poem should be founded upon some important Precept of Morality, adapted to the Constitution of the Country in which the Poet writes. *Homer* and *Virgil* have formed their Plans in this View. As *Greece* was a Collection of many Governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the *Persian* Emperor, who was their common Enemy, many Advantages over them by their mutual Jealousies and Animosities, *Homer*, in order to establish among them an Union, which was so necessary for their Safety, grounds his Poem upon the Discords of the several *Grecian* Princes who were engaged in a Confederacy against an *Asiatick* Prince, and the several Advantages which the Enemy gained by such their Discords. At the Time the Poem we are now treating of was written, the Dissentions of the Barons, who were then so many petty Princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves, or with their Neighbours, and produced unspeakable Calamities to the Country: [5] The Poet, to deter Men from such unnatural Contentions, describes a bloody Battle and dreadful Scene of Death, occasioned by the mutual Feuds which reigned in the Families of an *English* and *Scotch* Nobleman: That he designed this for the Instruction of his Poem, we may learn from his four last Lines, in which, after the Example of the modern Tragedians, he draws from it a Precept for the Benefit of his Readers.

*God save the King, and bless the Land In Plenty, Joy, and Peace; And grant henceforth that foul Debate Twixt Noblemen may cease.*

The next Point observed by the greatest Heroic Poets, hath been to celebrate Persons and Actions which do Honour to their Country: Thus *Virgil's* *Hero* was the Founder of *Rome*, *Homer's* a Prince of *Greece*; and for this Reason *Valerius Flaccus* and *Statius*, who were both *Romans*, might be justly derided for having chosen the Expedition of the *Golden Fleece*, and the *Wars of Thebes* for the Subjects of their Epic Writings.

The Poet before us has not only found out an Hero in his own Country, but raises the Reputation of it by several beautiful Incidents. The *English* are the first [who [6]] take the Field, and the last [who [7]] quit it. The *English* bring only Fifteen hundred to the Battle, the *Scotch* Two thousand. The *English* keep the Field with Fifty three: The *Scotch* retire with Fifty five: All the rest on each side being slain in Battle. But the most remarkable Circumstance of this kind, is the different Manner in which the *Scotch* and *English* Kings [receive [8]] the News of this Fight, and of the great Men's Deaths who commanded in it.

*This News was brought to Edinburgh, Where Scotland's King did reign, That brave Earl Douglas suddenly Was with an Arrow slain.*

O heavy News, King James did say, Scotland can Witness be, I have not any Captain more Of such Account as he.

Like Tydings to King Henry came Within as short a Space, That Piercy of Northumberland Was slain in Chevy-Chase.

\_Now God be with him, said our King, Sith 'twill no better be, I trust I have within my Realm Five hundred as good as he.

Yet shall not\_ Scot *nor* Scotland \_say But I will Vengeance take, And be revenged on them all For brave Lord\_ Piercy's \_Sake.

This Vow full well the King performed After on\_ Humble-down, \_In one Day fifty Knights were slain, With Lords of great Renown.

And of the rest of small Account Did many Thousands dye,\_ &c.

At the same time that our Poet shews a laudable Partiality to his Countrymen, he represents the *Scots* after a Manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a People.

\_Earl Douglas on a milk-white Steed, Most like a Baron bold, Rode foremost of the Company Whose Armour shone like Gold\_.

His Sentiments and Actions are every Way suitable to an Hero. One of us two, says he, must dye: I am an Earl as well as your self, so that you can have no Pretence for refusing the Combat: However, says he, 'tis Pity, and indeed would be a Sin, that so many innocent Men should perish for our sakes, rather let you and I end our Quarrel [in single Fight. [9]]

\_Ere thus I will out-braved be, One of us two shall dye; I know thee well, an Earl thou art, Lord Piercy, so am I.

But trust me\_, Piercy, \_Pity it were, And great Offence, to kill Any of these our harmless Men, For they have done no Ill.

Let thou and I the Battle try, And set our Men aside; Accurst be he, Lord\_ Piercy \_said, By whom this is deny'd\_.

When these brave Men had distinguished themselves in the Battle and a single Combat with each other, in the Midst of a generous Parly, full of heroic Sentiments, the *Scotch* Earl falls; and with his dying Words encourages his Men to revenge his Death, representing to them, as the most bitter Circumstance of it, that his Rival saw him fall.

*With that there came an Arrow keen Out of an English \_Bow, Which struck Earl\_ Douglas \_to the Heart A deep and deadly Blow.*

Who never spoke more Words than these, Fight on, my merry Men all, For why, my Life is at an End, Lord\_ Piercy sees \_my Fall.

\_Merry Men\_, in the Language of those Times, is no more than a cheerful Word for Companions and Fellow-Soldiers. A Passage in the Eleventh Book of \_Virgil's *Æneid*\_ is very much to be admired, where *Camilla* in her last Agonies instead of weeping over the Wound she had received, as one might have expected from a Warrior of her Sex, considers only (like the Hero of whom we are now speaking) how the Battle should be continued after her Death.

\_Tum sic exspirans\_, &c.

\_A gathering Mist overclouds her chearful Eyes; And from her Cheeks the rosie Colour flies. Then turns to her, whom, of her Female Train, She trusted most, and thus she speaks with Pain. Acca, 'tis past! He swims

before my Sight, Inexorable Death; and claims his Right. Bear my last Words to Turnus, fly with Speed, And bid him timely to my Charge succeed; Repel the Trojans, and the Town relieve: Farewel\_ ...

*Turnus* did not die in so heroic a Manner; tho' our Poet seems to have had his Eye upon *\_Turnus's\_* Speech in the last Verse,

*\_Lord Piercy sees my Fall. ... Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas Ausonii videre\_ ...*

Earl *\_Piercy's\_* Lamentation over his Enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate; I must only caution the Reader not to let the Simplicity of the Stile, which one may well pardon in so old a Poet, prejudice him against the Greatness of the Thought.

*\_Then leaving Life, Earl Piercy took The dead Man by the Hand, And said, Earl Douglas, for thy Life Would I had lost my Land.*

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed With Sorrow for thy Sake; For sure a more renowned Knight Mischance did never take\_.

That beautiful Line, *\_Taking the dead Man by the Hand\_*, will put the Reader in mind of *\_Æneas's\_* Behaviour towards *\_Lausus\_*, whom he himself had slain as he came to the Rescue of his aged Father.

*\_At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora, Ora modis Anchisiades, pallentia miris; Ingemuit, miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit, &c.*

The pious Prince beheld young Lausus dead; He grieved, he wept; then grasped his Hand, and said, Poor hapless Youth! What Praises can be paid To worth so great ...\_

I shall take another Opportunity to consider the other Part of this old Song.

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[Footnote 1: a little]

[Footnote 2: that]

[Footnote 3: Besides the old woman, Moliere is said to have relied on the children of the Comedians, read his pieces to them, and corrected passages at which they did not show themselves to be amused.]

[Footnote 4: 'Defence of Poesy'.]

[Footnote 5: The author of Chevy Chase was not contemporary with the dissensions of the Barons, even if the ballad of the 'Hunting of the Cheviot' was a celebration of the Battle of Otterbourne, fought in 1388, some 30 miles from Newcastle. The battle of Chevy Chase, between the Percy and the Douglas, was fought in Teviotdale, and the ballad which moved Philip Sidney's heart was written in the fifteenth century. It may have referred to a Battle of Pepperden, fought near the Cheviot Hills, between the Earl of Northumberland and Earl William Douglas of Angus, in 1436. The ballad quoted by Addison is not that of which Sidney spoke, but a version of it, written after Sidney's death, and after the best plays of Shakespeare had been written.]

[Footnote 6: that]

[Footnote 7: that]

[Footnote 8: received]

[Footnote 9: by a single Combat.]

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No. 71. Tuesday, May 22, 1711. Steele.

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'... Scribere jussit Amor.'

Ovid.

The entire Conquest of our Passions is so difficult a Work, that they who despair of it should think of a less difficult Task, and only attempt to Regulate them. But there is a third thing which may contribute not only to the Ease, but also to the Pleasure of our Life; and that is refining our Passions to a greater Elegance, than we receive them from Nature. When the Passion is Love, this Work is performed in innocent, though rude and uncultivated Minds, by the mere Force and Dignity of the Object. There are Forms which naturally create Respect in the Beholders, and at once Inflammate and Chastise the Imagination. Such an Impression as this gives an immediate Ambition to deserve, in order to please. This Cause and Effect are beautifully described by Mr. *Dryden* in the Fable of *Cymon* and *Iphigenia*. After he has represented *Cymon* so stupid, that

\_He Whistled as he went, for want of Thought\_,

he makes him fall into the following Scene, and shews its Influence upon him so excellently, that it appears as Natural as Wonderful.

\_It happen'd on a Summer's Holiday, That to the Greenwood-shade he took his Way; His Quarter-staff, which he cou'd ne'er forsake, Hung half before, and half behind his Back. He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought, And whistled as he went, for want of Thought.

By Chance conducted, or by Thirst constrain'd, The deep recesses of the Grove he gain'd; Where in a Plain, defended by the Wood, Crept thro' the matted Grass a Crystal Flood, By which an Alabaster Fountain stood: And on the Margin of the Fount was laid, (Attended by her Slaves) a sleeping Maid, Like\_ Dian, \_and her Nymphs, when, tir'd with Sport, To rest by cool\_ Eurotas \_they resort: The Dame herself the Goddess well expressed, Not more distinguished by her Purple Vest, Than by the charming Features of her Face, And even in Slumber a superior Grace: Her comely Limbs compos'd with decent Care, Her Body shaded with a slight Cymarr; Her Bosom to the View was only bare\_: [1]

...

\_The fanning Wind upon her Bosom blows, To meet the fanning Wind the Bosom rose; The fanning Wind and purling Streams continue her Repose.

The Fool of Nature stood with stupid Eyes And gaping Mouth, that testify'd Surprize, Fix'd on her Face, nor could remove his Sight, New as he was to Love, and Novice in Delight: Long mute he stood, and leaning on his Staff, His Wonder witness'd with an Idiot Laugh; Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering Sense First found his want of Words, and fear'd Offence: Doubted for what he was he should be known, By his Clown-Accent, and his Country Tone\_.

But lest this fine Description should be excepted against, as the Creation of that great Master, Mr. *Dryden*, and not an Account of what has really ever happened in the World; I shall give you, *verbatim*, the Epistle of an enamoured Footman in the Country to his Mistress. [2] Their Surnames shall not be inserted, because their Passion demands a greater Respect than is due to their Quality. *James* is Servant in a great Family, and *Elizabeth* waits upon the Daughter of one as numerous, some Miles off of her Lover. *James*, before he

beheld *Betty*, was vain of his Strength, a rough Wrestler, and quarrelsome Cudgel-Player; *Betty* a Publick Dancer at Maypoles, a Romp at Stool-Ball: He always following idle Women, she playing among the Peasants: He a Country Bully, she a Country Coquet. But Love has made her constantly in her Mistress's Chamber, where the young Lady gratifies a secret Passion of her own, by making *Betty* talk of *James*; and *James* is become a constant Waiter near his Master's Apartment, in reading, as well as he can, Romances. I cannot learn who *Molly* is, who it seems walked Ten Mile to carry the angry Message, which gave Occasion to what follows.

To *ELIZABETH* ...

*My Dear Betty*, May 14, 1711.

Remember your bleeding Lover, who lies bleeding at the ... *Where two beginning Paps were scarcely spy'd, For yet their Places were but signify'd.*

Wounds *Cupid* made with the Arrows he borrowed at the Eyes of *Venus*, which is your sweet Person.

Nay more, with the Token you sent me for my Love and Service offered to your sweet Person; which was your base Respects to my ill Conditions; when alas! there is no ill Conditions in me, but quite contrary; all Love and Purity, especially to your sweet Person; but all this I take as a Jest.

But the sad and dismal News which *Molly* brought me, struck me to the Heart, which was, it seems, and is your ill Conditions for my Love and Respects to you.

For she told me, if I came Forty times to you, you would not speak with me, which Words I am sure is a great Grief to me.

Now, my Dear, if I may not be permitted to your sweet Company, and to have the Happiness of speaking with your sweet Person, I beg the Favour of you to accept of this my secret Mind and Thoughts, which hath so long lodged in my Breast; the which if you do not accept, I believe will go nigh to break my Heart.

For indeed, my Dear, I Love you above all the Beauties I ever saw in all my Life.

The young Gentleman, and my Masters Daughter, the *Londoner* that is come down to marry her, sat in the Arbour most part of last Night. Oh! dear *Betty*, must the Nightingales sing to those who marry for Money, and not to us true Lovers! Oh my dear *Betty*, that we could meet this Night where we used to do in the Wood!

Now, my Dear, if I may not have the Blessing of kissing your sweet Lips, I beg I may have the Happiness of kissing your fair Hand, with a few Lines from your dear self, presented by whom you please or think fit. I believe, if Time would permit me, I could write all Day; but the Time being short, and Paper little, no more from your never-failing Lover till Death, James ...

Poor James! Since his Time and Paper were so short; I, that have more than I can use well of both, will put the Sentiments of his kind Letter (the Stile of which seems to be confused with Scraps he had got in hearing and reading what he did not understand) into what he meant to express.

Dear Creature, Can you then neglect him who has forgot all his Recreations and Enjoyments, to pine away his Life in thinking of you?

When I do so, you appear more amiable to me than *Venus* does in the most beautiful Description that ever was made of her. All this Kindness you return with an Accusation, that I do not love you: But the contrary is so

manifest, that I cannot think you in earnest. But the Certainty given me in your Message by *\_Molly\_*, that you do not love me, is what robs me of all Comfort. She says you will not see me: If you can have so much Cruelty, at least write to me, that I may kiss the Impression made by your fair Hand. I love you above all things, and, in my Condition, what you look upon with Indifference is to me the most exquisite Pleasure or Pain. Our young Lady, and a fine Gentleman from *\_London\_*, who are to marry for mercenary Ends, walk about our Gardens, and hear the Voice of Evening Nightingales, as if for Fashion—sake they courted those Solitudes, because they have heard Lovers do so. Oh *\_Betty!\_* could I hear these Rivulets murmur, and Birds sing while you stood near me, how little sensible should I be that we are both Servants, that there is anything on Earth above us. Oh! I could write to you as long as I love you, till Death it self.

*JAMES.*

*\_N. B.\_* By the Words *\_Ill-Conditions\_*, James means in a Woman *\_Coquetry\_*, in a Man *Inconstancy*.

R.

[Footnote 1: The next couplet Steele omits:]

[Footnote 2: James Hirst, a servant to the Hon. Edward Wortley (who was familiar with Steele, and a close friend of Addison's), by mistake gave to his master, with a parcel of letters, one that he had himself written to his sweetheart. Mr. Wortley opened it, read it, and would not return it.

'No, James,' he said, 'you shall be a great man. This letter must appear in the Spectator.'

And so it did. The end of the love story is that Betty died when on the point of marriage to James, who, out of love to her, married her sister.]

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No. 72. Wednesday, May 23, 1711. Addison.

'... Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos Stat fortuna Domus, et avi numerantur avorum.'

Virg.

Having already given my Reader an Account of several extraordinary Clubs both ancient and modern, I did not design to have troubled him with any more Narratives of this Nature; but I have lately received Information of a Club which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare say will be no less surprising to my Reader than it was to my self; for which Reason I shall communicate it to the Publick as one of the greatest Curiosities in its kind.

A Friend of mine complaining of a Tradesman who is related to him, after having represented him as a very idle worthless Fellow, who neglected his Family, and spent most of his Time over a Bottle, told me, to conclude his Character, that he was a Member of the *Everlasting Club*. So very odd a Title raised my Curiosity to enquire into the Nature of a Club that had such a sounding Name; upon which my Friend gave me the following Account.

The Everlasting Club consists of a hundred Members, who divide the whole twenty four Hours among them in such a Manner, that the Club sits Day and Night from one end of the Year to [another [1]], no Party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means a Member of the Everlasting Club never wants Company; for tho' he is not upon Duty himself, he is sure to find some [who [2]] are; so that if he be disposed to take a Whet, a Nooning, an Evening's Draught, or a Bottle after

Midnight, he goes to the Club and finds a Knot of Friends to his Mind.

It is a Maxim in this Club That the Steward never dies; for as they succeed one another by way of Rotation, no Man is to quit the great Elbow-chair [which [2]] stands at the upper End of the Table, 'till his Successor is in a Readiness to fill it; insomuch that there has not been a *Sede vacante* in the Memory of Man.

This Club was instituted towards the End (or, as some of them say, about the Middle) of the Civil Wars, and continued without Interruption till the Time of the *\_Great Fire\_*, [3] which burnt them out and dispersed them for several Weeks. The Steward at that time maintained his Post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring-House, (which was demolished in order to stop the Fire;) and would not leave the Chair at last, till he had emptied all the Bottles upon the Table, and received repeated Directions from the Club to withdraw himself. This Steward is frequently talked of in the Club, and looked upon by every Member of it as a greater Man, than the famous Captain [mentioned in my Lord *\_Clarendon\_*, [who [2]] was burnt in his Ship because he would not quit it without Orders. It is said that towards the close of 1700, being the great Year of Jubilee, the Club had it under Consideration whether they should break up or continue their Session; but after many Speeches and Debates it was at length agreed to sit out the other Century. This Resolution passed in a general Club *Nemine Contradicente*.

Having given this short Account of the Institution and Continuation of the Everlasting Club, I should here endeavour to say something of the Manners and Characters of its several Members, which I shall do according to the best Lights I have received in this Matter.

It appears by their Books in general, that, since their first Institution, they have smoked fifty Tun of Tobacco; drank thirty thousand Butts of Ale, One thousand Hogsheads of Red Port, Two hundred Barrels of Brandy, and a Kilderkin of small Beer. There has been likewise a great Consumption of Cards. It is also said, that they observe the law in *\_Ben. Johnson's\_* Club, which orders the Fire to be always kept in (*\_focus perennis esto\_*) as well for the Convenience of lighting their Pipes, as to cure the Dampness of the Club-Room. They have an old Woman in the nature of a Vestal, whose Business it is to cherish and perpetuate the Fire [which [2]] burns from Generation to Generation, and has seen the Glass-house Fires in and out above an Hundred Times.

The Everlasting Club treats all other Clubs with an Eye of Contempt, and talks even of the Kit-Cat and October as of a couple of Upstarts. Their ordinary Discourse (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns altogether upon such Adventures as have passed in their own Assembly; of Members who have taken the Glass in their Turns for a Week together, without stirring out of their Club; of others [who [2]] have smoked an Hundred Pipes at a Sitting; of others [who [2]] have not missed their Morning's Draught for Twenty Years together: Sometimes they speak in Raptures of a Run of Ale in King Charles's Reign; and sometimes reflect with Astonishment upon Games at Whisk, [which [2]] have been miraculously recovered by Members of the Society, when in all human Probability the Case was desperate.

They delight in several old Catches, which they sing at all Hours to encourage one another to moisten their Clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying Exhortations of the like Nature.

There are four general Clubs held in a Year, at which Times they fill up Vacancies, appoint Waiters, confirm the old Fire-Maker or elect a new one, settle Contributions for Coals, Pipes, Tobacco, and other Necessaries.

The Senior Member has out-lived the whole Club twice over, and has been drunk with the Grandfathers of some of the present sitting Members.

C.

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[Footnote 1: The other]

[Footnotes 2 (several): that]

[Footnote 3: Of London in 1666.]

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No. 73. Thursday, May 24, 1711. Addison.

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'... O Dea certé!'

Virg.

It is very strange to consider, that a Creature like Man, who is sensible of so many Weaknesses and Imperfections, should be actuated by a Love of Fame: That Vice and Ignorance, Imperfection and Misery should contend for Praise, and endeavour as much as possible to make themselves Objects of Admiration.

But notwithstanding Man's Essential Perfection is but very little, his Comparative Perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon himself in an abstracted Light, he has not much to boast of; but if he considers himself with regard to it in others, he may find Occasion of glorying, if not in his own Virtues at least in the Absence of another's Imperfections. This gives a different Turn to the Reflections of the Wise Man and the Fool. The first endeavours to shine in himself, and the last to outshine others. The first is humbled by the Sense of his own Infirmities, the last is lifted up by the Discovery of those which he observes in other men. The Wise Man considers what he wants, and the Fool what he abounds in. The Wise Man is happy when he gains his own Approbation, and the Fool when he Recommends himself to the Applause of those about him.

But however unreasonable and absurd this Passion for Admiration may appear in such a Creature as Man, it is not wholly to be discouraged; since it often produces very good Effects, not only as it restrains him from doing any thing [which [1]] is mean and contemptible, but as it pushes him to Actions [which [1]] are great and glorious. The Principle may be defective or faulty, but the Consequences it produces are so good, that, for the Benefit of Mankind, it ought not to be extinguished.

It is observed by Cicero,[2]—that men of the greatest and the most shining Parts are the most actuated by Ambition; and if we look into the two Sexes, I believe we shall find this Principle of Action stronger in Women than in Men.

The Passion for Praise, which is so very vehement in the Fair Sex, produces excellent Effects in Women of Sense, who desire to be admired for that only which deserves Admiration:

And I think we may observe, without a Compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform Course of Virtue, but with an infinitely greater Regard to their Honour, than what we find in the Generality of our own Sex. How many Instances have we of Chastity, Fidelity, Devotion? How many Ladies distinguish themselves by the Education of their Children, Care of their Families, and Love of their Husbands, which are the great Qualities and Atchievements of Womankind: As the making of War, the carrying on of Traffic, the Administration of Justice, are those by which Men grow famous, and get themselves a Name.

But as this Passion for Admiration, when it works according to Reason, improves the beautiful Part of our Species in every thing that is Laudable; so nothing is more Destructive to them when it is governed by Vanity and Folly. What I have therefore here to say, only regards the vain Part of the Sex, whom for certain Reasons, which the Reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the Name of *Idols*. An *Idol* is wholly taken up in the Adorning of her Person. You see in every Posture of her Body, Air of her Face, and Motion of her Head, that it is her Business and Employment to gain Adorers. For this Reason your *Idols* appear in all publick Places and Assemblies, in order to seduce Men to their Worship. The Play-house is very frequently

filled with *Idols*; several of them are carried in Procession every Evening about the Ring, and several of them set up their Worship even in Churches. They are to be accosted in the Language proper to the Deity. Life and Death are in their Power: Joys of Heaven and Pains of Hell are at their Disposal: Paradise is in their Arms, and Eternity in every Moment that you are present with them. Raptures, Transports, and Ecstasies are the Rewards which they confer: Sighs and Tears, Prayers and broken Hearts, are the Offerings which are paid to them. Their Smiles make Men happy; their Frowns drive them to Despair. I shall only add under this Head, that *Ovid's* Book of the Art of Love is a kind of Heathen Ritual, which contains all the forms of Worship which are made use of to an *Idol*.

It would be as difficult a Task to reckon up these different kinds of *Idols*, as *Milton's* was [3] to number those that were known in *Canaan*, and the Lands adjoining. Most of them are worshipped, like *Moloch*, in *Fire and Flames*. Some of them, like *Baal*, love to see their Votaries cut and slashed, and shedding their Blood for them. Some of them, like the *Idol* in the *Apocrypha*, must have Treats and Collations prepared for them every Night. It has indeed been known, that some of them have been used by their incensed Worshipers like the *Chinese Idols*, who are Whipped and Scourged when they refuse to comply with the Prayers that are offered to them.

I must here observe, that those Idolaters who devote themselves to the *Idols* I am here speaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of Idolaters. For as others fall out because they Worship different *Idols*, these Idolaters quarrel because they Worship the same.

The Intention therefore of the *Idol* is quite contrary to the wishes of the Idolater; as the one desires to confine the *Idol* to himself, the whole Business and Ambition of the other is to multiply Adorers. This Humour of an *Idol* is prettily described in a Tale of *Chaucer*; He represents one of them sitting at a Table with three of her Votaries about her, who are all of them courting her Favour, and paying their Adorations: She smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's Foot which was under the Table. Now which of these three, says the old Bard, do you think was the Favourite? In troth, says he, not one of all the three. [4]

The Behaviour of this old *Idol* in *Chaucer*, puts me in mind of the Beautiful *Clarinda*, one of the greatest *Idols* among the Moderns. She is Worshipped once a Week by Candle-light, in the midst of a large Congregation generally called an Assembly. Some of the gayest Youths in the Nation endeavour to plant themselves in her Eye, whilst she sits in form with multitudes of Tapers burning about her. To encourage the Zeal of her Idolaters, she bestows a Mark of her Favour upon every one of them, before they go out of her Presence. She asks a Question of one, tells a Story to another, glances an Ogle upon a third, takes a Pinch of Snuff from the fourth, lets her Fan drop by accident to give the fifth an Occasion of taking it up. In short, every one goes away satisfied with his Success, and encouraged to renew his Devotions on the same Canonical Hour that Day Sevensnight.

An *Idol* may be Undeified by many accidental Causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of Counter-*Apotheosis*, or a Deification inverted. When a Man becomes familiar with his Goddess, she quickly sinks into a Woman.

Old Age is likewise a great Decayer of your *Idol*: The Truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy Being than a Superannuated *Idol*, especially when she has contracted such Airs and Behaviour as are only Graceful when her Worshipers are about her.

Considering therefore that in these and many other Cases the *Woman* generally outlives the *Idol*, I must return to the Moral of this Paper, and desire my fair Readers to give a proper Direction to their Passion for being admired; In order to which, they must endeavour to make themselves the Objects of a reasonable and lasting Admiration. This is not to be hoped for from Beauty, or Dress, or Fashion, but from those inward Ornaments which are not to be defaced by Time or Sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them.

C.

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[Footnotes 1: that]

[Footnote 2: 'Tuscul. Quæst.' Lib. v. § 243.]

[Footnote 3: 'Paradise Lost', Bk. I.]

[Footnote 4: The story is in 'The Remedy of Love' Stanzas 5--10.]

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No. 74. Friday, May 25, 1711. Addison.

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'... Pendent opera interrupta ...'

Virg.

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In my last *Monday's* Paper I gave some general Instances of those beautiful Strokes which please the Reader in the old Song of *Chevey-Chase*; I shall here, according to my Promise, be more particular, and shew that the Sentiments in that Ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of [the [1]] majestic Simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient Poets: For which Reason I shall quote several Passages of it, in which the Thought is altogether the same with what we meet in several Passages of the *Æneid*; not that I would infer from thence, that the Poet (whoever he was) proposed to himself any Imitation of those Passages, but that he was directed to them in general by the same Kind of Poetical Genius, and by the same Copyings after Nature.

Had this old Song been filled with Epigrammatical Turns and Points of Wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong Taste of some Readers; but it would never have become the Delight of the common People, nor have warmed the Heart of Sir *Philip Sidney* like the Sound of a Trumpet; it is only Nature that can have this Effect, and please those Tastes which are the most unprejudiced or the most refined. I must however beg leave to dissent from so great an Authority as that of Sir *Philip Sidney*, in the Judgment which he has passed as to the rude Stile and evil Apparel of this antiquated Song; for there are several Parts in it where not only the Thought but the Language is majestic, and the Numbers [sonorous; [2]] at least, the *Apparel* is much more *gorgeous* than many of the Poets made use of in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time, as the Reader will see in several of the following Quotations.

What can be greater than either the Thought or the Expression in that Stanza,

*To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn Earl Piercy* took his Way; The Child may rue that was unborn The Hunting of that Day!\_

This way of considering the Misfortunes which this Battle would bring upon Posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the Battle and lost their Fathers in it, but on those also who [perished [3]] in future Battles which [took their rise [4]] from this Quarrel of the two Earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the Way of Thinking among the ancient Poets.

'Audiet pugnas vilio parentum

Rara juvenus'.

Hor.

What can be more sounding and poetical, resemble more the majestic Simplicity of the Ancients, than the following Stanzas?

*The stout Earl of Northumberland* \_A Vow to God did make, His Pleasure in the\_ Scottish \_Woods Three Summers Days to take.

With fifteen hundred Bowmen bold, All chosen Men of Might, Who knew full well, in time of Need, To aim their Shafts aright.

The Hounds ran swiftly thro' the Woods The nimble Deer to take, And with their Cries the Hills and Dales An Eccho shrill did make\_.

... Vocat ingenti Clamore Cithseron Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum: Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

\_Lo, yonder doth Earl\_ Dowglas \_come, His Men in Armour bright; Full twenty Hundred\_ Scottish \_Spears, All marching in our Sight\_.

\_All Men of pleasant Tividale, Fast by the River Tweed, etc\_.

The Country of the *Scotch* Warriors, described in these two last Verses, has a fine romantick Situation, and affords a couple of smooth Words for Verse. If the Reader compares the forgoing six Lines of the Song with the following Latin Verses, he will see how much they are written in the Spirit of *Virgil*.

\_Adversi campo apparent, hastasque reductis Protendunt longe dextris; et spicula vibrant; Quique altum Preneste viri, quique arva Gabinæ Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis Hernica saxa colunt: ... qui rosea rura Velini, Qui Terticæ horrentes rupes, montemque Severum, Casperiamque colunt, Forulosque et flumen Himellæ: Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt\_ ...

But to proceed.

*Earl* Dowglas \_on a milk–white Steed, Most like a Baron bold, Rode foremost of the Company, Whose Armour shone like Gold.\_

Turnus ut antevolans tardum precesserat agmen, &c. Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis Aureus ...

*Our* English \_Archers bent their Bows Their Hearts were good and true; At the first Flight of Arrows sent, Full threescore\_ Scots \_they slew.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side, No Slackness there was found. And many a gallant Gentleman Lay gasping on the Ground.

With that there came an Arrow keen Out of an\_ English \_Bow, Which struck Earl\_ Dowglas \_to the Heart A deep and deadly Blow.\_

*Æneas* was wounded after the same Manner by an unknown Hand in the midst of a Parly.

\_Has inter voces, media inter talia verba, Ecce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est, Incertum quâ pulsa manu ...

But of all the descriptive Parts of this Song, there are none more beautiful than the four following Stanzas which have a great Force and Spirit in them, and are filled with very natural Circumstances. The Thought in

the third Stanza was never touched by any other Poet, and is such an one as would have shined in *Homer* or in *Virgil*.

So thus did both those Nobles die, Whose Courage none could stain: An *English* Archer then perceived The noble Earl was slain.

He had a Bow bent in his Hand, Made of a trusty Tree, An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long Unto the Head drew he.

Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery* So right his Shaft he set, The Gray-goose Wing that was thereon In his Heart-Blood was wet.

This Fight did last from Break of Day Till setting of the Sun; For when they rung the Evening Bell The Battle scarce was done.

One may observe likewise, that in the Catalogue of the Slain the Author has followed the Example of the greatest ancient Poets, not only in giving a long List of the Dead, but by diversifying it with little Characters of particular Persons.

And with Earl *Dowglas* there was slain Sir *\_Hugh Montgomery\_*, Sir *\_Charles Carrel\_*, that from the Field One Foot would never fly:

Sir *Charles Murrel* of Ratcliff too, His Sister's Son was he; Sir *\_David Lamb\_*, so well esteem'd, Yet saved could not be.

The familiar Sound in these Names destroys the Majesty of the Description; for this Reason I do not mention this Part of the Poem but to shew the natural Cast of Thought which appears in it, as the two last Verses look almost like a Translation of *Virgil*.

... Cadit et Ripheus justissimus unus Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus æqui, Diis aliter visum est ...

In the Catalogue of the *English* [who [5]] fell, *\_Witherington's\_* Behaviour is in the same manner particularized very artfully, as the Reader is prepared for it by that Account which is given of him in the Beginning of the Battle [; though I am satisfied your little Buffoon Readers (who have seen that Passage ridiculed in *\_Hudibras\_*) will not be able to take the Beauty of it: For which Reason I dare not so much as quote it].

Then stept a gallant Squire forth, *Witherington* was his Name, Who said, I would not have it told To *Henry* our King for Shame,

That e'er my Captain fought on Foot, And I stood looking on.

We meet with the same Heroic Sentiments in *Virgil*.

Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam Objectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui Non sumus ... ?

What can be more natural or more moving than the Circumstances in which he describes the Behaviour of those Women who had lost their Husbands on this fatal Day?

Next Day did many Widows come Their Husbands to bewail; They washed their Wounds in brinish Tears, But all would not prevail.

Their Bodies bath'd in purple Blood, They bore with them away; They kiss'd them dead a thousand Times,  
When they were clad in Clay.

Thus we see how the Thoughts of this Poem, which naturally arise from the Subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the Language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical Spirit.

If this Song had been written in the *Gothic* Manner, which is the Delight of all our little Wits, whether Writers or Readers, it would not have hit the Taste of so many Ages, and have pleased the Readers of all Ranks and Conditions. I shall only beg Pardon for such a Profusion of *Latin* Quotations; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own Judgment would have looked too singular on such a Subject, had not I supported it by the Practice and Authority of *Virgil*.

C.

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[Footnote 1: that]

[Footnote 2: very sonorous;]

[Footnote 3: should perish]

[Footnote 4: should arise]

[Footnote 5: that]

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No. 75. Saturday, May 26, 1711. Steele.

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'Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.'

Hor.

It was with some Mortification that I suffered the Raillery of a Fine Lady of my Acquaintance, for calling, in one of my Papers, *Dorimant* a Clown. She was so unmerciful as to take Advantage of my invincible Taciturnity, and on that occasion, with great Freedom to consider the Air, the Height, the Face, the Gesture of him who could pretend to judge so arrogantly of Gallantry. She is full of Motion, Janty and lively in her Impertinence, and one of those that commonly pass, among the Ignorant, for Persons who have a great deal of Humour. She had the Play of Sir *Fopling* in her Hand, and after she had said it was happy for her there was not so charming a Creature as *Dorimant* now living, she began with a Theatrical Air and Tone of Voice to Read, by way of Triumph over me, some of his Speeches. \_'Tis she, that lovely Hair, that easy Shape, those wanton Eyes, and all those melting Charms about her Mouth, which\_ Medley \_spoke of; I'll follow the Lottery, and put in for a Prize with my Friend\_ Bellair.

\_In Love the Victors from the Vanquish'd fly; They fly that wound, and they pursue that dye,

Then turning over the Leaves, she reads alternately, and speaks,

*And you and Loveit to her Cost shall find I fathom all the Depths of Womankind.*

Oh the Fine Gentleman! But here, continues she, is the Passage I admire most, where he begins to Teize \_Loveit\_, and mimic Sir \_Fopling\_: Oh the pretty Satyr, in his resolving to be a Coxcomb to please, since

Noise and Nonsense have such powerful Charms!

\_I, that I may Successful prove, Transform my self to what you love\_.

Then how like a Man of the Town, so Wild and Gay is that

\_The Wife will find a Diffrence in our Fate, You wed a Woman, I a good Estate\_.

It would have been a very wild Endeavour for a Man of my Temper to offer any Opposition to so nimble a Speaker as my Fair Enemy is; but her Discourse gave me very many Reflections, when I had left her Company. Among others, I could not but consider, with some Attention, the false Impressions the generality (the Fair Sex more especially) have of what should be intended, when they say a *\_Fine Gentleman\_*; and could not help revolving that Subject in my Thoughts, and settling, as it were, an Idea of that Character in my own Imagination.

No Man ought to have the Esteem of the rest of the World, for any Actions which are disagreeable to those Maxims which prevail, as the Standards of Behaviour, in the Country wherein he lives. What is opposite to the eternal Rules of Reason and good Sense, must be excluded from any Place in the Carriage of a Well-bred Man. I did not, I confess, explain myself enough on this Subject, when I called *Dorimant* a Clown, and made it an Instance of it, that he called the *\_Orange Wench\_*, *\_Double Tripe\_*: I should have shewed, that Humanity obliges a Gentleman to give no Part of Humankind Reproach, for what they, whom they Reproach, may possibly have in Common with the most Virtuous and Worthy amongst us. When a Gentleman speaks Coarsly, he has dressed himself Clean to no purpose: The Cloathing of our Minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our Bodies. To betray in a Man's Talk a corrupted Imagination, is a much greater Offence against the Conversation of Gentlemen, than any Negligence of Dress imaginable. But this Sense of the Matter is so far from being received among People even of Condition, that *Vocifer* passes for a fine Gentleman. He is Loud, Haughty, Gentle, Soft, Lewd, and Obsequious by turns, just as a little Understanding and great Impudence prompt him at the present Moment. He passes among the silly Part of our Women for a Man of Wit, because he is generally in Doubt. He contradicts with a Shrug, and confutes with a certain Sufficiency, in professing such and such a Thing is above his Capacity. What makes his Character the pleasanter is, that he is a professed Deluder of Women; and because the empty Coxcomb has no Regard to any thing that is of it self Sacred and Inviolable, I have heard an unmarried Lady of Fortune say, It is pity so fine a Gentleman as *Vocifer* is so great an Atheist. The Crowds of such inconsiderable Creatures that infest all Places of Assembling, every Reader will have in his Eye from his own Observation; but would it not be worth considering what sort of Figure a Man who formed himself upon those Principles among us, which are agreeable to the Dictates of Honour and Religion, would make in the familiar and ordinary Occurrences of Life?

I hardly have observed any one fill his several Duties of Life better than *Ignotus*. All the under Parts of his Behaviour and such as are exposed to common Observation, have their Rise in him from great and noble Motives. A firm and unshaken Expectation of another Life, makes him become this; Humanity and Good-nature, fortified by the Sense of Virtue, has the same Effect upon him, as the Neglect of all Goodness has upon many others. Being firmly established in all Matters of Importance, that certain Inattention which makes Men's Actions look easie appears in him with greater Beauty: By a thorough Contempt of little Excellencies, he is perfectly Master of them. This Temper of Mind leaves him under no Necessity of Studying his Air, and he has this peculiar Distinction, that his Negligence is unaffected.

He that can work himself into a Pleasure in considering this Being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an Advantage by its Discontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful Unconcern, and Gentleman-like Ease. Such a one does not behold his Life as a short, transient, perplexing State, made up of trifling Pleasures, and great Anxieties; but sees it in quite another Light; his Grievances are Momentary, and his Joys Immortal. Reflection upon Death is not a gloomy and sad Thought of Resigning every Thing that he

Delights in, but it is a short Night followed by an endless Day. What I would here contend for is, that the more Virtuous the Man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the Character of Genteel and Agreeable. A Man whose Fortune is Plentiful, shews an Ease in his Countenance, and Confidence in his Behaviour, which he that is under Wants and Difficulties cannot assume. It is thus with the State of the Mind; he that governs his Thoughts with the everlasting Rules of Reason and Sense, must have something so inexpressibly Graceful in his Words and Actions, that every Circumstance must become him. The Change of Persons or Things around him do not at all alter his Situation, but he looks disinterested in the Occurrences with which others are distracted, because the greatest Purpose of his Life is to maintain an Indifference both to it and all its Enjoyments. In a word, to be a Fine Gentleman, is to be a Generous and a Brave Man. What can make a Man so much in constant Good-humour and Shine, as we call it, than to be supported by what can never fail him, and to believe that whatever happens to him was the best thing that could possibly befall him, or else he on whom it depends would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all?

R.

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No. 76. Monday, May 28, 1711. Steele.

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'Ut tu Fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.'

Hor.

There is nothing so common as to find a Man whom in the general Observations of his Carriage you take to be of an uniform Temper, subject to such unaccountable Starts of Humour and Passion, that he is as much unlike himself and differs as much from the Man you at first thought him, as any two distinct Persons can differ from each other. This proceeds from the Want of forming some Law of Life to our selves, or fixing some Notion of things in general, which may affect us in such Manner as to create proper Habits both in our Minds and Bodies. The Negligence of this, leaves us exposed not only to an unbecoming Levity in our usual Conversation, but also to the same Instability in our Friendships, Interests, and Alliances. A Man who is but a mere Spectator of what passes around him, and not engaged in Commerces of any Consideration, is but an ill Judge of the secret Motions of the Heart of Man, and by what Degrees it is actuated to make such visible Alterations in the same Person: But at the same Time, when a Man is no way concerned in the Effects of such Inconsistencies in the Behaviour of Men of the World, the Speculation must be in the utmost Degree both diverting and instructive; yet to enjoy such Observations in the highest Relish, he ought to be placed in a Post of Direction, and have the dealing of their Fortunes to them. I have therefore been wonderfully diverted with some Pieces of secret History, which an Antiquary, my very good Friend, lent me as a Curiosity. They are memoirs of the private Life of *Pharamond of France*. [1]

'\_Pharamond\_', says my Author, was a Prince of infinite Humanity and Generosity, and at the same time the most pleasant and facetious Companion of his Time. He had a peculiar Taste in him (which would have been unlucky in any Prince but himself,) he thought there could be no exquisite Pleasure in Conversation but among Equals; and would pleasantly bewail himself that he always lived in a Crowd, but was the only man in *France* that never could get into Company. This Turn of Mind made him delight in Midnight Rambles, attended only with one Person of his Bed-chamber: He would in these Excursions get acquainted with Men (whose Temper he had a Mind to try) and recommend them privately to the particular Observation of his first Minister. He generally found himself neglected by his new Acquaintance as soon as they had Hopes of growing great; and used on such Occasions to remark, That it was a great Injustice to tax Princes of forgetting themselves in their high Fortunes, when there were so few that could with Constancy bear the Favour of their very Creatures.'

My Author in these loose Hints has one Passage that gives us a very lively Idea of the uncommon Genius of *Pharamond*. He met with one Man whom he had put to all the usual Proofs he made of those he had a mind to know thoroughly, and found him for his Purpose: In Discourse with him one Day, he gave him Opportunity of saying how much would satisfy all his Wishes. The Prince immediately revealed himself, doubled the Sum, and spoke to him in this manner.

'Sir, \_You have twice what you desired, by the Favour of\_ *Pharamond*; \_but look to it, that you are satisfied with it, for 'tis the last you shall ever receive. I from this Moment consider you as mine; and to make you truly so, I give you my Royal Word you shall never be greater or less than you are at present. Answer me not\_, (concluded the Prince smiling) \_but enjoy the Fortune I have put you in, which is above my own Condition; for you have hereafter nothing to hope or to fear\_.'

His Majesty having thus well chosen and bought a Friend and Companion, he enjoyed alternately all the Pleasures of an agreeable private Man and a great and powerful Monarch: He gave himself, with his Companion, the Name of the merry Tyrant; for he punished his Courtiers for their Insolence and Folly, not by any Act of Publick Disfavour, but by humorously practising upon their Imaginations. If he observed a Man untractable to his Inferiors, he would find an Opportunity to take some favourable Notice of him, and render him insupportable. He knew all his own Looks, Words and Actions had their Interpretations; and his Friend Monsieur *Eucrate* (for so he was called) having a great Soul without Ambition, he could communicate all his Thoughts to him, and fear no artful Use would be made of that Freedom. It was no small Delight when they were in private to reflect upon all which had passed in publick.

*Pharamond* would often, to satisfy a vain Fool of Power in his Country, talk to him in a full Court, and with one Whisper make him despise all his old Friends and Acquaintance. He was come to that Knowledge of Men by long Observation, that he would profess altering the whole Mass of Blood in some Tempers, by thrice speaking to them. As Fortune was in his Power, he gave himself constant Entertainment in managing the mere Followers of it with the Treatment they deserved. He would, by a skilful Cast of his Eye and half a Smile, make two Fellows who hated, embrace and fall upon each other's Neck with as much Eagerness, as if they followed their real Inclinations, and intended to stifle one another. When he was in high good Humour, he would lay the Scene with *Eucrate*, and on a publick Night exercise tho Passions of his whole Court. He was pleased to see an haughty Beauty watch the Looks of the Man she had long despised, from Observation of his being taken notice of by *Pharamond*; and the Lover conceive higher Hopes, than to follow the Woman he was dying for the Day before. In a Court where Men speak Affection in the strongest Terms, and Dislike in the faintest, it was a comical Mixture of Incidents to see Disguises thrown aside in one Case and increased on the other, according as Favour or Disgrace attended the respective Objects of Men's Approbation or Disesteem. *Pharamond* in his Mirth upon the Meanness of Mankind used to say,

'As he could take away a Man's Five Senses, he could give him an Hundred. The Man in Disgrace shall immediately lose all his natural Endowments, and he that finds Favour have the Attributes of an Angel.' He would carry it so far as to say, 'It should not be only so in the Opinion of the lower Part of his Court, but the Men themselves shall think thus meanly or greatly of themselves, as they are out or in the good Graces of a Court.'

A Monarch who had Wit and Humour like *Pharamond*, must have Pleasures which no Man else can ever have Opportunity of enjoying. He gave Fortune to none but those whom he knew could receive it without Transport: He made a noble and generous Use of his Observations; and did not regard his Ministers as they were agreeable to himself, but as they were useful to his Kingdom: By this means the King appeared in every Officer of State; and no Man had a Participation of the Power, who had not a Similitude of the Virtue of *Pharamond*.

R.

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[Footnote 1: Pharamond, or *\_Faramond\_*, was the subject of one of the romances of M. de Costes de la Calprenède, published at Paris (12 vols.) in 1661. It was translated into English (folio) by J. Phillips in 1677.]

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No. 77. Tuesday, May 29, 1711. Budgell.

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'Non convivere licet, nec urbe tota Quisquam est tam propè tam proculque nobis.'

Mart.

My Friend WILL HONEYCOMB is one of those Sort of Men who are very often absent in Conversation, and what the *French* call *a reveur* and *a distrait*. A little before our Club-time last Night we were walking together in *Somerset* Garden, where WILL, had picked up a small Pebble of so odd a Make, that he said he would present it to a Friend of his, an eminent *Virtuoso*. After we had walked some time, I made a full stop with my Face towards the West, which WILL, knowing to be my usual Method of asking what's a Clock, in an Afternoon, immediately pulled out his Watch, and told me we had seven Minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when, to my great Surprize, I saw him squirr away his Watch a considerable way into the *\_Thames\_*, and with great Sedateness in his Looks put up the Pebble, he had before found, in his Fob. As I have naturally an Aversion to much Speaking, and do not love to be the Messenger of ill News, especially when it comes too late to be useful, I left him to be convinced of his Mistake in due time, and continued my Walk, reflecting on these little Absences and Distractions in Mankind, and resolving to make them the Subject of a future Speculation.

I was the more confirmed in my Design, when I considered that they were very often Blemishes in the Characters of Men of excellent Sense; and helped to keep up the Reputation of that Latin Proverb, [1] which Mr. *Dryden* has Translated in the following Lines:

*\_Great Wit to Madness sure is near ally'd, And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide.\_*

My Reader does, I hope, perceive, that I distinguish a Man who is *\_Absent\_*, because he thinks of something else, from one who is *\_Absent\_*, because he thinks of nothing at all: The latter is too innocent a Creature to be taken notice of; but the Distractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of these Reasons.

Either their Minds are wholly fixed on some particular Science, which is often the Case of Mathematicians and other learned Men; or are wholly taken up with some Violent Passion, such as Anger, Fear, or Love, which ties the Mind to some distant Object; or, lastly, these Distractions proceed from a certain Vivacity and Fickleness in a Man's Temper, which while it raises up infinite Numbers of *Ideas* in the Mind, is continually pushing it on, without allowing it to rest on any particular Image. Nothing therefore is more unnatural than the Thoughts and Conceptions of such a Man, which are seldom occasioned either by the Company he is in, or any of those Objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful Woman, 'tis an even Wager that he is solving a Proposition in *\_Euclid\_*; and while you may imagine he is reading the *Paris* Gazette, it is far from being impossible, that he is pulling down and rebuilding the Front of his Country-house.

At the same time that I am endeavouring to expose this Weakness in others, I shall readily confess that I once laboured under the same Infirmary myself. The Method I took to conquer it was a firm Resolution to learn something from whatever I was obliged to see or hear. There is a way of Thinking if a Man can attain to it, by which he may strike somewhat out of any thing. I can at present observe those Starts of good Sense and Struggles of unimproved Reason in the Conversation of a Clown, with as much Satisfaction as the most shining Periods of the most finished Orator; and can make a shift to command my Attention at a

\_Puppet-Show\_ or an \_Opera\_, as well as at *Hamlet* or *Othello*. I always make one of the Company I am in; for though I say little myself, my Attention to others, and those Nods of Approbation which I never bestow unmerited, sufficiently shew that I am among them. Whereas WILL. HONEYCOMB, tho' a Fellow of good Sense, is every Day doing and saying an hundred Things which he afterwards confesses, with a well-bred Frankness, were somewhat \_mal a propos\_, and undesigned.

I chanced the other Day to go into a Coffee-house, where WILL, was standing in the midst of several Auditors whom he had gathered round him, and was giving them an Account of the Person and Character of *Moll Hinton*. My Appearance before him just put him in mind of me, without making him reflect that I was actually present. So that keeping his Eyes full upon me, to the great Surprize of his Audience, he broke off his first Harangue, and proceeded thus:

'Why now there's my Friend (mentioning me by my Name) he is a Fellow that thinks a great deal, but never opens his Mouth; I warrant you he is now thrusting his short Face into some Coffee-house about \_'Change\_. I was his Bail in the time of the \_Popish-Plot\_, when he was taken up for a Jesuit.'

If he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly described me so particularly, without ever considering what led him into it, that the whole Company must necessarily have found me out; for which Reason, remembering the old Proverb, \_Out of Sight out of Mind\_, I left the Room; and upon meeting him an Hour afterwards, was asked by him, with a great deal of Good-humour, in what Part of the World I had lived, that he had not seen me these three Days.

Monsieur *Bruyere* has given us the Character of *an absent Man* [2], with a great deal of Humour, which he has pushed to an agreeable Extravagance; with the Heads of it I shall conclude my present Paper.

*Menalcas* (says that excellent Author) comes down in a Morning, opens his Door to go out, but shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his Night-cap on; and examining himself further finds that he is but half-shaved, that he has stuck his Sword on his right Side, that his Stockings are about his Heels, and that his Shirt is over his Breeches. When he is dressed he goes to Court, comes into the Drawing-room, and walking bolt-upright under a Branch of Candlesticks his Wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling in the Air. All the Courtiers fall a laughing, but *Menalcas* laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the Person that is the Jest of the Company. Coming down to the Court-gate he finds a Coach, which taking for his own, he whips into it; and the Coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his Master. As soon as he stops, *Menalcas* throws himself out of the Coach, crosses the Court, ascends the Staircase, and runs thro' all the Chambers with the greatest Familiarity, reposes himself on a Couch, and fancies himself at home. The Master of the House at last comes in, *Menalcas* rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then talks again. The Gentleman of the House is tired and amazed; *Menalcas* is no less so, but is every Moment in Hopes that his impertinent Guest will at last end his tedious Visit. Night comes on, when *Menalcas* is hardly undeceived.

When he is playing at Backgammon, he calls for a full Glass of Wine and Water; 'tis his turn to throw, he has the Box in one Hand and his Glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose Time, he swallows down both the Dice, and at the same time throws his Wine into the Tables. He writes a Letter, and flings the Sand into the Ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mistakes the Superscription: A Nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it reads as follows: \_I would have you, honest Jack, immediately upon the Receipt of this, take in Hay enough to serve me the Winter.\_ His Farmer receives the other and is amazed to see in it, \_My Lord, I received your Grace's Commands with an entire Submission to\_—If he is at an Entertainment, you may see the Pieces of Bread continually multiplying round his Plate: 'Tis true the rest of the Company want it, as well as their Knives and Forks, which *Menalcas* does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a Morning he puts his whole Family in an hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his Coach or Dinner, and for that Day you may see him in every Part of the Town, except the very Place where he had appointed to be upon a Business of Importance. You would often take him for every thing that

he is not; for a Fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a Fool, for he talks to himself, and has an hundred Grimaces and Motions with his Head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud Man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him: The Truth on't is, his Eyes are open, but he makes no use of them, and neither sees you, nor any Man, nor any thing else: He came once from his Country-house, and his own Footman undertook to rob him, and succeeded: They held a Flambeau to his Throat, and bid him deliver his Purse; he did so, and coming home told his Friends he had been robbed; they desired to know the Particulars, \_Ask my Servants, says Menalcas, for they were with me\_.

X.

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[Footnote 1: Seneca 'de Tranquill. Anim.' cap. xv.

'Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ'

Dryden's lines are in

## Part I

of 'Absalom and Achitophel'.]

[Footnote 2: 'Caractères', Chap. xi. de l'Homme. La Bruyère's Menalque was identified with a M. de Brancas, brother of the Duke de Villars. The adventure of the wig is said really to have happened to him at a reception by the Queen-Mother. He was said also on his wedding-day to have forgotten that he had been married. He went abroad as usual, and only remembered the ceremony of the morning upon finding the changed state of his household when, as usual, he came home in the evening.]

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No. 78. Wednesday, May 30, 1711. Steele.

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Cum Talis sis, Utinam noster esses!

The following Letters are so pleasant, that I doubt not but the Reader will be as much diverted with them as I was. I have nothing to do in this Day's Entertainment, but taking the Sentence from the End of the *Cambridge* Letter, and placing it at the Front of my Paper; to shew the Author I wish him my Companion with as much Earnestness as he invites me to be his.

SIR,

I Send you the inclosed, to be inserted (if you think them worthy of it) in your SPECTATORS; in which so surprizing a Genius appears, that it is no Wonder if all Mankind endeavours to get somewhat into a Paper which will always live.

As to the *Cambridge* Affair, the Humour was really carried on in the Way I described it. However, you have a full Commission to put out or in, and to do whatever you think fit with it. I have already had the Satisfaction of seeing you take that Liberty with some things I have before sent you. [1]

'Go on, Sir, and prosper. You have the best Wishes of

\_SIR, Your very Affectionate, and Obliged Humble Servant.\_'

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*Cambridge.*

\_Mr, SPECTATOR\_,

'You well know it is of great Consequence to clear Titles, and it is of Importance that it be done in the proper Season; On which Account this is to assure you, that the CLUB OF UGLY FACES was instituted originally at *CAMBRIDGE* in the merry Reign of King *Charles II.* As in great Bodies of Men it is not difficult to find Members enough for such a Club, so (I remember) it was then feared, upon their Intention of dining together, that the Hall belonging to \_CLAREHALL\_, (the ugliest *then* in the Town, tho' *now* the neatest) would not be large enough HANDSOMELY to hold the Company. Invitations were made to great Numbers, but very few accepted them without much Difficulty. ONE pleaded that being at *London* in a Bookseller's Shop, a Lady going by with a great Belly longed to kiss him. HE had certainly been excused, but that Evidence appeared, That indeed one in *London* did pretend she longed to kiss him, but that it was only a \_Pickpocket\_, who during his kissing her stole away all his Money. ANOTHER would have got off by a Dimple in his Chin; but it was proved upon \_him\_, that he had, by coming into a Room, made a Woman miscarry, and frightened two Children into Fits. A THIRD alledged, That he was taken by a Lady for another Gentleman, who was one of the handsomest in the University; But upon Enquiry it was found that the Lady had actually lost one Eye, and the other was very much upon the Decline. A FOURTH produced Letters out of the Country in his Vindication, in which a Gentleman offered him his Daughter, who had lately fallen in Love with him, with a good Fortune: But it was made appear that the young Lady was amorous, and had like to have run away with her Father's Coachman, so that it was supposed, that her Pretence of falling in Love with him was only in order to be well married. It was pleasant to hear the several Excuses which were made, insomuch that some made as much Interest to be excused as they would from serving Sheriff; however at last the Society was formed, and proper Officers were appointed; and the Day was fix'd for the Entertainment, which was in *Venison Season.* A pleasant \_Fellow of King's College\_ (commonly called CRAB from his sour Look, and the only Man who did not pretend to get off) was nominated for Chaplain; and nothing was wanting but some one to sit in the Elbow-Chair, by way of PRESIDENT, at the upper end of the Table; and there the Business stuck, for there was no Contention for Superiority *there.* This Affair made so great a Noise, that the King, who was then at \_Newmarket\_, heard of it, and was pleased merrily and graciously to say, HE COULD NOT BE THERE HIMSELF, BUT HE WOULD SEND THEM A BRACE OF BUCKS.

I would desire you, Sir, to set this Affair in a true Light, that Posterity may not be misled in so important a Point: For when *the wise Man who shall write your true History* shall acquaint the World, That you had a DIPLOMA sent from the \_Ugly Club at OXFORD\_, and that by vertue of it you were admitted into it, what a learned Work will there be among *future Criticks* about the Original of that Club, which both Universities will contend so warmly for? And perhaps some hardy *Cantabrigian* Author may then boldly affirm, that the Word *OXFORD* was an interpolation of some *Oxonian* instead of *CAMBRIDGE.* This Affair will be best adjusted in your Life-time; but I hope your Affection to your MOTHER will not make you partial to your AUNT.

To tell you, Sir, my own Opinion: Tho' I cannot find any ancient Records of any Acts of the SOCIETY OF THE UGLY FACES, considered in a *publick* Capacity; yet in a *private* one they have certainly Antiquity on their Side. I am perswaded they will hardly give Place to the LOWNGERS, and the LOWNGERS are of the same Standing with the University itself.

Tho' we well know, Sir, you want no Motives to do Justice, yet I am commission'd to tell you, that you are invited to be admitted *ad eundem* at \_CAMBRIDGE\_; and I believe I may venture safely to deliver this as the Wish of our Whole University.'

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*To Mr. SPECTATOR.*

*The humble Petition of WHO and WHICH.*

Sheweth,

'THAT your Petitioners being in a forlorn and destitute Condition, know not to whom we should apply ourselves for Relief, because there is hardly any Man alive who hath not injured us. Nay, we speak it with Sorrow, even You your self, whom we should suspect of such a Practice the last of all Mankind, can hardly acquit your self of having given us some Cause of Complaint. We are descended of ancient Families, and kept up our Dignity and Honour many Years, till the Jack-sprat THAT supplanted us. How often have we found ourselves slighted by the Clergy in their Pulpits, and the Lawyers at the Bar? Nay, how often have we heard in one of the most polite and august Assemblies in the Universe, to our great Mortification, these Words, \_That THAT that noble Lord urged\_; which if one of us had had Justice done, would have sounded nobler thus, *That WHICH that noble Lord urged*. Senates themselves, the Guardians of *British Liberty*, have degraded us, and preferred THAT to us; and yet no Decree was ever given against us. In the very Acts of Parliament, in which the utmost Right should be done to every \_Body\_, *WORD* and \_Thing\_, we find our selves often either not used, or used one instead of another. In the first and best Prayer Children are taught, they learn to misuse us: *Our \_Father WHICH art in Heaven\_, should be, Our Father WHO \_art in Heaven\_;* and even a CONVOCATION after long Debates, refused to consent to an Alteration of it. In our *general Confession* we say,—\_Spare thou them, O God, WHICH confess their Faults\_, which ought to be, *WHO confess their Faults*. What Hopes then have we of having Justice done so, when the Makers of our very Prayers and Laws, and the most learned in all Faculties, seem to be in a Confederacy against us, and our Enemies themselves must be our Judges.'

The *Spanish Proverb* says, \_Il sabio muda consejo, il necio no\_; i. e. \_A wise Man changes his Mind, a Fool never will\_. So that we think You, Sir, a very proper Person to address to, since we know you to be capable of being convinced, and changing your Judgment. You are well able to settle this Affair, and to you we submit our Cause. We desire you to assign the Butts and Bounds of each of us; and that for the future we may both enjoy our own. We would desire to be heard by our Counsel, but that we fear in their very Pleadings they would betray our Cause: Besides, we have been oppressed so many Years, that we can appear no other way, but *in forma pauperis*. All which considered, we hope you will be pleased to do that which to Right and Justice shall appertain.

\_And your Petitioners, &c.\_

R.

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[Footnote 1: This letter is probably by Laurence Eusden, and the preceding letter by the same hand would be the account of the Loungers in No. 54. Laurence Eusden, son of Dr. Eusden, Rector of Spalsworth, in Yorkshire, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, took orders, and became Chaplain to Lord Willoughby de Broke. He obtained the patronage of Lord Halifax by a Latin version of his Lordship's poem on the Battle of the Boyne, in 1718. By the influence of the Duke of Newcastle, then Lord Chamberlain, he was made Poet-laureate, upon the death of Rowe. Eusden died, rector of Conington, Lincolnshire, in 1730, and his death was hastened by intemperance. Of the laurel left for Cibber Pope wrote in the Dunciad,

\_Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise; He sleeps among the dull of ancient days.\_]

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No. 79. Thursday, May 31, 1711. Steele.

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'Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.'

Hor.

I have received very many Letters of late from my Female Correspondents, most of whom are very angry with me for Abridging their Pleasures, and looking severely upon Things, in themselves, indifferent. But I think they are extremely Unjust to me in this Imputation: All that I contend for is, that those Excellencies, which are to be regarded but in the second Place, should not precede more weighty Considerations. The Heart of Man deceives him in spite of the Lectures of half a Life spent in Discourses on the Subjection of Passion; and I do not know why one may not think the Heart of Woman as Unfaithful to itself. If we grant an Equality in the Faculties of both Sexes, the Minds of Women are less cultivated with Precepts, and consequently may, without Disrespect to them, be accounted more liable to Illusion in Cases wherein natural Inclination is out of the Interests of Virtue. I shall take up my present Time in commenting upon a Billet or two which came from Ladies, and from thence leave the Reader to judge whether I am in the right or not, in thinking it is possible Fine Women may be mistaken.

The following Address seems to have no other Design in it, but to tell me the Writer will do what she pleases for all me.

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Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am Young, and very much inclin'd to follow the Paths of Innocence: but at the same time, as I have a plentiful Fortune, and of Quality, I am unwilling to resign the Pleasures of Distinction, some little Satisfaction in being Admired in general, and much greater in being beloved by a Gentleman, whom I design to make my Husband. But I have a mind to put off entering into Matrimony till another Winter is over my Head, which, (whatever, musty Sir, you may think of the Matter) I design to pass away in hearing Music, going to Plays, Visiting, and all other Satisfactions which Fortune and Youth, protected by Innocence and Virtue, can procure for.'

SIR,

\_Your most humble Servant\_,

M. T.

'My Lover does not know I like him, therefore having no Engagements upon me, I think to stay and know whether I may not like any one else better.'

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I have heard WILL. HONEYCOMB say,

*A Woman seldom writes her Mind but in her Postscript.*

I think this Gentlewoman has sufficiently discovered hers in this. I'll lay what Wager she pleases against her present Favourite, and can tell her that she will Like Ten more before she is fixed, and then will take the worst Man she ever liked in her Life. There is no end of Affection taken in at the Eyes only; and you may as well satisfy those Eyes with seeing, as controul any Passion received by them only. It is from loving by Sight that Coxcombs so frequently succeed with Women, and very often a Young Lady is bestowed by her Parents to a Man who weds her as Innocence itself, tho' she has, in her own Heart, given her Approbation of a different Man in every Assembly she was in the whole Year before. What is wanting among Women, as well as among Men, is the Love of laudable Things, and not to rest only in the Forbearance of such as are Reproachful.

How far removed from a Woman of this light Imagination is \_Eudisia! Eudisia\_ has all the Arts of Life and good Breeding with so much Ease, that the Virtue of her Conduct looks more like an Instinct than Choice. It is as little difficult to her to think justly of Persons and Things, as it is to a Woman of different Accomplishments, to move ill or look awkward. That which was, at first, the Effect of Instruction, is grown into an Habit; and it would be as hard for *Eudisia* to indulge a wrong Suggestion of Thought, as it would be

for *Flavia* the fine Dancer to come into a Room with an unbecoming Air.

But the Misapprehensions People themselves have of their own State of Mind, is laid down with much discerning in the following Letter, which is but an Extract of a kind Epistle from my charming mistress *Hecatissa*, who is above the Vanity of external Beauty, and is the best Judge of the Perfections of the Mind.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"I Write this to acquaint you, that very many Ladies, as well as myself, spend many Hours more than we used at the Glass, for want of the Female Library of which you promised us a Catalogue. I hope, Sir, in the Choice of Authors for us, you will have a particular Regard to Books of Devotion. What they are, and how many, must be your chief Care; for upon the Propriety of such Writings depends a great deal. I have known those among us who think, if they every Morning and Evening spend an Hour in their Closet, and read over so many Prayers in six or seven Books of Devotion, all equally nonsensical, with a sort of Warmth, (that might as well be raised by a Glass of Wine, or a Drachm of Citron) they may all the rest of their time go on in whatever their particular Passion leads them to. The beauteous *Philautia*, who is (in your Language) an *Idol*, is one of these Votaries; she has a very pretty furnished Closet, to which she retires at her appointed Hours: This is her Dressing-room, as well as Chapel; she has constantly before her a large Looking-glass, and upon the Table, according to a very witty Author,

*Together lye her Prayer-book and Paint, At once t' improve the Sinner and the Saint.*

It must be a good Scene, if one could be present at it, to see this *Idol* by turns lift up her Eyes to Heaven, and steal Glances at her own dear Person. It cannot but be a pleasing Conflict between Vanity and Humiliation. When you are upon this Subject, choose Books which elevate the Mind above the World, and give a pleasing Indifference to little things in it. For want of such Instructions, I am apt to believe so many People take it in their Heads to be sullen, cross and angry, under pretence of being abstracted from the Affairs of this Life, when at the same time they betray their Fondness for them by doing their Duty as a Task, and pouting and reading good Books for a Week together. Much of this I take to proceed from the Indiscretion of the Books themselves, whose very Titles of Weekly Preparations, and such limited Godliness, lead People of ordinary Capacities into great Errors, and raise in them a Mechanical Religion, entirely distinct from Morality. I know a Lady so given up to this sort of Devotion, that tho' she employs six or eight Hours of the twenty-four at Cards, she never misses one constant Hour of Prayer, for which time another holds her Cards, to which she returns with no little Anxiousness till two or three in the Morning. All these Acts are but empty Shows, and, as it were, Compliments made to Virtue; the Mind is all the while untouched with any true Pleasure in the Pursuit of it. From hence I presume it arises that so many People call themselves Virtuous, from no other Pretence to it but an Absence of Ill. There is *Dulcianara* is the most insolent of all Creatures to her Friends and Domesticks, upon no other Pretence in Nature but that (as her silly Phrase is) no one can say Black is her Eye. She has no Secrets, forsooth, which should make her afraid to speak her Mind, and therefore she is impertinently Blunt to all her Acquaintance, and unseasonably Imperious to all her Family. Dear Sir, be pleased to put such Books in our Hands, as may make our Virtue more inward, and convince some of us that in a Mind truly virtuous the Scorn of Vice is always accompanied with the Pity of it. This and other things are impatiently expected from you by our whole Sex; among the rest by,

SIR,

*Your most humble Servant,*

B.

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No. 80. Friday, June 1, 1711. Steele.

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'Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.'

Hor.

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In the Year 1688, and on the same Day of that Year, were born in *Cheapside, London*, two Females of exquisite Feature and Shape; the one we shall call *Brunetta*, the other *Phillis*. A close Intimacy between their Parents made each of them the first Acquaintance the other knew in the World: They played, dressed Babies, acted Visitings, learned to Dance and make Curtesies, together. They were inseparable Companions in all the little Entertainments their tender Years were capable of: Which innocent Happiness continued till the Beginning of their fifteenth Year, when it happened that Mrs. *Phillis* had an Head-dress on which became her so very well, that instead of being beheld any more with Pleasure for their Amity to each other, the Eyes of the Neighbourhood were turned to remark them with Comparison of their Beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the Ease of Mind and pleasing Indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their Words and Actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every Excellence in their Speech and Behaviour was looked upon as an Act of Emulation to surpass the other. These Beginnings of Disinclination soon improved into a Formality of Behaviour; a general Coldness, and by natural Steps into an irreconcilable Hatred.

These two Rivals for the Reputation of Beauty, were in their Stature, Countenance and Mien so very much alike, that if you were speaking of them in their Absence, the Words in which you described the one must give you an Idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, tho' extremely different when together. What made their Enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their Sex was, that in Detraction from each other neither could fall upon Terms which did not hit herself as much as her Adversary. Their Nights grew restless with Meditation of new Dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new Devices to recal Admirers, who observed the Charms of the one rather than those of the other on the last Meeting. Their Colours failed at each other's Appearance, flushed with Pleasure at the Report of a Disadvantage, and their Countenances withered upon Instances of Applause. The Decencies to which Women are obliged, made these Virgins stifle their Resentment so far as not to break into open Violences, while they equally suffered the Torments of a regulated Anger. Their Mothers, as it is usual, engaged in the Quarrel, and supported the several Pretensions of the Daughters with all that ill-chosen Sort of Expence which is common with People of plentiful Fortunes and mean Taste. The Girls preceded their Parents like Queens of *May*, in all the gaudy Colours imaginable, on every *Sunday* to Church, and were exposed to the Examination of the Audience for Superiority of Beauty.

During this constant Struggle it happened, that *Phillis* one Day at publick Prayers smote the Heart of a gay *West-Indian*, who appear'd in all the Colours which can affect an Eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This *American* in a Summer-Island Suit was too shining and too gay to be resisted by *Phillis*, and too intent upon her Charms to be diverted by any of the laboured Attractions of *Brunetta*. Soon after, *Brunetta* had the Mortification to see her Rival disposed of in a wealthy Marriage, while she was only addressed to in a Manner that shewed she was the Admiration of all Men, but the Choice of none. *Phillis* was carried to the Habitation of her Spouse in *Barbadoes*: *Brunetta* had the Ill-nature to inquire for her by every Opportunity, and had the Misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous Slaves, fanned into Slumbers by successive Hands of them, and carried from Place to Place in all the Pomp of barbarous Magnificence. *Brunetta* could not endure these repeated Advices, but employed all her Arts and Charms in laying Baits for any of Condition of the same Island, out of a mere Ambition to confront her once more before she died. She at last succeeded in her Design, and was taken to Wife by a Gentleman whose Estate was contiguous to that of her Enemy's Husband. It would be endless to enumerate the many Occasions on which these irreconcilable Beauties laboured to excel each other; but in process of Time it happened that a Ship put into the Island consigned to a Friend of *Phillis*, who had Directions to give her the Refusal of all Goods for Apparel, before *Brunetta* could be alarmed of their Arrival. He did so, and *Phillis* was dressed in a few Days in a Brocade more gorgeous and costly than had ever before appeared in that Latitude. *Brunetta* languished at the

Sight, and could by no means come up to the Bravery of her Antagonist. She communicated her Anguish of Mind to a faithful Friend, who by an Interest in the Wife of *Phillis's* Merchant, procured a Remnant of the same Silk for *Brunetta*. *Phillis* took pains to appear in all public Places where she was sure to meet *Brunetta*; *Brunetta* was now prepared for the Insult, and came to a public Ball in a plain black Silk Mantua, attended by a beautiful Negro Girl in a Petticoat of the same Brocade with which *Phillis* was attired. This drew the Attention of the whole Company, upon which the unhappy *Phillis* swooned away, and was immediately convey'd to her House. As soon as she came to herself she fled from her Husband's House, went on board a Ship in the Road, and is now landed in inconsolable Despair at *Plymouth*.

*POSTSCRIPT.*

After the above melancholy Narration, it may perhaps be a Relief to the Reader to peruse the following Expostulation.

*\_To Mr. SPECTATOR.*

*\_The just Remonstrance of affronted THAT.\_*

'Tho' I deny not the Petition of Mr. *Who* and *\_Which\_*, yet You should not suffer them to be rude and call honest People Names: For that bears very hard on some of those Rules of Decency, which You are justly famous for establishing. They may find fault, and correct Speeches in the Senate and at the Bar: But let them try to get *themselves* so *often* and with so much *Eloquence* repeated in a Sentence, as a great Orator doth frequently introduce me.

My Lords! (says he) with humble Submission, *That* that I say is this; that, *That* that that Gentleman has advanced, is not *\_That\_*, that he should have proved to your Lordships. Let those two questionary Petitioners try to do thus with their *\_Who's\_* and their *Whiches*.

'What great advantage was I of to Mr. *Dryden* in his *\_Indian Emperor\_*,

*You force me still to answer You in That,*

to furnish out a Rhyme to *\_Morat\_*? And what a poor Figure would Mr. *Bayes* have made without his *\_Egad* and all *That\_*? How can a judicious Man distinguish one thing from another, without saying *\_This here\_*, or *\_That there\_*? And how can a sober Man without using the *Expletives* of Oaths (in which indeed the Rakes and Bullies have a great advantage over others) make a Discourse of any tolerable Length, without *\_That is\_*; and if he be a very grave Man indeed, without *\_That is to say\_*? And how instructive as well as entertaining are those usual Expressions in the Mouths of great Men, *Such Things as That* and *The like of That*.

I am not against reforming the Corruptions of Speech You mention, and own there are proper Seasons for the Introduction of other Words besides *\_That\_*; but I scorn as much to supply the Place of a *Who* or a *Which* at every Turn, as they are *unequal* always to fill mine; And I expect good Language and civil Treatment, and hope to receive it for the future: *\_That\_*, that I shall only add is, that I am,

*\_Yours\_*,

THAT.'

R.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALLIFAX. [1]

*My LORD,*

Similitude of Manners and Studies is usually mentioned as one of the strongest motives to Affection and Esteem; but the passionate Veneration I have for your Lordship, I think, flows from an Admiration of Qualities in You, of which, in the whole course of these Papers I have acknowledged myself incapable. While I busy myself as a Stranger upon Earth, and can pretend to no other than being a Looker-on, You are conspicuous in the Busy and Polite world, both in the World of Men, and that of Letters; While I am silent and unobserv'd in publick Meetings, You are admired by all that approach You as the Life and Genius of the Conversation. What an happy Conjunction of different Talents meets in him whose whole Discourse is at once animated by the Strength and Force of Reason, and adorned with all the Graces and Embellishments of Wit: When Learning irradiates common Life, it is then in its highest Use and Perfection; and it is to such as Your Lordship, that the Sciences owe the Esteem which they have with the active Part of Mankind. Knowledge of Books in recluse Men, is like that sort of Lanthorn which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy Paths of his own; but in the Possession of a Man of Business, it is as a Torch in the Hand of one who is willing and able to shew those, who are bewildered, the Way which leads to their Prosperity and Welfare. A generous Concern for your Country, and a Passion for every thing which is truly Great and Noble, are what actuate all Your Life and Actions; and I hope You will forgive me that I have an Ambition this Book may be placed in the Library of so good a Judge of what is valuable, in that Library where the Choice is such, that it will not be a Disparagement to be the meanest Author in it. Forgive me, my Lord, for taking this Occasion of telling all the World how ardently I Love and Honour You; and that I am, with the utmost Gratitude for all Your Favours,

My Lord, Your Lordship's Most Obliged, Most Obedient, and Most Humble Servant, THE SPECTATOR.

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[Footnote 1: When the 'Spectators' were reissued in volumes, Vol. I. ended with No. 80, and to the second volume, containing the next 89 numbers, this Dedication was prefixed.

Charles Montague, at the time of the dedication fifty years old, and within four years of the end of his life, was born, in 1661, at Horton, in Northamptonshire. His father was a younger son of the first Earl of Manchester. He was educated at Westminster School and at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Apt for wit and verse, he joined with his friend Prior in writing a burlesque on Dryden's 'Hind and Panther', 'Transversed to the Story of the Country and the City Mouse.' In Parliament in James the Second's reign, he joined in the invitation of William of Orange, and rose rapidly, a self-made man, after the Revolution. In 1691 he was a Lord of the Treasury; in April, 1694, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in May, 1697, First Lord of the Treasury, retaining the Chancellorship and holding both offices till near the close of 1699. Of his dealing with the currency, see note on p. 19. In 1700 he was made Baron Halifax, and had secured the office of Auditor of the Exchequer, which was worth at least £4000 a year, and in war time twice as much. The Tories, on coming to power, made two unsuccessful attempts to fix on him charges of fraud. In October, 1714, George I made him Earl of Halifax and Viscount Sunbury. Then also he again became Prime Minister. He was married, but died childless, in May, 1715. In 1699, when Somers and Halifax were the great chiefs of the Whig Ministry, they joined in befriending Addison, then 27 years old, who had pleased Somers with a piece of English verse and Montague with Latin lines upon the Peace of Ryswick.

Now, therefore, having dedicated the First volume of the 'Spectator' to Somers, it is to Halifax that Steele and he inscribe the Second.

Of the defect in Charles Montague's character, Lord Macaulay writes that, when at the height of his fortune,

"He became proud even to insolence. Old companions ... hardly knew their friend Charles in the great man who could not forget for one moment that he was First Lord of the Treasury, that he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, that he had been a Regent of the kingdom, that he had founded the Bank of England, and the new East India Company, that he had restored the Currency, that he had invented the Exchequer Bills, that he had planned the General Mortgage, and that he had been pronounced, by a solemn vote of the Commons, to have deserved all the favours which he had received from the Crown. It was said that admiration of himself and contempt of others were indicated by all his gestures, and written in all the lines of his face."]

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No. 81. Saturday, June 2, 1711. Addison.

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'Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tigris Horruit in maculas ...'

Statins.

About the Middle of last Winter I went to see an Opera at the Theatre in the *\_Hay-Market\_*, where I could not but take notice of two Parties of very fine Women, that had placed themselves in the opposite Side-Boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of Battle-Array one against another. After a short Survey of them, I found they were Patch'd differently; the Faces on one Hand, being spotted on the right Side of the Forehead, and those upon the other on the Left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile Glances upon one another; and that their Patches were placed in those different Situations, as Party-Signals to distinguish Friends from Foes. In the Middle-Boxes, between these two opposite Bodies, were several Ladies who Patched indifferently on both Sides of their Faces, and seem'd to sit there with no other Intention but to see the Opera. Upon Inquiry I found, that the Body of *Amazons* on my Right Hand, were Whigs, and those on my Left, Tories; And that those who had placed themselves in the Middle Boxes were a Neutral Party, whose Faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their Party with one Side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the Patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory Side of the Face. The Censorious say, That the Men, whose Hearts are aimed at, are very often the Occasions that one Part of the Face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of Disgrace, while the other is so much Set off and Adorned by the Owner; and that the Patches turn to the Right or to the Left, according to the Principles of the Man who is most in Favour. But whatever may be the Motives of a few fantastical Coquets, who do not Patch for the Publick Good so much as for their own private Advantage, it is certain, that there are several Women of Honour who patch out of Principle, and with an Eye to the Interest of their Country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so stedfastly to their Party, and are so far from sacrificing their Zeal for the Publick to their Passion for any particular Person, that in a late Draught of Marriage-Articles a Lady has stipulated with her Husband, That, whatever his Opinions are, she shall be at liberty to Patch on which Side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that *\_Rosalinda\_*, a famous Whig Partizan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful Mole on the Tory Part of her Forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many Mistakes, and given an Handle to her Enemies to misrepresent her Face, as tho' it had Revolted from the Whig Interest. But, whatever this natural Patch may seem to intimate, it is well known that her Notions of Government are still the same. This unlucky Mole, however, has mis-led several Coxcombs; and like the hanging out of false Colours, made some of them converse with *Rosalinda* in what they thought the Spirit of her Party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected Fire, that has sunk them all at once. If *Rosalinda* is unfortunate in her Mole, *Nigranilla* is as unhappy in a Pimple, which forces her, against her Inclinations, to Patch on the Whig Side.

I am told that many virtuous Matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial Spotting of the Face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a Zeal for their Cause, to what they could not be prompted by a Concern for their Beauty. This way of declaring War upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of

the Tigress, that several Spots rise in her Skin when she is angry, or as Mr. *Cowley* has imitated the Verses that stand as the Motto on this Paper,

... \_She swells with angry Pride, And calls forth all her Spots on ev'ry Side\_. [1]

When I was in the Theatre the Time above-mentioned, I had the Curiosity to count the Patches on both Sides, and found the Tory Patches to be about Twenty stronger than the Whig; but to make amends for this small Inequality, I the next Morning found the whole Puppet-Show filled with Faces spotted after the Whiggish Manner. Whether or no the Ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their Forces I cannot tell; but the next Night they came in so great a Body to the Opera, that they out-number'd the Enemy.

This Account of Party Patches, will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a Distance from the fashionable World: but as it is a Distinction of a very singular Nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a Parallel, I think I should not have discharged the Office of a faithful SPECTATOR, had I not recorded it.

I have, in former Papers, endeavoured to expose this Party-Rage in Women, as it only serves to aggravate the Hatreds and Animositities that reign among Men, and in a great measure deprive the Fair Sex of those peculiar Charms with which Nature has endowed them.

When the *Romans* and *Sabines* were at War, and just upon the Point of giving Battel, the Women, who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many Tears and Intreaties, that they prevented the mutual Slaughter which threatned both Parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting Peace.

I would recommend this noble Example to our *British* Ladies, at a Time when their Country is torn with so many unnatural Divisions, that if they continue, it will be a Misfortune to be born in it. The *Greeks* thought it so improper for Women to interest themselves in Competitions and Contentions, that for this Reason, among others, they forbid them, under Pain of Death, to be present at the *Olympick* Games, notwithstanding these were the publick Diversions of all *Greece*.

As our *English* Women excel those of all Nations in Beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other Accomplishments [proper [2]] to the Sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender Mothers, and faithful Wives, rather than as furious Partizans. Female Virtues are of a Domestick Turn. The Family is the proper Province for Private Women to shine in. If they must be shewing their Zeal for the Publick, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same Family, or at least of the same Religion or Nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted Enemies of their Faith, Liberty and Country. When the *Romans* were pressed with a Foreign Enemy, the Ladies voluntarily contributed all their Rings and Jewels to assist the Government under a publick Exigence, which appeared so laudable an Action in the Eyes of their Countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a Law to pronounce publick Orations at the Funeral of a Woman in Praise of the deceased Person, which till that Time was peculiar to Men. Would our *English* Ladies, instead of sticking on a Patch against those of their own Country, shew themselves so truly Publick-spirited as to sacrifice every one her Necklace against the common Enemy, what Decrees ought not to be made in Favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this Subject such Passages as occur to my Memory out of ancient Authors, I cannot omit a Sentence in the celebrated Funeral Oration of *Pericles* [3] which he made in Honour of those brave *Athenians* that were slain in a fight with the *Lacedaemonians*. After having addressed himself to the several Ranks and Orders of his Countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the Publick Cause, he turns to the Female Part of his Audience;

'And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few Words: Aspire only to those Virtues that are peculiar to your Sex; follow your natural Modesty, and think it your greatest Commendation not to be talked of one way or other'.

C.

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[Footnote 1: 'Davideis', Bk III. But Cowley's Tiger is a Male.]

[Footnote 2: that are proper]

[Footnote 3: Thucydides, Bk II.]

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No. 82. Monday, June 4, 1711. Steele.

'... Caput domina venate sub hasta.'

Juv.

Passing under *Ludgate* [1] the other Day, I heard a Voice bawling for Charity, which I thought I had somewhere heard before. Coming near to the Grate, the Prisoner called me by my Name, and desired I would throw something into the Box: I was out of Countenance for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in half a Crown. I went away, reflecting upon the strange Constitution of some Men, and how meanly they behave themselves in all Sorts of Conditions. The Person who begged of me is now, as I take it, Fifty; I was well acquainted with him till about the Age of Twenty-five; at which Time a good Estate fell to him by the Death of a Relation. Upon coming to this unexpected good Fortune, he ran into all the Extravagancies imaginable; was frequently in drunken Disputes, broke Drawers Heads, talked and swore loud, was unmannerly to those above him, and insolent to those below him. I could not but remark, that it was the same Baseness of Spirit which worked in his Behaviour in both Fortunes: The same little Mind was insolent in Riches, and shameless in Poverty. This Accident made me muse upon the Circumstances of being in Debt in general, and solve in my Mind what Tempers were most apt to fall into this Error of Life, as well as the Misfortune it must needs be to languish under such Pressures. As for my self, my natural Aversion to that sort of Conversation which makes a Figure with the Generality of Mankind, exempts me from any Temptations to Expencc; and all my Business lies within a very narrow Compass, which is only to give an honest Man, who takes care of my Estate, proper Vouchers for his quarterly Payments to me, and observe what Linnen my Laundress brings and takes away with her once a Week: My Steward brings his Receipt ready for my Signing; and I have a pretty Implement with the respective Names of Shirts, Cravats, Handkerchiefs and Stockings, with proper Numbers to know how to reckon with my Laundress. This being almost all the Business I have in the World for the Care of my own Affairs, I am at full Leisure to observe upon what others do, with relation to their Equipage and Oeconomy.

When I walk the Street, and observe the Hurry about me in this Town,

\_Where with like Haste, tho' diff'rent Ways they run; Some to undo, and some to be undone;\_ [2]

I say, when I behold this vast Variety of Persons and Humours, with the Pains they both take for the Accomplishment of the Ends mentioned in the above Verse of *\_Denham\_*, I cannot much wonder at the Endeavour after Gain, but am extremely astonished that Men can be so insensible of the Danger of running into Debt. One would think it impossible a Man who is given to contract Debts should know, that his Creditor has, from that Moment in which he transgresses Payment, so much as that Demand comes to in his Debtor's Honour, Liberty, and Fortune. One would think he did not know, that his Creditor can say the worst thing imaginable of him, to wit, *\_That he is unjust\_*, without Defamation; and can seize his Person, without being guilty of an Assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned Turn of some Men's Minds, that they can live under these constant Apprehensions, and still go on to encrease the Cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile Condition, than to be ashamed, or afraid, to see any one Man breathing? Yet he that is much in Debt, is

in that Condition with relation to twenty different People. There are indeed Circumstances wherein Men of honest Natures may become liable to Debts, by some unadvised Behaviour in any great Point of their Life, or mortgaging a Man's Honesty as a Security for that of another, and the like; but these Instances are so particular and circumstantiated, that they cannot come within general Considerations: For one such Case as one of these, there are ten, where a Man, to keep up a Farce of Retinue and Grandeur within his own House, shall shrink at the Expectation of surly Demands at his Doors. The Debtor is the Creditor's Criminal, and all the Officers of Power and State, whom we behold make so great a Figure, are no other than so many Persons in Authority to make good his Charge against him. Human Society depends upon his having the Vengeance Law allots him; and the Debtor owes his Liberty to his Neighbour, as much as the Murderer does his Life to his Prince.

Our Gentry are, generally speaking, in Debt; and many Families have put it into a kind of Method of being so from Generation to Generation. The Father mortgages when his Son is very young: and the Boy is to marry as soon as he is at Age, to redeem it, and find Portions for his Sisters. This, forsooth, is no great Inconvenience to him; for he may wench, keep a publick Table or feed Dogs, like a worthy *English* Gentleman, till he has out-run half his Estate, and leave the same Incumbrance upon his First-born, and so on, till one Man of more Vigour than ordinary goes quite through the Estate, or some Man of Sense comes into it, and scorns to have an Estate in Partnership, that is to say, liable to the Demand or Insult of any Man living. There is my Friend Sir ANDREW, tho' for many Years a great and general Trader, was never the Defendant in a Law-Suit, in all the Perplexity of Business, and the Iniquity of Mankind at present: No one had any Colour for the least Complaint against his Dealings with him. This is certainly as uncommon, and in its Proportion as laudable in a Citizen, as it is in a General never to have suffered a Disadvantage in Fight. How different from this Gentleman is \_Jack Truepenny,\_ who has been an old Acquaintance of Sir ANDREW and my self from Boys, but could never learn our Caution. *Jack* has a whorish unresisting Good-nature, which makes him incapable of having a Property in any thing. His Fortune, his Reputation, his Time and his Capacity, are at any Man's Service that comes first. When he was at School, he was whipped thrice a Week for Faults he took upon him to excuse others; since he came into the Business of the World, he has been arrested twice or thrice a Year for Debts he had nothing to do with, but as a Surety for others; and I remember when a Friend of his had suffered in the Vice of the Town, all the Physick his Friend took was conveyed to him by \_Jack\_, and inscribed, 'A Bolus or an Electuary for Mr. *Truepenny*.' *Jack* had a good Estate left him, which came to nothing; because he believed all who pretended to Demands upon it. This Easiness and Credulity destroy all the other Merit he has; and he has all his Life been a Sacrifice to others, without ever receiving Thanks, or doing one good Action.

I will end this Discourse with a Speech which I heard *Jack* make to one of his Creditors, (of whom he deserved gentler Usage) after lying a whole Night in Custody at his Suit.

SIR,

'Your Ingratitude for the many Kindnesses I have done you, shall not make me unthankful for the Good you have done me, in letting me see there is such a Man as you in the World. I am obliged to you for the Diffidence I shall have all the rest of my Life: *I shall hereafter trust no Man so far as to be in his Debt.*'

R.

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[Footnote 1: Ludgate was originally built in 1215, by the Barons who entered London, destroyed houses of Jews and erected this gate with their ruins. It was first used as a prison in 1373, being then a free prison, but soon losing that privilege. Sir Stephen Forster, who was Lord Mayor in 1454, had been a prisoner at Ludgate and begged at the grate, where he was seen by a rich widow who bought his liberty, took him into her service, and eventually married him. To commemorate this he enlarged the accommodation for the prisoners and added a chapel. The old gate was taken down and rebuilt in 1586. That second gate was destroyed in the Fire of London.

The gate which succeeded and was used, like its predecessors, as a wretched prison for debtors, was pulled down in 1760, and the prisoners removed, first to the London workhouse, afterwards to part of the Giltspur Street Compter.]

[Footnote 2: Sir John Denham's 'Cooper's Hill.']

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No. 83. Tuesday, June 5, 1711. Addison.

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'... Animum pictura pascit inani.'

Virg.

When the Weather hinders me from taking my Diversions without Doors, I frequently make a little Party with two or three select Friends, to visit any thing curious that may be seen under Covert. My principal Entertainments of this Nature are Pictures, insomuch that when I have found the Weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole Day's Journey to see a Gallery that is furnished by the Hands of great Masters. By this means, when the Heavens are filled with Clouds, when the Earth swims in Rain, and all Nature wears a lowering Countenance, I withdraw myself from these uncomfortable Scenes into the visionary Worlds of Art; where I meet with shining Landskips, gilded Triumphs, beautiful Faces, and all those other Objects that fill the mind with gay Ideas, and disperse that Gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate Seasons.

I was some Weeks ago in a Course of these Diversions; which had taken such an entire Possession of my Imagination, that they formed in it a short Morning's Dream, which I shall communicate to my Reader, rather as the first Sketch and Outlines of a Vision, than as a finished Piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long spacious Gallery, which had one Side covered with Pieces of all the Famous Painters who are now living, and the other with the Works of the greatest Masters that are dead.

On the side of the *\_Living\_*, I saw several Persons busy in Drawing, Colouring, and Designing; on the side of the *Dead* Painters, I could not discover more than one Person at Work, who was exceeding slow in his Motions, and wonderfully nice in his Touches.

I was resolved to examine the several Artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied my self to the side of the *Living*. The first I observed at Work in this Part of the Gallery was VANITY, with his Hair tied behind him in a Ribbon, and dressed like a *Frenchman*. All the Faces he drew were very remarkable for their Smiles, and a certain smirking Air which he bestowed indifferently on every Age and Degree of either Sex. The *Toujours Gai* appeared even in his Judges, Bishops, and Privy-Counsellors: In a word all his Men were *\_Petits Maitres\_*, and all his Women *Coquets*. The Drapery of his Figures was extremely well-suited to his Faces, and was made up of all the glaring Colours that could be mixt together; every Part of the Dress was in a Flutter, and endeavoured to distinguish itself above the rest.

On the left Hand of VANITY stood a laborious Workman, who I found was his humble Admirer, and copied after him. He was dressed like a *\_German\_*, and had a very hard Name, that sounded something like STUPIDITY.

The third Artist that I looked over was FANTASQUE, dressed like a Venetian Scaramouch. He had an excellent Hand at a *\_Chimera\_*, and dealt very much in Distortions and Grimaces: He would sometimes affright himself with the Phantoms that flowed from his Pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his Pieces was at best but a terrifying Dream; and one could say nothing more of his finest Figures, than that they were

agreeable Monsters.

The fourth Person I examined was very remarkable for his hasty Hand, which left his Pictures so unfinished, that the Beauty in the Picture (which was designed to continue as a monument of it to Posterity) faded sooner than in the Person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to dispatch his Business, that he neither gave himself time to clean his Pencils, [nor [1]] mix his Colours. The Name of this expeditious Workman was AVARICE.

Not far from this Artist I saw another of a quite different Nature, who was dressed in the Habit of a *\_Dutchman\_*, and known by the Name of INDUSTRY. His Figures were wonderfully laboured; If he drew the Portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single Hair in his Face; if the Figure of a Ship, there was not a Rope among the Tackle that escaped him. He had likewise hung a great Part of the Wall with Night-pieces, that seemed to shew themselves by the Candles which were lighted up in several Parts of them; and were so inflamed by the Sun-shine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out, *Fire*.

The five foregoing Artists were the most considerable on this Side the Gallery; there were indeed several others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear observing, who was very busie in retouching the finest Pieces, tho' he produced no Originals of his own. His Pencil aggravated every Feature that was before over-charged, loaded every Defect, and poisoned every Colour it touched. Though this workman did so much Mischief on the Side of the Living, he never turned his Eye towards that of the Dead. His Name was ENVY.

Having taken a cursory View of one Side of the Gallery, I turned my self to that which was filled by the Works of those great Masters that were dead; when immediately I fancied my self standing before a Multitude of Spectators, and thousands of Eyes looking upon me at once; for all before me appeared so like Men and Women, that I almost forgot they were Pictures. *\_Raphael's\_* Figures stood in one Row, *\_Titian's\_* in another, *\_Guido Rheni's\_* in a third. One Part of the Wall was peopled by *\_Hannibal Carrache\_*, another by *\_Correggio\_*, and another by *Rubens*. To be short, there was not a great Master among the Dead who had not contributed to the Embellishment of this Side of the Gallery. The Persons that owed their Being to these several Masters, appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the Variety of their Shapes, Complexions, and Cloaths; so that they looked like different Nations of the same Species.

Observing an old Man (who was the same Person I before mentioned, as the only Artist that was at work on this Side of the Gallery) creeping up and down from one Picture to another, and retouching all the fine Pieces that stood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his Motions. I found his Pencil was so very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thousand Touches, scarce produced any visible Effect in the Picture on which he was employed. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated Touch after Touch without Rest or Intermission, he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable Gloss that hung upon a Figure. He also added such a beautiful Brown to the Shades, and Mellowness to the Colours, that he made every Picture appear more perfect than when it came fresh from [the [2]] Master's Pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the Face of this ancient Workman, and immediately, by the long Lock of Hair upon his Forehead, discovered him to be TIME.

Whether it were because the Thread of my Dream was at an End I cannot tell, but upon my taking a Survey of this imaginary old Man, my Sleep left me.

C.

[Footnote 1: or]

[Footnote 2: its]

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No. 84. Wednesday, June 6, 1711. Steele.

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'... Quis talia fando Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulysssei Temperet a Lachrymis?'

Virg.

Looking over the old Manuscript wherein the private Actions of *Pharamond* [1] are set down by way of Table–Book. I found many things which gave me great Delight; and as human Life turns upon the same Principles and Passions in all Ages, I thought it very proper to take Minutes of what passed in that Age, for the Instruction of this. The Antiquary, who lent me these Papers, gave me a Character of *\_Eucrate\_*, the Favourite of *\_Pharamond\_*, extracted from an Author who lived in that Court. The Account he gives both of the Prince and this his faithful Friend, will not be improper to insert here, because I may have Occasion to mention many of their Conversations, into which these Memorials of them may give Light.

'*\_Pharamond\_*, when he had a Mind to retire for an Hour or two from the Hurry of Business and Fatigue of Ceremony, made a Signal to *\_Eucrate\_*, by putting his Hand to his Face, placing his Arm negligently on a Window, or some such Action as appeared indifferent to all the rest of the Company. Upon such Notice, unobserved by others, (for their entire Intimacy was always a Secret) *Eucrate* repaired to his own Apartment to receive the King. There was a secret Access to this Part of the Court, at which *Eucrate* used to admit many whose mean Appearance in the Eyes of the ordinary Waiters and Door–keepers made them be repulsed from other Parts of the Palace. Such as these were let in here by Order of *\_Eucrate\_*, and had Audiences of *Pharamond*. This Entrance *Pharamond* called *\_The Gate of the Unhappy\_*, and the Tears of the Afflicted who came before him, he would say were Bribes received by *\_Eucrate\_*; for *Eucrate* had the most compassionate Spirit of all Men living, except his generous Master, who was always kindled at the least Affliction which was communicated to him. In the Regard for the Miserable, *Eucrate* took particular Care, that the common Forms of Distress, and the idle Pretenders to Sorrow, about Courts, who wanted only Supplies to Luxury, should never obtain Favour by his Means: But the Distresses which arise from the many inexplicable Occurrences that happen among Men, the unaccountable Alienation of Parents from their Children, Cruelty of Husbands to Wives, Poverty occasioned from Shipwreck or Fire, the falling out of Friends, or such other terrible Disasters, to which the Life of Man is exposed; In Cases of this Nature, *Eucrate* was the Patron; and enjoyed this Part of the Royal Favour so much without being envied, that it was never inquired into by whose Means, what no one else cared for doing, was brought about.

'One Evening when *Pharamond* came into the Apartment of *\_Eucrate\_*, he found him extremely dejected; upon which he asked (with a Smile which was natural to him)

"What, is there any one too miserable to be relieved by *\_Pharamond\_*, that *Eucrate* is melancholy?

I fear there is, answered the Favourite; a Person without, of a good Air, well Dressed, and tho' a Man in the Strength of his Life, seems to faint under some inconsolable Calamity: All his Features seem suffused with Agony of Mind; but I can observe in him, that it is more inclined to break away in Tears than Rage. I asked him what he would have; he said he would speak to *Pharamond*. I desired his Business; he could hardly say to me, *\_Eucrate\_*, carry me to the King, my Story is not to be told twice, I fear I shall not be able to speak it at all."

*Pharamond* commanded *Eucrate* to let him enter; he did so, and the Gentleman approached the King with an Air which spoke [him under the greatest Concern in what Manner to demean himself. [2]] The King, who had a quick Discerning, relieved him from the Oppression he was under; and with the most beautiful Complacency said to him,

"Sir, do not add to that Load of Sorrow I see in your Countenance, the Awe of my Presence: Think you are speaking to your Friend; if the Circumstances of your Distress will admit of it, you shall find me so."

To whom the Stranger:

"Oh excellent *\_Pharamond\_*, name not a Friend to the unfortunate *Spinamont*. I had one, but he is dead by my own Hand; [3] but, oh *\_Pharamond\_*, tho' it was by the Hand of *\_Spinamont\_*, it was by the Guilt of *Pharamond*. I come not, oh excellent Prince, to implore your Pardon; I come to relate my Sorrow, a Sorrow too great for human Life to support: From henceforth shall all Occurrences appear Dreams or short Intervals of Amusement, from this one Affliction which has seiz'd my very Being: Pardon me, oh *\_Pharamond\_*, if my Grievs give me Leave, that I lay before you, in the Anguish of a wounded Mind, that you, good as you are, are guilty of the generous Blood spilt this Day by this unhappy Hand: Oh that it had perished before that Instant!"

Here the Stranger paused, and recollecting his Mind, after some little Meditation, he went on in a calmer Tone and Gesture as follows.

"There is an Authority due to Distress; and as none of human Race is above the Reach of Sorrow, none should be above the Hearing the Voice of it: I am sure *Pharamond* is not. Know then, that I have this Morning unfortunately killed in a Duel, the Man whom of all Men living I most loved. I command my self too much in your royal Presence, to say, *\_Pharamond\_*, give me my Friend! *Pharamond* has taken him from me! I will not say, shall the merciful *Pharamond* destroy his own Subjects? Will the Father of his Country murder his People? But, the merciful *Pharamond* does destroy his Subjects, the Father of his Country does murder his People. Fortune is so much the Pursuit of Mankind, that all Glory and Honour is in the Power of a Prince, because he has the Distribution of their Fortunes. It is therefore the Inadvertency, Negligence, or Guilt of Princes, to let any thing grow into Custom which is against their Laws. A Court can make Fashion and Duty walk together; it can never, without the Guilt of a Court, happen, that it shall not be unfashionable to do what 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 Compunctions 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.

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[Footnote 1: See No. 76. Steele uses the suggestion of the Romance of 'Pharamond' whose

'whole Person,' says the romancer, 'was of so excellent a composition, and his words so Great and so Noble that it was very difficult to deny him reverence,'

to connect with a remote king his ideas of the duty of a Court. Pharamond's friend Eucrate, whose name means Power well used, is an invention of the Essayist, as well as the incident and dialogue here given, for an immediate good purpose of his own, which he pleasantly contrives in imitation of the style of the romance. In the original, Pharamond is said to be

'truly and wholly charming, as well for the vivacity and delicateness of his spirit, accompanied with a perfect knowledge of all Sciences, as for a sweetness which is wholly particular to him, and a complacence which &c ... All his inclinations are in such manner fixed upon virtue, that no consideration nor passion can disturb him; and in those extremities into which his ill fortune hath cast him, he hath never let pass any occasion to do good.'

That is why Steele chose Pharamond for his king in this and a preceding paper.]

[Footnote 2: the utmost sense of his Majesty without the ability to express it.]

[Footnote 3: Spinamont is Mr. Thornhill, who, on the 9th of May, 1711, killed in a duel Sir Cholmomleley Dering, Baronet, of Kent. Mr. Thornhill was tried and acquitted; but two months afterwards, assassinated by two men, who, as they stabbed him, bade him remember Sir Cholmondeley Dering. Steele wrote often and well against duelling, condemning it in the 'Tatler' several times, in the 'Spectator' several times, in the 'Guardian' several times, and even in one of his plays.]

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No. 85. Thursday, June 7, 1711. Addison.

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'Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte Fabula nullius Veneris, sine pondere et Arte, Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur, Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugaeque canoraë.'

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 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 conceived 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 surprised to find, upon the Shelf of Folios, 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 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 [1]] 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, [2]] 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 [3]] 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 [4]] 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 [5]] 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 fabulosa 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, [6]] and was one of the finest Criticks as well as the best Poets of his Age, had a numerous collection of old *English* Ballads, and took a particular Pleasure in the Reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. *\_Dryden\_*, and know several of the most refined Writers of our present Age who are of the same Humour.

I might likewise refer my Reader to *\_Moliere's\_* Thoughts on this Subject, as he has expressed them in the Character of the *\_Misanthrope\_*; but those only who are endowed with a true Greatness of Soul and Genius can divest themselves of the little Images of Ridicule, and admire Nature in her Simplicity and Nakedness. As for the little conceited Wits of the Age, who can only shew their Judgment by finding Fault, they cannot be supposed to admire these Productions [which [7]] have nothing to recommend them but the Beauties of Nature, when they do not know how to relish even those Compositions that, with all the Beauties of Nature, have also the additional Advantages of Art. [8]

[Footnote 1: *Virgil* himself would have touched upon, had the like Story been told by that Divine Poet. For]

[Footnote 2: wonderfully natural]

[Footnote 3: genuine]

[Footnote 4: goodnatured Reader]

[Footnote 5: what a Genius the Author was Master of]

[Footnote 6: Humanity]

[Footnote 7: that]

[Footnote 8: Addison had incurred much ridicule from the bad taste of the time by his papers upon Chevy Chase, though he had gone some way to meet it by endeavouring to satisfy the Dennises of 'that polite age,' with authorities from *Virgil*. Among the jests was a burlesque criticism of Tom Thumb. What Addison thought of the 'little images of Ridicule' set up against him, the last paragraph of this Essay shows, but the

collation of texts shows that he did flinch a little. We now see how he modified many expressions in the reprint of this Essay upon the 'Babes in the Wood'.]

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No. 86. Friday, June 8, 1711. Addison.

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'Heu quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu!'

Ovid.

There are several Arts which [all Men are [1]] in some measure [Masters [2]] of, without having been at the Pains of learning them. Every one that speaks or reasons is a Grammarian and a Logician, tho' he may be wholly unacquainted with the Rules of Grammar or Logick, as they are delivered in Books and Systems. In the same Manner, every one is in some Degree a Master of that Art which is generally distinguished by the Name of Physiognomy; and naturally forms to himself the Character or Fortune of a Stranger, from the Features and Lineaments of his Face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the Idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured Man; and upon our first going into a Company of [Strangers, [3]] our Benevolence or Aversion, Awe or Contempt, rises naturally towards several particular Persons before we have heard them speak a single Word, or so much as know who they are.

Every Passion gives a particular Cast to the Countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some Feature or other. I have seen an Eye curse for half an Hour together, and an Eye-brow call a Man Scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for Lovers to complain, resent, languish, despair, and die in dumb Show. For my own part, I am so apt to frame a Notion of every Man's Humour or Circumstances by his Looks, that I have sometimes employed my self from *\_Charing-Cross\_* to the *\_Royal-Exchange\_* in drawing the Characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a Man with a sour rivell'd Face, I cannot forbear pitying his Wife; and when I meet with an open ingenuous Countenance, think on the Happiness of his Friends, his Family, and Relations.

I cannot recollect the Author of a famous Saying to a Stranger who stood silent in his Company, *Speak that I may see thee:* [4] But, with Submission, I think we may be better known by our Looks than by our Words; and that a Man's Speech is much more easily disguised than his Countenance. In this Case, however, I think the Air of the whole Face is much more expressive than the Lines of it: The Truth of it is, the Air is generally nothing else but the inward Disposition of the Mind made visible.

Those who have established Physiognomy into an Art, and laid down Rules of judging Mens Tempers by their Faces, have regarded the Features much more than the Air. *Martial* has a pretty Epigram on this Subject:

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine loesus: Rem magnam proestas, Zoile, si bonus es.

(Epig. 54, l. 12)

Thy Beard and Head are of a diff'rent Dye; Short of one Foot, distorted in an Eye: With all these Tokens of a Knave compleat, Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a dev'lish Cheat.

I have seen a very ingenious Author on this Subject, [who [5]] founds his Speculations on the Supposition, That as a Man hath in the Mould of his Face a remote Likeness to that of an Ox, a Sheep, a Lion, an Hog, or any other Creature; he hath the same Resemblance in the Frame of his Mind, and is subject to those Passions which are predominant in the Creature that appears in his Countenance. [6] Accordingly he gives the Prints of several Faces that are of a different Mould, and by [a little] overcharging the Likeness, discovers the Figures

of these several Kinds of brutal Faces in human Features. I remember, in the Life of the famous Prince of *Conde* [7] the Writer observes, [the [8]] Face of that Prince was like the Face of an Eagle, and that the Prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this Case therefore we may be sure, that he had in his Mind some general implicit Notion of this Art of Physiognomy which I have just now mentioned; and that when his Courtiers told him his Face was made like an Eagle's, he understood them in the same manner as if they had told him, there was something in his Looks which shewed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal Descent. Whether or no the different Motions of the Animal Spirits, in different Passions, may have any Effect on the Mould of the Face when the Lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the same kind of Souls require the same kind of Habitations, I shall leave to the Consideration of the Curious. In the mean Time I think nothing can be more glorious than for a Man to give the Lie to his Face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured Man, in spite of all those Marks and Signatures which Nature seems to have set upon him for the Contrary. This very often happens among those, who, instead of being exasperated by their own Looks, or envying the Looks of others, apply themselves entirely to the cultivating of their Minds, and getting those Beauties which are more lasting and more ornamental. I have seen many an amiable Piece of Deformity; and have observed a certain Chearfulness in as bad a System of Features as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming Charms of an insolent Beauty. There is a double Praise due to Virtue, when it is lodged in a Body that seems to have been prepared for the Reception of Vice; in many such Cases the Soul and the Body do not seem to be Fellows.

*Socrates* was an extraordinary Instance of this Nature. There chanced to be a great Physiognomist in his Time at *Athens*, [9] who had made strange Discoveries of Mens Tempers and Inclinations by their outward Appearances. *Socrates's* Disciples, that they might put this Artist to the Trial, carried him to their Master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know [he was then in company with him. [10]] After a short Examination of his Face, the Physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunken old Fellow that he had ever [met with [11]] in his [whole] Life. Upon which the Disciples all burst out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the Falshood and Vanity of his Art. But *Socrates* told them, that the Principles of his Art might be very true, notwithstanding his present Mistake; for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular Vices which the Physiognomist had discovered in his Countenance, but that he had conquered the strong Dispositions he was born with by the Dictates of Philosophy.

We are indeed told by an ancient Author, that *Socrates* very much resembled *Silenus* in his Face; [12] which we find to have been very rightly observed from the Statues and Busts of both, [that [13]] are still extant; as well as on several antique Seals and precious Stones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the Cabinets of the Curious. But however Observations of this Nature may sometimes hold, a wise Man should be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a Man's outward Appearance. It is an irreparable Injustice [we [14]] are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the Looks and Features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive Hatred against a Person of Worth, or fancy a Man to be proud and ill-natured by his Aspect, whom we think we cannot esteem too much when we are acquainted with his real Character? Dr. *Moore*, [15] in his admirable System of Ethicks, reckons this particular Inclination to take a Prejudice against a Man for his Looks, among the smaller Vices in Morality, and, if I remember, gives it the Name of a *Prosopolepsia*.

[Footnote 1: every Man is]

[Footnote 2: Master]

[Footnote 3: unknown Persons]

[Footnote 4: *Socrates*. In Apul. 'Flor'.]

[Footnote 5: that]

[Footnote 6: The idea is as old as Aristotle who, in treating of arguing from signs in general, speaks under the head of Physiognomy of conclusions drawn from natural signs, such as indications of the temper proper to each class of animals in forms resembling them. The book Addison refers to is Baptista della Porta 'De Human, Physiognomiâ']

[Footnote 7: 'Histoire du Louis de Bourbon II. du Nom Prince de Condé,' Englished by Nahum Tate in 1693.]

[Footnote 8: that the]

[Footnote 9: Cicero, 'Tusc. Quæst.' Bk. IV. near the close. Again 'de Fato', c. 5, he says that the physiognomist Zopyrus pronounced Socrates stupid and dull, because the outline of his throat was not concave, but full and obtuse.]

[Footnote 10: who he was.]

[Footnote 11: seen]

[Footnote 12: Plato in the 'Symposium'; where Alcibiades is made to draw the parallel under the influence of wine and revelry. He compares the person of Socrates to the sculptured figures of the Sileni and the Mercuries in the streets of Athens, but owns the spell by which he was held, in presence of Socrates, as by the flute of the Satyr Marsyas.]

[Footnote 13: which]

[Footnote 14: that we]

[Footnote 15: Dr Henry More.]

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No. 87. Saturday, June 9, 1711. Steel.

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'... Nimium ne crede colori.'

Virg.

It has been the Purpose of several of my Speculations to bring People to an unconcerned Behaviour, with relation to their Persons, whether beautiful or defective. As the Secrets of the *Ugly Club* were exposed to the Publick, that Men might see there were some noble Spirits in the Age, who are not at all displeas'd with themselves upon Considerations which they had no Choice in: so the Discourse concerning *Idols* tended to lessen the Value People put upon themselves from personal Advantages, and Gifts of Nature. As to the latter Species of Mankind, the Beauties, whether Male or Female, they are generally the most untractable People of all others. You are so excessively perplexed with the Particularities in their Behaviour, that, to be at Ease, one would be apt to wish there were no such Creatures. They expect so great Allowances, and give so little to others, that they who have to do with them find in the main, a Man with a better Person than ordinary, and a beautiful Woman, might be very happily changed for such to whom Nature has been less liberal. The Handsome Fellow is usually so much a Gentleman, and the Fine Woman has something so becoming, that there is no enduring either of them. It has therefore been generally my Choice to mix with chearful Ugly Creatures, rather than Gentlemen who are Graceful enough to omit or do what they please; or Beauties who have Charms enough to do and say what would be disobliging in any but themselves.

Diffidence and Presumption, upon account of our Persons, are equally Faults; and both arise from the Want of knowing, or rather endeavouring to know, our selves, and for what we ought to be valued or neglected. But indeed, I did not imagine these little Considerations and Coquetries could have the ill Consequences as I find they have by the following Letters of my Correspondents, where it seems Beauty is thrown into the Account, in Matters of Sale, to those who receive no Favour from the Charmers.

\_June 4.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

After I have assured you I am in every respect one of the Handsomest young Girls about Town—I need be particular in nothing but the make of my Face, which has the Misfortune to be exactly Oval. This I take to proceed from a Temper that naturally inclines me both to speak and hear.

With this Account you may wonder how I can have the Vanity to offer my self as a Candidate, which I now do, to a Society, where the SPECTATOR and *Hecatissa* have been admitted with so much Applause. I don't want to be put in mind how very Defective I am in every thing that is Ugly: I am too sensible of my own Unworthiness in this Particular, and therefore I only propose my self as a Foil to the Club.

You see how honest I have been to confess all my Imperfections, which is a great deal to come from a Woman, and what I hope you will encourage with the Favour of your Interest.

There can be no Objection made on the Side of the matchless *Hecatissa*, since it is certain I shall be in no Danger of giving her the least occasion of Jealousy: And then a Joint-Stool in the very lowest Place at the Table, is all the Honour that is coveted by

\_Your most Humble and Obedient Servant\_,

ROSALINDA.

P.S. I have sacrificed my Necklace to put into the Publick Lottery against the Common Enemy. And last *Saturday*, about Three a Clock in the Afternoon, I began to patch indifferently on both Sides of my Face.

\_London, June 7, 1711.\_

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Upon reading your late Dissertation concerning *Idols*, I cannot but complain to you that there are, in six or seven Places of this City, Coffee-houses kept by Persons of that Sisterhood. These *Idols* sit and receive all Day long the adoration of the Youth within such and such Districts: I know, in particular, Goods are not entered as they ought to be at the Custom-house, nor Law-Reports perused at the Temple; by reason of one Beauty who detains the young Merchants too long near *Change*, and another Fair One who keeps the Students at her House when they should be at Study. It would be worth your while to see how the Idolaters alternately offer Incense to their *Idols*, and what Heart-burnings arise in those who wait for their Turn to receive kind Aspects from those little Thrones, which all the Company, but these Lovers, call the Bars. I saw a Gentleman turn as pale as Ashes, because an *Idol* turned the Sugar in a Tea-Dish for his Rival, and carelessly called the Boy to serve him, with a *Sirrah!* Why don't you give the Gentleman the Box to please himself?\_ Certain it is, that a very hopeful young Man was taken with Leads in his Pockets below Bridge, where he intended to drown himself, because his *Idol* would wash the Dish in which she had [but just [1]] drank Tea, before she would let him use it.

I am, Sir, a Person past being Amorous, and do not give this Information out of Envy or Jealousy, but I am a

real Sufferer by it. These Lovers take any thing for Tea and Coffee; I saw one Yesterday surfeit to make his Court; and all his Rivals, at the same time, loud in the Commendation of Liquors that went against every body in the Room that was not in Love. While these young Fellows resign their Stomachs with their Hearts, and drink at the *Idol* in this manner, we who come to do Business, or talk Politicks, are utterly poisoned: They have also Drams for those who are more enamoured than ordinary; and it is very common for such as are too low in Constitution to ogle the *Idol* upon the Strength of Tea, to fluster themselves with warmer Liquors: Thus all Pretenders advance, as fast as they can, to a Feaver or a Diabetes. I must repeat to you, that I do not look with an evil Eye upon the Profit of the *\_Idols\_*, or the Diversion of the Lovers; what I hope from this Remonstrance, is only that we plain People may not be served as if we were Idolaters; but that from the time of publishing this in your Paper, the *Idols* would mix Ratsbane only for their Admirers, and take more care of us who don't love them. I am, *\_SIR, Yours\_*, T.T. [2]

R.

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[Footnote 1: just before]

[Footnote 2: This letter is ascribed to Laurence Eusden.]

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*ADVERTISEMENT.*

*\_This to give Notice, That the three Criticks who last\_ Sunday settled the Characters of my Lord Rochester and Boileau, in the Yard of a Coffee House in Fuller's Rents, will meet this next Sunday \_at the same Time and Place, to finish the Merits of several Dramatick Writers: And will also make an End of\_ the Nature of True Sublime.*

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No. 88. Monday, June 11, 1711. Steele.

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'Quid Domini facient, audent cum tulia Fures?'

Virg.

May 30, 1711.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I have no small Value for your Endeavours to lay before the World what may escape their Observation, and yet highly conduces to their Service. You have, I think, succeeded very well on many Subjects; and seem to have been conversant in very different Scenes of Life. But in the Considerations of Mankind, as a SPECTATOR, you should not omit Circumstances which relate to the inferior Part of the World, any more than those which concern the greater. There is one thing in particular which I wonder you have not touched upon, and that is the general Corruption of Manners in the Servants of *Great Britain*. I am a Man that have travelled and seen many Nations, but have for seven Years last past resided constantly in *\_London\_*, or within twenty Miles of it: In this Time I have contracted a numerous Acquaintance among the best Sort of People, and have hardly found one of them happy in their Servants. This is matter of great Astonishment to Foreigners, and all such as have visited Foreign Countries; especially since we cannot but observe, That there is no Part of the World where Servants have those Privileges and Advantages as in *\_England\_*: They have no where else such plentiful Diet, large Wages, or indulgent Liberty: There is no Place wherein they labour less,

and yet where they are so little respectful, more wasteful, more negligent, or where they so frequently change their Masters. To this I attribute, in a great measure, the frequent Robberies and Losses which we suffer on the high Road and in our own Houses. That indeed which gives me the present Thought of this kind, is, that a careless Groom of mine has spoiled me the prettiest Pad in the World with only riding him ten Miles, and I assure you, if I were to make a Register of all the Horses I have known thus abused by Negligence of Servants, the Number would mount a Regiment. I wish you would give us your Observations, that we may know how to treat these Rogues, or that we Masters may enter into Measures to reform them. Pray give us a Speculation in general about Servants, and you make me

Pray do not omit the Mention of Grooms in particular.

\_Yours\_,

Philo-Britannicus

This honest Gentleman, who is so desirous that I should write a Satyr upon Grooms, has a great deal of Reason for his Resentment; and I know no Evil which touches all Mankind so much as this of the Misbehaviour of Servants.

The Complaint of this Letter runs wholly upon Men-Servants; and I can attribute the Licentiousness which has at present prevailed among them, to nothing but what an hundred before me have ascribed it to, The Custom of giving Board-Wages: This one Instance of false Oeconomy is sufficient to debauch the whole Nation of Servants, and makes them as it were but for some part of their Time in that Quality. They are either attending in Places where they meet and run into Clubs, or else, if they wait at Taverns, they eat after their Masters, and reserve their Wages for other Occasions. From hence it arises, that they are but in a lower Degree what their Masters themselves are; and usually affect an Imitation of their Manners: And you have in Liveries, Beaux, Fops, and Coxcombs, in as high Perfection as among People that keep Equipages. It is a common Humour among the Retinue of People of Quality, when they are in their Revels, that is when they are out of their Masters Sight, to assume in a humourous Way the Names and Titles of those whose Liveries they wear. By which means Characters and Distinctions become so familiar to them, that it is to this, among other Causes, one may impute a certain Insolence among our Servants, that they take no Notice of any Gentleman though they know him ever so well, except he is an Acquaintance of their Master's.

My Obscurity and Taciturnity leave me at Liberty, without Scandal, to dine, if I think fit, at a common Ordinary, in the meanest as well as the most sumptuous House of Entertainment. Falling in the other Day at a Victualling-House near the House of Peers, I heard the Maid come down and tell the Landlady at the Bar, That my Lord Bishop swore he would throw her out [at [1]] Window, if she did not bring up more Mild Beer, and that my Lord Duke would have a double Mug of Purle. My Surprize was encreased, in hearing loud and rustick Voices speak and answer to each other upon the publick Affairs, by the Names of the most Illustrious of our Nobility; till of a sudden one came running in, and cry'd the House was rising. Down came all the Company together, and away! The Alehouse was immediately filled with Clamour, and scoring one Mug to the Marquis of such a Place, Oyl and Vinegar to such an Earl, three Quarts to my new Lord for wetting his Title, and so forth. It is a Thing too notorious to mention the Crowds of Servants, and their Insolence, near the Courts of Justice, and the Stairs towards the Supreme Assembly, where there is an universal Mockery of all Order, such riotous Clamour and licentious Confusion, that one would think the whole Nation lived in Jest, and there were no such thing as Rule and Distinction among us.

The next Place of Resort, wherein the servile World are let loose, is at the Entrance of \_Hide-Park\_, while the Gentry are at the Ring. Hither People bring their Lacqueys out of State, and here it is that all they say at their Tables, and act in their Houses, is communicated to the whole Town. There are Men of Wit in all Conditions of Life; and mixing with these People at their Diversions, I have heard Coquets and Prudes as well rallied, and Insolence and Pride exposed, (allowing for their want of Education) with as much Humour and good Sense, as

in the politest Companies. It is a general Observation, That all Dependants run in some measure into the Manners and Behaviour of those whom they serve: You shall frequently meet with Lovers and Men of Intrigue among the Lacqueys, as well as at \_White's\_ [2] or in the Side-Boxes. I remember some Years ago an Instance of this Kind. A Footman to a Captain of the Guard used frequently, when his Master was out of the Way, to carry on Amours and make Assignations in his Master's Cloaths. The Fellow had a very good Person, and there are very many Women that think no further than the Outside of a Gentleman: besides which, he was almost as learned a Man as the Colonel himself: I say, thus qualified, the Fellow could scrawl \_Billets-doux\_ so well, and furnish a Conversation on the common Topicks, that he had, as they call it, a great deal of good Business on his Hands. It happened one Day, that coming down a Tavern-Stairs in his Master's fine Guard-Coat, with a well-dress'd Woman masked, he met the Colonel coming up with other Company; but with a ready Assurance he quitted his Lady, came up to him, and said, \_Sir, I know you have too much Respect for yourself to cane me in this honourable Habit: But you see there is a Lady in the Case, and I hope on that Score also you will put off your Anger till I have told you all another time.\_ After a little Pause the Colonel cleared up his Countenance, and with an Air of Familiarity whispered his Man apart, \_Sirrah, bring the Lady with you to ask Pardon for you;\_ then aloud, \_Look to it, Will, \_I'll never forgive you else.\_ The Fellow went back to his Mistress, and telling her with a loud Voice and an Oath, That was the honestest Fellow in the World, convey'd her to an Hackney-Coach.

But the many Irregularities committed by Servants in the Places above-mentioned, as well as in the Theatres, of which Masters are generally the Occasions, are too various not to need being resumed on another Occasion.

R.

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[Footnote 1: of the]

[Footnote 2: 'White's', established as a chocolate-house in 1698, had a polite character for gambling, and was a haunt of sharpers and gay noblemen before it became a Club.]

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No. 89. Tuesday, June 12, 1711. Addison.

'... Petite hinc juvenesque senesque Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis. Cras hoc fiet. Idem eras fiet. Quid? quasi magnum Nempe diem donas? sed cum lux altera venit, Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras Egerit hos annos, et semper paulum erit ultra. Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum.'

Per.

As my Correspondents upon the Subject of Love are very numerous, it is my Design, if possible, to range them under several Heads, and address my self to them at different Times. The first Branch of them, to whose Service I shall Dedicate these Papers, are those that have to do with Women of dilatory Tempers, who are for spinning out the Time of Courtship to an immoderate Length, without being able either to close with their Lovers, or to dismiss them. I have many Letters by me filled with Complaints against, this sort of Women. In one of them no less a Man than a Brother of the Coif tells me, that he began his Suit \_Vicesimo nono Caroli secundi\_, before he had been a Twelvemonth at the \_Temple;\_ that he prosecuted it for many Years after he was called to the Bar; that at present he is a Sergeant at Law; and notwithstanding he hoped that Matters would have been long since brought to an Issue, the Fair One still *demurrs*. I am so well pleased with this Gentleman's Phrase, that I shall distinguish this Sect of Women by the Title of *Demurrers*. I find by another Letter from one that calls himself \_Thirsis\_, that his Mistress has been Demurring above these seven Years. But among all my Plaintiffs of this Nature, I most pity the unfortunate \_Philander\_, a Man of a constant Passion and plentiful Fortune, who sets forth that the timorous and irresolute *Silvia* has demurred till she is

past Child-bearing. *Strephon* appears by his Letter to be a very cholerick Lover, and irrevocably smitten with one that demurrs out of Self-interest. He tells me with great Passion that she has bubbled him out of his Youth; that she drilled him on to Five and Fifty, and that he verily believes she will drop him in his old Age, if she can find her Account in another. I shall conclude this Narrative with a Letter from honest Sam Hopewell, a very pleasant Fellow, who it seems has at last married a *Demurrer*: I must only premise, that Sam, who is a very good Bottle-Companion, has been the Diversion of his Friends, upon account of his Passion, ever since the Year One thousand Six hundred and Eighty one.

*Dear SIR,*

'You know very well my Passion for Mrs. *Martha*, and what a Dance she has led me: She took me at the Age of Two and Twenty, and dodged with me above Thirty Years. I have loved her till she is grown as Grey as a Cat, and am with much ado become the Master of her Person, such as it is at present. She is however in my Eye a very charming old Woman. We often lament that we did not marry sooner, but she has no Body to blame for it but her self: You know very well that she would never think of me whilst she had a Tooth in her Head. I have put the Date of my Passion (*Anno Amoris Trigesimo primo*) instead of a Posy, on my Wedding-Ring. I expect you should send me a Congratulatory Letter, or, if you please, an *Epithalamium*, upon this Occasion.

*Mrs. Martha's and Yours Eternally,* SAM HOPEWELL

In order to banish an Evil out of the World, that does not only produce great Uneasiness to private Persons, but has also a very bad Influence on the Publick, I shall endeavour to shew the Folly of *Demurrage* from two or three Reflections which I earnestly recommend to the Thoughts of my fair Readers.

First of all I would have them seriously think on the Shortness of their Time. Life is not long enough for a Coquet to play all her Tricks in. A timorous Woman drops into her Grave before she has done deliberating. Were the Age of Man the same that it was before the Flood, a Lady might sacrifice half a Century to a Scruple, and be two or three Ages in demurring. Had she Nine Hundred Years good, she might hold out to the Conversion of the *Jews* before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas! she ought to play her Part in haste, when she considers that she is suddenly to quit the Stage, and make Room for others.

In the second Place, I would desire my Female Readers to consider, that as the Term of Life is short, that of Beauty is much shorter. The finest Skin wrinkles in a few Years, and loses the Strength of its Colourings so soon, that we have scarce Time to admire it. I might embellish this Subject with Roses and Rain-bows, and several other ingenious Conceits, which I may possibly reserve for another Opportunity.

There is a third Consideration which I would likewise recommend to a Demurrer, and that is the great Danger of her falling in Love when she is about Threescore, if she cannot satisfy her Doubts and Scruples before that Time. There is a kind of *latter Spring*, that sometimes gets into the Blood of an old Woman and turns her into a very odd sort of an Animal. I would therefore have the Demurrer consider what a strange Figure she will make, if she chances to get over all Difficulties, and comes to a final Resolution, in that unseasonable Part of her Life.

I would not however be understood, by any thing I have here said, to discourage that natural Modesty in the Sex, which renders a Retreat from the first Approaches of a Lover both fashionable and graceful: All that I intend, is, to advise them, when they are prompted by Reason and Inclination, to demurr only out of Form, and so far as Decency requires. A virtuous Woman should reject the first Offer of Marriage, as a good Man does that of a Bishoprick; but I would advise neither the one nor the other to persist in refusing what they secretly approve. I would in this Particular propose the Example of *Eve* to all her Daughters, as *Milton* has represented her in the following Passage, which I cannot forbear transcribing intire, tho' only the twelve last Lines are to my present Purpose.

\_The Rib he form'd and fashion'd with his Hands; Under his forming Hands a Creature grew, Man-like, but different Sex; so lovely fair! That what seem'd fair in all the World, seem'd now Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd And in her Looks; which from that time infus'd Sweetness into my Heart, unfelt before: And into all things from her Air inspir'd The Spirit of Love and amorous Delight.

She disappear'd, and left me dark! I wak'd To find her, or for ever to deplore Her Loss, and other Pleasures [all [1]] abjure; When out of Hope, behold her, not far off, Such as I saw her in my Dream, adorn'd With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow To make her amiable: On she came, Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen, And guided by his Voice, nor uninform'd Of nuptial Sanctity and Marriage Rites: Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye, In every Gesture Dignity and Love. I overjoyed, could not forbear aloud.

This Turn hath made Amends; thou hast fulfill'd Thy Words, Creator bounteous and benign! Giver of all things fair! but fairest this Of all thy Gifts, nor enviest. I now see Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self....

She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought, Yet Innocence and Virgin Modesty, Her Virtue, and the Conscience of her Worth, That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won, Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd The more desirable; or, to say all, Nature her self, tho' pure of sinful Thought, Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she [turn'd [2]] I followed her: she what was Honour knew, And with obsequious Majesty approved My pleaded Reason. To the Nuptial Bower I led her blushing like the Morn [3]-----

[Footnote 1: to]

[Footnote 2: fled;]

[Footnote 3: P. L. Bk. VIII.]

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No. 90. Wednesday, June 13, 1711. Addison.

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'... Magnus sine viribus Ignis Incassum furit'

Virg.

There is not, in my Opinion, a Consideration more effectual to extinguish inordinate Desires in the Soul of Man, than the Notions of *Plato* and his Followers [1] upon that Subject. They tell us, that every Passion which has been contracted by the Soul during her Residence in the Body, remains with her in a separate State; and that the Soul in the Body or out of the Body, differs no more than the Man does from himself when he is in his House, or in open Air. When therefore the obscene Passions in particular have once taken Root and spread themselves in the Soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever, after the Body is cast off and thrown aside. As an Argument to confirm this their Doctrine they observe, that a lewd Youth who goes on in a continued Course of Voluptuousness, advances by Degrees into a libidinous old Man; and that the Passion survives in the Mind when it is altogether dead in the Body; nay, that the Desire grows more violent, and (like all other Habits) gathers Strength by Age, at the same time that it has no Power of executing its own Purposes. If, say they, the Soul is the most subject to these Passions at a time when it has the least Instigations from the Body, we may well suppose she will still retain them when she is entirely divested of it. The very Substance of the Soul is festered with them, the Gangrene is gone too far to be ever cured; the Inflammation will rage to all Eternity.

In this therefore (say the *Platonists*) consists the Punishment of a voluptuous Man after Death: He is tormented with Desires which it is impossible for him to gratify, solicited by a Passion that has neither

Objects nor Organs adapted to it: He lives in a State of invincible Desire and Impotence, and always burns in the Pursuit of what he always despairs to possess. It is for this Reason (says *\_Plato\_*) that the Souls of the Dead appear frequently in Coemiteries, and hover about the Places where their Bodies are buried, as still hankering after their old brutal Pleasures, and desiring again to enter the Body that gave them an Opportunity of fulfilling them.

Some of our most eminent Divines have made use of this *Platonick* Notion, so far as it regards the Subsistence of our Passions after Death, with great Beauty and Strength of Reason. *Plato* indeed carries the Thought very far, when he grafts upon it his Opinion of Ghosts appearing in Places of Burial. Though, I must confess, if one did believe that the departed Souls of Men and Women wandered up and down these lower Regions, and entertained themselves with the Sight of their Species, one could not devise a more Proper Hell for an impure Spirit than that which *Plato* has touched upon.

The Ancients seem to have drawn such a State of Torments in the Description of *\_Tantalus\_*, who was punished with the Rage of an eternal Thirst, and set up to the Chin in Water that fled from his Lips whenever he attempted to drink it.

*\_Virgil\_*, who has cast the whole System of *Platonick* Philosophy, so far as it relates to the Soul of Man, in beautiful Allegories, in the sixth Book of his *\_Æneid\_* gives us the Punishment of a Voluptuary after Death, not unlike that which we are here speaking of.

... *\_Lucent genialibus altis Aurea fulcra toris, epulæque ante ora paratæ Regifico luxu: Furiarum maxima juxta Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensas; Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.*

They lie below on Golden Beds display'd, And genial Feasts with regal Pomp are made: The Queen of Furies by their Side is set, And snatches from their Mouths th' untasted Meat; Which if they touch, her hissing Snakes she rears, Tossing her Torch, and thund'ring in their Ears\_.

Dryd.

That I may a little alleviate the Severity of this my Speculation (which otherwise may lose me several of my polite Readers) I shall translate a Story [that [2]] has been quoted upon another Occasion by one of the most learned Men of the present Age, as I find it in the Original. The Reader will see it is not foreign to my present Subject, and I dare say will think it a lively Representation of a Person lying under the Torments of such a kind of Tantalism, or *Platonick* Hell, as that which we have now under Consideration. Monsieur *Pontignan* speaking of a Love-Adventure that happened to him in the Country, gives the following Account of it. [3]

'When I was in the Country last Summer, I was often in Company with a Couple of charming Women, who had all the Wit and Beauty one could desire in Female Companions, with a Dash of Coquetry, that from time to time gave me a great many agreeable Torments. I was, after my Way, in Love with both of them, and had such frequent opportunities of pleading my Passion to them when they were asunder, that I had Reason to hope for particular Favours from each of them. As I was walking one Evening in my Chamber with nothing about me but my Night gown, they both came into my Room and told me, They had a very pleasant Trick to put upon a Gentleman that was in the same House, provided I would bear a Part in it. Upon this they told me such a plausible Story, that I laughed at their Contrivance, and agreed to do whatever they should require of me: They immediately began to swaddle me up in my Night-Gown with long Pieces of Linnen, which they folded about me till they had wrapt me in above an hundred Yards of Swathe: My Arms were pressed to my Sides, and my Legs closed together by so many Wrappers one over another, that I looked like an *\_Egyptian\_* Mummy. As I stood bolt upright upon one End in this antique Figure, one of the Ladies burst out a laughing, And now, *\_Pontignan\_*, says she, we intend to perform the Promise that we find you have extorted from each of us. You have often asked the Favour of us, and I dare say you are a better bred Cavalier than to refuse to go to Bed to two Ladies, that desire it of you. After having stood a Fit of Laughter, I begged them to uncase me,

and do with me what they pleased. No, no, said they, we like you very well as you are; and upon that ordered me to be carried to one of their Houses, and put to Bed in all my Swaddles. The Room was lighted up on all Sides: and I was laid very decently between a [Pair [4]] of Sheets, with my Head (which was indeed the only

## Part I

could move) upon a very high Pillow: This was no sooner done, but my two Female Friends came into Bed to me in their finest Night–Clothes. You may easily guess at the Condition of a Man that saw a Couple of the most beautiful Women in the World undrest and abed with him, without being able to stir Hand or Foot. I begged them to release me, and struggled all I could to get loose, which I did with so much Violence, that about Midnight they both leaped out of the Bed, crying out they were undone. But seeing me safe, they took their Posts again, and renewed their Raillery. Finding all my Prayers and Endeavours were lost, I composed my self as well as I could, and told them, that if they would not unbind me, I would fall asleep between them, and by that means disgrace them for ever: But alas! this was impossible; could I have been disposed to it, they would have prevented me by several little ill–natured Caresses and Endearments which they bestowed upon me. As much devoted as I am to Womankind, I would not pass such another Night to be Master of the whole Sex. My Reader will doubtless be curious to know what became of me the next Morning: Why truly my Bed–fellows left me about an Hour before Day, and told me, if I would be good and lie still, they would send somebody to take me up as soon as it was time for me to rise: Accordingly about Nine a Clock in the Morning an old Woman came to un–swathe me. I bore all this very patiently, being resolved to take my Revenge of my Tormentors, and to keep no Measures with them as soon as I was at Liberty; but upon asking my old Woman what was become of the two Ladies, she told me she believed they were by that Time within Sight of \_Paris\_, for that they went away in a Coach and six before five a clock in the Morning.

L.

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[Footnote 1: Plato's doctrine of the soul and of its destiny is to be found at the close of his 'Republic'; also near the close of the 'Phædon', in a passage of the 'Philebus', and in another of the 'Gorgias'. In § 131 of the 'Phædon' is the passage here especially referred to; which was the basis also of lines 461–475 of Milton's 'Comus'. The last of our own Platonists was Henry More, one of whose books Addison quoted four essays back (in No. 86), and who died only four and twenty years before these essays were written, after a long contest in prose and verse, against besotting or obnubilating the soul with 'the foul steam of earthly life.']

[Footnote 2: which]

[Footnote 3: Paraphrased from the 'Academe Galante' (Ed. 1708, p. 160).]

[Footnote 4: couple]

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No. 91. Thursday, June 14, 1711. Steele.

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'In furias ignemque ruunt, Amor omnibus Idem.'

Virg.

Tho' the Subject I am now going upon would be much more properly the Foundation of a Comedy, I cannot forbear inserting the Circumstances which pleased me in the Account a young Lady gave me of the Loves of a Family in Town, which shall be nameless; or rather for the better Sound and Elevation of the History, instead of Mr. and Mrs. such–a–one, I shall call them by feigned Names. Without further Preface, you are to know,

that within the Liberties of the City of *Westminster* lives the Lady *Honoriam*, a Widow about the Age of Forty, of a healthy Constitution, gay Temper, and elegant Person. She dresses a little too much like a Girl, affects a childish Fondness in the Tone of her Voice, sometimes a pretty Sullenness in the leaning of her Head, and now and then a Down-cast of her Eyes on her Fan: Neither her Imagination nor her Health would ever give her to know that she is turned of Twenty; but that in the midst of these pretty Softnesses, and Airs of Delicacy and Attraction, she has a tall Daughter within a Fortnight of Fifteen, who impertinently comes into the Room, and towers so much towards Woman, that her Mother is always checked by her Presence, and every Charm of *Honoriam* droops at the Entrance of *Flavia*. The agreeable *Flavia* would be what she is not, as well as her Mother *Honoriam*; but all their Beholders are more partial to an Affectation of what a Person is growing up to, than of what has been already enjoyed, and is gone for ever. It is therefore allowed to *Flavia* to look forward, but not to *Honoriam* to look back. *Flavia* is no way dependent on her Mother with relation to her Fortune, for which Reason they live almost upon an Equality in Conversation; and as *Honoriam* has given *Flavia* to understand, that it is ill-bred to be always calling Mother, *Flavia* is as well pleased never to be called Child. It happens by this means, that these Ladies are generally Rivals in all Places where they appear; and the Words Mother and Daughter never pass between them but out of Spite. *Flavia* one Night at a Play observing *Honoriam* draw the Eyes of several in the Pit, called to a Lady who sat by her, and bid her ask her Mother to lend her her Snuff-Box for one Moment. Another Time, when a Lover of *Honoriam* was on his Knees beseeching the Favour to kiss her Hand, *Flavia* rushing into the Room, kneeled down by him and asked Blessing. Several of these contradictory Acts of Duty have raised between them such a Coldness that they generally converse when they are in mixed Company by way of talking at one another, and not to one another. *Honoriam* is ever complaining of a certain Sufficiency in the young Women of this Age, who assume to themselves an Authority of carrying all things before them, as if they were Possessors of the Esteem of Mankind, and all, who were but a Year before them in the World, were neglected or deceased. *Flavia*, upon such a Provocation, is sure to observe, that there are People who can resign nothing, and know not how to give up what they know they cannot hold; that there are those who will not allow Youth their Follies, not because they are themselves past them, but because they love to continue in them. These Beauties Rival each other on all Occasions, not that they have always had the same Lovers but each has kept up a Vanity to shew the other the Charms of her Lover. *Dick Crastin* and *Tom Tulip*, among many others, have of late been Pretenders in this Family: *Dick* to *Honoriam*, *Tom* to *Flavia*. *Dick* is the only surviving Beau of the last Age, and *Tom* almost the only one that keeps up that Order of Men in this.

I wish I could repeat the little Circumstances of a Conversation of the four Lovers with the Spirit in which the young Lady, I had my Account from, represented it at a Visit where I had the Honour to be present; but it seems *Dick Crastin*, the admirer of *Honoriam*, and *Tom Tulip*, the Pretender to *Flavia*, were purposely admitted together by the Ladies, that each might shew the other that her Lover had the Superiority in the Accomplishments of that sort of Creature whom the sillier Part of Women call a fine Gentleman. As this Age has a much more gross Taste in Courtship, as well as in every thing else, than the last had, these Gentlemen are Instances of it in their different Manner of Application. *Tulip* is ever making Allusions to the Vigour of his Person, the sinewy Force of his Make; while *Crastin* professes a wary Observation of the Turns of his Mistress's Mind. *Tulip* gives himself the Air of a restless Ravisher, *Crastin* practises that of a skilful Lover. Poetry is the inseparable Property of every Man in Love; and as Men of Wit write Verses on those Occasions, the rest of the World repeat the Verses of others. These Servants of the Ladies were used to imitate their Manner of Conversation, and allude to one another, rather than interchange Discourse in what they said when they met. *Tulip* the other Day seized his Mistress's Hand, and repeated out of *Ovid's Art of Love*,

*'Tis I can in soft Battles pass the Night, } Yet rise next Morning vigorous for the Fight, } Fresh as the Day,  
and active as the Light. }*

Upon hearing this, *Crastin*, with an Air of Deference, played *Honoriam's* Fan, and repeated,

Sedley *has that prevailing gentle Art, } That can with a resistless Charm impart } The loosest Wishes to the  
chastest Heart: } Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire, Between declining Virtue and Desire, Till the poor*

vanquish'd Maid dissolves away In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.\_ [1]

When *Crastin* had uttered these Verses with a Tenderness which at once spoke Passion and Respect, *Honorio* cast a triumphant Glance at *Flavia*\_, as exulting in the Elegance of *Crastin's*\_ Courtship, and upbraiding her with the Homeliness of *Tulip's*\_. *Tulip* understood the Reproach, and in Return began to applaud the Wisdom of old amorous Gentlemen, who turned their Mistress's Imagination as far as possible from what they had long themselves forgot, and ended his Discourse with a sly Commendation of the Doctrine of *Platonick* Love; at the same time he ran over, with a laughing Eye, *Crastin's*\_ thin Legs, meagre Looks, and spare Body. The old Gentleman immediately left the Room with some Disorder, and the Conversation fell upon untimely Passion, After-Love, and unseasonable Youth. *Tulip* sung, danced, moved before the Glass, led his Mistress half a Minuet, hummed

Celia \_the Fair, in the bloom of Fifteen\_;

when there came a Servant with a Letter to him, which was as follows.

SIR,

I understand very well what you meant by your Mention of *Platonick* Love. I shall be glad to meet you immediately in *Hide-Park*\_, or behind *Montague-House*\_, or attend you to Barn-Elms, [2] or any other fashionable Place that's fit for a Gentleman to die in, that you shall appoint for,

\_Sir, Your most Humble Servant\_, Richard Crastin.

*Tulip's*\_ Colour changed at the reading of this Epistle; for which Reason his Mistress snatched it to read the Contents. While she was doing so *Tulip* went away, and the Ladies now agreeing in a Common Calamity, bewailed together the Danger of their Lovers. They immediately undressed to go out, and took Hackneys to prevent Mischief: but, after alarming all Parts of the Town, *Crastin* was found by his Widow in his Pumps at *Hide-Park*\_, which Appointment *Tulip* never kept, but made his Escape into the Country. *Flavia* tears her Hair for his inglorious Safety, curses and despises her Charmer, is fallen in Love with *Crastin*\_: Which is the first Part of the History of the *Rival Mother*.

R.

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[Footnote 1: Rochester's 'Imitations of Horace', Sat. I. 10.]

[Footnote 2: A famous duelling place under elm trees, in a meadow half surrounded by the Thames.]

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No. 92. Friday, June 15, 1711. Addison.

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'... Convivæ prope dissentire videntur, Poscentes vario multum diversa palato; Quid dem? Quid non dem?'

Hor.

Looking over the late Packets of Letters which have been sent to me, I found the following one. [1]

*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

'Your Paper is a Part of my Tea-Equipage; and my Servant knows my Humour so well, that calling for my Breakfast this Morning (it being past my usual Hour) she answer'd, the SPECTATOR was not yet come in;

but that the Tea–Kettle boiled, and she expected it every Moment. Having thus in part signified to you the Esteem and Veneration which I have for you, I must put you in mind of the Catalogue of Books which you have promised to recommend to our Sex; for I have deferred furnishing my Closet with Authors, 'till I receive your Advice in this Particular, being your daily Disciple and humble Servant,

LEONORA.

In Answer to my fair Disciple, whom I am very proud of, I must acquaint her and the rest of my Readers, that since I have called out for Help in my Catalogue of a Lady's Library, I have received many Letters upon that Head, some of which I shall give an Account of.

In the first Class I shall take notice of those which come to me from eminent Booksellers, who every one of them mention with Respect the Authors they have printed, and consequently have an Eye to their own Advantage more than to that of the Ladies. One tells me, that he thinks it absolutely necessary for Women to have true Notions of Right and Equity, and that therefore they cannot peruse a better Book than *Dalton's Country Justice*: Another thinks they cannot be without *The Compleat Jockey*. A third observing the Curiosity and Desire of prying into Secrets, which he tells me is natural to the fair Sex, is of Opinion this female Inclination, if well directed, might turn very much to their Advantage, and therefore recommends to me *Mr. Mede upon the Revelations*. A fourth lays it down as an unquestioned Truth, that a Lady cannot be thoroughly accomplished who has not read *The Secret Treaties and Negotiations of Marshal D'Estrades*. Mr. *Jacob Tonson Jun.* is of Opinion, that *Bayle's Dictionary* might be of very great use to the Ladies, in order to make them general Scholars. Another whose Name I have forgotten, thinks it highly proper that every Woman with Child should read *Mr. Wall's History of Infant Baptism*: As another is very importunate with me to recommend to all my female Readers *The finishing Stroke: Being a Vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme*, &c.

In the second Class I shall mention Books which are recommended by Husbands, if I may believe the Writers of them. Whether or no they are real Husbands or personated ones I cannot tell, but the Books they recommend are as follow. *A Paraphrase on the History of Susanna*. *Rules to keep Lent*. *The Christian's Overthrow prevented*. *A Dissuasive from the Play–house*. *The Virtues of Camphire*, with Directions to make Camphire Tea. *The Pleasures of a Country Life*. *The Government of the Tongue*. A Letter dated from *Cheapside* desires me that I would advise all young Wives to make themselves Mistresses of *Wingate's Arithmetick*, and concludes with a Postscript, that he hopes I will not forget *The Countess of Kent's Receipts*.

I may reckon the Ladies themselves as a third Class among these my Correspondents and Privy–Counsellors. In a Letter from one of them, I am advised to place *Pharamond* at the Head of my Catalogue, and, if I think proper, to give the second place to *Cassandra*. *Coquetilla* begs me not to think of nailing Women upon their Knees with Manuals of Devotion, nor of scorching their Faces with Books of Housewifery. *Florella* desires to know if there are any Books written against Prudes, and intreats me, if there are, to give them a Place in my Library. Plays of all Sorts have their several Advocates: *All for Love* is mentioned in above fifteen Letters; *Sophonisba*, or *Hannibal's Overthrow*, in a Dozen; *The Innocent Adultery* is likewise highly approved of; *Mithridates King of Pontus* has many Friends; *Alexander the Great* and *Aurengzebe* have the same Number of Voices; but *Theodosius*, or *The Force of Love*. carries it from all the rest. [2]

I should, in the last Place, mention such Books as have been proposed by Men of Learning, and those who appear competent Judges of this Matter; and must here take Occasion to thank *A. B.* whoever it is that conceals himself under those two Letters, for his Advice upon this Subject: But as I find the Work I have undertaken to be very difficult, I shall defer the executing of it till I am further acquainted with the Thoughts of my judicious Contemporaries, and have time to examine the several Books they offer to me; being resolved, in an Affair of this Moment, to proceed with the greatest Caution.

In the mean while, as I have taken the Ladies under my particular Care, I shall make it my Business to find out

in the best Authors ancient and modern such Passages as may be for their use, and endeavour to accommodate them as well as I can to their Taste; not questioning but the valuable Part of the Sex will easily pardon me, if from Time to Time I laugh at those little Vanities and Follies which appear in the Behaviour of some of them, and which are more proper for Ridicule than a serious Censure. Most Books being calculated for Male Readers, and generally written with an Eye to Men of Learning, makes a Work of this Nature the more necessary; besides, I am the more encouraged, because I flatter myself that I see the Sex daily improving by these my Speculations. My fair Readers are already deeper Scholars than the Beaus. I could name some of them who could talk much better than several Gentlemen that make a Figure at \_Will's\_; and as I frequently receive Letters from the *fine Ladies* and \_pretty Fellows\_, I cannot but observe that the former are superior to the others not only in the Sense but in the Spelling. This cannot but have a good Effect upon the Female World, and keep them from being charmed by those empty Coxcombs that have hitherto been admired among the Women, tho' laugh'd at among the Men.

I am credibly informed that *Tom Tattle* passes for an impertinent Fellow, that *Will Trippet* begins to be smoaked, and that *Frank Smoothly* himself is within a Month of a Coxcomb, in case I think fit to continue this Paper. For my part, as it is my Business in some measure to detect such as would lead astray weak Minds by their false Pretences to Wit and Judgment, Humour and Gallantry, I shall not fail to lend the best Lights I am able to the fair Sex for the Continuation of these their Discoveries.

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[Footnote 1: By Mrs. Perry, whose sister, Miss Shepheard, has letters in two later numbers, 140 and 163. These ladies were descended from Sir Fleetwood Shepheard.]

[Footnote 2: Michael Dalton's 'Country Justice' was first published in 1618. Joseph Mede's 'Clavis Apocalyptica,' published in 1627, and translated by Richard More in 1643, was as popular in the Pulpit as 'The Country Justice' on the Bench. The negotiations of Count d'Estrades were from 1637 to 1662. The translation of Bayle's Dictionary had been published by Tonson in 1610. Dr. William Wall's 'History of Infant Baptism,' published in 1705, was in its third edition. 'Aurungzebe' was by Dryden. 'Mithridates' and 'Theodosius' were by Lee.]

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No. 93. Saturday, June 16, 1711. Addison.

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'... Spatio brevi Spem longam reseces: dum loquimur, fugerit Invida Ætas: carpe Diem, quam minimum credula postero.'

Hor.

We all of us complain of the Shortness of Time, saith *Seneca* [1] and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our Lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the Purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: We are always complaining our Days are few, and acting as though there would be no End of them. That noble Philosopher has described our Inconsistency with our selves in this Particular, by all those various Turns of Expression and Thought which are peculiar to his Writings.

I often consider Mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a Point that bears some Affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the Shortness of Life in general, we are wishing every Period of it at an end. The Minor longs to be at Age, then to be a Man of Business, then to make up an Estate, then to arrive at Honours, then to retire. Thus although the whole of Life is allowed by every one to be short, the several Divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our Span in general, but would fain contract the Parts of which it is composed. The Usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the Time annihilated that lies between the present Moment and next Quarter-day. The Politician would be contented to lose three Years in his Life, could he place things in the Posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a Revolution of

Time. The Lover would be glad to strike out of his Existence all the Moments that are to pass away before the happy Meeting. Thus, as fast as our Time runs, we should be very glad in most Parts of our Lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several Hours of the Day hang upon our Hands, nay we wish away whole Years: and travel through Time as through a Country filled with many wild and empty Wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little Settlements or imaginary Points of Rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the Life of most Men into twenty Parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are meer Gaps and Chasms, which are neither filled with Pleasure nor Business. I do not however include in this Calculation the Life of those Men who are in a perpetual Hurry of Affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in Scenes of Action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable Piece of Service to these Persons, if I point out to them certain Methods for the filling up their empty Spaces of Life. The Methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

The first is the Exercise of Virtue, in the most general Acceptation of the Word. That particular Scheme which comprehends the Social Virtues, may give Employment to the most industrious Temper, and find a Man in Business more than the most active Station of Life. To advise the Ignorant, relieve the Needy, comfort the Afflicted, are Duties that fall in our way almost every Day of our Lives. A Man has frequent Opportunities of mitigating the Fierceness of a Party; of doing Justice to the Character of a deserving Man; of softning the Envious, quieting the Angry, and rectifying the Prejudiced; which are all of them Employments suited to a reasonable Nature, and bring great Satisfaction to the Person who can busy himself in them with Discretion.

There is another kind of Virtue that may find Employment for those Retired Hours in which we are altogether left to our selves, and destitute of Company and Conversation; I mean that Intercourse and Communication which every reasonable Creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his Being. The Man who lives under an habitual Sense of the Divine Presence keeps up a perpetual Chearfulness of Temper, and enjoys every Moment the Satisfaction of thinking himself in Company with his dearest and best of Friends. The Time never lies heavy upon him: It is impossible for him to be alone. His Thoughts and Passions are the most busied at such Hours when those of other Men are the most unactive: He no sooner steps out of the World but his Heart burns with Devotion, swells with Hope, and triumphs in the Consciousness of that Presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its Fears, its Sorrows, its Apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its Existence.

I have here only considered the Necessity of a Man's being Virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the Exercise of Virtue is not only an Amusement for the time it lasts, but that its Influence extends to those Parts of our Existence which lie beyond the Grave, and that our whole Eternity is to take its Colour from those Hours which we here employ in Virtue or in Vice, the Argument redoubles upon us, for putting in Practice this Method of passing away our Time.

When a Man has but a little Stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good Account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen Parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his Ruin or Disadvantage? But because the Mind cannot be always in its Fervours, nor strained up to a Pitch of Virtue, it is necessary to find out proper Employments for it in its Relaxations.

The next Method therefore that I would propose to fill up our Time, should be useful and innocent Diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable Creatures to be altogether conversant in such Diversions as are meerly innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no Hurt in them. Whether any kind of Gaming has even thus much to say for it self, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see Persons of the best Sense passing away a dozen Hours together in shuffling and dividing a Pack of Cards, with no other Conversation but what is made up of a few Game Phrases, and no other Ideas but those of black or red Spots ranged together in different Figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this Species complaining that Life is short.

The *Stage* might be made a perpetual Source of the most noble and useful Entertainments, were it under proper Regulations.

But the Mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the Conversation of a well chosen Friend. There is indeed no Blessing of Life that is any way comparable to the Enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous Friend. It eases and unloads the Mind, clears and improves the Understanding, engenders Thoughts and Knowledge, animates Virtue and good Resolution, soothes and allays the Passions, and finds Employment for most of the vacant Hours of Life.

Next to such an Intimacy with a particular Person, one would endeavour after a more general Conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are Qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful Amusements of Life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all Occasions have Recourse to something rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any Passion that chances to rise in it.

A Man that has a Taste of Musick, Painting, or Architecture, is like one that has another Sense when compared with such as have no Relish of those Arts. The Florist, the Planter, the Gardiner, the Husbandman, when they are only as Accomplishments to the Man of Fortune, are great Reliefs to a Country Life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the Diversions of Life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty Spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining Authors. But this I shall only touch upon, because it in some Measure interferes with the third Method, which I shall propose in another Paper, for the Employment of our dead unactive Hours, and which I shall only mention in general to be the Pursuit of Knowledge.

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[Footnote 1: Epist. 49, and in his De Brevitate Vita.]

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No. 94 Monday, June 18, 1711 Addison.

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'... Hoc est Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.'

Mart.

The last Method which I proposed in my *Saturday's Paper*, for filling up those empty Spaces of Life which are so tedious and burdensome to idle People, is the employing ourselves in the Pursuit of Knowledge. I remember *Mr. Boyle* [1] speaking of a certain Mineral, tells us, That a Man may consume his whole Life in the Study of it, without arriving at the Knowledge of all its Qualities. The Truth of it is, there is not a single Science, or any Branch of it, that might not furnish a Man with Business for Life, though it were much longer than it is.

I shall not here engage on those beaten Subjects of the Usefulness of Knowledge, nor of the Pleasure and Perfection it gives the Mind, nor on the Methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular Branch of it, all which have been the Topicks of many other Writers; but shall indulge my self in a Speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before shewn how the unemployed Parts of Life appear long and tedious, and shall here endeavour to shew how those Parts of Life which are exercised in Study, Reading, and the Pursuits of Knowledge, are long but not tedious, and by that means discover a Method of lengthening our Lives, and at the same time of

turning all the Parts of them to our Advantage.

Mr. *Lock* observes, [2]

'That we get the Idea of Time, or Duration, by reflecting on that Train of Ideas which succeed one another in our Minds: That for this Reason, when we sleep soundly without dreaming, we have no Perception of Time, or the Length of it whilst we sleep; and that the Moment wherein we leave off to think, till the Moment we begin to think again, seems to have no distance.'

To which the Author adds,

'And so I doubt not but it would be to a waking Man, if it were possible for him to keep only one *Idea* in his Mind, without Variation, and the Succession of others: And we see, that one who fixes his Thoughts very intently on one thing, so as to take but little notice of the Succession of *Ideas* that pass in his Mind whilst he is taken up with that earnest Contemplation, lets slip out of his Account a good Part of that Duration, and thinks that Time shorter than it is.'

We might carry this Thought further, and consider a Man as, on one Side, shortening his Time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; so, on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his Thoughts on many Subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant Succession of Ideas. Accordingly Monsieur *Mallebranche*, in his *Enquiry after Truth*, [3] (which was published several Years before Mr. *Lock's* Essay on Human Understanding) tells us, That it is possible some Creatures may think Half an Hour as long as we do a thousand Years; or look upon that Space of Duration which we call a Minute, as an Hour, a Week, a Month, or an whole Age.

This Notion of Monsieur *Mallebranche* is capable of some little Explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr. *Lock*; for if our Notion of Time is produced by our reflecting on the Succession of Ideas in our Mind, and this Succession may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different Beings may have different Notions of the same Parts of Duration, according as their Ideas, which we suppose are equally distinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or less Degree of Rapidity.

There is a famous Passage in the *Alcoran*, which looks as if *Mahomet* had been possessed of the Notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, [4] That the Angel *Gabriel* took *Mahomet* Out of his Bed one Morning to give him a Sight of all things in the Seven Heavens, in Paradise, and in Hell, which the Prophet took a distinct View of; and after having held ninety thousand Conferences with God, was brought back again to his Bed. All this, says the *Alcoran*, was transacted in so small a space of Time, that *Mahomet* at his Return found his Bed still warm, and took up an Earthen Pitcher, (which was thrown down at the very Instant that the Angel *Gabriel* carried him away) before the Water was all spilt.

There is a very pretty Story in the *Turkish* Tales which relates to this Passage of that famous Impostor, and bears some Affinity to the Subject we are now upon. A Sultan of *Egypt*, who was an Infidel, used to laugh at this Circumstance in *Mahomet's* Life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd: But conversing one Day with a great Doctor in the Law, who had the Gift of working Miracles, the Doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the Truth of this Passage in the History of *Mahomet*, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this the Sultan was directed to place himself by an huge Tub of Water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the Tub amidst a Circle of his great Men, the holy Man bid him plunge his Head into the Water, and draw it up again: The King accordingly thrust his Head into the Water, and at the same time found himself at the Foot of a Mountain on a Sea-shore. The King immediately began to rage against his Doctor for this Piece of Treachery and Witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper Methods for getting a Livelihood in this strange Country: Accordingly he applied himself to some People whom he saw at work in a Neighbouring Wood: these People conducted him to a Town that stood at a little Distance from the Wood, where, after some Adventures, he married a

Woman of great Beauty and Fortune. He lived with this Woman so long till he had by her seven Sons and seven Daughters: He was afterwards reduced to great Want, and forced to think of plying in the Streets as a Porter for his Livelihood. One Day as he was walking alone by the Sea-side, being seized with many melancholy Reflections upon his former and his present State of Life, which had raised a Fit of Devotion in him, he threw off his Clothes with a Design to wash himself, according to the Custom of the *\_Mahometans\_*, before he said his Prayers.

After his first Plunge into the Sea, he no sooner raised his Head above the Water but he found himself standing by the Side of the Tub, with the great Men of his Court about him, and the holy Man at his Side. He immediately upbraided his Teacher for having sent him on such a Course of Adventures, and betrayed him into so long a State of Misery and Servitude; but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the State he talked of was only a Dream and Delusion; that he had not stirred from the Place where he then stood; and that he had only dipped his Head into the Water, and immediately taken it out again.

The *Mahometan* Doctor took this Occasion of instructing the Sultan, that nothing was impossible with God; and that *\_He\_*, with whom a Thousand Years are but as one Day, can, if he pleases, make a single Day, nay a single Moment, appear to any of his Creatures as a Thousand Years.

I shall leave my Reader to compare these Eastern Fables with the Notions of those two great Philosophers whom I have quoted in this Paper; and shall only, by way of Application, desire him to consider how we may extend Life beyond its natural Dimensions, by applying our selves diligently to the Pursuits of Knowledge.

The Hours of a wise Man are lengthened by his Ideas, as those of a Fool are by his Passions: The Time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every Moment of it with useful or amusing Thought; or in other Words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the View of past Life, in the Man who is grown old in Knowledge and Wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in Ignorance and Folly? The latter is like the Owner of a barren Country that fills his Eye with the Prospect of naked Hills and Plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious Landskip divided into delightful Gardens, green Meadows, fruitful Fields, and can scarce cast his Eye on a single Spot of his Possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful Plant or Flower.

L.

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[Footnote 1: Not of himself, but in 'The Usefulness of Natural Philosophy' ('Works', ed. 1772, vol. ii. p. 11), Boyle quotes from the old Alchemist, Basil Valentine, who said in his 'Currus Trimphalis Antimonii'

'That the shortness of life makes it impossible for one man thoroughly to learn Antimony, in which every day something of new is discovered.']

[Footnote 2: 'Essay on the Human Understanding', Bk II. ch. 14.]

[Footnote 3: Two English Translations of Malebranche's 'Search after Truth' were published in 1694, one by T. Taylor of Magdalen College, Oxford. Malebranche sets out with the argument that man has no innate perception of Duration.]

[Footnote 4: The Night Journey of Mahomet gives its Title to the 17th Sura of the Koran, which assumes the believer's knowledge of the Visions of Gabriel seen at the outset of the prophet's career, when he was carried by night from Mecca to Jerusalem and thence through the seven heavens to the throne of God on the back of Borak, accompanied by Gabriel according to some traditions, and according to some in a vision. Details of the

origin of this story will be found in Muir, ii. 219, Nöld, p. 102. Addison took it from the 'Turkish Tales.']

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No 95. Tuesday, June 19, 1711. Steele.

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Curæ Leves loquuntur, Ingentes Stupent. [1]

Having read the two following Letters with much Pleasure, I cannot but think the good Sense of them will be as agreeable to the Town as any thing I could say either on the Topicks they treat of, or any other. They both allude to former Papers of mine, and I do not question but the first, which is upon inward Mourning, will be thought the Production of a Man who is well acquainted with the generous Earnings of Distress in a manly Temper, which is above the Relief of Tears. A Speculation of my own on that Subject I shall defer till another Occasion.

The second Letter is from a Lady of a Mind as great as her Understanding. There is perhaps something in the Beginning of it which I ought in Modesty to conceal; but I have so much Esteem for this Correspondent, that I will not alter a Tittle of what she writes, tho' I am thus scrupulous at the Price of being Ridiculous.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I was very well pleased with your Discourse upon General Mourning, and should be obliged to you if you would enter into the Matter more deeply, and give us your Thoughts upon the common Sense the ordinary People have of the Demonstrations of Grief, who prescribe Rules and Fashions to the most solemn Affliction; such as the Loss of the nearest Relations and dearest Friends. You cannot go to visit a sick Friend, but some impertinent Waiter about him observes the Muscles of your Face, as strictly as if they were Prognosticks of his Death or Recovery. If he happens to be taken from you, you are immediately surrounded with Numbers of these Spectators, who expect a melancholy Shrug of your Shoulders, a Pathetical shake of your Head, and an Expressive Distortion of your Face, to measure your Affection and Value for the Deceased: But there is nothing, on these Occasions, so much in their Favour as immoderate Weeping. As all their passions are superficial, they imagine the Seat of Love and Friendship to be placed visibly in the Eyes: They judge what Stock of Kindness you had for the Living, by the Quantity of Tears you pour out for the Dead; so that if one Body wants that Quantity of Salt-water another abounds with, he is in great Danger of being thought insensible or ill-natured: They are Strangers to Friendship, whose Grief happens not to be moist enough to wet such a Parcel of Handkerchiefs. But Experience has told us, nothing is so fallacious as this outward Sign of Sorrow; and the natural History of our Bodies will teach us that this Flux of the Eyes, this Faculty of Weeping, is peculiar only to some Constitutions. We observe in the tender Bodies of Children, when crossed in their little Wills and Expectations, how dissolvable they are into Tears. If this were what Grief is in Men, Nature would not be able to support them in the Excess of it for one Moment. Add to this Observation, how quick is their Transition from this Passion to that of their Joy. I won't say we see often, in the next tender Things to Children, Tears shed without much Grieving. Thus it is common to shed Tears without much Sorrow, and as common to suffer much Sorrow without shedding Tears. Grief and Weeping are indeed frequent Companions, but, I believe, never in their highest Excesses. As Laughter does not proceed from profound Joy, so neither does Weeping from profound Sorrow. The Sorrow which appears so easily at the Eyes, cannot have pierced deeply into the Heart. The Heart distended with Grief, stops all the Passages for Tears or Lamentations.

'Now, Sir, what I would incline you to in all this, is, that you would inform the shallow Criticks and Observers upon Sorrow, that true Affliction labours to be invisible, that it is a Stranger to Ceremony, and that it bears in its own Nature a Dignity much above the little Circumstances which are affected under the Notion of Decency. You must know, Sir, I have lately lost a dear Friend, for whom I have not yet shed a Tear, and for that Reason your Animadversions on that Subject would be the more acceptable to', SIR, \_Your most humble

Servant\_, B.D.

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June *the 15th.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'As I hope there are but few who have so little Gratitude as not to acknowledge the Usefulness of your Pen, and to esteem it a Publick Benefit; so I am sensible, be that as it will, you must nevertheless find the Secret and Incomparable Pleasure of doing Good, and be a great Sharer in the Entertainment you give. I acknowledge our Sex to be much obliged, and I hope improved, by your Labours, and even your Intentions more particularly for our Service. If it be true, as 'tis sometimes said, that our Sex have an Influence on the other, your Paper may be a yet more general Good. Your directing us to Reading is certainly the best Means to our Instruction; but I think, with you, Caution in that Particular very useful, since the Improvement of our Understandings may, or may not, be of Service to us, according as it is managed. It has been thought we are not generally so Ignorant as Ill-taught, or that our Sex does so often want Wit, Judgment, or Knowledge, as the right Application of them: You are so well-bred, as to say your fair Readers are already deeper Scholars than the Beaus, and that you could name some of them that talk much better than several Gentlemen that make a Figure at \_Will's\_: This may possibly be, and no great Compliment, in my Opinion, even supposing your Comparison to reach \_Tom's\_ and the \_Grecian\_: Surely you are too wise to think That a Real Commendation of a Woman. Were it not rather to be wished we improved in our own Sphere, and approved our selves better Daughters, Wives, Mothers, and Friends?

I can't but agree with the Judicious Trader in *Cheapside* (though I am not at all prejudiced in his Favour) in recommending the Study of Arithmetick; and must dissent even from the Authority which you mention, when it advises the making our Sex Scholars. Indeed a little more Philosophy, in order to the Subduing our Passions to our Reason, might be sometimes serviceable, and a Treatise of that Nature I should approve of, even in exchange for \_Theodosius\_, or \_The Force of Love\_; but as I well know you want not Hints, I will proceed no further than to recommend the Bishop of \_Cambray's\_ Education of a Daughter, as 'tis translated into the only Language I have any Knowledge of, [2] tho' perhaps very much to its Disadvantage. I have heard it objected against that Piece, that its Instructions are not of general Use, but only fitted for a great Lady; but I confess I am not of that Opinion; for I don't remember that there are any Rules laid down for the Expences of a Woman, in which Particular only I think a Gentlewoman ought to differ from a Lady of the best Fortune, or highest Quality, and not in their Principles of Justice, Gratitude, Sincerity, Prudence, or Modesty. I ought perhaps to make an Apology for this long Epistle; but as I rather believe you a Friend to Sincerity, than Ceremony, shall only assure you I am, T. SIR, \_Your most humble Servant\_, Annabella.

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[Footnote 1: Seneca, Citation omitted also in the early reprints.]

[Footnote 2: Fenelon was then living. He died in 1715, aged 63.]

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No. 96 Wednesday, June 20, 1711. Steele.

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... Amicum Mancipium domino, et frugi ...

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I have frequently read your Discourse upon Servants, and, as I am one my self, have been much offended that in that Variety of Forms wherein you considered the Bad, you found no Place to mention the Good. There is

however one Observation of yours I approve, which is, That there are Men of Wit and good Sense among all Orders of Men; and that Servants report most of the Good or Ill which is spoken of their Masters. That there are Men of Sense who live in Servitude, I have the Vanity to say I have felt to my woful Experience. You attribute very justly the Source of our general Iniquity to Board–Wages, and the Manner of living out of a domestick Way: But I cannot give you my Thoughts on this Subject any way so well, as by a short account of my own Life to this the Forty fifth Year of my Age; that is to say, from my being first a Foot–boy at Fourteen, to my present Station of a Nobleman's Porter in the Year of my Age above–mentioned. Know then, that my Father was a poor Tenant to the Family of Sir \_Stephen Rackrent:\_ Sir *Stephen* put me to School, or rather made me follow his Son *Harry* to School, from my Ninth Year; and there, tho' Sir *Stephen* paid something for my Learning, I was used like a Servant, and was forced to get what Scraps of Learning I could by my own Industry, for the Schoolmaster took very little Notice of me. My young Master was a Lad of very sprightly Parts; and my being constantly about him, and loving him, was no small Advantage to me. My Master loved me extremely, and has often been whipped for not keeping me at a Distance. He used always to say, That when he came to his Estate I should have a Lease of my Father's Tenement for nothing. I came up to Town with him to *Westminster* School; at which time he taught me at Night all he learnt; and put me to find out Words in the Dictionary when he was about his Exercise. It was the Will of Providence that Master *Harry* was taken very ill of a Fever, of which he died within Ten Days after his first falling sick. Here was the first Sorrow I ever knew; and I assure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, I remember the beautiful Action of the sweet Youth in his Fever, as fresh as if it were Yesterday. If he wanted any thing, it must be given him by \_Tom:\_ When I let any thing fall through the Grief I was under, he would cry, Do not beat the poor Boy: Give him some more Julep for me, no Body else shall give it me. He would strive to hide his being so bad, when he saw I could not bear his being in so much Danger, and comforted me, saying, \_Tom, Tom,\_ have a good Heart. When I was holding a Cup at his Mouth, he fell into Convulsions; and at this very Time I hear my dear Master's last Groan. I was quickly turned out of the Room, and left to sob and beat my Head against the Wall at my Leisure. The Grief I was in was inexpressible; and every Body thought it would have cost me my Life. In a few Days my old Lady, who was one of the Housewives of the World, thought of turning me out of Doors, because I put her in mind of her Son. Sir *Stephen* proposed putting me to Prentice; but my Lady being an excellent Manager, would not let her Husband throw away his Money in Acts of Charity. I had sense enough to be under the utmost Indignation, to see her discard with so little Concern, one her Son had loved so much; and went out of the House to ramble wherever my Feet would carry me.

The third Day after I left Sir \_Stephen's\_ Family, I was strolling up and down the Walks in the *Temple*. A young Gentleman of the House, who (as I heard him say afterwards) seeing me half–starved and well–dressed, thought me an Equipage ready to his Hand, after very little Inquiry more than \_Did I want a Master?\_ bid me follow him; I did so, and in a very little while thought myself the happiest Creature in this World. My Time was taken up in carrying Letters to Wenches, or Messages to young Ladies of my Master's Acquaintance. We rambled from Tavern to Tavern, to the Play–house, the Mulberry–Garden,[1] and all places of Resort; where my Master engaged every Night in some new Amour, in which and Drinking he spent all his Time when he had Money. During these Extravagancies I had the Pleasure of lying on the Stairs of a Tavern half a Night, playing at Dice with other Servants, and the like Idleness. When my Master was moneyless, I was generally employ'd in transcribing amorous Pieces of Poetry, old Songs, and new Lampoons. This Life held till my Master married, and he had then the Prudence to turn me off, because I was in the Secret of his Intreagues.

I was utterly at a loss what Course to take next; when at last I applied my self to a Fellow–sufferer, one of his Mistresses, a Woman of the Town. She happening at that time to be pretty full of Money, cloathed me from Head to Foot, and knowing me to be a sharp Fellow, employed me accordingly. Sometimes I was to go abroad with her, and when she had pitched upon a young Fellow she thought for her Turn, I was to be dropped as one she could not trust. She would often cheapen Goods at the \_New Exchange\_[1] and when she had a mind to be attacked, she would send me away on an Errand. When an humble Servant and she were beginning a Parley, I came immediately, and told her Sir *John* was come home; then she would order another Coach to prevent being dogged. The Lover makes Signs to me as I get behind the Coach, I shake my Head it was

impossible: I leave my Lady at the next Turning, and follow the Cully to know how to fall in his Way on another Occasion. Besides good Offices of this Nature, I writ all my Mistress's Love-Letters; some from a Lady that saw such a Gentleman at such a Place in such a coloured Coat, some shewing the Terrour she was in of a jealous old Husband, others explaining that the Severity of her Parents was such (tho' her Fortune was settled) that she was willing to run away with such a one, tho' she knew he was but a younger Brother. In a Word, my half Education and Love of idle Books, made me outwrite all that made Love to her by way of Epistle; and as she was extremely cunning, she did well enough in Company by a skilful Affectation of the greatest Modesty. In the midst of all this I was surprised with a Letter from her and a Ten Pound Note.

*Honest Tom,*

You will never see me more. I am married to a very cunning Country Gentleman, who might possibly guess something if I kept you still; therefore farewell.

When this Place was lost also in Marriage, I was resolved to go among quite another People, for the future; and got in Butler to one of those Families where there is a Coach kept, three or four Servants, a clean House, and a good general Outside upon a small Estate. Here I lived very comfortably for some Time, 'till I unfortunately found my Master, the very gravest Man alive, in the Garret with the Chambermaid. I knew the World too well to think of staying there; and the next Day pretended to have received a Letter out of the Country that my Father was dying, and got my Discharge with a Bounty for my Discretion.

The next I lived with was a peevish single man, whom I stayed with for a Year and a Half. Most part of the Time I passed very easily; for when I began to know him, I minded no more than he meant what he said; so that one Day in a good Humour he said *\_I was the best man he ever had, by my want of respect to him\_.*

These, Sir, are the chief Occurrences of my Life; and I will not dwell upon very many other Places I have been in, where I have been the strangest Fellow in the World, where no Body in the World had such Servants as they, where sure they were the unluckiest People in the World in Servants; and so forth. All I mean by this Representation, is, to shew you that we poor Servants are not (what you called us too generally) all Rogues; but that we are what we are, according to the Example of our Superiors. In the Family I am now in, I am guilty of no one Sin but Lying; which I do with a grave Face in my Gown and Staff every Day I live, and almost all Day long, in denying my Lord to impertinent Suitors, and my Lady to unwelcome Visitants. But, Sir, I am to let you know that I am, when I get abroad, a Leader of the Servants: I am he that keep Time with beating my Cudgel against the Boards in the Gallery at an Opera; I am he that am touched so properly at a Tragedy, when the People of Quality are staring at one another during the most important Incidents: When you hear in a Crowd a Cry in the right Place, an Humm where the Point is touched in a Speech, or an Hussa set up where it is the Voice of the People; you may conclude it is begun or joined by, T. *\_SIR, Your more than Humble Servant, \_ Thomas Trusty*

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[Footnote 1: A place of open-air entertainment near Buckingham House. Sir Charles Sedley named one of his plays after it.]

[Footnote 2: In the Strand, between Durham Yard and York Buildings; in the 'Spectator's' time the fashionable mart for milliners. It was taken down in 1737.]

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No. 97. Thursday, June 21, 1711. Steele.

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'Projecere animas.'

Virg.

Among the loose Papers which I have frequently spoken of heretofore, I find a Conversation between *Pharamond* and *Eucrate* upon the Subject of Duels, and the Copy of an Edict issued in Consequence of that Discourse.

*Eucrate* argued, that nothing but the most severe and vindictive Punishments, such as placing the Bodies of the Offenders in Chains, and putting them to Death by the most exquisite Torments, would be sufficient to extirpate a Crime which had so long prevailed and was so firmly fixed in the Opinion of the World as great and laudable; but the King answered, That indeed Instances of Ignominy were necessary in the Cure of this Evil; but considering that it prevailed only among such as had a Nicety in their Sense of Honour, and that it often happened that a Duel was fought to save Appearances to the World, when both Parties were in their Hearts in Amity and Reconciliation to each other; it was evident that turning the Mode another way would effectually put a Stop to what had Being only as a Mode. That to such Persons, Poverty and Shame were Torments sufficient, That he would not go further in punishing in others Crimes which he was satisfied he himself was most Guilty of, in that he might have prevented them by speaking his Displeasure sooner. Besides which the King said, he was in general averse to Tortures, which was putting Human Nature it self, rather than the Criminal, to Disgrace; and that he would be sure not to use this Means where the Crime was but an ill Effect arising from a laudable Cause, the Fear of Shame. The King, at the same time, spoke with much Grace upon the Subject of Mercy; and repented of many Acts of that kind which had a magnificent Aspect in the doing, but dreadful Consequences in the Example. Mercy to Particulars, he observed, was Cruelty in the General: That though a Prince could not revive a Dead Man by taking the Life of him who killed him, neither could he make Reparation to the next that should die by the evil Example; or answer to himself for the Partiality, in not pardoning the next as well as the former Offender.

'As for me, says *Pharamond*, I have conquer'd *France*, and yet have given Laws to my People: The Laws are my Methods of Life; they are not a Diminution but a Direction to my Power. I am still absolute to distinguish the Innocent and the Virtuous, to give Honours to the Brave and Generous: I am absolute in my Good-will: none can oppose my Bounty, or prescribe Rules for my Favour. While I can, as I please, reward the Good, I am under no Pain that I cannot pardon the Wicked: For which Reason, continued *Pharamond*, I will effectually put a stop to this Evil, by exposing no more the Tenderness of my Nature to the Importunity of having the same Respect to those who are miserable by their Fault, and those who are so by their Misfortune. Flatterers (concluded the King smiling) repeat to us Princes, that we are Heaven's Vice-regents; Let us be so, and let the only thing out of our Power be *to do Ill*.'

'Soon after the Evening wherein *Pharamond* and *Eucrate* had this Conversation, the following Edict was Published.

*Pharamond's* Edict against Duels.

*Pharamond, King of the Gauls, to all his loving Subjects sendeth Greeting.*

Whereas it has come to our Royal Notice and Observation, that in contempt of all Laws Divine and Human, it is of late become a Custom among the Nobility and Gentry of this our Kingdom, upon slight and trivial, as well as great and urgent Provocations, to invite each other into the Field, there by their own Hands, and of their own Authority, to decide their Controversies by Combat; We have thought fit to take the said Custom into our Royal Consideration, and find, upon Enquiry into the usual Causes whereon such fatal Decisions have arisen, that by this wicked Custom, maugre all the Precepts of our Holy Religion, and the Rules of right Reason, the greatest Act of the human Mind, *Forgiveness of Injuries*, is become vile and shameful; that the Rules of Good Society and Virtuous Conversation are hereby inverted; that the Loose, the Vain, and the Impudent, insult the Careful, the Discreet, and the Modest; that all Virtue is suppressed, and all Vice supported, in the one Act of being capable to dare to the Death. We have also further, with great Sorrow of Mind, observed that this Dreadful Action, by long Impunity, (our Royal Attention being employed upon Matters of more general Concern) is become Honourable, and the Refusal to engage in it Ignominious. In

these our Royal Cares and Enquiries We are yet farther made to understand, that the Persons of most Eminent Worth, and most hopeful Abilities, accompanied with the strongest Passion for true Glory, are such as are most liable to be involved in the Dangers arising from this Licence. Now taking the said Premises into our serious Consideration, and well weighing that all such Emergencies (wherein the Mind is incapable of commanding it self, and where the Injury is too sudden or too exquisite to be born) are particularly provided for by Laws heretofore enacted; and that the Qualities of less Injuries, like those of Ingratitude, are too nice and delicate to come under General Rules; We do resolve to blot this Fashion, or Wantonness of Anger, out of the Minds of Our Subjects, by Our Royal Resolutions declared in this Edict, as follow.

No Person who either Sends or Accepts a Challenge, or the Posterity of either, tho' no Death ensues thereupon, shall be, after the Publication of this our Edict, capable of bearing Office in these our Dominions.

The Person who shall prove the sending or receiving a Challenge, shall receive to his own Use and Property, the whole Personal Estate of both Parties: and their Real Estate shall be immediately vested in the next Heir of the Offenders in as ample Manner as if the said Offenders were actually Deceased.

In Cases where the Laws (which we have already granted to our Subjects) admit of an Appeal for Blood; when the Criminal is condemned by the said Appeal, He shall not only suffer Death, but his whole Estate, Real, Mixed, and Personal, shall from the Hour of his Death be vested in the next Heir of the Person whose Blood he spilt.

That it shall not hereafter be in our Royal Power, or that of our Successors, to pardon the said Offences, or restore [the Offenders [1]] in their Estates, Honour, or Blood for ever.

*Given at our Court at Blois, \_the 8th of\_ February, 420. In the Second Year of our Reign.*

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[Footnote 1: them]

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No. 98. Friday, June 22, 1711. Addison.

'Tanta est quarendi cura decoris.'

Juv.

There is not so variable a thing in Nature as a Lady's Head-dress: Within my own Memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty Degrees. About ten Years ago it shot up to a very great Height, [1] insomuch that the Female Part of our Species were much taller than the Men. The Women were of such an enormous Stature, that *we appeared as Grasshoppers before them.* [2] At present the whole Sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of Beauties that seems almost another Species. I remember several Ladies, who were once very near seven Foot high, that at present want some inches of five: How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole Sex be at present under any Penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their Head-dresses in order to surprize us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the Sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this Method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a Secret; tho' I find most are of Opinion, they are at present like Trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater Heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by Women who are taller than my self, I admire the Sex much more in their present Humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural Dimensions, than when they had extended their Persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantick Figures. I am not for

adding to the beautiful Edifices of Nature, nor for raising any whimsical Superstructure upon her Plans: I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the Coiffure now in Fashion, and think it shews the good Sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable Part of the Sex. One may observe that Women in all Ages have taken more Pains than Men to adorn the Outside of their Heads; and indeed I very much admire, that those Female Architects, who raise such wonderful Structures out of Ribbands, Lace, and Wire, have not been recorded for their respective Inventions. It is certain there has been as many Orders in these Kinds of Building, as in those which have been made of Marble: Sometimes they rise in the Shape of a Pyramid, sometimes like a Tower, and sometimes like a Steeple. In *Juvenal's* time the Building grew by several Orders and Stories, as he has very humorously described it.

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum Ædificat caput: Andromachen a fronte videbis; Post minor est: Altam credas.

Juv.

But I do not remember in any Part of my Reading, that the Head-dress aspired to so great an Extravagance as in the fourteenth Century; when it was built up in a couple of Cones or Spires, which stood so excessively high on each Side of the Head, that a Woman, who was but a *Pigmie* without her Head-dress, appear'd like a *Colossus* upon putting it on. Monsieur *Paradin* [3] says,

'That these old-fashioned Fontanges rose an Ell above the Head; that they were pointed like Steeples, and had long loose Pieces of Crape fastened to the Tops of them, which were curiously fringed and hung down their Backs like Streamers.'

The Women might possibly have carried this Gothick Building much higher, had not a famous Monk, *Thomas Conecte* [4] by Name, attacked it with great Zeal and Resolution.

This holy Man travelled from Place to Place to preach down this monstrous Commode; and succeeded so well in it, that as the Magicians sacrificed their Books to the Flames upon the Preaching of an Apostle, many of the Women threw down their Head-dresses in the Middle of his Sermon, and made a Bonfire of them within Sight of the Pulpit. He was so renowned as well for the Sanctity of his Life as his Manner of Preaching that he had often a Congregation of twenty thousand People; the Men placing themselves on the one Side of his Pulpit, and the Women on the other, that appeared (to use the Similitude of an ingenious Writer) like a Forest of Cedars with their Heads reaching to the Clouds. He so warmed and animated the People against this monstrous Ornament, that it lay under a kind of Persecution; and whenever it appeared in publick was pelted down by the Rabble, who flung Stones at the Persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this Prodigy vanished, while the Preacher was among them, it began to appear again some Months after his Departure, or to tell it in Monsieur *Paradin's* own Words,

'The Women that, like Snails, in a Fright, had drawn in their Horns, shot them out again as soon as the Danger was over.'

This Extravagance of the Womens Head-dresses in that Age is taken notice of by Monsieur *d'Argentré* [5] in the History of *Bretagne*, and by other Historians as well as the Person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good Reign is the only proper Time for making of Laws against the Exorbitance of Power; in the same manner an excessive Head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the Fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this Paper to my Female Readers by way of Prevention.

I would desire the Fair Sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the Master-piece of Nature. The Head has the most beautiful Appearance, as well as the highest Station, in a human Figure. Nature has laid out all her Art in beautifying the Face; she has touched it

with Vermilion, planted in it a double Row of Ivory, made it the Seat of Smiles and Blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the Brightness of the Eyes, hung it on each Side with curious Organs of Sense, given it Airs and Graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing Shade of Hair as sets all its Beauties in the most agreeable Light: In short, she seems to have designed the Head as the Cupola to the most glorious of her Works; and when we load it with such a Pile of supernumerary Ornaments, we destroy the Symmetry of the human Figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the Eye from great and real Beauties, to childish Gewgaws, Ribbands, and Bone-lace.

L.

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[Footnote 1: The Commode, called by the French 'Fontange', worn on their heads by ladies at the beginning of the 18th century, was a structure of wire, which bore up the hair and the forepart of the lace cap to a great height. The 'Spectator' tells how completely and suddenly the fashion was abandoned in his time.]

[Footnote 2: Numbers xiii 33.]

[Footnote 3: Guillaume Paradin, a laborious writer of the 16th century, born at Cuizeau, in the Bresse Chalonnaise, and still living in 1581, wrote a great many books. The passages quoted by the 'Spectator' are from his 'Annales de Bourgoigne', published in 1566.]

[Footnote 4: Thomas Conecte, of Bretagne, was a Carmelite monk, who became famous as a preacher in 1428. After reprovng the vices of the age in several parts of Europe, he came to Rome, where he reprovved the vices he saw at the Pope's court, and was, therefore, burnt as a heretic in 1434.]

[Footnote 5: Bertrand d'Argentré was a French lawyer, who died, aged 71, in 1590. His 'Histoire de Bretagne' was printed at Rennes in 1582.]

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No. 99. Saturday, June 23, 1711. Addison.

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'... Turpi secernis Honestum.'

Hor.

The Club, of which I have often declared my self a Member, were last Night engaged in a Discourse upon that which passes for the chief Point of Honour among Men and Women; and started a great many Hints upon the Subject, which I thought were entirely new: I shall therefore methodize the several Reflections that arose upon this Occasion, and present my Reader with them for the Speculation of this Day; after having premised, that if there is any thing in this Paper which seems to differ with any Passage of last *\_Thursday's\_*, the Reader will consider this as the Sentiments of the Club, and the other as my own private Thoughts, or rather those of *Pharamond*.

The great Point of Honour in Men is Courage, and in Women Chastity. If a Man loses his Honour in one Rencounter, it is not impossible for him to regain it in another; a Slip in a Woman's Honour is irrecoverable. I can give no Reason for fixing the Point of Honour to these two Qualities, unless it be that each Sex sets the greatest Value on the Qualification which renders them the most amiable in the Eyes of the contrary Sex. Had Men chosen for themselves, without Regard to the Opinions of the Fair Sex, I should believe the Choice would have fallen on Wisdom or Virtue; or had Women determined their own Point of Honour, it is probable that Wit or Good-Nature would have carried it against Chastity.

Nothing recommends a Man more to the Female Sex than Courage; whether it be that they are pleased to see one who is a Terror to others fall like a Slave at their Feet, or that this Quality supplies their own principal Defect, in guarding them from Insults and avenging their Quarrels, or that Courage is a natural Indication of a strong and sprightly Constitution. On the other side, nothing makes a Woman more esteemed by the opposite Sex than Chastity; whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or that nothing besides Chastity, with its collateral Attendants, Truth, Fidelity, and Constancy, gives the Man a Property in the Person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.

I am very much pleased with a Passage in the Inscription on a Monument erected in *Westminster Abbey* to the late Duke and Dutchess of *Newcastle*: 'Her Name was *Margaret Lucas*, youngest Sister to the Lord *Lucas* of *Colchester*; a noble Family, for all the Brothers were valiant, and all the Sisters virtuous.'

In Books of Chivalry, where the Point of Honour is strained to Madness, the whole Story runs on Chastity and Courage. The Damsel is mounted on a white Palfrey, as an Emblem of her Innocence; and, to avoid Scandal, must have a Dwarf for her Page. She is not to think of a Man, 'till some Misfortune has brought a Knight-Errant to her Relief. The Knight falls in Love, and did not Gratitude restrain her from murdering her Deliverer, would die at her Feet by her Disdain. However he must wait some Years in the Desert, before her Virgin Heart can think of a Surrender. The Knight goes off, attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and stronger than himself, seeks all Opportunities of being knock'd on the Head, and after seven Years Rambling returns to his Mistress, whose Chastity has been attacked in the mean time by Giants and Tyrants, and undergone as many Tryals as her Lover's Valour.

In *Spain*, where there are still great Remains of this Romantick Humour, it is a transporting Favour for a Lady to cast an accidental Glance on her Lover from a Window, tho' it be two or three Stories high; as it is usual for the Lover to assert his Passion for his Mistress, in single Combat with a mad Bull.

The great Violation of the Point of Honour from Man to Man, is giving the Lie. One may tell another he Whores, Drinks, Blasphemes, and it may pass unresented; but to say he Lies, tho' but in Jest, is an Affront that nothing but Blood can expiate. The Reason perhaps may be, because no other Vice implies a want of Courage so much as the making of a Lie; and therefore telling a man he Lies, is touching him in the most sensible Part of Honour, and indirectly calling him a Coward. [I cannot omit under this Head what *Herodotus* tells us of the ancient *Persians*, That from the Age of five Years to twenty they instruct their Sons only in three things, to manage the Horse, to make use of the Bow, and to speak Truth.]

The placing the Point of Honour in this false kind of Courage, has given Occasion to the very Refuse of Mankind, who have neither Virtue nor common Sense, to set up for Men of Honour. An *English* Peer, [1] who has not been long dead, used to tell a pleasant Story of a *French* Gentleman that visited him early one Morning at *Paris*, and after great Professions of Respect, let him know that he had it in his Power to oblige him; which in short, amounted to this, that he believed he could tell his Lordship the Person's Name who justled him as he came out from the Opera, but before he would proceed, he begged his Lordship that he would not deny him the Honour of making him his Second. The *English* Lord, to avoid being drawn into a very foolish Affair, told him, that he was under Engagements for his two next Duels to a Couple of particular Friends. Upon which the Gentleman immediately withdrew, hoping his Lordship would not take it ill if he medled no farther in an Affair from whence he himself was to receive no Advantage.

The beating down this false Notion of Honour, in so vain and lively a People as those of *France*, is deservedly looked upon as one of the most glorious Parts of their present King's Reign. It is pity but the Punishment of these mischievous Notions should have in it some particular Circumstances of Shame and Infamy, that those who are Slaves to them may see, that instead of advancing their Reputations they lead them to Ignominy and Dishonour.

Death is not sufficient to deter Men who make it their Glory to despise it, but if every one that fought a Duel

were to stand in the Pillory, it would quickly lessen the Number of these imaginary Men of Honour, and put an end to so absurd a Practice.

When Honour is a Support to virtuous Principles, and runs parallel with the Laws of God and our Country, it cannot be too much cherished and encouraged: But when the Dictates of Honour are contrary to those of Religion and Equity, they are the greatest Depravations of human Nature, by giving wrong Ambitions and false Ideas of what is good and laudable; and should therefore be exploded by all Governments, and driven out as the Bane and Plague of Human Society.

L.

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[Footnote 1: Percy said he had been told that this was William Cavendish, first Duke of Devonshire, who died in 1707.]

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No. 100. Monday, June 25, 1711. Steele.

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'Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.'

Hor.

A man advanced in Years that thinks fit to look back upon his former Life, and calls that only Life which was passed with Satisfaction and Enjoyment, excluding all Parts which were not pleasant to him, will find himself very young, if not in his Infancy. Sickness, Ill-humour, and Idleness, will have robbed him of a great Share of that Space we ordinarily call our Life. It is therefore the Duty of every Man that would be true to himself, to obtain, if possible, a Disposition to be pleased, and place himself in a constant Aptitude for the Satisfactions of his Being. Instead of this, you hardly see a Man who is not uneasy in proportion to his Advancement in the Arts of Life. An affected Delicacy is the common Improvement we meet with in those who pretend to be refined above others: They do not aim at true Pleasures themselves, but turn their Thoughts upon observing the false Pleasures of other Men. Such People are Valetudinarians in Society, and they should no more come into Company than a sick Man should come into the Air: If a Man is too weak to bear what is a Refreshment to Men in Health, he must still keep his Chamber. When any one in Sir ROGER'S Company complains he is out of Order, he immediately calls for some Posset-drink for him; for which reason that sort of People who are ever bewailing their Constitution in other Places are the Chearfullest imaginable when he is present.

It is a wonderful thing that so many, and they not reckoned absurd, shall entertain those with whom they converse by giving them the History of their Pains and Aches; and imagine such Narrations their Quota of the Conversation. This is of all other the meanest Help to Discourse, and a Man must not think at all, or think himself very insignificant, when he finds an Account of his Head-ach answer'd by another's asking what News in the last Mail? Mutual good Humour is a Dress we ought to appear in whenever we meet, and we should make no mention of what concerns our selves, without it be of Matters wherein our Friends ought to rejoice: But indeed there are Crowds of People who put themselves in no Method of pleasing themselves or others; such are those whom we usually call indolent Persons. Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate State between Pleasure and Pain, and very much unbecoming any Part of our Life after we are out of the Nurse's Arms. Such an Aversion to Labour creates a constant Weariness, and one would think should make Existence it self a Burthen. The indolent Man descends from the Dignity of his Nature, and makes that Being which was Rational merely Vegetative: His Life consists only in the meer Encrease and Decay of a Body, which, with relation to the rest of the World, might as well have been uninformed, as the Habitation of a reasonable Mind.

Of this kind is the Life of that extraordinary Couple *Harry Tersett* and his Lady. *Harry* was in the Days of his Celibacy one of those pert Creatures who have much Vivacity and little Understanding; Mrs. *Rebecca*

Quickly\_, whom he married, had all that the Fire of Youth and a lively Manner could do towards making an agreeable Woman. The two People of seeming Merit fell into each other's Arms; and Passion being sated, and no Reason or good Sense in either to succeed it, their Life is now at a Stand; their Meals are insipid, and their Time tedious; their Fortune has placed them above Care, and their Loss of Taste reduced them below Diversion. When we talk of these as Instances of Inexistence, we do not mean, that in order to live it is necessary we should always be in Jovial Crews, or crowned with Chaplets of Roses, as the merry Fellows among the Ancients are described; but it is intended by considering these Contraries to Pleasure, Indolence, and too much Delicacy, to shew that it is Prudence to preserve a Disposition in our selves to receive a certain Delight in all we hear and see.

This portable Quality of good Humour seasons all the Parts and Occurrences we meet with, in such a manner, that, there are no Moments lost; but they all pass with so much Satisfaction, that the heaviest of Loads (when it is a Load) that of Time, is never felt by us. *Varilas* has this Quality to the highest Perfection, and communicates it wherever he appears: The Sad, the Merry, the Severe, the Melancholy, shew a new Cheerfulness when he comes amongst them. At the same time no one can repeat any thing that *Varilas* has ever said that deserves Repetition; but the Man has that innate Goodness of Temper, that he is welcome to every Body, because every Man thinks he is so to him. He does not seem to contribute any thing to the Mirth of the Company; and yet upon Reflection you find it all happened by his being there. I thought it was whimsically said of a Gentleman, That if *Varilas* had Wit, it would be the best Wit in the World. It is certain, when a well-corrected lively Imagination and good Breeding are added to a sweet Disposition, they qualify it to be one of the greatest Blessings, as well as Pleasures of Life.

Men would come into Company with ten times the Pleasure they do, if they were sure of hearing nothing which should shock them, as well as expected what would please them. When we know every Person that is spoken of is represented by one who has no ill Will, and every thing that is mentioned described by one that is apt to set it in the best Light, the Entertainment must be delicate; because the Cook has nothing brought to his Hand but what is the most excellent in its Kind. Beautiful Pictures are the Entertainments of pure Minds, and Deformities of the corrupted. It is a Degree towards the Life of Angels, when we enjoy Conversation wherein there is nothing presented but in its Excellence: and a Degree towards that of Daemons, wherein nothing is shewn but in its Degeneracy.

T.

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No. 101. Tuesday, June 26, 1711. Addison.

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'Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux, Post ingentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti; Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt; Ploravere suis non respondere favorem Speratum meritis: ...'

Hor.

Censure, says a late ingenious Author, *is the Tax a Man pays to the Publick for being Eminent*. [1] It is a Folly for an eminent Man to think of escaping it, and a Weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious Persons of Antiquity, and indeed of every Age in the World, have passed through this fiery Persecution. There is no Defence against Reproach, but Obscurity; it is a kind of Concomitant to Greatness, as Satyrs and Invectives were an essential Part of a *Roman* Triumph.

If Men of Eminence are exposed to Censure on one hand, they are as much liable to Flattery on the other. If they receive Reproaches which are not due to them, they likewise receive Praises which they do not deserve. In a word, the Man in a high Post is never regarded with an indifferent Eye, but always considered as a Friend

or an Enemy. For this Reason Persons in great Stations have seldom their true Characters drawn till several Years after their Deaths. Their personal Friendships and Enmities must cease, and the Parties they were engaged in be at an End, before their Faults or their Virtues can have Justice done them. When Writers have the least Opportunities of knowing the Truth they are in the best Disposition to tell it.

It is therefore the Privilege of Posterity to adjust the Characters of illustrious Persons, and to set Matters right between those Antagonists, who by their Rivalry for Greatness divided a whole Age into Factions. We can now allow *\_Cæsar\_* to be a great Man, without derogating from *\_Pompey\_*; and celebrate the Virtues of *\_Cato\_*, without detracting from those of *\_Cæsar\_*. Every one that has been long dead has a due Proportion of Praise allotted him, in which whilst he lived his Friends were too profuse and his Enemies too sparing.

According to Sir *\_Isaac Newton's\_* Calculations, the last Comet that made its Appearance in 1680, imbib'd so much Heat by its Approaches to the Sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red hot Iron, had it been a Globe of that Metal; and that supposing it as big as the Earth, and at the same Distance from the Sun, it would be fifty thousand Years in cooling, before it recovered its natural Temper. [2] In the like manner, if an *Englishman* considers the great Ferment into which our Political World is thrown at present, and how intensely it is heated in all its Parts, he cannot suppose that it will cool again in less than three hundred Years. In such a Tract of Time it is possible that the Heats of the present Age may be extinguished, and our several Classes of great Men represented under their proper Characters. Some eminent Historian may then probably arise that will not write *recentibus odiis* (as *Tacitus* expresses it) with the Passions and Prejudices of a contemporary Author, but make an impartial Distribution of Fame among the Great Men of the present Age.

I cannot forbear entertaining my self very often with the Idea of such an imaginary Historian describing the Reign of *ANNE* the First, and introducing it with a Preface to his Reader, that he is now entring upon the most shining Part of the *English* Story. The great Rivals in Fame will then be distinguished according to their respective Merits, and shine in their proper Points of Light. Such [an [3]] one (says the Historian) tho' variously represented by the Writers of his own Age, appears to have been a Man of more than ordinary Abilities, great Application and uncommon Integrity: Nor was such an one (tho' of an opposite Party and Interest) inferior to him in any of these Respects. The several Antagonists who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and are celebrated or traduced by different Parties, will then have the same Body of Admirers, and appear Illustrious in the Opinion of the whole *British* Nation. The deserving Man, who can now recommend himself to the Esteem of but half his Countrymen, will then receive the Approbations and Applauses of a whole Age.

Among the several Persons that flourish in this Glorious Reign, there is no question but such a future Historian as the Person of whom I am speaking, will make mention of the Men of Genius and Learning, who have now any Figure in the *British* Nation. For my own part, I often flatter my self with the honourable Mention which will then be made of me; and have drawn up a Paragraph in my own Imagination, that I fancy will not be altogether unlike what will be found in some Page or other of this imaginary Historian.

It was under this Reign, says he, that the *SPECTATOR* publish'd those little Diurnal Essays which are still extant. We know very little of the Name or Person of this Author, except only that he was a Man of a very short Face, extremely addicted to Silence, and so great a Lover of Knowledge, that he made a Voyage to *Grand Cairo* for no other Reason, but to take the Measure of a Pyramid. His chief Friend was one Sir *ROGER DE COVERLEY*, a whimsical Country Knight, and a *Templar* whose Name he has not transmitted to us. He lived as a Lodger at the House of a Widow–Woman, and was a great Humourist in all Parts of his Life. This is all we can affirm with any Certainty of his Person and Character. As for his Speculations, notwithstanding the several obsolete Words and obscure Phrases of the Age in which he lived, we still understand enough of them to see the Diversions and Characters of the *English* Nation in his Time: Not but that we are to make Allowance for the Mirth and Humour of the Author, who has doubtless strained many Representations of Things beyond the Truth. For if we interpret his Words in the literal Meaning, we must suppose that Women of the first Quality used to pass away whole Mornings at a Puppet–Show: That they attested their Principles

by their *\_Patches\_*: That an Audience would sit out [an [4]] Evening to hear a Dramatical Performance written in a Language which they did not understand: That Chairs and Flower-pots were introduced as Actors upon the *British* Stage: That a promiscuous Assembly of Men and Women were allowed to meet at Midnight in Masques within the Verge of the Court; with many Improbabilities of the like Nature. We must therefore, in these and the like Cases, suppose that these remote Hints and Allusions aimed at some certain Follies which were then in Vogue, and which at present we have not any Notion of. We may guess by several Passages in the *\_Speculations\_*, that there were Writers who endeavoured to detract from the Works of this Author; but as nothing of this nature is come down to us, we cannot guess at any Objections that could be made to his Paper. If we consider his Style with that Indulgence which we must shew to old *English* Writers, or if we look into the Variety of his Subjects, with those several Critical Dissertations, Moral Reflections,

The following Part of the Paragraph is so much to my Advantage, and beyond any thing I can pretend to, that I hope my Reader will excuse me for not inserting it.

L.

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[Footnote 1: Swift.]

[Footnote 2: In his 'Principia', published 1687, Newton says this to show that the nuclei of Comets must consist of solid matter.]

[Footnote 3: a]

[Footnote 4: a whole]

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No. 102. Wednesday, June 27, 1711. Addison.

'... Lusus animo debent aliquando dari, Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.'

Phædr.

I do not know whether to call the following Letter a Satyr upon Coquets, or a Representation of their several fantastical Accomplishments, or what other Title to give it; but as it is I shall communicate it to the Publick. It will sufficiently explain its own Intentions, so that I shall give it my Reader at Length, without either Preface or Postscript.

*\_Mr.\_* SPECTATOR,

'Women are armed with Fans as Men with Swords, and sometimes do more Execution with them. To the end therefore that Ladies may be entire Mistresses of the Weapon which they bear, I have erected an Academy for the training up of young Women in the *\_Exercise of the Fan\_*, according to the most fashionable Airs and Motions that are now practis'd at Court. The Ladies who *carry* Fans under me are drawn up twice a-day in my great Hall, where they are instructed in the Use of their Arms, and *exercised* by the following Words of Command,

*\_Handle your Fans, Unfurl your fans. Discharge your Fans, Ground your Fans, Recover your Fans, Flutter your Fans.\_*

By the right Observation of these few plain Words of Command, a Woman of a tolerable Genius, [who [1]] will apply herself diligently to her Exercise for the Space of but one half Year, shall be able to give her Fan all

the Graces that can possibly enter into that little modish Machine.

But to the end that my Readers may form to themselves a right Notion of this *\_Exercise\_*, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its Parts. When my Female Regiment is drawn up in Array, with every one her Weapon in her Hand, upon my giving the Word to *\_handle their Fans\_*, each of them shakes her Fan at me with a Smile, then gives her Right-hand Woman a Tap upon the Shoulder, then presses her Lips with the Extremity of her Fan, then lets her Arms fall in an easy Motion, and stands in a Readiness to receive the next Word of Command. All this is done with a close Fan, and is generally learned in the first Week.

The next Motion is that of *\_unfurling the Fan\_*, in which [are 2]] comprehended several little Flirts and Vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate Openings, with many voluntary Fallings asunder in the Fan itself, that are seldom learned under a Month's Practice. This Part of the *Exercise* pleases the Spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite Number of *\_Cupids\_*, [Garlands,] Altars, Birds, Beasts, Rainbows, and the like agreeable Figures, that display themselves to View, whilst every one in the Regiment holds a Picture in her Hand.

Upon my giving the Word to *\_discharge their Fans\_*, they give one general Crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the Wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult Parts of the *\_Exercise\_*; but I have several Ladies with me, who at their first Entrance could not give a Pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of a Room, who can now *discharge a Fan* in such a manner, that it shall make a Report like a Pocket-Pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young Women from letting off their Fans in wrong Places or unsuitable Occasions) to shew upon what Subject the Crack of a Fan may come in properly: I have likewise invented a Fan, with which a Girl of Sixteen, by the help of a little Wind which is inclosed about one of the largest Sticks, can make as loud a Crack as a Woman of Fifty with an ordinary Fan.

When the Fans are thus *\_discharged\_*, the Word of Command in course is to *ground their Fans*. This teaches a Lady to quit her Fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a Pack of Cards, adjust a Curl of Hair, replace a falling Pin, or apply her self to any other Matter of Importance. This Part of the *\_Exercise\_*, as it only consists in tossing a Fan with an Air upon a long Table (which stands by for that Purpose) may be learned in two Days Time as well as in a Twelvemonth.

When my Female Regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the Room for some Time; when on a sudden (like Ladies that look upon their Watches after a long Visit) they all of them hasten to their Arms, catch them up in a Hurry, and place themselves in their proper Stations upon my calling out *Recover your Fans*. This Part of the *Exercise* is not difficult, provided a Woman applies her Thoughts to it.

The *Fluttering of the Fan* is the last, and indeed the Master-piece of the whole *\_Exercise\_*; but if a Lady does not mis-spend her Time, she may make herself Mistress of it in three Months. I generally lay aside the Dog-days and the hot Time of the Summer for the teaching this Part of the *\_Exercise\_*; for as soon as ever I pronounce *\_Flutter your Fans\_*, the Place is fill'd with so many Zephyrs and gentle Breezes as are very refreshing in that Season of the Year, tho' they might be dangerous to Ladies of a tender Constitution in any other.

There is an infinite Variety of Motions to be made use of in the *Flutter of a Fan*. There is the angry Flutter, the modest Flutter, the timorous Flutter, the confused Flutter, the merry Flutter, and the amorous Flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any Emotion in the Mind [which 3]] does not produce a suitable Agitation in the Fan; insomuch, that if I only see the Fan of a disciplin'd Lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a Fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent Lover [who 3]] provoked it to have come within the Wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the Lady's sake the Lover was at a sufficient Distance from it. I need not add, that a Fan is either a Prude or Coquet according to the Nature of the Person [who 3]] bears it. To conclude my Letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own Observations compiled a little Treatise for the use of my Scholars, entitled *\_The*

Passions of the Fan\_; which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of use to the Publick. I shall have a general Review on *Thursday* next; to which you shall be very welcome if you will honour it with your Presence. \_I am\_, &c.

\_P. S.\_ I teach young Gentlemen the whole Art of Gallanting a Fan.'

\_N. B.\_ I have several little plain Fans made for this Use, to avoid Expence.'

L.

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[Footnote 1: that]

[Footnote 2: is]

[Footnotes 3: that]

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No. 103. Thursday, June 28, 1711. Steele.

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'... Sibi quivis Speret idem frustra sudet frustra que laboret Ausus idem ...'

Hor.

My Friend the Divine having been used with Words of Complaisance (which he thinks could be properly applied to no one living, and I think could be only spoken of him, and that in his Absence) was so extremely offended with the excessive way of speaking Civilities among us, that he made a Discourse against it at the Club; which he concluded with this Remark, That he had not heard one Compliment made in our Society since its Commencement. Every one was pleased with his Conclusion; and as each knew his good Will to the rest, he was convinced that the many Professions of Kindness and Service, which we ordinarily meet with, are not natural where the Heart is well inclined; but are a Prostitution of Speech, seldom intended to mean Any Part of what they express, never to mean All they express. Our Reverend Friend, upon this Topick, pointed to us two or three Paragraphs on this Subject in the first Sermon of the first Volume of the late Arch-Bishop's Posthumous Works. [1] I do not know that I ever read any thing that pleased me more, and as it is the Praise of *Longinus*, that he Speaks of the Sublime in a Style suitable to it, so one may say of this Author upon Sincerity, that he abhors any Pomp of Rhetorick on this Occasion, and treats it with a more than ordinary Simplicity, at once to be a Preacher and an Example. With what Command of himself does he lay before us, in the Language and Temper of his Profession, a Fault, which by the least Liberty and Warmth of Expression would be the most lively Wit and Satyr? But his Heart was better disposed, and the good Man chastised the great Wit in such a manner, that he was able to speak as follows.

'... Amongst too many other Instances of the great Corruption and Degeneracy of the Age wherein we live, the great and general Want of Sincerity in Conversation is none of the least. The World is grown so full of Dissimulation and Compliment, that Mens Words are hardly any Signification of their Thoughts; and if any Man measure his Words by his Heart, and speak as he thinks, and do not express more Kindness to every Man, than Men usually have for any Man, he can hardly escape the Censure of want of Breeding. The old *English* Plainness and Sincerity, that generous Integrity of Nature, and Honesty of Disposition, which always argues true Greatness of Mind and is usually accompanied with undaunted Courage and Resolution, is in a great measure lost amongst us: There hath been a long Endeavour to transform us into Foreign Manners and Fashions, and to bring us to a servile Imitation of none of the best of our Neighbours in some of the worst of their Qualities. The Dialect of Conversation is now—a—days so swelled with Vanity and Compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of Expressions of Kindness and Respect, that if a Man that lived an Age or two ago

should return into the World again he would really want a Dictionary to help him to understand his own Language, and to know the true intrinsick Value of the Phrase in Fashion, and would hardly at first believe at what a low Rate the highest Strains and Expressions of Kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current Payment; and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good Countenance and a good Conscience to converse with Men upon equal Terms, and in their own way.

And in truth it is hard to say, whether it should more provoke our Contempt or our Pity, to hear what solemn Expressions of Respect and Kindness will pass between Men, almost upon no Occasion; how great Honour and Esteem they will declare for one whom perhaps they never saw before, and how entirely they are all on the sudden devoted to his Service and Interest, for no Reason; how infinitely and eternally obliged to him, for no Benefit; and how extreamly they will be concerned for him, yea and afflicted too, for no Cause. I know it is said, in Justification of this hollow kind of Conversation, that there is no Harm, no real Deceit in Compliment, but the Matter is well enough, so long as we understand one another; *\_et Verba valent ut Nummi*: Words are like Money\_; and when the current Value of them is generally understood, no Man is cheated by them. This is something, if such Words were any thing; but being brought into the Account, they are meer Cyphers. However, it is still a just Matter of Complaint, that Sincerity and Plainness are out of Fashion, and that our Language is running into a Lie; that Men have almost quite perverted the use of Speech, and made Words to signifie nothing, that the greatest part of the Conversation of Mankind is little else but driving a Trade of Dissimulation; insomuch that it would make a Man heartily sick and weary of the World, to see the little Sincerity that is in Use and Practice among Men.

When the Vice is placed in this contemptible Light, he argues unanswerably against it, in Words and Thoughts so natural, that any Man who reads them would imagine he himself could have been the Author of them.

If the Show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure Sincerity is better: for why does any Man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a Quality as he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the Appearance of some real Excellency. Now the best way in the World to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the Pretence of a good Quality, as to have it; and if a Man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it; and then all his Pains and Labour to seem to have it, is lost.

In another Part of the same Discourse he goes on to shew, that all Artifice must naturally tend to the Disappointment of him that practises it.

'Whatsoever Convenience may be thought to be in Falshood and Dissimulation, it is soon over; but the Inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a Man under an everlasting Jealousie and Suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks Truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a Man hath once forfeited the Reputation of his Integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his Turn, neither Truth nor Falshood.'

R.

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[Footnote 1: This sermon 'on Sincerity,' from John i. 47, is the last Tillotson preached. He preached it in 1694, on the 29th of July, and died, in that year, on the 24th of November, at the age of 64. John Tillotson was the son of a Yorkshire clothier, and was made Archbishop of Canterbury in 1691, on the deprivation of William Sancroft for his refusal to take the oaths to William and Mary.]

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'... Qualis equos Threissa fatigat Harpalyce ...'

Virg.

It would be a noble Improvement, or rather a Recovery of what we call good Breeding, if nothing were to pass amongst us for agreeable which was the least Transgression against that Rule of Life called Decorum, or a Regard to Decency. This would command the Respect of Mankind, because it carries in it Deference to their good Opinion, as Humility lodged in a worthy Mind is always attended with a certain Homage, which no haughty Soul, with all the Arts imaginable, will ever be able to purchase. *Tully* says, Virtue and Decency are so nearly related, that it is difficult to separate them from each other but in our Imagination. As the Beauty of the Body always accompanies the Health of it, so certainly is Decency concomitant to Virtue: As Beauty of Body, with an agreeable Carriage, pleases the Eye, and that Pleasure consists in that we observe all the Parts with a certain Elegance are proportioned to each other; so does Decency of Behaviour which appears in our Lives obtain the Approbation of all with whom we converse, from the Order, Consistency, and Moderation of our Words and Actions. This flows from the Reverence we bear towards every good Man, and to the World in general; for to be negligent of what any one thinks of you, does not only shew you arrogant but abandoned. In all these Considerations we are to distinguish how one Virtue differs from another; As it is the Part of Justice never to do Violence, it is of Modesty never to commit Offence. In this last Particular lies the whole Force of what is called Decency; to this purpose that excellent Moralist above-mentioned talks of Decency; but this Quality is more easily comprehended by an ordinary Capacity, than expressed with all his Eloquence. This Decency of Behaviour is generally transgressed among all Orders of Men; nay, the very Women, tho' themselves created as it were for Ornament, are often very much mistaken in this ornamental Part of Life. It would methinks be a short Rule for Behaviour, if every young Lady in her Dress, Words, and Actions were only to recommend her self as a Sister, Daughter, or Wife, and make herself the more esteemed in one of those Characters. The Care of themselves, with regard to the Families in which Women are born, is the best Motive for their being courted to come into the Alliance of other Houses. Nothing can promote this End more than a strict Preservation of Decency. I should be glad if a certain Equestrian Order of Ladies, some of whom one meets in an Evening at every Outlet of the Town, would take this Subject into their serious Consideration; In order thereunto the following Letter may not be wholly unworthy their Perusal. [1]

\_Mr.\_ SPECTATOR,

'Going lately to take the Air in one of the most beautiful Evenings this Season has produced, as I was admiring the Serenity of the Sky, the lively Colours of the Fields, and the Variety of the Landskip every Way around me, my Eyes were suddenly called off from these inanimate Objects by a little party of Horsemen I saw passing the Road. The greater Part of them escaped my particular Observation, by reason that my whole Attention was fixed on a very fair Youth who rode in the midst of them, and seemed to have been dressed by some Description in a Romance. His Features, Complexion, and Habit had a remarkable Effeminacy, and a certain languishing Vanity appeared in his Air: His Hair, well curl'd and powder'd, hung to a considerable Length on his Shoulders, and was wantonly ty'd, as if by the Hands of his Mistress, in a Scarlet Ribbon, which played like a Streamer behind him: He had a Coat and Wastecoat of blue Camlet trimm'd and embroidered with Silver; a Cravat of the finest Lace; and wore, in a smart Cock, a little Beaver Hat edged with Silver, and made more sprightly by a Feather. His Horse too, which was a Pacer, was adorned after the same airy Manner, and seemed to share in the Vanity of the Rider. As I was pitying the Luxury of this young Person, who appeared to me to have been educated only as an Object of Sight, I perceived on my nearer Approach, and as I turned my Eyes downward, a Part of the Equipage I had not observed before, which was a Petticoat of the same with the Coat and Wastecoat. After this Discovery, I looked again on the Face of the fair *Amazon* who had thus deceived me, and thought those Features which had before offended me by their Softness, were now strengthened into as improper a Boldness; and tho' her Eyes Nose and Mouth seemed to be formed with perfect Symmetry, I am not certain whether she, who in Appearance was a very handsome Youth, may not be in Reality a very indifferent Woman.

There is an Objection which naturally presents it self against these occasional Perplexities and Mixtures of Dress, which is, that they seem to break in upon that Propriety and Distinction of Appearance in which the Beauty of different Characters is preserved; and if they should be more frequent than they are at present, would look like turning our publick Assemblies into a general Masquerade. The Model of this *Amazonian* Hunting-Habit for Ladies, was, as I take it, first imported from *France*, and well enough expresses the Gaiety of a People who are taught to do any thing so it be with an Assurance; but I cannot help thinking it sits awkwardly yet on our *English* Modesty. The Petticoat is a kind of Incumbrance upon it, and if the *Amazons* should think fit to go on in this Plunder of our Sex's Ornaments, they ought to add to their Spoils, and compleat their Triumph over us, by wearing the Breeches.

If it be natural to contract insensibly the Manners of those we imitate, the Ladies who are pleased with assuming our Dresses will do us more Honour than we deserve, but they will do it at their own Expence. Why should the lovely *Camilla* deceive us in more Shapes than her own, and affect to be represented in her Picture with a Gun and a Spaniel, while her elder Brother, the Heir of a worthy Family, is drawn in Silks like his Sister? The Dress and Air of a Man are not well to be divided; and those who would not be content with the Latter, ought never to think of assuming the Former. There is so large a portion of natural Agreeableness among the Fair Sex of our Island, that they seem betrayed into these romantick Habits without having the same Occasion for them with their Inventors: All that needs to be desired of them is, that they would *be themselves*, that is, what Nature designed them; and to see their Mistake when they depart from this, let them look upon a Man who affects the Softness and Effeminacy of a Woman, to learn how their Sex must appear to us, when approaching to the Resemblance of a Man.

*\_I am\_, SIR, Your most humble Servant.*

T.

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[Footnote 1: The letter is by John Hughes.]

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No. 105. Saturday, June 30, 1711. Addison.

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'... Id arbitror Adprime in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis.'

Ter. And.

My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB values himself very much upon what he calls the Knowledge of Mankind, which has cost him many Disasters in his Youth; for WILL. reckons every Misfortune that he has met with among the Women, and every Rencounter among the Men, as Parts of his Education, and fancies he should never have been the Man he is, had not he broke Windows, knocked down Constables, disturbed honest People with his Midnight Serenades, and beat up a lewd Woman's Quarters, when he was a young Fellow. The engaging in Adventures of this Nature WILL. calls the studying of Mankind; and terms this Knowledge of the Town, the Knowledge of the World. WILL. ingenuously confesses, that for half his Life his Head ached every Morning with reading of Men over-night; and at present comforts himself under certain Pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the Gallantries of the Age. This WILL. looks upon as the Learning of a Gentleman, and regards all other kinds of Science as the Accomplishments of one whom he calls a Scholar, a Bookish Man, or a Philosopher.

For these Reasons WILL. shines in mixt Company, where he has the Discretion not to go out of his Depth, and has often a certain way of making his real Ignorance appear a seeming one. Our Club however has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never spare him. For as WILL. often insults us with the Knowledge of the Town, we sometimes take our Revenge upon him by our Knowledge [of [1]] Books.

He was last Week producing two or three Letters which he writ in his Youth to a Coquet Lady. The Raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a mere Man of the Town; but, very unluckily, several of the Words were wrong spelt. WILL. laugh'd this off at first as well as he could; but finding himself pushed on all sides, and especially by the *\_Templar\_*, he told us, with a little Passion, that he never liked Pedantry in Spelling, and that he spelt like a Gentleman, and not like a Scholar: Upon this WILL. had recourse to his old Topick of shewing the narrow-Spiritedness, the Pride, and Ignorance of Pedants; which he carried so far, that upon my retiring to my Lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such Reflections as occurred to me upon that Subject.

A Man [who [2]] has been brought up among Books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent Companion, and what we call a Pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the Title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his Profession and particular way of Life.

What is a greater Pedant than a meer Man of the Town? Bar him the Play-houses, a Catalogue of the reigning Beauties, and an Account of a few fashionable Distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty Gentleman's Knowledge lies all within the Verge of the Court? He will tell you the Names of the principal Favourites, repeat the shrewd Sayings of a Man of Quality, whisper an Intreague that is not yet blown upon by common Fame; or, if the Sphere of his Observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the Incidents, Turns, and Revolutions in a Game of Ombre. When he has gone thus far he has shown you the whole Circle of his Accomplishments, his Parts are drained, and he is disabled from any further Conversation. What are these but rank Pedants? and yet these are the Men [who [3]] value themselves most on their Exemption from the Pedantry of Colleges.

I might here mention the Military Pedant who always talks in a Camp, and is storming Towns, making Lodgments and fighting Battles from one end of the Year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of Gunpowder; if you take away his Artillery from him, he has not a Word to say for himself. I might likewise mention the Law-Pedant, that is perpetually putting Cases, repeating the Transactions of *\_Westminster-Hall\_*, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent Circumstances of Life, and not to be convinced of the Distance of a Place, or of the most trivial Point in Conversation, but by dint of Argument. The State-Pedant is wrapt up in News, and lost in Politicks. If you mention either of the Kings of *Spain* or *\_Poland\_*, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the *\_Gazette\_*, you drop him. In short, a meer Courtier, a meer Soldier, a meer Scholar, a meer any thing, is an insipid Pedantick Character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the Species of Pedants, which I have [mentioned [4]], the Book-Pedant is much the most supportable; he has at least an exercised Understanding, and a Head which is full though confused, so that a Man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own Advantage, tho' they are of little Use to the Owner. The worst kind of Pedants among Learned Men, are such as are naturally endued with a very small Share of common Sense, and have read a great number of Books without Taste or Distinction.

The Truth of it is, Learning, like Travelling, and all other Methods of Improvement, as it finishes good Sense, so it makes a silly Man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of Matter to his Impertinence, and giving him an Opportunity of abounding in Absurdities.

Shallow Pedants cry up one another much more than Men of solid and useful Learning. To read the Titles they give an Editor, or Collator of a Manuscript, you would take him for the Glory of the Commonwealth of Letters, and the Wonder of his Age, when perhaps upon Examination you find that he has only Rectify'd a *Greek* Particle, or laid out a whole Sentence in proper Commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus lavish of their Praises, that they may keep one another in Countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of Knowledge, which is not capable of making a Man wise, has a natural Tendency to make him Vain and Arrogant.

L.

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[Footnote 1: in]

[Footnote 2: that]

[Footnote 3: that]

[Footnote 4: above mentioned]

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No. 106. Monday, July 2, 1711. Addison.

'... Hinc tibi Copia Manabit ad plenum, benigno Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.'

Hor.

Having often received an Invitation from my Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY to pass away a Month with him in the Country, I last Week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his Country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing Speculations. Sir ROGER, who is very well acquainted with my Humour, lets me rise and go to Bed when I please, dine at his own Table or in my Chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the Gentlemen of the Country come to see him, he only shews me at a Distance: As I have been walking in his Fields I have observed them stealing a Sight of me over an Hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at Ease in Sir ROGER'S Family, because it consists of sober and staid Persons; for as the Knight is the best Master in the World, he seldom changes his Servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his Servants never care for leaving him; by this means his Domesticks are all in Years, and grown old with their Master. You would take his Valet de Chambre for his Brother, his Butler is grey-headed, his Groom is one of the gravest Men that I have ever seen, and his Coachman has the Looks of a Privy-Counsellor. You see the Goodness of the Master even in the old House-dog, and in a grey Pad that is kept in the Stable with great Care and Tenderness out of Regard to his past Services, tho' he has been useless for several Years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of Pleasure the Joy that appeared in the Countenances of these ancient Domesticks upon my Friend's Arrival at his Country-Seat. Some of them could not refrain from Tears at the Sight of their old Master; every one of them press'd forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with a Mixture of the Father and the Master of the Family, tempered the Enquiries after his own Affairs with several kind Questions relating to themselves. This Humanity and good Nature engages every Body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his Family are in good Humour, and none so much as the Person whom he diverts himself with: On the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any Infirmary of old Age, it is easy for a Stander-by to observe a secret Concern in the Looks of all his Servants. [1]

My worthy Friend has put me under the particular Care of his Butler, who is a very prudent Man, and, as well as the rest of his Fellow-Servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their Master talk of me as of his particular Friend.

My chief Companion, when Sir ROGER is diverting himself in the Woods or the Fields, is a very venerable Man who is ever with Sir ROGER, and has lived at his House in the Nature of a Chaplain above thirty Years. This Gentleman is a Person of good Sense and some Learning, of a very regular Life and obliging

Conversation: He heartily loves Sir ROGER, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's Esteem, so that he lives in the Family rather as a Relation than a Dependant.

I have observed in several of my Papers, that my Friend Sir ROGER, amidst all his good Qualities, is something of an Humourist; and that his Virtues, as well as Imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain Extravagance, which makes them particularly *\_his\_*, and distinguishes them from those of other Men. This Cast of Mind, as it is generally very innocent in it self, so it renders his Conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same Degree of Sense and Virtue would appear in their common and ordinary Colours. As I was walking with him last Night, he asked me how I liked the good Man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my Answer told me, That he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own Table; for which Reason he desired a particular Friend of his at the University to find him out a Clergyman rather of plain Sense than much Learning, of a good Aspect, a clear Voice, a sociable Temper, and, if possible, a Man that understood a little of Back-Gammon.

My Friend, says Sir ROGER, found me out this Gentleman, who, besides the Endowments [required [2]] of him, is, they tell me, a good Scholar, tho' he does not shew it. I have given him the Parsonage of the Parish; and because I know his Value have settled upon him a good Annuity for Life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my Esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty Years; and tho' he does not know I have taken Notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, tho' he is every Day solliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my Tenants his Parishioners. There has not been a Law-suit in the Parish since he has liv'd among them: If any Dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the Decision; if they do not acquiesce in his Judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a Present of all the good Sermons [which [3]] have been printed in *\_English\_*, and only begg'd of him that every *Sunday* he would pronounce one of them in the Pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a Series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued System of practical Divinity.

As Sir ROGER was going on in his Story, the Gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to morrow (for it was *Saturday* Night) told us, the Bishop of *St. Asaph* in the Morning, and Dr. *South* in the Afternoon. He then shewed us his List of Preachers for the whole Year, where I saw with a great deal of Pleasure Archbishop *\_Tillotson\_*, Bishop *\_Saunderson\_*, Doctor *\_Barrow\_*, Doctor *\_Calamy\_*, [4] with several living Authors who have published Discourses of Practical Divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable Man in the Pulpit, but I very much approved of my Friend's insisting upon the Qualifications of a good Aspect and a clear Voice; for I was so charmed with the Gracefulness of his Figure and Delivery, as well as with the Discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any Time more to my Satisfaction. A Sermon repeated after this Manner, is like the Composition of a Poet in the Mouth of a graceful Actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our Country Clergy would follow this Example; and instead of wasting their Spirits in laborious Compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome Elocution, and all those other Talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater Masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the People.

L.

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[Footnote 1: Thomas Tyers in his 'Historical Essay on Mr. Addison' (1783) first named Sir John Pakington, of Westwood, Worcestershire, as the original of Sir Roger de Coverley. But there is no real parallel. Sir John, as Mr. W. H. Wills has pointed out in his delightful annotated collection of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers, was twice married, a barrister, Recorder of the City of Worcester, and M. P. for his native county, in every Parliament but one, from his majority till his death.

The name of Roger of Coverley applied to a 'contre-danse' (i.e. a dance in which partners stand in opposite

rows) Anglicised Country–Dance, was ascribed to the house of Calverley in Yorkshire, by an ingenious member thereof, Ralph Thoresby, who has left a MS. account of the family written in 1717. Mr. Thoresby has it that Sir Roger of Calverley in the time of Richard I had a harper who was the composer of this tune; his evidence being, apparently, that persons of the name of Harper had lands in the neighbourhood of Calverley. Mr. W. Chappell, who repeats this statement in his 'Popular Music of the Olden Time,' says that in a MS. of the beginning of the last century, this tune is called 'Old Roger of Coverlay for evermore. A Lancashire Hornpipe.' In the 'Dancing Master' of 1696, it is called 'Roger of Coverly.' Mr. Chappell quotes also, in illustration of the familiar knowledge of this tune and its name in Addison's time, from 'the History of Robert Powell, the Puppet Showman (1715),' that

"upon the Preludis being ended, each party fell to bawling and calling for particular tunes. The hobnail'd fellows, whose breeches and lungs seem'd to be of the same leather, cried out for 'Cheshire Rounds, Roger of Coverly,'" &c.]

[Footnote 2: I required]

[Footnote 3: that]

[Footnote 4: Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons appeared in 14 volumes, small 8vo, published at intervals; the first in 1671; the second in 1678; the third in 1682; the fourth in 1694; and the others after his death in that year. Robert Sanderson, who died in 1663, was a friend of Laud and chaplain to Charles I., who made him Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. At the Restoration he was made Bishop of Lincoln. His fame was high for piety and learning. The best edition of his Sermons was the eighth, published in 1687: Thirty–six Sermons, with Life by Izaak Walton. Isaac Barrow, Theologian and Mathematician, Cambridge Professor and Master of Trinity, died in 1677. His Works were edited by Archbishop Tillotson, and include Sermons that must have been very much to the mind of Sir Roger de Coverley, 'Against Evil Speaking.' Edmund Calamy, who died in 1666, was a Nonconformist, and one of the writers of the Treatise against Episcopacy called, from the Initials of its authors, Smeetymnus, which Bishop Hall attacked and John Milton defended. Calamy opposed the execution of Charles I. and aided in bringing about the Restoration. He became chaplain to Charles II., but the Act of Uniformity again made him a seceder. His name, added to the other three, gives breadth to the suggestion of Sir Roger's orthodoxy.

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No. 107. Tuesday, July 3, 1711. Steele.

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'Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici, Servumque collocârunt Æterna in Basi, Patere honoris scirent ut Cuncti viam.'

Phæd.

The Reception, manner of Attendance, undisturbed Freedom and Quiet, which I meet with here in the Country, has confirm'd me in the Opinion I always had, that the general Corruption of Manners in Servants is owing to the Conduct of Masters. The Aspect of every one in the Family carries so much Satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy Lot which has befallen him in being a Member of it. There is one Particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir ROGER'S; it is usual in all other Places, that Servants fly from the Parts of the House through which their Master is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both Sides, as it were, understood as a Visit, when the Servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal Temper of the Man of the House, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great Estate, with such Oeconomy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own Mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish Expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent Orders to those about him. Thus Respect and Love go together; and a certain Chearfulness in Performance of their Duty

is the particular Distinction of the lower Part of this Family. When a Servant is called before his Master, he does not come with an Expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial Fault, threatned to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming Language, which mean Masters often give to worthy Servants; but it is often to know, what Road he took that he came so readily back according to Order; whether he passed by such a Ground, if the old Man who rents it is in good Health: or whether he gave Sir ROGER'S Love to him, or the like.

A Man who preserves a Respect, founded on his Benevolence to his Dependants, lives rather like a Prince than a Master in his Family; his Orders are received as Favours, rather than Duties; and the Distinction of approaching him is Part of the Reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another Circumstance in which my Friend excells in his Management, which is the Manner of rewarding his Servants: He has ever been of Opinion, that giving his cast Cloaths to be worn by Valets has a very ill Effect upon little Minds, and creates a Silly Sense of Equality between the Parties, in Persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this Occasion, and describe a young Gentleman abusing his Man in that Coat, which a Month or two before was the most pleasing Distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his Discourse still more pleasantly upon the Ladies Bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine Woman, who distributed Rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming Dresses to her Maids.

But my good Friend is above these little Instances of Goodwill, in bestowing only Trifles on his Servants; a good Servant to him is sure of having it in his Choice very soon of being no Servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good an Husband, and knows so thoroughly that the Skill of the Purse is the Cardinal Virtue of this Life; I say, he knows so well that Frugality is the Support of Generosity, that he can often spare a large Fine when a Tenement falls, and give that Settlement to a good Servant who has a Mind to go into the World, or make a Stranger pay the Fine to that Servant, for his more comfortable Maintenance, if he stays in his Service.

A Man of Honour and Generosity considers, it would be miserable to himself to have no Will but that of another, tho' it were of the best Person breathing, and for that Reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his Servants into independent Livelihoods. The greatest Part of Sir ROGER'S Estate is tenanted by Persons who have served himself or his Ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the Visitants from several Parts to welcome his Arrival into the Country: and all the Difference that I could take notice of between the late Servants who came to see him, and those who staid in the Family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer Gentlemen and better Courtiers.

This Manumission and placing them in a way of Livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good Servant, which Encouragement will make his Successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the Narrowness of those Minds, which can be pleased, and be barren of Bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this Occasion, recount the Sense that Great Persons in all Ages have had of the Merit of their Dependants, and the Heroick Services which Men have done their Masters in the Extremity of their Fortunes; and shewn to their undone Patrons, that Fortune was all the Difference between them; but as I design this my Speculation only [as a [1]] gentle Admonition to thankless Masters, I shall not go out of the Occurrences of Common Life, but assert it as a general Observation, that I never saw, but in Sir ROGER'S Family, and one or two more, good Servants treated as they ought to be. Sir ROGER'S Kindness extends to their Children's Children, and this very Morning he sent his Coachman's Grandson to Prentice. I shall conclude this Paper with an Account of a Picture in his Gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future Observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome Structure I saw the Portraiture of two young Men standing in a River, the one naked, the other in a Livery. The Person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to

shew in his Face exquisite Joy and Love towards the other. I thought the fainting Figure resembled my Friend Sir ROGER; and looking at the Butler, who stood by me, for an Account of it, he informed me that the Person in the Livery was a Servant of Sir ROGER'S, who stood on the Shore while his Master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden Illness, and sink under Water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir ROGER took off the Dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great Bounty at that time, followed by his Favour ever since, had made him Master of that pretty Seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this House. I remember'd indeed Sir ROGER said there lived a very worthy Gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfy'd at some Part of the Picture my Attendant informed me that it was against Sir ROGER'S Will, and at the earnest Request of the Gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the Habit in which he had saved his Master.

R.

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[Footnote 1: a]

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No. 108. Wednesday, July 4, 1711. Addison.

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'Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.'

Phæd.

As I was Yesterday Morning walking with Sir ROGER before his House, a Country-Fellow brought him a huge Fish, which, he told him, Mr. *William Wimble* had caught that very Morning; and that he presented it, with his Service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same Time he delivered a Letter, which my Friend read to me as soon as the Messenger left him.

*Sir* ROGER,

I desire you to accept of a Jack, which is the best I have caught this Season. I intend to come and stay with you a Week, and see how the Perch bite in the *Black River*. I observed with some Concern, the last time I saw you upon the Bowling-Green, that your Whip wanted a Lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last Week, which I hope will serve you all the Time you are in the Country. I have not been out of the Saddle for six Days last past, having been at *Eaton* with Sir *John's* eldest Son. He takes to his Learning hugely. I am, SIR, Your Humble Servant, Will. Wimble. [1]

This extraordinary Letter, and Message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the Character and Quality of the Gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. *Will. Wimble* is younger Brother to a Baronet, and descended of the ancient Family of the *Wimbles*. He is now between Forty and Fifty; but being bred to no Business and born to no Estate, he generally lives with his elder Brother as Superintendant of his Game. He hunts a Pack of Dogs better than any Man in the Country, and is very famous for finding out a Hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little Handicrafts of an idle Man: He makes a *May-fly* to a Miracle; and furnishes the whole Country with Angle-Rods. As he is a good-natur'd officious Fellow, and very much esteem'd upon account of his Family, he is a welcome Guest at every House, and keeps up a good Correspondence among all the Gentlemen about him. He carries a Tulip-root in his Pocket from one to another, or exchanges a Poppy between a Couple of Friends that live perhaps in the opposite Sides of the County. *Will.* is a particular Favourite of all the young Heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a Net that he has weaved, or a Setting-dog that he has *made* himself: He now and then presents a Pair of Garters of his own knitting to their Mothers or Sisters; and raises a great deal of Mirth among them, by enquiring as often as he meets them *how they wear*? These Gentleman-like Manufactures and obliging little Humours, make *Will.* the Darling of the Country.

Sir ROGER was proceeding in the Character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three Hazle-Twigs in his Hand that he had cut in Sir ROGER'S Woods, as he came through them, in his Way to the House. I was very much pleased to observe on one Side the hearty and sincere Welcome with which Sir ROGER received him, and on the other, the secret Joy which his Guest discover'd at Sight of the good old Knight. After the first Salutes were over, \_Will.\_ desired Sir ROGER to lend him one of his Servants to carry a Set of Shuttlecocks he had with him in a little Box to a Lady that lived about a Mile off, to whom it seems he had promis'd such a Present for above this half Year. Sir ROGER'S Back was no sooner turned but honest \_Will.\_ [began [2]] to tell me of a large Cock-Pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring Woods, with two or three other Adventures of the same Nature. Odd and uncommon Characters are the Game that I look for, and most delight in; for which Reason I was as much pleased with the Novelty of the Person that talked to me, as he could be for his Life with the springing of a Pheasant, and therefore listned to him with more than ordinary Attention.

In the midst of his Discourse the Bell rung to Dinner, where the Gentleman I have been speaking of had the Pleasure of seeing the huge Jack, he had caught, served up for the first Dish in a most sumptuous Manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long Account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the Bank, with several other Particulars that lasted all the first Course. A Dish of Wild-fowl that came afterwards furnished Conversation for the rest of the Dinner, which concluded with a late Invention of \_Will's\_ for improving the Quail-Pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my Room after Dinner, I was secretly touched with Compassion towards the honest Gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but consider with a great deal of Concern, how so good an Heart and such busy Hands were wholly employed in Trifles; that so much Humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much Industry so little advantageous to himself. The same Temper of Mind and Application to Affairs might have recommended him to the publick Esteem, and have raised his Fortune in another Station of Life. What Good to his Country or himself might not a Trader or Merchant have done with such useful tho' ordinary Qualifications?

\_Will. Wimble's\_ is the Case of many a younger Brother of a great Family, who had rather see their Children starve like Gentlemen, than thrive in a Trade or Profession that is beneath their Quality. This Humour fills several Parts of *Europe* with Pride and Beggary. It is the Happiness of a Trading Nation, like ours, that the younger Sons, tho' uncapable of any liberal Art or Profession, may be placed in such a Way of Life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their Family: Accordingly we find several Citizens that were launched into the World with narrow Fortunes, rising by an honest Industry to greater Estates than those of their elder Brothers. It is not improbable but \_Will\_, was formerly tried at Divinity, Law, or Physick; and that finding his Genius did not lie that Way, his Parents gave him up at length to his own Inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for Studies of a higher Nature, he was perfectly well turned for the Occupations of Trade and Commerce. As I think this is a Point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my Reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my Twenty first Speculation.

L.

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[Footnote 1: Will Wimble has been identified with Mr. Thomas Morecraft, younger son of a Yorkshire baronet. Mr. Morecraft in his early life became known to Steele, by whom he was introduced to Addison. He received help from Addison, and, after his death, went to Dublin, where he died in 1741 at the house of his friend, the Bishop of Kildare. There is no ground for this or any other attempt to find living persons in the creations of the 'Spectator', although, because lifelike, they were, in the usual way, attributed by readers to this or that individual, and so gave occasion for the statement of Pudgell in the Preface to his 'Theophrastus' that

'most of the characters in the Spectator were conspicuously known.'

The only original of Will Wimble, as Mr. Wills has pointed out, is Mr. Thomas Gules of No. 256 in the

'Tatler'.]

[Footnote 2: begun]

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No. 109. Thursday, July 5, 1711. Steele.

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'Abnormis sapiens ...'

Hor.

I was this Morning walking in the Gallery, when Sir ROGER entered at the End opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said, he was glad to meet me among his Relations the DE COVERLEYS, and hoped I liked the Conversation of so much good Company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the Pictures, and as he is a Gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient Descent, I expected he would give me some Account of them. We were now arrived at the upper End of the Gallery, when the Knight faced towards one of the Pictures, and as we stood before it, he entered into the Matter, after his blunt way of saying Things, as they occur to his Imagination, without regular Introduction, or Care to preserve the Appearance of Chain of Thought.

'It is, said he, worth while to consider the Force of Dress; and how the Persons of one Age differ from those of another, merely by that only. One may observe also, that the general Fashion of one Age has been followed by one particular Set of People in another, and by them preserved from one Generation to another. Thus the vast jetting Coat and small Bonnet, which was the Habit in *Harry* the Seventh's Time, is kept on in the Yeomen of the Guard; not without a good and politick View, because they look a Foot taller, and a Foot and an half broader: Besides that the Cap leaves the Face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the Entrance of Palaces.

This Predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his Cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a Hat as I am. He was the last Man that won a Prize in the Tilt-Yard (which is now a Common Street before *Whitehall*. [1]) You see the broken Lance that lies there by his right Foot; He shivered that Lance of his Adversary all to Pieces; and bearing himself, look you, Sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the Target of the Gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible Force before him on the Pommel of his Saddle, he in that manner rid the Turnament over, with an Air that shewed he did it rather to perform the Rule of the Lists, than expose his Enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a Victory, and with a gentle Trot he marched up to a Gallery where their Mistress sat (for they were Rivals) and let him down with laudable Courtesy and pardonable Insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the Coffee-house is now.

You are to know this my Ancestor was not only of a military Genius, but fit also for the Arts of Peace, for he played on the Base-Viol as well as any Gentlemen at Court; you see where his Viol hangs by his Basket-hilt Sword. The Action at the Tilt-yard you may be sure won the fair Lady, who was a Maid of Honour, and the greatest Beauty of her Time; here she stands, the next Picture. You see, Sir, my Great Great Great Grandmother has on the new-fashioned Petticoat, except that the Modern is gather'd at the Waste; my Grandmother appears as if she stood in a large Drum, whereas the Ladies now walk as if they were in a Go-Cart. For all this Lady was bred at Court, she became an Excellent Country-Wife, she brought ten Children, and when I shew you the Library, you shall see in her own Hand (allowing for the Difference of the Language) the best Receipt now in *England* both for an Hasty-pudding and a White-pot.[2]

If you please to fall back a little, because 'tis necessary to look at the three next Pictures at one View; these are three Sisters. She on the right Hand, who is so very beautiful, died a Maid; the next to her, still handsomer,

had the same Fate, against her Will; this homely thing in the middle had both their Portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring Gentleman, a Man of Stratagem and Resolution, for he poisoned three Mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two Deer—stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all Families: The Theft of this Romp and so much Mony, was no great matter to our Estate. But the next Heir that possessed it was this soft Gentleman, whom you see there: Observe the small Buttons, the little Boots, the Laces, the Slashes about his Cloaths, and above all the Posture he is drawn in, (which to be sure was his own choosing;) you see he sits with one Hand on a Desk writing, and looking as it were another way, like an easy Writer, or a Sonneteer: He was one of those that had too much Wit to know how to live in the World; he was a Man of no Justice, but great good Manners; he ruined every Body that had any thing to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his Life; the most indolent Person in the World, he would sign a Deed that passed away half his Estate with his Gloves on, but would not put on his Hat before a Lady if it were to save his Country. He is said to be the first that made Love by squeezing the Hand. He left the Estate with ten thousand Pounds Debt upon it, but however by all Hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest Gentleman in the World. That Debt lay heavy on our House for one Generation, but it was retrieved by a Gift from that honest Man you see there, a Citizen of our Name, but nothing at all a—kin to us. I know Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has said behind my Back, that this Man was descended from one of the ten Children of the Maid of Honour I shewed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing indeed, because Mony was wanting at that time.'

Here I saw my Friend a little embarrassed, and turned my Face to the next Portraiture.

Sir ROGER went on with his Account of the Gallery in the following Manner.

'This Man (pointing to him I looked at) I take to be the Honour of our House. Sir HUMPHREY DE COVERLEY; he was in his Dealings as punctual as a Tradesman, and as generous as a Gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his Word, as if it were to be followed by Bankruptcy. He served his Country as Knight of this Shire to his dying Day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an Integrity in his Words and Actions, even in things that regarded the Offices which were incumbent upon him, in the Care of his own Affairs and Relations of Life, and therefore dreaded (tho' he had great Talents) to go into Employments of State, where he must be exposed to the Snares of Ambition. Innocence of Life and great Ability were the distinguishing Parts of his Character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the Destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that Great and Good had not the same Signification. He was an excellent Husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a Degree of Wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret Bounties many Years after the Sum he aimed at for his own Use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his Industry, but to a decent old Age spent the Life and Fortune which was superfluous to himself, in the Service of his Friends and Neighbours.'

Here we were called to Dinner, and Sir ROGER ended the Discourse of this Gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the Servant, that this his Ancestor was a brave Man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the Civil Wars;

'For,' said he, 'he was sent out of the Field upon a private Message, the Day before the Battel of *Worcester*.'

The Whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a Day of Danger, with other Matters above—mentioned, mixed with good Sense, left me at a Loss whether I was more delighted with my Friend's Wisdom or Simplicity.

R.

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[Footnote 1: When Henry VIII drained the site of St. James's Park he formed, close to the Palace of Whitehall, a large Tilt—yard for noblemen and others to exercise themselves in jousting, tourneying, and fighting at the barriers. Houses afterwards were built on its ground, and one of them became Jenny Man's "Tilt Yard Coffee

House." The Paymaster– General's office now stands on the site of it.]

[Footnote 2: A kind of Custard.]

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No. 110. Friday, July 6, 1711. Addison.

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'Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.'

Virg.

At a little distance from Sir ROGER'S House, among the Ruins of an old Abby, there is a long Walk of aged Elms; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the Rooks and Crows that rest upon the Tops of them seem to be cawing in another Region. I am very much delighted with this sort of Noise, which I consider as a kind of natural Prayer to that Being who supplies the Wants of his whole Creation, and [who], in the beautiful Language of the *\_Psalms\_*, feedeth the young Ravens that call upon him. I like this [Retirement [1]] the better, because of an ill Report it lies under of being *\_haunted\_*; for which Reason (as I have been told in the Family) no living Creature ever walks in it besides the Chaplain. My good Friend the Butler desired me with a very grave Face not to venture my self in it after Sun–set, for that one of the Footmen had been almost frighted out of his Wits by a Spirit that appear'd to him in the Shape of a black Horse without an Head; to which he added, that about a Month ago one of the Maids coming home late that way with a Pail of Milk upon her Head, heard such a Rustling among the Bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a Walk in this Place last Night between the Hours of Nine and Ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper Scenes in the World for a Ghost to appear in. The Ruins of the Abby are scattered up and down on every Side, and half covered with Ivy and Elder–Bushes, the Harbours of several solitary Birds which seldom make their Appearance till the Dusk of the Evening. The Place was formerly a Churchyard, and has still several Marks in it of Graves and Burying–Places. There is such an Echo among the old Ruins and Vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the Sound repeated. At the same time the Walk of Elms, with the Croaking of the Ravens which from time to time are heard from the Tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These Objects naturally raise Seriousness and Attention; and when Night heightens the Awfulness of the Place, and pours out her supernumerary Horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak Minds fill it with Spectres and Apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his

## Chapter of

the Association of Ideas, has very curious Remarks to shew how by the Prejudice of Education one Idea often introduces into the Mind a whole Set that bear no Resemblance to one another in the Nature of things. Among several Examples of this Kind, he produces the following Instance. *\_The Ideas of Goblins and Sprights have really no more to do with Darkness than Light: Yet let but a foolish Maid inculcate these often on the Mind of a Child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but Darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful Ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other. [2]*

As I was walking in this Solitude, where the Dusk of the Evening conspired with so many other Occasions of Terror, I observed a Cow grazing not far from me, which an Imagination that is apt to *\_startle\_*, might easily have construed into a black Horse without an Head: And I dare say the poor Footman lost his Wits upon some such trivial Occasion.

My Friend Sir ROGER has often told me with a great deal of Mirth, that at his first coming to his Estate he found three Parts of his House altogether useless; that the best Room in it had the Reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that Noises had been heard in his long Gallery, so that he could not get a Servant to enter it after eight a Clock at Night; that the Door of one of his Chambers was nailed up, because there went a Story in the Family that a Butler had formerly hang'd himself in it; and that his Mother, who lived to a great Age, had shut up half the Rooms in the House, in which either her Husband, a Son, or Daughter had died. The Knight seeing his Habitation reduced [to [3]] so small a Compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own House, upon the Death of his Mother ordered [all the Apartments [4]] to be flung open, and *exorcised* by his Chaplain, who lay in every Room one after another, and by that Means dissipated the Fears which had so long reigned in the Family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous Horrors, did I not find them so very much prevail in all Parts of the Country. At the same time I think a Person who is thus terrify'd with the Imagination of Ghosts and Spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the Reports of all Historians sacred and prophane, ancient and modern, and to the Traditions of all Nations, thinks the Appearance of Spirits fabulous and groundless: Could not I give myself up to this general Testimony of Mankind, I should to the Relations of particular Persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other Matters of Fact. I might here add, that not only the Historians, to whom we may join the Poets, but likewise the Philosophers of Antiquity have favoured this Opinion. *Lucretius* himself, though by the Course of his Philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the Soul did not exist separate from the Body, makes no Doubt of the Reality of Apparitions, and that Men have often appeared after their Death. This I think very remarkable; he was so pressed with the Matter of Fact which he could not have the Confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical Notions that was ever started. He tells us, That the Surfaces of all Bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective Bodies, one after another; and that these Surfaces or thin Cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the Body like the Coats of an Onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the Shapes and Shadows of Persons who are either dead or absent. [5]

I shall dismiss this Paper with a Story out of *\_Josephus\_*, not so much for the sake of the Story it self as for the moral Reflections with which the Author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own Words.

'*Glaphyra* the Daughter of King *\_Archelaus\_*, after the Death of her two first Husbands (being married to a third, who was Brother to her first Husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former Wife to make room for this Marriage) had a very odd kind of Dream. She fancied that she saw her first Husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great Tenderness; when in the midst of the Pleasure which she expressed at the Sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: *\_Glaphyra\_*, says he, thou hast made good the old Saying, That Women are not to be trusted. Was not I the Husband of thy Virginity? Have I not Children by thee? How couldst thou forget our Loves so far as to enter into a second Marriage, and after that into a third, nay to take for thy Husband a Man who has so shamelessly crept into the Bed of his Brother? However, for the sake of our passed Loves, I shall free thee from thy present Reproach, and make thee mine for ever. *Glaphyra* told this Dream to several Women of her Acquaintance, and died soon after. [6] I thought this Story might not be impertinent in this Place, wherein I speak of those Kings: Besides that, the Example deserves to be taken notice of as it contains a most certain Proof of the Immortality of the Soul, and of Divine Providence. If any Man thinks these Facts incredible, let him enjoy his own Opinion to himself, but let him not endeavour to disturb the Belief of others, who by Instances of this Nature are excited to the Study of Virtue.'

L.

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[Footnote 1: Walk]

[Footnote 2: 'Essay on the Human Understanding', Bk. II., ch. 33.]

[Footnote 3: into]

[Footnote 4: the Rooms]

[Footnote 5: 'Lucret.' iv. 34, &c.]

[Footnote 6: Josephus, 'Antiq. Jud.' lib. xvii. cap. 15, 415.]

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No. 111. Saturday, July 7, 1711. Addison.

'... Inter Silvas Academi quærere Verum.'

Hor.

The Course of my last Speculation led me insensibly into a Subject upon which I always meditate with great Delight, I mean the Immortality of the Soul. I was yesterday walking alone in one of my Friend's Woods, and lost my self in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my Mind the several Arguments that establish this great Point, which is the Basis of Morality, and the Source of all the pleasing Hopes and secret Joys that can arise in the Heart of a reasonable Creature. I considered those several Proofs, drawn;

\_First\_, From the Nature of the Soul it self, and particularly its Immateriality; which, tho' not absolutely necessary to the Eternity of its Duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a Demonstration.

\_Secondly\_, From its Passions and Sentiments, as particularly from its Love of Existence, its Horror of Annihilation, and its Hopes of Immortality, with that secret Satisfaction which it finds in the Practice of Virtue, and that Uneasiness which follows in it upon the Commission of Vice.

\_Thirdly\_, From the Nature of the Supreme Being, whose Justice, Goodness, Wisdom and Veracity are all concerned in this great Point.

But among these and other excellent Arguments for the Immortality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual Progress of the Soul to its Perfection, without a Possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a Hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this Subject, tho' it seems to me to carry a great Weight with it. How can it enter into the Thoughts of Man, that the Soul, which is capable of such immense Perfections, and of receiving new Improvements to all Eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such Abilities made for no Purpose? A Brute arrives at a Point of Perfection that he can never pass: In a few Years he has all the Endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human Soul thus at a stand in her Accomplishments, were her Faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further Enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a State of Annihilation. But can we believe a thinking Being that is in a perpetual Progress of Improvements, and travelling on from Perfection to Perfection, after having just looked abroad into the Works of its Creator, and made a few Discoveries of his infinite Goodness, Wisdom and Power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her Enquiries?

A Man, considered in his present State, seems only sent into the World to propagate his Kind[. He provides [1]] himself with a Successor, and immediately quits his Post to make room for him.

... Hares Hæredem alterius, velut unda, supervenit undam.

He does not seem born to enjoy Life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in Animals, which are formed for our Use, and can finish their Business in a short Life. The Silk-worm, after having spun her Task, lays her Eggs and dies. But a Man can never have taken in his full measure of Knowledge, has not time to subdue his Passions, establish his Soul in Virtue, and come up to the Perfection of his Nature, before he is hurried off the Stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious Creatures for so mean a Purpose? Can he delight in the Production of such abortive Intelligences, such short-lived reasonable Beings? Would he give us Talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that Wisdom which shines through all his Works, in the Formation of Man, without looking on this World as only a Nursery for the next, and believing that the several Generations of rational Creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick Successions, are only to receive their first Rudiments of Existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly Climate, where they may spread and flourish to all Eternity.

There is not, in my Opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant Consideration in Religion than this of the perpetual Progress which the Soul makes towards the Perfection of its Nature, without ever arriving at a Period in it. To look upon the Soul as going on from Strength to Strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new Accessions of Glory, and brighten to all Eternity; that she will be still adding Virtue to Virtue, and Knowledge to Knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that Ambition which is natural to the Mind of Man. Nay, it must be a Prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his Creation for ever beautifying in his Eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater Degrees of Resemblance.

Methinks this single Consideration, of the Progress of a finite Spirit to Perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all Envy in inferior Natures, and all Contempt in superior. That Cherubim which now appears as a God to a human Soul, knows very well that the Period will come about in Eternity, when the human Soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: Nay, when she shall look down upon that Degree of Perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true the higher Nature still advances, and by that means preserves his Distance and Superiority in the Scale of Being; but he knows how high soever the Station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior Nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same Degree of Glory.

With what Astonishment and Veneration may we look into our own Souls, where there are such hidden Stores of Virtue and Knowledge, such inexhausted Sources of Perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the Heart of Man to conceive the Glory that will be always in Reserve for him. The Soul considered with its Creator, is like one of those Mathematical Lines that may draw nearer to another for all Eternity without a Possibility of touching it: [2] And can there be a Thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual Approaches to him, who is not only the Standard of Perfection but of Happiness!

L.

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[Footnote 1: ",and provide"]

[Footnote 2: The Asymptotes of the Hyperbola.]

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No. 112. Monday, July 9, 1711. Addison.

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[Greek (transliterated):

Athanátous men pr\_ōta theoùs, nóμ\_o h\_os diákeitai Timã

Pyth.]

I am always very well pleased with a Country *\_Sunday\_*; and think, if keeping holy the Seventh Day [were [1]] only a human Institution, it would be the best Method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of Mankind. It is certain the Country–People would soon degenerate into a kind of Savages and Barbarians, were there not such frequent Returns of a stated Time, in which the whole Village meet together with their best Faces, and in their cleanliest [Habits, [2]] to converse with one another upon indifferent Subjects, hear their Duties explained to them, and join together in Adoration of the Supreme Being. *\_>Sunday\_* clears away the Rust of the whole Week, not only as it refreshes in their Minds the Notions of Religion, but as it puts both the Sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable Forms, and exerting all such Qualities as are apt to give them a Figure in the Eye of the Village. A Country–Fellow distinguishes himself as much in the *\_Church–yard\_*, as a Citizen does upon the *\_Change\_*, the whole Parish–Politicks being generally discussed in that Place either after Sermon or before the Bell rings.

My Friend Sir ROGER, being a good Churchman, has beautified the Inside of his Church with several Texts of his own chusing: He has likewise given a handsome Pulpit–Cloth, and railed in the Communion–Table at his own Expencc. He has often told me, that at his coming to his Estate he found [his Parishioners [3]] very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the Responses, he gave every one of them a Hassock and a Common–prayer Book: and at the same time employed an itinerant Singing–Master, who goes about the Country for that Purpose, to instruct them rightly in the Tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed out–do most of the Country Churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir ROGER is Landlord to the whole Congregation, he keeps them in very good Order, and will suffer no Body to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprized into a short Nap at Sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any Body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his Servant to them. Several other of the old Knight's Particularities break out upon these Occasions: Sometimes he will be lengthening out a Verse in the Singing–Psalms, half a Minute after the rest of the Congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the Matter of his Devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same Prayer; and sometimes stands up when every Body else is upon their Knees, to count the Congregation, or see if any of his Tenants are missing.

I was Yesterday very much surprised to hear my old Friend, in the Midst of the Service, calling out to one *John Matthews* to mind what he was about, and not disturb the Congregation. This *John Matthews* it seems is remarkable for being an idle Fellow, and at that Time was kicking his Heels for his Diversion. This Authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd Manner which accompanies him in all Circumstances of Life, has a very good Effect upon the Parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his Behaviour; besides that the general good Sense and Worthiness of his Character makes his Friends observe these little Singularities as Foils that rather set off than blemish his good Qualities.

As soon as the Sermon is finished, no Body presumes to stir till Sir ROGER is gone out of the Church. The Knight walks down from his Seat in the Chancel between a double Row of his Tenants, that stand bowing to him on each Side; and every now and then enquires how such an one's Wife, or Mother, or Son, or Father do, whom he does not see at Church; which is understood as a secret Reprimand to the Person that is absent.

The Chaplain has often told me, that upon a Catechising–day, when Sir ROGER has been pleased with a Boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next Day for his Encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a Flich of Bacon to his Mother. Sir ROGER has likewise added five Pounds a Year to the Clerk's Place; and that he may encourage the young Fellows to make themselves perfect in the Church–Service, has promised upon the Death of the present Incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to Merit.

The fair Understanding between Sir ROGER and his Chaplain, and their mutual Concurrence in doing Good, is the more remarkable, because the very next Village is famous for the Differences and Contentions that rise between the Parson and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual State of War. The Parson is always preaching at

the 'Squire, and the 'Squire to be revenged on the Parson never comes to Church. The 'Squire has made all his Tenants Atheists and Tithe-Stealers; while the Parson instructs them every *Sunday* in the Dignity of his Order, and insinuates to them in almost every Sermon, that he is a better Man than his Patron. In short, Matters are come to such an Extremity, that the 'Squire has not said his Prayers either in publick or private this half Year; and that the Parson threatens him, if he does not mend his Manners, to pray for him in the Face of the whole Congregation.

Feuds of this Nature, though too frequent in the Country, are very fatal to the ordinary People; who are so used to be dazled with Riches, that they pay as much Deference to the Understanding of a Man of an Estate, as of a Man of Learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any Truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several Men of five hundred a Year who do not believe it.

L.

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[Footnote 1: had been]

[Footnote 2: Dress]

[Footnote 3: the Parish]

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No. 113. Tuesday, July 10, 1711. Steele.

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'... Harent infixi pectore vultus.'

Virg.

In my first Description of the Company in which I pass most of my Time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great Affliction which my Friend Sir ROGER had met with in his Youth; which was no less than a Disappointment in Love. It happened this Evening, that we fell into a very pleasing Walk at a Distance from his House: As soon as we came into it,

'It is, quoth the good Old Man, looking round him with a Smile, very hard, that any Part of my Land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse Widow [1] did; and yet I am sure I could not see a Sprig of any Bough of this whole Walk of Trees, but I should reflect upon her and her Severity. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World. You are to know this was the Place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that Custom I can never come into it, but the same tender Sentiments revive in my Mind, as if I had actually walked with that Beautiful Creature under these Shades. I have been Fool enough to carve her Name on the Bark of several of these Trees; so unhappy is the Condition of Men in Love, to attempt the removing of their Passion by the Methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World.'

Here followed a profound Silence; and I was not displeas'd to observe my Friend falling so naturally into a Discourse, which I had ever before taken Notice he industriously avoided. After a very long Pause he entered upon an Account of this great Circumstance in his Life, with an Air which I thought rais'd my Idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the Picture of that chearful Mind of his, before it received that Stroke which has ever since affected his Words and Actions. But he went on as follows.

'I came to my Estate in my Twenty Second Year, and resolv'd to follow the Steps of the most Worthy of my Ancestors who have inhabited this Spot of Earth before me, in all the Methods of Hospitality and good Neighbourhood, for the sake of my Fame; and in Country Sports and Recreations, for the sake of my Health.

In my Twenty Third Year I was obliged to serve as Sheriff of the County; and in my Servants, Officers and whole Equipage, indulged the Pleasure of a young Man (who did not think ill of his own Person) in taking that publick Occasion of shewing my Figure and Behaviour to Advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what Appearance I made, who am pretty tall, [rid [2]] well, and was very well dressed, at the Head of a whole County, with Musick before me, a Feather in my Hat, and my Horse well Bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind Looks and Glances I had from all the Balconies and Windows as I rode to the Hall where the Assizes were held. But when I came there, a Beautiful Creature in a Widow's Habit sat in Court to hear the Event of a Cause concerning her Dower. This commanding Creature (who was born for Destruction of all who behold her) put on such a Resignation in her Countenance, and bore the Whispers of all around the Court with such a pretty Uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered her self from one Eye to another, 'till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a Murrain to her, she cast her bewitching Eye upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprized Booby; and knowing her Cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a Captivated Calf as I was, Make way for the Defendant's Witnesses. This sudden Partiality made all the County immediately see the Sheriff also was become a Slave to the fine Widow. During the Time her Cause was upon Tryal, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep Attention to her Business, took Opportunities to have little Billets handed to her Council, then would be in such a pretty Confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much Company, that not only I but the whole Court was prejudiced in her Favour; and all that the next Heir to her Husband had to urge, was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her Council to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the Court thought he could have urged to her Advantage. You must understand, Sir, this perverse Woman is one of those unaccountable Creatures, that secretly rejoice in the Admiration of Men, but indulge themselves in no further Consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a Train of Admirers, and she removes from her Slaves in Town to those in the Country, according to the Seasons of the Year. She is a reading Lady, and far gone in the Pleasures of Friendship; She is always accompanied by a Confident, who is Witness to her daily Protestations against our Sex, and consequently a Bar to her first Steps towards Love, upon the Strength of her own Maxims and Declarations.

However, I must needs say this accomplished Mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY was the Tamest and most Human of all the Brutes in the Country. I was told she said so, by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the Strength of this slender Encouragement, of being thought least detestable, I made new Liveries, new paired my Coach-Horses, sent them all to Town to be bitted, and taught to throw their Legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the Country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my Retinue suitable to the Character of my Fortune and Youth, I set out from hence to make my Addresses. The particular Skill of this Lady has ever been to inflame your Wishes, and yet command Respect. To make her Mistress of this Art, she has a greater Share of Knowledge, Wit, and good Sense, than is usual even among Men of Merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the Race of Women. If you won't let her go on with a certain Artifice with her Eyes, and the Skill of Beauty, she will arm her self with her real Charms, and strike you with Admiration instead of Desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole Woman, there is that Dignity in her Aspect, that Composure in her Motion, that Complacency in her Manner, that if her Form makes you hope, her Merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate Scholar, that no Country-Gentleman can approach her without being a Jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her House I was admitted to her Presence with great Civility; at the same time she placed her self to be first seen by me in such an Attitude, as I think you call the Posture of a Picture, that she discovered new Charms, and I at last came towards her with such an Awe as made me Speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her Advantage of it, and began a Discourse to me concerning Love and Honour, as they both are followed by Pretenders, and the real Votaries to them. When she [had] discussed these Points in a Discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best Philosopher in *Europe* could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my Sentiments on these important Particulars. Her Confident sat by her, and upon my being in the last Confusion and Silence, this malicious Aid of hers, turning to her, says, I am very glad to observe Sir ROGER pauses upon this Subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his Sentiments upon the Matter when he pleases to speak. They both kept their Countenances, and after I had sat half an Hour meditating how to behave before such profound Casuists, I

rose up and took my Leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her Way, and she as often has directed a Discourse to me which I do not understand. This Barbarity has kept me ever at a Distance from the most beautiful Object my Eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all Mankind, and you must make Love to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other Women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the Pleasure of that Man be, who could converse with a Creature—But, after all, you may be sure her Heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly inform'd; but who can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me, she put her Hand to her Bosom, and adjusted her Tucker. Then she cast her Eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her Voice in her ordinary Speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a publick Table the Day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some Tansy in the Eye of all the Gentlemen in the Country: She has certainly the finest Hand of any Woman in the World. I can assure you, Sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same Condition; for as her Speech is Musick, her Form is Angelick. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be Stupidity to be unconcerned at such Perfection. Oh the excellent Creature, she is as inimitable to all Women, as she is inaccessible to all Men.'

I found my Friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the House, that we might be joined by some other Company; and am convinced that the Widow is the secret Cause of all that Inconsistency which appears in some Parts of my Friend's Discourse; tho' he has so much Command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of *\_Martial\_*, which one knows not how to render in *\_English, Dum facet hanc loquitur\_*. I shall end this Paper with that whole Epigram, [3] which represents with much Humour my honest Friend's Condition.

*\_Quicquid agit Rufus nihil est nisi Nævia Rufo, Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur: Coenat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est Nævia; Si non sit Nævia mutus erit. Scriberet hesterna Patri cum Luce Salutem, Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia lumen, ave.\_*

Let *Rufus* weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk, Still he can nothing but of *\_Nævia\_* talk; Let him eat, drink, ask Questions, or dispute, Still he must speak of *\_Nævia\_*, or be mute. He writ to his Father, ending with this Line, I am, my Lovely *\_Nævia\_*, ever thine.

R.

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[Footnote 1: Mrs Catherine Boevey, widow of William Boevey, Esq., who was left a widow at the age of 22, and died in January, 1726, has one of the three volumes of the Lady's Library dedicated to her by Steele in terms that have been supposed to imply resemblance between her and the 'perverse widow;' as being both readers, &c. Mrs Boevey is said also to have had a Confidant (Mary Pope) established in her household. But there is time misspent in all these endeavours to reduce to tittle-tattle the creations of a man of genius.]

[Footnote 2: ride]

[Footnote 3: Bk. I. Ep. 69.]

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No. 114. Wednesday, July 11, 1711. Steele.

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'... Paupertatis pudor et fuga ...'

Hor.

Oeconomy in our Affairs has the same Effect upon our Fortunes which Good Breeding has upon our Conversations. There is a pretending Behaviour in both Cases, which, instead of making Men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had Yesterday at SIR ROGER'S a Set of Country Gentlemen who dined with him; and after Dinner the Glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a Person of a tolerable good Aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of Liquor than any of the Company, and yet, methought, he did not taste it with Delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of every thing that was said; and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his Humour grew worse. At the same time his Bitterness seem'd to be rather an inward Dissatisfaction in his own Mind, than any Dislike he had taken at the Company. Upon hearing his Name, I knew him to be a Gentle man of a considerable Fortune in this County, but greatly in Debt. What gives the unhappy Man this Peevishness of Spirit is, that his Estate is dipped, and is eating out with Usury; and yet he has not the Heart to sell any Part of it. His proud Stomach, at the Cost of restless Nights, constant Inquietudes, Danger of Affronts, and a thousand nameless Inconveniences, preserves this Canker in his Fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a Man of fewer Hundreds a Year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the Torment of Poverty, to avoid the Name of being less rich. If you go to his House you see great Plenty; but served in a Manner that shews it is all unnatural, and that the Master's Mind is not at home. There is a certain Waste and Carelessness in the Air of every thing, and the whole appears but a covered Indigence, a magnificent Poverty. That Neatness and Cheerfulness, which attends the Table of him who lives within Compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a Libertine Way of Service in all about him.

This Gentleman's Conduct, tho' a very common way of Management, is as ridiculous as that Officer's would be, who had but few Men under his Command, and should take the Charge of an Extent of Country rather than of a small Pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a Man's Hands, a greater Estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable Vanity, and must in the End reduce the Man who is guilty of it to Dishonour. Yet if we look round us in any County of *Great Britain*, we shall see many in this fatal Error; if that may be called by so soft a Name, which proceeds from a false Shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary Behaviour would in a short Time advance them to the Condition which they pretend to.

*Laertes* has fifteen hundred Pounds a Year; which is mortgaged for six thousand Pounds; but it is impossible to convince him that if he sold as much as would pay off that Debt, he would save four Shillings in the Pound, [1] which he gives for the Vanity of being the reputed Master of it. [Yet [2]] if *Laertes* did this, he would, perhaps, be easier in his own Fortune; but then *Irus*, a Fellow of Yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a Year, would be his Equal. Rather than this shall be, *Laertes* goes on to bring well-born Beggars into the World, and every Twelvemonth charges, his Estate with at least one Year's Rent more by the Birth of a Child.

*Laertes* and *Irus* are Neighbours, whose Way of living are an Abomination to each other. *Irus* is moved by the Fear of Poverty, and *Laertes* by the Shame of it. Though the Motive of Action is of so near Affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, 'That to each of them Poverty is the greatest of all Evils,' yet are their Manners very widely different. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* launch into unnecessary Equipage, vain Expense, and lavish Entertainments; Fear of Poverty makes *Irus* allow himself only plain Necessaries, appear without a Servant, sell his own Corn, attend his Labourers, and be himself a Labourer. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* go every Day a step nearer to it; and Fear of Poverty stirs up *Irus* to make every Day some further Progress from it.

These different Motives produce the Excesses of which Men are guilty of in the Negligence of and Provision for themselves. Usury, Stock-jobbing, Extortion and Oppression, have their Seed in the Dread of Want; and Vanity, Riot and Prodigality, from the Shame of it: But both these Excesses are infinitely below the Pursuit of a reasonable Creature. After we have taken Care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining our selves in the Order of Men suitable to our Character, the Care of Superfluities is a Vice no less extravagant, than the Neglect of Necessaries would have been before.

Certain it is that they are both out of Nature when she is followed with Reason and good Sense. It is from this

Reflection that I always read Mr. *Cowley* with the greatest Pleasure: His Magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable Men as his Understanding; and it is a true distinguishing Spirit in the elegant Author who published his Works, [3] to dwell so much upon the Temper of his Mind and the Moderation of his Desires: By this means he has render'd his Friend as amiable as famous. That State of Life which bears the Face of Poverty with Mr. *Cowley's* great Vulgar\_, is admirably described; and it is no small Satisfaction to those of the same Turn of Desire, that he produces the Authority of the wisest Men of the best Age of the World, to strengthen his Opinion of the ordinary Pursuits of Mankind.

It would methinks be no ill Maxim of Life, if according to that Ancestor of Sir ROGER, whom I lately mentioned, every Man would point to himself what Sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a Tranquility on this Side of that Expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler Uses than his own Pleasures or Necessities. This Temper of Mind would exempt a Man from an ignorant Envy of restless Men above him, and a more inexcusable Contempt of happy Men below him. This would be sailing by some Compass, living with some Design; but to be eternally bewildered in Prospects of Future Gain, and putting on unnecessary Armour against improbable Blows of Fortune, is a Mechanick Being which has not good Sense for its Direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired Instinct towards things below our Consideration and unworthy our Esteem. It is possible that the Tranquility I now enjoy at Sir ROGER'S may have created in me this Way of Thinking, which is so abstracted from the common Relish of the World: But as I am now in a pleasing Arbour surrounded with a beautiful Landskip, I find no Inclination so strong as to continue in these Mansions, so remote from the ostentatious Scenes of Life; and am at this present Writing Philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. *Cowley*;

\_If e'er Ambition did my Fancy cheat, With any Wish so mean as to be Great; Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove The humble Blessings of that Life I love.\_ [4]

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[Footnote 1: The Land Tax.]

[Footnote 2: But]

[Footnote 3: Dr. Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, in his *Life of Cowley* prefixed to an edition of the Poet's works. The temper of Cowley here referred to is especially shown in his Essays, as in the opening one 'Of Liberty,' and in that 'Of Greatness,' which is followed by the paraphrase from Horace's Odes, Bk. III. Od. i, beginning with the expression above quoted:

\_Hence, ye profane; I hate ye all; Both the Great Vulgar and the Small.\_]

[Footnote 4: From the Essay 'Of Greatness.']

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No. 115. Thursday, July 12, 1711. Addison.

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'... Ut sit Mens sana in Corpore sano.'

Juv.

Bodily Labour is of two Kinds, either that which a Man submits to for his Livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his Pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the Name of Labour for that of Exercise, but differs only from ordinary Labour as it rises from another Motive.

A Country Life abounds in both these kinds of Labour, and for that Reason gives a Man a greater Stock of Health, and consequently a more perfect Enjoyment of himself, than any other Way of Life. I consider the

Body as a System of Tubes and Glands, or to use a more Rustick Phrase, a Bundle of Pipes and Strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a Manner as to make a proper Engine for the Soul to work with. This Description does not only comprehend the Bowels, Bones, Tendons, Veins, Nerves and Arteries, but every Muscle and every Ligature, which is a Composition of Fibres, that are so many imperceptible Tubes or Pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible Glands or Strainers.

This general Idea of a Human Body, without considering it in its Niceties of Anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary Labour is for the right Preservation of it. There must be frequent Motions and Agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the Juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that Infinitude of Pipes and Strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid Parts a more firm and lasting Tone. Labour or Exercise ferments the Humours, casts them into their proper Channels, throws off Redundancies, and helps Nature in those secret Distributions, without which the Body cannot subsist in its Vigour, nor the Soul act with Cheerfulness.

I might here mention the Effects which this has upon all the Faculties of the Mind, by keeping the Understanding clear, the Imagination untroubled, and refining those Spirits that are necessary for the proper Exertion of our intellectual Faculties, during the present Laws of Union between Soul and Body. It is to a Neglect in this Particular that we must ascribe the Spleen, which is so frequent in Men of studious and sedentary Tempers, as well as the Vapours to which those of the other Sex are so often subject.

Had not Exercise been absolutely necessary for our Well-being, Nature would not have made the Body so proper for it, by giving such an Activity to the Limbs, and such a Pliancy to every Part as necessarily produce those Compressions, Extentions, Contortions, Dilatations, and all other kinds of [Motions [1]] that are necessary for the Preservation of such a System of Tubes and Glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want Inducements to engage us in such an Exercise of the Body as is proper for its Welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention Riches and Honour, even Food and Raiment are not to be come at without the Toil of the Hands and Sweat of the Brows. Providence furnishes Materials, but expects that we should work them up our selves. The Earth must be laboured before it gives its Encrease, and when it is forced into its several Products, how many Hands must they pass through before they are fit for Use? Manufactures, Trade, and Agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen Parts of the Species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to Labour, by the Condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of Mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary Labour which goes by the Name of Exercise.

My Friend Sir ROGER has been an indefatigable Man in Business of this kind, and has hung several Parts of his House with the Trophies of his former Labours. The Walls of his great Hall are covered with the Horns of several kinds of Deer that he has killed in the Chace, which he thinks the most valuable Furniture of his House, as they afford him frequent Topicks of Discourse, and shew that he has not been Idle. At the lower End of the Hall, is a large Otter's Skin stuffed with Hay, which his Mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the Knight looks upon with great Satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine Years old when his Dog killed him. A little Room adjoining to the Hall is a kind of Arsenal filled with Guns of several Sizes and Inventions, with which the Knight has made great Havock in the Woods, and destroyed many thousands of Pheasants, Partridges and Wood-cocks. His Stable Doors are patched with Noses that belonged to Foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir ROGER shewed me one of them that for Distinction sake has a Brass Nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen Hours riding, carried him through half a dozen Counties, killed him a Brace of Geldings, and lost above half his Dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest Exploits of his Life. The perverse Widow, whom I have given some Account of, was the Death of several Foxes; for Sir ROGER has told me that in the Course of his Amours he patched the Western Door of his Stable. Whenever the Widow was cruel, the Foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his Passion for the Widow abated and old Age came on, he left off Fox-hunting; but a Hare is not yet safe that Sits within ten Miles of his House.

There is no kind of Exercise which I would so recommend to my Readers of both Sexes as this of Riding, as there is none which so much conduces to Health, and is every way accommodated to the Body, according to the *Idea* which I have given of it. Doctor *Sydenham* is very lavish in its Praises; and if the *English* Reader will see the Mechanical Effects of it describ'd at length, he may find them in a Book published not many Years since, under the Title of *Medicina Gymnastica* [2]. For my own part, when I am in Town, for want of these Opportunities, I exercise myself an Hour every Morning upon a dumb Bell that is placed in a Corner of my Room, and pleases me the more because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound Silence. My Landlady and her Daughters are so well acquainted with my Hours of Exercise, that they never come into my Room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some Years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious Diversion, which I learned from a *Latin* Treatise of Exercises that is written with great Erudition: [3] It is there called the *\_skiomachia\_*, or the fighting with a Man's own Shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short Sticks grasped in each Hand, and loaden with Plugs of Lead at either End. This opens the Chest, exercises the Limbs, and gives a Man all the Pleasure of Boxing, without the Blows. I could wish that several Learned Men would lay out that Time which they employ in Controversies and Disputes about nothing, in this Method of fighting with their own Shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the Spleen, which makes them uneasy to the Publick as well as to themselves.

To conclude, As I am a Compound of Soul and Body, I consider myself as obliged to a double Scheme of Duties; and I think I have not fulfilled the Business of the Day when I do not thus employ the one in Labour and Exercise, as well as the other in Study and Contemplation.

L.

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[Footnote 1: Motion]

[Footnote 2: 'Medicina Gymnastica, or, a Treatise concerning the Power of Exercise'. By Francis Fuller, M.A.]

[Footnote 3: 'Artis Gymnasticæ apud Antiquos ...' Libri VI. (Venice, 1569). By Hieronymus Mercurialis, who died at Forli, in 1606. He speaks of the shadow-fighting in Lib. iv. cap. 5, and Lib. v. cap. 2.]

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No. 116. Friday, July 13, 1711. Budgell.

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'... Vocat ingenti clamore Cithoeron, Taygetique canes ...'

Virg.

Those who have searched into human Nature observe that nothing so much shews the Nobleness of the Soul, as that its Felicity consists in Action. Every Man has such an active Principle in him, that he will find out something to employ himself upon in whatever Place or State of Life he is posted. I have heard of a Gentleman who was under close Confinement in the *Bastile* seven Years; during which Time he amused himself in scattering a few small Pins about his Chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different Figures on the Arm of a great Chair. He often told his Friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this Piece of Exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his Senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my Readers, that Sir ROGER, with whose Character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his Youth gone through the whole Course of those rural Diversions which the Country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious Industry a Man may observe here in a far greater Degree than in Towns and Cities. I have before hinted at

some of my Friend's Exploits: He has in his youthful Days taken forty Coveys of Partridges in a Season; and tired many a Salmon with a Line consisting but of a single Hair. The constant Thanks and good Wishes of the Neighbourhood always attended him, on account of his remarkable Enmity towards Foxes; having destroyed more of those Vermin in one Year, than it was thought the whole Country could have produced. Indeed the Knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate Friends that in order to establish his Reputation this Way, he has secretly sent for great Numbers of them out of other Counties, which he used to turn loose about the Country by Night, that he might the better signalize himself in their Destruction the next Day. His Hunting-Horses were the finest and best managed in all these Parts: His Tenants are still full of the Praises of a grey Stone-horse that unhappily staked himself several Years since, and was buried with great Solemnity in the Orchard.

Sir *Roger*, being at present too old for Fox-hunting, to keep himself in Action, has disposed of his Beagles and got a Pack of *Stop-Hounds*. What these want in Speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the Deepness of their Mouths and the Variety of their Notes, which are suited in such manner to each other, that the whole Cry makes up a compleat Consort. [1] He is so nice in this Particular that a Gentleman having made him a Present of a very fine Hound the other Day, the Knight returned it by the Servant with a great many Expressions of Civility; but desired him to tell his Master, that the Dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent *Base*, but that at present he only wanted a *Counter-Tenor*. Could I believe my Friend had ever read *Shakespeare*, I should certainly conclude he had taken the Hint from *Theseus* in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. [2]

*My Hounds are bred out of the Spartan Kind*, So flu'd, so sanded; and their Heads are hung With Ears that sweep away the Morning Dew. Crook-knee'd and dew-lap'd like *Thessalian Bulls*; Slow in Pursuit, but match'd in Mouths like Bells, Each under each: A Cry more tuneable Was never hallowed to, nor chear'd with Horn.

Sir *Roger* is so keen at this Sport, that he has been out almost every Day since I came down; and upon the Chaplain's offering to lend me his easy Pad, I was prevailed on Yesterday Morning to make one of the Company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general Benevolence of all the Neighbourhood towards my Friend. The Farmers Sons thought themselves happy if they could open a Gate for the good old Knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a Nod or a Smile, and a kind Enquiry after their Fathers and Uncles.

After we had rid about a Mile from Home, we came upon a large Heath, and the Sports-men began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little Distance from the rest of the Company, I saw a Hare pop out from a small Furze-brake almost under my Horse's Feet. I marked the Way she took, which I endeavoured to make the Company sensible of by extending my Arm; but to no purpose, 'till Sir *ROGER*, who knows that none of my extraordinary Motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me *'if Puss was gone that Way?'* Upon my answering *'Yes'*, he immediately called in the Dogs, and put them upon the Scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the Country-Fellows muttering to his Companion, *'That 'twas a Wonder they had not lost all their Sport, for want of the silent Gentleman's crying STOLE AWAY.'*

This, with my Aversion to leaping Hedges, made me withdraw to a rising Ground, from whence I could have the Picture of the whole Chace, without the Fatigue of keeping in with the Hounds. The Hare immediately threw them above a Mile behind her; but I was pleased to find, that instead of running straight forwards, or in Hunter's Language, *'Flying the Country'*, as I was afraid she might have done, she wheel'd about, and described a sort of Circle round the Hill where I had taken my Station, in such manner as gave me a very distinct View of the Sport. I could see her first pass by, and the Dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole Track she had made, and following her thro' all her Doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that Deference which the rest of the Pack paid to each particular Hound, according to the Character he had acquired amongst them: If they were at Fault, and an old Hound of Reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole Cry; while a raw Dog or one who was a noted *'Liar'*, might have yelped

his Heart out, without being taken Notice of.

The Hare now, after having squatted two or three Times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the Place where she was at first started. The Dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white Gelding, encompassed by his Tenants and Servants, and chearing his Hounds with all the Gaiety of Five and Twenty. One of the Sportsmen rode up to me, and told me, that he was sure the Chace was almost at an End, because the old Dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the Pack. The Fellow was in the right. Our Hare took a large Field just under us, followed by the full Cry *in View*. I must confess the Brightness of the Weather, the Chearfulness of everything around me, the *Chiding* of the Hounds, which was returned upon us in a double Eccho, from two neighbouring Hills, with the Hallowing of the Sportsmen, and the Sounding of the Horn, lifted my Spirits into a most lively Pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was *innocent*. If I was under any Concern, it was on the Account of the poor Hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the Reach of her Enemies; when the Huntsman getting forward threw down his Pole before the Dogs. They were now within eight Yards of that Game which they had been pursuing for almost as many Hours; yet on the Signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden Stand, and tho' they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the Pole. At the same time Sir ROGER rode forward, and alighting, took up the Hare in his Arms; which he soon delivered up to one of his Servants with an Order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great Orchard; where it seems he has several of these Prisoners of War, who live together in a very comfortable Captivity. I was highly pleased to see the Discipline of the Pack, and the Good-nature of the Knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a Creature that had given him so much Diversion.

As we were returning home, I remembered that Monsieur *Paschal* in his most excellent Discourse on *\_the Misery of Man\_*, tells us, That *\_all our Endeavours after Greatness proceed from nothing but a Desire of being surrounded by a Multitude of Persons and Affairs that may hinder us from looking into our selves, which is a View we cannot bear\_*. He afterwards goes on to shew that our Love of Sports comes from the same Reason, and is particularly severe upon HUNTING, *\_What\_*, says he, *\_unless it be to drown Thought, can make Men throw away so much Time and Pains upon a silly Animal, which they might buy cheaper in the Market\_?* The foregoing Reflection is certainly just, when a Man suffers his whole Mind to be drawn into his Sports, and altogether loses himself in the Woods; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable End from this Exercise, I mean, *\_The Preservation of Health, and keeping all the Organs of the Soul in a Condition to execute her Orders\_*. Had that incomparable Person, whom I last quoted, been a little more indulgent to himself in this Point, the World might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas thro' too great an Application to his Studies in his Youth, he contracted that ill Habit of Body, which, after a tedious Sickness, carried him oft in the fortieth Year of his Age; [3] and the whole History we have of his Life till that Time, is but one continued Account of the behaviour of a noble Soul struggling under innumerable Pains and Distempers.

For my own part I intend to Hunt twice a Week during my Stay with Sir ROGER; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this Exercise to all my Country Friends, as the best kind of Physick for mending a bad Constitution, and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following Lines out of Mr. *Dryden* [4].

*\_The first Physicians by Debauch were made; Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade. By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food; Toil strung the Nerves, and purify'd the Blood; But we their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men, Are dwindled down to threescore Years and ten. Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought, Than fee the Doctor for a nauseous Draught. The Wise for Cure on Exercise depend: God never made his Work for Man to mend.\_*

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[Footnote 1: As to dogs, the difference is great between a hunt now and a hunt in the 'Spectator's' time. Since the early years of the last century the modern foxhound has come into existence, while the beagle and the

deep-flewed southern hare-hound, nearly resembling the bloodhound, with its sonorous note, has become almost extinct. Absolutely extinct also is the old care to attune the voices of a pack. Henry II, in his breeding of hounds, is said to have been careful not only that they should be fleet, but also 'well-tongued and consonous;' the same care in Elizabeth's time is, in the passage quoted by the 'Spectator', attributed by Shakespeare to Duke Theseus; and the paper itself shows that care was taken to match the voices of a pack in the reign also of Queen Anne. This has now been for some time absolutely disregarded. In many important respects the pattern harrier of the present day differs even from the harriers used at the beginning of the present century.]

[Footnote 2: Act IV. sc. 1.]

[Footnote 3: Pascal, who wrote a treatise on Conic sections at the age of 16, and had composed most of his mathematical works and made his chief experiments in science by the age of 26, was in constant suffering, by disease, from his 18th year until his death, in 1662, at the age stated in the text. Expectation of an early death caused him to pass from his scientific studies into the direct service of religion, and gave, as the fruit of his later years, the Provincial Letters and the 'Pensées'.]

[Footnote 4: Epistle to his kinsman, J. Driden, Esq., of Chesterton.]

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No. 117. Saturday, July 14, 1711. Addison.

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'... Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.'

Virg.

There are some Opinions in which a Man should stand Neuter, without engaging his Assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering Faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any Determination, is absolutely necessary to a Mind that is careful to avoid Errors and Prepossessions. When the Arguments press equally on both sides in Matters that are indifferent to us, the safest Method is to give up our selves to neither.

It is with this Temper of Mind that I consider the Subject of Witchcraft. When I hear the Relations that are made from all Parts of the World, not only from *Norway* and *Lapland*, from the *East* and *West Indies*, but from every particular Nation in *Europe*, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an Intercourse and Commerce with Evil Spirits, as that which we express by the Name of Witch-craft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous Parts of the World abound most in these Relations, and that the Persons among us, who are supposed to engage in such an Infernal Commerce, are People of a weak Understanding and a crazed Imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many Impostures and Delusions of this Nature that have been detected in all Ages, I endeavour to suspend my Belief till I hear more certain Accounts than any which have yet come to my Knowledge. In short, when I consider the Question, whether there are such Persons in the World as those we call Witches? my Mind is divided between the two opposite Opinions; or rather (to speak my Thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as Witch-craft; but at the same time can give no Credit to any particular Instance of it.

I am engaged in this Speculation, by some Occurrences that I met with Yesterday, which I shall give my Reader an Account of at large. As I was walking with my Friend Sir ROGER by the side of one of his Woods, an old Woman applied herself to me for my Charity. Her Dress and Figure put me in mind of the following Description in [*Otway*. [1]]

In a close Lane as I pursued my Journey, I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, with Age grown double, Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to her self. Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall'd and red, Cold Palsy shook her Head; her

Hands seem'd wither'd; And on her crooked Shoulders had she wrap'd The tatter'd Remnants of an old striped Hanging, Which served to keep her Carcase from the Cold: So there was nothing of a Piece about her. Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarsly patch'd With diff'rent-colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow, And seem'd to speak Variety of Wretchedness. [2]

[As I was musing on this Description, and comparing it with the Object before me, the Knight told me, [3]] that this very old Woman had the Reputation of a Witch all over the Country, that her Lips were observed to be always in Motion, and that there was not a Switch about her House which her Neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of Miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found Sticks or Straws that lay in the Figure of a Cross before her. If she made any Mistake at Church, and cryed *Amen* in a wrong Place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her Prayers backwards. There was not a Maid in the Parish that would take a Pin of her, though she would offer a Bag of Mony with it. She goes by the Name of *\_Moll White\_*, and has made the Country ring with several imaginary Exploits which are palmed upon her. If the Dairy Maid does not make her Butter come so soon as she should have it, *Moll White* is at the Bottom of the Churn. If a Horse sweats in the Stable, *Moll White* has been upon his Back. If a Hare makes an unexpected escape from the Hounds, the Huntsman curses *Moll White*. Nay, (says Sir ROGER) I have known the Master of the Pack, upon such an Occasion, send one of his Servants to see if *Moll White* had been out that Morning.

This Account raised my Curiosity so far, that I begged my Friend Sir ROGER to go with me into her Hovel, which stood in a solitary Corner under the side of the Wood. Upon our first entering Sir ROGER winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the Door, which, upon looking that Way, I found to be an old Broom-staff. At the same time he whispered me in the Ear to take notice of a Tabby Cat that sat in the Chimney-Corner, which, as the old Knight told me, lay under as bad a Report as *Moll White* her self; for besides that *Moll* is said often to accompany her in the same Shape, the Cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her Life, and to have played several Pranks above the Capacity of an ordinary Cat.

I was secretly concerned to see Human Nature in so much Wretchedness and Disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir ROGER, who is a little puzzled about the old Woman, advising her as a Justice of Peace to avoid all Communication with the Devil, and never to hurt any of her Neighbours' Cattle. We concluded our Visit with a Bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our Return home, Sir ROGER told me, that old *Moll* had been often brought before him for making Children spit Pins, and giving Maids the Night-Mare; and that the Country People would be tossing her into a Pond and trying Experiments with her every Day, if it was not for him and his Chaplain.

I have since found upon Enquiry, that Sir ROGER was several times staggered with the Reports that had been brought him concerning this old Woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the County Sessions, had not his Chaplain with much ado perswaded him to the contrary. [4]

I have been the more particular in this Account, because I hear there is scarce a Village in *England* that has not a *Moll White* in it. When an old Woman begins to doat, and grow chargeable to a Parish, she is generally turned into a Witch, and fills the whole Country with extravagant Fancies, imaginary Distempers and terrifying Dreams. In the mean time, the poor Wretch that is the innocent Occasion of so many Evils begins to be frighted at her self, and sometimes confesses secret Commerce and Familiarities that her Imagination forms in a delirious old Age. This frequently cuts off Charity from the greatest Objects of Compassion, and inspires People with a Malevolence towards those poor decrepid Parts of our Species, in whom Human Nature is defaced by Infirmary and Dotage.

L.

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[Footnote 1: *\_Ottway\_*, which I could not forbear repeating on this occasion.]

[Footnote 2: 'Orphan', Act II. Chamont to Monimia.]

[Footnote 3: The knight told me, upon hearing the Description,]

[Footnote 4: When this essay was written, charges were being laid against one old woman, Jane Wenham, of Walkerne, a little village north of Hertford, which led to her trial for witchcraft at assizes held in the following year, 1712, when she was found guilty; and became memorable as the last person who, in this country, was condemned to capital punishment for that impossible offence. The judge got first a reprieve and then a pardon. The lawyers had refused to draw up any indictment against the poor old creature, except, in mockery, for 'conversing familiarly with the devil in form of a cat.' But of that offence she was found guilty upon the testimony of sixteen witnesses, three of whom were clergymen. One witness, Anne Thorne, testified that every night the pins went from her pincushion into her mouth. Others gave evidence that they had seen pins come jumping through the air into Anne Thorne's mouth. Two swore that they had heard the prisoner, in the shape of a cat, converse with the devil, he being also in form of a cat. Anne Thorne swore that she was tormented exceedingly with cats, and that all the cats had the face and voice of the witch. The vicar of Ardeley had tested the poor ignorant creature with the Lord's Prayer, and finding that she could not repeat it, had terrified her with his moral tortures into some sort of confession. Such things, then, were said and done, and such credulity was abetted even by educated men at the time when this essay was written. Upon charges like those ridiculed in the text, a woman actually was, a few months later, not only committed by justices with a less judicious spiritual counsellor than Sir Roger's chaplain, but actually found guilty at the assizes, and condemned to death.]

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No. 118. Monday, July 16, 1711. Steele.

'... Haret lateri lethalis arundo.'

Virg.

This agreeable Seat is surrounded with so many pleasing Walks, which are struck out of a Wood, in the midst of which the House stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one Labyrinth of Delight to another. To one used to live in a City the Charms of the Country are so exquisite, that the Mind is lost in a certain Transport which raises us above ordinary Life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with Tranquility. This State of Mind was I in, ravished with the Murmur of Waters, the Whisper of Breezes, the Singing of Birds; and whether I looked up to the Heavens, down on the Earth, or turned to the Prospects around me, still struck with new Sense of Pleasure; when I found by the Voice of my Friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the Grove sacred to the Widow.

This Woman, says he, is of all others the most unintelligible: she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all, is, that she doth not either say to her Lovers she has any Resolution against that Condition of Life in general, or that she banishes them; but conscious of her own Merit, she permits their Addresses, without Fear of any ill Consequence, or want of Respect, from their Rage or Despair. She has that in her Aspect, against which it is impossible to offend. A Man whose Thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an Object, must be excused if the ordinary Occurrences in Conversation are below his Attention. I call her indeed perverse, but, alas! why do I call her so? Because her superior Merit is such, that I cannot approach her without Awe, that my Heart is checked by too much Esteem: I am angry that her Charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her: How often have I wished her unhappy that I might have an Opportunity of serving her? and how often troubled in that very Imagination, at giving her the Pain of being obliged? Well, I have led a miserable Life in secret upon her Account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful Animal her Confident.

Of all Persons under the Sun (continued he, calling me by my Name) be sure to set a Mark upon Confidants: they are of all People the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them, is, that they assume to themselves the Merit of the Persons whom they have in their Custody. *Orestilla* is a great Fortune, and in wonderful Danger of Surprizes, therefore full of Suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new Acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. *Themista*, her Favourite-Woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the Ward be a Beauty, her Confident shall treat you with an Air of Distance; let her be a Fortune, and she assumes the suspicious Behaviour of her Friend and Patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried Women of Distinction, are to all Intents and Purposes married, except the Consideration of different Sexes. They are directly under the Conduct of their Whisperer; and think they are in a State of Freedom, while they can prate with one of these Attendants of all Men in general, and still avoid the Man they most like. You do not see one Heiress in a hundred whose Fate does not turn upon this Circumstance of choosing a Confident. Thus it is that the Lady is addressed to, presented and flattered, only by Proxy, in her Woman. In my Case, how is it possible that ...

Sir RODGER was proceeding in his Harangue, when we heard the Voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these Words, 'What, not one Smile?' We followed the Sound till we came to a close Thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young Woman sitting as it were in a personated Sullenness just over a transparent Fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. *William*, Sir Roger's Master of the Game. The Knight whispered me, 'Hist, these are Lovers.' The Huntsman looking earnestly at the Shadow of the young Maiden in the Stream,

'Oh thou dear Picture, if thou couldst remain there in the Absence of that fair Creature whom you represent in the Water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear *Betty* herself with any Mention of her unfortunate *William*, whom she is angry with: But alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish—Yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest *Betty* thou dost not more depend upon her, than does her *William*? Her Absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I'll jump into these Waves to lay hold on thee; her self, her own dear Person, I must never embrace again—Still do you hear me without one Smile—It is too much to bear—'

He had no sooner spoke these Words, but he made an Offer of throwing himself into the Water: At which his Mistress started up, and at the next Instant he jumped across the Fountain and met her in an Embrace. She half recovering from her Fright, said in the most charming Voice imaginable, and with a Tone of Complaint,

'I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you won't drown yourself till you have taken your leave of *Susan Holliday*.'

The Huntsman, with a Tenderness that spoke the most passionate Love, and with his Cheek close to hers, whispered the softest Vows of Fidelity in her Ear, and cried,

'Don't, my Dear, believe a Word *Kate Willow* says; she is spiteful and makes Stories, because she loves to hear me talk to her self for your sake.'

Look you there, quoth Sir Roger, do you see there, all Mischief comes from Confidants! But let us not interrupt them; the Maid is honest, and the Man dares not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her Father: I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the Wedding. *Kate Willow* is a witty mischievous Wench in the Neighbourhood, who was a Beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse Widow in her Condition. She was so flippant with her Answers to all the honest Fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her Beauty, that she has valued herself upon her Charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her Business to prevent other young Women from being more Discreet than she was herself: However, the saucy Thing said the other Day well enough, 'Sir ROGER and I must make a Match, for we are 'both despised by those we loved.' The Hussy has a great deal of Power wherever she comes, and has her Share of Cunning.

However, when I reflect upon this Woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her: Whenever she is recalled to my Imagination my Youth returns, and I feel a forgotten Warmth in my Veins. This Affliction in my Life has streaked all my Conduct with a Softness, of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear Image in my Heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my Temper, which I should not have arrived at by better Motives than the Thought of being one Day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a Passion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical Effect upon my Brain: For I frequently find, that in my most serious Discourse I let fall some comical Familiarity of Speech or odd Phrase that makes the Company laugh; However, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent Woman. When she is in the Country I warrant she does not run into Dairies, but reads upon the Nature of Plants; but has a Glass Hive, and comes into the Garden out of Books to see them work, and observe the Policies of their Commonwealth. She understands every thing. I'd give ten Pounds to hear her argue with my Friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT about Trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my Word for it she is no Fool.

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No. 119. Tuesday, July 17, 1711. Addison.

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'Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibæe, putavi Stultus ego huic nostræ similem ...'

Virg.

The first and most obvious Reflections which arise in a Man who changes the City for the Country, are upon the different Manners of the People whom he meets with in those two different Scenes of Life. By Manners I do not mean Morals, but Behaviour and Good Breeding, as they shew themselves in the Town and in the Country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great Revolution that has happen'd in this Article of Good Breeding. Several obliging Deferences, Condescensions and Submissions, with many outward Forms and Ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer Part of Mankind, who lived in Courts and Cities, and distinguished themselves from the Rustick part of the Species (who on all Occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual Complaisance and Intercourse of Civilities. These Forms of Conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the Modish World found too great a Constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the *Romish* Religion, was so encumbered with Show and Ceremony, that it stood in need of a Reformation to retrench its Superfluities, and restore it to its natural good Sense and Beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained Carriage, and a certain Openness of Behaviour, are the Height of Good Breeding. The Fashionable World is grown free and easie; our Manners sit more loose upon us: Nothing is so modish as an agreeable Negligence. In a word, Good Breeding shews it self most, where to an ordinary Eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the People of Mode in the Country, we find in them the Manners of the last Age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the Fashion of the polite World, but the Town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first State of Nature than to those Refinements which formerly reign'd in the Court, and still prevail in the Country. One may now know a Man that never conversed in the World, by his Excess of Good Breeding. A polite Country 'Squire shall make you as many Bows in half an Hour, as would serve a Courtier for a Week. There is infinitely more to do about Place and Precedency in a Meeting of Justices Wives, than in an Assembly of Dutchesses.

This Rural Politeness is very troublesome to a Man of my Temper, who generally take the Chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the Front or in the Rear, as Chance directs. I have known my Friend Sir Roger's Dinner almost cold before the Company could adjust the Ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old Friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his Guests, as they sat at the several Parts of his Table, that he might drink their Healths according to their respective Ranks and Qualities. Honest \_Will. Wimble\_, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with Ceremony, gives me abundance of Trouble in this Particular. Though he has been fishing all the Morning, he will not help himself at Dinner 'till I am served. When we are going out of the Hall, he runs behind me; and last Night, as we were walking in the Fields, stopped short at a Stile till I came up to it, and upon my making Signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious Smile, that sure I believed they had no Manners in the Country.

There has happened another Revolution in the Point of Good Breeding, which relates to the Conversation among Men of Mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first Distinctions of a well-bred Man, to express every thing that had the most remote Appearance of being obscene, in modest Terms and distant Phrases; whilst the Clown, who had no such Delicacy of Conception and Expression, clothed his *Ideas* in those plain homely Terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of Good Manners was perhaps carried to an Excess, so as to make Conversation too stiff, formal and precise: for which Reason (as Hypocrisy in one Age is generally succeeded by Atheism in another) Conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first Extream; so that at present several of our Men of the Town, and particularly those who have been polished in \_France\_, make use of the most coarse uncivilized Words in our Language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a Clown would blush to hear.

This infamous Piece of Good Breeding, which reigns among the Coxcombs of the Town, has not yet made its way into the Country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of Conversation to last long among a People that make any Profession of Religion, or Show of Modesty, if the Country Gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the Lurch. Their Good-breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a Parcel of lewd Clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like Men of Wit and Pleasure.

As the two Points of Good Breeding, which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard Behaviour and Conversation, there is a third which turns upon Dress. In this too the Country are very much behind-hand. The Rural Beaus are not yet got out of the Fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the Country in red Coats and laced Hats, while the Women in many Parts are still trying to outvie one another in the Height of their Head-dresses.

But a Friend of mine, who is now upon the Western Circuit, having promised to give me an Account of the several Modes and Fashions that prevail in the different Parts of the Nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last Topick till I have received a Letter from him, which I expect every Post.

L.

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No. 120. Wednesday, July 18, 1711. Addison.

'... Equidem credo, quia sit Divinitus illis Ingenium ...'

Virg.

My Friend Sir Roger is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my Time among his Poultry: He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a Bird's Nest, and several times sitting an Hour or two together near an Hen and Chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every Fowl about his House; calls such a particular Cock my Favourite, and frequently complains that his Ducks and Geese have

more of my Company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those Speculations of Nature which are to be made in a Country–Life; and as my Reading has very much lain among Books of natural History, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this Occasion the several Remarks which I have met with in Authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own Observation: The Arguments for Providence drawn from the natural History of Animals being in my Opinion demonstrative.

The Make of every Kind of Animal is different from that of every other Kind; and yet there is not the least Turn in the Muscles or Twist in the Fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular Animal's Way of Life than any other Cast or Texture of them would have been.

The most violent Appetites in all Creatures are *Lust* and *\_Hunger\_*: The first is a perpetual Call upon them to propagate their Kind; the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different Degrees of Care that descend from the Parent to the Young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a Posterity. Some Creatures cast their Eggs as Chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as Insects and several Kinds of Fish: Others, of a nicer Frame, find out proper Beds to [deposite [1]] them in, and there leave them; as the Serpent, the Crocodile, and Ostrich: Others hatch their Eggs and tend the Birth, 'till it is able to shift for it self.

What can we call the Principle which directs every different Kind of Bird to observe a particular Plan in the Structure of its Nest, and directs all of the same Species to work after the same Model? It cannot be Imitation; for though you hatch a Crow under a Hen, and never let it see any of the Works of its own Kind, the Nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a Stick, with all the other Nests of the same Species. It cannot be *\_Reason\_*; for were Animals indued with it to as great a Degree as Man, their Buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different Conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same Temper of Weather, which raises this genial Warmth in Animals, should cover the Trees with Leaves and the Fields with Grass for their Security and Concealment, and produce such infinite Swarms of Insects for the Support and Sustenance of their respective Broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the Love of the Parent should be so violent while it lasts; and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the Preservation of the Young?

The Violence of this natural Love is exemplify'd by a very barbarous Experiment; which I shall quote at Length, as I find it in an excellent Author, and hope my Readers will pardon the mentioning such an Instance of Cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the Strength of that Principle in Animals of which I am here speaking. 'A Person who was well skilled in Dissection opened a Bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite Tortures, offered her one of her young Puppies, which she immediately fell a licking; and for the Time seemed insensible of her own Pain: On the Removal, she kept her Eye fixt on it, and began a wailing sort of Cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the Loss of her young one, than the Sense of her own Torments.

But notwithstanding this natural Love in Brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational Creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the Parent than it is useful to the Young: for so soon as the Wants of the latter cease, the Mother withdraws her Fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves: and what is a very remarkable Circumstance in this part of Instinct, we find that the Love of the Parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the Preservation of the Species requires it; as we may see in Birds that drive away their Young as soon as they are able to get their Livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the Nest, or confined within a Cage, or by any other Means appear to be out of a Condition of supplying their own Necessities.

This natural Love is not observed in animals to ascend from the Young to the Parent, which is not at all necessary for the Continuance of the Species: Nor indeed in reasonable Creatures does it rise in any Proportion, as it spreads it self downwards; for in all Family Affection, we find Protection granted and Favours bestowed, are greater Motives to Love and Tenderness, than Safety, Benefits, or Life received.

One would wonder to hear Sceptical Men disputing for the Reason of Animals, and telling us it is only our Pride and Prejudices that will not allow them the Use of that Faculty.

Reason shews it self in all Occurrences of Life; whereas the Brute makes no Discovery of such a Talent, but in what immediately regards his own Preservation, or the Continuance of his Species. Animals in their Generation are wiser than the Sons of Men; but their Wisdom is confined to a few Particulars, and lies in a very narrow Compass. Take a Brute out of his Instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of Understanding. To use an Instance that comes often under Observation.

With what Caution does the Hen provide herself a Nest in Places unfrequented, and free from Noise and Disturbance! When she has laid her Eggs in such a Manner that she can cover them, what Care does she take in turning them frequently, that all Parts may partake of the vital Warmth? When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary Sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an Animal? In the Summer you see her giving her self greater Freedoms, and quitting her Care for above two Hours together; but in Winter, when the Rigour of the Season would chill the Principles of Life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her Attendance, and stays away but half the Time. When the Birth approaches, with how much Nicety and Attention does she help the Chick to break its Prison? Not to take notice of her covering it from the Injuries of the Weather, providing it proper Nourishment, and teaching it to help it self; nor to mention her forsaking the Nest, if after the usual Time of reckoning the young one does not make its Appearance. A Chymical Operation could not be followed with greater Art or Diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a Chick; tho' there are many other Birds that shew an infinitely greater Sagacity in all the forementioned Particulars.

But at the same time the Hen, that has all this seeming Ingenuity, (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the Propagation of the Species) considered in other respects, is without the least Glimmerings of Thought or common Sense. She mistakes a Piece of Chalk for an Egg, and sits upon it in the same manner: She is insensible of any Increase or Diminution in the Number of those she lays: She does not distinguish between her own and those of another Species; and when the Birth appears of never so different a Bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these Circumstances which do not carry an immediate Regard to the Subsistence of her self or her Species, she is a very Idiot.

There is not, in my Opinion, any thing more mysterious in Nature than this Instinct in Animals, which thus rises above Reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any Properties in Matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the Faculty of an intellectual Being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the Principle of Gravitation in Bodies, which is not to be explained by any known Qualities inherent in the Bodies themselves, nor from any Laws of Mechanism, but, according to the best Notions of the greatest Philosophers, is an immediate Impression from the first Mover, and the Divine Energy acting in the Creatures.

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[Footnote 1: depose]

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No. 121. Thursday, July 19, 1711. Addison.

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'... Jovis omnia plena.'

Virg.

As I was walking this Morning in the great Yard that belongs to my Friend's Country House, I was wonderfully pleased to see the different Workings of Instinct in a Hen followed by a Brood of Ducks. The Young, upon the sight of a Pond, immediately ran into it; while the Stepmother, with all imaginable Anxiety, hovered about the Borders of it, to call them out of an Element that appeared to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different Principle which acted in these different Animals cannot be termed Reason, so when we call it *\_Instinct\_*, we mean something we have no Knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my last Paper, it seems the immediate Direction of Providence, and such an Operation of the Supreme Being, as that which determines all the Portions of Matter to their proper Centres. A modern Philosopher, quoted by Monsieur *Bayle* [1] in his learned Dissertation on the Souls of Brutes, delivers the same Opinion, tho' in a bolder Form of Words, where he says, *\_Deus est Anima Brutorum\_*, God himself is the Soul of Brutes. Who can tell what to call that seeming Sagacity in Animals, which directs them to such Food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholesome? *Tully* has observed that a Lamb no sooner falls from its Mother, but immediately and of his own accord applies itself to the Teat. *\_Dampier\_*, in his Travels, [2] tells us, that when Seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown Coasts of *\_America\_*, they never venture upon the Fruit of any Tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked with the Pecking of Birds; but fall on without any Fear or Apprehension where the Birds have been before them.

But notwithstanding Animals have nothing like the use of Reason, we find in them all the lower Parts of our Nature, the Passions and Senses in their greatest Strength and Perfection. And here it is worth our Observation, that all Beasts and Birds of Prey are wonderfully subject to Anger, Malice, Revenge, and all the other violent Passions that may animate them in search of their proper Food; as those that are incapable of defending themselves, or annoying others, or whose Safety lies chiefly in their Flight, are suspicious, fearful and apprehensive of every thing they see or hear; whilst others that are of Assistance and Use to Man, have their Natures softened with something mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a Domestick Life. In this Case the Passions generally correspond with the Make of the Body. We do not find the Fury of a Lion in so weak and defenceless an Animal as a Lamb, nor the Meekness of a Lamb in a Creature so armed for Battel and Assault as the Lion. In the same manner, we find that particular Animals have a more or less exquisite Sharpness and Sagacity in those particular Senses which most turn to their Advantage, and in which their Safety and Welfare is the most concerned.

Nor must we here omit that great Variety of Arms with which Nature has differently fortified the Bodies of several kind of Animals, such as Claws, Hoofs, and Horns, Teeth, and Tusks, a Tail, a Sting, a Trunk, or a *Proboscis*. It is likewise observed by Naturalists, that it must be some hidden Principle distinct from what we call Reason, which instructs Animals in the Use of these their Arms, and teaches them to manage them to the best Advantage; because they naturally defend themselves with that Part in which their Strength lies, before the Weapon be formed in it; as is remarkable in Lambs, which tho' they are bred within Doors, and never saw the Actions of their own Species, push at those who approach them with their Foreheads, before the first budding of a Horn appears.

I shall add to these general Observations, an Instance which Mr. *Lock* has given us of Providence even in the Imperfections of a Creature which seems the meanest and most despicable in the whole animal World. *\_We may\_*, says he, *\_from the Make of an Oyster, or Cockle, conclude, that it has not so many nor so quick Senses as a Man, or several other Animals: Nor if it had, would it, in that State and Incapacity of transferring it self from one Place to another, be bettered by them. What good would Sight and Hearing do to a Creature, that cannot move it self to, or from the Object, wherein at a distance it perceives Good or Evil? And would not Quickness of Sensation be an Inconvenience to an Animal, that must be still where Chance has once placed it; and there receive the Afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul Water, as it happens to come to it\_*. [3]

I shall add to this Instance out of Mr. *Lock* another out of the learned Dr. *Moor*, [4] who cites it from *Cardan*, in relation to another Animal which Providence has left Defective, but at the same time has shewn its Wisdom in the Formation of that Organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. *What is more obvious and ordinary than a Mole? and yet what more palpable Argument of Providence than she? The Members of her Body are so exactly fitted to her Nature and Manner of Life: For her Dwelling being under Ground where nothing is to be seen, Nature has so obscurely fitted her with Eyes, that Naturalists can hardly agree whether she have any Sight at all or no. But for Amends, what she is capable of for her Defence and Warning of Danger, she has very eminently conferred upon her; for she is exceeding quick of hearing. And then her short Tail and short Legs, but broad Fore-feet armed with sharp Claws, we see by the Event to what Purpose they are, she so swiftly working her self under Ground, and making her way so fast in the Earth as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her Legs therefore are short, that she need dig no more than will serve the mere Thickness of her Body; and her Fore-feet are broad that she may scoop away much Earth at a time; and little or no Tail she has, because she courses it not on the Ground, like the Rat or Mouse, of whose Kindred she is, but lives under the Earth, and is fain to dig her self a Dwelling there. And she making her way through so thick an Element, which will not yield easily, as the Air or the Wafer, it had been dangerous to have drawn so long a Train behind her; for her Enemy might fall upon her Rear, and fetch her out, before she had completed or got full Possession of her Works.*

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr. *Boyle's* Remark upon this last Creature, who I remember somewhere in his Works observes, [5] that though the Mole be not totally blind (as it is commonly thought) she has not Sight enough to distinguish particular Objects. Her Eye is said to have but one Humour in it, which is supposed to give her the Idea of Light, but of nothing else, and is so formed that this Idea is probably painful to the Animal. Whenever she comes up into broad Day she might be in Danger of being taken, unless she were thus affected by a Light striking upon her Eye, and immediately warning her to bury herself in her proper Element. More Sight would be useless to her, as none at all might be fatal.

I have only instanced such Animals as seem the most imperfect Works of Nature; and if Providence shews it self even in the Blemishes of these Creatures, how much more does it discover it self in the several Endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such Creatures as are more or less finished and completed in their several Faculties, according to the condition of Life in which they are posted.

I could wish our Royal Society would compile a Body of Natural History, the best that could be gather'd together from Books and Observations. If the several Writers among them took each his particular Species, and gave us a distinct Account of its Original, Birth and Education; its Policies, Hostilities and Alliances, with the Frame and Texture of its inward and outward Parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from all other Animals, with their peculiar Aptitudes for the State of Being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the best Services their Studies could do Mankind, and not a little redound to the Glory of the All-wise Contriver.

It is true, such a Natural History, after all the Disquisitions of the Learned, would be infinitely Short and Defective. Seas and Desarts hide Millions of Animals from our Observation. Innumerable Artifices and Stratagems are acted in the *Howling Wilderness* and in the *Great Deep*, that can never come to our Knowledge. Besides that there are infinitely more Species of Creatures which are not to be seen without, nor indeed with the help of the finest Glasses, than of such as are bulky enough for the naked Eye to take hold of. However from the Consideration of such Animals as lie within the Compass of our Knowledge, we might easily form a Conclusion of the rest, that the same Variety of Wisdom and Goodness runs through the whole Creation, and puts every Creature in a Condition to provide for its Safety and Subsistence in its proper Station.

*Tully* has given us an admirable Sketch of Natural History, in his second Book concerning the Nature of the Gods; and then in a Stile so raised by Metaphors and Descriptions, that it lifts the Subject above Raillery and Ridicule, which frequently fall on such nice Observations when they pass through the Hands of an ordinary

Writer.

L.

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[Footnote 1: 'Bayle's Dictionary', here quoted, first appeared in English in 1710. Pierre Bayle himself had first produced it in two folio vols. in 1695–6, and was engaged in controversies caused by it until his death in 1706, at the age of 59. He was born at Carlat, educated at the universities of Puylaurens and Toulouse, was professor of Philosophy successively at Sedan and Rotterdam till 1693, when he was deprived for scepticism. He is said to have worked fourteen hours a day for 40 years, and has been called 'the Shakespeare of Dictionary Makers.']

[Footnote 2: Captain William Dampier's 'Voyages round the World' appeared in 3 vols., 1697–1709. The quotation is from vol. i. p. 39 (Ed. 1699, the Fourth). Dampier was born in 1652, and died about 1712.]

[Footnote 3: 'Essay on Human Understanding', Bk. II. ch. 9, § 13.]

[Footnote 4: 'Antidote against Atheism', Bk. II. ch. 10, § 5.]

[Footnote 5: 'Disquisition about the Final Causes of Natural Things', Sect. 2.]

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No. 122. Friday, July 20, 1711. Addison.

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'Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.'

Publ. Syr. Frag.

A man's first Care should be to avoid the Reproaches of his own Heart; his next, to escape the Censures of the World: If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise, there cannot be a greater Satisfaction to an honest Mind, than to see those Approbations which it gives it self seconded by the Applauses of the Publick: A Man is more sure of his Conduct, when the Verdict which he passes upon his own Behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the Opinion of all that know him.

My worthy Friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at Peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable Tribute for his universal Benevolence to Mankind, in the Returns of Affection and Good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his Neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd Instances of that general Respect which is shown to the good old Knight. He would needs carry *\_Will. Wimble\_* and myself with him to the County-Assizes: As we were upon the Road *\_Will. Wimble\_* joined a couple of plain Men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some Time; during which my Friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their Characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a Spaniel by his Side, is a Yeoman of about an hundred Pounds a Year, an honest Man: He is just within the Game-Act, and qualified to kill an Hare or a Pheasant: He knocks down a Dinner with his Gun twice or thrice a Week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an Estate as himself. He would be a good Neighbour if he did not destroy so many Partridges: in short, he is a very sensible Man; shoots flying; and has been several times Foreman of the Petty-Jury.

The other that rides along with him is *\_Tom Touchy\_*, a Fellow famous for *taking the Law* of every Body. There is not one in the Town where he lives that he has not sued at a Quarter-Sessions. The Rogue had once the Impudence to go to Law with the *Widow*. His Head is full of Costs, Damages, and Ejectments: He plagued a couple of honest Gentlemen so long for a Trespass in breaking one of his Hedges, till he was forced to sell

the Ground it enclosed to defray the Charges of the Prosecution: His Father left him fourscore Pounds a Year; but he has *cast* and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old Business of the Willow–Tree.

As Sir ROGER was giving me this Account of Tom Touchy, *\_Will. Wimble\_* and his two Companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their Respects to Sir ROGER, *Will.* told him that Mr. *Touchy* and he must appeal to him upon a Dispute that arose between them. *Will.* it seems had been giving his Fellow–Traveller an Account of his Angling one Day in such a Hole; when *\_Tom Touchy\_*, instead of hearing out his Story, told him that Mr. such an One, if he pleased, might *take the Law of him* for fishing in that Part of the River. My Friend Sir ROGER heard them both, upon a round Trot; and after having paused some time told them, with the Air of a Man who would not give his Judgment rashly, that *much might be said on both Sides*. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's Determination, because neither of them found himself in the Wrong by it: Upon which we made the best of our Way to the Assizes.

The Court was sat before Sir ROGER came; but notwithstanding all the Justices had taken their Places upon the Bench, they made room for the old Knight at the Head of them; who for his Reputation in the Country took occasion to whisper in the Judge's Ear, *That he was glad his Lordship had met with so much good Weather in his Circuit*. I was listening to the Proceeding of the Court with much Attention, and infinitely pleased with that great Appearance and Solemnity which so properly accompanies such a publick Administration of our Laws; when, after about an Hour's Sitting, I observed to my great Surprise, in the Midst of a Trial, that my Friend Sir ROGER was getting up to speak. I was in some Pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three Sentences, with a Look of much Business and great Intrepidity.

Upon his first Rising the Court was hushed, and a general Whisper ran among the Country People that Sir ROGER *was up*. The Speech he made was so little to the Purpose, that I shall not trouble my Readers with an Account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the Court, as to give him a Figure in my Eye, and keep up his Credit in the Country.

I was highly delighted, when the Court rose, to see the Gentlemen of the Country gathering about my old Friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary People gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his Courage, that was not afraid to speak to the Judge.

In our Return home we met with a very odd Accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who know Sir ROGER are of giving him Marks of their Esteem. When we were arrived upon the Verge of his Estate, we stopped at a little Inn to rest our selves and our Horses. The Man of the House had it seems been formerly a Servant in the Knight's Family; and to do Honour to his old Master, had some time since, unknown to Sir ROGER, put him up in a Sign–post before the Door; so that *\_the Knight's Head\_* had hung out upon the Road about a Week before he himself knew any thing of the Matter. As soon as Sir ROGER was acquainted with it, finding that his Servant's Indiscretion proceeded wholly from Affection and Good–will, he only told him that he had made him too high a Compliment; and when the Fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive Look, That it was too great an Honour for any Man under a Duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few Touches, and that he himself would be at the Charge of it. Accordingly they got a Painter by the Knight's Directions to add a pair of Whiskers to the Face, and by a little Aggravation to the Features to change it into the *\_Saracen's Head\_*. I should not have known this Story had not the Inn–keeper, upon Sir ROGER'S alighting, told him in my Hearing, That his Honour's Head was brought back last Night with the Alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my Friend with his usual Cheerfulness related the Particulars above–mentioned, and ordered the Head to be brought into the Room. I could not forbear discovering greater Expressions of Mirth than ordinary upon the Appearance of this monstrous Face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant Resemblance of my old Friend. Sir ROGER, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for People to know him in that Disguise. I at first kept my usual Silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was

not still more like himself than a *\_Saracen\_*, I composed my Countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, *That much might be said on both Sides.*

These several Adventures, with the Knight's Behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a Day as ever I met with in any of my Travels.

L.

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No. 123. Saturday, July 21, 1711. Addison.

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'Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam, Rectique cultus pectora roborant: Utcunque defecere mores, Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.'

Hor.

As I was Yesterday taking the Air with my Friend Sir ROGER, we were met by a fresh-coloured ruddy young Man, who rid by us full speed, with a couple of Servants behind him. Upon my Enquiry who he was, Sir ROGER told me that he was a young Gentleman of a considerable Estate, who had been educated by a tender Mother that lives not many Miles from the Place where we were. She is a very good Lady, says my Friend, but took so much care of her Son's Health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that Reading was bad for his Eyes, and that Writing made his Head ache. He was let loose among the Woods as soon as he was able to ride on Horseback, or to carry a Gun upon his Shoulder. To be brief, I found, by my Friend's Account of him, that he had got a great Stock of Health, but nothing else; and that if it were a Man's Business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young Fellow in the whole Country.

The Truth of it is, since my residing in these Parts I have seen and heard innumerable Instances of young Heirs and elder Brothers, who either from their own reflecting upon the Estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other Accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these Notions frequently inculcated to them by the Flattery of their Servants and Domesticks, or from the same foolish Thought prevailing in those who have the Care of their Education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their Families, and transmit their Lands and Houses in a Line to Posterity.

This makes me often think on a Story I have heard of two Friends, which I shall give my Reader at large, under feigned Names. The Moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some Circumstances which make it rather appear like a Novel, than a true Story.

*Eudoxus* and *Leontine* began the World with small Estates. They were both of them Men of good Sense and great Virtue. They prosecuted their Studies together in their earlier Years, and entered into such a Friendship as lasted to the End of their Lives. *\_Eudoxus\_*, at his first setting out in the World, threw himself into a Court, where by his natural Endowments and his acquired Abilities he made his way from one Post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable Fortune. *Leontine* on the contrary sought all Opportunities of improving his Mind by Study, Conversation, and Travel. He was not only acquainted with all the Sciences, but with the most eminent Professors of them throughout *Europe*. He knew perfectly well the Interests of its Princes, with the Customs and Fashions of their Courts, and could scarce meet with the Name of an extraordinary Person in the *Gazette* whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixt and digested his Knowledge of Men and Books, that he made one of the most accomplished Persons of his Age. During the whole Course of his Studies and Travels he kept up a punctual Correspondence with *\_Eudoxus\_*, who often made himself acceptable to the principal Men about Court by the Intelligence which he received from *Leontine*. When they were both turn'd of Forty (an Age in which, according to Mr. Cowley, there is no dallying with Life [1]) they determined, pursuant to the Resolution they had taken in the beginning

of their Lives, to retire, and pass the Remainder of their Days in the Country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. *\_Leontine\_*, with his own and his Wife's Fortune, bought a Farm of three hundred a Year, which lay within the Neighbourhood of his Friend *\_Eudoxus\_*, who had purchased an Estate of as many thousands. They were both of them *Fathers* about the same time, *Eudoxus* having a Son born to him, and *Leontine* a Daughter; but to the unspeakable Grief of the latter, his young Wife (in whom all his Happiness was wrapt up) died in a few Days after the Birth of her Daughter. His Affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily Visits and Conversations of his Friend. As they were one Day talking together with their usual Intimacy, *\_Leontine\_*, considering how incapable he was of giving his Daughter a proper education in his own House, and *Eudoxus* reflecting on the ordinary Behaviour of a Son who knows himself to be the Heir of a great Estate, they both agreed upon an Exchange of Children, namely that the Boy should be bred up with *Leontine* as his Son, and that the Girl should live with *Eudoxus* as his Daughter, till they were each of them arrived at Years of Discretion. The Wife of *\_Eudoxus\_*, knowing that her Son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the Care of *\_Leontine\_*, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own Eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the Project. She therefore took *\_Leonilla\_*, for that was the Name of the Girl, and educated her as her own Daughter. The two Friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual Tenderness for the Children who were under their Direction, that each of them had the real Passion of a Father, where the Title was but imaginary. *\_Florio\_*, the Name of the young Heir that lived with *\_Leontine\_*, though he had all the Duty and Affection imaginable for his supposed Parent, was taught to rejoice at the Sight of *\_Eudoxus\_*, who visited his Friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural Affection, as well as by the Rules of Prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by *Florio*. The Boy was now old enough to know his supposed Father's Circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the World by his own Industry. This Consideration grew stronger in him every Day, and produced so good an Effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary Attention to the Pursuit of every thing which *Leontine* recommended to him. His natural Abilities, which were very good, assisted by the Directions of so excellent a Counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker Progress than ordinary through all the Parts of his Education. Before he was twenty Years of Age, having finished his Studies and Exercises with great Applause, he was removed from the University to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable Proficients in the Studies of the Place, who know they shall arrive at great Estates without them. This was not *\_Florio's\_* Case; he found that three hundred a Year was but a poor Estate for *Leontine* and himself to live upon, so that he Studied without Intermission till he gained a very good Insight into the Constitution and Laws of his Country.

I should have told my Reader, that whilst *Florio* lived at the House of his Foster-father, he was always an acceptable Guest in the Family of *\_Eudoxus\_*, where he became acquainted with *Leonilla* from her Infancy. His Acquaintance with her by degrees grew into Love, which in a Mind trained up in all the Sentiments of Honour and Virtue became a very uneasy Passion. He despaired of gaining an Heiress of so great a Fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect Methods. *\_Leonilla\_*, who was a Woman of the greatest Beauty joined with the greatest Modesty, entertained at the same time a secret Passion for *\_Florio\_*, but conducted her self with so much Prudence that she never gave him the least Intimation of it. *Florio* was now engaged in all those Arts and Improvements that are proper to raise a Man's private Fortune, and give him a Figure in his Country, but secretly tormented with that Passion which burns with the greatest Fury in a virtuous and noble Heart, when he received a sudden Summons from *Leontine* to repair to him into the Country the next Day. For it seems *Eudoxus* was so filled with the Report of his Son's Reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The Morning after his Arrival at the House of his supposed Father, *Leontine* told him that *Eudoxus* had something of great Importance to communicate to him; upon which the good Man embraced him, and wept. *Florio* was no sooner arrived at the great House that stood in his Neighbourhood, but *Eudoxus* took him by the Hand, after the first Salutes were over, and conducted him into his Closet. He there opened to him the whole Secret of his Parentage and Education, concluding after this manner: *I have no other way left of acknowledging my Gratitude to Leontine\_*, than by marrying you to his Daughter. He shall not lose the Pleasure of being your Father by the Discovery I have made to you. *\_Leonilla\_* too shall be still my Daughter; her filial Piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest Reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the Pleasure of seeing a

great Estate fall to you, which you would have lost the Relish of had you known your self born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your Mother in the next Room. Her Heart yearns towards you. She is making the same Discoveries to *Leonilla* which I have made to your self. *Florio* was so overwhelmed with this Profusion of Happiness, that he was not able to make a Reply, but threw himself down at his Father's Feet, and amidst a Flood of Tears, Kissed and embraced his Knees, asking his Blessing, and expressing in dumb Show those Sentiments of Love, Duty, and Gratitude that were too big for Utterance. To conclude, the happy Pair were married, and half *Eudoxus's* Estate settled upon them. *Leontine* and *Eudoxus* passed the remainder of their Lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate Behaviour of *Florio* and *Leonilla* the just Recompence, as well as the natural Effects of that Care which they had bestowed upon them in their Education.

L.

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[Footnote 1: Essay 'On the Danger of Procrastination:']

'There's no fooling with Life when it is once turn'd beyond Forty.']

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No. 124. Monday, July 23, 1711. Addison.

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[Greek (transliterated): Méga Biblion, méga kakón.]

A Man who publishes his Works in a Volume, has an infinite Advantage over one who communicates his Writings to the World in loose Tracts and single Pieces. We do not expect to meet with any thing in a bulky Volume, till after some heavy Preamble, and several Words of Course, to prepare the Reader for what follows: Nay, Authors have established it as a kind of Rule, that a Man ought to be dull sometimes; as the most severe Reader makes Allowances for many Rests and Nodding-places in a Voluminous Writer. This gave Occasion to the famous Greek Proverb which I have chosen for my Motto, *That a great Book is a great Evil.*

On the contrary, those who publish their Thoughts in distinct Sheets, and as it were by Piece-meal, have none of these Advantages. We must immediately fall into our Subject, and treat every Part of it in a lively Manner, or our Papers are thrown by as dull and insipid: Our Matter must lie close together, and either be wholly new in itself, or in the Turn it receives from our Expressions. Were the Books of our best Authors thus to be retailed to the Publick, and every Page submitted to the Taste of forty or fifty thousand Readers, I am afraid we should complain of many flat Expressions, trivial Observations, beaten Topicks, and common Thoughts, which go off very well in the Lump. At the same Time, notwithstanding some Papers may be made up of broken Hints and irregular Sketches, it is often expected that every Sheet should be a kind of Treatise, and make out in Thought what it wants in Bulk: That a Point of Humour should be worked up in all its Parts; and a Subject touched upon in its most essential Articles, without the Repetitions, Tautologies and Enlargements, that are indulged to longer Labours. The ordinary Writers of Morality prescribe to their Readers after the Galenick way; their Medicines are made up in large Quantities. An Essay-Writer must practise in the Chymical Method, and give the Virtue of a full Draught in a few Drops. Were all Books reduced thus to their Quintessence, many a bulky Author would make his Appearance in a Penny-Paper: There would be scarce such a thing in Nature as a Folio. The Works of an Age would be contained on a few Shelves; not to mention millions of Volumes that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the Difficulty of furnishing out separate Papers of this Nature, has hindered Authors from communicating their Thoughts to the World after such a Manner: Though I must confess I am amazed that the Press should be only made use of in this Way by News-Writers, and the Zealots of Parties; as if it were not more advantageous to Mankind, to be instructed in Wisdom and Virtue, than in Politicks; and to be made good Fathers, Husbands and Sons, than Counsellors and Statesmen. Had the Philosophers and great Men of

Antiquity, who took so much Pains in order to instruct Mankind, and leave the World wiser and better than they found it; had they, I say, been possessed of the Art of Printing, there is no question but they would have made such an Advantage of it, in dealing out their Lectures to the Publick. Our common Prints would be of great Use were they thus calculated to diffuse good Sense through the Bulk of a People, to clear up their Understandings, animate their Minds with Virtue, dissipate the Sorrows of a heavy Heart, or unbend the Mind from its more severe Employments with innocent Amusements. When Knowledge, instead of being bound up in Books and kept in Libraries and Retirements, is thus obtruded upon the Publick; when it is canvassed in every Assembly, and exposed upon every Table, I cannot forbear reflecting upon that Passage in the *\_Proverbs: Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her Voice in the Streets: she crieth in the chief Place of Concourse, in the Openings of the Gates. In the City she uttereth her Words, saying, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love Simplicity? and the Scorners delight in their Scorning? and Fools hate Knowledge? [1]*

The many Letters which come to me from Persons of the best Sense in both Sexes, (for I may pronounce their Characters from their Way of Writing) do not at a little encourage me in the Prosecution of this my Undertaking: Besides that my Book-seller tells me, the Demand for these my Papers increases daily. It is at his Instance that I shall continue my *rural Speculations* to the End of this Month; several having made up separate Sets of them, as they have done before of those relating to Wit, to Operas, to Points of Morality, or Subjects of Humour.

I am not at all mortified, when sometimes I see my Works thrown aside by Men of no Taste nor Learning. There is a kind of Heaviness and Ignorance that hangs upon the Minds of ordinary Men, which is too thick for Knowledge to break through. Their Souls are not to be enlightened.

... Nox atra cava circumvolat umbra.

To these I must apply the Fable of the Mole, That after having consulted many Oculists for the bettering of his Sight, was at last provided with a good Pair of Spectacles; but upon his endeavouring to make use of them, his Mother told him very prudently, 'That Spectacles, though they might help the Eye of a Man, could be of no use to a Mole.' It is not therefore for the Benefit of Moles that I publish these my daily Essays.

But besides such as are Moles through Ignorance, there are others who are Moles through Envy. As it is said in the *Latin* Proverb, 'That one Man is a Wolf to another; [2] so generally speaking, one Author is a Mole to another Author. It is impossible for them to discover Beauties in one another's Works; they have Eyes only for Spots and Blemishes: They can indeed see the Light as it is said of the Animals which are their Namesakes, but the Idea of it is painful to them; they immediately shut their Eyes upon it, and withdraw themselves into a wilful Obscurity. I have already caught two or three of these dark undermining Vermin, and intend to make a String of them, in order to hang them up in one of my Papers, as an Example to all such voluntary Moles.

C.

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[Footnote 1: Proverbs i 20–22.]

[Footnote 2: Homo homini Lupus. Plautus Asin. Act ii sc. 4.]

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No. 125. Tuesday, July 24, 1711. Addison.

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'Ne pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella: Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.'

Vir.

My worthy Friend Sir ROGER, when we are talking of the Malice of Parties, very frequently tells us an Accident that happened to him when he was a School-boy, which was at a time when the Feuds ran high between the Roundheads and Cavaliers. This worthy Knight, being then but a Stripling, had occasion to enquire which was the Way to St. *Anne's* Lane, upon which the Person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his Question, call'd him a young Popish Cur, and asked him who had made *Anne* a Saint? The Boy, being in some Confusion, enquired of the next he met, which was the Way to *Anne's* Lane; but was call'd a prick-eared Cur for his Pains, and instead of being shewn the Way, was told that she had been a Saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon this, says Sir ROGER, I did not think fit to repeat the former Question, but going into every Lane of the Neighbourhood, asked what they called the Name of that Lane. By which ingenious Artifice he found out the place he enquired after, without giving Offence to any Party. Sir ROGER generally closes this Narrative with Reflections on the Mischief that Parties do in the Country; how they spoil good Neighbourhood, and make honest Gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the Prejudice of the Land-Tax, and the Destruction of the Game.

There cannot a greater Judgment befall a Country than such a dreadful Spirit of Division as rends a Government into two distinct People, and makes them greater Strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different Nations. The Effects of such a Division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those Advantages which they give the Common Enemy, but to those private Evils which they produce in the Heart of almost every particular Person. This Influence is very fatal both to Mens Morals and their Understandings; it sinks the Virtue of a Nation, and not only so, but destroys even Common Sense.

A furious Party Spirit, when it rages in its full Violence, exerts it self in Civil War and Bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest Restraints naturally breaks out in Falshood, Detraction, Calumny, and a partial Administration of Justice. In a Word, it fills a Nation with Spleen and Rancour, and extinguishes all the Seeds of Good-Nature, Compassion and Humanity.

*Plutarch* says very finely, that a Man should not allow himself to hate even his Enemies, because, says he, if you indulge this Passion in some Occasions, it will rise of it self in others; if you hate your Enemies, you will contract such a vicious Habit of Mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your Friends, or those who are indifferent to you. [1] I might here observe how admirably this Precept of Morality (which derives the Malignity of Hatred from the Passion it self, and not from its Object) answers to that great Rule which was dictated to the World about an hundred Years before this Philosopher wrote; [2] but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real Grief of Heart, that the Minds of many good Men among us appear sowered with Party-Principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner, as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the Dictates either of Reason or Religion. Zeal for a Publick Cause is apt to breed Passions in the Hearts of virtuous Persons, to which the Regard of their own private Interest would never have betrayed them.

If this Party-Spirit has so ill an Effect on our Morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our Judgments. We often hear a poor insipid Paper or Pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble Piece depreciated, by those who are of a different Principle from the Author. One who is actuated by this Spirit is almost under an Incapacity of discerning either real Blemishes or Beauties. A Man of Merit in a different Principle, [is] like an Object seen in two different Mediums, [that] appears crooked or broken, however streight and entire it may be in it self. For this Reason there is scarce a Person of any Figure in *England*, who does not go by two [contrary Characters, [3]] as opposite to one another as Light and Darkness. Knowledge and Learning suffer in [a [4]] particular manner from this strange Prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all Ranks and Degrees in the *British* Nation. As Men formerly became eminent in learned Societies by their Parts and Acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the Warmth and Violence with which they espouse their respective Parties. Books are valued upon the like Considerations: An Abusive Scurrilous Style passes for Satyr, and a dull Scheme of Party Notions is called fine Writing.

There is one Piece of Sophistry practised by both Sides, and that is the taking any scandalous Story that has

been ever whispered or invented of a Private Man, for a known undoubted Truth, and raising suitable Speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary Postulatums of these infamous Scriblers, upon which they proceed as upon first Principles granted by all Men, though in their Hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these Foundations of Scurrility, it is no wonder that their Superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless Practice of the present Age endures much longer, Praise and Reproach will cease to be Motives of Action in good Men.

There are certain Periods of Time in all Governments when this inhuman Spirit prevails. *Italy* was long torn in Pieces by the *Guelfes* and *Gibellines*, and *France* by those who were for and against the League: But it is very unhappy for a Man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous Season. It is the restless Ambition of artful Men that thus breaks a People into Factions, and draws several well-meaning [Persons [5]] to their Interest by a Specious Concern for their Country. How many honest Minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous Notions, out of their Zeal for the Publick Good? What Cruelties and Outrages would they not commit against Men of an adverse Party, whom they would honour and esteem, if instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are Persons of the greatest Probity seduced into shameful Errors and Prejudices, and made bad Men even by that noblest of Principles, the Love of their Country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous *Spanish* Proverb, *‘If there were neither Fools nor Knaves in the World, all People would be of one Mind.’*

For my own part, I could heartily wish that all honest Men would enter into an Association, for the Support of one another against the Endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their Common Enemies, whatsoever Side they may belong to. Were there such an honest [Body of Neutral [6]] Forces, we should never see the worst of Men in great Figures of Life, because they are useful to a Party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those Methods which would be grateful to their Faction. We should then single every Criminal out of the Herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear: On the contrary, we should shelter distressed Innocence, and defend Virtue, however beset with Contempt or Ridicule, Envy or Defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our Fellow Subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make the Man of Merit our Friend, and the Villain our Enemy.

C.

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[Footnote 1: Among his Moral Essays is that showing 'How one shall be helped by Enemies.' In his 'Lives,' also, Plutarch applauds in Pericles the noble sentiment which led him to think it his most excellent attainment never to have given way to envy or anger, notwithstanding the greatness of his power, nor to have nourished an implacable hatred against his greatest foe. This, he says, was his only real title to the name of Olympius.]

[Footnote 2: Luke vi. 27—32.]

[Footnote 3: Characters altogether different]

[Footnote 4: a very]

[Footnote 5: People]

[Footnote 6: Neutral Body of]

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No. 126. Wednesday, July 25, 1711. Addison.

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'Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.'

Virg.

In my Yesterday's Paper I proposed, that the honest Men of all Parties should enter into a kind of Association for the Defence of one another, and [the] Confusion of their common Enemies. As it is designed this neutral Body should act with a Regard to nothing but Truth and Equity, and divest themselves of the little Heats and Prepossessions that cleave to Parties of all Kinds, I have prepared for them the following Form of an Association, which may express their Intentions in the most plain and simple Manner.

\_We whose Names are hereunto subscribed do solemnly declare, That we do in our Consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any Man whatsoever to be our Enemy who endeavours to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, with the Hazard of all that is near and dear to us, That six is less than seven in all Times and all Places, and that ten will not be more three Years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, That it is our Resolution as long as we live to call Black black, and White white. And we shall upon all Occasions oppose such Persons that upon any Day of the Year shall call Black white, or White black, with the utmost Peril of our Lives and Fortunes.\_

Were there such a Combination of honest Men, who without any Regard to Places would endeavour to extirpate all such furious Zealots as would sacrifice one half of their Country to the Passion and Interest of the other; as also such infamous Hypocrites, that are for promoting their own Advantage, under Colour of the Publick Good; with all the profligate immoral Retainers to each Side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit Submission to their Leaders; we should soon see that furious Party–Spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the Derision and Contempt of all the Nations about us.

A Member of this Society, that would thus carefully employ himself in making Room for Merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved Part of Mankind from those conspicuous Stations of Life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any Regard to his private Interest, would be no small Benefactor to his Country.

I remember to have read in *\_Diodorus Siculus\_* [1] an Account of a very active little Animal, which I think he calls the *\_Ichneumon\_*, that makes it the whole Business of his Life to break the Eggs of the Crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the *Ichneumon* never feeds upon the Eggs he has broken, nor in any other Way finds his Account in them. Were it not for the incessant Labours of this industrious Animal, *\_Ægypt\_*, says the Historian, would be over–run with Crocodiles: for the *\_Ægyptians\_* are so far from destroying those pernicious Creatures, that they worship them as Gods.

If we look into the Behaviour of ordinary Partizans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested Animal; and rather acting after the Example of the wild *\_Tartars\_*, who are ambitious of destroying a Man of the most extraordinary Parts and Accomplishments, as thinking that upon his Decease the same Talents, whatever Post they qualified him for, enter of course into his Destroyer.

As in the whole Train of my Speculations, I have endeavoured as much as I am able to extinguish that pernicious Spirit of Passion and Prejudice, which rages with the same Violence in all Parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some Good in this Particular, because I observe that the Spirit of Party reigns more in the Country than in the Town. It here contracts a kind of Brutality and rustick Fierceness, to which Men of a politer Conversation are wholly Strangers. It extends it self even to the Return of the Bow and the Hat; and at the same time that the Heads of Parties preserve toward one another an outward Shew of Good–breeding, and keep up a perpetual Intercourse of Civilities, their Tools that are dispersed in these outlying Parts will not so much as mingle together at a Cockmatch. This Humour fills the Country with several periodical Meetings of Whig Jockies and Tory Fox–hunters; not to mention the innumerable Curses, Frowns, and Whispers it produces at a Quarter–Sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former Papers, that my Friends Sir ROGER DE

COVERLEY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT are of different Principles, the first of them inclined to the *landed* and the other to the *monyed* Interest. This Humour is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable Raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the Club. I find however that the Knight is a much stronger Tory in the Country than in Town, which, as he has told me in my Ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his Interest. In all our Journey from *London* to his House we did not so much as bait at a Whig Inn; or if by chance the Coachman stopped at a wrong Place, one of Sir ROGER'S Servants would ride up to his Master full speed, and whisper to him that the Master of the House was against such an one in the last Election. This often betray'd us into hard Beds and bad Chear; for we were not so inquisitive about the Inn as the Inn-keeper; and, provided our Landlord's Principles were sound, did not take any Notice of the Staleness of his Provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the Host was, the worse generally were his Accommodations; the Fellow knowing very well, that those who were his Friends would take up with coarse Diet and an hard Lodging. For these Reasons, all the while I was upon the Road I dreaded entering into an House of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest Man.

Since my Stay at Sir ROGER'S in the Country, I daily find more Instances of this narrow Party-Humour. Being upon a Bowling-green at a Neighbouring Market-Town the other Day, (for that is the Place where the Gentlemen of one Side meet once a Week) I observed a Stranger among them of a better Presence and genteeler Behaviour than ordinary; but was much surprised, that notwithstanding he was a very fair *\_Bettor\_*, no Body would take him up. But upon Enquiry I found, that he was one who had given a disagreeable Vote in a former Parliament, for which Reason there was not a Man upon that Bowling-green who would have so much Correspondence with him as to Win his Money of him.

Among other Instances of this Nature, I must not omit one which [concerns [2]] my self. *\_Will. Wimble\_* was the other Day relating several strange Stories that he had picked up no Body knows where of a certain great Man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the Country [which [3]] had never been so much as whispered in the Town, *Will.* stopped short in the Thread of his Discourse, and after Dinner asked my Friend Sir ROGER in his Ear if he was sure that I was not a Fanatick.

It gives me a serious Concern to see such a Spirit of Dissention in the Country; not only as it destroys Virtue and Common Sense, and renders us in a Manner Barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our Animosities, widens our Breaches, and transmits our present Passions and Prejudices to our Posterity. For my own Part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the Seeds of a Civil War in these our Divisions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first Principles, the Miseries and Calamities of our Children.

C.

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[Footnote 1: Bibliothecæ Historicæ, Lib. i. § 87.]

[Footnote 2: concerns to]

[Footnote 3: that]

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No. 127. Thursday, July 26, 1711. Addison.

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'Quantum est in rebus Inane?'

Pers.

It is our Custom at Sir ROGER'S, upon the coming in of the Post, to sit about a Pot of Coffee, and hear the old Knight read *\_Dyer's\_* Letter; which he does with his Spectacles upon his Nose, and in an audible Voice,

smiling very often at those little Strokes of Satyr which are so frequent in the Writings of that Author. I afterwards communicate to the Knight such Packets as I receive under the Quality of SPECTATOR. The following Letter chancing to please him more than ordinary, I shall publish it at his Request.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

'You have diverted the Town almost a whole Month at the Expence of the Country, it is now high time that you should give the Country their Revenge. Since your withdrawing from this Place, the Fair Sex are run into great Extravagancies. Their Petticoats, which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous Concave, and rise every Day more and more: In short, Sir, since our Women know themselves to be out of the Eye of the SPECTATOR, they will be kept within no Compass. You praised them a little too soon, for the Modesty of their Head-Dresses; for as the Humour of a sick Person is often driven out of one Limb into another, their Superfluity of Ornaments, instead of being entirely Banished, seems only fallen from their Heads upon their lower Parts. What they have lost in Height they make up in Breadth, and contrary to all Rules of Architecture widen the Foundations at the same time that they shorten the Superstructure. Were they, like *Spanish Jennets*, to impregnate by the Wind, they could not have thought on a more proper Invention. But as we do not yet hear any particular Use in this Petticoat, or that it contains any thing more than what was supposed to be in those of Scantier Make, we are wonderfully at a loss about it.

The Women give out, in Defence of these wide Bottoms, that they are Airy, and very proper for the Season; but this I look upon to be only a Pretence, and a piece of Art, for it is well known we have not had a more moderate Summer these many Years, so that it is certain the Heat they complain of cannot be in the Weather: Besides, I would fain ask these tender constitutioned Ladies, why they should require more Cooling than their Mothers before them.

I find several Speculative Persons are of Opinion that our Sex has of late Years been very sawcy, and that the Hoop Petticoat is made use of to keep us at a Distance. It is most certain that a Woman's Honour cannot be better entrenched than after this manner, in Circle within Circle, amidst such a Variety of Out-works and Lines of Circumvallation. A Female who is thus invested in Whale-Bone is sufficiently secured against the Approaches of an ill-bred Fellow, who might as well think of Sir *\_George Etherege\_'s* way of making Love in a Tub, [1] as in the midst of so many Hoops.

Among these various Conjectures, there are Men of Superstitious tempers, who look upon the Hoop Petticoat as a kind of Prodigy. Some will have it that it portends the Downfall of the *French King*, and observe that the Farthingale appeared in *\_England\_* a little before the Ruin of the *Spanish Monarchy*. Others are of Opinion that it foretels Battle and Bloodshed, and believe it of the same Prognostication as the Tail of a Blazing Star. For my part, I am apt to think it is a Sign that Multitudes are coming into the World rather than going out of it.

The first time I saw a Lady dressed in one of these Petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her in my own Thoughts for walking abroad when she was *\_so near her Time\_*, but soon recovered myself out of my Error, when I found all the Modish Part of the Sex as *far gone* as her self. It is generally thought some crafty Women have thus betrayed their Companions into Hoops, that they might make them accessory to their own Concealments, and by that means escape the Censure of the World; as wary Generals have sometimes dressed two or three Dozen of their Friends in their own Habit, that they might not draw upon themselves any particular Attacks of the Enemy. The strutting Petticoat smooths all Distinctions, levels the Mother with the Daughter, and sets Maids and Matrons, Wives and Widows, upon the same Bottom. In the mean while I cannot but be troubled to see so many well-shaped innocent Virgins bloated up, and waddling up and down like big-bellied Women.

Should this Fashion get among the ordinary People our publick Ways would be so crowded that we should want Street-room. Several Congregations of the best Fashion find themselves already very much streightened, and if the Mode encrease I wish it may not drive many ordinary Women into Meetings and Conventicles.

Should our Sex at the same time take it into their Heads to wear Trunk Breeches (as who knows what their Indignation at this Female Treatment may drive them to) a Man and his Wife would fill a whole Pew.

You know, Sir, it is recorded of Alexander the Great, [2] that in his *Indian* Expedition he buried several Suits of Armour, which by his Direction were made much too big for any of his Soldiers, in order to give Posterity an extraordinary Idea of him, and make them believe he had commanded an Army of Giants. I am persuaded that if one of the present Petticoats happen to be hung up in any Repository of Curiosities, it will lead into the same Error the Generations that lie some Removes from us: unless we can believe our Posterity will think so disrespectfully of their Great Grand-Mothers, that they made themselves Monstrous to appear Amiable.

When I survey this new-fashioned *Rotonda* in all its Parts, I cannot but think of the old Philosopher, who after having entered into an *Egyptian* Temple, and looked about for the Idol of the Place, at length discovered a little Black Monkey Enshrined in the midst of it, upon which he could not forbear crying out, (to the great Scandal of the Worshippers) What a magnificent Palace is here for such a Ridiculous Inhabitant!

Though you have taken a Resolution, in one of your Papers, to avoid descending to Particularities of Dress, I believe you will not think it below you, on so extraordinary an Occasion, to Unhoop the Fair Sex, and cure this fashionable Tympany that is got among them. I am apt to think the Petticoat will shrink of its own accord at your first coming to Town; at least a Touch of your Pen will make it contract it self, like the sensitive Plant, and by that means oblige several who are either terrified or astonished at this portentous Novelty, and among the rest,

\_Your humble Servant, &c.\_

C.

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[Footnote 1: 'Love in a Tub', Act iv, sc, 6.]

[Footnote 2: In Plutarch's 'Life' of him.]

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No. 128. Friday, July 27, 1711. Addison.

'... Concordia discors.'

Lucan.

Women in their Nature are much more gay and joyous than Men; whether it be that their Blood is more refined, their Fibres more delicate, and their animal Spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of Sex in the very Soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As Vivacity is the Gift of Women, Gravity is that of Men. They should each of them therefore keep a Watch upon the particular Biass which Nature has fixed in their Mind, that it may not *draw* too much, and lead them out of the Paths of Reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every Word and Action affects the Character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage Philosophy, Women by a thoughtless Gallantry. Where these Precautions are not observed, the Man often degenerates into a Cynick, the Woman into a Coquet; the Man grows sullen and morose, the Woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said, we may conclude, Men and Women were made as Counterparts to one another, that the Pains and Anxieties of the Husband might be relieved by the Sprightliness and good Humour of the Wife. When these are rightly tempered, Care and Cheerfulness go Hand in Hand; and the Family, like a Ship that is

duly trimmed, wants neither Sail nor Ballast.

Natural Historians observe, (for whilst I am in the Country I must fetch my Allusions from thence) That only the Male Birds have Voices; That their Songs begin a little before Breeding-time, and end a little after; That whilst the Hen is covering her Eggs, the Male generally takes his Stand upon a Neighbouring Bough within her Hearing; and by that means amuses and diverts her with his Songs during the whole Time of her Sitting.

This Contract among Birds lasts no longer than till a Brood of young ones arises from it; so that in the feather'd Kind, the Cares and Fatigues of the married State, if I may so call it, lie principally upon the Female. On the contrary, as in our Species the Man and [the] Woman are joined together for Life, and the main Burden rests upon the former, Nature has given all the little Arts of Soothing and Blandishment to the Female, that she may cheer and animate her Companion in a constant and assiduous Application to the making a Provision for his Family, and the educating of their common Children. This however is not to be taken so strictly, as if the same Duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both Parties; but only to set forth what seems to have been the general Intention of Nature, in the different Inclinations and Endowments which are bestowed on the different Sexes.

But whatever was the Reason that Man and Woman were made with this Variety of Temper, if we observe the Conduct of the Fair Sex, we find that they choose rather to associate themselves with a Person who resembles them in that light and volatile Humour which is natural to them, than to such as are qualified to moderate and counter-balance it. It has been an old Complaint, That the Coxcomb carries it with them before the Man of Sense. When we see a Fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid Life and Laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female Favourite: Noise and Flutter are such Accomplishments as they cannot withstand. To be short, the Passion of an ordinary Woman for a Man is nothing else but Self-love diverted upon another Object: She would have the Lover a Woman in every thing but the Sex. I do not know a finer Piece of Satyr on this Part of Womankind, than those lines of Mr. Dryden,

'Our thoughtless Sex is caught by outward Form, And empty Noise, and loves it self in Man.'

This is a Source of infinite Calamities to the Sex, as it frequently joins them to Men, who in their own Thoughts are as fine Creatures as themselves; or if they chance to be good-humoured, serve only to dissipate their Fortunes, inflame their Follies, and aggravate their Indiscretions.

The same female Levity is no less fatal to them after Mariage than before: It represents to their Imaginations the faithful prudent Husband as an honest tractable [and] domestick Animal; and turns their Thoughts upon the fine gay Gentleman that laughs, sings, and dresses so much more agreeably.

As this irregular Vivacity of Temper leads astray the Hearts of ordinary Women in the Choice of their Lovers and the Treatment of their Husbands, it operates with the same pernicious Influence towards their Children, who are taught to accomplish themselves in all those sublime Perfections that appear captivating in the Eye of their Mother. She admires in her Son what she loved in her Gallant; and by that means contributes all she can to perpetuate herself in a worthless Progeny.

The younger *Faustina* was a lively Instance of this sort of Women. Notwithstanding she was married to *Marcus Aurelius*, one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the *Roman* Emperors, she thought a common Gladiator much the prettier Gentleman; and had taken such Care to accomplish her Son *Commodus* according to her own Notions of a fine Man, that when he ascended the Throne of his Father, he became the most foolish and abandoned Tyrant that was ever placed at the Head of the *Roman* Empire, signaling himself in nothing but the fighting of Prizes, and knocking out Men's Brains. As he had no Taste of true Glory, we see him in several Medals and Statues [which [1]] are still extant of him, equipped like an *Hercules* with a Club and a Lion's Skin.

I have been led into this Speculation by the Characters I have heard of a Country Gentleman and his Lady, who do not live many Miles from Sir ROGER. The Wife is an old Coquet, that is always hankering after the Diversions of the Town; the Husband a morose Rustick, that frowns and frets at the Name of it. The Wife is overrun with Affectation, the Husband sunk into Brutality: The Lady cannot bear the Noise of the Larks and Nightingales, hates your tedious Summer Days, and is sick at the Sight of shady Woods and purling Streams; the Husband wonders how any one can be pleased with the Fooleries of Plays and Operas, and rails from Morning to Night at essenced Fops and tawdry Courtiers. The Children are educated in these different Notions of their Parents. The Sons follow the Father about his Grounds, while the Daughters read Volumes of Love-Letters and Romances to their Mother. By this means it comes to pass, that the Girls look upon their Father as a Clown, and the Boys think their Mother no better than she should be.

How different are the Lives of *Aristus* and *Aspasia*? the innocent Vivacity of the one is tempered and composed by the chearful Gravity of the other. The Wife grows wise by the Discourses of the Husband, and the Husband good-humour'd by the Conversations of the Wife. *Aristus* would not be so amiable were it not for his *Aspasia*, nor *Aspasia* so much [esteemed [2]] were it not for her *Aristus*. Their Virtues are blended in their Children, and diffuse through the whole Family a perpetual Spirit of Benevolence, Complacency, and Satisfaction.

C.

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[Footnote 1: that]

[Footnote 2: to be esteemed]

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No. 129. Saturday, July 28, 1711. Addison.

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'Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum, Cum rota posterior curras et in axe secundo.'

Pers.

Great Masters in Painting never care for drawing People in the Fashion; as very well knowing that the Headdress, or Periwig, that now prevails, and gives a Grace to their Portraitsures at present, will make a very odd Figure, and perhaps look monstrous in the Eyes of Posterity. For this Reason they often represent an illustrious Person in a *Roman* Habit, or in some other Dress that never varies. I could wish, for the sake of my Country Friends, that there was such a kind of *everlasting Drapery* to be made use of by all who live at a certain distance from the Town, and that they would agree upon such Fashions as should never be liable to Changes and Innovations. For want of this *standing Dress*, a Man [who [1]] takes a Journey into the Country is as much surpris'd, as one [who [1]] walks in a Gallery of old Family Pictures; and finds as great a Variety of Garbs and Habits in the Persons he converses with. Did they keep to one constant Dress they would sometimes be in the Fashion, which they never are as Matters are managed at present. If instead of running after the Mode, they would continue fixed in one certain Habit, the Mode would some time or other overtake them, as a Clock that stands still is sure to point right once in twelve Hours: In this Case therefore I would advise them, as a Gentleman did his Friend who was hunting about the whole Town after a rambling Fellow, If you follow him you will never find him, but if you plant your self at the Corner of any one Street, I'll engage it will not be long before you see him.

I have already touch'd upon this Subject in a Speculation [which [1]] shews how cruelly the Country are led astray in following the Town; and equipped in a ridiculous Habit, when they fancy themselves in the Height of the Mode. Since that Speculation I have received a Letter (which I there hinted at) from a Gentleman who is now in the Western Circuit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Being a Lawyer of the *\_Middle-Temple\_*, [a [2]] *Cornishman* by Birth, I generally ride the Western Circuit for my health, and as I am not interrupted with Clients, have leisure to make many Observations that escape the Notice of my Fellow-*Travellers*.

One of the most fashionable Women I met with in all the Circuit was my Landlady at *\_Stains\_*, where I chanced to be on a Holiday. Her Commode was not half a Foot high, and her Petticoat within some Yards of a modish Circumference. In the same Place I observed a young Fellow with a tolerable Periwig, had it not been covered with a Hat that was shaped in the *Ramillie* Cock. [3] As I proceeded in my Journey I observed the Petticoat grew scantier and scantier, and about threescore Miles from *London* was so very unfashionable, that a Woman might walk in it without any manner of Inconvenience.

Not far from *Salisbury* I took notice of a Justice of Peace's Lady [who [4]] was at least ten Years behindhand in her Dress, but at the same time as fine as Hands could make her. She was flounced and furbelowed from Head to Foot; every Ribbon was wrinkled, and every Part of her Garments in Curl, so that she looked like one of those Animals which in the Country we call a *Friezeland* Hen.

Not many Miles beyond this Place I was informed that one of the last Year's little Muffs had by some means or other straggled into those Parts, and that all Women of Fashion were cutting their old Muffs in two, or retrenching them, according to the little Model [which [5]] was got among them. I cannot believe the Report they have there, that it was sent down frank'd by a Parliament-man in a little Packet; but probably by next Winter this Fashion will be at the Height in the Country, when it is quite out at *London*.

The greatest Beau at our next Country Sessions was dressed in a most monstrous Flaxen Periwig, that was made in King *\_William's\_* Reign. The Wearer of it goes, it seems, in his own Hair, when he is at home, and lets his Wig lie in Buckle for a whole half Year, that he may put it on upon Occasions to meet the Judges in it.

I must not here omit an Adventure [which [5]] happened to us in a Country Church upon the Frontiers of *Cornwall*. As we were in the midst of the Service, a Lady who is the chief Woman of the Place, and had passed the Winter at *London* with her Husband, entered the Congregation in a little Headdress, and a hoop'd Petticoat. The People, who were wonderfully startled at such a Sight, all of them rose up. Some stared at the prodigious Bottom, and some at the little Top of this strange Dress. In the mean time the Lady of the Manor filled the [Area [6]] of the Church, and walked up to her Pew with an unspeakable Satisfaction, amidst the Whispers, Conjectures, and Astonishments of the whole Congregation.

Upon our Way from hence we saw a young Fellow riding towards us full Gallop, with a Bob Wig and a black Silken Bag tied to it. He stopt short at the Coach, to ask us how far the Judges were behind us. His Stay was so very short, that we had only time to observe his new silk Waistcoat, [which [7]] was unbutton'd in several Places to let us see that he had a clean Shirt on, which was ruffled down to his middle.

From this Place, during our Progress through the most Western Parts of the Kingdom, we fancied ourselves in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, the People having made very little Variations in their Dress since that time. The smartest of the Country Squires appear still in the *\_Monmouth\_-Cock* [8] and when they go a wooing (whether they have any Post in the Militia or not) they generally put on a red Coat. We were, indeed, very much surprized, at the Place we lay at last Night, to meet with a Gentleman that had accoutered himself in a Night-Cap Wig, a Coat with long Pockets, and slit Sleeves, and a pair of Shoes with high Scollop Tops; but we soon found by his Conversation that he was a Person who laughed at the Ignorance and Rusticity of the Country People, and was resolved to live and die in the Mode.

*\_Sir\_*, If you think this Account of my Travels may be of any Advantage to the Publick, I will next Year trouble you with such Occurrences as I shall meet with in other Parts of *England*. For I am informed there are

greater Curiosities in the Northern Circuit than in the Western; and that a Fashion makes its Progress much slower into *Cumberland* than into *Cornwall*. I have heard in particular, that the Steenkirk [9] arrived but two Months ago at *Newcastle*, and that there are several Commodities in those Parts which are worth taking a Journey thither to see.

C.

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[Footnote 1: that]

[Footnote 2: and a]

[Footnote 3: Fashion of 1706]

[Footnote 4: that]

[Footnote 5: that]

[Footnote 6: whole Area]

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[Footnote 8: Of 1685.]

[Footnote 9: Fashion of 1692–3.]

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No. 130. Monday, July 30, 1711. Addison.

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'... Semperque recentes Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.'

Virg.

As I was Yesterday riding out in the Fields with my Friend Sir ROGER, we saw at a little Distance from us a Troop of Gypsies. Upon the first Discovery of them, my Friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the Justice of the Peace upon such a Band of Lawless Vagrants; but not having his Clerk with him, who is a necessary Counsellor on these Occasions, and fearing that his Poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the Thought drop: But at the same time gave me a particular Account of the Mischiefs they do in the Country, in stealing People's Goods and spoiling their Servants.

If a stray Piece of Linnen hangs upon an Hedge, says Sir ROGER, they are sure to have it; if the Hog loses his Way in the Fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their Prey; our Geese cannot live in Peace for them; if a Man prosecutes them with Severity, his Hen-roost is sure to pay for it: They generally straggle into these Parts about this Time of the Year; and set the Heads of our Servant-Maids so agog for Husbands, that we do not expect to have any Business done as it should be whilst they are in the Country. I have an honest Dairy-maid [who [1]] crosses their Hands with a Piece of Silver every Summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young Fellow in the Parish for her pains. Your Friend the Butler has been Fool enough to be seduced by them; and, though he is sure to lose a Knife, a Fork, or a Spoon every time his Fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the Pantry with an old Gypsie for above half an Hour once in a Twelvemonth. Sweet-hearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young Jades among them: The Sluts have very often white Teeth and black Eyes.

Sir ROGER observing that I listned with great Attention to his Account of a People who were so entirely new to me, told me, That if I would they should tell us our Fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the Knight's Proposal, we rid up and communicated our Hands to them. A *Cassandra* of the Crew, after having examined my Lines very diligently, told me, That I loved a pretty Maid in a Corner, that I was a good Woman's Man, with some other Particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My Friend Sir ROGER alighted from his Horse, and exposing his Palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all Shapes, and diligently scanned every Wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, [who [2]] was older and more Sun-burnt than the rest, told him, That he had a Widow in his Line of Life: Upon which the Knight cried, Go, go, you are an idle Baggage; and at the same time smiled upon me. The Gypsie finding he was not displeas'd in his Heart, told him, after a farther Enquiry into his Hand, that his True-love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night: My old Friend cried Pish, and bid her go on. The Gypsie told him that he was a Batchelour, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to some Body than he thought: The Knight still repeated, She was an idle Baggage, and bid her go on. Ah Master, says the Gypsie, that roguish Leer of yours makes a pretty Woman's Heart ake; you ha'n't that Simper about the Mouth for Nothing—The uncouth Gibberish with which all this was uttered like the Darkness of an Oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the Knight left the Money with her that he had crossed her Hand with, and got up again on his Horse.

As we were riding away, Sir ROGER told me, that he knew several sensible People who believed these Gypsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an Hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the Height of his good-Humour, meeting a common Beggar upon the Road who was no Conjuror, as he went to relieve him he found his Pocket was picked: That being a Kind of Palmistry at which this Race of Vermin are very dextrous.

I might here entertain my Reader with Historical Remarks on this idle profligate People, [who [3]] infest all the Countries of *Europe*, and live in the midst of Governments in a kind of Commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into Observations of this Nature, I shall fill the remaining Part of my Paper with a Story [which [4]] is still fresh in *Holland*, and was printed in one of our Monthly Accounts about twenty Years ago.

'As the *Trekschuyt*, or Hackney-boat, which carries Passengers from *Leyden* to *Amsterdam*, was putting off, a Boy running along the [Side [5]] of the Canal desired to be taken in; which the Master of the Boat refused, because the Lad had not quite Money enough to pay the usual Fare. An eminent Merchant being pleased with the Looks of the Boy, and secretly touched with Compassion towards him, paid the Money for him, [6] and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four Languages, and learned upon farther Examination that he had been stoln away when he was a Child by a Gypsie, and had rambled ever since with a Gang of those Strollers up and down several Parts of *Europe*. It happened that the Merchant, whose Heart seems to have inclined towards the Boy by a secret kind of Instinct, had himself lost a Child some Years before. The Parents, after a long Search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the Canals with which that Country abounds; and the Mother was so afflicted at the Loss of a fine Boy, who was her only Son, that she died for Grief of it. Upon laying together all Particulars, and examining the several Moles and Marks [by] which the Mother used to describe the Child [when [7]] he was first missing, the Boy proved to be the Son of the Merchant whose Heart had so unaccountably melted at the Sight of him. The Lad was very well pleased to find a Father [who [8]] was so rich, and likely to leave him a good Estate; the Father on the other hand was not a little delighted to see a Son return to him, whom he had given for lost, with such a Strength of Constitution, Sharpness of Understanding, and Skill in Languages.'

Here the printed Story leaves off; but if I may give credit to Reports, our Linguist having received such extraordinary Rudiments towards a good Education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a Gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious Habits and Practises that he had been used to in the Course of his Peregrinations: Nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign Courts upon National Business, with great Reputation to himself and Honour to [those who sent him, [9]] and that he has visited

several Countries as a publick Minister, in which he formerly wander'd as a Gypsie.

C.

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[Footnote 1: that]

[Footnote 2: that]

[Footnote 3: that]

[Footnote 4: that]

[Footnote 5: Sides]

[Footnote 6: About three pence.]

[Footnote 7: by when]

[Footnote 8: that]

[Footnote 9: his Country]

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No. 131. Tuesday, July 31, 1711. Addison.

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'... Ipsæ rursum concedite Sylvæ.'

Virg.

It is usual for a Man who loves Country Sports to preserve the Game in his own Grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his Neighbour. My Friend Sir ROGER generally goes two or three Miles from his House, and gets into the Frontiers of his Estate, before he beats about in search of [a [1]] Hare or Partridge, on purpose to spare his own Fields, where he is always sure of finding Diversion, when the worst comes to the worst. By this Means the Breed about his House has time to encrease and multiply, besides that the Sport is the more agreeable where the Game is the harder to come at, and [where it] does not lie so thick as to produce any Perplexity or Confusion in the Pursuit. For these Reasons the Country Gentleman, like the Fox, seldom preys near his own Home.

In the same manner I have made a Month's Excursion out of the Town, which is the great Field of Game for Sportsmen of my Species, to try my Fortune in the Country, where I have started several Subjects, and hunted them down, with some Pleasure to my self, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of Diligence before I can spring any thing to my Mind, whereas in Town, whilst I am following one Character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my Way by another, and put up such a Variety of odd Creatures in both Sexes, that they foil the Scent of one another, and puzzle the Chace. My greatest Difficulty in the Country is to find Sport, and in Town to chuse it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole Month's Rest to the Cities of *London* and *\_Westminster\_*, I promise my self abundance of new Game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the Country, since I find the whole Neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my Name and Character. My Love of Solitude, Taciturnity, and particular way of Life, having raised a great Curiosity in all these Parts.

The Notions which have been framed of me are various; some look upon me as very proud, [some as very modest,] and some as very melancholy. \_Will. Wimble\_, as my Friend the Butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in Company, is afraid I have killed a Man. The Country People seem to suspect me for a Conjurer; and some of them hearing of the Visit [which [2]] I made to \_Moll White\_, will needs have it that Sir ROGER has brought down a Cunning Man with him, to cure the old Woman, and free the Country from her Charms. So that the Character which I go under in part of the Neighbourhood, is what they here call a *White Witch*.

A Justice of Peace, who lives about five Miles off, and is not of Sir ROGER'S Party, has it seems said twice or thrice at his Table, that he wishes Sir ROGER does not harbour a Jesuit in his House, and that he thinks the Gentlemen of the Country would do very well to make me give some Account of my self.

On the other side, some of Sir ROGER'S Friends are afraid the old Knight is impos'd upon by a designing Fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously when he is in Town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen, and says nothing, because he is out of Place.

Such is the Variety of Opinions [which [2]] are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected Person, and among others for a Popish Priest; among some for a Wizard, and among others for a Murderer; and all this for no other Reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and hollow and make a Noise. It is true my Friend Sir ROGER tells them, \_That it is my way\_, and that I am only a Philosopher; but [this [2]] will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my Tongue for nothing.

For these and other Reasons I shall set out for *London* to Morrow, having found by Experience that the Country is not a Place for a Person of my Temper, who does not love Jollity, and what they call Good-Neighbourhood. A Man that is out of Humour when an unexpected Guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an Afternoon to every Chance-comer; that will be the Master of his own Time, and the Pursuer of his own Inclinations makes but a very unsociable Figure in this kind of Life. I shall therefore retire into the Town, if I may make use of that Phrase, and get into the Crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what Speculations I please upon others without being observed my self, and at the same time enjoy all the Advantages of Company with all the Privileges of Solitude. In the mean while, to finish the Month and conclude these my rural Speculations, I shall here insert a Letter from my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB, who has not lived a Month for these forty Years out of the Smoke of \_London\_, and rallies me after his way upon my Country Life.

*Dear SPEC,*

'I Suppose this Letter will find thee picking of Daisies, or smelling to a Lock of Hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent Country Diversion of the like Nature. I have however Orders from the Club to summon thee up to Town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our Company, after thy Conversations with *Moll White* and \_Will. Wimble\_. Pr'ythee don't send us up any more Stories of a Cock and a Bull, nor frighten the Town with Spirits and Witches. Thy Speculations begin to smell confoundedly of Woods and Meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude [that] thou art in Love with one of Sir ROGER's Dairy-maids. Service to the Knight. Sir ANDREW is grown the Cock of the Club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every Mother's Son of us Commonwealth's Men.

*Dear SPEC,*

\_Thine Eternally\_,

WILL. HONEYCOMB.

C.

[Footnote 1: an]

[Footnotes 2: that]

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No. 132. Wednesday, August 1, 1711. Steele.

'... Qui aut Tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.'

Tull.

Having notified to my good Friend Sir ROGER that I should set out for *London* the next Day, his Horses were ready at the appointed Hour in the Evening; and attended by one of his Grooms, I arrived at the County–Town at twilight, in order to be ready for the Stage–Coach the Day following. As soon as we arrived at the Inn, the Servant who waited upon me, inquir'd of the Chamberlain in my Hearing what Company he had for the Coach? The Fellow answered, Mrs. *Betty Arable*, the great Fortune, and the Widow her Mother; a recruiting Officer (who took a Place because they were to go;) young Squire *Quickset* her Cousin (that her Mother wished her to be married to;) *Ephraim* the Quaker [1] her Guardian; and a Gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY'S. I observed by what he said of my self, that according to his Office he dealt much in Intelligence; and doubted not but there was some Foundation for his Reports of the rest of the Company, as well as for the whimsical Account he gave of me. The next Morning at Day–break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural Shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first Preparation for our Setting–out was, that the Captain's Half–Pike was placed near the Coach–man, and a Drum behind the Coach. In the mean Time the Drummer, the Captain's Equipage, was very loud, that none of the Captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his Cloake–bag was fixed in the Seat of the Coach: And the Captain himself, according to a frequent, tho' invidious Behaviour of Military Men, ordered his Man to look sharp, that none but one of the Ladies should have the Place he had taken fronting to the Coach–box.

We were in some little Time fixed in our Seats, and sat with that Dislike which People not too good–natured usually conceive of each other at first Sight. The Coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of Familiarity: and we had not moved above two Miles, when the Widow asked the Captain what Success he had in his Recruiting? The Officer, with a Frankness he believed very graceful, told her,

'That indeed he had but very little Luck, and had suffered much by Desertion, therefore should be glad to end his Warfare in the Service of her or her fair Daughter. In a Word, continued he, I am a Soldier, and to be plain is my Character: You see me, Madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me your self, Widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your Disposal. I am a Soldier of Fortune, ha!'

This was followed by a vain Laugh of his own, and a deep Silence of all the rest of the Company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all Speed.

'Come, said he, resolve upon it, we will make a Wedding at the next Town: We will wake this pleasant Companion who is fallen asleep, to be [the] Brideman, and' (giving the Quaker a Clap on the Knee) he concluded, 'This sly Saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, Widow, shall give the Bride as Father.'

The Quaker, who happened to be a Man of Smartness, answered,

'Friend, I take it in good Part that thou hast given me the Authority of a Father over this comely and virtuous Child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy Mirth, Friend, savoureth of Folly: Thou art a Person of a light Mind; thy Drum is a Type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy Fullness, but thy Emptiness that thou hast spoken this Day. Friend, Friend, we have hired this Coach in Partnership with thee, to carry us to the great City; we cannot go any other Way. This worthy Mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy Follies; we cannot help it, Friend, I say: if thou wilt we must hear thee: But if thou wert a Man of Understanding, thou wouldst not take Advantage of thy courageous Countenance to abash us Children of Peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a Soldier; give Quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou flee at our Friend, who feigned himself asleep? he [said [2]] nothing: but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young Virgin, consider it is an Outrage against a distressed Person that cannot get from thee: To speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this publick Vehicle, is in some Degree assaulting on the high Road.'

Here *Ephraim* paused, and the Captain with an happy and uncommon Impudence (which can be convicted and support it self at the same time) cries,

'Faith, Friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoaky old Fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing Part of the Journey. I was [going [3]] to give my self Airs, but, Ladies, I beg Pardon.'

The Captain was so little out of Humour, and our Company was so far from being sowered by this little Ruffle, that *Ephraim* and he took a particular Delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different Provinces in the Conduct of the Company. Our Reckonings, Apartments, and Accommodation, fell under *Ephraim*: and the Captain looked to all Disputes on the Road, as the good Behaviour of our Coachman, and the Right we had of taking Place as going to *London* of all Vehicles coming from thence. The Occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the Relation of them: But when I consider'd the Company we were in, I took it for no small good Fortune that the whole Journey was not spent in Impertinences, which to one Part of us might be an Entertainment, to the other a Suffering.

What therefore *Ephraim* said when we were almost arriv'd at *London*, had to me an Air not only of good Understanding but good Breeding. Upon the young Lady's expressing her Satisfaction in the Journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, *Ephraim* declared himself as follows:

'There is no ordinary Part of humane Life which expresseth so much a good Mind, and a right inward Man, as his Behaviour upon meeting with Strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable Companions to him: Such a Man, when he falleth in the way with Persons of Simplicity and Innocence, however knowing he may be in the Ways of Men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his Superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them.

My good Friend, (continued he, turning to the Officer) thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: But be advised by a plain Man; Modes and Apparel are but Trifles to the real Man, therefore do not think such a Man as thy self terrible for thy Garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine.

When two such as thee and I meet, with Affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou should'st rejoice to see my peaceable Demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy Strength and Ability to protect me in it.'

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[Footnote 1: The man who would not fight received the name of *Ephraim* from the 9th verse of Psalm lxxviii, which says:

'The children of Ephraim, being armed and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle.']

[Footnote 2: sayeth]

[Footnote 3: a going]

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No. 133. Thursday, August 2, 1711. Steele.

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'Quis Desiderio sit pudor aut modus Tam Chari capitis?'

Hor.

There is a sort of Delight, which is alternately mixed with Terror and Sorrow, in the Contemplation of Death. The Soul has its Curiosity more than ordinarily awakened, when it turns its Thoughts upon the Conduct of such who have behaved themselves with an Equal, a Resigned, a Chearful, a Generous or Heroick Temper in that Extremity.

We are affected with these respective Manners of Behaviour, as we secretly believe the Part of the Dying Person imitable by our selves, or such as we imagine our selves more particularly capable of.

Men of exalted Minds march before us like Princes, and are, to the Ordinary Race of Mankind, rather Subjects for their Admiration than Example. However, there are no Ideas strike more forcibly upon our Imaginations; than those which are raised from Reflections upon the Exits of great and excellent Men. Innocent Men who have suffered as Criminals, tho' they were Benefactors to Human Society, seem to be Persons of the highest Distinction, among the vastly greater Number of Human Race, the Dead. When the Iniquity of the Times brought *Socrates* to his Execution, how great and wonderful is it to behold him, unsupported by any thing but the Testimony of his own Conscience and Conjectures of Hereafter, receive the Poison with an Air of Mirth and good Humour, and as if going on an agreeable Journey bespeak some Deity to make it fortunate.

When *Phocion's* good Actions had met with the like Reward from his Country, and he was led to Death with many others of his Friends, they bewailing their Fate, he walking composedly towards the Place of Execution, how gracefully does he support his Illustrious Character to the very last Instant. One of the Rabble spitting at him as he passed, with his usual Authority he called to know if no one was ready to teach this Fellow how to behave himself. When a Poor-spirited Creature that died at the same time for his Crimes bemoaned himself unmanfully, he rebuked him with this Question, Is it no Consolation to such a Man as thou art to die with *Phocion*? At the Instant when he was to die, they asked him what commands he had for his Son, he answered, To forget this Injury of the *Athenians*. *Niocles*, his Friend, under the same Sentence, desired he might drink the Potion before him: *Phocion* said, because he never had denied him any thing he would not even this, the most difficult Request he had ever made.

These Instances [1] were very noble and great, and the Reflections of those Sublime Spirits had made Death to them what it is really intended to be by the Author of Nature, a Relief from a various Being ever subject to Sorrows and Difficulties.

*Epaminondas*, the *Theban* General, having received in Fight a mortal Stab with a Sword, which was left in his Body, lay in that Posture 'till he had Intelligence that his Troops [had] obtained the Victory, and then permitted it to be drawn [out], at which Instant he expressed himself in this manner,

'This is not the end of my Life, my Fellow-Soldiers; it is now your *Epaminondas* is born, who dies in so much Glory.'

It were an endless Labour to collect the Accounts with which all Ages have filled the World of Noble and Heroick Minds that have resigned this Being, as if the Termination of Life were but an ordinary Occurrence of it.

This common-place way of Thinking I fell into from an awkward Endeavour to throw off a real and fresh Affliction, by turning over Books in a melancholy Mood; but it is not easy to remove Grievs which touch the Heart, by applying Remedies which only entertain the Imagination. As therefore this Paper is to consist of any thing which concerns Human Life, I cannot help letting the present Subject regard what has been the last Object of my Eyes, tho' an Entertainment of Sorrow.

I went this Evening to visit a Friend, with a design to rally him, upon a Story I had heard of his intending to steal a Marriage without the Privity of us his intimate Friends and Acquaintance. I came into his Apartment with that Intimacy which I have done for very many Years, and walked directly into his Bed-chamber, where I found my Friend in the Agonies of Death. [2] What could I do? The innocent Mirth in my Thoughts struck upon me like the most flagitious Wickedness: I in vain called upon him; he was senseless, and too far spent to have the least Knowledge of my Sorrow, or any Pain in himself. Give me leave then to transcribe my Soliloquy, as I stood by his Mother, dumb with the weight of Grief for a Son who was her Honour and her Comfort, and never till that Hour since his Birth had been an Occasion of a Moment's Sorrow to her.

'How surprising is this Change! from the Possession of vigorous Life and Strength, to be reduced in a few Hours to this fatal Extremity! Those Lips which look so pale and livid, within these few Days gave Delight to all who heard their Utterance: It was the Business, the Purpose of his Being, next to Obeying him to whom he is going, to please and instruct, and that for no other end but to please and instruct. Kindness was the Motive of his Actions, and with all the Capacity requisite for making a Figure in a contentious World, Moderation, Good-Nature, Affability, Temperance and Chastity, were the Arts of his Excellent Life. There as he lies in helpless Agony, no Wise Man who knew him so well as I, but would resign all the World can bestow to be so near the end of such a Life. Why does my Heart so little obey my Reason as to lament thee, thou excellent Man. ... Heaven receive him, or restore him ... Thy beloved Mother, thy obliged Friends, thy helpless Servants, stand around thee without Distinction. How much wouldst thou, hadst thou thy Senses, say to each of us.

But now that good Heart bursts, and he is at rest—with that Breath expired a Soul who never indulged a Passion unfit for the Place he is gone to: Where are now thy Plans of Justice, of Truth, of Honour? Of what use the Volumes thou hast collated, the Arguments thou hast invented, the Examples thou hast followed. Poor were the Expectations of the Studious, the Modest and the Good, if the Reward of their Labours were only to be expected from Man. No, my Friend, thy intended Pleadings, thy intended good Offices to thy Friends, thy intended Services to thy Country, are already performed (as to thy Concern in them) in his Sight before whom the Past, Present, and Future appear at one View. While others with thy Talents were tormented with Ambition, with Vain-glory, with Envy, with Emulation, how well didst thou turn thy Mind to its own Improvement in things out of the Power of Fortune, in Probity, in Integrity, in the Practice and Study of Justice; how silent thy Passage, how private thy Journey, how glorious thy End! \_Many have I known more Famous, some more Knowing, not one so Innocent\_.'

R.

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[Footnote 1: From Plutarch's 'Life of Phocion'.]

[Footnote 2: This friend was Stephen, son of Edmund Clay, haberdasher. Stephen Clay was of the Inner Temple, and called to the bar in 1700.]

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No. 134. Friday, August 3, 1711. Steele.

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'... Opiferque per Orbem Dicor ...'

Ovid.

During my Absence in the Country, several Packets have been left for me, which were not forwarded to me, because I was expected every Day in Town. The Author of the following Letter, dated from Tower-Hill, having sometimes been entertained with some Learned Gentlemen in Plush Doublets, who have vended their Wares from a Stage in that Place, has pleasantly enough addressed Me, as no less a Sage in Morality, than those are in Physick. To comply with his kind Inclination to make my Cures famous, I shall give you his Testimonial of my great Abilities at large in his own Words.

SIR,

'Your saying t'other Day there is something wonderful in the Narrowness of those Minds which can be pleased, and be barren of Bounty to those who please them, makes me in pain that I am not a Man of Power: If I were, you should soon see how much I approve your Speculations. In the mean time, I beg leave to supply that Inability with the empty Tribute of an honest Mind, by telling you plainly I love and thank you for your daily Refreshments. I constantly peruse your Paper as I smoke my Morning's Pipe, (tho' I can't forbear reading the Motto before I fill and light) and really it gives a grateful Relish to every Whif; each Paragraph is freight either with useful or delightful Notions, and I never fail of being highly diverted or improved. The Variety of your Subjects surprizes me as much as a Box of Pictures did formerly, in which there was only one Face, that by pulling some Pieces of Isinglass over it, was changed into a grave Senator or a Merry Andrew, a patch'd Lady or a Nun, a Beau or a Black-a-moor, a Prude or a Coquet, a Country 'Squire or a Conjurer, with many other different Representations very entertaining (as you are) tho' still the same at the Bottom. This was a childish Amusement when I was carried away with outward Appearance, but you make a deeper Impression, and affect the secret Springs of the Mind; you charm the Fancy, sooth the Passions, and insensibly lead the Reader to that Sweetness of Temper that you so well describe; you rouse Generosity with that Spirit, and inculcate Humanity with that Ease, that he must be miserably Stupid that is not affected by you. I can't say indeed that you have put Impertinence to Silence, or Vanity out of Countenance; but methinks you have bid as fair for it, as any Man that ever appeared upon a publick Stage; and offer an infallible Cure of Vice and Folly, for the Price of One Penny. And since it is usual for those who receive Benefit by such famous Operators, to publish an Advertisement, that others may reap the same Advantage, I think my self obliged to declare to all the World, that having for a long time been splenatick, ill natured, froward, suspicious, and unsociable, by the Application of your Medicines, taken only with half an Ounce of right *Virginia* Tobacco, for six successive Mornings, I am become open, obliging, officious, frank, and hospitable.

I am, Your Humble Servant, and great Admirer,

George Trusty.

Tower-hill,

July 5, 1711.

This careful Father and humble Petitioner hereafter mentioned, who are under Difficulties about the just Management of Fans, will soon receive proper Advertisements relating to the Professors in that behalf, with their Places of Abode and Methods of Teaching.

July the 5th, 1711.

SIR,

'In your Spectator of *June* the 7th you Transcribe a Letter sent to you from a new sort of Muster-master, who teaches Ladies the whole Exercise of the Fan; I have a Daughter just come to Town, who tho' she has always held a Fan in her Hand at proper Times, yet she knows no more how to use it according to true Discipline, than an awkward School-boy does to make use of his new Sword: I have sent for her on purpose to learn the Exercise, she being already very well accomplished in all other Arts which are necessary for a young Lady to understand; my Request is, that you will speak to your Correspondent on my behalf, and in your next Paper let me know what he expects, either by the Month, or the Quarter, for teaching; and where he keeps his Place of Rendezvous. I have a Son too, whom I would fain have taught to gallant Fans, and should be glad to know what the Gentleman will have for teaching them both, I finding Fans for Practice at my own Expence. This Information will in the highest manner oblige,

\_SIR, Your most humble Servant\_,

William Wiseacre.

As soon as my Son is perfect in this Art (which I hope will be in a Year's time, for the Boy is pretty apt,) I design he shall learn to ride the great Horse, (altho' he is not yet above twenty Years old) if his Mother, whose Darling he is, will venture him.

*To the SPECTATOR.*

*The humble Petition of Benjamin Easie, Gent.*

\_Sheweth\_,

'That it was your Petitioner's Misfortune to walk to *Hackney* Church last Sunday, where to his great Amazement he met with a Soldier of your own training: she furls a Fan, recovers a Fan, and goes through the whole Exercise of it to Admiration. This well-managed Officer of yours has, to my Knowledge, been the Ruin of above five young Gentlemen besides my self, and still goes on laying waste wheresoever she comes, whereby the whole Village is in great danger. Our humble Request is therefore that this bold Amazon be ordered immediately to lay down her Arms, or that you would issue forth an Order, that we who have been thus injured may meet at the Place of General Rendezvous, and there be taught to manage our Snuff-Boxes in such manner as we may be an equal Match for her:

\_And your Petitioner shall ever Pray\_, &c.

R.

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No. 135. Saturday, August 4, 1711. Addison.

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'Est brevitate opus, ut currat Sententia ...'

Hor.

I have somewhere read of an eminent Person, who used in his private Offices of Devotion to give Thanks to Heaven that he was born a *\_Frenchman:\_* For my own part, I look upon it as a peculiar Blessing that I was Born an *Englishman*. Among many other Reasons, I think my self very happy in my Country, as the *Language* of it is wonderfully adapted to a Man [who [1]] is sparing of his Words, and an Enemy to

## Loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good Fortune in this Particular, I shall communicate to the Publick my Speculations upon the, *English* Tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious Readers.

The *English* delight in Silence more than any other *European* Nation, if the Remarks which are made on us by Foreigners are true. Our Discourse is not kept up in Conversation, but falls into more Pauses and Intervals than in our Neighbouring Countries; as it is observed, that the Matter of our Writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower Compass than is usual in the Works of Foreign Authors: For, to favour our Natural Taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our Thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a Birth to our Conception as possible.

This Humour shows itself in several Remarks that we may make upon the *English* Language. As first of all by its abounding in Monosyllables, which gives us an Opportunity of delivering our Thoughts in few Sounds. This indeed takes off from the Elegance of our Tongue, but at the same time expresses our Ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first Design of Speech better than the Multitude of Syllables, which make the Words of other Languages more Tunable and Sonorous. The Sounds of our *English* Words are commonly like those of String Musick, short and transient, [which [2]] rise and perish upon a single Touch; those of other Languages are like the Notes of Wind Instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthen'd out into variety of Modulation.

In the next place we may observe, that where the Words are not Monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our Power, by our Rapidity of Pronunciation; as it generally happens in most of our long Words which are derived from the *Latin*, where we contract the length of the Syllables that give them a grave and solemn Air in their own Language, to make them more proper for Dispatch, and more conformable to the Genius of our Tongue. This we may find in a multitude of Words, as *Liberty*, *Conspiracy*, *Theatre*, *Orator*, &c.

The same natural Aversion to Loquacity has of late Years made a very considerable Alteration in our Language, by closing in one Syllable the Termination of our Præterperfect Tense, as in the Words, *drown'd*, *walk' d*, *arriv'd*, for *drowned*, *walked*, *arrived*, which has very much disfigured the Tongue, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest Words into so many Clusters of Consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of Vowels in our Language has been the general Complaint of our politest Authors, who nevertheless are the Men that have made these Retrenchments, and consequently very much increased our former Scarcity.

This Reflection on the Words that end in *\_ed\_*, I have heard in Conversation from one of the greatest Genius's this Age has produced. [3] I think we may add to the foregoing Observation, the Change which has happened in our Language, by the Abbreviation of several Words that are terminated in *\_eth\_*, by substituting an *s* in the room of the last Syllable, as in *drowns*, *walks*, *arrives*, and innumerable other Words, which in the Pronunciation of our Forefathers were *drowneth*, *walketh*, *arriveth*. This has wonderfully multiplied a Letter which was before too frequent in the *English* Tongue, and added to that *hissing* in our Language, which is taken so much notice of by Foreigners; but at the same time humours our Taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous Syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single Letter on many Occasions does the Office of a whole Word, and represents the *His* and *Her* of our Forefathers. There is no doubt but the Ear of a Foreigner, which is the best Judge in this Case, would very much disapprove of such Innovations, which indeed we do our selves in some measure, by retaining the old Termination in Writing, and in all the solemn Offices of our Religion.

As in the Instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular Words to the Detriment of our Tongue, so on other Occasions we have drawn two Words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our Language, and clogged it with Consonants, as *\_mayn't*, *can't*, *shd'n't*, *wo'n't*, and the like, for *\_may not*,

can not, shall not, will not\_, &c.

It is perhaps this Humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our Words, that in familiar Writings and Conversations they often lose all but their first Syllables, as in \_mob.\_ \_rep.\_ \_pos.\_ \_incog.\_ and the like; and as all ridiculous Words make their first Entry into a Language by familiar Phrases, I dare not answer for these that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our Tongue. We see some of our Poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate \_Hudibras's\_ Doggrel Expressions in their serious Compositions, by throwing out the Signs of our Substantives, which are essential to the English Language. Nay, this Humour of shortning our Language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated Authors, among whom we may reckon Sir *Roger E Estrange* in particular, began to prune their Words of all superfluous Letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the Spelling to the Pronunciation; which would have confounded all our Etymologies, and have quite destroyed our Tongue.

We may here likewise observe that our proper Names, when familiarized in English, generally dwindle to Monosyllables, whereas in other modern Languages they receive a softer Turn on this Occasion, by the Addition of a new Syllable. *Nick* in *Italian* is \_Nicolini\_, \_Jack in French\_ \_Janot\_; and so of the rest.

There is another Particular in our Language which is a great Instance of our Frugality of Words, and that is the suppressing of several Particles which must be produced in other Tongues to make a Sentence intelligible. This often perplexes the best Writers, when they find the Relatives whom, which, or they at their Mercy whether they may have Admission or not; and will never be decided till we have something like an Academy, that by the best Authorities and Rules drawn from the Analogy of Languages shall settle all Controversies between Grammar and Idiom.

I have only considered our Language as it shows the Genius and natural Temper of the \_English\_, which is modest, thoughtful and sincere, and which perhaps may recommend the People, though it has spoiled the Tongue. We might perhaps carry the same Thought into other Languages, and deduce a greater Part of what is peculiar to them from the Genius of the People who speak them. It is certain, the light talkative Humour of the *French* has not a little infected their Tongue, which might be shown by many Instances; as the Genius of the \_Italians\_, which is so much addicted to Musick and Ceremony, has moulded all their Words and Phrases to those particular Uses. The Stateliness and Gravity of the *Spaniards* shews itself to Perfection in the Solemnity of their Language, and the blunt honest Humour of the *Germans* sounds better in the Roughness of the High Dutch, than it would in a politer Tongue.

C.

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[Footnote 1: that]

[Footnote 2: that]

[Footnote 3: Swift.]

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No. 136. Monday, August 6, 1711. Steele.

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'... Parthis mendacior ...'

Hor.

According to the Request of this strange Fellow, I shall Print the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I shall without any manner of Preface or Apology acquaint you, that I am, and ever have been from my Youth upward, one of the greatest Liars this Island has produced. I have read all the Moralists upon the Subject, but could never find any Effect their Discourses had upon me, but to add to my Misfortune by new Thoughts and Ideas, and making me more ready in my Language, and capable of sometimes mixing seeming Truths with my Improbabilities. With this strong Passion towards Falshood in this kind, there does not live an honest Man or a sincerer Friend; but my Imagination runs away with me, and whatever is started I have such a Scene of Adventures appears in an Instant before me, that I cannot help uttering them, tho', to my immediate Confusion, I cannot but know I am liable to be detected by the first Man I meet.

Upon occasion of the mention of the Battel of *\_Pultowa\_*, I could not forbear giving an Account of a Kinsman of mine, a young Merchant who was bred at *\_Mosco\_*, that had too much Metal to attend Books of Entries and Accounts, when there was so active a Scene in the Country where he resided, and followed the Czar as a Volunteer: This warm Youth, born at the Instant the thing was spoke of, was the Man who unhorsed the *Swedish* General, he was the Occasion that the *Muscovites* kept their Fire in so soldier-like a manner, and brought up those Troops which were covered from the Enemy at the beginning of the Day; besides this, he had at last the good Fortune to be the Man who took Count *Piper* [1] With all this Fire I knew my Cousin to be the Civilest Creature in the World. He never made any impertinent Show of his Valour, and then he had an excellent Genius for the World in every other kind. I had Letters from him (here I felt in my Pockets) that exactly spoke the Czar's Character, which I knew [perfectly [2]] well; and I could not forbear concluding, that I lay with his Imperial Majesty twice or thrice a Week all the while he lodged at *Deptford*. [3] What is worse than all this, it is impossible to speak to me, but you give me some occasion of coming out with one Lie or other, that has neither Wit, Humour, Prospect of Interest, or any other Motive that I can think of in Nature. The other Day, when one was commending an Eminent and Learned Divine, what occasion in the World had I to say, Methinks he would look more Venerable if he were not so fair a man? I remember the Company smiled. I have seen the Gentleman since, and he is Coal-Black. I have Intimations every Day in my Life that no Body believes me, yet I am never the better. I was saying something the other Day to an old Friend at *\_Will's\_* Coffee-house, and he made me no manner of Answer; but told me, that an Acquaintance of *Tully* the Orator having two or three times together said to him, without receiving any Answer, That upon his Honour he was but that very Month forty Years of Age; *Tully* answer'd, Surely you think me the most incredulous Man in the World, if I don't believe what you have told me every Day this ten Years. The Mischief of it is, I find myself wonderfully inclin'd to have been present at every Occurrence that is spoken of before me; this has led me into many Inconveniencies, but indeed they have been the fewer, because I am no ill-natur'd Man, and never speak Things to any Man's Disadvantage. I never directly defame, but I do what is as bad in the Consequence, for I have often made a Man say such and such a lively Expression, who was born a mere Elder Brother. When one has said in my Hearing, Such a one is no wiser than he should be, I immediately have reply'd, Now 'faith, I can't see that, he said a very good Thing to my Lord such a one, upon such an Occasion, and the like. Such an honest Dolt as this has been watch'd in every Expression he uttered, upon my Recommendation of him, and consequently been subject to the more Ridicule. I once endeavoured to cure myself of this impertinent Quality, and resolved to hold my Tongue for seven Days together; I did so, but then I had so many Winks and unnecessary Distortions of my Face upon what any body else said, that I found I only forbore the Expression, and that I still lied in my Heart to every Man I met with. You are to know one Thing (which I believe you'll say is a pity, considering the Use I should have made of it) I never Travelled in my Life; but I do not know whether I could have spoken of any Foreign Country with more Familiarity than I do at present, in Company who are Strangers to me. I have cursed the Inns in *\_Germany\_*; commended the Brothels at *\_Venice\_*; the Freedom of Conversation in *\_France\_*; and tho' I never was out of this dear Town, and fifty Miles about it, have been three Nights together dogged by Bravoës for an Intreague with a Cardinal's Mistress at *Rome*.

It were endless to give you Particulars of this kind, but I can assure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, there are about Twenty or Thirty of us in this Town, I mean by this Town the Cities of *London* and *\_Westminster\_*; I say

there are in Town a sufficient Number of us to make a Society among our selves; and since we cannot be believed any longer, I beg of you to print this my Letter, that we may meet together, and be under such Regulation as there may be no Occasion for Belief or Confidence among us. If you think fit, we might be called *\_The Historians\_*, for *Liar* is become a very harsh Word. And that a Member of the Society may not hereafter be ill received by the rest of the World, I desire you would explain a little this sort of Men, and not let us *Historians* be ranked, as we are in the Imaginations of ordinary People, among common Liars, Makebates, Impostors, and Incendiaries. For your Instruction herein, you are to know that an Historian in Conversation is only a Person of so pregnant a Fancy, that he cannot be contented with ordinary Occurrences. I know a Man of Quality of our Order, who is of the wrong Side of Forty-three, and has been of that Age, according to *\_Tully's\_* Jest, for some Years since, whose Vein is upon the Romantick. Give him the least Occasion, and he will tell you something so very particular that happen'd in such a Year, and in such Company, where by the by was present such a one, who was afterwards made such a thing. Out of all these Circumstances, in the best Language in the World, he will join together with such probable Incidents an Account that shews a Person of the deepest Penetration, the honestest Mind, and withal something so Humble when he speaks of himself, that you would Admire. Dear Sir, why should this be Lying! There is nothing so instructive. He has withal the gravest Aspect; something so very venerable and great! Another of these Historians is a Young Man whom we would take in, tho' he extreamly wants Parts, as People send Children (before they can learn any thing) to School, to keep them out of Harm's way. He tells things which have nothing at all in them, and can neither please [nor [4]] displease, but merely take up your Time to no manner of Purpose, no manner of Delight; but he is Good-natured, and does it because he loves to be saying something to you, and entertain you.

I could name you a Soldier that [hath [5]] done very great things without Slaughter; he is prodigiously dull and slow of Head, but what he can say is for ever false, so that we must have him.

Give me leave to tell you of one more who is a Lover; he is the most afflicted Creature in the World, lest what happened between him and a Great Beauty should ever be known. Yet again, he comforts himself. *\_Hang the Jade her Woman. If Mony can keep [the] Slut trusty I will do it, though I mortgage every Acre;\_ Anthony and Cleopatra \_for that; All for Love and the World well lost ...*

Then, Sir, there is my little Merchant, honest *Indigo* of the *\_Change\_*, there's my Man for Loss and Gain, there's Tare and Tret, there's lying all round the Globe; he has such a prodigious Intelligence he knows all the *French* are doing, or what we intend or ought to intend, and has it from such Hands. But, alas, whither am I running! While I complain, while I remonstrate to you, even all this is a Lie, and there is not one such Person of Quality, Lover, Soldier, or Merchant as I have now described in the whole World, that I know of. But I will catch my self once in my Life, and in spite of Nature speak one Truth, to wit that I am

*\_Your Humble Servant\_, &c.*

T.

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[Footnote 1: Prime Minister of Charles XII.]

[Footnote 2: exactly]

[Footnote 3: In the Spring of 1698.]

[Footnote 4: or]

[Footnote 5: has]

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No. 137. Tuesday, August 7, 1711. Steele.

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At hæc etiam Servis semper libera fuerunt, timerent, gauderent, dolerent, suo potius quam alterius arbitrio.

Tull. Epist.

It is no small Concern to me, that I find so many Complaints from that Part of Mankind whose Portion it is to live in Servitude, that those whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their Condition will admit of. There are, as these unhappy Correspondents inform me, Masters who are offended at a chearful Countenance, and think a Servant is broke loose from them, if he does not preserve the utmost Awe in their Presence. There is one who says, if he looks satisfied, his Master asks him what makes him so pert this Morning; if a little sour, Hark ye, Sirrah, are not you paid your Wages? The poor Creatures live in the most extreme Misery together: The Master knows not how to preserve Respect, nor the Servant how to give it. It seems this Person is of so sullen a Nature, that he knows but little Satisfaction in the midst of a plentiful Fortune, and secretly frets to see any Appearance of Content, in one that lives upon the hundredth Part of his Income, who is unhappy in the Possession of the Whole. Uneasy Persons, who cannot possess their own Minds, vent their Spleen upon all who depend upon them: which, I think, is expressed in a lively manner in the following Letters.

August 2, 1711.

\_SIR\_,

I have read your Spectator of the third of the last Month, and wish I had the Happiness of being preferred to serve so good a Master as Sir ROGER. The Character of my Master is the very Reverse of that good and gentle Knight's. All his Directions are given, and his Mind revealed, by way of Contraries: As when any thing is to be remembered, with a peculiar Cast of Face he cries, *Be sure to forget now*. If I am to make haste back, *\_Don't come these two Hours; be sure to call by the Way upon some of your Companions\_*. Then another excellent Way of his is, if he sets me any thing to do, which he knows must necessarily take up half a Day, he calls ten times in a Quarter of an Hour to know whether I have done yet. This is his Manner; and the same Perverseness runs through all his Actions, according as the Circumstances vary. Besides all this, he is so suspicious, that he submits himself to the Drudgery of a Spy. He is as unhappy himself as he makes his Servants: He is constantly watching us, and we differ no more in Pleasure and Liberty than as a Gaoler and a Prisoner. He lays Traps for Faults, and no sooner makes a Discovery, but falls into such Language, as I am more ashamed of for coming from him, than for being directed to me. This, Sir, is a short Sketch of a Master I have served upwards of nine Years; and tho' I have never wronged him, I confess my Despair of pleasing him has very much abated my Endeavour to do it. If you will give me leave to steal a Sentence out of my Master's *\_Clarendon\_*, I shall tell you my Case in a Word, *\_Being used worse than I deserved, I cared less to deserve well than I had done\_*.

\_I am, SIR\_, *\_Your Humble Servant\_*, RALPH VALET.

Dear Mr. SPECTER, I am the next thing to a Lady's Woman, and am under both my Lady and her Woman. I am so used by them both, that I should be very glad to see them in the SPECTER. My Lady her self is of no Mind in the World, and for that Reason her Woman is of twenty Minds in a Moment. My Lady is one that never knows what to do with her self; she pulls on and puts off every thing she wears twenty times before she resolves upon it for that Day. I stand at one end of the Room, and reach things to her Woman. When my Lady asks for a thing, I hear and have half brought it, when the Woman meets me in the middle of the Room to receive it, and at that Instant she says No she will not have it. Then I go back, and her Woman comes up to her, and by this time she will have that and two or three things more in an Instant: The Woman and I run to each other; I am loaded and delivering the things to her, when my Lady says she wants none of all these

things, and we are the dullest Creatures in the World, and she the unhappiest Woman living, for she shan't be dress'd in any time. Thus we stand not knowing what to do, when our good Lady with all the Patience in the World tells us as plain as she can speak, that she will have Temper because we have no manner of Understanding; and begins again to dress, and see if we can find out of our selves what we are to do. When she is Dressed she goes to Dinner, and after she has disliked every thing there, she calls for the Coach, then commands it in again, and then she will not go out at all, and then will go too, and orders the Chariot. Now, good Mr. SPECTER, I desire you would in the Behalf of all who serve froward Ladies, give out in your Paper, that nothing can be done without allowing Time for it, and that one cannot be back again with what one was sent for, if one is called back before one can go a Step for that they want. And if you please let them know that all Mistresses are as like as all Servants.

\_I am Your Loving Friend\_, PATIENCE GIDDY.

These are great Calamities; but I met the other Day in the five Fields towards \_Chelsea\_, a pleasanter Tyrant than either of the above represented. A fat Fellow was puffing on in his open Waistcoat; a Boy of fourteen in a Livery, carrying after him his Cloak, upper Coat, Hat, Wig, and Sword. The poor Lad was ready to sink with the Weight, and could not keep up with his Master, who turned back every half Furlong, and wondered what made the lazy Young Dog lag behind.

There is something very unaccountable, that People cannot put themselves in the Condition of the Persons below them, when they consider the Commands they give. But there is nothing more common, than to see a Fellow (who if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by any Man living) lament that he is troubled with the most worthless Dogs in Nature.

It would, perhaps, be running too far out of common Life to urge, that he who is not Master of himself and his own Passions, cannot be a proper Master of another. *Æquanimity* in a Man's own Words and Actions, will easily diffuse it self through his whole Family. *Pamphilio* has the happiest Household of any Man I know, and that proceeds from the humane regard he has to them in their private Persons, as well as in respect that they are his Servants. If there be any Occasion, wherein they may in themselves be supposed to be unfit to attend their Master's Concerns, by reason of an Attention to their own, he is so good as to place himself in their Condition. I thought it very becoming in him, when at Dinner the other Day he made an Apology for want of more Attendants. He said, \_One of my Footmen is gone to the Wedding of his Sister, and the other I don't expect to Wait, because his Father died but two Days ago\_.

T.

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No. 138. Wednesday, August 8, 1711. Steele.

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'Utitur in re non Dubia testibus non necessariis.'

Tull.

One meets now and then with Persons who are extremely learned and knotty in Expounding clear Cases. *Tully* [1] tells us of an Author that spent some Pages to prove that Generals could not perform the great Enterprizes which have made them so illustrious, if they had not had Men. He asserted also, it seems, that a Minister at home, no more than a Commander abroad, could do any thing without other Men were his Instruments and Assistants. On this Occasion he produces the Example of \_Themistodes, Pericles, Cyrus\_, and *Alexander* himself, whom he denies to have been capable of effecting what they did, except they had been followed by others. It is pleasant enough to see such Persons contend without Opponents, and triumph without Victory.

The Author above-mentioned by the Orator, is placed for ever in a very ridiculous Light, and we meet every Day in Conversation such as deserve the same kind of Renown, for troubling those with whom they converse with the like Certainties. The Persons that I have always thought to deserve the highest Admiration in this kind are your ordinary Story-tellers, who are most religiously careful of keeping to the Truth in every particular Circumstance of a Narration, whether it concern the main End or not. A Gentleman whom I had the Honour to be in Company with the other Day, upon some Occasion that he was pleased to take, said, He remembered a very pretty Repartee made by a very witty Man in King \_Charles's\_ time upon the like Occasion. I remember (said he, upon entering into the Tale) much about the time of \_Oates's\_ Plot, that a Cousin-German of mine and I were at the *Bear* in \_Holborn\_: No, I am out, it was at the *Cross Keys*, but *Jack Thompson* was there, for he was very great with the Gentleman who made the Answer. But I am sure it was spoken some where thereabouts, for we drank a Bottle in that Neighbourhood every Evening: But no matter for all that, the thing is the same; but ...

He was going on to settle the Geography of the Jest when I left the Room, wondering at this odd turn of Head which can play away its Words, with uttering nothing to the Purpose, still observing its own Impertinencies, and yet proceeding in them. I do not question but he informed the rest of his Audience, who had more Patience than I, of the Birth and Parentage, as well as the Collateral Alliances of his Family who made the Repartee, and of him who provoked him to it.

It is no small Misfortune to any who have a just Value for their Time, when this Quality of being so very Circumstantial, and careful to be exact, happens to shew it self in a Man whose Quality obliges them to attend his Proofs, that it is now Day, and the like. But this is augmented when the same Genius gets into Authority, as it often does. Nay I have known it more than once ascend the very Pulpit. One of this sort taking it in his Head to be a great Admirer of Dr. *Tillotson* and Dr. *Beveridge*, never failed of proving out of these great Authors Things which no Man living would have denied him upon his [own] single Authority. One Day resolving to come to the Point in hand, he said, According to that excellent Divine, I will enter upon the Matter, or in his Words, in the fifteenth Sermon of the Folio Edition, Page 160.

I shall briefly explain the Words, and then consider the Matter contained in them.

This honest Gentleman needed not, one would think, strain his Modesty so far as to alter his Design of Entering into the Matter, to that of *Briefly explaining*. But so it was, that he would not even be contented with that Authority, but added also the other Divine to strengthen his Method, and told us, With the Pious and Learned Dr. *Beveridge*, Page 4th of his 9th Volume, I shall endeavour to make it as plain as I can from the Words which I have now read, wherein for that Purpose we shall consider ... This Wiseacre was reckoned by the Parish, who did not understand him, a most excellent Preacher; but that he read too much, and was so Humble that he did not trust enough to his own Parts.

Next to these ingenious Gentlemen, who argue for what no body can deny them, are to be ranked a sort of People who do not indeed attempt to prove insignificant things, but are ever labouring to raise Arguments with you about Matters you will give up to them without the least Controversy. One of these People told a Gentleman who said he saw Mr. such a one go this Morning at nine a Clock towards the Gravel-Pits, Sir, I must beg your pardon for that, for tho' I am very loath to have any Dispute with you, yet I must take the liberty to tell you it was nine when I saw him at St. James's. When Men of this Genius are pretty far gone in Learning they will put you to prove that Snow is white, and when you are upon that Topick can say that there is really no such thing as Colour in Nature; in a Word, they can turn what little Knowledge they have into a ready Capacity of raising Doubts; into a Capacity of being always frivolous and always unanswerable. It was of two Disputants of this impertinent and laborious kind that the Cynick said, One of these Fellows is Milking a Ram, and the other holds the Pail.

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[Footnote 1: On Rhetorical Invention.]

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

\_The Exercise of the Snuff-Box, according to the most fashionable Airs and Motions, in opposition to the Exercise of the Fan, will be Taught with the best plain or perfumed Snuff, at\_ Charles Lillie's \_Perfumer at the Corner of Beaufort-Buildings in the\_ Strand, \_and Attendance given for the Benefit of the young Merchants about the Exchange for two Hours every Day at Noon, except\_ Saturdays, \_at a Toy-shop near\_ Garraway's \_Coffee-House.

There will be likewise Taught The Ceremony of the Snuff-box, or Rules for offering Snuff to a Stranger, a Friend, or a Mistress, according to the Degrees of Familiarity or Distance; with an Explanation of the Careless, the Scornful, the Politick, and the Surly Pinch, and the Gestures proper to each of them\_.

N. B.\_The Undertaker does not question but in a short time to have formed a Body of Regular Snuff-Boxes ready to meet and make head against [all] the Regiment of Fans which have been lately Disciplined, and are now in Motion\_.

T.

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No. 139. Thursday, August 9, 1711. Steele.

Vera Gloria radices agit, atque etiam propagatur: Ficta omnia celeriter, tanquam flosculi, decidunt, nec simulatum potest quidquam esse diuturnum.

Tull.

Of all the Affections which attend Human Life, the Love of Glory is the most Ardent. According as this is Cultivated in Princes, it produces the greatest Good or the greatest Evil. Where Sovereigns have it by Impressions received from Education only, it creates an Ambitious rather than a Noble Mind; where it is the natural Bent of the Prince's Inclination, it prompts him to the Pursuit of Things truly Glorious. The two greatest Men now in *Europe* (according to the common Acceptation of the Word \_Great\_) are *Lewis* King of \_France\_, and *Peter* Emperor of *Russia*. As it is certain that all Fame does not arise from the Practice of Virtue, it is, methinks, no unpleasing Amusement to examine the Glory of these Potentates, and distinguish that which is empty, perishing, and frivolous, from what is solid, lasting, and important. *Lewis* of *France* had his Infancy attended by Crafty and Worldly Men, who made Extent of Territory the most glorious [Instance [1]] of Power, and mistook the spreading of Fame for the Acquisition of Honour. The young Monarch's Heart was by such Conversation easily deluded into a Fondness for Vain-glory, and upon these unjust Principles to form or fall in with suitable Projects of Invasion, Rapine, Murder, and all the Guilts that attend War when it is unjust. At the same time this Tyranny was laid, Sciences and Arts were encouraged in the most generous Manner, as if Men of higher Faculties were to be bribed to permit the Massacre of the rest of the World. Every Superstructure which the Court of *France* built upon their first Designs, which were in themselves vicious, was suitable to its false Foundation. The Ostentation of Riches, the Vanity of Equipage, Shame of Poverty, and Ignorance of Modesty, were the common Arts of Life: The generous Love of one Woman was changed into Gallantry for all the Sex, and Friendships among Men turned into Commerces of Interest, or mere Professions. \_While these were the Rules of Life, Perjuries in the Prince, and a general Corruption of Manners in the Subject, were the Snares in which\_ France \_has Entangled all her Neighbours.\_ With such false Colours have the Eyes of *Lewis* been enchanted, from the Debauchery of his early Youth, to the Superstition of his present old Age. Hence it is, that he has the Patience to have Statues erected to his Prowess, his Valour, his Fortitude; and in the Softnesses and Luxury of a Court, to be applauded for Magnanimity and Enterprize in

## Military Achievements.

*Peter Alexiwitz* of *\_Russia\_*, when he came to Years of Manhood, though he found himself Emperor of a vast and numerous People, Master of an endless Territory, absolute Commander of the Lives and Fortunes of his Subjects, in the midst of this unbounded Power and Greatness turned his Thoughts upon Himself and People with Sorrow. Sordid Ignorance and a Brute Manner of Life this Generous Prince beheld and contemned from the Light of his own *Genius*. His Judgment suggested this to him, and his Courage prompted him to amend it. In order to this he did not send to the Nation from whence the rest of the World has borrowed its Politeness, but himself left his Diadem to learn the true Way to Glory and Honour, and Application to useful Arts, wherein to employ the Laborious, the Simple, the Honest part of his People. Mechanick Employments and Operations were very justly the first Objects of his Favour and Observation. With this glorious Intention he travelled into Foreign Nations in an obscure Manner, above receiving little Honours where he sojourned, but prying into what was of more Consequence, their Arts of Peace and of War. By this means has this great Prince laid the Foundation of a great and lasting Fame, by personal Labour, personal Knowledge, personal Valour. It would be Injury to any of Antiquity to name them with him. Who, but himself, ever left a Throne to learn to sit in it with more Grace? Who ever thought himself mean in Absolute Power, 'till he had learned to use it?

If we consider this wonderful Person, it is Perplexity to know where to begin his Encomium. Others may in a Metaphorical or Philosophick Sense be said to command themselves, but this Emperor is also literally under his own Command. How generous and how good was his entering his own Name as a private Man in the Army he raised, that none in it might expect to out-run the Steps with which he himself advanced! By such Measures this god-like Prince learned to Conquer, learned to use his Conquests. How terrible has he appeared in Battel, how gentle in Victory? Shall then the base Arts of the *Frenchman* be held Polite, and the honest Labours of the *Russian* Barbarous? No: Barbarity is the Ignorance of true Honour, or placing any thing instead of it. The unjust Prince is Ignoble and Barbarous, the good Prince only Renowned and Glorious.

Tho' Men may impose upon themselves what they please by their corrupt Imaginations, Truth will ever keep its Station; and as Glory is nothing else but the Shadow of Virtue, it will certainly disappear at the Departure of Virtue. But how carefully ought the true Notions of it to be preserved, and how industrious should we be to encourage any Impulses towards it? The *Westminster* School-boy that said the other Day he could not sleep or play for the Colours in the Hall, [2] ought to be free from receiving a Blow for ever.

But let us consider what is truly Glorious according to the Author I have to day quoted in the Front of my Paper.

The Perfection of Glory, says *\_Tully\_*, [3] consists in these three Particulars: *\_That the People love us; that they have Confidence in us; that being affected with a certain Admiration towards us, they think we deserve Honour\_*.

This was spoken of Greatness in a Commonwealth: But if one were to form a Notion of Consummate Glory under our Constitution, one must add to the above-mentioned Felicities a certain necessary Inexistence, and Disrelish of all the rest, without the Prince's Favour.

He should, methinks, have Riches, Power, Honour, Command, Glory; but Riches, Power, Honour, Command and Glory should have no Charms, but as accompanied with the Affection of his Prince. He should, methinks, be Popular because a Favourite, and a Favourite because Popular.

Were it not to make the Character too imaginary, I would give him Sovereignty over some Foreign Territory, and make him esteem that an empty Addition without the kind Regards of his own Prince.

One may merely have an *Idea* of a Man thus composed and circumstantiated, and if he were so made for

Power without an Incapacity of giving Jealousy, he would be also Glorious, without Possibility of receiving Disgrace. This Humility and this Importance must make his Glory immortal.

These Thoughts are apt to draw me beyond the usual Length of this Paper, but if I could suppose such Rhapsodies cou'd outlive the common Fate of ordinary things, I would say these Sketches and Faint Images of Glory were drawn in \_August, 1711,\_ when \_John\_ Duke of *Marlborough* made that memorable March wherein he took the French Lines without Bloodshed.

T.

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[Footnote 1: Instances]

[Footnote 2: The Colours taken at Blenheim hung in Westminster Hall.]

[Footnote 3: Towards the close of the first Philippic.]

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No. 140. Friday, August 10, 1711. Steele.

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'Animum curis nunc huc nunc dividit illuc.'

Virg.

When I acquaint my Reader, that I have many other Letters not yet acknowledged, I believe he will own, what I have a mind he should believe, that I have no small Charge upon me, but am a Person of some Consequence in this World. I shall therefore employ the present Hour only in reading Petitions, in the Order as follows.

\_Mr.\_ SPECTATOR,

I have lost so much Time already, that I desire, upon the Receipt hereof, you would sit down immediately and give me your Answer. And I would know of you whether a Pretender of mine really loves me.

As well as I can I will describe his Manners. When he sees me he is always talking of Constancy, but vouchsafes to visit me but once a Fortnight, and then is always in haste to be gone.

When I am sick, I hear, he says he is mightily concerned, but neither comes nor sends, because, as he tells his Acquaintance with a Sigh, he does not care to let me know all the Power I have over him, and how impossible it is for him to live without me.

When he leaves the Town he writes once in six Weeks, desires to hear from me, complains of the Torment of Absence, speaks of Flames, Tortures, Languishings and Ecstasies. He has the Cant of an impatient Lover, but keeps the Pace of a Lukewarm one.

You know I must not go faster than he does, and to move at this rate is as tedious as counting a great Clock. But you are to know he is rich, and my Mother says, As he is slow he is sure; He will love me long, if he loves me little: But I appeal to you whether he loves at all

\_Your Neglected, Humble Servant,\_ Lydia Novell.

\_All these Fellows who have Mony are extreamly sawcy and cold; Pray, Sir, tell them of it\_.

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\_Mr.\_SPECTATOR,

I have been delighted with nothing more through the whole Course of your Writings than the Substantial Account you lately gave of Wit, and I could wish you would take some other Opportunity to express further the Corrupt Taste the Age is run into; which I am chiefly apt to attribute to the Prevalency of a few popular Authors, whose Merit in some respects has given a Sanction to their Faults in others.

Thus the Imitators of *Milton* seem to place all the Excellency of that sort of Writing either in the uncouth or antique Words, or something else which was highly vicious, tho' pardonable, in that Great Man.

The Admirers of what we call Point, or Turn, look upon it as the particular Happiness to which \_Cowley, Ovid\_ and others owe their Reputation, and therefore imitate them only in such Instances; what is Just, Proper and Natural does not seem to be the Question with them, but by what means a quaint Antithesis may be brought about, how one Word may be made to look two Ways, and what will be the Consequence of a forced Allusion.

Now tho' such Authors appear to me to resemble those who make themselves fine, instead of being well dressed or graceful; yet the Mischief is, that these Beauties in them, which I call Blemishes, are thought to proceed from Luxuriance of Fancy and Overflowing of good Sense: In one word, they have the Character of being too Witty; but if you would acquaint the World they are not Witty at all, you would, among many others, oblige,

\_SIR\_,

\_Your Most Benevolent Reader\_,

R. D.

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\_SIR\_,

I am a young Woman, and reckoned Pretty, therefore you'll pardon me that I trouble you to decide a Wager between me and a Cousin of mine, who is always contradicting one because he understands *Latin*. Pray, Sir. is *Dimple* spelt with a single or a double \_P\_?'

\_I am, Sir\_,

\_Your very Humble Servant\_,

Betty Saunter.

\_Pray\_, Sir, \_direct thus\_, To the kind Querist, *and leave it at Mr. Lillie's*, \_for I don't care to be known in the thing at all\_. I am, Sir, again Your Humble Servant.'

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*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I must needs tell you there are several of your Papers I do not much like. You are often so Nice there is no enduring you, and so Learned there is no understanding you. What have you to do with our Petticoats?'

\_Your Humble Servant\_,

Parthenope.

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Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Last Night as I was walking in the Park, I met a couple of Friends; Prithee \_Jack\_, says one of them, let us go drink a Glass of Wine, for I am fit for nothing else. This put me upon reflecting on the many Miscarriages which happen in Conversations over Wine, when Men go to the Bottle to remove such Humours as it only stirs up and awakens. This I could not attribute more to any thing than to the Humour of putting Company upon others which Men do not like themselves. Pray, Sir, declare in your Papers, that he who is a troublesome Companion to himself, will not be an agreeable one to others. Let People reason themselves into good-Humour, before they impose themselves upon their Friends. Pray, Sir, be as Eloquent as you can upon this Subject, and do Human Life so much Good, as to argue powerfully, that it is not every one that can swallow who is fit to drink a Glass of Wine.'

*Your most Humble Servant.*

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\_SIR\_,

I this Morning cast my Eye upon your Paper concerning the Expence of Time. You are very obliging to the Women, especially those who are not Young and past Gallantry, by touching so gently upon Gaming: Therefore I hope you do not think it wrong to employ a little leisure Time in that Diversion; but I should be glad to hear you say something upon the Behaviour of some of the Female Gamesters.

I have observed Ladies, who in all other respects are Gentle, Good-humoured, and the very Pinks of good Breeding; who as soon as the Ombre Table is called for, and set down to their Business, are immediately Transmigrated into the veriest Wasps in Nature.

You must know I keep my Temper, and win their Mony; but am out of Countenance to take it, it makes them so very uneasie. Be pleased, dear Sir, to instruct them to lose with a better Grace, and you will oblige'

\_Yours\_,

Rachel Basto.

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Mr. SPECTATOR, [1]

'Your Kindness to \_Eleonora\_, in one of your Papers, has given me Encouragement to do my self the Honour of writing to you. The great Regard you have so often expressed for the Instruction and Improvement of our Sex, will, I hope, in your own Opinion, sufficiently excuse me from making any Apology for the Impertinence of this Letter. The great Desire I have to embellish my Mind with some of those Graces which you say are so becoming, and which you assert Reading helps us to, has made me uneasie 'till I am put in a Capacity of attaining them: This, Sir, I shall never think my self in, 'till you shall be pleased to recommend some Author or Authors to my Perusal.

I thought indeed, when I first cast my Eye on \_Eleonora's\_ Letter, that I should have had no occasion for requesting it of you; but to my very great Concern, I found, on the Perusal of that \_Spectator\_, I was entirely disappointed, and am as much at a loss how to make use of my Time for that end as ever. Pray, Sir, oblige me at least with one Scene, as you were pleased to entertain *Eleonora* with your Prologue. I write to you not only my own Sentiments, but also those of several others of my Acquaintance, who are as little pleased with the ordinary manner of spending one's Time as my self: And if a fervent Desire after Knowledge, and a great Sense of our present Ignorance, may be thought a good Presage and Earnest of Improvement, you may look upon your Time you shall bestow in answering this Request not thrown away to no purpose. And I can't but add, that unless you have a particular and more than ordinary Regard for \_Eleonora\_, I have a better Title to your Favour than she; since I do not content myself with Tea-table Reading of your Papers, but it is my

Entertainment very often when alone in my Closet. To shew you I am capable of Improvement, and hate Flattery, I acknowledge I do not like some of your Papers; but even there I am readier to call in question my own shallow Understanding than Mr. SPECTOR'S profound Judgment.

\_I am, Sir, your already (and in hopes of being more) your obliged Servant,\_

PARTHENIA.

This last Letter is written with so urgent and serious an Air, that I cannot but think it incumbent upon me to comply with her Commands, which I shall do very suddenly.

T.

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[Footnote 1: This letter, signed Parthenia, was by Miss Shephard, sister of Mrs. Perry, who wrote the Letter in No, 92, signed 'Leonora.']

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No. 141. Saturday, August 11, 1711. Steele.

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'... Migravit ab Aure voluptas Omnis ...'

Hor.

In the present Emptiness of the Town, I have several Applications from the lower Part of the Players, to admit Suffering to pass for Acting. They in very obliging Terms desire me to let a Fall on the Ground, a Stumble, or a good Slap on the Back, be reckoned a Jest. These Gambols I shall tolerate for a Season, because I hope the Evil cannot continue longer than till the People of Condition and Taste return to Town. The Method, some time ago, was to entertain that Part of the Audience, who have no Faculty above Eyesight, with Rope-dancers and Tumblers; which was a way discreet enough, because it prevented Confusion, and distinguished such as could show all the Postures which the Body is capable of, from those who were to represent all the Passions to which the Mind is subject. But tho' this was prudently settled, Corporeal and Intellectual Actors ought to be kept at a still wider Distance than to appear on the same Stage at all: For which Reason I must propose some Methods for the Improvement of the Bear-Garden, by dismissing all Bodily Actors to that Quarter.

In Cases of greater moment, where Men appear in Publick, the Consequence and Importance of the thing can bear them out. And tho' a Pleader or Preacher is Hoarse or Awkward, the Weight of the Matter commands Respect and Attention; but in Theatrical Speaking, if the Performer is not exactly proper and graceful, he is utterly ridiculous. In Cases where there is little else expected, but the Pleasure of the Ears and Eyes, the least Diminution of that Pleasure is the highest Offence. In Acting, barely to perform the Part is not commendable, but to be the least out is contemptible. To avoid these Difficulties and Delicacies, I am informed, that while I was out of Town, the Actors have flown in the Air, and played such Pranks, and run such Hazards, that none but the Servants of the Fire-office, Tilers and Masons, could have been able to perform the like. The Author of the following Letter, it seems, has been of the Audience at one of these Entertainments, and has accordingly complained to me upon it; but I think he has been to the utmost degree Severe against what is exceptionable in the Play he mentions, without dwelling so much as he might have done on the Author's most excellent Talent of Humour. The pleasant Pictures he has drawn of Life, should have been more kindly mentioned, at the same time that he banishes his Witches, who are too dull Devils to be attacked with so much Warmth.

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*Mr. SPECTATOR*, [1]

'Upon a Report that *Moll White* had followed you to Town, and was to act a Part in the *\_Lancashire–Witches\_*, I went last Week to see that Play. [2] It was my Fortune to sit next to a Country Justice of the Peace, a Neighbour (as he said) of Sir ROGER'S, who pretended to shew her to us in one of the Dances. There was Witchcraft enough in the Entertainment almost to incline me to believe him; *Ben Johnson* was almost lamed; young *Bullock* narrowly saved his Neck; the Audience was astonished, and an old Acquaintance of mine, a Person of Worth, whom I would have bowed to in the Pit, at two Yards distance did not know me.

If you were what the Country People reported you, a white Witch, I could have wished you had been there to have exorcised that Rabble of Broomsticks, with which we were haunted for above three Hours. I could have allowed them to set *Clod* in the Tree, to have scared the Sportsmen, plagued the Justice, and employed honest *Teague* with his holy Water. This was the proper Use of them in Comedy, if the Author had stopped here; but I cannot conceive what Relation the Sacrifice of the Black Lamb, and the Ceremonies of their Worship to the Devil, have to the Business of Mirth and Humour.

The Gentleman who writ this Play, and has drawn some Characters in it very justly, appears to have been misled in his Witchcraft by an unwary following the inimitable *Shakespear*. The Incantations in *Mackbeth* have a Solemnity admirably adapted to the Occasion of that Tragedy, and fill the Mind with a suitable Horror; besides, that the Witches are a Part of the Story it self, as we find it very particularly related in *\_Hector Boetius\_*, from whom he seems to have taken it. This therefore is a proper Machine where the Business is dark, horrid, and bloody; but is extremely foreign from the Affair of Comedy. Subjects of this kind, which are in themselves disagreeable, can at no time become entertaining, but by passing through an Imagination like *\_Shakespear's\_* to form them; for which Reason Mr. *Dryden* would not allow even *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* capable of imitating him.

*But Shakespear's \_Magick cou'd not copy'd be, Within that Circle none durst walk but He\_. [3]*

I should not, however, have troubled you with these Remarks, if there were not something else in this Comedy, which wants to be exorcised more than the Witches. I mean the Freedom of some Passages, which I should have overlook'd, if I had not observed that those Jests can raise the loudest Mirth, though they are painful to right Sense, and an Outrage upon Modesty.

We must attribute such Liberties to the Taste of that Age, but indeed by such Representations a Poet sacrifices the best Part of his Audience to the worst; and, as one would think, neglects the Boxes, to write to the Orange–Wench.

I must not conclude till I have taken notice of the Moral with which this Comedy ends. The two young Ladies having given a notable Example of outwitting those who had a Right in the Disposal of them, and marrying without Consent of Parents, one of the injur'd Parties, who is easily reconciled, winds up all with this Remark,

... *\_Design whate'er we will, There is a Fate which over–rules us still\_.*

We are to suppose that the Gallants are Men of Merit, but if they had been Rakes the Excuse might have serv'd as well. *\_Hans Carvel's\_ Wife [4]* was of the same Principle, but has express'd it with a Delicacy which shews she is not serious in her Excuse, but in a sort of humorous Philosophy turns off the Thought of her Guilt, and says,

*\_That if weak Women go astray, Their Stars are more in fault than they\_.*

This, no doubt, is a full Reparation, and dismisses the Audience with very edifying Impressions.

These things fall under a Province you have partly pursued already, and therefore demand your

Animadversion, for the regulating so Noble an Entertainment as that of the Stage. It were to be wished, that all who write for it hereafter would raise their Genius, by the Ambition of pleasing People of the best Understanding; and leave others who shew nothing of the Human Species but Risibility, to seek their Diversion at the Bear-Garden, or some other Privileg'd Place, where Reason and Good-manners have no Right to disturb them.'

*August 8, 1711.*

\_I am\_, &c.

T.

[Footnote 1: This letter is by John Hughes.]

[Footnote 2: Shadwell's Play of the 'Lancashire Witches' was in the bill of the Theatre advertised at the end of this number of the 'Spectator'.

'By her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, on Tuesday next, being the 14th Day of August, will be presented, A comedy call'd the Lancashire Witches, Written by the Ingenious Mr. Shadwell, late Poet Laureat. Carefully Revis'd. With all the Original Decorations of Scenes, Witche's Songs and Dances, proper to the Drama. The Principal Parts to be perform'd by Mr. Mills, Mr. Booth, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Bullock, Sen., Mr. Norris, Mr. Pack, Mr. Bullock, Jun., Mrs. Elrington, Mrs. Powel, Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Cox. And the Witches by Mr. Burkhead, Mr. Ryan, Mrs. Mills, and Mrs. Willis. It being the last time of Acting in this Season.']

[Footnote 3: Prologue to Davenant and Dryden's version of the 'Tempest'.]

[Footnote 4: In Prior's Poem of 'Hans Carvel'.]

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No. 142. Monday, August 13, 1711. Steele.

'... Irrupta tenet Copula ...'

Hor.

The following Letters being Genuine, [1] and the Images of a Worthy Passion, I am willing to give the old Lady's Admonition to my self, and the Representation of her own Happiness, a Place in my Writings.

\_August 9\_, 1711.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I am now in the sixty seventh Year of my Age, and read you with Approbation; but methinks you do not strike at the Root of the greatest Evil in Life, which is the false Notion of Gallantry in Love. It is, and has long been, upon a very ill Foot; but I, who have been a Wife Forty Years, and was bred in a way that has made me ever since very happy, see through the Folly of it. In a Word, Sir, when I was a young Woman, all who avoided the Vices of the Age were very carefully educated, and all fantastical Objects were turned out of our Sight. The Tapestry Hangings, with the great and venerable Simplicity of the Scripture Stories, had better Effects than now the Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis* or *Bacchus* and *Ariadne* in your fine present Prints. The

Gentleman I am married to made Love to me in Rapture, but it was the Rapture of a Christian and a Man of Honour, not a Romantick Hero or a Whining Coxcomb: This put our Life upon a right Basis. To give you an Idea of our Regard one to another, I inclose to you several of his Letters, writ Forty Years ago, when my Lover; and one writ t'other Day, after so many Years Cohabitation.'

\_Your Servant\_,

Andromache.

*August 7, 1671.*

\_Madam\_,

'If my Vigilance and ten thousand Wishes for your Welfare and Repose could have any force, you last Night slept in Security, and had every good Angel in your Attendance. To have my Thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in constant Fear of every Accident to which Human Life is liable, and to send up my hourly Prayers to avert 'em from you; I say, Madam, thus to think, and thus to suffer, is what I do for Her who is in Pain at my Approach, and calls all my tender Sorrow Impertinence. You are now before my Eyes, my Eyes that are ready to flow with Tenderness, but cannot give relief to my gushing Heart, that dictates what I am now Saying, and yearns to tell you all its Achings. How art thou, oh my Soul, stoln from thy self! How is all thy Attention broken! My Books are blank Paper, and my Friends Intruders. I have no hope of Quiet but from your Pity; To grant it, would make more for your Triumph. To give Pain is the Tyranny, to make Happy the true Empire of Beauty. If you would consider aright, you'd find an agreeable Change in dismissing the Attendance of a Slave, to receive the Complaisance of a Companion. I bear the former in hopes of the latter Condition: As I live in Chains without murmuring at the Power which inflicts 'em, so I could enjoy Freedom without forgetting the Mercy that gave it.'

\_MADAM, I am

Your most devoted, most obedient Servant\_.

\_Tho' I made him no Declarations in his Favour, you see he had Hopes of Me when he writ this in the Month following\_.

\_Madam, September 3, 1671\_.

'Before the Light this Morning dawned upon the Earth I awaked, and lay in Expectation of its return, not that it cou'd give any new Sense of Joy to me, but as I hoped it would bless you with its chearful Face, after a Quiet which I wish'd you last Night. If my Prayers are heard, the Day appeared with all the Influence of a Merciful Creator upon your Person and Actions. Let others, my lovely Charmer, talk of a blind Being that disposes their Hearts, I condemn their low Images of Love. I have not a Thought which relates to you, that I cannot with Confidence beseech the All-seeing Power to bless me in. May he direct you in all your Steps, and reward your Innocence, your Sanctity of Manners, your Prudent Youth, and becoming Piety, with the Continuance of his Grace and Protection. This is an unusual Language to Ladies; but you have a Mind elevated above the giddy Motions of a Sex insnared by Flattery, and misled by a false and short Adoration into a solid and long Contempt. Beauty, my fairest Creature, palls in the Possession, but I love also your Mind; your Soul is as dear to me as my own; and if the Advantages of a liberal Education, some Knowledge, and as much Contempt of the World, join'd with the Endeavours towards a Life of strict Virtue and Religion, can qualify me to raise new Ideas in a Breast so well disposed as yours is, our Days will pass away with Joy; and old Age, instead of introducing melancholy Prospects of Decay, give us hope of Eternal Youth in a better Life. I have but few Minutes from the Duty of my Employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ, therefore beseech you to pardon the first Hints of my Mind, which I have expressed in so little

Order.

\_I am, dearest Creature,

Your most Obedient,

most Devoted Servant\_.'

*The two next were written after the Day of our Marriage was fixed.*

\_September 25, 1671

Madam,\_

'It is the hardest thing in the World to be in Love, and yet attend Business. As for me, all that speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other People will do it for me. A Gentleman asked me this Morning what News from \_Holland\_, and I answered, She's Exquisitely handsome. Another desir'd to know when I had been last at \_Windsor\_, I reply'd, 'She designs to go with me. Prethee, allow me at least to kiss your Hand before the appointed Day, that my Mind may be in some Composure. Methinks I could write a Volume to you, but all the Language on Earth would fail in saying how much, and with what dis-interested Passion, *I am ever Yours.*

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\_September 30, 1671\_.

*Seven in the Morning.*

\_Dear Creature\_,

Next to the Influence of Heav'n, I am to thank you that I see the returning Day with Pleasure. To pass my Evenings in so sweet a Conversation, and have the Esteem of a Woman of your Merit, has in it a Particularity of Happiness no more to be express'd than return'd. But I am, my Lovely Creature, contented to be on the obliged Side, and to employ all my Days in new Endeavours to convince you and all the World of the Sense I have of your Condescension in Chusing, \_MADAM, Your Most Faithful, Most Obedient Humble Servant\_.

\_He was, when he writ the following Letter, as agreeable and pleasant a Man as any in England\_.

\_October 20, 1671\_.

\_Madam\_,

I Beg Pardon that my Paper is not Finer, but I am forced to write from a Coffee-house where I am attending about Business. There is a dirty Crowd of Busie Faces all around me talking of Mony, while all my Ambition, all my Wealth is Love: Love which animates my Heart, sweetens my Humour, enlarges my Soul, and affects every Action of my Life. 'Tis to my lovely Charmer I owe that many noble Ideas are continually affix'd to my Words and Actions: 'Tis the natural Effect of that generous Passion to create in the Admirer some Similitude of the Object admired; thus, my Dear, am I every Day to improve from so sweet a Companion. Look up, my Fair One, to that Heaven which made thee such, and join with me to implore its Influence on our tender innocent Hours, and beseech the Author of Love to bless the Rites he has ordained, and mingle with our Happiness a just Sense of our transient Condition, and a Resignation to his Will, which only can regulate our Minds to a steady Endeavour to please him and each other. \_I am, for Ever, your Faithful Servant\_.

\_I will not trouble you with more Letters at this time, but if you saw the poor withered Hand which sends you

these Minutes, I am sure you will smile to think that there is one who is so gallant as to speak of it still as so welcome a Present, after forty Years Possession of the Woman whom he writes to\_.

June 23, 1711.

\_Madam,\_

I Heartily beg your Pardon for my Omission to write Yesterday. It was of no Failure of my tender Regard for you; but having been very much perplexed in my Thoughts on the Subject of my last, made me determine to suspend speaking of it 'till I came to myself. But, my Lovely Creature, know it is not in the Power of Age, or Misfortune, or any other Accident which hangs over Human Life, to take from me the pleasing Esteem I have for you, or the Memory of the bright Figure you appeared in when you gave your Hand and Heart to,

\_MADAM\_, \_Your most Grateful Husband\_, and *Obedient Servant*.

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[Footnote 1: They are, after the first, with a few changes of phrase and the alteration of date proper to the design of this paper, copies of Steele's own love-letters addressed to Mrs. Scurlock, in August and September, 1707; except the last, a recent one, written since marriage.]

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No. 143. Tuesday, August 14, 1711. Steele.

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'Non est vivere sed valere Vita.'

Martial.

It is an unreasonable thing some Men expect of their Acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of Order, or Displeas'd, or they know not how, and are so far from letting that be a Reason for retiring to their own Homes, that they make it their Argument for coming into Company. What has any body to do with Accounts of a Man's being Indispos'd but his Physician? If a Man laments in Company, where the rest are in Humour enough to enjoy themselves, he should not take it ill if a Servant is ordered to present him with a Porringer of Cawdle or Posset-drink, by way of Admonition that he go Home to Bed. That Part of Life which we ordinarily understand by the Word Conversation, is an Indulgence to the Sociable Part of our Make; and should incline us to bring our Proportion of good Will or good Humour among the Friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with Relations which must of necessity oblige them to a real or feigned Affliction. Cares, Distresses, Diseases, Uneasinesses, and Dislikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our Friends. If we would consider how little of this Vicissitude of Motion and Rest, which we call Life, is spent with Satisfaction, we should be more tender of our Friends, than to bring them little Sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real Life, but chearful Life; therefore Valetudinarians should be sworn before they enter into Company, not to say a Word of themselves till the Meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we should be always [sitting [1]] with Chaplets of Flowers round our Heads, or be crowned with Roses, in order to make our Entertainment agreeable to us; but if (as it is usually observed) they who resolve to be Merry, seldom are so; it will be much more unlikely for us to be well-pleas'd, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are sad. Whatever we do we should keep up the Chearfulness of our Spirits, and never let them sink below an Inclination at least to be well-pleas'd: The Way to this, is to keep our Bodies in Exercise, our Minds at Ease. That insipid State wherein neither are in Vigour, is not to be accounted any part of our Portion of Being. When we are in the Satisfaction of some Innocent Pleasure, or Pursuit of some laudable Design, we are in the Possession of Life, of Human Life. Fortune will give us Disappointments enough, and Nature is attended with Infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy Side of our Account by our Spleen or ill Humour. Poor \_Cottilus\_, among so many real Evils, a Chronical Distemper and a narrow Fortune, is never heard to complain: That equal Spirit of his, which any Man may have, that, like

him, will conquer Pride, Vanity and Affectation, and follow Nature, is not to be broken, because it has no Points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what Nature demands as necessary, if it is not the Way to an Estate, is the Way to what Men aim at by getting an Estate. This Temper will preserve Health in the Body, as well as Tranquility in the Mind. *Cottilus* sees the World in a Hurry, with the same Scorn that a Sober Person sees a Man Drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, says he, such a one have met with such a Disappointment? If another had valued his Mistress for what he ought to have lov'd her, he had not been in her Power. If her Virtue had had a Part of his Passion, her Levity had been his Cure; she could not then have been false and amiable at the same time.

Since we cannot promise ourselves constant Health, let us endeavour at such a Temper as may be our best Support in the Decay of it. *Uranus* has arrived at that Composure of Soul, and wrought himself up to such a Neglect of every thing with which the Generality of Mankind is enchanted, that nothing but acute Pains can give him Disturbance, and against those too he will tell his intimate Friends he has a Secret which gives him present Ease: *Uranus* is so thoroughly perswaded of another Life, and endeavours so sincerely to secure an Interest in it, that he looks upon Pain but as a quickening of his Pace to an Home, where he shall be better provided for than in his present Apartment. Instead of the melancholy Views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is Mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks at the Time of his Birth he entered into an Eternal Being; and the short Article of Death he will not allow an Interruption of Life, since that Moment is not of half the Duration as is his ordinary Sleep. Thus is his Being one uniform and consistent Series of chearful Diversions and moderate Cares, without Fear or Hope of Futurity. Health to him is more than Pleasure to another Man, and Sickness less affecting to him than Indisposition is to others.

I must confess, if one does not regard Life after this manner, none but Ideots can pass it away with any tolerable Patience. Take a Fine Lady who is of a Delicate Frame, and you may observe from the Hour she rises a certain Weariness of all that passes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are sick of such strange frightful People that they meet; one is so awkward, and another so disagreeable, that it looks like a Penance to breathe the same Air with them. You see this is so very true, that a great Part of Ceremony and Good-breeding among Ladies turns upon their Uneasiness; and I'll undertake, if the How-d'ye Servants of our Women were to make a Weekly Bill of Sickness, as the Parish Clerks do of Mortality, you would not find in an Account of seven Days, one in Thirty that was not downright Sick or indisposed, or but a very little better than she was, and so forth.

It is certain that to enjoy Life and Health as a constant Feast, we should not think Pleasure necessary, but, if possible, to arrive at an Equality of Mind. It is as mean to be overjoyed upon Occasions of Good-Fortune, as to be dejected in Circumstances of Distress. Laughter in one Condition is as unmanly as Weeping in the other. We should not form our Minds to expect Transport on every Occasion, but know how to make it Enjoyment to be out of Pain. Ambition, Envy, vagrant Desire, or impertinent Mirth will take up our Minds, without we can possess our selves in that Sobriety of Heart which is above all Pleasures, and can be felt much better than described. But the ready Way, I believe, to the right Enjoyment of Life, is by a Prospect towards another to have but a very mean Opinion of it. A great Author of our Time has set this in an excellent Light, when with a Philosophick Pity of Human Life, he spoke of it in his *Theory of the Earth*, [2] in the following manner.

*\_*For what is this Life but a Circulation of little mean Actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the Circle returns. We spend the Day in Trifles, and when the Night comes we throw our selves into the Bed of Folly, amongst Dreams and broken Thoughts, and wild Imaginations. Our Reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the Time as arrant Brutes as those that sleep in the Stalls or in the Field. Are not the Capacities of Man higher than these? And ought not his Ambition and Expectations to be greater? Let us be Adventurers for another World: 'Tis at least a fair and noble Chance; and there is nothing in this worth our Thoughts or our Passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our Fellow-Mortals; and if we succeed in our Expectations, we are Eternally Happy*\_*.

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[Footnote 1: sit]

[Footnote 2: Ed. Amsterdam, 1699, p. 241.]

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No. 144. Wednesday, August 15, 1711. Steele.

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'... Nôris quam elegans formarum Spectator siem.'

Ter.

Beauty has been the Delight and Torment of the World ever since it began. The Philosophers have felt its Influence so sensibly, that almost every one of them has left us some Saying or other, which has intimated that he too well knew the Power of it. One [1] has told us, that a graceful Person is a more powerful Recommendation than the best Letter that can be writ in your Favour. Another [2] desires the Possessor of it to consider it as a meer Gift of Nature, and not any Perfection of his own. A Third [3] calls it a short liv'd Tyranny; a Fourth, [4] a silent Fraud, because it imposes upon us without the Help of Language; but I think *Carneades* spoke as much like a Philosopher as any of them, tho' more like a Lover, when he call'd it Royalty without Force. It is not indeed to be denied, that there is something irresistible in a Beauteous Form; the most Severe will not pretend, that they do not feel an immediate Prepossession in Favour of the Handsome. No one denies them the Privilege of being first heard, and being regarded before others in Matters of ordinary Consideration. At the same time the Handsome should consider that it is a Possession, as it were, foreign to them. No one can give it himself, or preserve it when they have it. Yet so it is, that People can bear any Quality in the World better than Beauty. It is the Consolation of all who are naturally too much affected with the Force of it, that a little Attention, if a Man can attend with Judgment, will cure them. Handsome People usually are so fantastically pleas'd with themselves, that if they do not kill at first Sight, as the Phrase is, a second Interview disarms them of all their Power. But I shall make this Paper rather a Warning-piece to give Notice where the Danger is, than to propose Instructions how to avoid it when you have fallen in the way of it. Handsome Men shall be the Subject of another Chapter, the Women shall take up the present Discourse.

*\_Amaryllis\_*, who has been in Town but one Winter, is extremely improved with the Arts of Good-Breeding, without leaving Nature. She has not lost the Native Simplicity of her Aspect, to substitute that Patience of being stared at, which is the usual Triumph and Distinction of a Town Lady. In Publick Assemblies you meet her careless Eye diverting itself with the Objects around her, insensible that she her self is one of the brightest in the Place.

*Dulcissa* is quite [of] another Make, she is almost a Beauty by Nature, but more than one by Art. If it were possible for her to let her Fan or any Limb about her rest, she would do some Part of the Execution she meditates; but tho' she designs her self a Prey she will not stay to be taken. No Painter can give you Words for the different Aspects of *Dulcissa* in half a Moment, wherever she appears: So little does she accomplish what she takes so much pains for, to be gay and careless.

*Merab* is attended with all the Charms of Woman and Accomplishments of Man. It is not to be doubted but she has a great deal of Wit, if she were not such a Beauty; and she would have more Beauty had she not so much Wit. Affectation prevents her Excellencies from walking together. If she has a Mind to speak such a Thing, it must be done with such an Air of her Body; and if she has an Inclination to look very careless, there is such a smart Thing to be said at the same Time, that the Design of being admired destroys it self. Thus the unhappy *\_Merab\_*, tho' a Wit and Beauty, is allowed to be neither, because she will always be both.

*Albacinda* has the Skill as well as Power of pleasing. Her Form is majestic, but her Aspect humble. All good Men should beware of the Destroyer. She will speak to you like your Sister, till she has you sure; but is the most vexatious of Tyrants when you are so. Her Familiarity of Behaviour, her indifferent Questions, and general Conversation, make the silly Part of her Votaries full of Hopes, while the wise fly from her Power. She well knows she is too Beautiful and too Witty to be indifferent to any who converse with her, and therefore knows she does not lessen herself by Familiarity, but gains Occasions of Admiration, by seeming Ignorance of her Perfections.

*Eudisia* adds to the Height of her Stature a Nobility of Spirit which still distinguishes her above the rest of her Sex. Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive; but in *Eudisia* it is commanding: Love towards *Eudisia* is a Sentiment like the Love of Glory. The Lovers of other Women are softened into Fondness, the Admirers of *Eudisia* exalted into Ambition.

*Eucratia* presents her self to the Imagination with a more kindly Pleasure, and as she is Woman, her Praise is wholly Feminine. If we were to form an Image of Dignity in a Man, we should give him Wisdom and Valour, as being essential to the Character of Manhood. In like manner, if you describe a right Woman in a laudable Sense, she should have gentle Softness, tender Fear, and all those Parts of Life, which distinguish her from the other Sex; with some Subordination to it, but such an Inferiority that makes her still more lovely. *Eucratia* is that Creature, she is all over Woman. Kindness is all her Art, and Beauty all her Arms. Her Look, her Voice, her Gesture, and whole Behaviour is truly Feminine. A Goodness mixed with Fear, gives a Tincture to all her Behaviour. It would be Savage to offend her, and Cruelty to use Art to gain her. Others are beautiful, but [*Eucratia* [5]] thou art Beauty!

*Omnamante* is made for Deceit, she has an Aspect as Innocent as the famed *Lucrece*, but a Mind as Wild as the more famed *Cleopatra*. Her Face speaks a Vestal, but her Heart a *Messalina*. Who that beheld *Omnamante's* negligent unobserving Air, would believe that she hid under that regardless Manner the witty Prostitute, the rapacious Wench, the prodigal Courtesan? She can, when she pleases, adorn those Eyes with Tears like an Infant that is chid! She can cast down that pretty Face in Confusion, while you rage with Jealousy, and storm at her Perfidiousness; she can wipe her Eyes, tremble and look frightened, till you think yourself a Brute for your Rage, own yourself an Offender, beg Pardon, and make her new Presents.

But I go too far in reporting only the Dangers in beholding the Beauteous, which I design for the Instruction of the Fair as well as their Beholders; and shall end this Rhapsody with mentioning what I thought was well enough said of an Antient Sage to a Beautiful Youth, whom he saw admiring his own Figure in Brass. What, said the Philosopher, [6] could that Image of yours say for it self if it could speak? It might say, (answered the Youth) *That it is very Beautiful. And are not you ashamed*, reply'd the Cynick, *to value your self upon that only of which a Piece of Brass is capable?*

T.

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[Footnote 1: Aristotle.]

[Footnote 2: Plato.]

[Footnote 3: Socrates.]

[Footnote 4: Theophrastus.]

[Footnote 5: Eudisia]

[Footnote 6: Antisthenes. Quoted from Diogenes Laertius, Lib. vi. cap. I.]

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 No. 145. Thursday, August 16, 1711. Steele.
 

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'Stultitiam patiuntur opes ...'

Hor.

If the following Enormities are not amended upon the first Mention, I desire further Notice from my Correspondents.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am obliged to you for your Discourse the other Day upon frivolous Disputants, who with great Warmth, and Enumeration of many Circumstances and Authorities, undertake to prove Matters which no Body living denies. You cannot employ your self more usefully than in adjusting the Laws of Disputation in Coffee-houses and accidental Companies, as well as in more formal Debates. Among many other things which your own Experience must suggest to you, it will be very obliging if you please to take notice of Wagerers. I will not here repeat what *Hudibras* says of such Disputants, which is so true, that it is almost Proverbial; [1] but shall only acquaint you with a Set of young Fellows of the Inns of Court, whose Fathers have provided for them so plentifully, that they need not be very anxious to get Law into their Heads for the Service of their Country at the Bar; but are of those who are sent (as the Phrase of Parents is) to the *Temple* to know how to keep their own. One of these Gentlemen is very loud and captious at a Coffee-house which I frequent, and being in his Nature troubled with an Humour of Contradiction, though withal excessive Ignorant, he has found a way to indulge this Temper, go on in Idleness and Ignorance, and yet still give himself the Air of a very learned and knowing Man, by the Strength of his Pocket. The Misfortune of the thing is, I have, as it happens sometimes, a greater Stock of Learning than of Money. The Gentleman I am speaking of, takes Advantage of the Narrowness of my Circumstances in such a manner, that he has read all that I can pretend to, and runs me down with such a positive Air, and with such powerful Arguments, that from a very Learned Person I am thought a mere Pretender. Not long ago I was relating that I had read such a Passage in *Tacitus*, up starts my young Gentleman in a full Company, and pulling out his Purse offered to lay me ten Guineas, to be staked immediately in that Gentleman's Hands, (pointing to one smoaking at another Table) that I was utterly mistaken. I was Dumb for want of ten Guineas; he went on unmercifully to Triumph over my Ignorance how to take him up, and told the whole Room he had read *Tacitus* twenty times over, and such a remarkable Instance as that could not escape him. He has at this time three considerable Wagers depending between him and some of his Companions, who are rich enough to hold an Argument with him. He has five Guineas upon Questions in Geography, two that the *Isle of Wight* is a Peninsula, and three Guineas to one that the World is round. We have a Gentleman comes to our Coffee-house, who deals mightily in Antique Scandal; my Disputant has laid him twenty Pieces upon a Point of History, to wit, that *Cæsar* never lay with *Cato's* Sister, as is scandalously reported by some People.

There are several of this sort of Fellows in Town, who wager themselves into Statesmen, Historians, Geographers, Mathematicians, and every other Art, when the Persons with whom they talk have not Wealth equal to their Learning. I beg of you to prevent, in these Youngsters, this compendious Way to Wisdom, which costs other People so much Time and Pains, and you will oblige

\_Your humble Servant.\_

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\_Coffee-House near the\_ Temple, Aug. 12, 1711.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Here's a young Gentleman that sings Opera–Tunes or Whistles in a full House. Pray let him know that he has no Right to act here as if he were in an empty Room. Be pleased to divide the Spaces of a Publick Room, and certify Whistlers, Singers, and Common Orators, that are heard further than their Portion of the Room comes [to,] that the Law is open, and that there is an Equity which will relieve us from such as interrupt us in our Lawful Discourse, as much as against such as stop us on the Road. I take these Persons, Mr. SPECTATOR, to be such Trespassers as the Officer in your Stage–Coach, and of the same Sentiment with Counsellor *Ephraim*. It is true the Young Man is rich, and, as the Vulgar say, [needs [1]] not care for any Body; but sure that is no Authority for him to go whistle where he pleases.

\_I am, SIR\_, \_Your Most Humble Servant\_,

\_P.S.\_ I have Chambers in the \_Temple\_, and here are Students that learn upon the Hautboy; pray desire the Benchers that all Lawyers who are Proficients in Wind–Musick may lodge to the *Thames*.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

We are a Company of young Women who pass our Time very much together, and obliged by the mercenary Humour of the Men to be as Mercenarily inclined as they are. There visits among us an old Batchelor whom each of us has a Mind to. The Fellow is rich, and knows he may have any of us, therefore is particular to none, but excessively ill–bred. His Pleasantry consists in Romping, he snatches Kisses by Surprize, puts his Hand in our Necks, tears our Fans, robs us of Ribbons, forces Letters out of our Hands, looks into any of our Papers, and a thousand other Rudenesses. Now what I'll desire of you is to acquaint him, by Printing this, that if he does not marry one of us very suddenly, we have all agreed, the next time he pretends to be merry, to affront him, and use him like a Clown as he is. In the Name of the Sisterhood I take my Leave of you, and am, as they all are,

\_Your Constant Reader and Well–wisher\_.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I and several others of your Female Readers, have conformed our selves to your Rules, even to our very Dress. There is not one of us but has reduced our outward Petticoat to its ancient Sizable Circumference, tho' indeed we retain still a Quilted one underneath, which makes us not altogether unconformable to the Fashion; but 'tis on Condition, Mr. SPECTATOR extends not his Censure so far. But we find you Men secretly approve our Practice, by imitating our Pyramidical Form. The Skirt of your fashionable Coats forms as large a Circumference as our Petticoats; as these are set out with Whalebone, so are those with Wire, to encrease and sustain the Bunch of Fold that hangs down on each Side; and the Hat, I perceive, is decreased in just proportion to our Head–dresses. We make a regular Figure, but I defy your Mathematicks to give Name to the Form you appear in. Your Architecture is mere \_Gothick\_, and betrays a worse Genius than ours; therefore if you are partial to your own Sex, I shall be less than I am now

*Your Humble Servant.*

T.

[Footnote 1:

\_I have heard old cunning Stagers Say Fools for Arguments lay Wagers.\_

Hudibras, Part II. c. i.]

[Footnote 2: need]

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No. 146. Friday, August 17, 1711. Steele.

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'Nemo Vir Magnus sine aliquo Afflatu divino unquam fuit.'

Tull.

We know the highest Pleasure our Minds are capable of enjoying with Composure, when we read Sublime Thoughts communicated to us by Men of great Genius and Eloquence. Such is the Entertainment we meet with in the Philosophick Parts of *Cicero's* Writings. Truth and good Sense have there so charming a Dress, that they could hardly be more agreeably represented with the Addition of Poetical Fiction and the Power of Numbers. This ancient Author, and a modern one, had fallen into my Hands within these few Days; and the Impressions they have left upon me, have at the present quite spoiled me for a merry Fellow. The Modern is that admirable Writer the Author of *The Theory of the Earth*. The Subjects with which I have lately been entertained in them both bear a near Affinity; they are upon Enquiries into Hereafter, and the Thoughts of the latter seem to me to be raised above those of the former in proportion to his Advantages of Scripture and Revelation. If I had a Mind to it, I could not at present talk of any thing else; therefore I shall translate a Passage in the one, and transcribe a Paragraph out of the other, for the Speculation of this Day. *Cicero* tells us, [1] that *Plato* reports *Socrates*, upon receiving his Sentence, to have spoken to his Judges in the following manner.

I have great Hopes, oh my Judges, that it is infinitely to my Advantage that I am sent to Death: For it is of necessity that one of these two things must be the Consequence. Death must take away all these Senses, or convey me to another Life. If all Sense is to be taken away, and Death is no more than that profound Sleep without Dreams, in which we are sometimes buried, oh Heavens! how desirable is it to die? how many Days do we know in Life preferable to such a State? But if it be true that Death is but a Passage to Places which they who lived before us do now inhabit, how much still happier is it to go from those who call themselves Judges, to appear before those that really are such; before *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Æacus*, and *Triptolemus*, and to meet Men who have lived with Justice and Truth? Is this, do you think, no happy Journey? Do you think it nothing to speak with *Orpheus*, *Musceus*, *Homer*, and *Hesiod*? I would, indeed, suffer many Deaths to enjoy these Things. With what particular Delight should I talk to *Palamedes*, *Ajax*, and others, who like me have suffered by the Iniquity of their Judges. I should examine the Wisdom of that great Prince, who carried such mighty Forces against *Troy*; and argue with *Ulysses* and *Sisyphus*, upon difficult Points, as I have in Conversation here, without being in Danger of being condemned. But let not those among you who have pronounced me an innocent Man be afraid of Death. No Harm can arrive at a good Man whether dead or living; his Affairs are always under the direction of the Gods; nor will I believe the Fate which is allotted to me myself this Day to have arrived by Chance; nor have I ought to say either against my Judges or Accusers, but that they thought they did me an Injury ... But I detain you too long, it is Time that I retire to Death, and you to your Affairs of Life; which of us has the Better is known to the Gods, but to no Mortal Man.

The Divine *Socrates* is here represented in a Figure worthy his great Wisdom and Philosophy, worthy the greatest mere Man that ever breathed. But the modern Discourse is written upon a Subject no less than the Dissolution of Nature it self. Oh how glorious is the old Age of that great Man, who has spent his Time in such Contemplations as has made this Being, what only it should be, an Education for Heaven! He has, according to the Lights of Reason and Revelation, which seemed to him clearest, traced the Steps of Omnipotence: He has, with a Celestial Ambition, as far as it is consistent with Humility and Devotion, examined the Ways of Providence, from the Creation to the Dissolution of the visible World. How pleasing must have been the Speculation, to observe Nature and Providence move together, the Physical and Moral World march the same Pace: To observe Paradise and eternal Spring the Seat of Innocence, troubled Seasons

and angry Skies the Portion of Wickedness and Vice. When this admirable Author has reviewed all that has past, or is to come, which relates to the habitable World, and run through the whole Fate of it, how could a Guardian Angel, that had attended it through all its Courses or Changes, speak more emphatically at the End of his Charge, than does our Author when he makes, as it were, a Funeral Oration over this Globe, looking to the Point where it once stood? [2]

Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this Subject, reflect upon this Occasion on the Vanity and transient Glory of this habitable World. How by the Force of one Element breaking loose upon the rest, all the Vanities of Nature, all the Works of Art, all the Labours of Men, are reduced to Nothing. All that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another Form and Face of things, plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole Earth. Where are now the great Empires of the World, and their great Imperial Cities? Their Pillars, Trophies, and Monuments of Glory? Shew me where they stood, read the Inscription, tell me the Victors Name. What Remains, what Impressions, what Difference or Distinction, do you see in this Mass of Fire? *Rome* it self, eternal *\_Rome\_*, the great City, the Empress of the World, whose Domination and Superstition, ancient and modern, make a great Part of the History of the Earth, what is become of her now? She laid her Foundations deep, and her Palaces were strong and sumptuous; *\_She glorified her self, and lived deliciously, and said in her Heart, I sit a Queen, and shall see no Sorrow\_*: But her Hour is come, she is wiped away from the Face of the Earth, and buried in everlasting Oblivion. But it is not Cities only, and Works of Mens Hands, but the everlasting Hills, the Mountains and Rocks of the Earth are melted as Wax before the Sun, and *their Place is no where found*. Here stood the *\_Alps\_*, the Load of the Earth, that covered many Countries, and reached their Arms from the Ocean to the *\_Black Sea\_*; this huge Mass of Stone is softned and dissolved as a tender Cloud into Rain. Here stood the *African* Mountains, and *Atlas* with his Top above the Clouds; there was frozen *\_Caucasus\_*, and *\_Taurus\_*, and *\_Imaus\_*, and the Mountains of *\_Asia\_*; and yonder towards the North, stood the *Riphaean* Hills, cloathd in Ice and Snow. All these are Vanished, dropt away as the Snow upon their Heads. *\_Great and Marvellous are thy Works, Just and True are thy Ways, thou King of Saints! Hallelujah\_*.

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[Footnote 1: 'Tusculan Questions', Bk. I.]

[Footnote 2: 'Theory of the Earth', Book III., ch. xii.]

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No. 147. Saturday, August 18, 1711. Steele.

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'Pronuntiatio est Vocis et Vultus et Gestus moderatio cum venustate.'

Tull.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

The well Reading of the Common Prayer is of so great Importance, and so much neglected, that I take the Liberty to offer to your Consideration some Particulars on that Subject: And what more worthy your Observation than this? A thing so Publick, and of so high Consequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent Exercise of it should not make the Performers of that Duty more expert in it. This Inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little Care that is taken of their Reading, while Boys and at School, where when they are got into *\_Latin\_*, they are looked upon as above *\_English\_*, the Reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due Observations made to them of the proper Accent and Manner of Reading; by this means they have acquired such ill Habits as won't easily be removed. The only way that I know of to remedy this, is to propose some Person of great Ability that way as a Pattern for them; Example being most effectual to convince the Learned, as well as instruct the Ignorant.

You must know, Sir, I've been a constant Frequenter of the Service of the Church of *England* for above these four Years last past, and 'till *Sunday* was Seven—night never discovered, to so great a Degree, the Excellency of the Common—Prayer. When being at St. *James's Garlick—Hill* Church, I heard the Service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an Impossibility to be unattentive. My Eyes and my Thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confin'd to my Prayers: I then considered I addressed my self to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful Face. And when I reflected on my former Performances of that Duty, I found I had run it over as a matter of Form, in comparison to the Manner in which I then discharged it. My Mind was really affected, and fervent Wishes accompanied my Words. The Confession was read with such a resigned Humility, the Absolution with such a comfortable Authority, the Thanksgivings with such a Religious Joy, as made me feel those Affections of the Mind in a Manner I never did before. To remedy therefore the Grievance above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent Reader, [1] upon the next and every Annual Assembly of the Clergy of *Sion—College*, and all other Conventions, should read Prayers before them. For then those that are afraid of stretching their Mouths, and spoiling their soft Voice, will learn to Read with Clearness, Loudness, and Strength. Others that affect a rakish negligent Air by folding their Arms, and lolling on their Book, will be taught a decent Behaviour, and comely Erection of Body. Those that Read so fast as if impatient of their Work, may learn to speak deliberately. There is another sort of Persons whom I call Pindarick Readers, as being confined to no set measure; these pronounce five or six Words with great Deliberation, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great Celerity: The first part of a Sentence with a very exalted Voice, and the latter part with a submissive one: Sometimes again with one sort of a Tone, and immediately after with a very different one. These Gentlemen will learn of my admired Reader an Evenness of Voice and Delivery, and all who are innocent of these Affectations, but read with such an Indifferency as if they did not understand the Language, may then be informed of the Art of Reading movingly and fervently, how to place the Emphasis, and give the proper Accent to each Word, and how to vary the Voice according to the Nature of the Sentence. There is certainly a very great Difference between the Reading a Prayer and a Gazette, which I beg of you to inform a Set of Readers, who affect, forsooth, a certain Gentleman—like Familiarity of Tone, and mend the Language as they go on, crying instead of Pardoneth and Absolveth, Pardons and Absolves. These are often pretty Classical Scholars, and would think it an unpardonable Sin to read *Virgil* or *Martial* with so little Taste as they do Divine Service.

This Indifferency seems to me to arise from the Endeavour of avoiding the Imputation of Cant, and the false Notion of it. It will be proper therefore to trace the Original and Signification of this Word. Cant is, by some People, derived from one *Andrew Cant*, who, they say, was a Presbyterian Minister in some illiterate Part of *Scotland*, who by Exercise and Use had obtained the Faculty, *alias* Gift, of Talking in the Pulpit in such a Dialect, that it's said he was understood by none but his own Congregation, and not by all of them. Since *Mas. Cant's* time, it has been understood in a larger Sense, and signifies all sudden Exclamations, Whinings, unusual Tones, and in fine all Praying and Preaching, like the unlearned of the Presbyterians. But I hope a proper Elevation of Voice, a due Emphasis and Accent, are not to come within this Description. So that our Readers may still be as unlike the Presbyterians as they please. The Dissenters (I mean such as I have heard) do indeed elevate their Voices, but it is with sudden jumps from the lower to the higher part of them; and that with so little Sense or Skill, that their Elevation and Cadence is Bawling and Muttering. They make use of an Emphasis, but so improperly, that it is often placed on some very insignificant Particle, as upon *if*, or *and*. Now if these Improperities have so great an Effect on the People, as we see they have, how great an Influence would the Service of our Church, containing the best Prayers that ever were composed, and that in Terms most affecting, most humble, and most expressive of our Wants, and Dependance on the Object of our Worship, dispos'd in most proper Order, and void of all Confusion; what Influence, I say, would these Prayers have, were they delivered with a due Emphasis, and apposite Rising and Variation of Voice, the Sentence concluded with a gentle Cadence, and, in a word, with such an Accent and Turn of Speech as is peculiar to Prayer?

As the matter of Worship is now managed, in Dissenting Congregations, you find insignificant Words and Phrases raised by a lively Vehemence; in our own Churches, the most exalted Sense depreciated, by a dispassionate Indolence. I remember to have heard Dr. *S—e* [2] say in his Pulpit, of the Common—prayer,

that, at least, it was as perfect as any thing of Human Institution: If the Gentlemen who err in this kind would please to recollect the many Pleasantries they have read upon those who recite good Things with an ill Grace, they would go on to think that what in that Case is only Ridiculous, in themselves is Impious. But leaving this to their own Reflections, I shall conclude this Trouble with what *\_Cæsar\_* said upon the Irregularity of Tone in one who read before him, *\_Do you read or sing? If you sing, you sing very ill\_*. [3]

[Footnote 1: The Rec. Philip Stubbs, afterwards Archdeacon of St. Alban's.]

[Footnote 2: Smalridge?]

[Footnote 3:

*Si legis cantas; si cantas, male cantas.*

The word Cant is rather from 'cantare', as a chanting whine, than from the Andrew Cants, father and son, of Charles the Second's time.]

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No. 148 Monday, August 20, 1711 Steele

'*Exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una.*'

Hor.

My Correspondents assure me that the Enormities which they lately complained of, and I published an Account of, are so far from being amended, that new Evils arise every Day to interrupt their Conversation, in Contempt of my Reproofs. My Friend who writes from the Coffee-house near the *\_Temple\_*, informs me that the Gentleman who constantly sings a Voluntary in spite of the whole Company, was more musical than ordinary after reading my Paper; and has not been contented with that, but has danced up to the Glass in the Middle of the Room, and practised Minuet-steps to his own Humming. The incorrigible Creature has gone still further, and in the open Coffee-house, with one Hand extended as leading a Lady in it, he has danced both *French* and *Country-Dances*, and admonished his supposed Partner by Smiles and Nods to hold up her Head, and fall back, according to the respective Facings and Evolutions of the Dance. Before this Gentleman began this his Exercise, he was pleased to clear his Throat by coughing and spitting a full half Hour; and as soon as he struck up, he appealed to an Attorney's Clerk in the Room, whether he hit as he ought *\_Since you from Death have saved me?\_* and then asked the young Fellow (pointing to a Chancery-Bill under his Arm) whether that was an Opera-Score he carried or not? Without staying for an Answer he fell into the Exercise Above-mentioned, and practised his Airs to the full House who were turned upon him, without the least Shame or Repentance for his former Transgressions.

I am to the last Degree at a Loss what to do with this young Fellow, except I declare him an Outlaw, and pronounce it penal for any one to speak to him in the said House which he frequents, and direct that he be obliged to drink his Tea and Coffee without Sugar, and not receive from any Person whatsoever any thing above mere Necessaries.

As we in *England* are a sober People, and generally inclined rather to a certain Bashfulness of Behaviour in Publick, it is amazing whence some Fellows come whom one meets with in this Town; they do not at all seem to be the Growth of our Island; the Pert, the Talkative, all such as have no Sense of the Observations of others, are certainly of foreign Extraction. As for my Part, I am as much surprised when I see a talkative *\_Englishman\_*, as I should be to see the *Indian Pine* growing on one of our quick-set Hedges. Where these Creatures get Sun enough, to make them such lively Animals and dull Men, is above my Philosophy.

There are another Kind of Impertinents which a Man is perplexed with in mixed Company, and those are your loud Speakers: These treat Mankind as if we were all deaf; they do not express but declare themselves. Many of these are guilty of this Outrage out of Vanity, because they think all they say is well; or that they have their own Persons in such Veneration, that they believe nothing which concerns them can be insignificant to any Body else. For these Peoples sake, I have often lamented that we cannot close our Ears with as much ease as we can our Eyes: It is very uneasy that we must necessarily be under Persecution. Next to these Bawlers, is a troublesome Creature who comes with the Air of your Friend and your Intimate, and that is your Whisperer. There is one of them at a Coffee-house which I my self frequent, who observing me to be a Man pretty well made for Secrets, gets by me, and with a Whisper tells me things which all the Town knows. It is no very hard matter to guess at the Source of this Impertinence, which is nothing else but a Method or Mechanick Art of being wise. You never see any frequent in it, whom you can suppose to have anything in the World to do. These Persons are worse than Bawlers, as much as a secret Enemy is more dangerous than a declared one. I wish this my Coffee-house Friend would take this for an Intimation, that I have not heard one Word he has told me for these several Years; whereas he now thinks me the most trusty Repository of his Secrets. The Whisperers have a pleasant way of ending the close Conversation, with saying aloud, *\_Do not you think so?\_* Then whisper again, and then aloud, *\_but you know that Person;\_* then whisper again. The thing would be well enough, if they whisper'd to keep the Folly of what they say among Friends; but alas, they do it to preserve the Importance of their Thoughts. I am sure I could name you more than one Person whom no Man living ever heard talk upon any Subject in Nature, or ever saw in his whole Life with a Book in his Hand, that I know not how can whisper something like Knowledge of what has and does pass in the World; which you would think he learned from some familiar Spirit that did not think him worthy to receive the whole Story. But in truth Whisperers deal only in half Accounts of what they entertain you with. A great Help to their Discourse is, *'That the Town says, and People begin to talk very freely, and they had it from Persons too considerable to be named, what they will tell you when things are riper.'* My Friend has winked upon me any Day since I came to Town last, and has communicated to me as a Secret, that he designed in a very short Time to tell me a Secret; but I shall know what he means, he now assures me, in less than a Fortnight's Time.

But I must not omit the dearer Part of Mankind, I mean the Ladies, to take up a whole Paper upon Grievances which concern the Men only; but shall humbly propose, that we change Fools for an Experiment only. A certain Set of Ladies complain they are frequently perplexed with a Visitant who affects to be wiser than they are; which Character he hopes to preserve by an obstinate Gravity, and great Guard against discovering his Opinion upon any Occasion whatsoever. A painful Silence has hitherto gained him no further Advantage, than that as he might, if he had behaved himself with Freedom, been excepted against but as to this and that Particular, he now offends in the whole. To relieve these Ladies, my good Friends and Correspondents, I shall exchange my dancing Outlaw for their dumb Visitant, and assign the silent Gentleman all the Haunts of the Dancer; in order to which, I have sent them by the Penny-post the following Letters for their Conduct in their new Conversations.

*\_SIR\_,*

I have, you may be sure, heard of your Irregularities without regard to my Observations upon you; but shall not treat you with so much Rigour as you deserve. If you will give yourself the Trouble to repair to the Place mentioned in the Postscript to this Letter at Seven this Evening, you will be conducted into a spacious Room well-lighted, where there are Ladies and Musick. You will see a young Lady laughing next the Window to the Street; you may take her out, for she loves you as well as she does any Man, tho' she never saw you before. She never thought in her Life, any more than your self. She will not be surprised when you accost her, nor concerned when you leave her. Hasten from a Place where you are laughed at, to one where you will be admired. You are of no Consequence, therefore go where you will be welcome for being so.

*Your most Humble Servant.'*

*\_SIR\_,*

'The Ladies whom you visit, think a wise Man the most impertinent Creature living, therefore you cannot be offended that they are displeas'd with you. Why will you take pains to appear wise, where you would not be the more esteem'd for being really so? Come to us; forget the Giggers; and let your Inclination go along with you whether you speak or are silent; and let all such Women as are in a Clan or Sisterhood, go their own way; there is no Room for you in that Company who are of the common Taste of the Sex.'

\_For Women born to be controll'd Stoop to the forward and the bold; Affect the haughty, and the proud, The gay, the frolick, and the loud.\_ [1]

T.

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[Footnote 1: Waller 'Of Love.']

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No. 149. Tuesday, August 21, 1711. Steele.

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'Cui in manu sit quem esse dementem velit, Quem sapere, quem sanari, quem in morbum injici, Quem contra amari, quem accersiri, quem expeti.'

Cæcil. apud Tull.

The following Letter and my Answer shall take up the present Speculation.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I am the young Widow of a Country Gentleman who has left me Entire Mistress of a large Fortune, which he agreed to as an Equivalent for the Difference in our Years. In these Circumstances it is not extraordinary to have a Crowd of Admirers; which I have abridged in my own Thoughts, and reduced to a couple of Candidates only, both young, and neither of them disagreeable in their Persons; according to the common way of computing, in one the Estate more than deserves my Fortune, and in the other my Fortune more than deserves the Estate. When I consider the first, I own I am so far a Woman I cannot avoid being delighted with the Thoughts of living great; but then he seems to receive such a Degree of Courage from the Knowledge of what he has, he looks as if he was going to confer an Obligation on me; and the Readiness he accosts me with, makes me jealous I am only hearing a Repetition of the same things he has said to a hundred Women before. When I consider the other, I see myself approached with so much Modesty and Respect, and such a Doubt of himself, as betrays methinks an Affection within, and a Belief at the same time that he himself would be the only Gainer by my Consent. What an unexceptionable Husband could I make out of both! but since that's impossible, I beg to be concluded by your Opinion; it is absolutely in your Power to dispose of

\_Your most Obedient Servant\_, Sylvia.

\_Madam\_,

You do me great Honour in your Application to me on this important Occasion; I shall therefore talk to you with the Tenderness of a Father, in Gratitude for your giving me the Authority of one. You do not seem to make any great Distinction between these Gentlemen as to their Persons; the whole Question lies upon their Circumstances and Behaviour; If the one is less respectful because he is rich, and the other more obsequious because he is not so, they are in that Point moved by the same Principle, the Consideration of Fortune, and you must place them in each others Circumstances before you can judge of their Inclination. To avoid Confusion in discussing this Point, I will call the richer Man *\_Strephon\_*, and the other *Florio*. If you believe *Florio* with *\_Strephon's\_* Estate would behave himself as he does now, *Florio* is certainly your Man; but if

you think *Strephon*, were he in *Florio's* Condition, would be as obsequious as *Florio* is now, you ought for your own sake to choose *Strephon*; for where the Men are equal, there is no doubt Riches ought to be a Reason for Preference. After this manner, my dear Child, I would have you abstract them from their Circumstances; for you are to take it for granted, that he who is very humble only because he is poor, is the very same Man in Nature with him who is haughty because he is rich.

When you have gone thus far, as to consider the Figure they make towards you; you will please, my Dear, next to consider the Appearance you make towards them. If they are Men of Discerning, they can observe the Motives of your Heart; and *Florio* can see when he is disregarded only upon your Account of Fortune, which makes you to him a mercenary Creature: and you are still the same thing to *Strephon*, in taking him for his Wealth only: You are therefore to consider whether you had rather oblige, than receive an Obligation.

The Marriage—Life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or an happy Condition. The first is, when two People of no Genius or Taste for themselves meet together, upon such a Settlement as has been thought reasonable by Parents and Conveyancers from an exact Valuation of the Land and Cash of both Parties: In this Case the young Lady's Person is no more regarded, than the House and Improvements in Purchase of an Estate: but she goes with her Fortune, rather than her Fortune with her. These make up the Crowd or Vulgar of the Rich, and fill up the Lumber of human Race, without Beneficence towards those below them, or Respect towards those above them; and lead a despicable, independent and useless Life, without Sense of the Laws of Kindness, Good—nature, mutual Offices, and the elegant Satisfactions which flow from Reason and Virtue.

The vexatious Life arises from a Conjunction of two People of quick Taste and Resentment, put together for Reasons well known to their Friends, in which especial Care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of Evils) Poverty, and insure to them Riches, with every Evil besides. These good People live in a constant Constraint before Company, and too great Familiarity alone; when they are within Observation they fret at each other's Carriage and Behaviour; when alone they revile each other's Person and Conduct: In Company they are in a Purgatory, when only together in an Hell.

The happy Marriage is, where two Persons meet and voluntarily make Choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the Circumstances of Fortune or Beauty. These may still love in spite of Adversity or Sickness: The former we may in some measure defend our selves from, the other is the Portion of our very Make. When you have a true Notion of this sort of Passion, your Humour of living great will vanish out of your Imagination, and you will find Love has nothing to do with State. Solitude, with the Person beloved, has a Pleasure, even in a Woman's Mind, beyond Show or Pomp. You are therefore to consider which of your Lovers will like you best undressed, which will bear with you most when out of Humour? and your way to this is to ask your self, which of them you value most for his own sake? and by that judge which gives the greater Instances of his valuing you for your self only.

After you have expressed some Sense of the humble Approach of *Florio*, and a little Disdain at *Strephon's* Assurance in his Address, you cry out, *What an unexceptionable Husband could I make out of both?* It would therefore methinks be a good way to determine your self: Take him in whom what you like is not transferable to another; for if you choose otherwise, there is no Hopes your Husband will ever have what you liked in his Rival; but intrinsick Qualities in one Man may very probably purchase every thing that is adventitious in [another.[1]] In plainer Terms: he whom you take for his personal Perfections will sooner arrive at the Gifts of Fortune, than he whom you take for the sake of his Fortune attain to Personal Perfections. If *Strephon* is not as accomplished and agreeable as *Florio*, Marriage to you will never make him so; but Marriage to you may make *Florio* as rich as *Strephon*? Therefore to make a sure Purchase, employ Fortune upon Certainties, but do not sacrifice Certainties to Fortune.

*I am, Your most Obedient, Humble Servant.*

T.

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[Footnote 1: any other.]

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No. 150. Wednesday, August 22, 1711. Budgell.

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'Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se, Quàm quod ridiculos homines facit ...'

Juv.

As I was walking in my Chamber the Morning before I went last into the Country, I heard the Hawkers with great Vehemence crying about a Paper, entitled, *The ninety nine Plagues of an empty Purse*. I had indeed some Time before observed, that the Orators of *\_Grub-street\_* had dealt very much in *Plagues*. They have already published in the same Month, *\_The Plagues of Matrimony, The Plagues of a single Life, The nineteen Plagues of a Chambermaid, The Plagues of a Coachman, The Plagues of a Footman\_*, and *The Plague of Plagues*. The success these several *Plagues* met with, probably gave Occasion to the above-mentioned Poem on an *empty Purse*. However that be, the same Noise so frequently repeated under my Window, drew me insensibly to think on some of those Inconveniencies and Mortifications which usually attend on Poverty, and in short, gave Birth to the present Speculation: For after my Fancy had run over the most obvious and common Calamities which Men of mean Fortunes are liable to, it descended to those little Insults and Contempts, which though they may seem to dwindle into nothing when a Man offers to describe them, are perhaps in themselves more cutting and insupportable than the former. *Juvenal* with a great deal of Humour and Reason tells us, that nothing bore harder upon a poor Man in his Time, than the continual Ridicule which his Habit and Dress afforded to the Beaus of *Rome*.

*\_Quid, quod materiam præbet causasque jocosum Omnibus hic idem? si foeda et scissa lacerna, Si toga sordidula est, et rupta calceus alter Pelle patet, vel si consuto vulnere crassum Atque recens linam ostendit non una Cicatrix\_*.

(Juv. Sat. 3.)

*\_Add, that the Rich have still a Gibe in Store, And will be monstrous witty on the Poor; For the torn Surtout and the tatter'd Vest, The Wretch and all his Wardrobe are a Jest: The greasie Gown sully'd with often turning, Gives a good Hint to say the Man's in Mourning; Or if the Shoe be ript, or Patch is put, He's wounded I see the Plaister on his Foot\_*.

(Dryd.)

'Tis on this Occasion that he afterwards adds the Reflection which I have chosen for my Motto.

*\_Want is the Scorn of every wealthy Fool, And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule\_*.

(Dryd.)

It must be confess'd that few things make a Man appear more despicable or more prejudice his Hearers against what he is going to offer, than an awkward or pitiful Dress; insomuch that I fancy, had *Tully* himself pronounced one of his Orations with a Blanket about his Shoulders, more People would have laughed at his Dress than have admired his Eloquence. This last Reflection made me wonder at a Set of Men, who, without being subjected to it by the Unkindness of their Fortunes, are contented to draw upon themselves the Ridicule of the World in this Particular; I mean such as take it into their Heads, that the first regular Step to be a Wit is to commence a Sloven. It is certain nothing has so much debased that, which must have been otherwise so

great a Character; and I know not how to account for it, unless it may possibly be in Complaisance to those narrow Minds who can have no Notion of the same Person's possessing different Accomplishments; or that it is a sort of Sacrifice which some Men are contented to make to Calumny, by allowing it to fasten on one Part of their Character, while they are endeavouring to establish another. Yet however unaccountable this foolish Custom is, I am afraid it could plead a long Prescription; and probably gave too much Occasion for the Vulgar Definition still remaining among us of an *Heathen Philosopher*.

I have seen the Speech of a *\_Terræ-filius\_*, spoken in King Charles II's Reign; in which he describes two very eminent Men, who were perhaps the greatest Scholars of their Age; and after having mentioned the entire Friendship between them, concludes, That *\_they had but one Mind, one Purse, one Chamber, and one Hat\_*. The Men of Business were also infected with a Sort of Singularity little better than this. I have heard my Father say, that a broad-brimm'd Hat, short Hair, and unfolded Hankerchief, were in his time absolutely necessary to denote a *\_notable Man;\_* and that he had known two or three, who aspired to the Character of *\_very notable\_*, wear Shoestrings with great Success.

To the Honour of our present Age it must be allowed, that some of our greatest Genius's for Wit and Business have almost entirely broke the Neck of these Absurdities.

*\_Victor\_*, after having dispatched the most important Affairs of the Commonwealth, has appeared at an Assembly, where all the Ladies have declared him the genteelest Man in the Company; and in *\_Atticus\_*, though every way one of the greatest Genius's the Age has produced, one sees nothing particular in his Dress or Carriage to denote his Pretensions to Wit and Learning: so that at present a Man may venture to cock up his Hat, and wear a fashionable Wig, without being taken for a Rake or a Fool.

The Medium between a Fop and a Sloven is what a Man of Sense would endeavour to keep; yet I remember Mr. *Osborn* advises his Son [1] to appear in his Habit rather above than below his Fortune; and tells him, that he will find an handsom Suit of Cloathes always procures some additional Respect. I have indeed myself observed that my Banker bows lowest to me when I wear my full-bottom'd Wig; and writes me *\_Mr.\_* or *\_Esq.\_*, accordingly as he sees me dressed.

I shall conclude this Paper with an Adventure which I was myself an Eye-witness of very lately.

I happened the other Day to call in at a celebrated Coffee-house near the *Temple*. I had not been there long when there came in an elderly Man very meanly dressed, and sat down by me; he had a thread-bare loose Coat on, which it was plain he wore to keep himself warm, and not to favour his under Suit, which seemed to have been at least its Contemporary: His short Wig and Hat were both answerable to the rest of his Apparel. He was no sooner seated than he called for a Dish of Tea; but as several Gentlemen in the Room wanted other things, the Boys of the House did not think themselves at leisure to mind him. I could observe the old Fellow was very uneasy at the Affront, and at his being obliged to repeat his Commands several times to no purpose; 'till at last one of the [Lads [2]] presented him with some stale Tea in a broken Dish, accompanied with a Plate of brown Sugar; which so raised his Indignation, that after several obliging Appellations of Dog and Rascal, he asked him aloud before the whole Company, *\_Why he must be used with less Respect than that Fop there?\_* pointing to a well-dressed young Gentleman who was drinking Tea at the opposite Table. The Boy of the House replied with a [great [3]] deal of Pertness, That his Master had two sorts of Customers, and that the Gentleman at the other Table had given him many a Sixpence for wiping his Shoes. By this time the young *\_Templar\_*, who found his Honour concerned in the Dispute, and that the Eyes of the whole Coffee-house were upon him, had thrown aside a Paper he had in his Hand, and was coming towards us, while we at the Table made what haste we could to get away from the impending Quarrel, but were all of us surprised to see him as he approached nearer put on an Air of Deference and Respect. To whom the old Man said, *\_Hark you, Sirrah, I'll pay off your extravagant Bills once more; but will take effectual Care for the future, that your Prodigality shall not spirit up a Parcel of Rascals to insult your Father\_*.

Tho' I by no means approve either the Impudence of the Servants or the Extravagance of the Son, I cannot but think the old Gentleman was in some measure justly served for walking in Masquerade, I mean appearing in a Dress so much beneath his Quality and Estate.

X.

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[Footnote 1: 'Advice to a Son', by Francis Osborn, Esq., Part I. sect. 23.]

[Footnote 2: Rascals]

[Footnote 3: good]

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No. 151. Thursday, August 23, 1711. Steele.

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'Maximas Virtutes jacere omnes necesse est Voluptate dominante.'

Tull. 'de Fin.'

I Know no one Character that gives Reason a greater Shock, at the same Time that it presents a good ridiculous Image to the Imagination, than that of a Man of Wit and Pleasure about the Town. This Description of a Man of Fashion, spoken by some with a Mixture of Scorn and Ridicule, by others with great Gravity as a laudable Distinction, is in every Body's Mouth that spends any Time in Conversation. My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB has this Expression very frequently; and I never could understand by the Story which follows, upon his Mention of such a one, but that his Man of Wit and Pleasure was either a Drunkard too old for Wenching, or a young lewd Fellow with some Liveliness, who would converse with you, receive kind Offices of you, and at the same time debauch your Sister, or lie with your Wife. According to his Description, a Man of Wit, when he could have Wenches for Crowns apiece which he liked quite as well, would be so extravagant as to bribe Servants, make false Friendships, fight Relations: I say, according to him, plain and simple Vice was too little for a Man of Wit and Pleasure; but he would leave an easy and accessible Wickedness, to come at the same thing with only the Addition of certain Falshood and possible Murder. WILL, thinks the Town grown very dull, in that we do not hear so much as we used to do of these Coxcombs, whom (without observing it) he describes as the most infamous Rogues in Nature, with relation to Friendship, Love, or Conversation.

When Pleasure is made the chief Pursuit of Life, it will necessarily follow that such Monsters as these will arise from a constant Application to such Blandishments as naturally root out the Force of Reason and Reflection, and substitute in their Place a general Impatience of Thought, and a constant Pruriency of inordinate Desire.

Pleasure, when it is a Man's chief Purpose, disappoints it self; and the constant Application to it palls the Faculty of enjoying it, tho' it leaves the Sense of our Inability for that we wish, with a Disrelish of every thing else. Thus the intermediate Seasons of the Man of Pleasure are more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest Criminal. Take him when he is awaked too soon after a Debauch, or disappointed in following a worthless Woman without Truth, and there is no Man living whose Being is such a Weight or Vexation as his is. He is an utter Stranger to the pleasing Reflections in the Evening of a well-spent Day, or the Gladness of Heart or Quickness of Spirit in the Morning after profound Sleep or indolent Slumbers. He is not to be at Ease any longer than he can keep Reason and good Sense without his Curtains; otherwise he will be haunted with the Reflection, that he could not believe such a one the Woman that upon Trial he found her. What has he got by his Conquest, but to think meanly of her for whom a Day or two before he had the highest Honour? and of himself for, perhaps, wronging the Man whom of all Men living he himself would least willingly have

injured?

Pleasure seizes the whole Man who addicts himself to it, and will not give him Leisure for any good Office in Life which contradicts the Gaiety of the present Hour. You may indeed observe in People of Pleasure a certain Complacency and Absence of all Severity, which the Habit of a loose unconcerned Life gives them; but tell the Man of Pleasure your secret Wants, Cares, or Sorrows, and you will find he has given up the Delicacy of his Passions to the Cravings of his Appetites. He little knows the perfect Joy he loses, for the disappointing Gratifications which he pursues. He looks at Pleasure as she approaches, and comes to him with the Recommendation of warm Wishes, gay Looks, and graceful Motion; but he does not observe how she leaves his Presence with Disorder, Impotence, down-cast Shame, and conscious Imperfection. She makes our Youth inglorious, our Age shameful.

WILL. HONEYCOMB gives us twenty Intimations in an Evening of several Hags whose Bloom was given up to his Arms; and would raise a Value to himself for having had, as the Phrase is, very good Women. WILL.'S good Women are the Comfort of his Heart, and support him, I warrant, by the Memory of past Interviews with Persons of their Condition. No, there is not in the World an Occasion wherein Vice makes so phantastical a Figure, as at the Meeting of two old People who have been Partners in unwarrantable Pleasure. To tell a toothless old Lady that she once had a good Set, or a defunct Wencher that he once was the admired Thing of the Town, are Satires instead of Applauses; but on the other Side, consider the old Age of those who have passed their Days in Labour, Industry, and Virtue, their Decays make them but appear the more venerable, and the Imperfections of their Bodies are beheld as a Misfortune to humane Society that their Make is so little durable.

But to return more directly to my Man of Wit and Pleasure. In all Orders of Men, wherever this is the chief Character, the Person who wears it is a negligent Friend, Father, and Husband, and entails Poverty on his unhappy Descendants. Mortgages Diseases, and Settlements are the Legacies a Man of Wit and Pleasure leaves to his Family. All the poor Rogues that make such lamentable Speeches after every Sessions at \_Tyburn\_, were, in their Way, Men of Wit and Pleasure, before they fell into the Adventures which brought them thither.

Irresolution and Procrastination in all a Man's Affairs, are the natural Effects of being addicted to Pleasure: Dishonour to the Gentleman and Bankruptcy to the Trader, are the Portion of either whose chief Purpose of Life is Delight. The chief Cause that this Pursuit has been in all Ages received with so much Quarter from the soberer Part of Mankind, has been that some Men of great Talents have sacrificed themselves to it: The shining Qualities of such People have given a Beauty to whatever they were engaged in, and a Mixture of Wit has recommended Madness. For let any Man who knows what it is to have passed much Time in a Series of Jollity, Mirth, Wit, or humourous Entertainments, look back at what he was all that while a doing, and he will find that he 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 mimic 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, smoaking till they cannot see, and roaring till they cannot hear.

T.

No. 152. Friday, August 24, 1711. Steele.

[Greek (transliterated):

Ohiae per phyll\_on geneàe toiáede kai andr\_on].

Hom. 'Il.' 6, v. 146.

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 Reflection. 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 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 ourselves 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 entirely 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 Gross 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, say they, as it relates to others, is uncertain; but as it relates to ourselves 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 [1]] 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 Impossibility 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 Conscience 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 common 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 Incentives 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 arrive at a certain Habit of being void of Thought, insomuch that on occasion of the most imminent Danger they are still in the same Indifference. Nay I remember an Instance of a gay \_French-man\_, who was led on in Battle by a superior Officer, (whose Conduct it was his Custom to speak of always with Contempt and Raillery) and in

the Beginning of the Action received a Wound he was sensible was mortal; his Reflection on this Occasion was, *\_I wish I could live another Hour, to see how this blundering Coxcomb will get clear of this Business.\_* [2]

I remember two young Fellows who rid in the same Squadron of a Troop of Horse, who were ever together; they eat, they drank, they intregued; 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 belonged 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 Waterside 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 over. The Friend on the Shore cry'd out, *Who's that is drowned trow?* He was immediately answer'd, *Your Friend, Harry Thompson.* He very gravely reply'd, *\_Ay, he had a mad Horse\_.* This short Epitaph from such a Familiar, without more Words, gave me, at that Time under Twenty, a very moderate Opinion of the Friendship of Companions. Thus is Affection and every other Motive of Life in the Generality rooted out by the present busie 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 Unfortunate, are ordinary Objects; their Minds are bent upon the little Gratifications of their own Senses and Appetites, forgetful of Compassion, insensible of Glory, avoiding only Shame; their whole Hearts taken up with the trivial Hope of meeting and being merry. These are the People who make up the Gross 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 himself 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 distributing what is their Due, he would think himself below their Tailor to wear a Snip of their Cloaths in

Lace upon his own; and below the most rapacious Agent, should he enjoy a Farthing above his own Pay. Go on, brave Man, immortal Glory is thy Fortune, and immortal Happiness thy Reward.

T.

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[Footnote 1: which]

[Footnote 2: This is told in the 'Memoirs of Condé' of the Chevalier de Flourilles, a lieutenant-general of his killed in 1674, at the Battle of Senelf.]

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No. 153. Saturday, August 25, 1711. Steele.

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'Habet natura ut aliarum omnium rerum sic vivendi modum; senectus autem peractio Ætatis est tanquam Fabulæ. Cujus defatigationem fugere debemus, præsertim adjunctâ Satietate.'

Tull. 'de Senec.'

Of all the impertinent Wishes which we hear expressed in Conversation, there is not one more unworthy a Gentleman or a Man of liberal Education, than that of wishing one's self Younger. I have observed this Wish

is usually made upon Sight of some Object which gives the Idea of a past Action, that it is no Dishonour to us that we cannot now repeat, or else on what was in it self shameful when we performed it. It is a certain Sign of a foolish or a dissolute Mind if we want our Youth again only for the Strength of Bones and Sinews which we once were Masters of. It is (as my Author has it) as absurd in an old Man to wish for the Strength of a Youth, as it would be in a young Man to wish for the Strength of a Bull or a Horse. These Wishes are both equally out of Nature, which should direct in all things that are not contradictory to Justice, Law, and Reason. But tho' every old Man has been [Young [1]], and every young one hopes to be old, there seems to be a most unnatural Misunderstanding between those two Stages of Life. The unhappy Want of Commerce arises from the insolent Arrogance or Exultation in Youth, and the irrational Despondence or Self-pity in Age. A young Man whose Passion and Ambition is to be good and wise, and an old one who has no Inclination to be lewd or debauched, are quite unconcerned in this Speculation; but the Cocking young Fellow who treads upon the Toes of his Elders, and the old Fool who envies the sawcy Pride he sees in him, are the Objects of our present Contempt and Derision. Contempt and Derision are harsh Words; but in what manner can one give Advice to a Youth in the Pursuit and Possession of sensual Pleasures, or afford Pity to an old Man in the Impotence and Desire of Enjoying them? When young Men in publick Places betray in their Deportment an abandoned Resignation to their Appetites, they give to sober Minds a Prospect of a despicable Age, which, if not interrupted by Death in the midst of their Follies, must certainly come. When an old Man bewails the Loss of such Gratifications which are passed, he discovers a monstrous Inclination to that which it is not in the Course of Providence to recal. The State of an old Man, who is dissatisfy'd merely for his being such, is the most out of all Measures of Reason and good Sense of any Being we have any Account of from the highest Angel to the lowest Worm. How miserable is the Contemplation to consider a libidinous old Man (while all Created things, besides himself and Devils, are following the Order of Providence) fretting at the Course of things, and being almost the sole Malecontent in the Creation. But let us a little reflect upon what he has lost by the number of Years: The Passions which he had in Youth are not to be obeyed as they were then, but Reason is more powerful now without the Disturbance of them. An old Gentleman t'other Day in Discourse with a Friend of his (reflecting upon some Adventures they had in Youth together) cry'd out, *Oh Jack, those were happy Days! That is true,* reply'd his Friend, *but methinks we go about our Business more quietly than we did then.* One would think it should be no small Satisfaction to have gone so far in our Journey that the Heat of the Day is over with us. When Life itself is a Fever, as it is in licentious Youth, the Pleasures of it are no other than the Dreams of a Man in that Distemper, and it is as absurd to wish the Return of that Season of Life, as for a Man in Health to be sorry for the Loss of gilded Palaces, fairy Walks, and flowery Pastures, with which he remembers he was entertained in the troubled Slumbers of a Fit of Sickness.

As to all the rational and worthy Pleasures of our Being, the Conscience of a good Fame, the Contemplation of another Life, the Respect and Commerce of honest Men, our Capacities for such Enjoyments are enlarged by Years. While Health endures, the latter Part of Life, in the Eye of Reason, is certainly the more eligible. The Memory of a well-spent Youth gives a peaceable, unmixed, and elegant Pleasure to the Mind; and to such who are so unfortunate as not to be able to look back on Youth with Satisfaction, they may give themselves no little Consolation that they are under no Temptation to repeat their Follies, and that they at present despise them. It was prettily said,

'He that would be long an old Man, must begin early to be one:'

It is too late to resign a thing after a Man is robbed of it; therefore it is necessary that before the Arrival of Age we bid adieu to the Pursuits of Youth, otherwise sensual Habits will live in our Imaginations when our Limbs cannot be subservient to them. The poor Fellow who lost his Arm last Siege, will tell you, he feels the Fingers that were buried in *Flanders* ake every cold Morning at *Chelsea*.

The fond Humour of appearing in the gay and fashionable World, and being applauded for trivial Excellencies, is what makes Youth have Age in Contempt, and makes Age resign with so ill a Grace the Qualifications of Youth: But this in both Sexes is inverting all things, and turning the natural Course of our Minds, which should build their Approbations and Dislikes upon what Nature and Reason dictate, into

Chimera and Confusion.

Age in a virtuous Person, of either Sex, carries in it an Authority which makes it preferable to all the Pleasures of Youth. If to be saluted, attended, and consulted with Deference, are Instances of Pleasure, they are such as never fail a virtuous old Age. In the Enumeration of the Imperfections and Advantages of the younger and later Years of Man, they are so near in their Condition, that, methinks, it should be incredible we see so little Commerce of Kindness between them. If we consider Youth and Age with *\_Tully\_*, regarding the Affinity to Death, Youth has many more Chances to be near it than Age; what Youth can say more than an old Man, 'He shall live 'till Night?' Youth catches Distempers more easily, its Sickness is more violent, and its Recovery more doubtful. The Youth indeed hopes for many more Days, so cannot the old Man. The Youth's Hopes are ill-grounded; for what is more foolish than to place any Confidence upon an Uncertainty? But the old Man has not Room so much as for Hope; he is still happier than the Youth, he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for: One wishes to live long, the other has lived long. But alas, is there any thing in human Life, the Duration of which can be called long? There is nothing which must end to be valued for its Continuance. If Hours, Days, Months, and Years pass away, it is no matter what Hour, what Day, what Month, or what Year we die. The Applause of a good Actor is due to him at whatever Scene of the Play he makes his Exit. It is thus in the Life of a Man of Sense, a short Life is sufficient to manifest himself a Man of Honour and Virtue; when he ceases to be such he has lived too long, and while he is such, it is of no Consequence to him how long he shall be so, provided he is so to his Life's End.

T.

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[Footnote 1: a Young]

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No. 154. Monday, August 27, 1711. Steele.

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'Nemo repente fuit turpissimus ...'

Juv.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

'You are frequent in the mention of Matters which concern the feminine World, and take upon you to be very severe against Men upon all those Occasions: But all this while I am afraid you have been very little conversant with Women, or you would know the generality of them are not so angry as you imagine at the general Vices [among [1]] us. I am apt to believe (begging your Pardon) that you are still what I my self was once, a queer modest Fellow; and therefore, for your Information, shall give you a short Account of my self, and the Reasons why I was forced to wench, drink, play, and do every thing which are necessary to the Character of a Man of Wit and Pleasure, to be well with the Ladies.

You are to know then that I was bred a Gentleman, and had the finishing Part of my Education under a Man of great Probity, Wit, and Learning, in one of our Universities. I will not deny but this made my Behaviour and Mein bear in it a Figure of Thought rather than Action; and a Man of a quite contrary Character, who never thought in his Life, rallied me one Day upon it, and said, He believed I was still a Virgin. There was a young Lady of Virtue present, and I was not displeas'd to favour the Insinuation; but it had a quite contrary Effect from what I expected. I was ever after treated with great Coldness both by that Lady and all the rest of my Acquaintance. In a very little time I never came into a Room but I could hear a Whisper, Here comes the Maid: A Girl of Humour would on some [Occasion [2]] say, Why, how do you know more than any of us? An Expression of that kind was generally followed by a loud Laugh: In a word, for no other Fault in the World than that they really thought me as innocent as themselves, I became of no Consequence among them, and

was received always upon the Foot of a Jest. This made so strong an Impression upon me, that I resolved to be as agreeable as the best of the Men who laugh'd at me; but I observed it was Nonsense for me to be Impudent at first among those who knew me: My Character for Modesty was so notorious wherever I had hitherto appeared, that I resolved to shew my new Face in new Quarters of the World. My first Step I chose with Judgment; for I went to *\_Astrop\_*, [3] and came down among a Crowd of Academicks, at one Dash, the impudentest Fellow they had ever seen in their Lives. Flushed with this Success, I made Love and was happy. Upon this Conquest I thought it would be unlike a Gentleman to stay longer with my Mistress, and crossed the Country to *\_Bury\_*: I could give you a very good Account of my self at that Place also. At these two ended my first Summer of Gallantry. The Winter following, you would wonder at it, but I relapsed into Modesty upon coming among People of Figure in *\_London\_*, yet not so much but that the Ladies who had formerly laughed at me, said, Bless us! how wonderfully that Gentleman is improved? Some Familiarities about the Play-houses towards the End of the ensuing Winter, made me conceive new Hopes of Adventures; and instead of returning the next Summer to *Astrop* or *\_Bury\_*, [4] I thought my self qualified to go to *\_Epsom\_*, and followed a young Woman, whose Relations were jealous of my Place in her Favour, to *Scarborough*. I carried my Point, and in my third Year aspired to go to *\_Tunbridge\_*, and in the Autumn of the same Year made my Appearance at *Bath*. I was now got into the Way of Talk proper for Ladies, and was run into a vast Acquaintance among them, which I always improved to the *best Advantage*. In all this Course of Time, and some Years following, I found a sober modest Man was always looked upon by both Sexes as a precise unfashioned Fellow of no Life or Spirit. It was ordinary for a Man who had been drunk in good Company, or passed a Night with a Wench, to speak of it next Day before Women for whom he had the greatest Respect. He was reprov'd, perhaps, with a Blow of the Fan, or an Oh Fie, but the angry Lady still preserved an apparent Approbation in her Countenance: He was called a strange wicked Fellow, a sad Wretch; he shrugs his Shoulders, swears, receives another Blow, swears again he did not know he swore, and all was well. You might often see Men game in the Presence of Women, and throw at once for more than they were worth, to recommend themselves as Men of Spirit. I found by long Experience that the loosest Principles and most abandoned Behaviour, carried all before them in Pretensions to Women of Fortune. The Encouragement given to People of this Stamp, made me soon throw off the remaining Impressions of a sober Education. In the above-mentioned Places, as well as in Town, I always kept Company with those who lived most at large; and in due Process of Time I was a pretty Rake among the Men, and a very pretty Fellow among the Women. I must confess, I had some melancholy Hours upon the Account of the Narrowness of my Fortune, but my Conscience at the same time gave me the Comfort that I had qualified my self for marrying a Fortune.

When I had lived in this manner for some time, and became thus accomplished, I was now in the twenty seventh Year of my Age, and about the Forty seventh of my Constitution, my Health and Estate wasting very fast; when I happened to fall into the Company of a very pretty young Lady in her own Disposal. I entertained the Company, as we Men of Gallantry generally do, with the many Haps and Disasters, Watchings under Windows, Escapes from jealous Husbands, and several other Perils. The young Thing was wonderfully charmed with one that knew the World so well, and talked so fine; with *\_Desdemona\_*, all her Lover said affected her; *\_it was strange, 'twas wondrous strange\_*. In a word, I saw the Impression I had made upon her, and with a very little Application the pretty Thing has married me. There is so much Charm in her Innocence and Beauty, that I do now as much detest the Course I have been in for many Years, as I ever did before I entred into it.

What I intend, Mr. SPECTATOR, by writing all this to you, is that you would, before you go any further with your Panegyrics on the Fair Sex, give them some Lectures upon their silly Approbations. It is that I am weary of Vice, and that it was not my natural Way, that I am now so far recovered as not to bring this believing dear Creature to Contempt and Poverty for her Generosity to me. At the same time tell the Youth of good Education of our Sex, that they take too little Care of improving themselves in little things: A good Air at entering into a Room, a proper Audacity in expressing himself with Gaiety and Gracefulness, would make a young Gentleman of Virtue and Sense capable of discountenancing the shallow impudent Rogues that shine among the Women.

Mr. SPECTATOR, I don't doubt but you are a very sagacious Person, but you are so great with *Tully* of late, that I fear you will contemn these Things as Matters of no Consequence: But believe me, Sir, they are of the highest Importance to Human Life; and if you can do any thing towards opening fair Eyes, you will lay an Obligation upon all your Contemporaries who are Fathers, Husbands, or Brothers to Females.

\_Your most affectionate humble Servant,\_ Simon Honeycomb.

T.

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[Footnote 1: amongst]

[Footnote 2: Occasions]

[Footnote 3: A small Spa, in Northamptonshire, upon the Oxford border. From Astrop to Bath the scale of fashion rises.]

[Footnote 4: Bury Fair and Epsom Wells gave titles to two of Shadwell's Comedies.]

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No. I55. [1] Tuesday, August 28, 1711. Steele.

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'... Hæ nugæ seria ducunt In mala ...'

Hor.

I have more than once taken Notice of an indecent Licence taken in Discourse, wherein the Conversation on one Part is involuntary, and the Effect of some necessary Circumstance. This happens in travelling together in the same hired Coach, sitting near each other in any publick Assembly, or the like. I have, upon making Observations of this sort, received innumerable Messages from that Part of the Fair Sex whose Lot in Life is to be of any Trade or publick Way of Life. They are all to a Woman urgent with me to lay before the World the unhappy Circumstances they are under, from the unreasonable Liberty which is taken in their Presence, to talk on what Subject it is thought fit by every Coxcomb who wants Understanding or Breeding. One or two of these Complaints I shall set down.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

'I Keep a Coffee-house, and am one of those whom you have thought fit to mention as an Idol some time ago. I suffered a good deal of Raillery upon that Occasion; but shall heartily forgive you, who are the Cause of it, if you will do me Justice in another Point. What I ask of you, is, to acquaint my Customers (who are otherwise very good ones) that I am unavoidably hasped in my Bar, and cannot help hearing the improper Discourses they are pleased to entertain me with. They strive who shall say the most immodest Things in my Hearing: At the same time half a dozen of them loll at the Bar staring just in my Face, ready to interpret my Looks and Gestures according to their own Imaginations. In this passive Condition I know not where to cast my Eyes, place my Hands, or what to employ my self in: But this Confusion is to be a Jest, and I hear them say in the End, with an Air of Mirth and Subtlety, Let her alone, she knows as well as we, for all she looks so. Good Mr. SPECTATOR, persuade Gentlemen that it is out of all Decency: Say it is possible a Woman may be modest and yet keep a Publick-house. Be pleased to argue, that in truth the Affront is the more unpardonable because I am oblig'd to suffer it, and cannot fly from it. I do assure you, Sir, the Chearfulness of Life which would arise from the honest Gain I have, is utterly lost to me, from the endless, flat, impertinent Pleasantries which I hear from Morning to Night. In a Word, it is too much for me to bear, and I desire you to acquaint them, that I will keep Pen and Ink at the Bar, and write down all they say to me, and send it to you for the Press. It is

possible when they see how empty what they speak, without the Advantage of an impudent Countenance and Gesture, will appear, they may come to some Sense of themselves, and the Insults they are guilty of towards me. I am, *\_SIR\_*,

*\_Your most humble Servant\_*,

*The Idol.*

This Representation is so just, that it is hard to speak of it without an Indignation which perhaps would appear too elevated to such as can be guilty of this inhuman Treatment, where they see they affront a modest, plain, and ingenuous Behaviour. This Correspondent is not the only Sufferer in this kind, for I have long Letters both from the *Royal* and *New Exchange* on the same Subject. They tell me that a young Fop cannot buy a Pair of Gloves, but he is at the same time straining for some Ingenious Ribaldry to say to the young Woman who helps them on. It is no small Addition to the Calamity, that the Rogues buy as hard as the plainest and modestest Customers they have; besides which, they loll upon their Counters half an Hour longer than they need, to drive away other Customers, who are to share their Impertinencies with the Milliner, or go to another Shop. Letters from *'Change-Alley\_* are full of the same Evil, and the Girls tell me except I can chase some eminent Merchants from their Shops they shall in a short time fail. It is very unaccountable, that Men can have so little Deference to all Mankind who pass by them, as to bear being seen toying by two's and three's at a time, with no other Purpose but to appear gay enough to keep up a light Conversation of Common-place Jests, to the Injury of her whose Credit is certainly hurt by it, tho' their own may be strong enough to bear it. When we come to have exact Accounts of these Conversations, it is not to be doubted but that their Discourses will raise the usual Stile of buying and selling: Instead of the plain downright lying, and asking and bidding so unequally to what they will really give and take, we may hope to have from these fine Folks an Exchange of Compliments. There must certainly be a great deal of pleasant Difference between the Commerce of Lovers, and that of all other Dealers, who are, in a kind, Adversaries. A sealed Bond, or a Bank-Note, would be a pretty Gallantry to convey unseen into the Hands of one whom a Director is charmed with; otherwise the City-Loiterers are still more unreasonable than those at the other End of the Town: At the *New Exchange* they are eloquent for want of Cash, but in the City they ought with Cash to supply their want of Eloquence.

If one might be serious on this prevailing Folly, one might observe, that it is a melancholy thing, when the World is mercenary even to the buying and selling our very Persons, that young Women, tho' they have never so great Attractions from Nature, are never the nearer being happily disposed of in Marriage; I say, it is very hard under this Necessity, it shall not be possible for them to go into a way of Trade for their Maintenance, but their very Excellencies and personal Perfections shall be a Disadvantage to them, and subject them to be treated as if they stood there to sell their Persons to Prostitution. There cannot be a more melancholy Circumstance to one who has made any Observation in the World, than one of those erring Creatures exposed to Bankruptcy. When that happens, none of these toying Fools will do any more than any other Man they meet to preserve her from Infamy, Insult, and Distemper. A Woman is naturally more helpless than the other Sex; and a Man of Honour and Sense should have this in his View in all Manner of Commerce with her. Were this well weighed, Inconsideration, Ribaldry, and Nonsense, would not be more natural to entertain Women with than Men; and it would be as much Impertinence to go into a Shop of one of these young Women without buying, as into that of any other Trader. I shall end this Speculation with a Letter I have received from a pretty Milliner in the City.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I have read your Account of Beauties, and was not a little surprized to find no Character of my self in it. I do assure you I have little else to do but to give Audience as I am such. Here are Merchants of no small Consideration, who call in as certainly as they go to *'Change\_*, to say something of my roguish Eye: And here is one who makes me once or twice a Week tumble over all my Goods, and then owns it was only a

Gallantry to see me act with these pretty Hands; then lays out three Pence in a little Ribbon for his Wrist-bands, and thinks he is a Man of great Vivacity. There is an ugly Thing not far off me, whose Shop is frequented only by People of Business, that is all Day long as busy as possible. Must I that am a Beauty be treated with for nothing but my Beauty? Be pleased to assign Rates to my kind Glances, or make all pay who come to see me, or I shall be undone by my Admirers for want of Customers. *\_Albacinda\_*, *\_Eudosia\_*, and all the rest would be used just as we are, if they were in our Condition; therefore pray consider the Distress of us the lower Order of Beauties, and I shall be

*\_Your obliged humble Servant.\_*

T.

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[Footnote 1: In the first issue this is numbered by mistake 156. The wrong numbering is continued to No. 163, when two successive papers are numbered 163; there is no 164, and then two papers are numbered 165. After this, at 166 the numbering falls right.]

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No. 156. Wednesday, August 29, 1711. Steele.

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'... Sed tu simul obligasti Perfidum votis caput, enitescis Pulchrior multo ...'

Hor.

I do not think any thing could make a pleasanter Entertainment, than the History of the reigning Favourites among the Women from Time to Time about this Town: In such an Account we ought to have a faithful Confession of each Lady for what she liked such and such a Man, and he ought to tell us by what particular Action or Dress he believed he should be most successful. As for my part, I have always made as easy a Judgment when a Man dresses for the Ladies, as when he is equipped for Hunting or Coursing. The Woman's Man is a Person in his Air and Behaviour quite different from the rest of our Species: His Garb is more loose and negligent, his Manner more soft and indolent; that is to say, in both these Cases there is an apparent Endeavour to appear unconcerned and careless. In catching Birds the Fowlers have a Method of imitating their Voices to bring them to the Snare; and your Women's Men have always a Similitude of the Creature they hope to betray, in their own Conversation. A Woman's Man is very knowing in all that passes from one Family to another, has little pretty Officiousnesses, is not at a loss what is good for a Cold, and it is not amiss if he has a Bottle of Spirits in his Pocket in case of any sudden Indisposition.

Curiosity having been my prevailing Passion, and indeed the sole Entertainment of my Life, I have sometimes made it my business to examine the Course of Intreagues as well as the Manners and Accomplishments of such as have been most successful that Way. In all my Observation, I never knew a Man of good Understanding a general Favourite; some Singularity in his Behaviour, some Whim in his Way of Life, and what would have made him ridiculous among the Men, has recommended him to the other Sex. I should be very sorry to offend a People so fortunate as these of whom I am speaking; but let any one look over the old Beaux, and he will find the Man of Success was remarkable for quarrelling impertinently for their Sakes, for dressing unlike the rest of the World, or passing his Days in an insipid Assiduity about the Fair Sex, to gain the Figure he made amongst them. Add to this that he must have the Reputation of being well with other Women, to please any one Woman of Gallantry; for you are to know, that there is a mighty Ambition among the light Part of the Sex to gain Slaves from the Dominion of others. My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB says it was a common Bite with him to lay Suspicions that he was favoured by a Lady's Enemy, that is some rival Beauty, to be well with herself. A little Spite is natural to a great Beauty: and it is ordinary to snap up a disagreeable Fellow lest another should have him. That impudent Toad *Bareface* fares well among all the Ladies he converses with, for no other Reason in the World but that he has the Skill to keep them from

Explanation one with another. Did they know there is not one who likes him in her Heart, each would declare her Scorn of him the next Moment; but he is well received by them because it is the Fashion, and Opposition to each other brings them insensibly into an Imitation of each other. What adds to him the greatest Grace is, the pleasant Thief, as they call him, is the most inconstant Creature living, has a wonderful deal of Wit and Humour, and never wants something to say; besides all which, he has a most spiteful dangerous Tongue if you should provoke him.

To make a Woman's Man, he must not be a Man of Sense, or a Fool; the Business is to entertain, and it is much better to have a Faculty of arguing, than a Capacity of judging right. But the pleasantest of all the Womens Equipage are your regular Visitants; these are Volunteers in their Service, without Hopes of Pay or Preferment; It is enough that they can lead out from a publick Place, that they are admitted on a publick Day, and can be allowed to pass away part of that heavy Load, their Time, in the Company of the Fair. But commend me above all others to those who are known for your Ruiners of Ladies; these are the choicest Spirits which our Age produces. We have several of these irresistible Gentlemen among us when the Company is in Town. These Fellows are accomplished with the Knowledge of the ordinary Occurrences about Court and Town, have that sort of good Breeding which is exclusive of all Morality, and consists only in being publickly decent, privately dissolute.

It is wonderful how far a fond Opinion of herself can carry a Woman, to make her have the least Regard to a professed known Woman's Man: But as scarce one of all the Women who are in the Tour of Gallantries ever hears any thing of what is the common Sense of sober Minds, but are entertained with a continual Round of Flatteries, they cannot be Mistresses of themselves enough to make Arguments for their own Conduct from the Behaviour of these Men to others. It is so far otherwise, that a general Fame for Falshood in this kind, is a Recommendation: and the Coxcomb, loaded with the Favours of many others, is received like a Victor that disdains his Trophies, to be a Victim to the present Charmer.

If you see a Man more full of Gesture than ordinary in a publick Assembly, if loud upon no Occasion, if negligent of the Company round him, and yet laying wait for destroying by that Negligence, you may take it for granted that he has ruined many a Fair One. The Woman's Man expresses himself wholly in that Motion which we call Strutting: An elevated Chest, a pinched Hat, a measurable Step, and a sly surveying Eye, are the Marks of him. Now and then you see a Gentleman with all these Accomplishments; but alas, any one of them is enough to undo Thousands: When a Gentleman with such Perfections adds to it suitable Learning, there should be publick Warning of his Residence in Town, that we may remove our Wives and Daughters. It happens sometimes that such a fine Man has read all the Miscellany Poems, a few of our Comedies, and has the Translation of *Ovid's* Epistles by Heart. Oh if it were possible that such a one could be as true as he is charming! but that is too much, the Women will share such a dear false Man:

'A little Gallantry to hear him Talk one would indulge one's self in, let him reckon the Sticks of one's Fan, say something of the *Cupids* in it, and then call one so many soft Names which a Man of his Learning has at his Fingers Ends. There sure is some Excuse for Frailty, when attacked by such a Force against a weak Woman.'

Such is the Soliloquy of many a Lady one might name, at the sight of one of these who makes it no Iniquity to go on from Day to Day in the Sin of Woman-Slaughter.

It is certain that People are got into a Way of Affectation, with a manner of overlooking the most solid Virtues, and admiring the most trivial Excellencies. The Woman is so far from expecting to be contemned for being a very injudicious silly Animal, that while she can preserve her Features and her Mein, she knows she is still the Object of Desire; and there is a sort of secret Ambition, from reading frivolous Books, and keeping as frivolous Company, each side to be amiable in Imperfection, and arrive at the Characters of the Dear Deceiver and the Perjured Fair. [1]

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[Footnote 1: To this number is appended the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. SPECTATOR gives his most humble Service to \_Mr. R. M.\_ of Chippenham in \_Wilts\_, and hath received the Patridges.]

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No. 157. Thursday, August 30, 1711. Steele.

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'... Genius natale comes qui temperat astrum Naturæ Deus humanæ Mortalis in unum Quodque Caput ...'

Hor.

I am very much at a loss to express by any Word that occurs to me in our Language that which is understood by *Indoles* in *Latin*. The natural Disposition to any Particular Art, Science, Profession, or Trade, is very much to be consulted in the Care of Youth, and studied by Men for their own Conduct when they form to themselves any Scheme of Life. It is wonderfully hard indeed for a Man to judge of his own Capacity impartially; that may look great to me which may appear little to another, and I may be carried by Fondness towards my self so far, as to attempt Things too high for my Talents and Accomplishments: But it is not methinks so very difficult a Matter to make a Judgment of the Abilities of others, especially of those who are in their Infancy. My Commonplace Book directs me on this Occasion to mention the Dawning of Greatness in \_Alexander\_, who being asked in his Youth to contend for a Prize in the Olympick Games, answered he would, if he had Kings to run against him. \_Cassius\_, who was one of the Conspirators against \_Cæsar\_, gave as great a Proof of his Temper, when in his Childhood he struck a Play-fellow, the Son of \_Sylla\_, for saying his Father was Master of the *Roman* People. *Scipio* is reported to have answered, (when some Flatterers at Supper were asking him what the *Romans* should do for a General after his Death) Take *Marius*. *Marius* was then a very Boy, and had given no Instances of his Valour; but it was visible to *Scipio* from the Manners of the Youth, that he had a Soul formed for the Attempt and Execution of great Undertakings. I must confess I have very often with much Sorrow bewailed the Misfortune of the Children of \_Great Britain\_, when I consider the Ignorance and Undiscerning of the Generality of Schoolmasters. The boasted Liberty we talk of is but a mean Reward for the long Servitude, the many Heart-aches and Terrors, to which our Childhood is exposed in going through a Grammar-School: Many of these stupid Tyrants exercise their Cruelty without any manner of Distinction of the Capacities of Children, or the Intention of Parents in their Behalf. There are many excellent Tempers which are worthy to be nourished and cultivated with all possible Diligence and Care, that were never designed to be acquainted with \_Aristotle, Tully\_, or \_Virgil\_; and there are as many who have Capacities for understanding every Word those great Persons have writ, and yet were not born to have any Relish of their Writings. For want of this common and obvious discerning in those who have the Care of Youth, we have so many hundred unaccountable Creatures every Age whipped up into great Scholars, that are for ever near a right Understanding, and will never arrive at it. These are the Scandal of Letters, and these are generally the Men who are to teach others. The Sense of Shame and Honour is enough to keep the World itself in Order without Corporal Punishment, much more to train the Minds of uncorrupted and innocent Children. It happens, I doubt not, more than once in a Year, that a Lad is chastised for a Blockhead, when it is good Apprehension that makes him incapable of knowing what his Teacher means: A brisk Imagination very often may suggest an Error, which a Lad could not have fallen into, if he had been as heavy in conjecturing as his Master in explaining: But there is no Mercy even towards a wrong Interpretation of his Meaning, the Sufferings of the Scholar's Body are to rectify the Mistakes of his Mind.

I am confident that no Boy who will not be allured to Letters without Blows, will ever be brought to any thing with them. A great or good Mind must necessarily be the worse for such Indignities; and it is a sad Change to

lose of its Virtue for the Improvement of its Knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great School, but must remember to have seen Children of excellent and ingenuous Natures, (as has afterwards appeared in their Manhood) I say no Man has passed through this way of Education, but must have seen an ingenuous Creature expiring with Shame, with pale Looks, beseeching Sorrow, and silent Tears, throw up its honest Eyes, and kneel on its tender Knees to an inexorable Blockhead, to be forgiven the false Quantity of a Word in making a Latin Verse; The Child is punished, and the next Day he commits a like Crime, and so a third with the same Consequence. I would fain ask any reasonable Man whether this Lad, in the Simplicity of his native Innocence, full of Shame, and capable of any Impression from that Grace of Soul, was not fitter for any Purpose in this Life, than after that Spark of Virtue is extinguished in him, tho' he is able to write twenty Verses in an Evening?

Seneca says, after his exalted way of Talking, *As the immortal Gods never learnt any Virtue, tho they are endowed with all that is good; so there are some Men who have so natural a Propensity to what they should follow, that they learn it almost as soon as they hear it.* [1] Plants and Vegetables are cultivated into the Production of finer Fruit than they would yield without that Care; and yet we cannot entertain Hopes of producing a tender conscious Spirit into Acts of Virtue, without the same Methods as is used to cut Timber, or give new Shape to a Piece of Stone.

It is wholly to this dreadful Practice that we may attribute a certain Hardiness and Ferocity which some Men, tho' liberally educated, carry about them in all their Behaviour. To be bred like a Gentleman, and punished like a Malefactor, must, as we see it does, produce that illiberal Sauciness which we see sometimes in Men of Letters.

The *Spartan* Boy who suffered the Fox (which he had stolen and hid under his Coat) to eat into his Bowels, I dare say had not half the Wit or Petulance which we learn at great Schools among us: But the glorious Sense of Honour, or rather Fear of Shame, which he demonstrated in that Action, was worth all the Learning in the World without it.

It is methinks a very melancholy Consideration, that a little Negligence can spoil us, but great Industry is necessary to improve us; the most excellent Natures are soon depreciated, but evil Tempers are long before they are exalted into good Habits. To help this by Punishments, is the same thing as killing a Man to cure him of a Distemper; when he comes to suffer Punishment in that one Circumstance, he is brought below the Existence of a rational Creature, and is in the State of a Brute that moves only by the Admonition of Stripes. But since this Custom of educating by the Lash is suffered by the Gentry of *Great Britain*, I would prevail only that honest heavy Lads may be dismissed from Slavery sooner than they are at present, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth Year, whether they expect any Progress from them or not. Let the Child's Capacity be forthwith examined and [he] sent to some Mechanick Way of Life, without respect to his Birth, if Nature designed him for nothing higher: let him go before he has innocently suffered, and is debased into a Dereliction of Mind for being what it is no Guilt to be, a plain Man. I would not here be supposed to have said, that our learned Men of either Robe who have been whipped at School, are not still Men of noble and liberal Minds; but I am sure they had been much more so than they are, had they never suffered that Infamy.

But tho' there is so little Care, as I have observed, taken, or Observation made of the natural Strain of Men, it is no small Comfort to me, as a SPECTATOR, that there is any right Value set upon the *bona Indoles* of other Animals; as appears by the following Advertisement handed about the County of *Lincoln*, and subscribed by *Enos Thomas*, a Person whom I have not the Honour to know, but suppose to be profoundly learned in Horse-flesh.

*A Chesnut Horse called Cæsar, bred by James Darcy, Esq., at Sedbury, near Richmond in the County of York; his Grandam was his old royal Mare, and got by Blunderbuss, which was got by Hemsly Turk, and he got Mr. Courand's Arabian, which got Mr. Minshul's Jews-trump. Mr. Cæsar sold him to a Nobleman (coming five Years old, when he had but one Sweat) for three hundred Guineas. A Guinea a Leap*

and Trial, and a Shilling the Man\_.

T. Enos Thomas.

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[Footnote 1: Epist. 95.]

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No. 158. Friday, August 31, 1711. Steele.

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'Nos hoec novimus esse nihil.'

Martial.

Out of a firm Regard to Impartiality, I print these Letters, let them make for me or not.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I have observed through the whole Course of your Rhapsodies, (as you once very well called them) you are very industrious to overthrow all that many your Superiors who have gone before you have made their Rule of writing. I am now between fifty and sixty, and had the Honour to be well with the first Men of Taste and Gallantry in the joyous Reign of *Charles* the Second: We then had, I humbly presume, as good Understandings among us as any now can pretend to. As for yourself, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, you seem with the utmost Arrogance to undermine the very Fundamentals upon which we conducted our selves. It is monstrous to set up for a Man of Wit, and yet deny that Honour in a Woman is any thing else but Peevishness, that Inclination [is [1]] the best Rule of Life, or Virtue and Vice any thing else but Health and Disease. We had no more to do but to put a Lady into good Humour, and all we could wish followed of Course. Then again, your *\_Tully\_*, and your Discourses of another Life, are the very Bane of Mirth and good Humour. Pr'ythee don't value thyself on thy Reason at that exorbitant Rate, and the Dignity of human Nature; take my Word for it, a Setting-dog has as good Reason as any Man in *England*. Had you (as by your Diurnals one would think you do) set up for being in vogue in Town, you should have fallen in with the Bent of Passion and Appetite; your Songs had then been in every pretty Mouth in *\_England\_*, and your little Distichs had been the Maxims of the Fair and the Witty to walk by: But alas, Sir, what can you hope for from entertaining People with what must needs make them like themselves worse than they did before they read you? Had you made it your Business to describe *Corinna* charming, though inconstant, to find something in human Nature itself to make *Zoilus* excuse himself for being fond of her; and to make every Man in good Commerce with his own Reflections, you had done something worthy our Applause; but indeed, Sir, we shall not commend you for disapproving us. I have a great deal more to say to you, but I shall sum it up all in this one Remark, In short, Sir, you do not write like a Gentleman.

'I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant.'

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*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

'The other Day we were several of us at a Tea-Table, and according to Custom and your own Advice had the *Spectator* read among us: It was that Paper wherein you are pleased to treat with great Freedom that Character which you call a Woman's Man. We gave up all the Kinds you have mentioned, except those who, you say, are our constant Visitants. I was upon the Occasion commissioned by the Company to write to you and tell you, That we shall not part with the Men we have at present, 'till the Men of Sense think fit to relieve them, and give us their Company in their Stead. You cannot imagine but that we love to hear Reason and good Sense better than the Ribaldry we are at present entertained with, but we must have Company, and among us very inconsiderable is better than none at all. We are made for the Cements of Society, and came into the

World to create Relations among Mankind; and Solitude is an unnatural Being to us. If the Men of good Understanding would forget a little of their Severity, they would find their Account in it; and their Wisdom would have a Pleasure in it, to which they are now Strangers. It is natural among us when Men have a true Relish of our Company and our Value, to say every thing with a better Grace; and there is without designing it something ornamental in what Men utter before Women, which is lost or neglected in Conversations of Men only. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, it would do you no great Harm if you yourself came a little more into our Company; it would certainly cure you of a certain positive and determining Manner in which you talk sometimes. In hopes of your Amendment,

I am, SIR,

'Your gentle Reader\_.'

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

'Your professed Regard to the Fair Sex, may perhaps make them value your Admonitions when they will not those of other Men. I desire you, Sir, to repeat some Lectures upon Subjects which you have now and then in a cursory manner only just touched. I would have a *Spectator* wholly writ upon good Breeding: and after you have asserted that Time and Place are to be very much considered in all our Actions, it will be proper to dwell upon Behaviour at Church. On Sunday last a grave and reverend Man preached at our Church: There was something particular in his Accent, but without any manner of Affectation. This Particularity a Set of Gigglers thought the most necessary Thing to be taken notice of in his whole Discourse, and made it an Occasion of Mirth during the whole time of Sermon: You should see one of them ready to burst behind a Fan, another pointing to a Companion in another Seat, and a fourth with an arch Composure, as if she would if possible stifle her Laughter. There were many Gentlemen who looked at them stedfastly, but this they took for ogling and admiring them: There was one of the merry ones in particular, that found out but just then that she had but five Fingers, for she fell a reckoning the pretty Pieces of Ivory over and over again, to find her self Employment and not laugh out. Would it not be expedient, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, that the Church-warden should hold up his Wand on these Occasions, and keep the Decency of the Place as a Magistrate does the Peace in a Tumult elsewhere?

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I am a Woman's Man, and read with a very fine Lady your Paper, wherein you fall upon us whom you envy: What do you think I did? you must know she was dressing, I read the *Spectator* to her, and she laughed at the Places where she thought I was touched; I threw away your Moral, and taking up her Girdle cried out,

\_Give me but what this Ribbon bound, Take all the rest the [Sun [2]] goes round\_. [3]

She smiled, Sir, and said you were a Pedant; so say of me what you please, read *Seneca* and quote him against me if you think fit. \_I am\_, \_SIR, Your humble Servant\_.

[Footnote 1: is not]

[Footnote 2: \_World\_]

[Footnote 3: Waller, *On a Girdle.*]

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... Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum Caligat, nubem eripiam ...

Virg.

When I was at *\_Grand Cairo\_*, I picked up several Oriental Manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *\_The Visions of Mirzah\_*, which I have read over with great Pleasure. I intend to give it to the Publick when I have noother Entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first Vision, which I have translated Word for Word as follows.

'On the fifth Day of the Moon, which according to the Custom of my Forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed my self, and offered up my Morning Devotions, I ascended the high Hills of *\_Bagdat\_*, in order to pass the rest of the Day in Meditation and Prayer. As I was here airing my self on the Tops of the Mountains, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the Vanity of human Life; and passing from one Thought to another, Surely, said I, Man is but a Shadow and Life a Dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my Eyes towards the Summit of a Rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the Habit of a Shepherd, with a little Musical Instrument in his Hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his Lips, and began to play upon it. The Sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a Variety of Tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: They put me in mind of those heavenly Airs that are played to the departed Souls of good Men upon their first Arrival in Paradise, to wear out the Impressions of the last Agonies, and qualify them for the Pleasures of that happy Place. My Heart melted away in secret Raptures.

I had been often told that the Rock before me was the Haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with Musick who had passed by it, but never heard that the Musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my Thoughts by those transporting Airs which he played, to taste the Pleasures of his Conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his Hand directed me to approach the Place where he sat. I drew near with that Reverence which is due to a superior Nature; and as my Heart was entirely subdued by the captivating Strains I had heard, I fell down at his Feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a Look of Compassion and Affability that familiarized him to my Imagination, and at once dispelled all the Fears and Apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the Ground, and taking me by the hand, *\_Mirzah\_*, said he, I have heard thee in thy Soliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the highest Pinnacle of the Rock, and placing me on the Top of it, Cast thy Eyes Eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge Valley, and a prodigious Tide of Water rolling through it. The Valley that thou seest, said he, is the Vale of Misery, and the Tide of Water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity. What is the Reason, said I, that the Tide I see rises out of a thick Mist at one End, and again loses itself in a thick Mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that Portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the Sun, and reaching from the Beginning of the World to its Consummation. Examine now, said he, this Sea that is bounded with Darkness at both Ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a Bridge, said I, standing in the Midst of the Tide. The Bridge thou seest, said he, is human Life, consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely Survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire Arches, with several broken Arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the Number about an hundred. As I was counting the Arches, the Genius told me that this Bridge consisted at first of a thousand Arches; but that a great Flood swept away the rest, and left the Bridge in the ruinous Condition I now beheld it: But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see Multitudes of People passing over it, said I, and a black Cloud hanging on each End of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the Passengers dropping thro' the Bridge, into the great Tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther Examination, perceived there were innumerable Trap-doors that lay concealed in the Bridge, which the Passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell thro' them into the Tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden Pit-falls were set very thick at the Entrance of the Bridge, so that the Throngs of People no sooner broke through the Cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the Middle, but

multiplied and lay closer together towards the End of the Arches that were entire.

There were indeed some Persons, but their Number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling March on the broken Arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a Walk.

I passed some Time in the Contemplation of this wonderful Structure, and the great Variety of Objects which it presented. My Heart was filled with a deep Melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of Mirth and Jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the Heavens in a thoughtful Posture, and in the midst of a Speculation stumbled and fell out of Sight. Multitudes were very busy in the Pursuit of Bubbles that glittered in their Eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them their Footing failed and down they sunk. In this Confusion of Objects, I observed some with Scymetars in their Hands, and others with Urinals, who ran to and fro upon the Bridge, thrusting several Persons on Trap-doors which did not seem to [lie in their Way,[1]] and which they might have escaped had they not been forced upon them.

The Genius seeing me indulge my self in this melancholy Prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine Eyes off the Bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great Flights of Birds that are perpetually hovering about the Bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see Vultures, Harpyes, Ravens, Cormorants, and among many other feather'd Creatures several little winged Boys, that perch in great Numbers upon the middle Arches. These, said the Genius, are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like Cares and Passions that infest human Life.

I here fetched a deep Sigh, Alas, said I, Man was made in vain! How is he given away to Misery and Mortality! tortured in Life, and swallowed up in Death! The Genius being moved with Compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a Prospect: Look no more, said he, on Man in the first Stage of his Existence, in his setting out for Eternity; but cast thine Eye on that thick Mist into which the Tide bears the several Generations of Mortals that fall into it. I directed my Sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural Force, or dissipated Part of the Mist that was before too thick for the Eye to penetrate) I saw the Valley opening at the farther End, and spreading forth into an immense Ocean, that had a huge Rock of Adamant running through the Midst of it, and dividing it into two equal Parts. The Clouds still rested on one Half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: But the other appeared to me a vast Ocean planted with innumerable Islands, that were covered with Fruits and Flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining Seas that ran among them. I could see Persons dressed in glorious Habits with Garlands upon their Heads, passing among the Trees, lying down by the Side of Fountains, or resting on Beds of Flowers; and could hear a confused Harmony of singing Birds, falling Waters, human Voices, and musical Instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the Discovery of so delightful a Scene. I wished for the Wings of an Eagle, that I might fly away to those happy Seats; but the Genius told me there was no Passage to them, except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every Moment upon the Bridge. The Islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole Face of the Ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in Number than the Sands on the Sea-shore; there are Myriads of Islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine Eye, or even thine Imagination can extend it self. These are the Mansions of good Men after Death, who according to the Degree and Kinds of Virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several Islands, which abound with Pleasures of different Kinds and Degrees, suitable to the Relishes and Perfections of those who are settled in them; every Island is a Paradise accommodated to its respective Inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, Habitations worth contending for? Does Life appear miserable, that gives thee Opportunities of earning such a Reward? Is Death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an Existence? Think not Man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible Pleasure on these happy Islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the Secrets that lie hid under those dark Clouds which cover the Ocean on the other side of the Rock of Adamant. The Genius making me no Answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the Vision which I

had been so long contemplating; but Instead of the rolling Tide, the arched Bridge, and the happy Islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow Valley of *\_Bagdat\_*, with Oxen, Sheep, and Camels grazing upon the Sides of it.

*The End of the first Vision of Mirzah.*

C.

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[Footnote 1: "have been laid for them", corrected by an erratum in No. 161.]

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No. 160. Monday, September 3, 1711. Addison.

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'... Cui mens diviniore, atque os Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.'

Hor.

There is no Character more frequently given to a Writer, than that of being a Genius. I have heard many a little Sonneteer called a *fine Genius*. There is not an Heroick Scribler in the Nation, that has not his Admirers who think him a *\_great Genius\_*; and as for your Smatterers in Tragedy, there is scarce a Man among them who is not cried up by one or other for a *prodigious Genius*.

My design in this Paper is to consider what is properly a great Genius, and to throw some Thoughts together on so uncommon a Subject.

Among great Genius's those few draw the Admiration of all the World upon them, and stand up as the Prodigies of Mankind, who by the meer Strength of natural Parts, and without any Assistance of Arts or Learning, have produced Works that were the Delight of their own Times, and the Wonder of Posterity. There appears something nobly wild and extravagant in these great natural Genius's, that is infinitely more beautiful than all the Turn and Polishing of what the *French* call a *\_Bel Esprit\_*, by which they would express a Genius refined by Conversation, Reflection, and the Reading of the most polite Authors. The greatest Genius [which [1]] runs through the Arts and Sciences, takes a kind of Tincture from them, and falls unavoidably into Imitation.

Many of these great natural Genius's that were never disciplined and broken by Rules of Art, are to be found among the Ancients, and in particular among those of the more Eastern Parts of the World. *Homer* has innumerable Flights that *Virgil* was not able to reach, and in the Old Testament we find several Passages more elevated and sublime than any in *Homer*. At the same time that we allow a greater and more daring Genius to the Ancients, we must own that the greatest of them very much failed in, or, if you will, that they were very much above the Nicety and Correctness of the Moderns. In their Similitudes and Allusions, provided there was a Likeness, they did not much trouble themselves about the Decency of the Comparison: Thus *Solomon* resembles the Nose of his Beloved to the Tower of *Libanon* which looketh toward *\_Damascus\_*; as the Coming of a Thief in the Night, is a Similitude of the same kind in the New Testament. It would be endless to make Collections of this Nature; *Homer* illustrates one of his Heroes encompassed with the Enemy by an Ass in a Field of Corn that has his Sides belaboured by all the Boys of the Village without stirring a Foot for it: and another of them tossing to and fro in his Bed and burning with Resentment, to a Piece of Flesh broiled on the Coals. This particular Failure in the Ancients, opens a large Field of Raillery to the little Wits, who can laugh at an Indecency but not relish the Sublime in these Sorts of Writings. The present Emperor of *\_Persia\_*, conformable to this Eastern way of Thinking, amidst a great many pompous Titles, denominates himself The Sun of Glory and the Nutmeg of Delight. In short, to cut off all Cavilling against the Ancients and particularly those of the warmer Climates who had most Heat and Life in their Imaginations, we are to consider that the

Rule of observing what the *French* call the *\_Bienséance\_* in an Allusion, has been found out of latter Years, and in the colder Regions of the World; where we would make some Amends for our want of Force and Spirit, by a scrupulous Nicety and Exactness in our Compositions.

Our Countryman *Shakespear* was a remarkable Instance of this first kind of great Genius's.

I cannot quit this Head without observing that *Pindar* was a great Genius of the first Class, who was hurried on by a natural Fire and Impetuosity to vast Conceptions of things and noble Sallies of Imagination. At the same time, can any thing be more ridiculous than for Men of a sober and moderate Fancy to imitate this Poet's Way of Writing in those monstrous Compositions which go among us under the Name of Pindaricks? When I see People copying Works which, as *Horace* has represented them, are singular in their Kind, and inimitable; when I see Men following Irregularities by Rule, and by the little Tricks of Art straining after the most unbounded Flights of Nature, I cannot but apply to them that Passage in *\_Terence\_*:

... *Incerta hæc si tu postules Ratione certâ facere, nihilo plus agas, Quàm si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias\_.*

In short a modern Pindarick Writer, compared with *\_Pindar\_*, is like a Sister among the Camisars [2] compared with *\_Virgil\_'s* Sibyl: There is the Distortion, Grimace, and outward Figure, but nothing of that divine Impulse which raises the Mind above its self, and makes the Sounds more than human.

[There is another kind of great Genius's which I shall place in a second Class, not as I think them inferior to the first, but only for Distinction's sake, as they are of a different kind. This [3]] second Class of great Genius's are those that have formed themselves by Rules, and submitted the Greatness of their natural Talents to the Corrections and Restraints of Art. Such among the *Greeks* were *Plato* and *\_Aristotle\_*; among the *\_Romans\_*, *Virgil* and *\_Tully\_*; among the *\_English\_*, *Milton* and Sir *Francis Bacon*.

[4] The Genius in both these Classes of Authors may be equally great, but shews itself [after [5]] a different Manner. In the first it is like a rich Soil in a happy Climate, that produces a whole Wilderness of noble Plants rising in a thousand beautiful Landskips, without any certain Order or Regularity. In the other it is the same rich Soil under the same happy Climate, that has been laid out in Walks and Parterres, and cut into Shape and Beauty by the Skill of the Gardener.

The great Danger in these latter kind of Genius's, is, lest they cramp their own Abilities too much by Imitation, and form themselves altogether upon Models, without giving the full Play to their own natural Parts. An Imitation of the best Authors is not to compare with a good Original; and I believe we may observe that very few Writers make an extraordinary Figure in the World, who have not something in their Way of thinking or expressing themselves that is peculiar to them, and entirely their own.

[6] It is odd to consider what great Genius's are sometimes thrown away upon Trifles.

I once saw a Shepherd, says a famous *Italian* Author, [who [7]] used to divert himself in his Solitudes with tossing up Eggs and catching them again without breaking them: In which he had arrived to so great a degree of Perfection, that he would keep up four at a time for several Minutes together playing in the Air, and falling into his Hand by Turns. I think, says the Author, I never saw a greater Severity than in this Man's Face; for by his wonderful Perseverance and Application, he had contracted the Seriousness and Gravity of a Privy-Councillor; and I could not but reflect with my self, that the same Assiduity and Attention, had they been rightly applied, might have made him a greater Mathematician than *Archimedes*.

C.

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[Footnote 1: that]

[Footnote 2: The Camisars, or French Prophets, originally from the Cevennes, came into England in 1707. With violent agitations and distortions of body they prophesied and claimed also the power to work miracles; even venturing to prophesy that Dr Ernes, a convert of theirs, should rise from the dead five months after burial.]

[Footnote 3: The]

[Footnote 4: Not a new paragraph in the first issue.]

[Footnote 5: in]

[Footnote 7: Not a new paragraph in the first issue.]

[Footnote 8: that]

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No. 161. Tuesday, Sept. 4, 1711. Budgell.

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'Ipse dies agitat festos: Fususque per herbam, Ignis ubi in medio et Socii cratera coronant, Te libans, Lenæe, vocat: pecorisque magistris Velocis Jaculi certamina ponit in ulmo, Corporaque agresti nudat prædura Palæstra. Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini, Hanc Remus et Frater: Sic fortis Etruria crevit, Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.'

Virg. 'G.' 2.

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I am glad that my late going into the Country has encreased the Number of my Correspondents, one of whom sends me the following Letter.

\_SIR\_,

'Though you are pleased to retire from us so soon into the City, I hope you will not think the Affairs of the Country altogether unworthy of your Inspection for the future. I had the Honour of seeing your short Face at Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY'S, and have ever since thought your Person and Writings both extraordinary. Had you stayed there a few Days longer you would have seen a Country \_Wake\_, which you know in most Parts of *England* is the \_Eve–Feast of the Dedication of our Churches\_. I was last Week at one of these Assemblies which was held in a neighbouring Parish; where I found their *Green* covered with a promiscuous Multitude of all Ages and both Sexes, who esteem one another more or less the following Part of the Year according as they distinguish themselves at this Time. The whole Company were in their Holiday Cloaths, and divided into several Parties, all of them endeavouring to shew themselves in those Exercises wherein they excelled, and to gain the Approbation of the Lookers on.

I found a Ring of Cudgel–Players, who were breaking one another's Heads in order to make some Impression on their Mistresses Hearts. I observed a lusty young Fellow, who had the Misfortune of a broken Pate; but what considerably added to the Anguish of the Wound, was his over–hearing an old Man, who shook his Head and said, *That he questioned now if black Kate would marry him these three Years*. I was diverted from a farther Observation of these Combatants, by a Foot–ball Match, which was on the other side of the \_Green\_; where *Tom Short* behaved himself so well, that most People seemed to agree *it was impossible that he should remain a Batchelor till the next Wake*. Having played many a Match my self, I could have looked longer on this Sport, had I not observed a Country Girl, who was posted on an Eminence at some Distance from me, and was making so many odd Grimaces, and writhing and distorting her whole Body in so strange a Manner, as made me very desirous to know the Meaning of it. Upon my coming up to her, I found that she was

overlooking a Ring of Wrestlers, and that her Sweetheart, a Person of small Stature, was contending with an huge brawny Fellow, who twirled him about, and shook the little Man so violently, that by a secret Sympathy of Hearts it produced all those Agitations in the Person of his Mistress, who I dare say, like *\_Cælia\_* in *Shakespear* on the same Occasion, could have *wished herself invisible to catch the strong Fellow by the Leg.* The Squire of the Parish treats the whole Company every Year with a Hogshead of Ale; and proposes a *\_Beaver-Hat\_* as a Recompense to him who gives most *Falls*. This has raised such a Spirit of Emulation in the Youth of the Place, that some of them have rendered themselves very expert at this Exercise; and I was often surmised to see a Fellow's Heels fly up, by a Trip which was given him so smartly that I could scarce discern it. I found that the old Wrestlers seldom entered the Ring, till some one was grown formidable by having thrown two or three of his Opponents; but kept themselves as it were in a reserved Body to defend the Hat, which is always hung up by the Person who gets it in one of the most Conspicuous Parts of the House, and looked upon by the whole Family as something redounding much more to their Honour than a Coat of Arms. There was a Fellow who was so busy in regulating all the Ceremonies, and seemed to carry such an Air of Importance in his Looks, that I could not help inquiring who he was, and was immediately answered, *\_That he did not value himself upon nothing, for that he and his Ancestors had won so many Hats, that his Parlour looked like a Haberdashers Shop:\_* However this Thirst of Glory in them all, was the Reason that no one Man stood *Lord of the Ring* for above three *Falls* while I was amongst them.

The young Maids, who were not Lookers on at these Exercises, were themselves engaged in some Diversion; and upon my asking a Farmer's Son of my own Parish what he was gazing at with so much Attention, he told me, *That he was seeing Betty Welch, whom I knew to be his Sweet-Heart, pitch a Bar.*

In short, I found the men endeavoured to shew the Women they were no Cowards, and that the whole Company strived to recommend themselves to each other, by making it appear that they were all in a perfect State of Health, and fit to undergo any Fatigues of bodily Labour.

Your Judgment upon this Method of *Love* and *\_Gallantry\_*, as it is at present practised amongst us in the Country, will very much oblige,

*\_SIR, Yours\_, &c.'*

If I would here put on the Scholar and Politician, I might inform my Readers how these bodily Exercises or Games were formerly encouraged in all the Commonwealths of *\_Greece\_*; from whence the *Romans* afterwards borrowed their *\_Pentathlum\_*, which was composed of *\_Running, Wrestling, Leaping, Throwing\_*, and *\_Boxing\_*, tho' the Prizes were generally nothing but a Crown of Cypress or Parsley, Hats not being in fashion in those Days: That there is an old Statute, which obliges every Man in *\_England\_*, having such an Estate, to keep and exercise the long Bow; by which Means our Ancestors excelled all other Nations in the Use of that Weapon, and we had all the real Advantages, without the Inconvenience of a standing Army: And that I once met with a Book of Projects, in which the Author considering to what noble Ends that Spirit of Emulation, which so remarkably shews it self among our common People in these Wakes, might be directed, proposes that for the Improvement of all our handicraft Trades there should be annual Prizes set up for such Persons as were most excellent in their several Arts. But laying aside all these political Considerations, which might tempt me to pass the Limits of my Paper, I confess the greatest Benefit and Convenience that I can observe in these Country Festivals, is the bringing young People together, and giving them an Opportunity of shewing themselves in the most advantageous Light. A Country Fellow that throws his Rival upon his Back, has generally as good Success with their common Mistress; as nothing is more usual than for a nimble-footed Wench to get a Husband at the same time she wins a Smock. Love and Marriages are the natural Effects of these anniversary Assemblies. I must therefore very much approve the Method by which my Correspondent tells me each Sex endeavours to recommend it self to the other, since nothing seems more likely to promise a healthy Offspring or a happy Cohabitation. And I believe I may assure my Country Friend, that there has been many a Court Lady who would be contented to exchange her crazy young Husband for *\_Tom Short\_*, and several Men of Quality who would have parted with a tender Yoke-fellow for *Black Kate*.

I am the more pleased with having *Love* made the principal End and Design of these Meetings, as it seems to be most agreeable to the Intent for which they were at first instituted, as we are informed by the learned Dr. *\_Kennet\_*, [1] with whose Words I shall conclude my present Paper.

*\_These Wakes\_*, says he, *\_were in Imitation of the ancient [Greek: agápai], or Love-Feasts; and were first established in\_ England by Pope Gregory \_the Great, who in an Epistle to\_ Melitus the Abbot gave Order that they should be kept in Sheds or Arbories made up with Branches and Boughs of Trees round the Church.*

He adds,

*\_That this laudable Custom of Wakes prevailed for many Ages, till the nice Puritans began to exclaim against it as a Remnant of Popery; and by degrees the precise Humour grew so popular, that at an\_ Exeter Assizes the Lord Chief Baron Walter \_made an Order for the Suppression of all Wakes; but on Bishop\_ Laud's \_complaining of this innovating Humour, the King commanded the Order to be reversed\_.*

X.

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[Footnote 1: 'Parochial Antiquities' (1795), pp. 610, 614.]

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No. 162 Wednesday, September 5, 1711 Addison

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'... Servetur ad imum, Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.'

Hor.

Nothing that is not a real Crime makes a Man appear so contemptible and little in the Eyes of the World as Inconstancy, especially when it regards Religion or Party. In either of these Cases, tho' a Man perhaps does but his Duty in changing his Side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.

In these great Articles of Life, therefore, a Man's Conviction ought to be very strong, and if possible so well timed that worldly Advantages may seem to have no Share in it, or Mankind will be ill natured enough to think he does not change Sides out of Principle, but either out of Levity of Temper or Prospects of Interest. Converts and Renegadoes of all Kinds should take particular care to let the World see they act upon honourable Motives; or whatever Approbations they may receive from themselves, and Applauses from those they converse with, they may be very well assured that they are the Scorn of all good Men, and the publick Marks of Infamy and Derision.

Irresolution on the Schemes of Life [which [1]] offer themselves to our Choice, and Inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal Causes of all our Disquiet and Unhappiness. When [Ambition [2]] pulls one Way, Interest another, Inclination a third, and perhaps Reason contrary to all, a Man is likely to pass his Time but ill who has so many different Parties to please. When the Mind hovers among such a Variety of Allurements, one had better settle on a Way of Life that is not the very best we might have chosen, than grow old without determining our Choice, and go out of the World as the greatest Part of Mankind do, before we have resolved how to live in it. There is but one Method of setting our selves at Rest in this Particular, and that is by adhering stedfastly to one great End as the chief and ultimate Aim of all our Pursuits. If we are firmly resolved to live up to the Dictates of Reason, without any Regard to Wealth, Reputation, or the like Considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal Design, we may go through Life with Steadiness and Pleasure; but if we act by several broken Views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a Value set upon it by the World, we shall live and die in Misery and

## Repentance.

One would take more than ordinary Care to guard ones self against this particular Imperfection, because it is that which our Nature very strongly inclines us to; for if we examine ourselves throughly, we shall find that we are the most changeable Beings in the Universe. In respect of our Understanding, we often embrace and reject the very same Opinions; whereas Beings above and beneath us have probably no Opinions at all, or at least no Wavering and Uncertainties in those they have. Our Superiors are guided by Intuition, and our Inferiors by Instinct. In respect of our Wills, we fall into Crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the Eyes of our great Judge, and pass our whole Life in offending and asking Pardon. On the contrary, the Beings underneath us are not capable of sinning, nor those above us of repenting. The one is out of the Possibilities of Duty, and the other fixed in an eternal Course of Sin, or an eternal Course of Virtue.

There is scarce a State of Life, or Stage in it which does not produce Changes and Revolutions in the Mind of Man. Our Schemes of Thought in Infancy are lost in those of Youth; these too take a different Turn in Manhood, till old Age often leads us back into our former Infancy. A new Title or an unexpected Success throws us out of ourselves, and in a manner destroys our Identity. A cloudy Day, or a little Sunshine, have as great an Influence on many Constitutions, as the most real Blessings or Misfortunes. A Dream varies our Being, and changes our Condition while it lasts; and every Passion, not to mention Health and Sickness, and the greater Alterations in Body and Mind, makes us appear almost different Creatures. If a Man is so distinguished among other Beings by this Infirmary, what can we think of such as make themselves remarkable for it even among their own Species? It is a very trifling Character to be one of the most variable Beings of the most variable Kind, especially if we consider that He who is the great Standard of Perfection has in him no Shadow of Change, but is the same Yesterday, To-day, and for ever.

As this Mutability of Temper and Inconsistency with our selves is the greatest Weakness of human Nature, so it makes the Person who is remarkable for it in a very particular Manner more ridiculous than any other Infirmary whatsoever, as it sets him in a greater Variety of foolish Lights, and distinguishes him from himself by an Opposition of party-coloured Characters. The most humourous Character in *Horace* is founded upon this Unevenness of Temper and Irregularity of Conduct.

'... Sardus habebat Ille Tigellius hoc: Cæsar qui cogere posset Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque suam, non Quidquam proficeret: Si collibisset, ab ovo Usque ad mala citaret, Io Bacche, modò summâ Voce, modò hâc, resonat quæ; chordis quatuor ima. Nil æquale homini fuit illi: Sæpe velut qui Currebat fugiens hostem: Persæpe velut qui Junonis sacra ferret: Habebat sæpe ducentos, Sæpe decem servos: Modò reges atque tetrarchas, Omnia magna loquens: Modò sit mihi mensa tripes, et Concha salis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus, Quamvis crassa, queat. Decies centena dedisses Huic parco paucis contento, quinque diebus Nil erat in oculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum Manè: Diem totam stertebat. Nil fuit unquam Sic impar sibi ...'

Hor. 'Sat. 3', Lib. 1.

Instead of translating this Passage in *Horace*, I shall entertain my *English* Reader with the Description of a Parallel Character, that is wonderfully well finished by Mr. *Dryden* [3], and raised upon the same Foundation.

'In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand: A Man so various, that he seem'd to be Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome. Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong; Was ev'ry thing by Starts, and nothing long; But, in the Course of one revolving Moon, Was Chemist, Fidler, Statesman, and Buffoon: Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking: Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking. Blest Madman, who cou'd ev'ry flour employ, With something New to wish, or to enjoy!'

C.

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[Footnote 1: that]

[Footnote 2: Honour]

[Footnote 3: In his 'Absalom and Achitophel.' The character of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.]

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No. 163 Thursday, Sept. 6, 1711 Addison

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'... Si quid ego adjuero, curamve levasso, Quæ nunc te coquit, et versat sub pectore fixa, Ecquid erit pretii?'

Enn. ap. Tullium.

Enquiries after Happiness, and Rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to Mankind as the Arts of Consolation, and supporting [ones [1]] self under Affliction. The utmost we can hope for in this World is Contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but Grief and Disappointments. A Man should direct all his Studies and Endeavours at making himself easie now, and happy hereafter.

The Truth of it is, if all the Happiness that is dispersed through the whole Race of Mankind in this World were drawn together, and put into the Possession of any single Man, it would not make a very happy Being. Though on the contrary, if the Miseries of the whole Species were fixed in a single Person, they would make a very miserable one.

I am engaged in this Subject by the following Letter, which, though subscribed by a fictitious Name, I have reason to believe is not Imaginary.

*Mr. SPECTATOR*, [2]

'I am one of your Disciples, and endeavour to live up to your Rules, which I hope will incline you to pity my Condition: I shall open it to you in a very few Words. About three Years since a Gentleman, whom, I am sure, you yourself would have approved, made his Addresses to me. He had every thing to recommend him but an Estate, so that my Friends, who all of them applauded his Person, would not for the sake of both of us favour his Passion. For my own part, I resigned my self up entirely to the Direction of those who knew the World much better than my self, but still lived in hopes that some Juncture or other would make me happy in the Man, whom, in my Heart, I preferred to all the World; being determined if I could not have him, to have no Body else. About three Months ago I received a Letter from him, acquainting me, that by the Death of an Uncle he had a considerable Estate left him, which he said was welcome to him upon no other Account, but as he hoped it would remove all Difficulties that lay in the Way to our mutual Happiness. You may well suppose, Sir, with how much Joy I received this Letter, which was followed by several others filled with those Expressions of Love and Joy, which I verily believe no Body felt more sincerely, nor knew better how to describe than the Gentleman I am speaking of. But Sir, how shall I be able to tell it you! by the last Week's Post I received a letter from an intimate Friend of this unhappy Gentleman, acquainting me, that as he had just settled his Affairs, and was preparing for his Journey, he fell sick of a Fever and died. It is impossible to express to you the Distress I am in upon this Occasion. I can only have Recourse to my Devotions; and to the reading of good Books for my Consolation; and as I always take a particular Delight in those frequent Advices and Admonitions which you give to the Publick, it would be a very great piece of Charity in you to lend me your Assistance in this Conjuncture. If after the reading of this Letter you find your self in a Humour, rather to Rally and Ridicule, than to Comfort me, I desire you would throw it into the Fire, and think no more of it; but if you are touched with my Misfortune, which is greater than I know how to bear, your Counsels may very much Support, and will infinitely Oblige the afflicted *LEONORA*.'

A Disappointment in Love is more hard to get over than any other; the Passion itself so softens and subdues the Heart, that it disables it from struggling or bearing up against the Woes and Distresses which befall it. The

Mind meets with other Misfortunes in her whole Strength; she stands collected within her self, and sustains the Shock with all the Force [which [3]] is natural to her; but a Heart in Love has its Foundations sapped, and immediately sinks under the Weight of Accidents that are disagreeable to its Favourite Passion.

In Afflictions Men generally draw their Consolations out of Books of Morality, which indeed are of great use to fortifie and strengthen the Mind against the Impressions of Sorrow. Monsieur St. \_Evremont\_, who does not approve of this Method, recommends Authors [who [4]] are apt to stir up Mirth in the Mind of the Readers, and fancies *Don Quixote* can give more Relief to an heavy Heart than *Plutarch* or \_Seneca\_, as it is much easier to divert Grief than to conquer it. This doubtless may have its Effects on some Tempers. I should rather have recourse to Authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us Instances of Calamities and Misfortunes, and shew Human Nature in its greatest Distresses.

If the Affliction we groan under be very heavy, we shall find some Consolation in the Society of as great Sufferers as our selves, especially when we find our Companions Men of Virtue and Merit. If our Afflictions are light, we shall be comforted by the Comparison we make between our selves and our Fellow Sufferers. A Loss at Sea, a Fit of Sickness, or the Death of a Friend, are such Trifles when we consider whole Kingdoms laid in Ashes, Families put to the Sword, Wretches shut up in Dungeons, and the like Calamities of Mankind, that we are out of Countenance for our own Weakness, if we sink under such little Stroaks of Fortune.

Let the Disconsolate *Leonora* consider, that at the very time in which she languishes for the Loss of her deceased Lover, there are Persons in several Parts of the World just perishing in a Shipwreck; others crying out for Mercy in the Terrors of a Death-bed Repentance; others lying under the Tortures of an Infamous Execution, or the like dreadful Calamities; and she will find her Sorrows vanish at the Appearance of those which are so much greater and more astonishing.

I would further propose to the Consideration of my afflicted Disciple, that possibly what she now looks upon as the greatest Misfortune, is not really such in it self. For my own part, I question not but our Souls in a separate State will look back on their Lives in quite another View, than what they had of them in the Body; and that what they now consider as Misfortunes and Disappointments, will very often appear to have been Escapes and Blessings.

The Mind that hath any Cast towards Devotion, naturally flies to it in its Afflictions.

Whon I was in *France* I heard a very remarkable Story of two Lovers, which I shall relate at length in my to-Morrow's Paper, not only because the Circumstances of it are extraordinary, but because it may serve as an Illustration to all that can be said on this last Head, and shew the Power of Religion in abating that particular Anguish which seems to lie so heavy on *Leonora*. The Story was told me by a Priest, as I travelled with him in a Stage-Coach. I shall give it my Reader as well as I can remember, in his own Words, after having premised, that if Consolations may be drawn from a wrong Religion and a misguided Devotion, they cannot but flow much more naturally from those which are founded upon Reason, and established in good Sense.

L.

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[Footnote 1: one]

[Footnote 2: This letter is by Miss Shepheard, the 'Parthenia' of No. 140.]

[Footnote 3: that]

[Footnote 4: that]

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No. 164. Friday, September 7, 1711. Addison.

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'Illa; Quis et me, inquit, miseram, et te perdidit, Orpheu? Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte, Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas.'

Virg.

CONSTANTIA was a Woman of extraordinary Wit and Beauty, but very unhappy in a Father, who having arrived at great Riches by his own Industry, took delight in nothing but his Money. *Theodosius* was the younger Son of a decayed Family of great Parts and Learning, improved by a genteel and vertuous Education. When he was in the twentieth year of his Age he became acquainted with *\_Constantia\_*, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few Miles Distance from her Father's House, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the Advantages of a good Person and a pleasing Conversation, made such an Impression in her Heart as it was impossible for time to [efface [1]]: He was himself no less smitten with *Constantia*. A long Acquaintance made them still discover new Beauties in each other, and by Degrees raised in them that mutual Passion which had an Influence on their following Lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of Love and Friendship between *Theodosius* and *\_Constantia\_*, there broke out an irreparable Quarrel between their Parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his Birth, and the other upon his Possessions. The Father of *Constantia* was so incensed at the Father of *\_Theodosius\_*, that he contracted an unreasonable Aversion towards his Son, insomuch that he forbid him his House, and charged his Daughter upon her Duty never to see him more. In the mean time to break off all Communication between the two Lovers, who he knew entertained secret Hopes of some favourable Opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young Gentleman of a good Fortune and an agreeable Person, whom he pitched upon as a Husband for his Daughter. He soon concerted this Affair so well, that he told *Constantia* it was his Design to marry her to such a Gentleman, and that her Wedding should be celebrated on such a Day. *\_Constantia\_*, who was over-awed with the Authority of her Father, and unable to object anything against so advantageous a Match, received the Proposal with a profound Silence, which her Father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a Virgin's giving her Consent to an Overture of that Kind: The Noise of this intended Marriage soon reached *\_Theodosius\_*, who, after a long Tumult of Passions which naturally rise in a Lover's Heart on such an Occasion, writ the following letter to *Constantia*.

'The Thought of my *\_Constantia\_*, which for some years has been my only Happiness, is now become a greater Torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another's? The Streams, the Fields and Meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; Life it self is become a Burden. May you long be happy in the World, but forget that there was ever such a Man in it as *THEODOSIUS*.'

This Letter was conveyed to *Constantia* that very Evening, who fainted at the Reading of it; and the next Morning she was much more alarmed by two or three Messengers, that came to her Father's House one after another to inquire if they had heard any thing of *\_Theodosius\_*, who it seems had left his Chamber about Midnight, and could nowhere be found. The deep Melancholy, which had hung upon his Mind some Time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. *\_Constantia\_*, who knew that nothing but the Report of her Marriage could have driven him to such Extremities, was not to be comforted: She now accused her self for having so tamely given an Ear to the Proposal of a Husband, and looked upon the new Lover as the Murderer of *\_Theodosius\_*: In short, she resolved to suffer the utmost Effects of her Father's Displeasure, rather than comply with a Marriage which appeared to her so full of Guilt and Horror. The Father seeing himself entirely rid of *\_Theodosius\_*, and likely to keep a considerable Portion in his Family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate Refusal of his Daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that Account to his intended Son-in-law, who had all along regarded this Alliance rather as a Marriage of Convenience than of Love. *Constantia* had now no Relief but in her Devotions and Exercises of Religion, to which her Afflictions had so entirely subjected her Mind, that after some Years had abated the Violence of her Sorrows, and settled her Thoughts in a kind of Tranquillity, she resolved to pass the Remainder of her

Days in a Convent. Her Father was not displeas'd with [a [2]] Resolution, [which [3]] would save Money in his Family, and readily complied with his Daughter's Intentions. Accordingly in the Twenty-fifth Year of her Age, while her Beauty was yet in all its Height and Bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring City, in order to look out a Sisterhood of Nuns among whom to place his Daughter. There was in this Place a Father of a Convent who was very much renowned for his Piety and exemplary Life; and as it is usual in the Romish Church for those who are under any great Affliction, or Trouble of Mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent Confessors for Pardon and Consolation, our beautiful Votary took the Opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated Father.

We must now return to Theodosius, who, the very Morning that the above-mentioned Inquiries had been made after him, arriv'd at a religious House in the City, where now Constantia resid'd; and desiring that Secresy and Concealment of the Fathers of the Convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary Occasion, he made himself one of the Order, with a private Vow never to enquire after *\_Constantia\_*; whom he look'd upon as given away to his Rival upon the Day on which, according to common Fame, their Marriage was to have been solemniz'd. Having in his Youth made a good Progress in Learning, that he might dedicate [himself [4]] more entirely to Religion, he enter'd into holy Orders, and in a few Years became renowned for his Sanctity of Life, and those pious Sentiments which he inspir'd into all [who [5]] convers'd with him. It was this holy Man to whom *Constantia* had determin'd to apply her self in Confession, tho' neither she nor any other besides the Prior of the Convent, knew any thing of his Name or Family. The gay, the amiable *Theodosius* had now taken upon him the Name of Father *\_Francis\_*, and was so far conceal'd in a long Beard, a [shaven [3]] Head, and a religious Habit, that it was impossible to discover the Man of the World in the venerable Conventual.

As he was one Morning shut up in his Confessional, *Constantia* kneeling by him open'd the State of her Soul to him; and after having given him the History of a Life full of Innocence, she burst out in Tears, and enter'd upon that Part of her Story in which he himself had so great a Share. My Behaviour, says she, has I fear been the Death of a Man who had no other Fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he liv'd, and how bitter the Remembrance of him has been to me since his Death. She here paused, and lifted up her Eyes that stream'd with Tears towards the Father; who was so mov'd with the Sense of her Sorrows, that he could only command his Voice, which was broke with Sighs and Sobblings, so far as to bid her proceed. She follow'd his Directions, and in a Flood of Tears pour'd out her Heart before him. The Father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the Agonies of his Grief the Seat shook under him. *\_Constantia\_*, who thought the good Man was thus mov'd by his Compassion towards her, and by the Horror of her Guilt, proceeded with the utmost Contrition to acquaint him with that Vow of Virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper Atonement for her Sins, and the only Sacrifice she could make to the Memory of *Theodosius*. The Father, who by this time had pretty well compos'd himself, burst out again in Tears upon hearing that Name to which he had been so long disus'd, and upon receiving this Instance of an unparallel'd Fidelity from one who he thought had several Years since given herself up to the Possession of another. Amidst the Interruptions of his Sorrow, seeing his Penitent overwhelm'd with Grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comfort'd—To tell her that her Sins were forgiven her—That her Guilt was not so great as she apprehend'd—That she should not suffer her self to be afflict'd above Measure. After which he recover'd himself enough to give her the Absolution in Form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next Day, that he might encourage her in the pious Resolution[s] she had taken, and give her suitable Exhortations for her Behaviour in it. *Constantia* retir'd, and the next Morning renew'd her Applications. *Theodosius* having mann'd his Soul with proper Thoughts and Reflections exerted himself on this Occasion in the best Manner he could to animate his Penitent in the Course of Life she was entering upon, and wear out of her Mind those groundless Fears and Apprehensions which had taken Possession of it; concluding with a Promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his Admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy Veil. The Rules of our respective Orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure your self not only of having a Place in my Prayers, but of receiving such frequent Instructions as I can convey to you by Letters. Go on chearfully in the glorious Course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a Peace and Satisfaction in your Mind, which it is not in the Power of the

World to give.

\_Constantia's\_ Heart was so elevated with the Discourse of Father \_Francis\_, that the very next Day she entered upon her Vow. As soon as the Solemnities of her Reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the Abbess into her own Apartment.

The Abbess had been informed the Night before of all that had passed between her Noviciate and Father \_Francis:\_ From whom she now delivered to her the following Letter.

'As the First-fruits of those Joys and Consolations which you may expect from the Life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that \_Theodosius\_, whose Death sits so heavy upon your Thoughts, is still alive; and that the Father, to whom you have confessed your self, was once that *Theodosius* whom you so much lament. The love which we have had for one another will make us more happy in its Disappointment than it could have done in its Success. Providence has disposed of us for our Advantage, tho' not according to our Wishes. Consider your *Theodosius* still as dead, but assure your self of one who will not cease to pray for you in Father.'

\_FRANCIS.\_

*Constantia* saw that the Hand-writing agreed with the Contents of the Letter: and upon reflecting on the Voice of the Person, the Behaviour, and above all the extreme Sorrow of the Father during her Confession, she discovered *Theodosius* in every Particular. After having wept with Tears of Joy, It is enough, says she, *Theodosius* is still in Being: I shall live with Comfort and die in Peace.

The Letters which the Father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the Nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young Religious, in order to inspire them with good Resolutions and Sentiments of Virtue. It so happened, that after *Constantia* had lived about ten Years in the Cloyster, a violent Feaver broke out in the Place, which swept away great Multitudes, and among others \_Theodosius.\_ Upon his Deathbed he sent his Benediction in a very moving Manner to \_Constantia,\_ who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal Distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the Interval which generally precedes Death in Sicknesses of this Nature, the Abbess, finding that the Physicians had given her over, told her that *Theodosius* was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his Benediction in his last Moments. *Constantia* received it with Pleasure: And now, says she, If I do not ask anything improper, let me be buried by \_Theodosius.\_ My Vow reaches no farther than the Grave. What I ask is, I hope, no Violation of it.—She died soon after, and was interred according to her Request.

Their Tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin Inscription over them to the following Purpose.

Here lie the Bodies of Father *Francis* and Sister \_Constance. They were lovely in their Lives, and in their Deaths they were not divided.\_

C.

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[Footnote 1: deface]

[Footnote 2: her]

[Footnote 3: that]

[Footnote 4: himself up]

[Footnote 5: that]

[Footnote 6: shaved]

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No. 165. Saturday, September 8, 1711. Addison.

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'... Si fortè necesse est, Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis Continget: dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.' [1]

Hor.

I have often wished, that as in our Constitution there are several Persons whose Business it is to watch over our Laws, our Liberties and Commerce, certain Men might be set apart as Superintendants of our Language, to hinder any Words of a Foreign Coin from passing among us; and in particular to prohibit any *French* Phrases from becoming Current in this Kingdom, when those of our own Stamp are altogether as valuable. The present War has so Adulterated our Tongue with strange Words that it would be impossible for one of our Great Grandfathers to know what his Posterity have been doing, were he to read their Exploits in a Modern News Paper. Our Warriors are very industrious in propagating the *French* Language, at the same time that they are so gloriously successful in beating down their Power. Our Soldiers are Men of strong Heads for Action, and perform such Feats as they are not able to express. They want Words in their own Tongue to tell us what it is they Atchieve, and therefore send us over Accounts of their Performances in a Jargon of Phrases, which they learn among their Conquered Enemies. They ought however to be provided with Secretaries, and assisted by our Foreign Ministers, to tell their Story for them in plain *English*, and to let us know in our Mother-Tongue what it is our brave Country-Men are about. The *French* would indeed be in the right to publish the News of the present War in *English* Phrases, and make their Campaigns unintelligible. Their People might flatter themselves that Things are not so bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with Foreign Terms, and thrown into Shades and Obscurity: but the *English* cannot be too clear in their Narrative of those Actions, which have raised their Country to a higher Pitch of Glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be still the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that time a Siege is carried on two or three Days, I am altogether lost and bewildered in it, and meet with so many inexplicable Difficulties, that I scarce know what Side has the better of it, till I am informed by the Tower Guns that the Place is surrendered. I do indeed make some Allowances for this Part of the War, Fortifications having been foreign Inventions, and upon that Account abounding in foreign Terms. But when we have won Battels [which [2]] may be described in our own Language, why are our Papers filled with so many unintelligible Exploits, and the *French* obliged to lend us a Part of their Tongue before we can know how they are Conquered? They must be made accessory to their own Disgrace, as the *Britons* were formerly so artificially wrought in the Curtain of the *Roman* Theatre, that they seemed to draw it up in order to give the Spectators an Opportunity of seeing their own Defeat celebrated upon the Stage: For so Mr. *Dryden* has translated that Verse in *Virgil*.

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[*Purpurea intexti* [3]] *tollunt auloea Britanni.*

(Georg. 3, v. 25.)

*Which interwoven Britains \_seem to raise\_, And shew the Triumph that their Shame displays.*

The Histories of all our former Wars are transmitted to us in our Vernacular Idiom, to use the Phrase of a great Modern Critick. [4] I do not find in any of our Chronicles, that *Edward* the Third ever reconnoitred the Enemy, tho' he often discovered the Posture of the *French*, and as often vanquished them in Battel. The *Black Prince* passed many a River without the help of pontoons, and filled a Ditch with Faggots as successfully as the Generals of our Times do it with Fascines. Our Commanders lose half their Praise, and our

People half their Joy, by means of those hard Words and dark Expressions in which our News Papers do so much abound. I have seen many a prudent Citizen, after having read every Article, inquire of his next Neighbour what News the Mail had brought.

I remember in that remarkable Year when our Country was delivered from the greatest Fears and Apprehensions, and raised to the greatest Height of Gladness it had ever felt since it was a Nation, I mean the Year of *\_Blenheim\_*, I had the Copy of a Letter sent me out of the Country, which was written from a young Gentleman in the Army to his Father, a Man of a good Estate and plain Sense: As the Letter was very modishly chequered with this Modern Military Eloquence, I shall present my Reader with a Copy of it.

*\_SIR\_*,

Upon the Junction of the *French* and *Bavarian* Armies they took Post behind a great Morass which they thought impracticable. Our General the next Day sent a Party of Horse to reconnoitre them from a little Hauteur, at about a [Quarter of an Hour's [5]] distance from the Army, who returned again to the Camp unobserved through several Defiles, in one of which they met with a Party of *French* that had been Marauding, and made them all Prisoners at Discretion. The Day after a Drum arrived at our Camp, with a Message which he would communicate to none but the General; he was followed by a Trumpet, who they say behaved himself very saucily, with a Message from the Duke of *Bavaria*. The next Morning our Army being divided into two Corps, made a Movement towards the Enemy: You will hear in the Publick Prints how we treated them, with the other Circumstances of that glorious Day. I had the good Fortune to be in that Regiment that pushed the *\_Gens d'Arms\_*. Several *French* Battalions, who some say were a Corps de Reserve, made a Show of Resistance; but it only proved a Gasconade, for upon our preparing to fill up a little Fossé, in order to attack them, they beat the Chamade, and sent us *Charte Blanche*. Their Commandant, with a great many other General Officers, and Troops without number, are made Prisoners of War, and will I believe give you a Visit in *\_England\_*, the Cartel not being yet settled. Not questioning but these Particulars will be very welcome to you, I congratulate you upon them, and am your most dutiful Son, &c.'

The Father of the young Gentleman upon the Perusal of the Letter found it contained great News, but could not guess what it was. He immediately communicated it to the Curate of the Parish, who upon the reading of it, being vexed to see any thing he could not understand, fell into a kind of a Passion, and told him that his Son had sent him a Letter that was neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red-Herring. I wish, says he, the Captain may be *\_Compos Mentis\_*, he talks of a saucy Trumpet, and a Drum that carries Messages; then who is this *\_Charte Blanche\_*? He must either banter us or he is out of his Senses. The Father, who always looked upon the Curate as a learned Man, began to fret inwardly at his Son's Usage, and producing a Letter which he had written to him about three Posts afore, You see here, says he, when he writes for Mony he knows how to speak intelligibly enough; there is no Man in England can express himself clearer, when he wants a new Furniture for his Horse. In short, the old Man was so puzzled upon the Point, that it might have fared ill with his Son, had he not seen all the Prints about three Days after filled with the same Terms of Art, and that *Charles* only writ like other Men.

L.

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[Footnote 1: The motto in the original edition was

'Semivirumque bovem Semibovemque virum.'

Ovid.]

[Footnote 2: that]

[Footnote 3: *\_Atique\_*]

[Footnote 4: Dr Richard Bentley]

[Footnote 5: Mile]

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No. 166. Monday, September 10, 1711. Addison.

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'... Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.'

Ovid.

Aristotle tells us that the World is a Copy or Transcript of those Ideas which are in the Mind of the first Being, and that those Ideas, which are in the Mind of Man, are a Transcript of the World: To this we may add, that Words are the Transcript of those Ideas which are in the Mind of Man, and that Writing or Printing are the Transcript of words.

As the Supreme Being has expressed, and as it were printed his Ideas in the Creation, Men express their Ideas in Books, which by this great Invention of these latter Ages may last as long as the Sun and Moon, and perish only in the general Wreck of Nature. Thus *Cowley* in his Poem on the Resurrection, mentioning the Destruction of the Universe, has those admirable Lines.

'\_Now all the wide extended Sky, And all th' harmonious Worlds on high, And\_ Virgil's *sacred Work shall die.*'

There is no other Method of fixing those Thoughts which arise and disappear in the Mind of Man, and transmitting them to the last Periods of Time; no other Method of giving a Permanency to our Ideas, and preserving the Knowledge of any particular Person, when his Body is mixed with the common Mass of Matter, and his Soul retired into the World of Spirits. Books are the Legacies that a great Genius leaves to Mankind, which are delivered down from Generation to Generation, as Presents to the Posterity of those who are yet unborn.

All other Arts of perpetuating our Ideas continue but a short Time: Statues can last but a few Thousands of Years, Edifices fewer, and Colours still fewer than Edifices. *Michael Angelo*, *Fontana*, and *Raphael*, will hereafter be what *Phidias*, *Vitruvius*, and *Apelles* are at present; the Names of great Statuaries, Architects and Painters, whose Works are lost. The several Arts are expressed in mouldring Materials: Nature sinks under them, and is not able to support the Ideas which are imprest upon it.

The Circumstance which gives Authors an Advantage above all these great Masters, is this, that they can multiply their Originals; or rather can make Copies of their Works, to what Number they please, which shall be as valuable as the Originals themselves. This gives a great Author something like a Prospect of Eternity, but at the same time deprives him of those other Advantages which Artists meet with. The Artist finds greater Returns in Profit, as the Author in Fame. What an Inestimable Price would a *Virgil* or a *Homer*, a *Cicero* or an *Aristotle* bear, were their Works like a Statue, a Building, or a Picture, to be confined only in one Place and made the Property of a single Person?

If Writings are thus durable, and may pass from Age to Age throughout the whole Course of Time, how careful should an Author be of committing any thing to Print that may corrupt Posterity, and poison the Minds of Men with Vice and Error? Writers of great Talents, who employ their Parts in propagating Immorality, and seasoning vicious Sentiments with Wit and Humour, are to be looked upon as the Pests of Society, and the Enemies of Mankind: They leave Books behind them (as it is said of those who die in Distempers which breed an Ill-will towards their own Species) to scatter Infection and destroy their Posterity. They act the

Counterparts of a *Confucius* or a *Socrates*; and seem to have been sent into the World to deprave human Nature, and sink it into the Condition of Brutality.

I have seen some Roman–Catholick Authors, who tell us that vicious Writers continue in Purgatory so long as the Influence of their Writings continues upon Posterity: For Purgatory, say they, is nothing else but a cleansing us of our Sins, which cannot be said to be done away, so long as they continue to operate and corrupt Mankind. The vicious Author, say they, sins after Death, and so long as he continues to sin, so long must he expect to be punished. Tho' the Roman Catholick Notion of Purgatory be indeed very ridiculous, one cannot but think that if the Soul after Death has any Knowledge of what passes in this World, that of an immoral Writer would receive much more Regret from the Sense of corrupting, than Satisfaction from the Thought of pleasing his surviving Admirers.

To take off from the Severity of this Speculation, I shall conclude this Paper with a Story of an Atheistical Author, who at a time when he lay dangerously sick, and desired the Assistance of a neighbouring Curate, confessed to him with great Contrition, that nothing sat more heavy at his Heart than the Sense of his having seduced the Age by his Writings, and that their evil Influence was likely to continue even after his Death. The Curate upon further Examination finding the Penitent in the utmost Agonies of Despair, and being himself a Man of Learning, told him, that he hoped his Case was not so desperate as he apprehended, since he found that he was so very sensible of his Fault, and so sincerely repented of it. The Penitent still urged the evil Tendency of his Book to subvert all Religion, and the little Ground of Hope there could be for one whose Writings would continue to do Mischief when his Body was laid in Ashes. The Curate, finding no other Way to comfort him, told him, that he did well in being afflicted for the evil Design with which he published his Book; but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no danger of its doing any Hurt: That his Cause was so very bad, and his Arguments so weak, that he did not apprehend any ill Effects of it: In short, that he might rest satisfied his Book could do no more Mischief after his Death, than it had done whilst he was living. To which he added, for his farther Satisfaction, that he did not believe any besides his particular Friends and Acquaintance had ever been at the pains of reading it, or that any Body after his Death would ever enquire after it. The dying Man had still so much the Frailty of an Author in him, as to be cut to the Heart with these Consolations; and without answering the good Man, asked his Friends about him (with a Peevishness that is natural to a sick Person) where they had picked up such a Blockhead? And whether they thought him a proper Person to attend one in his Condition? The Curate finding that the Author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and sincere Penitent, but as a Penitent of Importance, after a short Admonition withdrew; not questioning but he should be again sent for if the Sickness grew desperate. The Author however recovered, and has since written two or three other Tracts with the same Spirit, and very luckily for his poor Soul with the same Success.

C.

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No. 167. Tuesday, September 11, 1711 Steele

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'\_Fuit haud ignobilis Argis, Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos, In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro; Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto More; bonus sanè vicinus, amabilis hospes, Comis in uxorem; posset qui ignoscere servis, Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ; Posset qui rupem et puteum vitare patentem. Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque reffectus Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco, Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici, Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta valuptas, Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus Error.\_'

Hor.

The unhappy Force of an Imagination, unguided by the Check of Reason and Judgment, was the Subject of a former Speculation. My Reader may remember that he has seen in one of my Papers a Complaint of an

Unfortunate Gentleman, who was unable to contain himself, (when any ordinary matter was laid before him) from adding a few Circumstances to enliven plain Narrative. That Correspondent was a Person of too warm a Complexion to be satisfied with things merely as they stood in Nature, and therefore formed Incidents which should have happened to have pleased him in the Story. The same ungoverned Fancy which pushed that Correspondent on, in spite of himself, to relate publick and notorious Falsehoods, makes the Author of the following Letter do the same in Private; one is a Prating, the other a Silent Liar.

There is little pursued in the Errors of either of these Worthies, but mere present Amusement: But the Folly of him who lets his Fancy place him in distant Scenes untroubled and uninterrupted, is very much preferable to that of him who is ever forcing a Belief, and defending his Untruths with new Inventions. But I shall hasten to let this Liar in Soliloquy, who calls himself a CASTLE-BUILDER, describe himself with the same Unreservedness as formerly appeared in my Correspondent above-mentioned. If a Man were to be serious on this Subject, he might give very grave Admonitions to those who are following any thing in this Life, on which they think to place their Hearts, and tell them that they are really CASTLE-BUILDERS. Fame, Glory, Wealth, Honour, have in the Prospect pleasing Illusions; but they who come to possess any of them will find they are Ingredients towards Happiness, to be regarded only in the second Place; and that when they are valued in the first Degree, they are as dis-appointing as any of the Phantoms in the following Letter.

\_Sept.\_ 6, 1711.

\_Mr.\_ SPECTATOR,

I am a Fellow of a very odd Frame of Mind, as you will find by the Sequel; and think myself Fool enough to deserve a Place in your Paper. I am unhappily far gone in Building, and am one of that Species of Men who are properly denominated Castle-Builders, who scorn to be beholden to the Earth for a Foundation, or dig in the Bowels of it for Materials; but erect their Structures in the most unstable of Elements, the Air, Fancy alone laying the Line, marking the Extent, and shaping the Model. It would be difficult to enumerate what august Palaces and stately Porticoes have grown under my forming Imagination, or what verdant Meadows and shady Groves have started into Being, by the powerful Feat of a warm Fancy. A Castle-builder is even just what he pleases, and as such I have grasped imaginary Scepters, and delivered uncontrollable Edicts, from a Throne to which conquered Nations yielded Obedience. I have made I know not how many Inroads into \_France\_, and ravaged the very Heart of that Kingdom; I have dined in the \_Louvre\_, and drank Champaign at \_Versailles\_; and I would have you take Notice, I am not only able to vanquish a People already cowed and accustomed to Flight, but I could, \_Almanzor\_-like, [1] drive the *British* General from the Field, were I less a Protestant, or had ever been affronted by the Confederates. There is no Art or Profession, whose most celebrated Masters I have not eclipsed. Where-ever I have afforded my Salutary Preference, Fevers have ceased to burn, and Agues to shake the Human Fabrick. When an Eloquent Fit has been upon me, an apt Gesture and proper Cadence has animated each Sentence, and gazing Crowds have found their Passions work'd up into Rage, or soothed into a Calm. I am short, and not very well made; yet upon Sight of a fine Woman, I have stretched into proper Stature, and killed with a good Air and Mein. These are the gay Phantoms that dance before my waking Eyes and compose my Day-Dreams. I should be the most contented happy Man alive, were the Chimerical Happiness which springs from the Paintings of the Fancy less fleeting and transitory. But alas! it is with Grief of Mind I tell you, the least Breath of Wind has often demolished my magnificent Edifices, swept away my Groves, and left no more Trace of them than if they had never been. My Exchequer has sunk and vanished by a Rap on my Door, the Salutation of a Friend has cost me a whole Continent, and in the same Moment I have been pulled by the Sleeve, my Crown has fallen from my Head. The ill Consequence of these Reveries is inconceivably great, seeing the loss of imaginary Possessions makes Impressions of real Woe. Besides, bad Oeconomy is visible and apparent in Builders of invisible Mansions. My Tenant's Advertisements of Ruins and Dilapidations often cast a Damp on my Spirits, even in the Instant when the Sun, in all his Splendor, gilds my Eastern Palaces. Add to this the pensive Drudgery in Building, and constant grasping Aerial Trowels, distracts and shatters the Mind, and the fond Builder of *Babells* is often cursed with an incoherent Diversity and Confusion of Thoughts. I do not know to whom I can more properly apply my

self for Relief from this Fantastical Evil, than to your self; whom I earnestly implore to accommodate me with a Method how to settle my Head and cool my Brain—pan. A Dissertation on Castle—Building may not only be serviceable to my self, but all Architects, who display their Skill in the thin Element. Such a Favour would oblige me to make my next Soliloquy not contain the Praises of my dear Self but of the SPECTATOR, who shall, by complying with this, make me.'

\_His Obliged, Humble Servant.\_ Vitruvius.

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[Footnote 1: "(unreadable on original page) in Dryden's 'Conquest of Granada.'"]

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No. 168. Wednesday, September 12, 1711. Steele.

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'... \_Pectus Præceptis format amicis\_.'

Hor.

It would be Arrogance to neglect the Application of my Correspondents so far as not sometimes to insert their Animadversions upon my Paper; that of this Day shall be therefore wholly composed of the Hints which they have sent me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Send you this to congratulate your late Choice of a Subject, for treating on which you deserve publick Thanks; I mean that on those licensed Tyrants the Schoolmasters. If you can disarm them of their Rods, you will certainly have your old Age revered by all the young Gentlemen of \_Great—Britain\_ who are now between seven and seventeen Years. You may boast that the incomparably wise *Quintilian* and you are of one Mind in this Particular.

'*Si cui est* (says he) *\_mens tam illiberalis ut objurgatione non corrigatur, is etiam ad plagas, ut pessimo quæque mancipia, durabitur.* [1]

If any Child be of so disingenuous a Nature, as not to stand corrected by Reproof, he, like the very worst of Slaves, will be hardned even against Blows themselves.'

And afterwards,

'*Pudet dicere in quæ probra nefandi homines isto cædendi jure abutantur\_*,

i. e. *I blush to say how shamefully those wicked Men abuse the Power of Correction.*'

I was bred myself, Sir, in a very great School, of which the Master was a *\_Welchman\_*, but certainly descended from a *Spanish* Family, as plainly appeared from his Temper as well as his Name. [2] I leave you to judge what sort of a Schoolmaster a *Welchman* ingrafted on a *Spaniard* would make. So very dreadful had he made himself to me, that altho' it is above twenty Years since I felt his heavy Hand, yet still once a Month at least I dream of him, so strong an Impression did he make on my Mind. 'Tis a Sign he has fully terrified me waking, who still continues to haunt me sleeping.

And yet I may say without Vanity, that the Business of the School was what I did without great Difficulty; and I was not remarkably unlucky; and yet such was the Master's Severity that once a Month, or oftner, I suffered as much as would have satisfied the Law of the Land for a *Petty Larceny*.

Many a white and tender Hand, which the fond Mother has passionately kissed a thousand and a thousand times, have I seen whipped till it was covered with Blood: perhaps for smiling, or for going a Yard and half out of a Gate, or for writing an O for an A, or an A for an O: These were our great Faults! Many a brave and noble Spirit has been there broken; others have run from thence and were never heard of afterwards.

It is a worthy Attempt to undertake the Cause of distrest Youth; and it is a noble Piece of *\_Knight-Errantry\_* to enter the Lists against so many armed Pedagogues. 'Tis pity but we had a Set of Men, polite in their Behaviour and Method of Teaching, who should be put into a Condition of being above flattering or fearing the Parents of those they instruct. We might then possibly see Learning become a Pleasure, and Children delighting themselves in that which now they abhor for coming upon such hard Terms to them: What would be a still greater Happiness arising from the Care of such Instructors, would be, that we should have no more Pedants, nor any bred to Learning who had not Genius for it. I am, with the utmost Sincerity, *\_SIR,* Your most affectionate humble Servant\_.

*\_Richmond, Sept. 5\_th\_, 1711.*

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I am a Boy of fourteen Years of Age, and have for this last Year been under the Tuition of a Doctor of Divinity, who has taken the School of this Place under his Care. [3] From the Gentleman's great Tenderness to me and Friendship to my Father, I am very happy in learning my Book with Pleasure. We never leave off our Diversions any farther than to salute him at Hours of Play when he pleases to look on. It is impossible for any of us to love our own Parents better than we do him. He never gives any of us an harsh Word, and we think it the greatest Punishment in the World when he will not speak to any of us. My Brother and I are both together inditing this Letter: He is a Year older than I am, but is now ready to break his Heart that the Doctor has not taken any Notice of him these three Days. If you please to print this he will see it, and, we hope, taking it for my Brother's earnest Desire to be restored to his Favour, he will again smile upon him. *\_Your most obedient Servant\_, T. S.*

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

You have represented several sorts of *Impertinents* singly, I wish you would now proceed, and describe some of them in Sets. It often happens in publick Assemblies, that a Party who came thither together, or whose Impertinencies are of an equal Pitch, act in Concert, and are so full of themselves as to give Disturbance to all that are about them. Sometimes you have a Set of Whisperers, who lay their Heads together in order to sacrifice every Body within their Observation; sometimes a Set of Laughers, that keep up an insipid Mirth in their own Corner, and by their Noise and Gestures shew they have no Respect for the rest of the Company. You frequently meet with these Sets at the Opera, the Play, the Water-works, [4] and other publick Meetings, where their whole Business is to draw off the Attention of the Spectators from the Entertainment, and to fix it upon themselves; and it is to be observed that the Impertinence is ever loudest, when the Set happens to be made up of three or four Females who have got what you call a Woman's Man among them.

I am at a loss to know from whom People of Fortune should learn this Behaviour, unless it be from the Footmen who keep their Places at a new Play, and are often seen passing away their Time in Sets at *\_All-fours\_* in the Face of a full House, and with a perfect Disregard to People of Quality sitting on each Side of them.

For preserving therefore the Decency of publick Assemblies, methinks it would be but reasonable that those who Disturb others should pay at least a double Price for their Places; or rather Women of Birth and Distinction should be informed that a Levity of Behaviour in the Eyes of People of Understanding degrades them below their meanest Attendants; and Gentlemen should know that a fine Coat is a Livery, when the Person who wears it discovers no higher Sense than that of a Footman. I am *\_SIR,* *\_Your most humble*

Servant.\_

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\_Bedfordshire, Sept..\_ 1, 1711

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I am one of those whom every Body calls a Pocher, and sometimes go out to course with a Brace of Greyhounds, a Mastiff, and a Spaniel or two; and when I am weary with Coursing, and have killed Hares enough, go to an Ale-house to refresh my self. I beg the Favour of you (as you set up for a Reformer) to send us Word how many Dogs you will allow us to go with, how many Full-Pots of Ale to drink, and how many Hares to kill in a Day, and you will do a great Piece of Service to all the Sportsmen: Be quick then, for the Time of Coursing is come on.

\_Yours in Haste\_, T. Isaac Hedgeditch.

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[Footnote 1: 'Instit. Orat.' Bk. I. ch. 3.]

[Footnote 2: Dr. Charles Roderick, Head Master of Eton.]

[Footnote 3: Dr. Nicholas Brady, Tate's colleague in versification of the Psalms. He was Rector of Clapham and Minister of Richmond, where he had the school. He died in 1726, aged 67.]

[Footnote 4: The Water Theatre, invented by Mr. Winstanley, and exhibited by his widow at the lower end of Piccadilly.]

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No. 169. Thursday, Sept. 13, 1711. Addison

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'\_Sic vita erat: facile omnes perferre ac pati: Cum quibus erat cunq̄ue una, his sese dedere, Eorum obsequi studiis: advorsus nemini; Nunquam præponens se aliis: Ita facillime Sine invidia invenias laudem.\_'

Ter. And.

Man is subject to innumerable Pains and Sorrows by the very Condition of Humanity, and yet, as if Nature had not sown Evils enough in Life, we are continually adding Grief to Grief, and aggravating the common Calamity by our cruel Treatment of one another. Every Man's natural Weight of Afflictions is still made more heavy by the Envy, Malice, Treachery, or Injustice of his Neighbour. At the same time that the Storm beats upon the whole Species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the Misery of Human Life might be extinguished, would Men alleviate the general Curse they lie under, by mutual Offices of Compassion, Benevolence, and Humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in our selves and others, than that Disposition of Mind which in our Language goes under the Title of Good-nature, and which I shall chuse for the Subject of this Day's Speculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in Conversation than Wit, and gives a certain Air to the Countenance which is more amiable than Beauty. It shows Virtue in the fairest Light, takes off in some measure from the Deformity of Vice, and makes even Folly and Impertinence supportable.

There is no Society or Conversation to be kept up in the World without Good-nature, or something which must bear its Appearance, and supply its Place. For this Reason Mankind have been forced to invent a kind of Artificial Humanity, which is what we express by the Word \_Good-Breeding\_. For if we examine thoroughly

the Idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an Imitation and Mimickry of Good–nature, or in other Terms, Affability, Complaisance and Easiness of Temper reduced into an Art.

These exterior Shows and Appearances of Humanity render a Man wonderfully popular and beloved when they are founded upon a real Good–nature; but without it are like Hypocrisy in Religion, or a bare Form of Holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a Man more detestable than professed Impiety.

Good–nature is generally born with us: Health, Prosperity and kind Treatment from the World are great Cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of it self. It is one of the Blessings of a happy Constitution, which Education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon [1] in the Life of his Imaginary Prince, whom he describes as a Pattern for Real ones, is always celebrating the *Philanthropy* or Good–nature of his Hero, which he tells us he brought into the World with him, and gives many remarkable Instances of it in his Childhood, as well as in all the several Parts of his Life. Nay, on his Death–bed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his Soul returned to him [who [2]] made it, his Body should incorporate with the great Mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to Mankind. For which Reason, he gives his Sons a positive Order not to enshrine it in Gold or Silver, but to lay it in the Earth as soon as the Life was gone out of it.

An Instance of such an Overflowing of Humanity, such an exuberant Love to Mankind, could not have entered into the Imagination of a Writer, who had not a Soul filled with great Ideas, and a general Benevolence to Mankind.

In that celebrated Passage of *Salust*, [3] where *Cæsar* and *Cato* are placed in such beautiful, but opposite Lights; *Cæsar's* Character is chiefly made up of Good–nature, as it shewed itself in all its Forms towards his Friends or his Enemies, his Servants or Dependants, the Guilty or the Distressed. As for *Cato's* Character, it is rather awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to the Nature of God, and Mercy to that of Man. A Being who has nothing to Pardon in himself, may reward every Man according to his Works; but he whose very best Actions must be seen with Grains of Allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. For this reason, among all the monstrous Characters in Human Nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exquisitely Ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe Temper in a Worthless Man.

This Part of Good–nature, however, which consists in the pardoning and overlooking of Faults, is to be exercised only in doing our selves Justice, and that too in the ordinary Commerce and Occurrences of Life; for in the publick Administrations of Justice, Mercy to one may be Cruelty to others.

It is grown almost into a Maxim, that Good–natured Men are not always Men of the most Wit. This Observation, in my Opinion, has no Foundation in Nature. The greatest Wits I have conversed with are Men eminent for their Humanity. I take therefore this Remark to have been occasioned by two Reasons. First, Because Ill–nature among ordinary Observers passes for Wit. A spiteful Saying gratifies so many little Passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good Reception. The Laugh rises upon it, and the Man who utters it is looked upon as a shrewd Satyrist. This may be one Reason, why a great many pleasant Companions appear so surprisingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be Merry in Print; the Publick being more just than Private Clubs or Assemblies, in distinguishing between what is Wit and what is Ill–nature.

Another Reason why the Good–natured Man may sometimes bring his Wit in Question, is, perhaps, because he is apt to be moved with Compassion for those Misfortunes or Infirmities, which another would turn into Ridicule, and by that means gain the Reputation of a Wit. The Ill–natured Man, though but of equal Parts, gives himself a larger Field to expatiate in; he exposes those Failings in Human Nature which the other would cast a Veil over, laughs at Vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives utterance to Reflections which the other stifles, falls indifferently upon Friends or Enemies, exposes the Person [who [4]] has obliged him, and, in short, sticks at nothing that may establish his Character of a Wit. It is no Wonder therefore he

succeeds in it better than the Man of Humanity, as a Person who makes use of indirect Methods, is more likely to grow Rich than the Fair Trader.

L.

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[Footnote 1: 'Cyropædia', Bk. viii. ch. 6.]

[Footnote 2: that]

[Footnote 3: 'Catiline', c. 54.]

[Footnote 4: that]

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY BOYLE, ESQ. [1]

\_SIR\_,

As the profest Design of this Work is to entertain its Readers in general, without giving Offence to any particular Person, it would be difficult to find out so proper a Patron for it as Your Self, there being none whose Merit is more universally acknowledged by all Parties, and who has made himself more Friends and fewer Enemies. Your great Abilities, and unquestioned Integrity, in those high Employments which You have passed through, would not have been able to have raised You this general Approbation, had they not been accompanied with that Moderation in an high Fortune, and that Affability of Manners, which are so conspicuous through all Parts of your Life. Your Aversion to any Ostentatious Arts of setting to Show those great Services which you have done the Publick, has not likewise a little contributed to that Universal Acknowledgment which is paid You by your Country.

The Consideration of this Part of Your Character, is that which hinders me from enlarging on those Extraordinary Talents, which have given You so great a Figure in the *British* Senate, as well as on that Elegance and Politeness which appear in Your more retired Conversation. I should be unpardonable, if, after what I have said, I should longer detain You with an Address of this Nature: I cannot, however, conclude it without owning those great Obligations which You have laid upon,

\_SIR,

Your most obedient,

humble Servant\_,

THE SPECTATOR.

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[Footnote 1: Henry Boyle, to whom the third volume of the Spectator is dedicated, was the youngest son of Charles, Lord Clifford; one of the family founded by the Richard, Earl of Cork, who bought Raleigh's property in Ireland.

From March, 1701, to February, 1707–8, Henry Boyle was King William's Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was then, till September, 1710, one of the principal Secretaries of State. He had materially helped Addison by negotiating between him and Lord Godolphin respecting the celebration of the Battle of Blenheim. On the

accession of George I. Henry Boyle became Lord Carleton and President of the Council. He died in 1724, and had his Life written by Addison's cousin Budgell.]

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No. 170. Friday, September 14, 1711. Addison.

'In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: injuriæ, Suspiciones, inimicitia, induciæ, Bellum, pax rursus ...'

Ter. Eun.

Upon looking over the Letters of my female Correspondents, I find several from Women complaining of jealous Husbands, and at the same time protesting their own Innocence; and desiring my Advice on this Occasion. I shall therefore take this Subject into my Consideration, and the more willingly, because I find that the Marquis of *Hallifax*, who in his *Advice to a Daughter* [1] has instructed a Wife how to behave her self towards a false, an intemperate, a choleric, a sullen, a covetous, or a silly Husband, has not spoken one Word of a Jealous Husband.

*Jealousy* is that Pain which a Man feels from the Apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the Person whom he entirely loves. Now, because our inward Passions and Inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous Man to be thoroughly cured of his Suspicions. His Thoughts hang at best in a State of Doubtfulness and Uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any Satisfaction on the advantageous Side; so that his Enquiries are most successful when they discover nothing: His Pleasure arises from his Disappointments, and his Life is spent in Pursuit of a Secret that destroys his Happiness if he chance to find it.

An ardent Love is always a strong Ingredient in this Passion; for the same Affection which stirs up the jealous Man's Desires, and gives the Party beloved so beautiful a Figure in his Imagination, makes him believe she kindles the same Passion in others, and appears as amiable to all Beholders. And as Jealousy thus arises from an extraordinary Love, it is of so delicate a Nature, that it scorns to take up with any thing less than an equal Return of Love. Not the warmest Expressions of Affection, the softest and most tender Hypocrisy, are able to give any Satisfaction, where we are not persuaded that the Affection is real and the Satisfaction mutual. For the jealous Man wishes himself a kind of Deity to the Person he loves: He would be the only Pleasure of her Senses, the Employment of her Thoughts; and is angry at every thing she admires, or takes Delight in, besides himself.

Phædrus's Request to his Mistress, upon his leaving her for three Days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

Cum milite isto præsens, absens ut sies: Dies, noctesque me ames: me desideres: Me somnies: me expectes: de me cogites: Me speres: me te oblectes: mecum tola sis: Meus fac sis postremo animus, quando ego sum tuus.

Ter. Eun. [2]

The Jealous Man's Disease is of so malignant a Nature, that it converts all he takes into its own Nourishment. A cool Behaviour sets him on the Rack, and is interpreted as an instance of Aversion or Indifference; a fond one raises his Suspicions, and looks too much like Dissimulation and Artifice. If the Person he loves be cheerful, her Thoughts must be employed on another; and if sad, she is certainly thinking on himself. In short, there is no Word or Gesture so insignificant, but it gives him new Hints, feeds his Suspicions, and furnishes him with fresh Matters of Discovery: So that if we consider the effects of this Passion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate Hatred than an excessive Love; for certainly none can meet with more Disquietude and Uneasiness than a suspected Wife, if we except the jealous Husband.

But the great Unhappiness of this Passion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the Affection which it is so solicitous to engross; and that for these two Reasons, because it lays too great a Constraint on the Words and Actions of the suspected Person, and at the same time shews you have no honourable Opinion of her; both of which are strong Motives to Aversion.

Nor is this the worst Effect of Jealousy; for it often draws after it a more fatal Train of Consequences, and makes the Person you suspect guilty of the very Crimes you are so much afraid of. It is very natural for such who are treated ill and upbraided falsely, to find out an intimate Friend that will hear their Complaints, condole their Sufferings, and endeavour to sooth and assuage their secret Resentments. Besides, Jealousy puts a Woman often in Mind of an ill Thing that she would not otherwise perhaps have thought of, and fills her Imagination with such an unlucky Idea, as in Time grows familiar, excites Desire, and loses all the Shame and Horror which might at first attend it. Nor is it a Wonder if she who suffers wrongfully in a Man's Opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his Esteem, resolves to give him reason for his Suspicions, and to enjoy the Pleasure of the Crime, since she must undergo the Ignominy. Such probably were the Considerations that directed the wise Man in his Advice to Husbands; *\_Be not jealous over the Wife of thy Bosom, and teach her not an evil Lesson against thy self.\_* Ecclus. [3]

And here, among the other Torments which this Passion produces, we may usually observe that none are greater Mourners than jealous Men, when the Person [who [4]] provoked their Jealousy is taken from them. Then it is that their Love breaks out furiously, and throws off all the Mixtures of Suspicion [which [5]] choaked and smothered it before. The beautiful Parts of the Character rise uppermost in the jealous Husband's Memory, and upbraid him with the ill Usage of so divine a Creature as was once in his Possession; whilst all the little Imperfections, that were [before [6]] so uneasie to him, wear off from his Remembrance, and shew themselves no more.

We may see by what has been said, that Jealousy takes the deepest Root in Men of amorous Dispositions; and of these we may find three Kinds who are most over-run with it.

The First are those who are conscious to themselves of an Infirmary, whether it be Weakness, Old Age, Deformity, Ignorance, or the like. These Men are so well acquainted with the unamiable Part of themselves, that they have not the Confidence to think they are really beloved; and are so distrustful of their own Merits, that all Fondness towards them puts them out of Countenance, and looks like a Jest upon their Persons. They grow suspicious on their first looking in a Glass, and are stung with Jealousy at the sight of a Wrinkle. A handsome Fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their thoughts upon their Wives.

A Second Sort of Men, who are most liable to this Passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful Tempers. It is a Fault very justly found in Histories composed by Politicians, that they leave nothing to Chance or Humour, but are still for deriving every Action from some Plot and Contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual Scheme of Causes and Events, and preserving a constant Correspondence between the Camp and the Council-Table. And thus it happens in the Affairs of Love with Men of too refined a Thought. They put a Construction on a Look, and find out a Design in a Smile; they give new Senses and Significations to Words and Actions; and are ever tormenting themselves with Fancies of their own raising: They generally act in a Disguise themselves, and therefore mistake all outward Shows and Appearances for Hypocrisy in others; so that I believe no Men see less of the Truth and Reality of Things, than these great Refiners upon Incidents, [who [7]] are so wonderfully subtle and overwise in their Conceptions.

Now what these Men fancy they know of Women by Reflection, your lewd and vicious Men believe they have learned by Experience. They have seen the poor Husband so misled by Tricks and Artifices, and in the midst of his Enquiries so lost and bewilder'd in a crooked Intreague, that they still suspect an Under-Plot in every female Action; and especially where they see any Resemblance in the Behaviour of two Persons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the same Design in both. These Men therefore bear hard upon the suspected Party,

pursue her close through all her Turnings and Windings, and are too well acquainted with the Chace, to be slung off by any false Steps or Doubles: Besides, their Acquaintance and Conversation has lain wholly among the vicious Part of Womankind, and therefore it is no Wonder they censure all alike, and look upon the whole Sex as a Species of Impostors. But if, notwithstanding their private Experience, they can get over these Prejudices, and entertain a favourable Opinion of some *\_Women\_*; yet their own loose Desires will stir up new Suspicions from another Side, and make them believe all *Men* subject to the same Inclinations with themselves.

Whether these or other Motives are most predominant, we learn from the modern Histories of *\_America\_*, as well as from our own Experience in this Part of the World, that Jealousy is no Northern Passion, but rages most in those Nations that lie nearest the Influence of the Sun. It is a Misfortune for a Woman to be born between the Tropicks; for there lie the hottest Regions of Jealousy, which as you come Northward cools all along with the Climate, till you scarce meet with any thing like it in the Polar Circle. Our own Nation is very temperately situated in this respect; and if we meet with some few disordered with the Violence of this Passion, they are not the proper Growth of our Country, but are many Degrees nearer the Sun in their Constitutions than in their Climate.

After this frightful Account of Jealousy, and the Persons [who [8]] are most subject to it, it will be but fair to shew by what means the Passion may be best allay'd, and those who are possessed with it set at Ease. Other Faults indeed are not under the Wife's Jurisdiction, and should, if possible, escape her Observation; but Jealousy calls upon her particularly for its Cure, and deserves all her Art and Application in the Attempt: Besides, she has this for her Encouragement, that her Endeavours will be always pleasing, and that she will still find the Affection of her Husband rising towards her in proportion as his Doubts and Suspicions vanish; for, as we have seen all along, there is so great a Mixture of Love in Jealousy as is well worth separating. But this shall be the Subject of another Paper.

L.

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[Footnote 1: 'Miscellanies' by the late lord Marquis of Halifax (George Saville, who died in 1695), 1704, pp. 18–31.]

[Footnote 2:

'When you are in company with that Soldier, behave as if you were absent: but continue to love me by Day and by Night: want me; dream of me; expect me; think of me; wish for me; delight in me: be wholly with me: in short, be my very Soul, as I am yours.']

[Footnote 3: 'Ecclus'. ix. I.]

[Footnote 4: that]

[Footnote 5: that]

[Footnote 6: formerly]

[Footnote 7: that]

[Footnote 8: that]

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'Credula res amor est ...'

Ovid. Met.

Having in my Yesterday's Paper discovered the Nature of Jealousie, and pointed out the Persons who are most subject to it, I must here apply my self to my fair Correspondents, who desire to live well with a Jealous Husband, and to ease his Mind of its unjust Suspicions.

The first Rule I shall propose to be observed is, that you never seem to dislike in another what the Jealous Man is himself guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himself does not excel. A Jealous Man is very quick in his Applications, he knows how to find a double Edge in an Invective, and to draw a Satyr on himself out of a Panegyrick on another. He does not trouble himself to consider the Person, but to direct the Character; and is secretly pleased or confounded as he finds more or less of himself in it. The Commendation of any thing in another, stirs up his Jealousy, as it shews you have a Value for others, besides himself; but the Commendation of that which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shews that in some Respects you prefer others before him. Jealousie is admirably described in this View by *Horace* in his Ode to *Lydia* [; [1]]

\_Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi Laudas brachia, vae meum Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur: Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color Certâ sede manet; humor et in genas Furtim labitur, arguens Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

When\_ Telephus \_his youthful Charms, His rosie Neck and winding Arms, With endless Rapture you recite, And in the pleasing Name delight; My Heart, inflam'd by jealous Heats, With numberless Resentments beats; From my pale Cheek the Colour flies, And all the Man within me dies: By Turns my hidden Grief appears In rising Sighs and falling Tears, That shew too well the warm Desires, The silent, slow, consuming Fires, Which on my inmost Vitals prey, And melt my very Soul away\_.

The Jealous Man is not indeed angry if you dislike another, but if you find those Faults which are to be found in his own Character, you discover not only your Dislike of another, but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of ingrossing all your Love, that he is grieved at the want of any Charm, which he believes has Power to raise it; and if he finds by your Censures on others, that he is not so agreeable in your Opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other Qualifications, and that by Consequence your Affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his Temper be grave or sullen, you must not be too much pleased with a Jest, or transported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his Beauty be none of the best, you must be a professed Admirer of Prudence, or any other Quality he is Master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you must be sure to be free and open in your Conversation with him, and to let in Light upon your Actions, to unravel all your Designs, and discover every Secret however trifling or indifferent. A jealous Husband has a particular Aversion to Winks and Whispers, and if he does not see to the Bottom of every thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his Fears and Suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief Confident, and where he finds himself kept out of a Secret, will believe there is more in it than there should be. And here it is of great concern, that you preserve the Character of your Sincerity uniform and of a piece: for if he once finds a false Gloss put upon any single Action, he quickly suspects all the rest; his working Imagination immediately takes a false Hint, and runs off with it into several remote Consequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own Misery.

If both these Methods fail, the best way will be to let him see you are much cast down and afflicted for the ill Opinion he entertains of you, and the Disquietudes he himself suffers for your Sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous Pleasure in the Jealousy of those [who [2]] love them, that insult over an aking Heart, and triumph in their Charms which are able to excite so much Uneasiness.

'Ardeat ipsa licet tormentis gaudet amantis'.

Juv.

But these often carry the Humour so far, till their affected Coldness and Indifference quite kills all the Fondness of a Lover, and are then sure to meet in their Turn with all the Contempt and Scorn that is due to so insolent a Behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy, dejected Carriage, the usual effects of injured Innocence, may soften the jealous Husband into Pity, make him sensible of the Wrong he does you, and work out of his Mind all those Fears and Suspicions that make you both unhappy. At least it will have this good Effect, that he will keep his Jealousy to himself, and repine in private, either because he is sensible it is a Weakness, and will therefore hide it from your Knowledge, or because he will be apt to fear some ill Effect it may produce, in cooling your Love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There is still another Secret that can never fail, if you can once get it believ'd, and what is often practis'd by Women of greater Cunning than Virtue: This is to change Sides for a while with the jealous Man, and to turn his own Passion upon himself; to take some Occasion of growing Jealous of him, and to follow the Example he himself hath set you. This Counterfeited Jealousy will bring him a great deal of Pleasure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much Love goes along with [this Passion, [3]] and will [besides feel [4]] something like the Satisfaction of a Revenge, in seeing you undergo all his own Tortures. But this, indeed, is an Artifice so difficult, and at the same time so dis-ingenuous, that it ought never to be put in Practice, but by such as have Skill enough to cover the Deceit, and Innocence to render it excusable.

I shall conclude this Essay with the Story of *Herod* and *Mariamne*, as I have collected it out of *Josephus*; [5] which may serve almost as an Example to whatever can be said on this Subject.

*Mariamne* had all the Charms that Beauty, Birth, Wit and Youth could give a Woman, and *Herod* all the Love that such Charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous Disposition. In the midst of this his Fondness for *Mariamne*, he put her Brother to Death, as he did her Father not many Years after. The Barbarity of the Action was represented to *Mark Antony*, who immediately summoned *Herod* into *Egypt*, to answer for the Crime that was there laid to his Charge. *Herod* attributed the Summons to *Antony's* Desire of *Mariamne*, whom therefore, before his Departure, he gave into the Custody of his Uncle *Joseph*, with private Orders to put her to Death, if any such Violence was offered to himself. This *Joseph* was much delighted with *Mariamne's* Conversation, and endeavoured, with all his Art and Rhetorick, to set out the Excess of *Herod's* Passion for her; but when he still found her Cold and Incredulous, he inconsiderately told her, as a certain Instance of her Lord's Affection, the private Orders he had left behind him, which plainly shewed, according to *Joseph's* Interpretation, that he could neither Live nor Die without her. This Barbarous Instance of a wild unreasonable Passion quite put out, for a time, those little Remains of Affection she still had for her Lord: Her Thoughts were so wholly taken up with the Cruelty of his Orders, that she could not consider the Kindness that produced them, and therefore represented him in her Imagination, rather under the frightful Idea of a Murderer than a Lover. *Herod* was at length acquitted and dismissed by *Mark Antony*, when his Soul was all in Flames for his *Mariamne*; but before their Meeting, he was not a little alarm'd at the Report he had heard of his Uncle's Conversation and Familiarity with her in his Absence. This therefore was the first Discourse he entertained her with, in which she found it no easy matter to quiet his Suspicions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her Innocence, that from Reproaches and Wranglings he fell to Tears and Embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their Reconciliation, and *Herod* poured out his whole Soul to her in the warmest Protestations of Love and Constancy: when amidst all his Sighs and Languishings she asked him, whether the private Orders he left with his Uncle *Joseph* were an Instance of such an inflamed Affection. The Jealous King was immediately roused at so unexpected a Question, and concluded his Uncle must have been too Familiar with her, before he would have discovered such a Secret. In short, he put his Uncle to Death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himself to spare *Mariamne*.

After this he was forced on a second Journey into *Egypt*, when he committed his Lady to the Care of

\_Sohemus\_, with the same private Orders he had before given his Uncle, if any Mischief befel himself. In the mean while *Mariamne* so won upon *Sohemus* by her Presents and obliging Conversation, that she drew all the Secret from him, with which *Herod* had intrusted him; so that after his Return, when he flew to her with all the Transports of Joy and Love, she received him coldly with Sighs and Tears, and all the Marks of Indifference and Aversion. This Reception so stirred up his Indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own Hands, had not he feared he himself should have become the greater Sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent Return of Love upon him; *Mariamne* was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal Caresses and Endearments; but she declined his Embraces, and answered all his Fondness with bitter Invectives for the Death of her Father and her Brother. This Behaviour so incensed \_Herod\_, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the Heat of their Quarrel there came in a Witness, suborn'd by some of \_Mariamne's\_ Enemies, who accused her to the King of a Design to poison him. *Herod* was now prepared to hear any thing in her Prejudice, and immediately ordered her Servant to be stretch'd upon the Rack; who in the Extremity of his Tortures confest, that his Mistress's Aversion to the King arose from [something [6]] *Sohemus* had told her; but as for any Design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least Knowledge of it. This Confession quickly proved fatal to \_Sohemus\_, who now lay under the same Suspicions and Sentence that *Joseph* had before him on the like Occasion. Nor would *Herod* rest here; but accused her with great Vehemence of a Design upon his Life, and by his Authority with the Judges had her publickly Condemned and Executed. *Herod* soon after her Death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the Publick Administration of Affairs into a solitary Forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black Considerations, which naturally arise from a Passion made up of Love, Remorse, Pity and Despair, he used to rave for his \_Mariamne\_, and to call upon her in his distracted Fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his Thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an Object by Publick Storms, which at that Time very nearly threatned him.

L.

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[Footnote 1: ", part of which I find Translated to my Hand."]

[Footnote 2: that]

[Footnote 3: it]

[Footnote 4: receive]

[Footnote 5: 'Antiquities of the Jews', Bk. xv. ch. iii. § 5, 6, 9; ch. vii. § 1, 2, &c.]

[Footnote 6: some thing that]

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No. 172. Monday, September 17, 1711. Steele.

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'Non solum Scientia, quæ est remota a Justitia, Calliditas potius quam Sapiencia est appellanda; verum etiam Animus paratus ad periculum, si suâ cupiditate, non utilitate communi impellitur, Audaciæ potius nomen habeat, quam Fortitudinis.'

Plato apnd Tull.

There can be no greater Injury to humane Society than that good Talents among Men should be held honourable to those who are endowed with them without any Regard how they are applied. The Gifts of Nature and Accomplishments of Art are valuable, but as they are exerted in the Interest of Virtue, or governed by the Rules of Honour. We ought to abstract our Minds from the Observation of any Excellence in those we

converse with, till we have taken some Notice, or received some good Information of the Disposition of their Minds; otherwise the Beauty of their Persons, or the Charms of their Wit, may make us fond of those whom our Reason and Judgment will tell us we ought to abhor.

When we suffer our selves to be thus carried away by meer Beauty, or meer Wit, *\_Omniamante\_*, with all her Vice, will bear away as much of our Good-will as the most innocent Virgin or discreetest Matron; and there cannot be a more abject Slavery in this World, than to doat upon what we think we ought to contemn: Yet this must be our Condition in all the Parts of Life, if we suffer our selves to approve any Thing but what tends to the Promotion of what is good and honourable. If we would take true Pains with our selves to consider all Things by the Light of Reason and Justice, tho' a Man were in the Height of Youth and amorous Inclinations, he would look upon a Coquet with the same Contempt or Indifference as he would upon a Coxcomb: The wanton Carriage in a Woman, would disappoint her of the Admiration which she aims at; and the vain Dress or Discourse of a Man would destroy the Comeliness of his Shape, or Goodness of his Understanding. I say the Goodness of his Understanding, for it is no less common to see Men of Sense commence Coxcombs, than beautiful Women become immodest. When this happens in either, the Favour we are naturally inclined to give to the good Qualities they have from Nature, should abate in Proportion. But however just it is to measure the Value of Men by the Application of their Talents, and not by the Eminence of those Qualities abstracted from their Use; I say, however just such a Way of judging is, in all Ages as well as this, the Contrary has prevailed upon the Generality of Mankind. How many lewd Devices have been preserved from one Age to another, which had perished as soon as they were made, if Painters and Sculptors had been esteemed as much for the Purpose as the Execution of their Designs? Modest and well-governed Imaginations have by this Means lost the Representations of Ten Thousand charming Portraits, filled with Images of innate Truth, generous Zeal, couragious Faith, and tender Humanity; instead of which, Satyrs, Furies, and Monsters are recommended by those Arts to a shameful Eternity.

The unjust Application of laudable Talents, is tolerated, in the general Opinion of Men, not only in such Cases as are here mentioned, but also in Matters which concern ordinary Life. If a Lawyer were to be esteemed only as he uses his Parts in contending for Justice, and were immediately despicable when he appeared in a Cause which he could not but know was an unjust one, how honourable would his Character be? And how honourable is it in such among us, who follow the Profession no otherwise than as labouring to protect the Injured, to subdue the Oppressor, to imprison the careless Debtor, and do right to the painful Artificer? But many of this excellent Character are overlooked by the greater Number; who affect covering a weak Place in a Client's Title, diverting the Course of an Enquiry, or finding a skilful Refuge to palliate a Falsehood: Yet it is still called Eloquence in the latter, though thus unjustly employed; but Resolution in an Assassin is according to Reason quite as laudable, as Knowledge and Wisdom exercised in the Defence of an ill Cause.

Were the Intention stedfastly considered, as the Measure of Approbation, all Falsehood would soon be out of Countenance; and an Address in imposing upon Mankind, would be as contemptible in one State of Life as another. A Couple of Courtiers making Professions of Esteem, would make the same Figure under Breach of Promise, as two Knights of the Post convicted of Perjury. But Conversation is fallen so low in point of Morality, that as they say in a Bargain, *\_Let the Buyer look to it\_*; so in Friendship, he is the Man in Danger who is most apt to believe: He is the more likely to suffer in the Commerce, who begins with the Obligation of being the more ready to enter into it.

But those Men only are truly great, who place their Ambition rather in acquiring to themselves the Conscience of worthy Enterprizes, than in the Prospect of Glory which attends them. These exalted Spirits would rather be secretly the Authors of Events which are serviceable to Mankind, than, without being such, to have the publick Fame of it. Where therefore an eminent Merit is robbed by Artifice or Detraction, it does but encrease by such Endeavours of its Enemies: The impotent Pains which are taken to sully it, or diffuse it among a Crowd to the Injury of a single Person, will naturally produce the contrary Effect; the Fire will blaze out, and burn up all that attempt to smother what they cannot extinguish.

There is but one thing necessary to keep the Possession of true Glory, which is, to hear the Opposers of it with Patience, and preserve the Virtue by which it was acquired. When a Man is thoroughly perswaded that he ought neither to admire, wish for, or pursue any thing but what is exactly his Duty, it is not in the Power of Seasons, Persons, or Accidents to diminish his Value: He only is a great Man who can neglect the Applause of the Multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its Favour. This is indeed an arduous Task; but it should comfort a glorious Spirit that it is the highest Step to which human Nature can arrive. Triumph, Applause, Acclamation, are dear to the Mind of Man; but it is still a more exquisite Delight to say to your self, you have done well, than to hear the whole human Race pronounce you glorious, except you your self can join with them in your own Reflections. A Mind thus equal and uniform may be deserted by little fashionable Admirers and Followers, but will ever be had in Reverence by Souls like it self. The Branches of the Oak endure all the Seasons of the Year, though its Leaves fall off in Autumn; and these too will be restored with the returning Spring.

T.

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No. 173. Tuesday, September 18, 1711. Addison.

'... Remove fera monstra, tuægue Saxificos vultus, quæcunque ea, tolle Medusæ.'

Ovid. Met.

In a late Paper I mention'd the Project of an Ingenious Author for the erecting of several Handicraft Prizes to be contended for by our *British* Artizans, and the Influence they might have towards the Improvement of our several Manufactures. I have since that been very much surprized by the following Advertisement which I find in the 'Post-Boy' of the 11th Instant, and again repeated in the 'Post-Boy' of the 15th.

On the 9th of October next will be run for upon Coleshill-Heath in Warwickshire, a Plate of 6 Guineas Value, 3 Heats, by any Horse, Mare or Gelding that hath not won above the Value of £5, the winning Horse to be sold for £10, to carry 10 Stone Weight, if 14 Hands high; if above or under to carry or be allowed Weight for Inches, and to be entered Friday the 5th at the Swan in Coleshill, before Six in the Evening. Also a Plate of less Value to be run for by Asses. The same Day a Gold Ring to be Grinn'd for by Men.

The first of these Diversions, that is to be exhibited by the £10 Race-Horses, may probably have its Use; but the two last, in which the Asses and Men are concerned, seem to me altogether extraordinary and unaccountable. Why they should keep Running Asses at *\_Coleshill\_*, or how making Mouths turns to account in *\_Warwickshire\_*, more than in any other Parts of *\_England\_*, I cannot comprehend. I have looked over all the Olympic Games, and do not find any thing in them like an Ass-Race, or a Match at Grinning. However it be, I am informed that several Asses are now kept in Body-Cloaths, and sweated every Morning upon the Heath, and that all the Country-Fellows within ten Miles of the *\_Swan\_*, grinn an Hour or two in their Glasses every Morning, in order to qualify themselves for the 9th of *October*. The Prize, which is proposed to be Grinn'd for, has raised such an Ambition among the Common People of Out-grinning one another, that many very discerning Persons are afraid it should spoil most of the Faces in the Country; and that a *Warwickshire* Man will be known by his Grinn, as Roman-Catholicks imagine a *Kentish* Man is by his Tail. The Gold Ring which is made the Prize of Deformity, is just the Reverse of the Golden Apple that was formerly made the Prize of Beauty, and should carry for its Posy the old Motto inverted.

'Detur tetriori'.

Or to accommodate it to the Capacity of the Combatants,

*\_The frightfull'st Grinner Be the Winner\_.*

In the mean while I would advise a *Dutch Painter* to be present at this great Controversy of Faces, in order to make a Collection of the most remarkable Grinns that shall be there exhibited.

I must not here omit an Account which I lately received of one of these Grinning Matches from a Gentleman, who, upon reading the above-mentioned Advertisement, entertained a Coffee-house with the following Narrative.

Upon the taking of *Namur* [1], amidst other publick Rejoicings made on that Occasion, there was a Gold Ring given by a Whig Justice of Peace to be grinn'd for. The first Competitor that entered the Lists, was a black swarthy *\_French Man\_*, who accidentally passed that way, and being a Man naturally of a wither'd Look, and hard Features, promised himself good Success. He was placed upon a Table in the great Point of View, and looking upon the Company like *\_Milton's\_ Death*,

*\_Grinn'd horribly [2] a Ghastly Smile ...\_*

His Muscles were so drawn together on each side of his Face, that he shew'd twenty Teeth at a Grinn, and put the County in some pain, lest a Foreigner should carry away the Honour of the Day; but upon a farther Tryal they found he was Master only of the merry Grinn.

The next that mounted the Table was a Malecontent in those Days, and a great Master in the whole Art of Grinning, but particularly excelled in the angry Grinn. He did his Part so well, that he is said to have made half a dozen Women miscarry; but the Justice being apprised by one who stood near him, that the Fellow who Grinned in his Face was a *\_Jacobite\_*, and being unwilling that a Disaffected Person should win the Gold Ring, and be looked upon as the best Grinner in the Country, he ordered the Oaths to be tendered unto him upon his quitting the Table, which the Grinner refusing, he was set aside as an unqualified Person. There were several other Grotesque Figures that presented themselves, which it would be too tedious to describe. I must not however omit a Ploughman, who lived in the farther Part of the Country, and being very lucky in a Pair of long Lanthorn-Jaws, wrung his face into such a hideous Grimace that every Feature of it appeared under a different Distortion. The whole Company stood astonished at such a complicated Grinn, and were ready to assign the Prize to him, had it not been proved by one of his Antagonists, that he had practised with Verjuice for some Days before, and had a Crab found upon him at the very time of Grinning; upon which the best Judges of Grinning declared it as their Opinion, that he was not to be looked upon as a fair Grinner, and therefore ordered him to be set aside as a Cheat.

The Prize, it seems, fell at length upon a Cobler, *Giles Gorgon* by Name, who produced several new Grinns of his own Invention, having been used to cut Faces for many Years together over his Last. At the very first Grinn he cast every Human Feature out of his Countenance; at the second he became the Face of a Spout; at the third a Baboon, at the fourth the Head of a Base-Viol, and at the fifth a Pair of Nut-Crackers. The whole Assembly wondered at his Accomplishments, and bestowed the Ring on him unanimously; but, what he esteemed more than all the rest, a Country Wench, whom he had wooed in vain for above five Years before, was so charmed with his Grinns, and the Applauses which he received on all Sides, that she Married him the Week following, and to this Day wears the Prize upon her Finger, the Cobler having made use of it as his Wedding-Ring.

This Paper might perhaps seem very impertinent, if it grew serious in the Conclusion. I would nevertheless leave it to the Consideration of those who are the Patrons of this monstrous Tryal of Skill, whether or no they are not guilty, in some measure, of an Affront to their Species, in treating after this manner the *\_Human Face Divine\_*, and turning that Part of us, which has so great an Image impressed upon it, into the Image of a Monkey; whether the raising such silly Competitions among the Ignorant, proposing Prizes for such useless Accomplishments, filling the common People's Heads with such Senseless Ambitions, and inspiring them

with such absurd Ideas of Superiority and Preheminence, has not in it something Immoral as well as Ridiculous. [3]

L.

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[Footnote 1: Sept. 1, 1695.]

[Footnote 2: *horridly*. Neither is quite right.]

'Death Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile.'

P. L., Bk. II. 1. 864.]

[Footnote 3: Two volumes of Original Letters sent to the Tatler and Spectator and not inserted, were published by Charles Lillie in 1725. In Vol. II. (pp. 72, 73), is a letter from Coleshill, informing the Spectator that in deference to his opinion, and chiefly through the mediation of some neighbouring ladies, the Grinning Match had been abandoned, and requesting his advice as to the disposal of the Grinning Prize.]

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No. 174. Wednesday, September 19, 1711. Steele.

'Hæc memini et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.'

Virg.

There is scarce any thing more common than Animosities between Parties that cannot subsist but by their Agreement: this was well represented in the Sedition of the Members of the humane Body in the old *Roman* Fable. It is often the Case of lesser confederate States against a superior Power, which are hardly held together, though their Unanimity is necessary for their common Safety: and this is always the Case of the landed and trading Interest of *Great Britain*: the Trader is fed by the Product of the Land, and the landed Man cannot be clothed but by the Skill of the Trader; and yet those Interests are ever jarring.

We had last Winter an Instance of this at our Club, in Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, Opposition of Opinions. It happened that one of the Company, in an Historical Discourse, was observing, that *Carthaginian* Faith [1] was a proverbial Phrase to intimate Breach of Leagues. Sir ROGER said it could hardly be otherwise: That the *Carthaginians* were the greatest Traders in the World; and as Gain is the chief End of such a People, they never pursue any other: The Means to it are never regarded; they will, if it comes easily, get Money honestly; but if not, they will not scruple to attain it by Fraud or Cozenage: And indeed, what is the whole Business of the Trader's Account, but to over-reach him who trusts to his Memory? But were that not so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose Attention is for ever fixed upon ballancing his Books, and watching over his Expences? And at best, let Frugality and Parsimony be the Virtues of the Merchant, how much is his punctual Dealing below a Gentleman's Charity to the Poor, or Hospitality among his Neighbours?

CAPTAIN SENTRY observed Sir ANDREW very diligent in hearing Sir ROGER, and had a mind to turn the Discourse, by taking notice in general, from the highest to the lowest Parts of human Society, there was a secret, tho' unjust, Way among Men, of indulging the Seeds of ill Nature and Envy, by comparing their own State of Life to that of another, and grudging the Approach of their Neighbour to their own Happiness; and on the other Side, he who is the less at his Ease, repines at the other who, he thinks, has unjustly the Advantage over him. Thus the Civil and Military Lists look upon each other with much ill Nature; the Soldier repines at the Courtier's Power, and the Courtier rallies the Soldier's Honour; or, to come to lower Instances, the private

Men in the Horse and Foot of an Army, the Carmen and Coachmen in the City Streets, mutually look upon each other with ill Will, when they are in Competition for Quarters or the Way, in their respective Motions.

It is very well, good Captain, interrupted Sir ANDREW: You may attempt to turn the Discourse if you think fit; but I must however have a Word or two with Sir ROGER, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the Merchant. I shall not, continued he, at this time remind Sir ROGER of the great and noble Monuments of Charity and Publick Spirit, which have been erected by Merchants since the Reformation, but at present content my self with what he allows us, Parsimony and Frugality. If it were consistent with the Quality of so antient a Baronet as Sir ROGER, to keep an Account, or measure Things by the most infallible Way, that of Numbers, he would prefer our Parsimony to his Hospitality. If to drink so many Hogsheads is to be Hospitable, we do not contend for the Fame of that Virtue; but it would be worth while to consider, whether so many Artificers at work ten Days together by my Appointment, or so many Peasants made merry on Sir ROGER'S Charge, are the Men more obliged? I believe the Families of the Artificers will thank me, more than the Households of the Peasants shall Sir ROGER. Sir ROGER gives to his Men, but I place mine above the Necessity or Obligation of my Bounty. I am in very little Pain for the *Roman* Proverb upon the *Carthaginian* Traders; the *Romans* were their professed Enemies: I am only sorry no *Carthaginian* Histories have come to our Hands; we might have been taught perhaps by them some Proverbs against the *Roman* Generosity, in fighting for and bestowing other People's Goods. But since Sir ROGER has taken Occasion from an old Proverb to be out of Humour with Merchants, it should be no Offence to offer one not quite so old in their Defence. When a Man happens to break in *\_Holland\_*, they say of him that *he has not kept true Accounts*. This Phrase, perhaps, among us, would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking, but with that exact Nation it bears the highest Reproach; for a Man to be Mistaken in the Calculation of his Expence, in his Ability to answer future Demands, or to be impertinently sanguine in putting his Credit to too great Adventure, are all Instances of as much Infamy as with gayer Nations to be failing in Courage or common Honesty.

Numbers are so much the Measure of every thing that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the Success of any Action, or the Prudence of any Undertaking, without them. I say this in Answer to what Sir ROGER is pleased to say, That little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his Cashbook, or ballancing his Accounts. When I have my Returns from abroad, I can tell to a Shilling, by the Help of Numbers, the Profit or Loss by my Adventure; but I ought also to be able to shew that I had Reason for making it, either from my own Experience or that of other People, or from a reasonable Presumption that my Returns will be sufficient to answer my Expence and Hazard; and this is never to be done without the Skill of Numbers. For Instance, if I am to trade to *\_Turkey\_*, I ought beforehand to know the Demand of our Manufactures there, as well as of their Silks in *\_England\_*, and the customary Prices that are given for both in each Country. I ought to have a clear Knowledge of these Matters beforehand, that I may presume upon sufficient Returns to answer the Charge of the Cargo I have fitted out, the Freight and Assurance out and home, the Custom to the Queen, and the Interest of my own Money, and besides all these Expences a reasonable Profit to my self. Now what is there of Scandal in this Skill? What has the Merchant done, that he should be so little in the good Graces of Sir ROGER? He throws down no Man's Enclosures, and tramples upon no Man's Corn; he takes nothing from the industrious Labourer; he pays the poor Man for his Work; he communicates his Profit with Mankind; by the Preparation of his Cargo and the Manufacture of his Returns, he furnishes Employment and Subsistence to greater Numbers than the richest Nobleman; and even the Nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign Markets for the Produce of his Estate, and for making a great Addition to his Rents; and yet 'tis certain, that none of all these Things could be done by him without the Exercise of his Skill in Numbers.

This is the Oeconomy of the Merchant; and the Conduct of the Gentleman must be the same, unless by scorning to be the Steward, he resolves the Steward shall be the Gentleman. The Gentleman, no more than the Merchant, is able, without the Help of Numbers, to account for the Success of any Action, or the Prudence of any Adventure. If, for Instance, the Chace is his whole Adventure, his only Returns must be the Stag's Horns in the great Hall, and the Fox's Nose upon the Stable Door. Without Doubt Sir ROGER knows the full Value

of these Returns; and if beforehand he had computed the Charges of the Chace, a Gentleman of his Discretion would certainly have hanged up all his Dogs, he would never have brought back so many fine Horses to the Kennel, he would never have gone so often, like a Blast, over Fields of Corn. If such too had been the Conduct of all his Ancestors, he might truly have boasted at this Day, that the Antiquity of his Family had never been sullied by a Trade; a Merchant had never been permitted with his whole Estate to purchase a Room for his Picture in the Gallery of the COVERLEYS, or to claim his Descent from the Maid of Honour. But 'tis very happy for Sir ROGER that the Merchant paid so dear for his Ambition. 'Tis the Misfortune of many other Gentlemen to turn out of the Seats of their Ancestors, to make way for such new Masters as have been more exact in their Accounts than themselves; and certainly he deserves the Estate a great deal better, who has got it by his Industry, than he who has lost it by his Negligence.

T.

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[Footnote 1: Punica fides.]

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No. 175. Thursday, September 20, 1711. Budgell.

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'Proximus à tectis ignis defenditur ægre:'

Ov. 'Rem. Am.'

I shall this Day entertain my Readers with two or three Letters I have received from my Correspondents: The first discovers to me a Species of Females which have hitherto escaped my Notice, and is as follows.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I am a young Gentleman of a competent Fortune, and a sufficient Taste of Learning, to spend five or six Hours every Day very agreeably among my Books. That I might have nothing to divert me from my Studies, and to avoid the Noises of Coaches and Chair-men, I have taken Lodgings in a very narrow Street, not far from *\_Whitehall\_*; but it is my Misfortune to be so posted, that my Lodgings are directly opposite to those of a *Jezebel*. You are to know, Sir, that a *Jezebel* (so call'd by the Neighbourhood from displaying her pernicious Charms at her Window) appears constantly dress'd at her Sash, and has a thousand little Tricks and Fooleries to attract the Eyes of all the idle young Fellows in the Neighbourhood. I have seen more than six Persons at once from their several Windows observing the *Jezebel* I am now complaining of. I at first looked on her myself with the highest Contempt, could divert my self with her Airs for half an Hour, and afterwards take up my *Plutarch* with great Tranquillity of Mind; but was a little vexed to find that in less than a Month she had considerably stoln upon my Time, so that I resolved to look at her no more. But the *\_Jezebel\_*, who, as I suppose, might think it a Diminution to her Honour, to have the Number of her Gazers lessen'd, resolved not to part with me so, and began to play so many new Tricks at her Window, that it was impossible for me to forbear observing her. I verily believe she put her self to the Expence of a new Wax Baby on purpose to plague me; she us'd to dandle and play with this Figure as impertinently as if it had been a real Child: sometimes she would let fall a Glove or a Pin Cushion in the Street, and shut or open her Casement three or four times in a Minute. When I had almost wean'd my self from this, she came in her Shift-Sleeves, and dress'd at the Window. I had no Way left but to let down my Curtains, which I submitted to, though it considerably darkned my Room, and was pleased to think that I had at last got the better of her; but was surpriz'd the next Morning to hear her talking out of her Window quite cross the Street, with another Woman that lodges over me: I am since informed, that she made her a Visit, and got acquainted with her within three Hours after the Fall of my Window Curtains.

Sir, I am plagued every Moment in the Day one way or other in my own Chambers; and the *Jezebel* has the Satisfaction to know, that, tho' I am not looking at her, I am list'ning to her impertinent Dialogues that pass over my Head. I would immediately change my Lodgings, but that I think it might look like a plain Confession that I am conquer'd; and besides this, I am told that most Quarters of the Town are infested with these Creatures. If they are so, I am sure 'tis such an Abuse, as a Lover of Learning and Silence ought to take notice of.

\_I am, SIR, \_Yours, &c.\_'

I am afraid, by some Lines in this Letter, that my young Student is touched with a Distemper which he hardly seems to dream of and is too far gone in it to receive Advice. However, I shall animadvert in due time on the Abuse which he mentions, having my self observed a Nest of *Jezebels* near the \_Temple\_, who make it their Diversion to draw up the Eyes of young Templars, that at the same time they may see them stumble in an unlucky Gutter which runs under the Window.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I have lately read the Conclusion of your forty-seventh Speculation upon *Butts* with great Pleasure, and have ever since been thoroughly perswaded that one of those Gentlemen is extremely necessary to enliven Conversation. I had an Entertainment last Week upon the Water for a Lady to whom I make my Addresses, with several of our Friends of both Sexes. To divert the Company in general, and to shew my Mistress in particular my Genius for Raillery, I took one of the most celebrated *Butts* in Town along with me. It is with the utmost Shame and Confusion that I must acquaint you with the Sequel of my Adventure: As soon as we were got into the Boat, I played a Sentence or two at my *Butt* which I thought very smart, when my ill Genius, who I verily believe inspir'd him purely for my Destruction, suggested to him such a Reply, as got all the Laughter on his Side. I was clashed at so unexpected a Turn; which the *Butt* perceiving, resolved not to let me recover my self, and pursuing his Victory, rallied and tossed me in a most unmerciful and barbarous manner 'till we came to *Chelsea*. I had some small Success while we were eating Cheese-Cakes; but coming Home, he renewed his Attacks with his former good Fortune, and equal Diversion to the whole Company. In short, Sir, I must ingenuously own that I was never so handled in all my Life; and to compleat my Misfortune, I am since told that the \_Butt\_, flushed with his late Victory, has made a Visit or two to the dear Object of my Wishes, so that I am at once in danger of losing all my Pretensions to Wit, and my Mistress [into [1]] the Bargain. This, Sir, is a true Account of my present Troubles, which you are the more obliged to assist me in, as you were your self in a great measure the Cause of them, by recommending to us an Instrument, and not instructing us at the same time how to play upon it.

I have been thinking whether it might not be highly convenient, that all *Butts* should wear an Inscription affixed to some Part of their Bodies, shewing on which Side they are to be come at, and that if any of them are Persons of unequal Tempers, there should be some Method taken to inform the World at what Time it is safe to attack them, and when you had best to let them alone. But, submitting these Matters to your more serious Consideration,

\_I am, SIR, \_Yours, &c.\_'

I have, indeed, seen and heard of several young Gentlemen under the same Misfortune with my present Correspondent. The best Rule I can lay down for them to avoid the like Calamities for the future, is thoroughly to consider not only \_Whether their Companions are weak\_, but *Whether themselves are Wits*.

The following Letter comes to me from \_Exeter\_, and being credibly informed that what it contains is Matter of Fact, I shall give it my Reader as it was sent me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

\_Exeter, Sept\_. 7.

'You were pleased in a late Speculation to take notice of the Inconvenience we lie under in the Country, in not being able to keep Pace with the Fashion: But there is another Misfortune which we are subject to, and is no less grievous than the former, which has hitherto escaped your Observation. I mean, the having Things palmed upon us for *London* Fashions, which were never once heard of there.

A Lady of this Place had some time since a Box of the newest Ribbons sent down by the Coach: Whether it was her own malicious Invention, or the Wantonness of a *London* Milliner, I am not able to inform you; but, among the rest, there was one Cherry-coloured Ribbon, consisting of about half a Dozen Yards, made up in the Figure of a small Head-Dress. The foresaid Lady had the Assurance to affirm, amidst a Circle of Female Inquisitors, who were present at the opening of the Box, that this was the newest Fashion worn at Court. Accordingly the next *Sunday* we had several Females, who came to Church with their Heads dress'd wholly in Ribbons, and looked like so many Victims ready to be Sacrificed. This is still a reigning Mode among us. At the same time we have a Set of Gentlemen who take the Liberty to appear in all Publick Places without any Buttons to their Coats, which they supply with several little Silver Hasps, tho' our freshest Advices from *London* make no mention of any such Fashion; and we are something shy of affording Matter to the Button-Makers for a second Petition. [2]

What I would humbly propose to the Publick is, that there may be a Society erected in *London*, to consist of the most skilful Persons of both Sexes, for the *Inspection of Modes and Fashions*; and that hereafter no Person or Persons shall presume to appear singularly habited in any Part of the Country, without a Testimonial from the foresaid Society, that their Dress is answerable to the Mode at *London*. By this means, Sir, we shall know a little whereabouts we are.

If you could bring this Matter to bear, you would very much oblige great Numbers of your Country Friends, and among the rest,

\_Your very Humble Servant\_, Jack Modish.

X.

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[Footnote 1: in]

[Footnote 2: In 1609 the Button-Makers sent a petition to Parliament, which produced the Act of the 8th year of Anne (1709), framed because

'the maintenance and subsistence of many thousands of men, women and children depends upon the making of silk, mohair, gimp, and thread buttons, and button-holes with the needle,' and these have been ruined by 'a late unforeseen practice of making and binding button-holes with cloth, serge,' &c.]

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No. 176. Friday, September 21, 1711. Steele.

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'Parvula, pumilio, [Greek: charít\_on mia], lota merum Sal.'

Luc.

There are in the following Letter Matters, which I, a Batchelor, cannot be supposed to be acquainted with; therefore shall not pretend to explain upon it till further Consideration, but leave the Author of the Epistle to express his Condition his own Way.

Mr. SPECTATOR.

I do not deny but you appear in many of your Papers to understand Human Life pretty well; but there are very many Things which you cannot possibly have a true Notion of, in a single Life; these are such as respect the married State; otherwise I cannot account for your having overlooked a very good Sort of People, which are commonly called in Scorn the *Henpeckt*. You are to understand that I am one of those innocent Mortals who suffer Derision under that Word for being governed by the best of Wives. It would be worth your Consideration to enter into the Nature of Affection it self, and tell us, according to your Philosophy, why it is that our Dears shall do what they will with us, shall be froward, ill-natured, assuming, sometimes whine, at others rail, then swoon away, then come to Life, have the Use of Speech to the greatest Fluency imaginable, and then sink away again, and all because they fear we do not love them enough: that is, the poor things love us so heartily, that they cannot think it possible we should be able to love them in so great a Degree, which makes them take on so. I say, Sir, a true good-natured Man, whom Rakes and Libertines call *\_Hen-peckt\_*, shall fall into all these different Moods with his dear Life, and at the same time see they are wholly put on; and yet not be hard-hearted enough to tell the dear good Creature that she is an Hypocrite. This sort of good Man is very frequent in the populous and wealthy City of *\_London\_*, and is the true *\_Hen-peckt\_* Man; the kind Creature cannot break through his Kindnesses so far as to come to an Explanation with the tender Soul, and therefore goes on to comfort her when nothing ails her, to appease her when she is not angry, and to give her his Cash when he knows she does not want it; rather than be uneasy for a whole Month, which is computed by hard-hearted Men the Space of Time which a froward Woman takes to come to her self, if you have Courage to stand out.

There are indeed several other Species of the *\_Hen-peckt\_*, and in my Opinion they are certainly the best Subjects the Queen has; and for that Reason I take it to be your Duty to keep us above Contempt.

I do not know whether I make my self understood in the Representation of an *Hen-peckt* Life, but I shall take leave to give you an Account of my self, and my own Spouse. You are to know that I am reckoned no Fool, have on several Occasions been tried whether I will take ill Usage, and yet the Event has been to my Advantage; and yet there is not such a Slave in *Turkey* as I am to my Dear. She has a good Share of Wit, and is what you call a very pretty agreeable Woman. I perfectly doat on her, and my Affection to her gives me all the Anxieties imaginable but that of Jealousy. My being thus confident of her, I take, as much as I can judge of my Heart, to be the Reason, that whatever she does, tho' it be never so much against my Inclination, there is still left something in her Manner that is amiable. She will sometimes look at me with an assumed Grandeur, and pretend to resent that I have not had Respect enough for her Opinion in such an Instance in Company. I cannot but smile at the pretty Anger she is in, and then she pretends she is used like a Child. In a Word, our great Debate is, which has the Superiority in point of Understanding. She is eternally forming an Argument of Debate; to which I very indolently answer, Thou art mighty pretty. To this she answers, All the World but you think I have as much Sense as your self. I repeat to her, Indeed you are pretty. Upon this there is no Patience; she will throw down any thing about her, stamp and pull off her Head-Cloaths. Fie, my Dear, say I; how can a Woman of your Sense fall into such an intemperate Rage? This is an Argument which never fails. Indeed, my Dear, says she, you make me mad sometimes, so you do, with the silly Way you have of treating me like a pretty Idiot. Well, what have I got by putting her into good Humour? Nothing, but that I must convince her of my good Opinion by my Practice; and then I am to give her Possession of my little Ready Money, and, for a Day and half following, dislike all she dislikes, and extol every thing she approves. I am so exquisitely fond of this Darling, that I seldom see any of my Friends, am uneasy in all Companies till I see her again; and when I come home she is in the Dumps, because she says she is sure I came so soon only because I think her handsome. I dare not upon this Occasion laugh; but tho' I am one of the warmest Churchmen in the Kingdom, I am forced to rail at the Times, because she is a violent Whig. Upon this we talk Politicks so long, that she is convinc'd I kiss her for her Wisdom. It is a common Practice with me to ask her some Question concerning the Constitution, which she answers me in general out of *\_Harington's Oceana\_* [1]: Then I commend her strange Memory, and her Arm is immediately lock'd in mine. While I keep her in this Temper she plays before me, sometimes dancing in the Midst of the Room, sometimes striking an Air at her Spinet, varying her

Posture and her Charms in such a Manner that I am in continual Pleasure: She will play the Fool if I allow her to be wise; but if she suspects I like her for [her] Trifling, she immediately grows grave.

These are the Toils in which I am taken, and I carry off my Servitude as well as most Men; but my Application to you is in Behalf of the *\_Hen-peckt\_* in general, and I desire a Dissertation from you in Defence of us. You have, as I am informed, very good Authorities in our Favour, and hope you will not omit the mention of the Renowned *\_Socrates\_*, and his Philosophick Resignation to his Wife *Xantippe*. This would be a very good Office to the World in general, for the *\_Hen-peckt\_* are powerful in their Quality and Numbers, not only in Cities but in Courts; in the latter they are ever the most obsequious, in the former the most wealthy of all Men. When you have considered Wedlock throughly, you ought to enter into the Suburbs of Matrimony, and give us an Account of the Thralldom of kind Keepers and irresolute Lovers; the Keepers who cannot quit their Fair Ones tho' they see their approaching Ruin; the Lovers who dare not marry, tho' they know they never shall be happy without the Mistresses whom they cannot purchase on other Terms.

What will be a great Embellishment to your Discourse, will be, that you may find Instances of the Haughty, the Proud, the Frolick, the Stubborn, who are each of them in secret downright Slaves to their Wives or Mistresses. I must beg of you in the last Place to dwell upon this, That the Wise and Valiant in all Ages have been *\_Hen-peckt\_*: and that the sturdy Tempers who are not Slaves to Affection, owe that Exemption to their being enthralled by Ambition, Avarice, or some meaner Passion. I have ten thousand thousand Things more to say, but my Wife sees me Writing, and will, according to Custom, be consulted, if I do not seal this immediately.

*\_Yours\_*, T. Nathaniel Henroost.'

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[Footnote 1: The 'Oceana' is an ideal of an English Commonwealth, written by James Harrington, after the execution of Charles I. It was published in 1656, having for a time been stopped at press by Cromwell's government. After the Restoration, Harrington was sent to the Tower by Charles II. on a false accusation of conspiracy. Removed to Plymouth, he there lost his health and some part of his reason, which he did not regain before his death, in 1677, at the age of 66. His book argues that Empire follows the balance of property, which, since Henry VII.'s time, had been daily falling into the scale of the Commons from that of the King and Lords. In the 'Oceana' other theories of government are discussed before Harrington elaborates his own, and English history appears under disguise of names, William the Conqueror being called Turbo; King John, Adoxus; Richard II., Dicotome; Henry VII., Panurgus; Henry VIII., Coraunus; Queen Elizabeth, Parthenia; James I., Morpheus; and Oliver Cromwell, Olphaus Megaletor. Scotland is Marpesia, and Ireland, Panopæa. A careful edition of Harrington's 'Oceana' and other of his works, edited by John Toland, had been produced in 1700.]

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No. 177. Saturday, September 22, 1711. Addison.

'... Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus Arcanâ, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos, Ulla aliena sibi credat mala?'

Juv.

In one of my last Week's Papers I treated of Good-Nature, as it is the Effect of Constitution; I shall now speak of it as it is a Moral Virtue. The first may make a Man easy in himself and agreeable to others, but implies no Merit in him that is possessed of it. A Man is no more to be praised upon this Account, than because he has a regular Pulse or a good Digestion. This Good-Nature however in the Constitution, which Mr. *Dryden* somewhere calls a *\_Milkiness of Blood\_*, [1] is an admirable Groundwork for the other. In order therefore to try our Good-Nature, whether it arises from the Body or the Mind, whether it be founded in the Animal or Rational Part of our Nature; in a word, whether it be such as is entituled to any other Reward, besides that

secret Satisfaction and Contentment of Mind which is essential to it, and the kind Reception it procures us in the World, we must examine it by the following Rules.

First, whether it acts with Steadiness and Uniformity in Sickness and in Health, in Prosperity and in Adversity; if otherwise, it is to be looked upon as nothing else but an Irradiation of the Mind from some new Supply of Spirits, or a more kindly Circulation of the Blood. *Sir Francis Bacon* mentions a cunning Solicitor, [who [2]] would never ask a Favour of a great Man before Dinner; but took care to prefer his Petition at a Time when the Party petitioned had his Mind free from Care, and his Appetites in good Humour. Such a transient temporary Good–Nature as this, is not that *\_Philanthropy\_*, that Love of Mankind, which deserves the Title of a Moral Virtue.

The next way of a Man's bringing his Good–Nature to the Test, is, to consider whether it operates according to the Rules of Reason and Duty: For if, notwithstanding its general Benevolence to Mankind, it makes no Distinction between its Objects, if it exerts it self promiscuously towards the Deserving and Undeserving, if it relieves alike the Idle and the Indigent, if it gives it self up to the first Petitioner, and lights upon any one rather by Accident than Choice, it may pass for an amiable Instinct, but must not assume the Name of a Moral Virtue.

The third Tryal of Good–Nature will be, the examining ourselves, whether or no we are able to exert it to our own Disadvantage, and employ it on proper Objects, notwithstanding any little Pain, Want, or Inconvenience which may arise to our selves from it: In a Word, whether we are willing to risque any Part of our Fortune, our Reputation, our Health or Ease, for the Benefit of Mankind. Among all these Expressions of Good–Nature, I shall single out that which goes under the general Name of Charity, as it consists in relieving the Indigent; that being a Tryal of this Kind which offers itself to us almost at all Times and in every Place.

I should propose it as a Rule to every one who is provided with any Competency of Fortune more than sufficient for the Necessaries of Life, to lay aside a certain Proportion of his Income for the Use of the Poor. This I would look upon as an Offering to him who has a Right to the whole, for the Use of those whom, in the Passage hereafter mentioned, he has described as his own Representatives upon Earth. At the same time we should manage our Charity with such Prudence and Caution, that we may not hurt our own Friends or Relations, whilst we are doing Good to those who are Strangers to us.

This may possibly be explained better by an Example than by a Rule.

*Eugenius* is a Man of an universal Good–Nature, and generous beyond the Extent of his Fortune; but withal so prudent in the Oeconomy of his Affairs, that what goes out in Charity is made up by good Management. *Eugenius* has what the World calls Two hundred Pounds a Year; but never values himself above Ninescore, as not thinking he has a Right to the Tenth Part, which he always appropriates to charitable Uses. To this Sum he frequently makes other voluntary Additions, insomuch that in a good Year, for such he accounts those in which he has been able to make greater Bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that Sum to the Sickly and Indigent. *Eugenius* prescribes to himself many particular Days of Fasting and Abstinence, in order to increase his private Bank of Charity, and sets aside what would be the current Expences of those Times for the Use of the Poor. He often goes afoot where his Business calls him, and at the End of his Walk has given a Shilling, which in his ordinary Methods of Expence would have gone for Coach–Hire, to the first Necessitous Person that has fallen in his way. I have known him, when he has been going to a Play or an Opera, divert the Money which was designed for that Purpose, upon an Object of Charity whom he has met with in the Street; and afterwards pass his Evening in a Coffee–House, or at a Friend's Fire–side, with much greater Satisfaction to himself than he could have received from the most exquisite Entertainments of the Theatre. By these means he is generous, without impoverishing himself, and enjoys his Estate by making it the Property of others.

There are few Men so cramped in their private Affairs, who may not be charitable after this manner, without any Disadvantage to themselves, or Prejudice to their Families. It is but sometimes sacrificing a Diversion or

Convenience to the Poor, and turning the usual Course of our Expences into a better Channel. This is, I think, not only the most prudent and convenient, but the most meritorious Piece of Charity, which we can put in practice. By this Method we in some measure share the Necessities of the Poor at the same time that we relieve them, and make ourselves not only [their Patrons, [3]] but their Fellow Sufferers.

Sir *Thomas Brown*, in the last Part of his *Religio Medici*, in which he describes his Charity in several Heroick Instances, and with a noble Heat of Sentiments, mentions that Verse in the Proverbs of *Solomon*, He that giveth to the Poor, lendeth to the Lord. [4]

'There is more Rhetorick in that one Sentence, says he, than in a Library of Sermons; and indeed if those Sentences were understood by the Reader, with the same Emphasis as they are delivered by the Author, we needed not those Volumes of Instructions, but might be honest by an Epitome. [5]'

This Passage in Scripture is indeed wonderfully persuasive; but I think the same Thought is carried much further in the New Testament, where our Saviour tells us in a most pathetick manner, that he shall hereafter regard the Cloathing of the Naked, the Feeding of the Hungry, and the Visiting of the Imprisoned, as Offices done to himself, and reward them accordingly. [6] Pursuant to those Passages in Holy Scripture, I have somewhere met with the Epitaph of a charitable Man, which has very much pleased me. I cannot recollect the Words, but the Sense of it is to this Purpose; What I spent I lost; what I possessed is left to others; what I gave away remains with me. [7]

Since I am thus insensibly engaged in Sacred Writ, I cannot forbear making an Extract of several Passages which I have always read with great Delight in the Book of *Job*. It is the Account which that Holy Man gives of his Behaviour in the Days of his Prosperity, and, if considered only as a human Composition, is a finer Picture of a charitable and good-natured Man than is to be met with in any other Author.

*Oh that I were as in Months past, as in the Days when God preserved me: When his Candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness: When the Almighty was yet with me: when my Children were about me: When I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of oyl.*

When the Ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the Eye saw me, it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the Widow's Heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out. Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? was not my Soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even ballance, that God may know mine Integrity. If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or my maid-servant when they contended with me: What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the womb, make him? and did not one fashion us in the womb? If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof: If I have seen any perish for want of cloathing, or any poor without covering: If his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep: If I have lift up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the Destruction of him that hated me, or lift up myself when evil found him: (Neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul). The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain: If I have eaten the Fruits thereof without mony, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their Life; Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley. [8]

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[Footnote 1: Cleomenes to Pantheus,

'Would I could share thy Balmy, even Temper, And Milkiness of Blood.'

'Cleomenes', Act i. sc. I.]

[Footnote 2: that]

[Footnote 3: the Patrons of the Indigent]

[Footnote 4: 'Proverbs' xix. 17.]

[Footnote 5: 'Rel. Med.' Part II. sect. 13.]

[Footnote 6: 'Matt.' xxi. 31, &c.]

[Footnote 7: The Epitaph was in St. George's Church at Doncaster, and ran thus:

'How now, who is here? I Robin of Doncastere And Margaret my feare. That I spent, that I had; That I gave, that I have; That I left, that I lost.']

[Footnote 8: 'Job' xxix. 2, &c.; xxx. 25, &c.; xxxi. 6, &c.]

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No. 178. Monday, September 24, 1711. Steele.

'Comis in uxorem ...'

Hor.

I cannot defer taking Notice of this Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am but too good a Judge of your Paper of the 15th Instant, which is a Master-piece; I mean that of Jealousy: But I think it unworthy of you to speak of that Torture in the Breast of a Man, and not to mention also the Pangs of it in the Heart of a Woman. You have very Judiciously, and with the greatest Penetration imaginable, considered it as Woman is the Creature of whom the Diffidence is raised; but not a Word of a Man who is so unmerciful as to move Jealousy in his Wife, and not care whether she is so or not. It is possible you may not believe there are such Tyrants in the World; but alas, I can tell you of a Man who is ever out of Humour in his Wife's Company, and the pleasantest Man in the World every where else; the greatest Sloven at home when he appears to none but his Family, and most exactly well-dressed in all other Places. Alas, Sir, is it of Course, that to deliver one's self wholly into a Man's Power without Possibility of Appeal to any other Jurisdiction but to his own Reflections, is so little an Obligation to a Gentleman, that he can be offended and fall into a Rage, because my Heart swells Tears into my Eyes when I see him in a cloudy Mood? I pretend to no Succour, and hope for no Relief but from himself; and yet he that has Sense and Justice in every thing else, never reflects, that to come home only to sleep off an Intemperance, and spend all the Time he is there as if it were a Punishment, cannot but give the Anguish of a jealous Mind. He always leaves his Home as if he were going to Court, and returns as if he were entering a Gaol. I could add to this, that from his Company and his usual Discourse, he does not scruple being thought an abandoned Man, as to his Morals. Your own Imagination will say enough to you concerning the Condition of me his Wife; and I wish you would be so good as to represent to him, for he is not ill-natured, and reads you much, that the Moment I hear the Door shut after him, I throw myself upon my Bed, and drown the Child he is so fond of with my Tears, and often frighten it with my Cries; that I curse my Being; that I run to my Glass all over bathed in Sorrows, and help the Utterance of my inward Anguish by beholding the Gush of my own Calamities as my Tears fall from my Eyes. This looks like an

imagined Picture to tell you, but indeed this is one of my Pastimes. Hitherto I have only told you the general Temper of my Mind, but how shall I give you an Account of the Distraction of it? Could you but conceive how cruel I am one Moment in my Resentment, and at the ensuing Minute, when I place him in the Condition my Anger would bring him to, how compassionate; it would give you some Notion how miserable I am, and how little I deserve it. When I remonstrate with the greatest Gentleness that is possible against unhandsome Appearances, and that married Persons are under particular Rules; when he is in the best Humour to receive this, I am answered only, That I expose my own Reputation and Sense if I appear jealous. I wish, good Sir, you would take this into serious Consideration, and admonish Husbands and Wives what Terms they ought to keep towards each other. Your Thoughts on this important Subject will have the greatest Reward, that which descends on such as feel the Sorrows of the Afflicted. Give me leave to subscribe my self, Your unfortunate humble Servant, CELINDA.

I had it in my Thoughts, before I received the Letter of this Lady, to consider this dreadful Passion in the Mind of a Woman; and the Smart she seems to feel does not abate the Inclination I had to recommend to Husbands a more regular Behaviour, than to give the most exquisite of Torments to those who love them, nay whose Torment would be abated if they did not love them.

It is wonderful to observe how little is made of this inexpressible Injury, and how easily Men get into a Habit of being least agreeable where they are most obliged to be so. But this Subject deserves a distinct Speculation, and I shall observe for a Day or two the Behaviour of two or three happy Pair I am acquainted with, before I pretend to make a System of Conjugal Morality. I design in the first Place to go a few Miles out of Town, and there I know where to meet one who practises all the Parts of a fine Gentleman in the Duty of an Husband. When he was a Batchelor much Business made him particularly negligent in his Habit; but now there is no young Lover living so exact in the Care of his Person. One who asked why he was so long washing his Mouth, and so delicate in the Choice and Wearing of his Linen, was answered, Because there is a Woman of Merit obliged to receive me kindly, and I think it incumbent upon me to make her Inclination go along with her Duty.

If a Man would give himself leave to think, he would not be so unreasonable as to expect Debauchery and Innocence could live in Commerce together; or hope that Flesh and Blood is capable of so strict an Allegiance, as that a fine Woman must go on to improve her self 'till she is as good and impassive as an Angel, only to preserve a Fidelity to a Brute and a Satyr. The Lady who desires me for her Sake to end one of my Papers with the following Letter, I am persuaded, thinks such a Perseverance very impracticable.

Husband, Stay more at home. I know where you visited at Seven of [the] Clock on *Thursday* Evening. The Colonel whom you charged me to see no more, is in Town. *Martha Housewife*.

T.

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No. 179. Tuesday, September 25, 1711. Addison.

'Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis: Celsi prætereunt austera Poemata Rhamnes. Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci, Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo ...'

Hor.

I may cast my Readers under two general Divisions, the *Mercurial* and the *Saturnine*. The first are the gay Part of my Disciples, who require Speculations of Wit and Humour; the others are those of a more solemn and sober Turn, who find no Pleasure but in Papers of Morality and sound Sense. The former call every thing that is Serious, Stupid; the latter look upon every thing as Impertinent that is Ludicrous. Were I always Grave, one

half of my Readers would fall off from me: Were I always Merry, I should lose the other. I make it therefore my Endeavour to find out Entertainments of both Kinds, and by that means perhaps consult the Good of both, more than I should do, did I always write to the particular Taste of either. As they neither of them know what I proceed upon, the sprightly Reader, who takes up my Paper in order to be diverted, very often finds himself engaged unawares in a serious and profitable Course of Thinking; as on the contrary, the thoughtful Man, who perhaps may hope to find something Solid, and full of deep Reflection, is very often insensibly betrayed into a Fit of Mirth. In a word, the Reader sits down to my Entertainment without knowing his Bill of Fare, and has therefore at least the Pleasure of hoping there may be a Dish to his Palate.

I must confess, were I left to my self, I should rather aim at Instructing than Diverting; but if we will be useful to the World, we must take it as we find it. Authors of professed Severity discourage the looser Part of Mankind from having any thing to do with their Writings. A man must have Virtue in him, before he will enter upon the reading of a *Seneca* or an *Epictetus*. The very Title of a Moral Treatise has something in it austere and shocking to the Careless and Inconsiderate.

For this Reason several unthinking Persons fall in my way, who would give no Attention to Lectures delivered with a Religious Seriousness or a Philosophick Gravity. They are insnared into Sentiments of Wisdom and Virtue when they do not think of it; and if by that means they arrive only at such a Degree of Consideration as may dispose them to listen to more studied and elaborate Discourses, I shall not think my Speculations useless. I might likewise observe, that the Gloominess in which sometimes the Minds of the best Men are involved, very often stands in need of such little Incitements to Mirth and Laughter, as are apt to disperse Melancholy, and put our Faculties in good Humour. To which some will add, that the *British* Climate, more than any other, makes Entertainments of this Nature in a manner necessary.

If what I have here said does not recommend, it will at least excuse the Variety of my Speculations. I would not willingly Laugh but in order to Instruct, or if I sometimes fail in this Point, when my Mirth ceases to be Instructive, it shall never cease to be Innocent. A scrupulous Conduct in this Particular has, perhaps, more Merit in it than the Generality of Readers imagine; did they know how many Thoughts occur in a Point of Humour, which a discreet Author in Modesty suppresses; how many Stroaks in Raillery present themselves, which could not fail to please the ordinary Taste of Mankind, but are stifled in their Birth by reason of some remote Tendency which they carry in them to corrupt the Minds of those who read them; did they know how many Glances of Ill-nature are industriously avoided for fear of doing Injury to the Reputation of another, they would be apt to think kindly of those Writers who endeavour to make themselves Diverting, without being Immoral. One may apply to these Authors that Passage in *\_Waller\_*, [1]

'Poets lose half the Praise they would have got, Were it but known what they discreetly blot'.

As nothing is more easy than to be a Wit, with all the above-mentioned Liberties, it requires some Genius and Invention to appear such without them.

What I have here said is not only in regard to the Publick, but with an Eye to my particular Correspondent who has sent me the following Letter, which I have castrated in some Places upon these Considerations.

*\_SIR\_*,

'Having lately seen your Discourse upon a Match of Grinning, I cannot forbear giving you an Account of a Whistling Match, which, with many others, I was entertained with about three Years since at the *Bath*. The Prize was a Guinea, to be conferred upon the ablest Whistler, that is, on him who could whistle clearest, and go through his Tune without Laughing, [to] which at the same time he was [provoked [2]] by the antick Postures of a *\_Merry-Andrew\_*, who was to stand upon the Stage and play his Tricks in the Eye of the Performer. There were three Competitors for the Ring. The first was a Plow-man of a very promising Aspect; his Features were steady, and his Muscles composed in so inflexible a Stupidity, that upon his first

Appearance every one gave the Guinea for lost. The Pickled Herring however found the way to shake him; for upon his Whistling a Country Jigg, this unlucky Wag danced to it with such a Variety of Distortions and Grimaces, that the Country-man could not forbear smiling upon him, and by that means spoiled his Whistle, and lost the Prize.

The next that mounted the Stage was an Under-Citizen of the *\_Bath\_*, a Person remarkable among the inferior People of that Place for his great Wisdom and his Broad Band. He contracted his Mouth with much Gravity, and, that he might dispose his Mind to be more serious than ordinary, began the Tune of *\_The Children in the Wood\_*, and went through part of it with good Success; when on a sudden the Wit at his Elbow, who had appeared wonderfully grave and attentive for some time, gave him a Touch upon the left Shoulder, and stared him in the Face with so bewitching a Grin, that the Whistler relaxed his Fibres into a kind of Simper, and at length burst out into an open Laugh. The third who entered the Lists was a Foot-man, who in Defiance of the *\_Merry-Andrew\_*, and all his Arts, whistled a *Scotch* Tune and an *Italian* Sonata, with so settled a Countenance, that he bore away the Prize, to the great Admiration of some Hundreds of Persons, who, as well as my self, were present at this Trial of Skill. Now, Sir, I humbly conceive, whatever you have determined of the Grinners, the Whistlers ought to be encouraged, not only as their Art is practised without Distortion, but as it improves Country Musick, promotes Gravity, and teaches ordinary People to keep their Countenances, if they see any thing ridiculous in their Betters; besides that it seems an Entertainment very particularly adapted to the *\_Bath\_*, as it is usual for a Rider to whistle to his Horse when he would make his Waters pass.

*\_I am, Sir, &c\_.*

*POSTSCRIPT.*

After having despatched these two important Points of Grinning and Whistling, I hope you will oblige the World with some Reflections upon Yawning, as I have seen it practised on a Twelfth-Night among other *Christmas* Gambols at the House of a very worthy Gentleman, who always entertains his Tenants at that time of the Year. They Yawn for a *Cheshire* Cheese, and begin about Midnight, when the whole Company is disposed to be drowsie. He that Yawns widest, and at the same time so naturally as to produce the most Yawns among his Spectators, carries home the Cheese. If you handle this Subject as you ought, I question not but your Paper will set half the Kingdom a Yawning, tho' I dare promise you it will never make any Body fall asleep.

L.

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[Footnote 1: Upon Roscommon's Tr. of Horace's 'Art of Poetry'.]

[Footnote 2: provoked to]

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No. 180. Wednesday, September 26, 1711. Steele.

'... Delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.'

Hor.

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The following Letter [1] has so much Weight and good Sense, that I cannot forbear inserting it, tho' it relates to an hardened Sinner, whom I have very little Hopes of reforming, *\_viz. Lewis\_ XIV. of France.*

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

'Amidst the Variety of Subjects of which you have treated, I could wish it had fallen in your way to expose the Vanity of Conquests. This Thought would naturally lead one to the *French King*, who has been generally esteemed the greatest Conqueror of our Age, 'till her Majesty's Armies had torn from him so many of his Countries, and deprived him of the Fruit of all his former Victories. For my own Part, if I were to draw his Picture, I should be for taking him no lower than to the Peace of *Reswick* [2], just at the End of his Triumphs, and before his Reverse of Fortune: and even then I should not forbear thinking his Ambition had been vain and unprofitable to himself and his People.

As for himself, it is certain he can have gained nothing by his Conquests, if they have not rendered him Master of more Subjects, more Riches, or greater Power. What I shall be able to offer upon these Heads, I resolve to submit to your Consideration.

To begin then with his Increase of Subjects. From the Time he came of Age, and has been a Manager for himself, all the People he had acquired were such only as he had reduced by his Wars, and were left in his Possession by the Peace; he had conquered not above one third Part of *Flanders*, and consequently no more than one third Part of the Inhabitants of that Province.

About 100 Years ago the Houses in that Country were all Numbered, and by a just Computation the Inhabitants of all Sorts could not then exceed 750000 Souls. And if any Man will consider the Desolation by almost perpetual Wars, the numerous Armies that have lived almost ever since at Discretion upon the People, and how much of their Commerce has removed for more Security to other Places, he will have little Reason to imagine that their Numbers have since increased; and therefore with one third Part of that Province that Prince can have gained no more than one third Part of the Inhabitants, or 250000 new Subjects, even tho' it should be supposed they were all contented to live still in their native Country. and transfer their Allegiance to a new Master.

The Fertility of this Province, its convenient Situation for Trade and Commerce, its Capacity for furnishing Employment and Subsistence to great Numbers, and the vast Armies that have been maintained here, make it credible that the remaining two Thirds of *Flanders* are equal to all his other Conquests; and consequently by all he cannot have gained more than 750000 new Subjects, Men, Women and Children, especially if a Deduction shall be made of such as have retired from the Conqueror to live under their old Masters.

It is Time now to set his Loss against his Profit, and to shew for the new Subjects he had acquired, how many old ones he had lost in the Acquisition: I think that in his Wars he has seldom brought less into the Field in all Places than 200000 fighting Men, besides what have been left in Garrisons; and I think the common Computation is, that of an Army, at the latter End of a Campaign, without Sieges or Battle, scarce Four Fifths can be mustered of those that came into the Field at the Beginning of the Year. His Wars at several Times till the last Peace have held about 20 Years; and if 40000 yearly lost, or a fifth Part of his Armies, are to be multiplied by 20, he cannot have lost less than 800000 of his old Subjects, all able-body'd Men; a greater Number than the new Subjects he had acquired.

But this Loss is not all: Providence seems to have equally divided the whole Mass of Mankind into different Sexes, that every Woman may have her Husband, and that both may equally contribute to the Continuance of the Species. It follows then, that for all the Men that have been lost, as many Women must have lived single, and it were but Charity to believe they have not done all the Service they were capable of doing in their Generation. In so long a Course of Years great part of them must have died, and all the rest must go off at last without leaving any Representatives behind. By this Account he must have lost not only 800000 Subjects, but double that Number, and all the Increase that was reasonably to be expected from it.

It is said in the last War there was a Famine in his Kingdom, which swept away two Millions of his People. This is hardly credible: If the loss was only of one fifth Part of that Sum, it was very great. But 'tis no wonder there should be Famine, where so much of the People's Substance is taken away for the King's Use, that they

have not sufficient left to provide against Accidents: where so many of the Men are taken from the Plough to serve the King in his Wars, and a great part of the Tillage is left to the weaker Hands of so many Women and Children. Whatever was the Loss, it must undoubtedly be placed to the Account of his Ambition.

And so must also the Destruction or Banishment of 3 or 400000 of his reformed Subjects; he could have no other Reasons for valuing those Lives so very cheap, but only to recommend himself to the Bigotry of the *Spanish* Nation.

How should there be Industry in a Country where all Property is precarious? What Subject will sow his Land that his Prince may reap the whole Harvest? Parsimony and Frugality must be Strangers to such a People; for will any Man save to-day what he has Reason to fear will be taken from him to-morrow? And where is the Encouragement for marrying? Will any Man think of raising Children, without any Assurance of Cloathing for their Backs, or so much as Food for their Bellies? And thus by his fatal Ambition he must have lessened the Number of his Subjects not only by Slaughter and Destruction, but by preventing their very Births, he has done as much as was possible towards destroying Posterity itself.

Is this then the great, the invincible *\_Lewis\_*? This the immortal Man, the *\_tout-puissant\_*, or the Almighty, as his Flatterers have called him? Is this the Man that is so celebrated for his Conquests? For every Subject he has acquired, has he not lost three that were his Inheritance? Are not his Troops fewer, and those neither so well fed, or cloathed, or paid, as they were formerly, tho' he has now so much greater Cause to exert himself? And what can be the Reason of all this, but that his Revenue is a great deal less, his Subjects are either poorer, or not so many to be plundered by constant Taxes for his Use?

It is well for him he had found out a Way to steal a Kingdom; if he had gone on conquering as he did before, his Ruin had been long since finished. This brings to my Mind a saying of King *\_Pyrrhus\_*, after he had a second time beat the *Romans* in a pitched Battle, and was complimented by his Generals; *\_Yes\_*, says he, *such another Victory and I am quite undone*. And since I have mentioned *\_Pyrrhus\_*, I will end with a very good, though known Story of this ambitious mad Man. When he had shewn the utmost Fondness for his Expedition against the *\_Romans\_*, *Cyneas\_* his chief Minister asked him what he proposed to himself by this War? Why, says *\_Pyrrhus\_*, to conquer the *\_Romans\_*, and reduce all *Italy* to my Obedience. What then? says *Cyneas*. To pass over into *\_Sicily\_*, says *\_Pyrrhus\_*, and then all the *Sicilians* must be our Subjects. And what does your Majesty intend next? Why truly, says the King, to conquer *\_Carthage\_*, and make myself Master of all *Africa*. And what, Sir, says the Minister is to be the End of all your Expeditions? Why then, says the King, for the rest of our Lives we'll sit down to good Wine. How, Sir, replied *Cyneas*, to better than we have now before us? Have we not already as much as we can drink? [3]

Riot and Excess are not the becoming Characters of Princes: but if *Pyrrhus* and *Lewis* had debauched like *Vitellius*, they had been less hurtful to their People.'

Your humble Servant,

T. PHILARITHMUS.

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[Footnote 1: The letter is, with other contributions not now traceable to him, by Henry Martyn, son of Edward Martyn, Esq., of Melksham, Wilts. He was bred to the bar, but his health did not suffer him to practise. He has been identified with the Cottilus of No. 143 of the Spectator. In 1713 Henry Martyn opposed the ratification of the Treaty of Commerce made with France at the Peace of Utrecht in a Paper called 'The British Merchant, or Commerce Preserved,' which was a reply to Defoe's 'Mercator, or Commerce Retrieved.' Martyn's paper is said to have been a principal cause of the rejection of the Treaty, and to have procured him the post of Inspector-General of Imports and Exports. He died at Blackheath, March 25, 1721, leaving one son, who became Secretary to the Commissioners of Excise. As an intimate friend of Steele's, it has been thought that Henry Martyn suggested a trait or two in the Sir Andrew Freeport of the Spectator's Club.]

[Footnote 2: Sept. 20, 1696.]

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[Footnote 3: These anecdotes are from Plutarch's 'Life of Pyrrhus'.]

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No. 181. Thursday, September 27, 1711. Addison.

'His lacrymis vitam damus, et miserescimus ultrò.'

Virg.

I am more pleased with a Letter that is filled with Touches of Nature than of Wit. The following one is of this Kind.

SIR,

'Among all the Distresses which happen in Families, I do not remember that you have touched upon the Marriage of Children without the Consent of their Parents. I am one of [these [1]] unfortunate Persons. I was about Fifteen when I took the Liberty to choose for my self; and have ever since languished under the Displeasure of an inexorable Father, who, though he sees me happy in the best of Husbands, and blessed with very fine Children, can never be prevailed upon to forgive me. He was so kind to me before this unhappy Accident, that indeed it makes my Breach of Duty, in some measure, inexcusable; and at the same Time creates in me such a Tenderness towards him, that I love him above all things, and would die to be reconciled to him. I have thrown myself at his Feet, and besought him with Tears to pardon me; but he always pushes me away, and spurns me from him; I have written several Letters to him, but he will neither open nor receive them. About two Years ago I sent my little Boy to him, dressed in a new Apparel; but the Child returned to me crying, because he said his Grandfather would not see him, and had ordered him to be put out of his House. My Mother is won over to my Side, but dares not mention me to my Father for fear of provoking him. About a Month ago he lay sick upon his Bed, and in great Danger of his Life: I was pierced to the Heart at the News, and could not forbear going to inquire after his Health. My Mother took this Opportunity of speaking in my Behalf: she told him with abundance of Tears, that I was come to see him, that I could not speak to her for weeping, and that I should certainly break my Heart if he refus'd at that Time to give me his Blessing, and be reconciled to me. He was so far from relenting towards me, that he bid her speak no more of me, unless she had a mind to disturb him in his last Moments; for, Sir, you must know that he has the Reputation of an honest and religious Man, which makes my Misfortune so much the greater. God be thanked he is since recovered: But his severe Usage has given me such a Blow, that I shall soon sink under it, unless I may be relieved by any Impressions which the reading of this in your Paper may make upon him.

\_I am, &c.\_

Of all Hardnesses of Heart there is none so inexcusable as that of Parents towards their Children. An obstinate, inflexible, unforgiving Temper is odious upon all Occasions; but here it is unnatural. The Love, Tenderness, and Compassion, which are apt to arise in us towards those [who [2]] depend upon us, is that by which the whole World of Life is upheld. The Supreme Being, by the transcendent Excellency and Goodness of his Nature, extends his Mercy towards all his Works; and because his Creatures have not such a spontaneous Benevolence and Compassion towards those who are under their Care and Protection, he has implanted in them an Instinct, that supplies the Place of this inherent Goodness. I have illustrated this kind of Instinct in former Papers, and have shewn how it runs thro' all the Species of brute Creatures, as indeed the whole Animal Creation subsists by it.

This Instinct in Man is more general and uncircumscribed than in Brutes, as being enlarged by the Dictates of Reason and Duty. For if we consider our selves attentively, we shall find that we are not only inclined to love those who descend from us, but that we bear a kind of [Greek: atorgáe], or natural Affection, to every thing which relies upon us for its Good and Preservation. Dependance is a perpetual Call upon Humanity, and a greater Incitement to Tenderness and Pity than any other Motive whatsoever.

The Man therefore who, notwithstanding any Passion or Resentment, can overcome this powerful Instinct, and extinguish natural Affection, debases his Mind even below Brutality, frustrates, as much as in him lies, the great Design of Providence, and strikes out of his Nature one of the most Divine Principles that is planted in it.

Among innumerable Arguments [which [3]] might be brought against such an unreasonable Proceeding, I shall only insist on one. We make it the Condition of our Forgiveness that we forgive others. In our very Prayers we desire no more than to be treated by this kind of Retaliation. The Case therefore before us seems to be what they call a Case in Point; the Relation between the Child and Father being what comes nearest to that between a Creature and its Creator. If the Father is inexorable to the Child who has offended, let the Offence be of never so high a Nature, how will he address himself to the Supreme Being under the tender Appellation of a Father, and desire of him such a Forgiveness as he himself refuses to grant?

To this I might add many other religious, as well as many prudential Considerations; but if the last mentioned Motive does not prevail, I despair of succeeding by any other, and shall therefore conclude my Paper with a very remarkable Story, which is recorded in an old Chronicle published by Freher, among the Writers of the German History. [4]

Eginhart, who was Secretary to Charles the Great, became exceeding popular by his Behaviour in that Post. His great Abilities gain'd him the Favour of his Master, and the Esteem of the whole Court. Imma, the Daughter of the Emperor, was so pleased with his Person and Conversation, that she fell in Love with him. As she was one of the greatest Beauties of the Age, Eginhart answer'd her with a more than equal Return of Passion. They stifled their Flames for some Time, under Apprehension of the fatal Consequences that might ensue. Eginhart at length resolving to hazard all, rather than be deprived of one whom his Heart was so much set upon, conveyed himself one Night into the Princess's Apartment, and knocking gently at the Door, was admitted as a Person [who [5]] had something to communicate to her from the Emperor. He was with her in private most Part of the Night; but upon his preparing to go away about Break of Day, he observed that there had fallen a great Snow during his Stay with the Princess. This very much perplexed him, lest the Prints of his Feet in the Snow might make Discoveries to the King, who often used to visit his Daughter in the Morning. He acquainted the Princess Imma with his Fears; who, after some Consultations upon the Matter, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the Snow upon her own Shoulders. It happened, that the Emperor not being able to sleep, was at that time up and walking in his Chamber, when upon looking through the Window he perceived his Daughter tottering under her Burden, and carrying his first Minister across the Snow; which she had no sooner done, but she returned again with the utmost Speed to her own Apartment. The Emperor was extremely troubled and astonished at this Accident; but resolved to speak nothing of it till a proper Opportunity. In the mean time, Eginhart knowing that what he had done could not be long a Secret, determined to retire from Court; and in order to it begged the Emperor that he would be pleased to dismiss him, pretending a kind of Discontent at his not having been rewarded for his long Services. The Emperor would not give a direct Answer to his Petition, but told him he would think of it, and [appointed [6]] a certain Day when he would let him know his Pleasure. He then called together the most faithful of his Counsellors, and acquainting them with his Secretary's Crime, asked them their Advice in so delicate an Affair. They most of them gave their Opinion, that the Person could not be too severely punished who had thus dishonoured his Master. Upon the whole Debate, the Emperor declared it was his Opinion, that Eginhart's Punishment would rather encrease than diminish the Shame of his Family, and that therefore he thought it the most adviseable to wear out the Memory of the Fact, by marrying him to his Daughter. Accordingly Eginhart was called in, and acquainted by the Emperor, that he should no longer have any Pretence of complaining his Services were not

rewarded, for that the Princess Imma should be given [him [7]] in Marriage, with a Dower suitable to her Quality; which was soon after performed accordingly.

L.

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[Footnote 1: those]

[Footnote 2: that]

[Footnote 3: that]

[Footnote 4: Marquard Freher, who died at Heidelberg in 1614, aged 49, was Counsellor to the Elector Palatine, and Professor of Jurisprudence at Heidelberg, until employed by the Elector (Frederick IV) as his Minister in Poland, and at other courts. The chief of many works of his were, on the Monetary System of the Ancient Romans and of the German Empire in his day, a History of France, a collection of Writers on Bohemian History, and another of Writers on German History, *Rerum Germanicarum Scriptores*, in three volumes. It is from a Chronicle of the monastery of Lorsch (or Laurisheim), in Hesse Darmstadt, under the year 805, in the first volume of the last-named collection, that the story about Eginhart was taken by Bayle, out of whose Dictionary Addison got it. Bayle, indeed, specially recommends it as good matter for a story. Imma, the chronicle says, had been betrothed to the Grecian Emperor.]

[Footnote 5: that]

[Footnote 6: fixed on]

[Footnote 7: to him]

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No. 182. Friday, September 28, 1711. Steele.

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'Plus aloës quàm mellis habet ...'

Juv.

As all Parts of humane Life come under my Observation, my Reader must not make uncharitable Inferences from my speaking knowingly of that Sort of Crime which is at present treated of. He will, I hope, suppose I know it only from the Letters of Correspondents, two of which you shall have as follow.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

It is wonderful to me that among the many Enormities which you have treated of, you have not mentioned that of Wenching, and particularly the Insinuating Part; I mean, that it is a Thing very fit for your Pen, to expose the Villany of the Practice of deluding Women. You are to know, Sir, that I myself am a Woman who have been one of the Unhappy that have fallen into this Misfortune, and that by the Insinuation of a very worthless Fellow, who served others in the same Manner both before my Ruin and since that Time. I had, as soon as the Rascal left me, so much Indignation and Resolution, as not to go upon the Town, as the Phrase is, but took to Work for my Living in an obscure Place, out of the Knowledge of all with whom I was before acquainted.

It is the ordinary Practice and Business of Life with a Set of idle Fellows about this Town, to write Letters, send Messages, and form Appointments with little raw unthinking Girls, and leave them after Possession of them, without any Mercy, to Shame, Infamy, Poverty, and Disease. Were you to read the nauseous

Impertinences which are written on these Occasions, and to see the silly Creatures sighing over them, it could not but be Matter of Mirth as well as Pity. A little Prentice Girl of mine has been for some time applied to by an Irish Fellow, who dresses very fine, and struts in a laced Coat, and is the Admiration of Seamstresses who are under Age in Town. Ever since I have had some Knowledge of the Matter, I have debarred my Prentice from Pen, Ink and Paper. But the other Day he bespoke some Cravats of me: I went out of the Shop, and left his Mistress to put them up into a Band-box in order to be sent to him when his Man called. When I came into the Shop again, I took occasion to send her away, and found in the Bottom of the Box written these Words, Why would you ruin a harmless Creature that loves you? then in the Lid, There is no resisting Strephon: I searched a little farther, and found in the Rim of the Box, At Eleven of clock at Night come in an Hackney-Coach at the End of our Street. This was enough to alarm me; I sent away the things, and took my Measures accordingly. An Hour or two before the appointed Time I examined my young Lady, and found her Trunk stuffed with impertinent Letters, and an old Scroll of Parchment in Latin, which her Lover had sent her as a Settlement of Fifty Pounds a Year: Among other things, there was also the best Lace I had in my Shop to make him a Present for Cravats. I was very glad of this last Circumstance, because I could very conscientiously swear against him that he had enticed my Servant away, and was her Accomplice in robbing me: I procured a Warrant against him accordingly. Every thing was now prepared, and the tender Hour of Love approaching, I, who had acted for myself in my Youth the same senseless Part, knew how to manage accordingly. Therefore after having locked up my Maid, and not being so much unlike her in Height and Shape, as in a huddled way not to pass for her, I delivered the Bundle designed to be carried off to her Lover's Man, who came with the Signal to receive them. Thus I followed after to the Coach, where when I saw his Master take them in, I cried out, Thieves! Thieves! and the Constable with his Attendants seized my expecting Lover. I kept my self unobserved till I saw the Crowd sufficiently increased, and then appeared to declare the Goods to be mine; and had the Satisfaction to see my Man of Mode put into the Round-House, with the stolen Wares by him, to be produced in Evidence against him the next Morning. This Matter is notoriously known to be Fact; and I have been contented to save my Prentice, and take a Year's Rent of this mortified Lover, not to appear further in the Matter. This was some Penance; but, Sir, is this enough for a Villany of much more pernicious Consequence than the Trifles for which he was to have been indicted? Should not you, and all Men of any Parts or Honour, put things upon so right a Foot, as that such a Rascal should not laugh at the Imputation of what he was really guilty, and dread being accused of that for which he was arrested?

In a word, Sir, it is in the Power of you, and such as I hope you are, to make it as infamous to rob a poor Creature of her Honour as her Cloaths. I leave this to your Consideration, only take Leave (which I cannot do without sighing) to remark to you, that if this had been the Sense of Mankind thirty Years ago, I should have avoided a Life spent in Poverty and Shame.

I am, Sir, Your most humble Servant, Alice Threadneedle.

\_Round-House, Sept. 9\_.

\_Mr.\_ SPECTATOR,

I am a Man of Pleasure about Town, but by the Stupidity of a dull Rogue of a Justice of Peace, and an insolent Constable, upon the Oath of an old Harridan, am imprisoned here for Theft, when I designed only Fornication. The Midnight Magistrate, as he conveyed me along, had you in his Mouth, and said, this would make a pure Story for the SPECTATOR. I hope, Sir, you won't pretend to Wit, and take the Part of dull Rogues of Business. The World is so altered of late Years, that there was not a Man who would knock down a Watchman in my Behalf, but I was carried off with as much Triumph as if I had been a Pick-pocket. At this rate, there is an end of all the Wit and Humour in the World. The Time was when all the honest Whore-masters in the Neighbourhood would have rose against the Cuckolds to my Rescue. If Fornication is to be scandalous, half the fine things that have been writ by most of the Wits of the last Age may be burnt by the common Hangman. Harkee, [Mr.] SPEC, do not be queer; after having done some things pretty well, don't

begin to write at that rate that no Gentleman can read thee. Be true to Love, and burn your *Seneca*. You do not expect me to write my Name from hence, but I am \_Your unknown humble, &c\_.'

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No. 183. Saturday, September 29, 1711. Addison.

[Greek:

"Idmen pseúdea pollà légein etymoisin homoia, Idmen d' eut' ethél\_omen alaethéa mytháesasthai".

Hesiod.]

Fables were the first Pieces of Wit that made their Appearance in the World, and have been still highly valued, not only in Times of the greatest Simplicity, but among the most polite Ages of Mankind. \_Jotham's\_ Fable of the Trees [1] is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that Time. \_Nathan's\_ Fable of the poor Man and his Lamb [2] is likewise more ancient than any that is extant, besides the above-mentioned, and had so good an Effect, as to convey Instruction to the Ear of a King without offending it, and to bring the Man after God's own Heart to a right Sense of his Guilt and his Duty. We find \_Æsop\_ in the most distant Ages of \_Greece\_ ; and if we look into the very Beginnings of the Commonwealth of \_Rome\_ , we see a Mutiny among the Common People appeased by a Fable of the Belly and the Limbs, [3] which was indeed very proper to gain the Attention of an incensed Rabble, at a Time when perhaps they would have torn to Pieces any Man who had preached the same Doctrine to them in an open and direct Manner. As Fables took their Birth in the very Infancy of Learning, they never flourished more than when Learning was at its greatest Height. To justify this Assertion, I shall put my Reader in mind of \_Horace\_ , the greatest Wit and Critick in the *Augustan* Age; and of \_Boileau\_ , the most correct Poet among the Moderns: Not to mention \_La Fontaine\_ , who by this Way of Writing is come more into Vogue than any other Author of our Times.

The Fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon Brutes and Vegetables, with some of our own Species mixt among them, when the Moral hath so required. But besides this kind of Fable, there is another in which the Actors are Passions, Virtues, Vices, and other imaginary Persons of the like Nature. Some of the ancient Criticks will have it, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer are Fables of this Nature: and that the several Names of Gods and Heroes are nothing else but the Affections of the Mind in a visible Shape and Character. Thus they tell us, that Achilles, in the first *Iliad*, represents Anger, or the Irascible Part of Human Nature; That upon drawing his Sword against his Superior in a full Assembly, *Pallas* is only another Name for Reason, which checks and advises him upon that Occasion; and at her first Appearance touches him upon the Head, that Part of the Man being looked upon as the Seat of Reason. And thus of the rest of the Poem. As for the *Odyssey*, I think it is plain that *Horace* considered it as one of these Allegorical Fables, by the Moral which he has given us of several Parts of it. The greatest *Italian* Wits have applied themselves to the Writing of this latter kind of Fables: As *Spencer's Fairy-Queen* is one continued Series of them from the Beginning to the End of that admirable Work. If we look into the finest Prose Authors of Antiquity, such as *Cicero* , *Plato* , *Xenophon* , and many others, we shall find that this was likewise their Favourite Kind of Fable. I shall only further observe upon it, that the first of this Sort that made any considerable Figure in the World, was that of *Hercules* meeting with Pleasure and Virtue; which was invented by *Prodicus* , who lived before *Socrates* , and in the first Dawnings of Philosophy. He used to travel through *Greece* by virtue of this Fable, which procured him a kind Reception in all the Market-towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an Audience about him. [4]

After this short Preface, which I have made up of such Materials as my Memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my Reader with a Fable of this Kind, which I design as the Entertainment of the present Paper, I must in a few Words open the Occasion of it.

In the Account which *Plato* gives us of the Conversation and Behaviour of *Socrates*, the Morning he was to die, he tells the following Circumstance.

When *Socrates* his Fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the Day that the condemned Person was to be executed) being seated in the midst of his Disciples, and laying one of his Legs over the other, in a very unconcerned Posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the Iron; and whether it was to shew the Indifference with which he entertained \the Thoughts of his approaching Death, or (after his usual Manner) to take every Occasion of Philosophizing upon some useful Subject, he observed the Pleasure of that Sensation which now arose in those very Parts of his Leg, that just before had been so much pained by the Fetter. Upon this he reflected on the Nature of Pleasure and Pain in general, and how constantly they succeeded one another. To this he added, That if a Man of a good Genius for a Fable were to represent the Nature of Pleasure and Pain in that Way of Writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any Place without being followed by the other.

[5]

It is possible, that if *Plato* had thought it proper at such a Time to describe *Socrates* launching out into a Discourse [which [6]] was not of a piece with the Business of the Day, he would have enlarged upon this Hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful Allegory or Fable. But since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one myself in the Spirit of that Divine Author.

*There* were two Families which from the Beginning of the World were as opposite to each other as Light and Darkness. The one of them lived in Heaven, and the other in Hell. The youngest Descendant of the first Family was Pleasure, who was the Daughter of Happiness, who was the Child of Virtue, who was the Offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their Habitation in Heaven. The youngest of the opposite Family was Pain, who was the Son of Misery, who was the Child of Vice, who was the Offspring of the Furies. The Habitation of this Race of Beings was in Hell.

The middle Station of Nature between these two opposite Extremes was the Earth, which was inhabited by Creatures of a middle Kind, neither so Virtuous as the one, nor so Vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad Qualities of these two opposite Families. *Jupiter* considering that this Species commonly called Man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a Distinction between the Good and the Bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned Families, Pleasure who was the Daughter of Happiness, and Pain who was the Son of Misery, to meet one another upon this Part of Nature which lay in the half-Way between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the Division of it, so as to share Mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new Habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this Point, that Pleasure should take Possession of the Virtuous, and Pain of the Vicious Part of that Species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any Individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a Right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old Places of Residence, there was no Person so Vicious who had not some Good in him, nor any Person so Virtuous who had not in him some Evil. The Truth of it is, they generally found upon Search, that in the most vicious Man Pleasure might lay a Claim to an hundredth Part, and that in the most virtuous Man Pain might come in for at least two Thirds. This they saw would occasion endless Disputes between them, unless they could come to some Accommodation. To this end there was a Marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: By this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant Yoke-fellows, and that they either make their Visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into an Heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

But notwithstanding this Marriage was very convenient for the two Parties, it did not seem to answer the Intention of *Jupiter* in sending them among Mankind. To remedy therefore this Inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by Article, and confirmed by the Consent of each Family, that notwithstanding they

here possessed the Species indifferently; upon the Death of every single Person, if he was found to have in him a certain Proportion of Evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal Regions by a Passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice and the Furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain Proportion of Good, he should be dispatched into Heaven by a Passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue and the Gods.\_

L.

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[Footnote 1: 'Judges' ix. 8—15.]

[Footnote 2: '2 Sam.' xii. 1—4.]

[Footnote 3: 'Livy,' Bk. II. sec. 32.]

[Footnote 4: Xenophon's 'Memorabilia Socratis, Bk. II.]

[Footnote 5: 'Phaedon', § 10.]

[Footnote 6: that]

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No. 184. Monday, October 1, 1711. Addison.

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'... Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum ...'

Hor.

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When a Man has discovered a new Vein of Humour, it often carries him much further than he expected from it. My Correspondents take the Hint I give them, and pursue it into Speculations which I never thought of at my first starting it. This has been the Fate of my Paper on the Match of Grinning, which has already produced a second Paper on parallel Subjects, and brought me the following Letter by the last Post. I shall not premise any thing to it further than that it is built on Matter of Fact, and is as follows.

SIR,

'You have already obliged the World with a Discourse upon Grinning, and have since proceeded to Whistling, from whence you [at length came [1]] to Yawning; from this, I think, you may make a very natural Transition to Sleeping. I therefore recommend to you for the Subject of a Paper the following Advertisement, which about two Months ago was given into every Body's Hands, and may be seen with some Additions in the Daily Courant of August the Ninth.

'Nicholas Hart, [2] who slept last Year in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, intends to sleep this Year at the Cock and Bottle in Little-Britain.'

Having since inquired into the Matter of Fact, I find that the above-mentioned Nicholas Hart is every Year seized with a periodical Fit of Sleeping, which begins upon the Fifth of August, and ends on the Eleventh of the same Month: That

On the First of that Month he grew dull; On the Second, appeared drowsy; On the Third, fell a yawning; On the Fourth, began to nod; On the Fifth, dropped asleep; On the Sixth, was heard to snore; On the Seventh, turned himself in his Bed; On the Eighth, recovered his former Posture; On the Ninth fell a stretching; On the

Tenth about Midnight, awaked; On the Eleventh in the Morning called for a little Small-Beer.

This Account I have extracted out of the Journal of this sleeping Worthy, as it has been faithfully kept by a Gentleman of *Lincoln's-Inn*, who has undertaken to be his Historiographer. I have sent it to you, not only as it represents the Actions of *Nicholas Hart*, but as it seems a very natural Picture of the Life of many an honest *English* Gentleman, whose whole History very often consists of Yawning, Nodding, Stretching, Turning, Sleeping, Drinking, and the like extraordinary Particulars. I do not question, Sir, that, if you pleased, you could put out an Advertisement not unlike [the [3]] above-mentioned, of several Men of Figure; that Mr. *John* such-a-one, Gentleman, or *Thomas* such-a-one, Esquire, who slept in the Country last Summer, intends to sleep in Town this Winter. The worst of it is, that the drowsy Part of our Species is chiefly made up of very honest Gentlemen, who live quietly among their Neighbours, without ever disturbing the publick Peace: They are Drones without Stings. I could heartily wish, that several turbulent, restless, ambitious Spirits, would for a while change Places with these good Men, and enter themselves into *Nicholas Hart's* Fraternity. Could one but lay asleep a few busy Heads which I could name, from the First of *November* next to the First of *May* ensuing, [4] I question not but it would very much redound to the Quiet of particular Persons, as well as to the Benefit of the Publick.

But to return to *Nicholas Hart*: I believe, Sir, you will think it a very extraordinary Circumstance for a Man to gain his Livelihood by Sleeping, and that Rest should procure a Man Sustenance as well as Industry; yet so it is that *Nicholas* got last Year enough to support himself for a Twelvemonth. I am likewise informed that he has this Year had a very comfortable Nap. The Poets value themselves very much for sleeping on *Parnassus*, but I never heard they got a Groat by it: On the contrary, our Friend *Nicholas* gets more by Sleeping than he could by Working, and may be more properly said, than ever *Homer* was, to have had Golden Dreams. *Fuvenal* indeed mentions a drowsy Husband who raised an Estate by Snoring, but then he is represented to have slept what the common People call a Dog's Sleep; or if his Sleep was real, his Wife was awake, and about her Business. Your Pen, [which [5]] loves to moralize upon all Subjects, may raise something, methinks, on this Circumstance also, and point out to us those Sets of Men, who instead of growing rich by an honest Industry, recommend themselves to the Favours of the Great, by making themselves agreeable Companions in the Participations of Luxury and Pleasure.

I must further acquaint you, Sir, that one of the most eminent Pens in *Grub-street* is now employed in Writing the Dream of this miraculous Sleeper, which I hear will be of a more than ordinary Length, as it must contain all the Particulars that are supposed to have passed in his Imagination during so long a Sleep. He is said to have gone already through three Days and [three] Nights of it, and to have comprised in them the most remarkable Passages of the four first Empires of the World. If he can keep free from Party-Strokes, his Work may be of Use; but this I much doubt, having been informed by one of his Friends and Confidants, that he has spoken some things of *Nimrod* with too great Freedom.

I am ever, Sir, &c.

L.

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[Footnote 1: are at length come]

[Footnote 2: *Nicholas Hart*, born at *Leyden*, was at this time 22 years old, one of ten children of a learned mathematician who for two years had been a tutor to *King William*. *Nicholas* was a sailor from the age of twelve, and no scholar, although he spoke French, Dutch, and English. He was a patient at *St. Bartholomew's* for stone and gravel some weeks before, and on the 3rd of August, 1711, set his mark to an account of himself, when he expected to fall asleep on the fifth of August, two days later. His account was also signed by 'William Hill, Sen. No. I. *Lincoln's Inn*,' the 'Gentleman of *Lincoln's Inn*,' presently alluded to.]

[Footnote 3: that]

[Footnote 4: That is, when Parliament is sitting.]

[Footnote 5: that]

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No. 185. Tuesday, October 2, 1711. Addison.

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'... Tantæne Animis coelestibus Iræ?'

Virg.

There is nothing in which Men more deceive themselves than in what the World calls Zeal. There are so many Passions which hide themselves under it, and so many Mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say it would have been for the Benefit of Mankind if it had never been reckoned in the Catalogue of Virtues. It is certain, where it is once Laudable and Prudential, it is an hundred times Criminal and Erroneous; nor can it be otherwise, if we consider that it operates with equal Violence in all Religions, however opposite they may be to one another, and in all the Subdivisions of each Religion in particular.

We are told by some of the Jewish Rabbins, that the first Murder was occasioned by a religious Controversy; and if we had the whole History of Zeal from the Days of Cain to our own Times, we should see it filled with so many Scenes of Slaughter and Bloodshed, as would make a wise Man very careful how he suffers himself to be actuated by such a Principle, when it only regards Matters of Opinion and Speculation.

I would have every Zealous Man examine his Heart thoroughly, and, I believe, he will often find, that what he calls a Zeal for his Religion, is either Pride, Interest, or Ill-nature. [A Man who [1]] differs from another in Opinion, sets himself above him in his own Judgment, and in several Particulars pretends to be the wiser Person. This is a great Provocation to the proud Man, and gives a very keen Edge to what he calls his Zeal. And that this is the Case very often, we may observe from the Behaviour of some of the most zealous for Orthodoxy, who have often great Friendships and Intimacies with vicious immoral Men, provided they do but agree with them in the same Scheme of Belief. The Reason is, Because the vicious Believer gives the Precedency to the virtuous Man, and allows the good Christian to be the worthier Person, at the same time that he cannot come up to his Perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite Passage which we see quoted in almost every System of Ethicks, tho' upon another Occasion.

'... Video meliora proboque, Deteriora sequor ...'

(Ov.)

On the contrary, it is certain, if our Zeal were true and genuine, we should be much more angry with a Sinner than a Heretick; since there are several Cases [which [2]] may excuse the latter before his great Judge, but none [which [3]] can excuse the former.

Interest is likewise a great Inflamer, and sets a Man on Persecution under the colour of Zeal. For this Reason we find none are so forward to promote the true Worship by Fire and Sword, as those who find their present Account in it. But I shall extend the Word Interest to a larger Meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our Spiritual Safety and Welfare, as well as to our Temporal. A Man is glad to gain Numbers on his Side, as they serve to strengthen him in his private Opinions. Every Proselyte is like a new Argument for the Establishment of his Faith. It makes him believe that his Principles carry Conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the Reason of others, as well as to his own. And that this Temper of Mind deludes a Man very often into an Opinion of his Zeal, may appear from the common Behaviour of the Atheist, who maintains and spreads his Opinions with as much Heat as those who believe

they do it only out of Passion for God's Glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful Imitator of Zeal. Many a good Man may have a natural Rancour and Malice in his Heart, [which [4]] has been in some measure quelled and subdued by Religion; but if it finds any Pretence of breaking out, which does not seem to him inconsistent with the Duties of a Christian, it throws off all Restraint, and rages in its full Fury. Zeal is therefore a great Ease to a malicious Man, by making him believe he does God Service, whilst he is gratifying the Bent of a perverse revengeful Temper. For this Reason we find, that most of the Massacres and Devastations, [which [5]] have been in the World, have taken their Rise from a furious pretended Zeal.

I love to see a Man zealous in a good Matter, and especially when his Zeal shews it self for advancing Morality, and promoting the Happiness of Mankind: But when I find the Instruments he works with are Racks and Gibbets, Gallies and Dungeons; when he imprisons Mens Persons, confiscates their Estates, ruins their Families, and burns the Body to save the Soul, I cannot stick to pronounce of such a one, that (whatever he may think of his Faith and Religion) his Faith is vain, and his Religion unprofitable.

After having treated of these false Zealots in Religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monstrous Species of Men, who one would not think had any Existence in Nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary Conversation, I mean the Zealots in Atheism. One would fancy that these Men, tho' they fall short, in every other Respect, of those who make a Profession of Religion, would at least outshine them in this Particular, and be exempt from that single Fault which seems to grow out of the imprudent Fervours of Religion: But so it is, that Infidelity is propagated with as much Fierceness and Contention, Wrath and Indignation, as if the Safety of Mankind depended upon it. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of Zealots, that one does not know how to set them out in their proper Colours. They are a Sort of Gamesters [who [6]] are eternally upon the Fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teizing their Friends to come over to them, though at the same time they allow that neither of them shall get any thing by the Bargain. In short, the Zeal of spreading Atheism is, if possible, more absurd than Atheism it self.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable Zeal which appears in Atheists and Infidels, I must further observe that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the Spirit of Bigotry. They are wedded to Opinions full of Contradiction and Impossibility, and at the same time look upon the smallest Difficulty in an Article of Faith as a sufficient Reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common Reason of Mankind, that are conformable to the Sense of all Ages and all Nations, not to mention their Tendency for promoting the Happiness of Societies, or of particular Persons, are exploded as Errors and Prejudices; and Schemes erected in their stead that are altogether monstrous and irrational, and require the most extravagant Credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of these bigotted Infidels, supposing all the great Points of Atheism, as the casual or eternal Formation of the World, the Materiality of a thinking Substance, the Mortality of the Soul, the fortuitous Organization of the Body, the Motions and Gravitation of Matter, with the like Particulars, were laid together and formed [into [7]] a kind of Creed, according to the Opinions of the most celebrated Atheists; I say, supposing such a Creed as this were formed, and imposed upon any one People in the World, whether it would not require an infinitely greater Measure of Faith, than any Set of Articles which they so violently oppose. Let me therefore advise this Generation of Wranglers, for their own and for the publick Good, to act at least so consistently with themselves, as not to burn with Zeal for Irreligion, and with Bigotry for Nonsense.

C.

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[Footnote 1: The Man that]

[Footnote 2: that]

[Footnote 3: that]

[Footnote 4: that]

[Footnote 5: that]

[Footnote 6: that]

[Footnote 7: in]

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No. 186. Wednesday, October 3, 1711. Addison.

'Coelum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.'

Hor.

Upon my Return to my Lodgings last Night I found a Letter from my worthy Friend the Clergyman, whom I have given some Account of in my former Papers. He tells me in it that he was particularly pleased with the latter Part of my Yesterday's Speculation; and at the same time enclosed the following Essay, which he desires me to publish as the Sequel of that Discourse. It consists partly of uncommon Reflections, and partly of such as have been already used, but now set in a stronger Light.

'A Believer may be excused by the most hardened Atheist for endeavouring to make him a Convert, because he does it with an Eye to both their Interests. The Atheist is inexcusable who tries to gain over a Believer, because he does not propose the doing himself or the Believer any Good by such a Conversion.

The Prospect of a future State is the secret Comfort and Refreshment of my Soul; it is that which makes Nature look gay about me; it doubles all my Pleasures, and supports me under all my Afflictions. I can look at Disappointments and Misfortunes, Pain and Sickness, Death itself, and, what is worse than Death, the Loss of those who are dearest to me, with Indifference, so long as I keep in view the Pleasures of Eternity, and the State of Being in which there will be no Fears nor Apprehensions, Pains nor Sorrows, Sickness nor Separation. Why will any Man be so impertinently Officious as to tell me all this is only Fancy and Delusion? Is there any Merit in being the Messenger of ill News? If it is a Dream, let me enjoy it, since it makes me both the happier and better Man.

I must confess I do not know how to trust a Man [who [1]] believes neither Heaven nor Hell, or, in other Words, a future State of Rewards and Punishments. Not only natural Self-love, but Reason directs us to promote our own Interest above all Things. It can never be for the Interest of a Believer to do me a Mischief, because he is sure upon the Balance of Accompts to find himself a Loser by it. On the contrary, if he considers his own Welfare in his Behaviour towards me, it will lead him to do me all the Good he can, and at the same Time restrain him from doing me any Injury. An Unbeliever does not act like a reasonable Creature, if he favours me contrary to his present Interest, or does not distress me when it turns to his present Advantage. Honour and Good-nature may indeed tie up his Hands; but as these would be very much strengthened by Reason and Principle, so without them they are only Instincts, or wavering unsettled Notions, [which [2]] rest on no Foundation.

Infidelity has been attack'd with so good Success of late Years, that it is driven out of all its Out-works. The Atheist has not found his Post tenable, and is therefore retired into Deism, and a Disbelief of revealed Religion only. But the Truth of it is, the greatest Number of this Set of Men, are those who, for want of a virtuous Education, or examining the Grounds of Religion, know so very little of the Matter in Question, that their Infidelity is but another Term for their Ignorance.

As Folly and Inconsiderateness are the Foundations of Infidelity, the great Pillars and Supports of it are either a Vanity of appearing wiser than the rest of Mankind, or an Ostentation of Courage in despising the Terrors of another World, which have so great an Influence on what they call weaker Minds; or an Aversion to a Belief that must cut them off from many of those Pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill them with Remorse for many of those they have already tasted.

The great received Articles of the Christian Religion have been so clearly proved, from the Authority of that Divine Revelation in which they are delivered, that it is impossible for those who have Ears to hear, and Eyes to see, not to be convinced of them. But were it possible for any thing in the Christian Faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill Consequences in adhering to it. The great Points of the Incarnation and Sufferings of our Saviour produce naturally such Habits of Virtue in the Mind of Man, that I say, supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken in them, the Infidel himself must at least allow that no other System of Religion could so effectually contribute to the heightning of Morality. They give us great Ideas of the Dignity of human Nature, and of the Love which the Supreme Being bears to his Creatures, and consequently engage us in the highest Acts of Duty towards our Creator, our Neighbour, and our selves. How many noble Arguments has Saint Paul raised from the chief Articles of our Religion, for the advancing of Morality in its three great Branches? To give a single Example in each Kind: What can be a stronger Motive to a firm Trust and Reliance on the Mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and esteem even the most inconsiderable of Mankind more than the Thought that Christ died for him? Or what dispose us to set a stricter Guard upon the Purity of our own Hearts, than our being Members of Christ, and a Part of the Society of which that immaculate Person is the Head? But these are only a Specimen of those admirable Enforcements of Morality, which the Apostle has drawn from the History of our blessed Saviour.

If our modern Infidels considered these Matters with that Candour and Seriousness which they deserve, we should not see them act with such a Spirit of Bitterness, Arrogance, and Malice: They would not be raising such insignificant Cavils, Doubts, and Scruples, as may be started against every thing that is not capable of mathematical Demonstration; in order to unsettle the Minds of the Ignorant, disturb the publick Peace, subvert Morality, and throw all things into Confusion and Disorder. If none of these Reflections can have any Influence on them, there is one that perhaps may, because it is adapted to their Vanity, by which they seem to be guided much more than their Reason. I would therefore have them consider, that the wisest and best of Men, in all Ages of the World, have been those who lived up to the Religion of their Country, when they saw nothing in it opposite to Morality, and [to] the best Lights they had of the Divine Nature. Pythagoras's first Rule directs us to worship the Gods as it is ordained by Law, for that is the most natural Interpretation of the Precept. [3] Socrates, who was the most renowned among the Heathens both for Wisdom and Virtue, in his last Moments desires his Friends to offer a Cock to Æsculapius; [4] doubtless out of a submissive Deference to the established Worship of his Country. Xenophon tells us, that his Prince (whom he sets forth as a Pattern of Perfection), when he found his Death approaching, offered Sacrifices on the Mountains to the Persian Jupiter, and the Sun, according to the Custom of the Persians; for those are the Words of the Historian. [5] Nay, the Epicureans and Atomical Philosophers shewed a very remarkable Modesty in this Particular; for though the Being of a God was entirely repugnant to their Schemes of natural Philosophy, they contented themselves with the Denial of a Providence, asserting at the same Time the Existence of Gods in general; because they would not shock the common Belief of Mankind, and the Religion of their Country.'

L.

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[Footnote 1: that]

[Footnote 2: that]

[Footnote 3: Which is motto to No. 112.]

[Footnote 4: Phædon.]

[Footnote 5: Cyropædia, Bk. viii.]

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No. 187. Thursday, October 4, 1711. Steele.

'... Miseri quibus Intentata nites ...'

Hor.

The Intelligence given by this Correspondent is so important and useful, in order to avoid the Persons he speaks of, that I shall insert his Letter at length.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I do not know that you have ever touched upon a certain species of Women, whom we ordinarily call Jilts. You cannot possibly go upon a more useful Work, than the Consideration of these dangerous Animals. The Coquet is indeed one Degree towards the Jilt; but the Heart of the former is bent upon admiring her self, and giving false Hopes to her Lovers; but the latter is not contented to be extremely amiable, but she must add to that Advantage a certain Delight in being a Torment to others. Thus when her Lover is in the full Expectation of Success, the Jilt shall meet him with a sudden Indifference, and Admiration in her Face at his being surprised that he is received like a Stranger, and a Cast of her Head another Way with a pleasant Scorn of the Fellow's Insolence. It is very probable the Lover goes home utterly astonished and dejected, sits down to his Scrutore, sends her word in the most abject Terms, That he knows not what he has done; that all which was desirable in this Life is so suddenly vanished from him, that the Charmer of his Soul should withdraw the vital Heat from the Heart which pants for her. He continues a mournful Absence for some time, pining in Secret, and out of Humour with all things which he meets with. At length he takes a Resolution to try his Fate, and explain with her resolutely upon her unaccountable Carriage. He walks up to her Apartment, with a thousand Inquietudes and Doubts in what Manner he shall meet the first Cast of her Eye; when upon his first Appearance she flies towards him, wonders where he has been, accuses him of his Absence, and treats him with a Familiarity as surprising as her former Coldness. This good Correspondence continues till the Lady observes the Lover grows happy in it, and then she interrupts it with some new Inconsistency of Behaviour. For (as I just now said) the Happiness of a Jilt consists only in the Power of making others uneasy. But such is the Folly of this Sect of Women, that they carry on this pretty skittish Behaviour, till they have no charms left to render it supportable. Corinna, that used to torment all who conversed with her with false Glances, and little heedless unguarded Motions, that were to betray some Inclination towards the Man she would ensnare, finds at present all she attempts that way unregarded; and is obliged to indulge the Jilt in her Constitution, by laying Artificial Plots, writing perplexing Letters from unknown Hands, and making all the young Fellows in Love with her, till they find out who she is. Thus as before she gave Torment by disguising her Inclination, she is now obliged to do it by hiding her Person.

As for my own Part, Mr, SPECTATOR, it has been my unhappy Fate to be jilted from my Youth upward; and as my Taste has been very much towards Intreague, and having Intelligence with Women of Wit, my whole Life has passed away in a Series of Impositions. I shall, for the Benefit of the present Race of young Men, give some Account of my Loves. I know not whether you have ever heard of the famous Girl about Town called Kitty: This Creature (for I must take Shame upon my self) was my Mistress in the Days when Keeping was in Fashion. Kitty, under the Appearance of being Wild, Thoughtless, and Irregular in all her Words and Actions, concealed the most accomplished Jilt of her Time. Her Negligence had to me a Charm in it like that of Chastity, and Want of Desires seemed as great a Merit as the Conquest of them. The Air she gave herself was that of a Romping Girl, and whenever I talked to her with any Turn of Fondness, she would immediately snatch off my Perriwig, try it upon herself in the Glass, clap her Arms a Kimbow, draw my Sword, and make Passes on the Wall, take off my Cravat, and seize it to make some other Use of the Lace, or run into some

other unaccountable Rompishness, till the Time I had appointed to pass away with her was over. I went from her full of Pleasure at the Reflection that I had the keeping of so much Beauty in a Woman, who, as she was too heedless to please me, was also too inattentive to form a Design to wrong me. Long did I divert every Hour that hung heavy upon me in the Company of this Creature, whom I looked upon as neither Guilty or Innocent, but could laugh at my self for my unaccountable Pleasure in an Expence upon her, till in the End it appeared my pretty Insensible was with Child by my Footman.

This Accident roused me into a Disdain against all Libertine Women, under what Appearance soever they hid their Insincerity, and I resolved after that Time to converse with none but those who lived within the Rules of Decency and Honour. To this End I formed my self into a more regular Turn of Behaviour, and began to make Visits, frequent Assemblies, and lead out Ladies from the Theatres, with all the other insignificant Duties which the professed Servants of the Fair place themselves in constant Readiness to perform. In a very little time, (having a plentiful Fortune) Fathers and Mothers began to regard me as a good Match, and I found easie Admittance into the best Families in Town to observe their daughters; but I, who was born to follow the Fair to no Purpose, have by the Force of my ill Stars made my Application to three Jilts successively.

Hyæna is one of those who form themselves into a melancholy and indolent Air, and endeavour to gain Admirers from their Inattention to all around them. Hyaena can loll in her Coach, with something so fixed in her Countenance, that it is impossible to conceive her Meditation is employed only on her Dress and her Charms in that Posture. If it were not too coarse a Simile, I should say, Hyaena, in the Figure she affects to appear in, is a Spider in the midst of a Cobweb, that is sure to destroy every Fly that approaches it. The Net Hyaena throws is so fine, that you are taken in it before you can observe any Part of her Work. I attempted her for a long and weary Season, but I found her Passion went no farther than to be admired; and she is of that unreasonable Temper, as not to value the Inconstancy of her Lovers provided she can boast she once had their Addresses.

Biblis was the second I aimed at, and her Vanity lay in purchasing the Adorers of others, and not in rejoicing in their Love it self. Biblis is no Man's Mistress, but every Woman's Rival. As soon as I found this, I fell in Love with Chloe, who is my present Pleasure and Torment. I have writ to her, danced with her, and fought for her, and have been her Man in the Sight and Expectation of the whole Town [these [1]] three Years, and thought my self near the End of my Wishes; when the other Day she called me into her Closet, and told me, with a very grave Face, that she was a Woman of Honour, and scorned to deceive a Man who loved her with so much Sincerity as she saw I did, and therefore she must inform me that she was by Nature the most inconstant Creature breathing, and begg'd of me not to marry her; If I insisted upon it, I should; but that she was lately fallen in Love with another. What to do or say I know not, but desire you to inform me, and you will infinitely oblige,

SIR, Your most humble Servant,

Charles Yellow.

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[Footnote 1: "this", and in first reprint.]

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#### ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Sly, Haberdasher of Hats, at the Corner of Devereux-Court in the Strand, gives notice, That he has prepared very neat Hats, Rubbers, and Brushes for the Use of young Tradesmen in their last Year of Apprenticeship, at reasonable Rates. [1]

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[Footnote 1:

"Last night died of a mortification in his leg, after a long time enduring the same, John Sly, the late famous haberdasher, so often mentioned in the 'Spectator'."

'Evening Post', April 15, 1729.]

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No. 188. Friday, October 5, 1711. Steele.

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'Loetus sum Laudari à te Laudato viro.'

Tull.

He is a very unhappy Man who sets his Heart upon being admired by the Multitude, or affects a general and undistinguishing Applause among Men. What pious Men call the Testimony of a good Conscience, should be the Measure of our Ambition in this Kind; that is to say, a Man of Spirit should condemn the Praise of the Ignorant, and like being applauded for nothing but what he knows in his own Heart he deserves. Besides which the Character of the Person who commends you is to be considered, before you set a Value upon his Esteem. The Praise of an ignorant Man is only Good-will, and you should receive his Kindness as he is a good Neighbour in Society, and not as a good Judge of your Actions in Point of Fame and Reputation. The Satyrist said very well of popular Praise and Acclamations, Give the Tinkers and Coblers their Presents again, and learn to live of your self. [1] It is an Argument of a loose and ungoverned Mind to be affected with the promiscuous Approbation of the Generality of Mankind; and a Man of Virtue should be too delicate for so coarse an Appetite of Fame. Men of Honour should endeavour only to please the Worthy, and the Man of Merit should desire to be tried only by his Peers. I thought it a noble Sentiment which I heard Yesterday uttered in Conversation; I know, said a Gentleman, a Way to be greater than any Man: If he has Worth in him, I can rejoice in his Superiority to me; and that Satisfaction is a greater Act of the Soul in me, than any in him which can possibly appear to me. This Thought could not proceed but from a candid and generous Spirit; and the Approbation of such Minds is what may be esteemed true Praise. For with the common Rate of Men there is nothing commendable but what they themselves may hope to be Partakers of, or arrive at; but the Motive truly glorious is, when the Mind is set rather to do Things laudable, than to purchase Reputation. Where there is that Sincerity as the Foundation of a good Name, the kind Opinion of virtuous Men will be an unsought but a necessary Consequence. The Lacedemonians, tho' a plain People, and no Pretenders to Politeness, had a certain Delicacy in their Sense of Glory, and sacrificed to the Muses when they entered upon any great Enterprise. [2] They would have the Commemoration of their Actions be transmitted by the purest and most untainted Memorialists. The Din which attends Victories and publick Triumphs is by far less eligible, than the Recital of the Actions of great Men by honest and wise Historians. It is a frivolous Pleasure to be the Admiration of gaping Crowds; but to have the Approbation of a good Man in the cool Reflections of his Closet, is a Gratification worthy an heroick Spirit. The Applause of the Crowd makes the Head giddy, but the Attestation of a reasonable Man makes the Heart glad.

What makes the Love of popular or general Praise still more ridiculous, is, that it is usually given for Circumstances which are foreign to the Persons admired. Thus they are the ordinary Attendants on Power and Riches, which may be taken out of one Man's Hands, and put into another's: The Application only, and not the Possession, makes those outward things honourable. The Vulgar and Men of Sense agree in admiring Men for having what they themselves would rather be possessed of; the wise Man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous; the rest of the World, him who is most wealthy.

When a Man is in this way of Thinking, I do not know what can occur to one more monstrous, than to see Persons of Ingenuity address their Services and Performances to Men no way addicted to Liberal Arts: In these Cases, the Praise on one hand, and the Patronage on the other, are equally the Objects of Ridicule. Dedications to ignorant Men are as absurd as any of the Speeches of Bulfinch in the Droll: Such an Address

one is apt to translate into other Words; and when the Different Parties are thoroughly considered, the Panegyrick generally implies no more than if the Author should say to the Patron; My very good Lord, You and I can never understand one another, therefore I humbly desire we may be intimate Friends for the future.

The Rich may as well ask to borrow of the Poor, as the Man of Virtue or Merit hope for Addition to his Character from any but such as himself. He that commends another engages so much of his own Reputation as he gives to that Person commended; and he that has nothing laudable in himself is not of Ability to be such a Surety. The wise Phocion was so sensible how dangerous it was to be touched with what the Multitude approved, that upon a general Acclamation made when he was making an Oration, he turned to an intelligent Friend who stood near him, and asked, in a surprized Manner, What Slip have I made? [3]

I shall conclude this Paper with a Billet which has fallen into my Hands, and was written to a Lady from a Gentleman whom she had highly commended. The Author of it had formerly been her Lover. When all Possibility of Commerce between them on the Subject of Love was cut off, she spoke so handsomely of him, as to give Occasion for this Letter.

Madam,

"I should be insensible to a Stupidity, if I could forbear making you my Acknowledgments for your late mention of me with so much Applause. It is, I think, your Fate to give me new Sentiments; as you formerly inspired me with the true Sense of Love, so do you now with the true Sense of Glory. As Desire had the least Part in the Passion I heretofore professed towards you, so has Vanity no Share in the Glory to which you have now raised me. Innocence, Knowledge, Beauty, Virtue, Sincerity, and Discretion, are the constant Ornaments of her who has said this of me. Fame is a Babler, but I have arrived at the highest Glory in this World, the Commendation of the most deserving Person in it."

T.

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[Footnote 1: Persius. 'Sat. IV.' sec. 51.]

[Footnote 2: Plutarch in 'Life of Lycurgus'.]

[Footnote 3: Plutarch in 'Life of Phocion'.]

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No. 189. Saturday, October 6, 1711. Addison.

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'... Patriæ pietatis imago.'

Virg.

The following Letter being written to my Bookseller, upon a Subject of which I treated some time since, I shall publish it in this Paper, together with the Letter that was inclosed in it.

Mr. Buckley,

"Mr. SPECTATOR having of late descanted upon the Cruelty of Parents to their Children, I have been induced (at the Request of several of Mr. SPECTATOR'S Admirers) to inclose this Letter, which I assure you is the Original from a Father to his own Son, notwithstanding the latter gave but little or no Provocation. It would be wonderfully obliging to the World, if Mr. SPECTATOR would give his Opinion of it, in some of his Speculations, and particularly to"

(Mr. Buckley)

Your Humble Servant.

SIRRAH,

"You are a sawcy audacious Rascal, and both Fool and Mad, and I care not a Farthing whether you comply or no; that does not raze out my Impressions of your Insolence, going about Railing at me, and the next Day to solicit my Favour: These are Inconsistencies, such as discover thy Reason depraved. To be brief, I never desire to see your Face; and, Sirrah, if you go to the Work-house, it is no Disgrace to me for you to be supported there; and if you Starve in the Streets, I'll never give any thing underhand in your Behalf. If I have any more of your scribbling Nonsense I'll break your Head the first Time I set Sight on you. You are a stubborn Beast; is this your Gratitude for my giving you Mony? You Rogue, I'll better your Judgment, and give you a greater Sense of your Duty to (I regret to say) your Father, &c."

"P.S. It's Prudence for you to keep out of my Sight; for to reproach me, that Might overcomes Right, on the Outside of your Letter, I shall give you a great Knock on the Skull for it."

Was there ever such an Image of Paternal Tenderness! It was usual among some of the Greeks to make their Slaves drink to Excess, and then expose them to their Children, who by that means conceived an early Aversion to a Vice which makes Men appear so monstrous and irrational. I have exposed this Picture of an unnatural Father with the same Intention, that its Deformity may deter others from its Resemblance. If the Reader has a mind to see a Father of the same Stamp represented in the most exquisite Stroaks of Humour, he may meet with it in one of the finest Comedies that ever appeared upon the *English Stage*: I mean the Part of Sir *Sampson* [1] in 'Love for Love'.

I must not however engage my self blindly on the Side of the Son, to whom the fond Letter above-written was directed. His Father calls him a *sawcy and audacious Rascal* in the first Line, and I am afraid upon Examination he will prove but an ungracious Youth. *To go about railing* at his Father, and to find no other Place but *the Outside of his Letter* to tell him *\_that Might overcomes Right\_*, if it does not discover *\_his Reason to be depraved\_*, and *\_that he is either Fool or Mad\_*, as the choleric old Gentleman tells him, we may at least allow that the Father will do very well in endeavouring to *\_better his Judgment, and give him a greater Sense of his Duty\_*. But whether this may be brought about by *\_breaking his Head\_*, or *\_giving him a great Knock on the Skull\_*, ought, I think, to be well considered. Upon the whole, I wish the Father has not met with his Match, and that he may not be as equally paired with a Son, as the Mother in *Virgil*.

... *Crudelis tu quoque mater: Crudelis mater magis an puer Improbus ille? Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.* [2]

Or like the Crow and her Egg, in the *Greek Proverb*,

[Greek (transliterated): *Kakou korakos kakhon oon.* [3]]

I must here take Notice of a Letter which I have received from an unknown Correspondent, upon the Subject of my Paper, upon which the foregoing Letter is likewise founded. The Writer of it seems very much concerned lest that Paper should seem to give Encouragement to the Disobedience of Children towards their Parents; but if the Writer of it will take the Pains to read it over again attentively, I dare say his Apprehensions will vanish. Pardon and Reconciliation are all the Penitent Daughter requests, and all that I contend for in her Behalf; and in this Case I may use the Saying of an eminent Wit, who, upon some great Men pressing him to forgive his Daughter who had married against his Consent, told them he could refuse nothing to their Instances, but that he would have them remember there was Difference between Giving and Forgiving.

I must confess, in all Controversies between Parents and their Children, I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the former. The Obligations on that Side can never be acquitted, and I think it is one of the greatest Reflections upon Human Nature that Parental Instinct should be a stronger Motive to Love than Filial Gratitude; that the receiving of Favours should be a less Inducement to Good-will, Tenderness and Commiseration, than the conferring of them; and that the taking care of any Person should endear the Child or Dependant more to the Parent or Benefactor, than the Parent or Benefactor to the Child or Dependant; yet so it happens, that for one cruel Parent we meet with a thousand undutiful Children. This is indeed wonderfully contrived (as I have formerly observed) for the Support of every living Species; but at the same time that it shews the Wisdom of the Creator, it discovers the Imperfection and Degeneracy of the Creature.

The Obedience of Children to their Parents is the Basis of all Government, and set forth as the Measure of that Obedience which we owe to those whom Providence hath placed over us.

It is Father Le Conte, [4] if I am not mistaken, who tells us how Want of Duty in this Particular is punished among the Chinese, insomuch that if a Son should be known to kill, or so much as to strike his Father, not only the Criminal but his whole Family would be rooted out, nay the Inhabitants of the Place where he lived would be put to the Sword, nay the Place itself would be razed to the Ground, and its Foundations sown with Salt; For, say they, there must have been an utter Depravation of Manners in that Clan or Society of People who could have bred up among them so horrible an Offender. To this I shall add a Passage out of the first Book of Herodotus. That Historian in his Account of the Persian Customs and Religion tells us, It is their Opinion that no Man ever killed his Father, or that it is possible such a Crime should be in Nature; but that if any thing like it should ever happen, they conclude that the reputed Son must have been Illegitimate, Supposititious, or begotten in Adultery. Their Opinion in this Particular shews sufficiently what a Notion they must have had of Undutifulness in general.

L.

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[Footnote 1: Sir Sampson Legend in Congreve's play, which ends with the heroine's 'punishing an inhuman father and rewarding a faithful lover.']

[Footnote 2: Ecl. 8.]

[Footnote 3: Of bad Crow bad Egg.]

[Footnote 4: 'Present State of China,' Part 2. Letter to the Cardinal d'Estrees.]

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No. 190. Monday, October 8, 1711. Steele.

'Servitus crescit nova ...'

Hor.

Since I made some Reflections upon the general Negligence used in the Case of Regard towards Women, or, in other Words, since I talked of Wenching, I have had Epistles upon that Subject, which I shall, for the present Entertainment, insert as they lye before me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'As your Speculations are not confined to any Part of Humane Life, but concern the Wicked as well as the Good, I must desire your favourable Acceptance of what I, a poor strolling Girl about Town, have to say to

you. I was told by a Roman Catholic Gentleman who picked me up last Week, and who, I hope, is absolved for what passed between us; I say I was told by such a Person, who endeavoured to convert me to his own Religion, that in Countries where Popery prevails, besides the Advantage of licensed Stews, there are large Endowments given for the Incurabili, I think he called them, such as are past all Remedy, and are allowed such Maintenance and Support as to keep them without further Care till they expire. This manner of treating poor Sinners has, methinks, great Humanity in it; and as you are a Person who pretend to carry your Reflections upon all Subjects, whatever occur to you, with Candour, and act above the Sense of what Misinterpretation you may meet with, I beg the Favour of you to lay before all the World the unhappy Condition of us poor Vagrants, who are really in a Way of Labour instead of Idleness. There are Crowds of us whose Manner of Livelihood has long ceased to be pleasing to us; and who would willingly lead a new Life, if the Rigour of the Virtuous did not for ever expel us from coming into the World again. As it now happens, to the eternal Infamy of the Male Sex, Falshood among you is not reproachful, but Credulity in Women is infamous.

Give me Leave, Sir, to give you my History. You are to know that I am a Daughter of a Man of a good Reputation, Tenant to a Man of Quality. The Heir of this great House took it in his Head to cast a favourable Eye upon me, and succeeded. I do not pretend to say he promised me Marriage: I was not a Creature silly enough to be taken by so foolish a Story: But he ran away with me up to this Town; and introduced me to a grave Matron, with whom I boarded for a Day or two with great Gravity, and was not a little pleased with the Change of my Condition, from that of a Country Life to the finest Company, as I believed, in the whole World. My humble Servant made me to understand that I should be always kept in the plentiful Condition I then enjoyed; when after a very great Fondness towards me, he one Day took his Leave of me for four or five Days. In the Evening of the same Day my good Landlady came to me, and observing me very pensive began to comfort me, and with a Smile told me I must see the World. When I was deaf to all she could say to divert me, she began to tell me with a very frank Air that I must be treated as I ought, and not take these squeamish Humours upon me, for my Friend had left me to the Town; and, as their Phrase is, she expected I would see Company, or I must be treated like what I had brought my self to. This put me into a Fit of Crying: And I immediately, in a true Sense of my Condition, threw myself on the Floor, deploring my Fate, calling upon all that was good and sacred to succour me. While I was in all my Agony, I observed a decrepid old Fellow come into the Room, and looking with a Sense of Pleasure in his Face at all my Vehemence and Transport. In a Pause of my Distress I heard him say to the shameless old Woman who stood by me, She is certainly a new Face, or else she acts it rarely. With that the Gentlewoman, who was making her Market of me, in all the Turn of my Person, the Heaves of my Passion, and the suitable Changes of my Posture, took Occasion to commend my Neck, my Shape, my Eyes, my Limbs. All this was accompanied with such Speeches as you may have heard Horse-courers make in the Sale of Nags, when they are warranted for their Soundness. You understand by this Time that I was left in a Brothel, and exposed to the next Bidder that could purchase me of my Patroness. This is so much the Work of Hell; the Pleasure in the Possession of us Wenches, abates in proportion to the Degrees we go beyond the Bounds of Innocence; and no Man is gratified, if there is nothing left for him to debauch. Well, Sir, my first Man, when I came upon the Town, was Sir \_Jeoffry Foible,\_ who was extremely lavish to me of his Money, and took such a Fancy to me that he would have carried me off, if my Patroness would have taken any reasonable Terms for me: But as he was old, his Covetousness was his strongest Passion, and poor I was soon left exposed to be the common Refuse of all the Rakes and Debauchees in Town. I cannot tell whether you will do me Justice or no, till I see whether you print this or not; otherwise, as I now live with Sal, I could give you a very just Account of who and who is together in this Town. You perhaps won't believe it; but I know of one who pretends to be a very good Protestant who lies with a Roman-Catholick: But more of this hereafter, as you please me. There do come to our House the greatest Politicians of the Age; and Sal is more shrewd than any Body thinks: No Body can believe that such wise Men could go to Bawdy-houses out of idle Purposes; I have heard them often talk of Augustus Cæsar, who had Intrigues with the Wives of Senators, not out of Wantonness but Stratagem.

it is a thousand Pities you should be so severely virtuous as I fear you are; otherwise, after a Visit or two, you would soon understand that we Women of the Town are not such useless Correspondents as you may imagine:

You have undoubtedly heard that it was a Courtesan who discovered Cataline's Conspiracy. If you print this I'll tell you more; and am in the mean time, SIR.

Your most humble Servant, REBECCA NETTLETOP.

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Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am an idle young Woman that would work for my Livelihood, but that I am kept in such a Manner as I cannot stir out. My Tyrant is an old jealous Fellow, who allows me nothing to appear in. I have but one Shooe and one Slipper; no Head-dress, and no upper Petticoat. As you set up for a Reformer, I desire you would take me out of this wicked Way, and keep me your self.

EVE AFTERDAY.

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Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am to complain to you of a Set of impertinent Coxcombs, who visit the Apartments of us Women of the Town, only, as they call it, to see the World. I must confess to you, this to Men of Delicacy might have an Effect to cure them; but as they are stupid, noisy and drunken Fellows, it tends only to make Vice in themselves, as they think, pleasant and humourous, and at the same Time nauseous in us. I shall, Sir, hereafter from Time to Time give you the Names of these Wretches who pretend to enter our Houses meerly as Spectators. These Men think it Wit to use us ill: Pray tell them, however worthy we are of such Treatment, it is unworthy them to be guilty of it towards us. Pray, Sir, take Notice of this, and pity the Oppressed: I wish we could add to it, the Innocent.

T.

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No. 191. Tuesday, October 9, 1711. Addison.

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[Greek: ... oulon oneiron.]

Some ludicrous Schoolmen have put the Case, that if an Ass were placed between two Bundles of Hay, which affected his Senses equally on each Side, and tempted him in the very same Degree, whether it would be possible for him to Eat of either. They generally determine this Question to the Disadvantage of the Ass, who they say would starve in the Midst of Plenty, as not having a single Grain of Freewill to determine him more to the one than to the other. The Bundle of Hay on either Side striking his Sight and Smell in the same Proportion, would keep him in a perpetual Suspence, like the two Magnets which, Travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the Roof, and the other in the Floor of Mahomet's Burying-place at Mecca, and by that means, say they, pull the Impostor's Iron Coffin with such an equal Attraction, that it hangs in the Air between both of them. As for the Ass's Behaviour in such nice Circumstances, whether he would Starve sooner than violate his Neutrality to the two Bundles of Hay, I shall not presume to determine; but only take Notice of the Conduct of our own Species in the same Perplexity. When a Man has a mind to venture his Money in a Lottery, every Figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to succeed as any of its Fellows. They all of them have the same Pretensions to good Luck, stand upon the same foot of Competition, and no manner of Reason can be given why a Man should prefer one to the other before the Lottery is drawn. In this Case therefore Caprice very often acts in the Place of Reason, and forms to it self some Groundless Imaginary Motive, where real and substantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning Man that is very well pleased to risque his good Fortune upon the Number 1711, because it is the Year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a Tacker that would give a good deal for the Number 134. [1] On the contrary I have been told of a certain Zealous Dissenter, who being a great Enemy to Popery, and believing that bad Men are the most fortunate in

this World, will lay two to one on the Number [666 [2]] against any other Number, because, says he, it is the Number of the Beast. Several would prefer the Number 12000 before any other, as it is the Number of the Pounds in the great Prize. In short, some are pleased to find their own Age in their Number; some that they have got a number which makes a pretty Appearance in the Cyphers, and others, because it is the same Number that succeeded in the last Lottery. Each of these, upon no other Grounds, thinks he stands fairest for the great Lot, and that he is possessed of what may not be improperly called the Golden Number.

These Principles of Election are the Pastimes and Extravagancies of Human Reason, which is of so busie a Nature, that it will be exerting it self in the meanest Trifles and working even when it wants Materials. The wisest of Men are sometimes acted by such unaccountable Motives, as the Life of the Fool and the Superstitious is guided by nothing else.

I am surprized that none of the Fortune-tellers, or, as the French call them, the Diseurs de bonne Avanture, who Publish their Bills in every Quarter of the Town, have not turned our Lotteries to their Advantage; did any of them set up for a Caster of fortunate Figures, what might he not get by his pretended Discoveries and Predictions?

I remember among the Advertisements in the Post-Boy of September the 27th, I was surprized to see the following one:

This is to give notice, That Ten Shillings over and above the Market-Price, will be given for the Ticket in the £1 500 000 Lottery, No. 132, by Nath. Cliff at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapside.

This Advertisement has given great Matter of Speculation to Coffee-house Theorists. Mr. Cliff's Principles and Conversation have been canvassed upon this Occasion, and various Conjectures made why he should thus set his Heart upon Number 132. I have examined all the Powers in those Numbers, broken them into Fractions, extracted the Square and Cube Root, divided and multiplied them all Ways, but could not arrive at the Secret till about three Days ago, when I received the following Letter from an unknown Hand, by which I find that Mr. Nathaniel Cliff is only the Agent, and not the Principal, in this Advertisement.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am the Person that lately advertised I would give ten Shillings more than the current Price for the Ticket No. 132 in the Lottery now drawing; which is a Secret I have communicated to some Friends, who rally me incessantly upon that Account. You must know I have but one Ticket, for which Reason, and a certain Dream I have lately had more than once, I was resolved it should be the Number I most approved. I am so positive I have pitched upon the great Lot, that I could almost lay all I am worth of it. My Visions are so frequent and strong upon this Occasion, that I have not only possessed the Lot, but disposed of the Money which in all probability it will sell for. This Morning, in particular, I set up an Equipage which I look upon to be the gayest in the Town. The Liveries are very Rich, but not Gaudy. I should be very glad to see a Speculation or two upon lottery Subjects, in which you would oblige all People concerned, and in particular

'Your most humble Servant,

'George Gossling.

'P.S. Dear SPEC, if I get the 12 000 Pound, I'll make thee a handsome Present.'

After having wished my Correspondent good Luck, and thanked him for his intended Kindness, I shall for this time dismiss the Subject of the Lottery, and only observe that the greatest Part of Mankind are in some degree guilty of my Friend Gossling's Extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future Prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in Possibility. We live up to our Expectations, not to our Possessions, and

make a Figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We out-run our present Income, as not doubting to disburse our selves out of the Profits of some future Place, Project, or Reversion, that we have in view. It is through this Temper of Mind, which is so common among us, that we see Tradesmen break, who have met with no Misfortunes in their Business; and Men of Estates reduced to Poverty, who have never suffered from Losses or Repairs, Tenants, Taxes, or Law-suits. In short, it is this foolish sanguine Temper, this depending upon Contingent Futurities, that occasions Romantick Generosity, Chymical Grandeur, Senseless Ostentation, and generally ends in Beggary and Ruin. The Man, who will live above his present Circumstances, is in great Danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the Italian Proverb runs, The Man who lives by Hope will die by Hunger.

It should be an indispensable Rule in Life, to contract our Desires to our present Condition, and whatever may be our Expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be Time enough to enjoy an Estate when it comes into our Hands; but if we anticipate our good Fortune, we shall lose the Pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon.

L.

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[Footnote 1: The number of the minority who were in 1704 for Tacking a Bill against Occasional Conformity to a Money Bill.]

[Footnote 2: "1666", and in first reprint.]

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No. 192. Wednesday, October 10, 1711. Steele.

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'... Uni ore omnes omnia Bona dicere, et Laudare fortunas meas, Qui Gnatum haberem tali ingenio proeditum.'

Tre.

I Stood the other Day, and beheld a Father sitting in the Middle of a Room with a large Family of Children about him; and methought I could observe in his Countenance different Motions of Delight, as he turned his Eye towards the one and the other of them. The Man is a Person moderate in his Designs for their Preferment and Welfare; and as he has an easy Fortune, he is not sollicitous to make a great one. His eldest Son is a Child of a very towardly Disposition, and as much as the Father loves him, I dare say he will never be a Knave to improve his Fortune. I do not know any Man who has a juster Relish of Life than the Person I am speaking of, or keeps a better Guard against the Terrors of Want or the Hopes of Gain. It is usual in a Crowd of Children, for the Parent to name out of his own Flock all the great Officers of the Kingdom. There is something so very surprizing in the Parts of a Child of a Man's own, that there is nothing too great to be expected from his Endowments. I know a good Woman who has but three Sons, and there is, she says, nothing she expects with more Certainty, than that she shall see one of them a Bishop, the other a Judge, and the third a Court Physician. The Humour is, that any thing which can happen to any Man's Child, is expected by every Man for his own. But my Friend whom I was going to speak of, does not flatter himself with such vain Expectations, but has his Eye more upon the Virtue and Disposition of his Children, than their Advancement or Wealth. Good Habits are what will certainly improve a Man's Fortune and Reputation; but on the other side, Affluence of Fortune will not as probably produce good Affections of the Mind.

It is very natural for a Man of a kind Disposition to amuse himself with the Promises his Imagination makes to him of the future Condition of his Children, and to represent to himself the Figure they shall bear in the World after he has left it. When his Prospects of this Kind are agreeable, his Fondness gives as it were a longer Date to his own Life; and the Survivorship of a worthy Man [in [1]] his Son is a Pleasure scarce inferior to the Hopes of the Continuance of his own Life. That Man is happy who can believe of his Son, that

he will escape the Follies and Indiscretions of which he himself was guilty, and pursue and improve every thing that was valuable in him. The Continuance of his Virtue is much more to be regarded than that of his Life; but it is the most lamentable of all Reflections, to think that the Heir of a Man's Fortune is such a one as will be a Stranger to his Friends, alienated from the same Interests, and a Promoter of every thing which he himself disapproved. An Estate in Possession of such a Successor to a good Man, is worse than laid waste; and the Family of which he is the Head, is in a more deplorable Condition than that of being extinct.

When I visit the agreeable Seat of my honoured Friend Ruricola, and walk from Room to Room revolving many pleasing Occurrences, and the Expressions of many just Sentiments I have heard him utter, and see the Booby his Heir in Pain while he is doing the Honours of his House to the Friend of his Father, the Heaviness it gives one is not to be expressed. Want of Genius is not to be imputed to any Man, but Want of Humanity is a Man's own Fault. The Son of Ruricola, (whose Life was one continued Series of worthy Actions and Gentleman-like Inclinations) is the Companion of drunken Clowns, and knows no Sense of Praise but in the Flattery he receives from his own Servants; his Pleasures are mean and inordinate, his Language base and filthy, [his [2]] Behaviour rough and absurd. Is this Creature to be accounted the Successor of a Man of Virtue, Wit and Breeding? At the same time that I have this melancholy Prospect at the House where I miss my old Friend, I can go to a Gentleman's not far off it, where he has a Daughter who is the Picture both of his Body and Mind, but both improved with the Beauty and Modesty peculiar to her Sex. It is she who supplies the Loss of her Father to the World; she, without his Name or Fortune, is a truer Memorial of him, than her Brother who succeeds him in both. Such an Offspring as the eldest Son of my Friend, perpetuates his Father in the same manner as the Appearance of his Ghost would: It is indeed Ruricola, but it is Ruricola grown frightful.

I know not to what to attribute the brutal Turn which this young Man has taken, except it may be to a certain Severity and Distance which his Father used towards him, and might, perhaps, have occasioned a Dislike to those Modes of Life which were not made amiable to him by Freedom and Affability.

We may promise our selves that no such Excrescence will appear in the Family of the Cornelii, where the Father lives with his Sons like their eldest Brother, and the Sons converse with him as if they did it for no other Reason but that he is the wisest Man of their Acquaintance. As the Cornelii are eminent Traders, their good Correspondence with each other is useful to all that know them, as well as to themselves: And their Friendship, Good-will and kind Offices, are disposed of jointly as well as their Fortune, so that no one ever obliged one of them, who had not the Obligation multiplied in Returns from them all.

It is the most beautiful Object the Eyes of Man can behold, to see a Man of Worth and his Son live in an entire unreserved Correspondence. The mutual Kindness and Affection between them give an inexpressible Satisfaction to all who know them. It is a sublime Pleasure which increases by the Participation. It is as sacred as Friendship, as pleasurable as Love, and as joyful as Religion. This State of Mind does not only dissipate Sorrow, which would be extream without it, but enlarges Pleasures which would otherwise be contemptible. The most indifferent thing has its Force and Beauty when it is spoke by a kind Father, and an insignificant Trifle has it's Weight when offered by a dutiful Child. I know not how to express it, but I think I may call it a transplanted Self-love. All the Enjoyments and Sufferings which a Man meets with are regarded only as they concern him in the Relation he has to another. A Man's very Honour receives a new Value to him, when he thinks that, when he is in his Grave, it will be had in Remembrance that such an Action was done by such a one's Father. Such Considerations sweeten the old Man's Evening, and his Soliloquy delights him when he can say to himself, No Man can tell my Child his Father was either unmerciful or unjust: My Son shall meet many a Man who shall say to him, I was obliged to thy Father, and be my Child a Friend to his Child for ever.

It is not in the Power of all Men to leave illustrious Names or great Fortunes to their Posterity, but they can very much conduce to their having Industry, Probity, Valour and Justice: It is in every Man's Power to leave his Son the Honour of descending from a virtuous Man, and add the Blessings of Heaven to whatever he leaves him. I shall end this Rhapsody with a Letter to an excellent young Man of my Acquaintance, who has

lately lost a worthy Father.

Dear Sir,

I know no Part of Life more impertinent than the Office of administring Consolation: I will not enter into it, for I cannot but applaud your Grief. The virtuous Principles you had from that excellent Man whom you have lost, have wrought in you as they ought, to make a Youth of Three and Twenty incapable of Comfort upon coming into Possession of a great Fortune. I doubt not but that you will honour his Memory by a modest Enjoyment of his Estate; and scorn to triumph over his Grave, by employing in Riot, Excess, and Debauchery, what he purchased with so much Industry, Prudence, and Wisdom. This is the true Way to shew the Sense you have of your Loss, and to take away the Distress of others upon the Occasion. You cannot recal your Father by your Grief, but you may revive him to his Friends by your Conduct.'

T.

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[Footnote 1: "to", and in the first reprint.]

[Footnote 2: and his]

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No. 193. Thursday, October 11, 1711. Steele.

'... Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis Mane salutantum totis vomit oedibus undam.'

Virg.

When we look round us, and behold the strange Variety of Faces and Persons which fill the Streets with Business and Hurry, it is no unpleasant Amusement to make Guesses at their different Pursuits, and judge by their Countenances what it is that so anxiously engages their present Attention. Of all this busie Crowd, there are none who would give a Man inclined to such Enquiries better Diversion for his Thoughts, than those whom we call good Courtiers, and such as are assiduous at the Levées of Great Men. These Worthies are got into an Habit of being servile with an Air, and enjoy a certain Vanity in being known for understanding how the World passes. In the Pleasure of this they can rise early, go abroad sleek and well-dressed, with no other Hope or Purpose, but to make a Bow to a Man in Court-Favour, and be thought, by some insignificant Smile of his, not a little engaged in his Interests and Fortunes. It is wondrous, that a Man can get over the natural Existence and Possession of his own Mind so far, as to take Delight either in paying or receiving such cold and repeated Civilities. But what maintains the Humour is, that outward Show is what most Men pursue, rather than real Happiness. Thus both the Idol and Idolater equally impose upon themselves in pleasing their Imaginations this way. But as there are very many of her Majesty's good Subjects, who are extremely uneasie at their own Seats in the Country, where all from the Skies to the Centre of the Earth is their own, and have a mighty longing to shine in Courts, or be Partners in the Power of the World; I say, for the Benefit of these, and others who hanker after being in the Whisper with great Men, and vexing their Neighbours with the Changes they would be capable of making in the Appearance at a Country Sessions, it would not methinks be amiss to give an Account of that Market for Preferment, a great Man's Levée.

For ought I know, this Commerce between the Mighty and their Slaves, very justly represented, might do so much good as to incline the Great to regard Business rather than Ostentation; and make the Little know the Use of their Time too well, to spend it in vain Applications and Addresses.

The famous Doctor in *\_Moorfields\_*, who gained so much Reputation for his Horary Predictions, is said to have had in his Parlour different Ropes to little Bells which hung in the Room above Stairs, where the Doctor

thought fit to be oraculous. If a Girl had been deceived by her Lover, one Bell was pulled; and if a Peasant had lost a Cow, the [Servant [1]] rung another. This Method was kept in respect to all other Passions and Concerns, and [the skillful Waiter below [2]] sifted the Enquirer, and gave the Doctor Notice accordingly. The Levée of a great Man is laid after the same manner, and twenty Whispers, false Alarms, and private Intimations, pass backward and forward from the Porter, the Valet, and the Patron himself, before the gaping Crew who are to pay their Court are gathered together: When the Scene is ready, the Doors fly open and discover his Lordship.

There are several Ways of making this first Appearance: you may be either half dressed, and washing your self, which is indeed the most stately; but this Way of Opening is peculiar to Military Men, in whom there is something graceful in exposing themselves naked; but the Politicians, or Civil Officers, have usually affected to be more reserved, and preserve a certain Chastity of Deportment. Whether it be Hieroglyphical or not, this Difference in the Military and Civil List, [I will not say;] but [have [3]] ever understood the Fact to be, that the close Minister is buttoned up, and the brave Officer open-breasted on these Occasions.

However that is, I humbly conceive the Business of a Levée is to receive the Acknowledgments of a Multitude, that a Man is Wise, [Bounteous, [4]] Valiant and Powerful. When the first Shot of Eyes [is [5]] made, it is wonderful to observe how much Submission the Patron's Modesty can bear, and how much Servitude the Client's Spirit can descend to. In the vast Multiplicity of Business, and the Crowd about him, my Lord's Parts are usually so great, that, to the Astonishment of the whole Assembly, he has something to say to every Man there, and that so suitable to his Capacity, as any Man may judge that it is not without Talents that Men can arrive at great Employments. I have known a great Man ask a Flag-Officer, which way was the Wind, a Commander of Horse the present Price of Oats, and a Stock-jobber at what Discount such a Fund was, with as much Ease as if he had been bred to each of those several Ways of Life. Now this is extremely obliging; for at the same time that the Patron informs himself of Matters, he gives the Person of whom he enquires an Opportunity to exert himself. What adds to the Pomp of those Interviews is, that it is performed with the greatest Silence and Order Imaginable. The Patron is usually in the midst of the Room, and some humble Person gives him a Whisper, which his Lordship answers aloud, It is well. Yes, I am of your Opinion. Pray inform yourself further, you may be sure of my Part in it. This happy Man is dismissed, and my Lord can turn himself to a Business of a quite different Nature, and offhand give as good an Answer as any great Man is obliged to. For the chief Point is to keep in Generals, and if there be any thing offered that's Particular, to be in haste.

But we are now in the Height of the Affair, and my Lord's Creatures have all had their Whispers round to keep up the Farce of the thing, and the Dumb Show is become more general. He casts his Eye to that Corner, and there to Mr. such-a-one; to the other, and when did you come to Town? And perhaps just before he nods to another, and enters with him, but, Sir, I am glad to see you, now I think of it. Each of those are happy for the next four and twenty Hours; and those who bow in Ranks undistinguished, and by Dozens at a Time, think they have very good Prospects if they hope to arrive at such Notices half a Year hence.

The Satyrist says, [6] there is seldom common Sense in high Fortune; and one would think, to behold a Levée, that the Great were not only infatuated with their Station, but also that they believed all below were seized too; else how is it possible that they could think of imposing upon themselves and others in such a degree, as to set up a Levée for any thing but a direct Farce? But such is the Weakness of our Nature, that when Men are a little exalted in their Condition, they immediately conceive they have additional Senses, and their Capacities enlarged not only above other Men, but above human Comprehension it self. Thus it is ordinary to see a great Man attend one listning, bow to one at a distance, and call to a third at the same instant. A Girl in new Ribbands is not more taken with her self, nor does she betray more apparent Coquetries, than even a wise Man in such a Circumstance of Courtship. I do not know any thing that I ever thought so very distasteful as the Affectation which is recorded of Cæsar, to wit, that he would dictate to three several Writers at the same time. This was an Ambition below the Greatness and Candour of his Mind. He indeed (if any Man had Pretensions to greater Faculties than any other Mortal) was the Person; but such a Way of acting is Childish, and

inconsistent with the Manner of our Being. And it appears from the very Nature of Things, that there cannot be any thing effectually dispatched in the Distraction of a Publick Levée: but the whole seems to be a Conspiracy of a Set of Servile Slaves, to give up their own Liberty to take away their Patron's Understanding.

T.

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[Footnote 1: Rope]

[Footnote 2: a skilful servant]

[Footnote 3: I have]

[Footnote 4: Beauteous, and in first reprint.]

[Footnote 5: are]

[Footnote 6: Juvenal, viii, 73.]

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No. 194. Friday, October 12, 1711. Steele.

'... Difficili Bile Tumet Jecur.'

Hor.

The present Paper shall consist of two Letters, which observe upon Faults that are easily cured both in Love and Friendship. In the latter, as far as it meerly regards Conversation, the Person who neglects visiting an agreeable Friend is punished in the very Transgression; for a good Companion is not found in every Room we go into. But the Case of Love is of a more delicate Nature, and the Anxiety is inexpressible if every little Instance of Kindness is not reciprocal. There are Things in this Sort of Commerce which there are not Words to express, and a Man may not possibly know how to represent, what yet may tear his Heart into ten thousand Tortures. To be grave to a Man's Mirth, unattentive to his Discourse, or to interrupt either with something that argues a Disinclination to be entertained by him, has in it something so disagreeable, that the utmost Steps which may be made in further Enmity cannot give greater Torment. The gay *\_Corinna\_*, who sets up for an Indifference and becoming Heedlessness, gives her Husband all the Torment imaginable out of meer Insolence, with this peculiar Vanity, that she is to look as gay as a Maid in the Character of a Wife. It is no Matter what is the Reason of a Man's Grief, if it be heavy as it is. Her unhappy Man is convinced that she means him no Dishonour, but pines to Death because she will not have so much Deference to him as to avoid the Appearances of it. The Author of the following Letter is perplexed with an Injury that is in a Degree yet less criminal, and yet the Source of the utmost Unhappiness.

*\_Mr.\_* SPECTATOR,

I have read your Papers which relate to Jealousy, and desire your Advice in my Case, which you will say is not common. I have a Wife, of whose Virtue I am not in the least doubtful; yet I cannot be satisfied she loves me, which gives me as great Uneasiness as being faulty the other Way would do. I know not whether I am not yet more miserable than in that Case, for she keeps Possession of my Heart, without the Return of hers. I would desire your Observations upon that Temper in some Women, who will not condescend to convince their Husbands of their Innocence or their Love, but are wholly negligent of what Reflections the poor Men make upon their Conduct (so they cannot call it Criminal,) when at the same time a little Tenderness of Behaviour, or Regard to shew an Inclination to please them, would make them Entirely at Ease. Do not such

Women deserve all the Misinterpretation which they neglect to avoid? Or are they not in the actual Practice of Guilt, who care not whether they are thought guilty or not? If my Wife does the most ordinary thing, as visiting her Sister, or taking the Air with her Mother, it is always carried with the Air of a Secret: Then she will sometimes tell a thing of no Consequence, as if it was only Want of Memory made her conceal it before; and this only to dally with my Anxiety. I have complained to her of this Behaviour in the gentlest Terms imaginable, and beseeched her not to use him, who desired only to live with her like an indulgent Friend, as the most morose and unsociable Husband in the World. It is no easy Matter to describe our Circumstance, but it is miserable with this Aggravation, That it might be easily mended, and yet no Remedy endeavoured. She reads you, and there is a Phrase or two in this Letter which she will know came from me. If we enter into an Explanation which may tend to our future Quiet by your Means, you shall have our joint Thanks: In the mean time I am (as much as I can in this ambiguous Condition be any thing) *\_SIR\_*,

*Your humble Servant.*

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*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

'Give me Leave to make you a Present of a Character not yet described in your Papers, which is that of a Man who treats his Friend with the same odd Variety which a Fantastical Female Tyrant practises towards her Lover. I have for some time had a Friendship with one of these Mercurial Persons: The Rogue I know loves me, yet takes Advantage of my Fondness for him to use me as he pleases. We are by Turns the best Friends and the greatest Strangers imaginable; Sometimes you would think us inseparable; at other Times he avoids me for a long Time, yet neither he nor I know why. When we meet next by Chance, he is amazed he has not seen me, is impatient for an Appointment the same Evening: and when I expect he should have kept it, I have known him slip away to another Place; where he has sat reading the News, when there is no Post; smoking his Pipe, which he seldom cares for; and staring about him in Company with whom he has had nothing to do, as if he wondered how he came there.

That I may state my Case to you the more fully, I shall transcribe some short Minutes I have taken of him in my Almanack since last Spring; for you must know there are certain Seasons of the Year, according to which, I will not say our Friendship, but the Enjoyment of it rises or falls. In *March* and *April* he was as various as the Weather; In *May* and part of *June* I found him the sprightliest best-humoured Fellow in the World; In the Dog-Days he was much upon the Indolent; In *September* very agreeable but very busy; and since the Glass fell last to changeable, he has made three Appointments with me, and broke them every one. However I have good Hopes of him this Winter, especially if you will lend me your Assistance to reform him, which will be a great Ease and Pleasure to,

*\_SIR\_, Your most humble Servant. October 9, 1711.*

T.

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No. 195. Saturday, October 13, 1711. Addison.

[Greek: Náepioi oud' isasin hos\_o pléon haemisu pantós, Oud' hoson en maláchaete dè asphodél\_o meg honeiar.].—Hes.

There is a Story in the 'Arabian Nights Tales' [1] of a King who had long languished under an ill Habit of Body, and had taken abundance of Remedies to no purpose. At length, says the Fable, a Physician cured him by the following Method: He took an hollow Ball of Wood, and filled it with several Drugs; after which he clos'd it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a Mall, and after having hollowed the Handle, and that part which strikes the Ball, he enclosed in them several Drugs after the same Manner as in

the Ball it self. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his Patient, to exercise himself early in the Morning with these *rightly prepared* Instruments, till such time as he should Sweat: When, as the Story goes, the Vertue of the Medicaments perspiring through the Wood, had so good an Influence on the Sultan's Constitution, that they cured him of an Indisposition which all the Compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This Eastern Allegory is finely contrived to shew us how beneficial bodily Labour is to Health, and that Exercise is the most effectual Physick. I have described in my Hundred and Fifteenth Paper, from the general Structure and Mechanism of an Human Body, how absolutely necessary Exercise is for its Preservation. I shall in this Place recommend another great Preservative of Health, which in many Cases produces the same Effects as Exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its Place, where Opportunities of Exercise are wanting. The Preservative I am speaking of is Temperance, which has those particular Advantages above all other Means of Health, that it may be practised by all Ranks and Conditions, at any Season or in any Place. It is a kind of Regimen into which every Man may put himself, without Interruption to Business, Expence of Mony, or Loss of Time. If Exercise throws off all Superfluities, Temperance prevents them; if Exercise clears the Vessels, Temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if Exercise raises proper Ferments in the Humours, and promotes the Circulation of the Blood, Temperance gives Nature her full Play, and enables her to exert her self in all her Force and Vigour; if Exercise dissipates a growing Distemper, Temperance starves it.

Physick, for the most part, is nothing else but the Substitute of Exercise or Temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute Distempers, that cannot wait the slow Operations of these two great Instruments of Health; but did Men live in an habitual Course of Exercise and Temperance, there would be but little Occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those Parts of the World are the most healthy, where they subsist by the Chace; and that Men lived longest when their Lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little Food besides what they caught. Blistering, Cupping, Bleeding, are seldom of use but to the Idle and Intemperate; as all those inward Applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but Expedients to make Luxury consistent with Health. The Apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the Cook and the Vintner. It is said of Diogenes, [2] that meeting a young Man who was going to a Feast, he took him up in the Street and carried him home to his Friends, as one who was running into imminent Danger, had not he prevented him. What would that Philosopher have said, had he been present at the Gluttony of a modern Meal? Would not he have thought the Master of a Family mad, and have begged his Servants to tie down his Hands, had he seen him devour Fowl, Fish, and Flesh; swallow Oyl and Vinegar, Wines and Spices; throw down Sallads of twenty different Herbs, Sauces of an hundred Ingredients, Confections and Fruits of numberless Sweets and Flavours? What unnatural Motions and Counterferments must such a Medley of Intemperance produce in the Body? For my Part, when I behold a fashionable Table set out in all its Magnificence, I fancy that I see Gouts and Dropsies, Feavers and Lethargies, with other innumerable Distempers lying in Ambuscade among the Dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple Diet. Every Animal, but Man, keeps to one Dish. Herbs are the Food of this Species, Fish of that, and Flesh of a Third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his Way, not the smallest Fruit or Excrescence of the Earth, scarce a Berry or a Mushroom, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate Rule for Temperance, because what is Luxury in one may be Temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the World, who are not Judges of their own Constitutions, so far as to know what Kinds and what Proportions of Food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my Readers as my Patients, and to prescribe such a Kind of Temperance as is accommodated to all Persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our Climate and Way of Living, I would copy the following Rules of a very eminent Physician. Make your whole Repast out of one Dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing Strong, till you have finished your Meal; [at [3]] the same time abstain from all Sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple. A Man could not be well guilty of Gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy Rules. In the first Case there would be no Variety of Tastes to sollicit his Palate, and occasion Excess; nor in the second any artificial Provocatives to relieve Satiety, and create a false Appetite. Were I to prescribe a Rule for Drinking, it should be form'd upon a Saying quoted by Sir William

Temple; [4] The first Glass for my self, the second for my Friends, the third for good Humour, and the fourth for mine Enemies. But because it is impossible for one who lives in the World to diet himself always in so Philosophical a manner, I think every Man should have his Days of Abstinence, according as his Constitution will permit. These are great Reliefs to Nature, as they qualifie her for struggling with Hunger and Thirst, whenever any Distemper or Duty of Life may put her upon such Difficulties; and at the same time give her an Opportunity of extricating her self from her Oppressions, and recovering the several Tones and Springs of her distended Vessels. Besides that Abstinence well timed often kills a Sickness in Embryo, and destroys the first Seeds of an Indisposition. It is observed by two or three Ancient Authors, [5] that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during that great Plague, which has made so much Noise through all Ages, and has been celebrated at different Times by such eminent Hands; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring Pestilence, he never caught the least Infection, which those Writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted Temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an Observation which I have often made, upon reading the Lives of the Philosophers, and comparing them with any Series of Kings or great Men of the same number. If we consider these Ancient Sages, a great Part of whose Philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious Course of Life, one would think the Life of a Philosopher and the Life of a Man were of two different Dates. For we find that the Generality of these wise Men were nearer an hundred than sixty Years of Age at the Time of their respective Deaths. But the most remarkable Instance of the Efficacy of Temperance towards the procuring of long Life, is what we meet with in a little Book published by Lewis Cornare the Venetian; which I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted Credit, as the late Venetian Ambassador, who was of the same Family, attested more than once in Conversation, when he resided in England. Cornaro, who was the Author of the little Treatise I am mentioning, was of an Infirm Constitution, till about forty, when by obstinately persisting in an exact Course of Temperance, he recovered a perfect State of Health; insomuch that at fourscore he published his Book, which has been translated into English upon the Title of [Sure and certain Methods [6]] of attaining a long and healthy Life. He lived to give a 3rd or 4th Edition of it, and after having passed his hundredth Year, died without Pain or Agony, and like one who falls asleep. The Treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several Eminent Authors, and is written with such a Spirit of Chearfulness, Religion, and good Sense, as are the natural Concomitants of Temperance and Sobriety. The Mixture of the old Man in it is rather a Recommendation than a Discredit to it.

Having designed this Paper as the Sequel to that upon Exercise, I have not here considered Temperance as it is a Moral Virtue, which I shall make the Subject of a future Speculation, but only as it is the Means of Health.

L.

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[Footnote 1: 'The History of the Greek King and Douban the Physician' told by the Fisherman to the Genie in the story of 'the Fisherman.']

[Footnote 2: Diog. Laert., 'Lives of the Philosophers', Bk. vi. ch. 2.]

[Footnote 3: and at]

[Footnote 4: Sir William Temple does not quote as a saying, but says himself, near the end of his 'Essay upon Health and Long Life of Government of Diet and Exercise',

'In both which, all excess is to be avoided, especially in the common use of wine: Whereof the first Glass may pass for Health, the second for good Humour, the third for our Friends; but the fourth is for our Enemies.']

[Footnote 5: Diogenes Laertius in 'Life of Socrates'; Ælian in 'Var. Hist.' Bk. xiii.]

[Footnote 6: The Sure Way]

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 No. 196. Monday, October 15, 1711. Steele.
 

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Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit oequus.

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'There is a particular Fault which I have observed in most of the Moralists in all Ages, and that is, that they are always professing themselves, and teaching others to be happy. This State is not to be arrived at in this Life, therefore I would recommend to you to talk in an humbler Strain than your Predecessors have done, and instead of presuming to be happy, instruct us only to be easy. The Thoughts of him who would be discreet, and aim at practicable things, should turn upon allaying our Pain rather than promoting our Joy. Great Inquietude is to be avoided, but great Felicity is not to be attained. The great Lesson is Æquanimity, a Regularity of Spirit, which is a little above Chearfulness and below Mirth. Chearfulness is always to be supported if a Man is out of Pain, but Mirth to a prudent Man should always be accidental: It should naturally arise out of the Occasion, and the Occasion seldom be laid for it; for those Tempers who want Mirth to be pleased, are like the Constitutions which flag without the use of Brandy. Therefore, I say, let your Precept be, Be easy. That Mind is dissolute and ungoverned, which must be hurried out of it self by loud Laughter or sensual Pleasure, or else [be [1]] wholly unactive.

There are a Couple of old Fellows of my Acquaintance who meet every Day and smoak a Pipe, and by their mutual Love to each other, tho' they have been Men of Business and Bustle in the World, enjoy a greater Tranquility than either could have worked himself into by any

## Chapter of

Seneca. Indolence of Body and Mind, when we aim at no more, is very frequently enjoyed; but the very Enquiry after Happiness has something restless in it, which a Man who lives in a Series of temperate Meals, friendly Conversations, and easy Slumbers, gives himself no Trouble about. While Men of Refinement are talking of Tranquility, he possesses it.

What I would by these broken Expressions recommend to you, Mr. SPECTATOR, is, that you would speak of the Way of Life, which plain Men may pursue, to fill up the Spaces of Time with Satisfaction. It is a lamentable Circumstance, that Wisdom, or, as you call it, Philosophy, should furnish Ideas only for the Learned; and that a Man must be a Philosopher to know how to pass away his Time agreeably. It would therefore be worth your Pains to place in an handsome Light the Relations and Affinities among Men, which render their Conversation with each other so grateful, that the highest Talents give but an impotent Pleasure in Comparison with them. You may find Descriptions and Discourses which will render the Fire-side of an honest Artificer as entertaining as your own Club is to you. Good-nature has an endless Source of Pleasure in it; and the Representation of domestick Life, filled with its natural Gratifications, (instead of the necessary Vexations which are generally insisted upon in the Writings of the Witty) will be a very good Office to Society.

The Vicissitudes of Labour and Rest in the lower Part of Mankind, make their Being pass away with that Sort of Relish which we express by the Word Comfort; and should be treated of by you, who are a SPECTATOR, as well as such Subjects which appear indeed more speculative, but are less instructive. In a word, Sir, I would have you turn your Thoughts to the Advantage of such as want you most; and shew that Simplicity, Innocence, Industry and Temperance, are Arts which lead to Tranquility, as much as Learning, Wisdom,

Knowledge, and Contemplation.

I am, Sir,

Your most Humble Servant,

'T. B.'

Hackney, [October 12. [2]]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am the young Woman whom you did so much Justice to some time ago, in acknowledging that I am perfect Mistress of the Fan, and use it with the utmost Knowledge and Dexterity. Indeed the World, as malicious as it is, will allow, that from an Hurry of Laughter I recollect my self the most suddenly, make a Curtesie, and let fall my Hands before me, closing my Fan at the same instant, the best of any Woman in England. I am not a little delighted that I have had your Notice and Approbation; and however other young Women may rally me out of Envy, I triumph in it, and demand a Place in your Friendship. You must therefore permit me to lay before you the present State of my Mind. I was reading your Spectator of the 9th Instant, and thought the Circumstance of the Ass divided between two Bundles of Hay which equally affected his Senses, was a lively Representation of my present Condition: For you are to now that I am extremely enamoured with two young Gentlemen who at this time pretend to me. One must hide nothing when one is asking Advice, therefore I will own to you, that I am very amorous and very covetous. My Lover *Will* is very rich, and my Lover *Tom* very handsome. I can have either of them when I please; but when I debate the Question in my own Mind, I cannot take *Tom* for fear of losing *\_Will\_'s Estate*, nor enter upon *\_Will's\_ Estate*, and bid adieu to *\_Tom\_'s Person*. I am very young, and yet no one in the World, dear Sir, has the main Chance more in her Head than myself. *Tom* is the gayest, the blithest Creature! He dances well, is very civil, and diverting at all Hours and Seasons. Oh, he is the Joy of my Eyes! But then again *Will* is so very rich and careful of the Main. How many pretty Dresses does *Tom* appear in to charm me! But then it immediately occurs to me, that a Man of his Circumstances is so much the poorer. Upon the whole I have at last examined both these Desires of Loves and Avarice, and upon strictly weighing the Matter I begin to think I shall be covetous longer than fond; therefore if you have nothing to say to the contrary, I shall take *Will*. Alas, poor *\_Tom\_!*

*\_Your Humble Servant\_, BIDDY LOVELESS.*

T.

[Footnote 1: is]

[Footnote 2: the 12th of October.]

\* \* \* \* \*

No. 197. Saturday, October 16, 1711. Budgell

'Alter rixatur de lanâ sæpe caprinâ, Propugnat nugis armatus: scilicet, ut non Sit mihi prima fides; et vere quod placet, ut non Acriter elatrem, pretium ætas altera sordet. Ambigitur quid enim? Castor sciat an Docilis plus, Brundusium Numici melius via ducat an Appi.'

Hor.

Every Age a Man passes through, and Way of Life he engages in, has some particular Vice or Imperfection naturally cleaving to it, which it will require his nicest Care to avoid. The several Weaknesses, to which Youth, Old Age and Manhood are exposed, have long since been set down by many both of the Poets and Philosophers; but I do not remember to have met with any Author who has treated of those ill Habits Men are subject to, not so much by reason of their different Ages and Tempers, as the particular Profession or Business in which they were educated and brought up.

I am the more surprised to find this Subject so little touched on, since what I am here speaking of is so apparent as not to escape the most vulgar Observation. The Business Men are chiefly conversant in, does not only give a certain Cast or Turn to their Minds, but is very often apparent in their outward Behaviour, and some of the most indifferent Actions of their Lives. It is this Air diffusing itself over the whole Man, which helps us to find out a Person at his first Appearance; so that the most careless Observer fancies he can scarce be mistaken in the Carriage of a Seaman or the Gait of a Taylor.

The liberal Arts, though they may possibly have less Effect on our external Mein and Behaviour, make so deep an Impression on the Mind, as is very apt to bend it wholly one Way.

The Mathematician will take little less than Demonstration in the most common Discourse, and the Schoolman is as great a Friend to Definitions and Syllogisms. The Physician and Divine are often heard to dictate in private Companies with the same Authority which they exercise over their Patients and Disciples; while the Lawyer is putting Cases and raising Matter for Disputation out of every thing that occurs.

I may possibly some time or other animadvert more at large on the particular Fault each Profession is most infected with; but shall at present wholly apply my self to the Cure of what I last mentioned, namely, That Spirit of Strife and Contention in the Conversations of Gentlemen of the Long Robe.

This is the more ordinary, because these Gentlemen regarding Argument as their own proper Province, and very often making ready Money of it, think it unsafe to yield before Company. They are shewing in common Talk how zealously they could defend a Cause in Court, and therefore frequently forget to keep that Temper which is absolutely requisite to render Conversation pleasant and instructive.

CAPTAIN SENTRY pushes this Matter so far, that I have heard him say, *He has known but few Pleaders that were tolerable Company.*

The Captain, who is a Man of good Sense, but dry Conversation, was last Night giving me an Account of a Discourse, in which he had lately been engaged with a young Wrangler in the Law. I was giving my Opinion, says the Captain, without apprehending any Debate that might arise from it, of a General's Behaviour in a Battle that was fought some Years before either the Templer or my self were born. The young Lawyer immediately took me up, and by reasoning above a Quarter of an Hour upon a Subject which I saw he understood nothing of, endeavoured to shew me that my Opinions were ill grounded. Upon which, says the Captain, to avoid any farther Contests, I told him, That truly I had not consider'd those several Arguments which he had brought against me; and that there might be a great deal in them. Ay, but says my Antagonist, who would not let me escape so, there are several Things to be urged in favour of your Opinion which you have omitted, and thereupon begun to shine on the other Side of the Question. Upon this, says the Captain, I came over to my first Sentiments, and entirely acquiesced in his Reasons for my so doing. Upon which the Templer again recovered his former Posture, and confuted both himself and me a third Time. In short, says my Friend, I found he was resolved to keep me at Sword's Length, and never let me close with him, so that I had nothing left but to hold my tongue, and give my Antagonist free leave to smile at his Victory, who I found, like *\_Hudibras*, could still change Sides, and still confute\_. [1]

For my own part, I have ever regarded our Inns of Courts as Nurseries of Statesmen and Law-givers, which makes me often frequent that Part of the Town with great Pleasure.

Upon my calling in lately at one of the most noted *Temple* Coffee-houses, I found the whole Room, which was full of young Students, divided into several Parties, each of which was deeply engaged in some Controversie. The Management of the late Ministry was attacked and defended with great Vigour; and several Preliminaries to the Peace were proposed by some, and rejected by others; the demolishing of *Dunkirk* was so eagerly insisted on, and so warmly controverted, as had like to have produced a Challenge. In short, I observed that the Desire of Victory, whetted with the little Prejudices of Party and Interest, generally carried the Argument to such an Height, as made the Disputants insensibly conceive an Aversion towards each other, and part with the highest Dissatisfaction on both Sides.

The managing an Argument handsomely being so nice a Point, and what I have seen so very few excel in, I shall here set down a few Rules on that Head, which, among other things, I gave in writing to a young Kinsman of mine who had made so great a Proficiency in the Law, that he began to plead in Company upon every Subject that was started.

Having the entire Manuscript by me, I may, perhaps, from time to time, publish such Parts of it as I shall think requisite for the Instruction of the *British* Youth. What regards my present Purpose is as follows:

Avoid Disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easie and well-bred in Conversation, you may assure your self that it requires more Wit, as well as more good Humour, to improve than to contradict the Notions of another: But if you are at any time obliged to enter on an Argument, give your Reasons with the utmost Coolness and Modesty, two Things which scarce ever fail of making an Impression on the Hearers. Besides, if you are neither Dogmatical, nor shew either by your Actions or Words, that you are full of your self, all will the more heartily rejoice at your Victory. Nay, should you be pinched in your Argument, you may make your Retreat with a very good Grace: You were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical Way of Reasoning, where while you scarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an Absurdity; and tho' possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your Opinion, which is firmly fix'd, you seem only to desire Information from him.

In order to keep that Temper, which [is [2]] so difficult, and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another because he is not of your Opinion. The Interests, Education, and Means by which Men attain their Knowledge, are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike; and he has at least as much Reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes to keep your self cool, it may be of Service to ask your self fairly, What might have been your Opinion, had you all the Biasses of Education and Interest your Adversary may possibly have? but if you contend for the Honour of Victory alone, you may lay down this as an Infallible Maxim. That you cannot make a more false Step, or give your Antagonists a greater Advantage over you, than by falling into a Passion.

When an Argument is over, how many weighty Reasons does a Man recollect, which his Heat and Violence made him utterly forget?

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a Man because he does not apprehend the Force of your Reasons, or gives weak ones of his own. If you argue for Reputation, this makes your Victory the easier; he is certainly in all respects an Object of your Pity, rather than Anger; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank Nature for her Favours, who has given you so much the clearer Understanding.

You may please to add this Consideration, That among your Equals no one values your Anger, which only preys upon its Master; and perhaps you may find it not very consistent either with Prudence or your Ease, to punish your self whenever you meet with a Fool or a Knave.

Lastly, If you propose to your self the true End of Argument, which is Information, it may be a seasonable Check to your Passion; for if you search purely after Truth, 'twill be almost indifferent to you where you find

it. I cannot in this Place omit an Observation which I have often made, namely, That nothing procures a Man more Esteem and less Envy from the whole Company, than if he chooses the Part of Moderator, without engaging directly on either Side in a Dispute. This gives him the Character of Impartial, furnishes him with an Opportunity of sifting Things to the Bottom, shewing his Judgment, and of sometimes making handsome Compliments to each of the contending Parties.

I shall close this Subject with giving you one Caution: When you have gained a Victory, do not push it too far; 'tis sufficient to let the Company and your Adversary see 'tis in your Power, but that you are too generous to make use of it.

X.

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[Footnote 1: Part I., canto i., v. 69, 70.]

[Footnote 2: "it is", and in first reprint.]

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No. 198. Wednesday, October 17, 1711. Addison.

'Cervæ luporum præda rapacium Sectamur ultro, quos opimus Fallere et effugere est triumphus.'

Hor.

There is a Species of Women, whom I shall distinguish by the Name of Salamanders. Now a Salamander is a kind of Heroine in Chastity, that treads upon Fire, and lives in the Midst of Flames without being hurt. A Salamander knows no Distinction of Sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a Stranger at first Sight, and is not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the Person she talks to be in Breeches or Petticoats. She admits a Male Visitant to her Bed-side, plays with him a whole Afternoon at Pickette, walks with him two or three Hours by Moon-light; and is extremely Scandalized at the unreasonableness of an Husband, or the severity of a Parent, that would debar the Sex from such innocent Liberties. Your Salamander is therefore a perpetual Declaimer against Jealousie, and Admirer of the *French* Good-breeding, and a great Stickler for Freedom in Conversation. In short, the Salamander lives in an invincible State of Simplicity and Innocence: Her Constitution is *preserv'd* in a kind of natural Frost; she wonders what People mean by Temptation; and defies Mankind to do their worst. Her Chastity is engaged in a constant *Ordeal*, or fiery Tryal: (Like good Queen *Emma*, [1]) the pretty Innocent walks blindfold among burning Ploughshares, without being scorched or singed by them.

It is not therefore for the Use of the Salamander, whether in a married or single State of Life, that I design the following Paper; but for such Females only as are made of Flesh and Blood, and find themselves subject to Human Frailties.

As for this Part of the fair Sex who are not of the Salamander Kind, I would most earnestly advise them to observe a quite different Conduct in their Behaviour; and to avoid as much as possible what Religion calls *Temptations*, and the World *Opportunities*. Did they but know how many Thousands of their Sex have been gradually betrayed from innocent Freedoms to Ruin and Infamy; and how many Millions of ours have begun with Flatteries, Protestations and Endearments, but ended with Reproaches, Perjury, and Perfidiousness; they would shun like Death the very first Approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable Labyrinths of Guilt and Misery. I must so far give up the Cause of the Male World, as to exhort the Female Sex in the Language of *Chamont* in the *Orphan*; [2]

'Trust not a Man, we are by Nature False, Dissembling, Subtle, Cruel, and Unconstant: When a Man talks of Love, with Caution trust him: But if he Swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.'

I might very much enlarge upon this Subject, but shall conclude it with a Story which I lately heard from one of our *Spanish* Officers, [3] and which may shew the Danger a Woman incurs by too great Familiarities with a Male Companion.

An Inhabitant of the Kingdom of *\_Castile\_*, being a Man of more than ordinary Prudence, and of a grave composed Behaviour, determined about the fiftieth Year of his Age to enter upon Wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his Eye upon a young Woman who had nothing to recommend her but her Beauty and her Education, her Parents having been reduced to great Poverty by the Wars, [which [4]] for some Years have laid that whole Country waste. The *Castilian* having made his Addresses to her and married her, they lived together in perfect Happiness for some time; when at length the Husband's Affairs made it necessary for him to take a Voyage to the Kingdom of *\_Naples\_*, where a great Part of his Estate lay. The Wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a Shipboard above a Day, when they unluckily fell into the Hands of an *Algerine* Pirate, who carried the whole Company on Shore, and made them Slaves. The *Castilian* and his Wife had the Comfort to be under the same Master; who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their Liberty, demanded a most exorbitant Price for their Ransom. The *\_Castilian\_*, though he would rather have died in Slavery himself, than have paid such a Sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with Compassion towards his Wife, that he sent repeated Orders to his Friend in *\_Spain\_*, (who happened to be his next Relation) to sell his Estate, and transmit the Money to him. His Friend hoping that the Terms of his Ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an Estate which he himself had some Prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole Years passed away without any thing being done for the setting of them at Liberty.

There happened to live a *French* Renegado in the same Place where the *Castilian* and his Wife were kept Prisoners. As this Fellow had in him all the Vivacity of his Nation, he often entertained the Captives with Accounts of his own Adventures; to which he sometimes added a Song or a Dance, or some other Piece of Mirth, to divert them [during [5]] their Confinement. His Acquaintance with the Manners of the *\_Algerines\_*, enabled him likewise to do them several good Offices. The *\_Castilian\_*, as he was one Day in Conversation with this Renegado, discovered to him the Negligence and Treachery of his Correspondent in *\_Castile\_*, and at the same time asked his Advice how he should behave himself in that Exigency: He further told the Renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the Money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his Estate. The Renegado, after having represented to him that his *Algerine Master* would never consent to his Release upon such a Pretence, at length contrived a Method for the *Castilian* to make his Escape in the Habit of a Seaman. The *Castilian* succeeded in his Attempt; and having sold his Estate, being afraid lest the Money should miscarry by the Way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his Life, he returned himself in a little Vessel that was going to *Algiers*. It is impossible to describe the Joy he felt on this Occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the Wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by this uncommon Piece of Generosity.

The Renegado, during the Husband's Absence, so insinuated himself into the good Graces of his young Wife, and so turned her Head with Stories of Gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest Gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her Mind was quite alienated from the honest *\_Castilian\_*, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old Fellow unworthy the Possession of so charming a Creature. She had been instructed by the Renegado how to manage herself upon his Arrival; so that she received him with an Appearance of the utmost Love and Gratitude, and at length perswaded him to trust their common Friend the Renegado with the Money he had brought over for their Ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the Terms of it, and negotiate the Affair more to their Advantage than they themselves could do. The good Man admired her Prudence, and followed her Advice. I wish I could conceal the Sequel of this Story, but since I cannot I shall dispatch it in as few Words as possible. The *Castilian* having slept longer than ordinary the next Morning, upon his awaking found his Wife had left him: He immediately arose and enquired after

her, but was told that she was seen with the Renegado about Break of Day. In a Word, her Lover having got all things ready for their Departure, they soon made their Escape out of the Territories of *\_Algiers\_*, carried away the Money, and left the *Castilian* in Captivity; who partly through the cruel Treatment of the incensed *Algerine* his Master, and partly through the unkind Usage of his unfaithful Wife, died some few Months after.

L.

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[Footnote 1: The story of Queen Emma, mother of Edward the Confessor, and her walking unhurt, blindfold and barefoot, over nine red-hot ploughshares, is told in Bayle's Dictionary, a frequent suggester of allusions in the *Spectator*. Tonson reported that he usually found Bayle's Dictionary open on Addison's table whenever he called on him.]

[Footnote 2: Act 2.]

[Footnote 3: That is, English officers who had served in Spain.]

[Footnote 4: that]

[Footnote 5: in]

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No. 199. Thursday, October 18, 1711. Steele.

'Scribere jussit amor.'

Ovid.

The following Letters are written with such an Air of Sincerity, that I cannot deny the inserting of them.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

'Tho' you are every where in your Writings a Friend to Women, I do not remember that you have directly considered the mercenary Practice of Men in the Choice of Wives. If you would please to employ your Thoughts upon that Subject, you would easily conceive the miserable Condition many of us are in, who not only from the Laws of Custom and Modesty are restrained from making any Advances towards our Wishes, but are also, from the Circumstance of Fortune, out of all Hope of being addressed to by those whom we love. Under all these Disadvantages I am obliged to apply my self to you, and hope I shall prevail with you to Print in your very next Paper the following Letter, which is a Declaration of Passion to one who has made some feint Addresses to me for some time. I believe he ardently loves me, but the Inequality of my Fortune makes him think he cannot answer it to the World, if he pursues his Designs by way of Marriage; and I believe, as he does not want Discerning, he discovered me looking at him the other Day unawares in such a Manner as has raised his Hopes of gaining me on Terms the Men call easier. But my Heart was very full on this Occasion, and if you know what Love and Honour are, you will pardon me that I use no further Arguments with you, but hasten to my Letter to him, whom I call *\_Oroondates\_*, [1] because if I do not succeed it shall look like Romance; and if I am regarded, you shall receive a pair of Gloves at my Wedding, sent you under the Name of

*Statira.*

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To OROONDATES.

\_SIR\_.

'After very much Perplexity in my self, and revolving how to acquaint you with my own Sentiments, and expostulate with you concerning yours, I have chosen this Way, by which means I can be at once revealed to you, or, if you please, lie concealed. If I do not within few Days find the Effect which I hope from this, the whole Affair shall be buried in Oblivion. But, alas! what am I going to do, when I am about to tell you that I love you? But after I have done so, I am to assure you, that with all the Passion which ever entered a tender Heart, I know I can banish you from my Sight for ever, when I am convinced that you have no Inclinations towards me but to my Dishonour. But, alas! Sir, why should you sacrifice the real and essential Happiness of Life, to the Opinion of a World, that moves upon no other Foundation but profess'd Error and Prejudice? You all can observe that Riches alone do not make you happy, and yet give up every Thing else when it stands in Competition with Riches. Since the World is so bad, that Religion is left to us silly Women, and you Men act generally upon Principles of Profit and Pleasure, I will talk to you without arguing from any Thing but what may be most to your Advantage, as a Man of the World. And I will lay before you the State of the Case, supposing that you had it in your Power to make me your Mistress, or your Wife, and hope to convince you that the latter is more for your Interest, and will contribute more to your Pleasure.

'We will suppose then the Scene was laid, and you were now in Expectation of the approaching Evening wherein I was to meet you, and be carried to what convenient Corner of the Town you thought fit, to consummate all which your wanton Imagination has promised you in the Possession of one who is in the Bloom of Youth, and in the Reputation of Innocence: you would soon have enough of me, as I am Sprightly, Young, Gay, and Airy. When Fancy is sated, and finds all the Promises it [made [2]] it self false, where is now the Innocence which charmed you? The first Hour you are alone you will find that the Pleasure of a Debauchee is only that of a Destroyer; He blasts all the Fruit he tastes, and where the Brute has been devouring, there is nothing left worthy the Relish of the Man. Reason resumes her Place after Imagination is cloyed; and I am, with the utmost Distress and Confusion, to behold my self the Cause of uneasie Reflections to you, to be visited by Stealth, and dwell for the future with the two Companions (the most unfit for each other in the World) Solitude and Guilt. I will not insist upon the shameful Obscurity we should pass our Time in, nor run over the little short Snatches of fresh Air and free Commerce which all People must be satisfied with, whose Actions will not bear Examination, but leave them to your Reflections, who have seen of that Life of which I have but a meer Idea.

On the other hand, If you can be so good and generous as to make me your Wife, you may promise your self all the Obedience and Tenderness with which Gratitude can inspire a virtuous Woman. Whatever Gratifications you may promise your self from an agreeable Person, whatever Compliances from an easie Temper, whatever Consolations from a sincere Friendship, you may expect as the Due of your Generosity. What at present in your ill View you promise your self from me, will be followed by Distaste and Satiety; but the Transports of a virtuous Love are the least Part of its Happiness. The Raptures of innocent Passion are but like Lightning to the Day, they rather interrupt than advance the Pleasure of it. How happy then is that Life to be, where the highest Pleasures of Sense are but the lower Parts of its Felicity?

Now am I to repeat to you the unnatural Request of taking me in direct Terms. I know there stands between me and that Happiness, the haughty Daughter of a Man who can give you suitably to your Fortune. But if you weigh the Attendance and Behaviour of her who comes to you in Partnership of your Fortune, and expects an Equivalent, with that of her who enters your House as honoured and obliged by that Permission, whom of the two will you chuse? You, perhaps, will think fit to spend a Day abroad in the common Entertainments of Men of Sense and Fortune; she will think herself ill-used in that Absence, and contrive at Home an Expence proportioned to the Appearance which you make in the World. She is in all things to have a Regard to the Fortune which she brought you, I to the Fortune to which you introduced me. The Commerce between you two will eternally have the Air of a Bargain, between us of a Friendship: Joy will ever enter into the Room with you, and kind Wishes attend my Benefactor when he leaves it. Ask your self, how would you be pleased to enjoy for ever the Pleasure of having laid an immediate Obligation on a grateful Mind? such will be your

Case with Me. In the other Marriage you will live in a constant Comparison of Benefits, and never know the Happiness of conferring or receiving any.

It may be you will, after all, act rather in the prudential Way, according to the Sense of the ordinary World. I know not what I think or say, when that melancholy Reflection comes upon me; but shall only add more, that it is in your Power to make me your Grateful Wife, but never your Abandoned Mistress.

T.

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[Footnote 1: A character in Madame Scudéri's 'Grand Cyrus.']

[Footnote 2: made to]

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No. 200. Friday, October 19, 1711. Steele. [1]

'Vincit Amor Patriæ.'

Virg.

The Ambition of Princes is many times as hurtful to themselves as to their People. This cannot be doubted of such as prove unfortunate in their Wars, but it is often true too of those who are celebrated for their Successes. If a severe View were to be taken of their Conduct, if the Profit and Loss by their Wars could be justly ballanced, it would be rarely found that the Conquest is sufficient to repay the Cost.

As I was the other Day looking over the Letters of my Correspondents, I took this Hint from that of *Philarithmus* [2]; which has turned my present Thoughts upon Political Arithmetick, an Art of greater Use than Entertainment. My Friend has offered an Essay towards proving that *Lewis XIV.* with all his Acquisitions is not Master of more People than at the Beginning of his Wars, nay that for every Subject he had acquired, he had lost Three that were his Inheritance: If *Philarithmus* is not mistaken in his Calculations, *Lewis* must have been impoverished by his Ambition.

The Prince for the Publick Good has a Sovereign Property in every Private Person's Estate, and consequently his Riches must encrease or decrease in proportion to the Number and Riches of his Subjects. For Example: If Sword or Pestilence should destroy all the People of this Metropolis, (God forbid there should be Room for such a Supposition! but if this should be the Case) the Queen must needs lose a great Part of her Revenue, or, at least, what is charged upon the City must encrease the Burden upon the rest of her Subjects. Perhaps the Inhabitants here are not above a Tenth Part of the Whole; yet as they are better fed, and cloth'd, and lodg'd, than her other Subjects, the Customs and Excises upon their Consumption, the Imposts upon their Houses, and other Taxes, do very probably make a fifth Part of the whole Revenue of the Crown. But this is not all; the Consumption of the City takes off a great Part of the Fruits of the whole Island; and as it pays such a Proportion of the Rent or yearly Value of the Lands in the Country, so it is the Cause of paying such a Proportion of Taxes upon those Lands. The Loss then of such a People must needs be sensible to the Prince, and visible to the whole Kingdom.

On the other hand, if it should please God to drop from Heaven a new People equal in Number and Riches to the City, I should be ready to think their Excises, Customs, and House-Rent would raise as great a Revenue to the Crown as would be lost in the former Case. And as the Consumption of this New Body would be a new Market for the Fruits of the Country, all the Lands, especially those most adjacent, would rise in their yearly Value, and pay greater yearly Taxes to the Publick. The Gain in this Case would be as sensible as the former Loss.

Whatsoever is assess'd upon the General, is levied upon Individuals. It were worth the while then to consider what is paid by, or by means of, the meanest Subjects, in order to compute the Value of every Subject to the Prince.

For my own part, I should believe that Seven Eighthths of the People are without Property in themselves or the Heads of their Families, and forced to work for their daily Bread; and that of this Sort there are Seven Millions in the whole Island of *Great Britain*: And yet one would imagine that Seven Eighthths of the whole People should consume at least three Fourthths of the whole Fruits of the Country. If this is the Case, the Subjects without Property pay Three Fourthths of the Rents, and consequently enable the Landed Men to pay Three Fourthths of their Taxes. Now if so great a Part of the Land-Tax were to be divided by Seven Millions, it would amount to more than three Shillings to every Head. And thus as the Poor are the Cause, without which the Rich could not pay this Tax, even the poorest Subject is upon this Account worth three Shillings yearly to the Prince.

Again: One would imagine the Consumption of seven Eighthths of the whole People, should pay two Thirds of all the Customs and Excises. And if this Sum too should be divided by seven Millions, *viz.* the Number of poor People, it would amount to more than seven Shillings to every Head: And therefore with this and the former Sum every poor Subject, without Property, except of his Limbs or Labour, is worth at least ten Shillings yearly to the Sovereign. So much then the Queen loses with every one of her old, and gains with every one of her new Subjects.

When I was got into this Way of thinking, I presently grew conceited of the Argument, and was just preparing to write a Letter of Advice to a Member of Parliament, for opening the Freedom of our Towns and Trades, for taking away all manner of Distinctions between the Natives and Foreigners, for repealing our Laws of Parish Settlements, and removing every other Obstacle to the Increase of the People. But as soon as I had recollected with what inimitable Eloquence my Fellow-Labourers had exaggerated the Mischiefs of selling the Birth-right of *Britons* for a Shilling, of spoiling the pure *British* Blood with Foreign Mixtures, of introducing a Confusion of Languages and Religions, and of letting in Strangers to eat the Bread out of the Mouths of our own People, I became so humble as to let my Project fall to the Ground, and leave my Country to encrease by the ordinary Way of Generation.

As I have always at Heart the Publick Good, so I am ever contriving Schemes to promote it; and I think I may without Vanity pretend to have contrived some as wise as any of the Castle-builders. I had no sooner given up my former Project, but my Head was presently full of draining Fens and Marshes, banking out the Sea, and joining new Lands to my Country; for since it is thought impracticable to encrease the People to the Land, I fell immediately to consider how much would be gained to the Prince by encreasing the Lands to the People.

If the same omnipotent Power, which made the World, should at this time raise out of the Ocean and join to *Great Britain* an equal Extent of Land, with equal Buildings, Corn, Cattle and other Conveniences and Necessaries of Life, but no Men, Women, nor Children, I should hardly believe this would add either to the Riches of the People, or Revenue of the Prince; for since the present Buildings are sufficient for all the Inhabitants, if any of them should forsake the old to inhabit the new Part of the Island, the Increase of House-Rent in this would be attended with at least an equal Decrease of it in the other: Besides, we have such a Sufficiency of Corn and Cattle, that we give Bounties to our Neighbours to take what exceeds of the former off our Hands, and we will not suffer any of the latter to be imported upon us by our Fellow-Subjects; and for the remaining Product of the Country 'tis already equal to all our Markets. But if all these Things should be doubled to the same Buyers, the Owners must be glad with half their present Prices, the Landlords with half their present Rents; and thus by so great an Enlargement of the Country, the Rents in the whole would not increase, nor the Taxes to the Publick.

On the contrary, I should believe they would be very much diminished; for as the Land is only valuable for its Fruits, and these are all perishable, and for the most part must either be used within the Year, or perish

without Use, the Owners will get rid of them at any rate, rather than they should waste in their Possession: So that 'tis probable the annual Production of those perishable things, even of one Tenth Part of them, beyond all Possibility of Use, will reduce one Half of their Value. It seems to be for this Reason that our Neighbour Merchants who ingross all the Spices, and know how great a Quantity is equal to the Demand, destroy all that exceeds it. It were natural then to think that the Annual Production of twice as much as can be used, must reduce all to an Eighth Part of their present Prices; and thus this extended Island would not exceed one Fourth Part of its present Value, or pay more than one Fourth Part of the present Tax.

It is generally observed, That in Countries of the greatest Plenty there is the poorest Living; like the Schoolmen's Ass, in one of my Speculations, the People almost starve between two Meals. The Truth is, the Poor, which are the Bulk of the Nation, work only that they may live; and if with two Days Labour they can get a wretched Subsistence for a Week, they will hardly be brought to work the other four: But then with the Wages of two Days they can neither pay such Prices for their Provisions, nor such Excises to the Government.

That paradox therefore in old *Hesiod* [[Greek: pleon hemisu pantos], [3]] or Half is more than the Whole, is very applicable to the present Case; since nothing is more true in political Arithmetick, than that the same People with half a Country is more valuable than with the Whole. I begin to think there was nothing absurd in Sir \_W. Petty\_, when he fancied if all the Highlands of *Scotland* and the whole Kingdom of *Ireland* were sunk in the Ocean, so that the People were all saved and brought into the Lowlands of \_Great Britain\_; nay, though they were to be reimburs'd the Value of their Estates by the Body of the People, yet both the Sovereign and the Subjects in general would be enriched by the very Loss. [4]

If the People only make the Riches, the Father of ten Children is a greater Benefactor to his Country, than he who has added to it 10000 Acres of Land and no People. It is certain *Lewis* has join'd vast Tracts of Land to his Dominions: But if *Philarithmus* says true, that he is not now Master of so many Subjects as before; we may then account for his not being able to bring such mighty Armies into the Field, and for their being neither so well fed, nor cloathed, nor paid as formerly. The Reason is plain, *Lewis* must needs have been impoverish'd not only by his Loss of Subjects, but by his Acquisition of Lands.

T.

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[Footnote 1: Or Henry Martyn.]

[Footnote 2: In No. 180.]

[Footnote 3: [Greek: pleón haemisi panta]]

[Footnote 4: A new edition of Sir W. Petty's 'Essays in Political Arithmetic' had just appeared.]

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No. 201. Saturday, October 20, 1711. Addison.

'Religentem esse oportet, Religiosum nefas.'

Incerti Autoris apud Aul. Gell.

It is of the last Importance to season the Passions of a Child with Devotion, which seldom dies in a Mind that has received an early Tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the Cares of the World, the Heats of Youth, or the Allurements of Vice, it generally breaks out and discovers it self again as soon as Discretion, Consideration, Age, or Misfortunes have brought the Man to himself. The Fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A State of Temperance, Sobriety, and Justice, without Devotion, is a cold, lifeless, insipid Condition of Virtue; and is rather to be styled Philosophy than Religion. Devotion opens the Mind to great Conceptions, and fills it with more sublime Ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted Science; and at the same time warms and agitates the Soul more than sensual Pleasure.

It has been observed by some Writers, that Man is more distinguished from the Animal World by Devotion than by Reason, as several Brute Creatures discover in their Actions something like a faint Glimmering of Reason, though they betray in no single Circumstance of their Behaviour any Thing that bears the least Affinity to Devotion. It is certain, the Propensity of the Mind to Religious Worship; the natural Tendency of the Soul to fly to some Superior Being for Succour in Dangers and Distresses, the Gratitude to an invisible Superintendent [which [1]] rises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good Fortune; the Acts of Love and Admiration with which the Thoughts of Men are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the Divine Perfections, and the universal Concurrence of all the Nations under Heaven in the great Article of Adoration, plainly shew that Devotion or Religious Worship must be the Effect of Tradition from some first Founder of Mankind, or that it is conformable to the Natural Light of Reason, or that it proceeds from an Instinct implanted in the Soul it self. For my part, I look upon all these to be the concurrent Causes, but which ever of them shall be assigned as the Principle of Divine Worship, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being as the first Author of it.

I may take some other Opportunity of considering those particular Forms and Methods of Devotion which are taught us by Christianity, but shall here observe into what Errors even this Divine Principle may sometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right Reason which was given us as the Guide of all our Actions.

The two great Errors into which a mistaken Devotion may betray us, are Enthusiasm and Superstition.

There is not a more melancholy Object than a Man who has his Head turned with Religious Enthusiasm. A Person that is crazed, tho' with Pride or Malice, is a Sight very mortifying to Human Nature; but when the Distemper arises from any indiscreet Fervours of Devotion, or too intense an Application of the Mind to its mistaken Duties, it deserves our Compassion in a more particular Manner. We may however learn this Lesson from it, that since Devotion it self (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the Mind, unless its Heats are tempered with Caution and Prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our Reason as cool as possible, and to guard our selves in all Parts of Life against the Influence of Passion, Imagination, and Constitution.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the Check of Reason, is very apt to degenerate into Enthusiasm. When the Mind finds herself very much inflamed with her Devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something Divine within her. If she indulges this Thought too far, and humours the growing Passion, she at last flings her self into imaginary Raptures and Extasies; and when once she fancies her self under the Influence of a Divine Impulse, it is no Wonder if she slights Human Ordinances, and refuses to comply with any established Form of Religion, as thinking her self directed by a much superior Guide.

As Enthusiasm is a kind of Excess in Devotion, Superstition is the Excess not only of Devotion, but of Religion in general, according to an old Heathen Saying, quoted by *\_Aulus Gellius\_*, *\_Religentem esse oportet, Religiosum nefas\_*; A Man should be Religious, not Superstitious: For as the Author tells us, *Nigidius* observed upon this Passage, that the *Latin* Words which terminate in *osus* generally imply vicious Characters, and the having of any Quality to an Excess. [2]

An Enthusiast in Religion is like an obstinate Clown, a Superstitious Man like an insipid Courtier. Enthusiasm has something in it of Madness, Superstition of Folly. Most of the Sects that fall short of the Church of *England* have in them strong Tinctures of Enthusiasm, as the *Roman* Catholick Religion is one huge overgrown Body of childish and idle Superstitions.

The *Roman* Catholick Church seems indeed irrecoverably lost in this Particular. If an absurd Dress or Behaviour be introduced in the World, it will soon be found out and discarded: On the contrary, a Habit or Ceremony, tho' never so ridiculous, [which [3]] has taken Sanctuary in the Church, sticks in it for ever. A *Gothic* Bishop perhaps, thought it proper to repeat such a Form in such particular Shoes or Slippers; another fancied it would be very decent if such a Part of publick Devotions were performed with a Mitre on his Head, and a Crosier in his Hand: To this a Brother *\_Vandal\_*, as wise as the others, adds an antick Dress, which he conceived would allude very aptly to such and such Mysteries, till by Degrees the whole Office [has] degenerated into an empty Show.

Their Successors see the Vanity and Inconvenience of these Ceremonies; but instead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more significant, and which take Possession in the same manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have seen the Pope officiate at St. *\_Peter's\_* where, for two Hours together, he was busied in putting on or off his different Accoutrements, according to the different Parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is so glorious in the Eyes of Mankind, and ornamental to Human Nature, setting aside the infinite Advantages [which [4]] arise from it, as a strong, steady masculine Piety; but Enthusiasm and Superstition are the Weaknesses of human Reason, that expose us to the Scorn and Derision of Infidels, and sink us even below the Beasts that perish.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another Error arising from mistaken Devotion; but because Reflections on that Subject would be of no use to an *English* Reader, I shall not enlarge upon it.

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[Footnote 1: that]

[Footnote 2: Noct. Att., Bk. iv. ch. 9.]

[Footnote 3: that]

[Footnote 4: that]

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No. 202. Monday, October 22, 1711. Steele.

'Sæpe decem vitiis instructor odit et horret.'

Hor.

The other Day as I passed along the Street, I saw a sturdy Prentice-Boy Disputing with an Hackney-Coachman; and in an Instant, upon some Word of Provocation, throw off his Hat and [Cut-Periwig, [1]] clench his Fist, and strike the Fellow a Slap on the Face; at the same time calling him Rascal, and telling him he was a Gentleman's Son. The young Gentleman was, it seems, bound to a Blacksmith; and the Debate arose about Payment for some Work done about a Coach, near which they Fought. His Master, during the Combat, was full of his Boy's Praises; and as he called to him to play with his Hand and Foot, and throw in his Head, he made all us who stood round him of his Party, by declaring the Boy had very good Friends, and he could trust him with untold Gold. As I am generally in the Theory of Mankind, I could not but make my Reflections upon the sudden Popularity which was raised about the Lad; and perhaps, with my Friend *\_Tacitus\_*, fell into Observations upon it, which were too great for the Occasion; or ascribed this general Favour to Causes which had nothing to do towards it. But the young Blacksmith's being a Gentleman was, methought, what created him good Will from his present Equality with the Mob about him: Add to this, that he was not so much a Gentleman, as not, at the same time that he called himself such, to use as rough

Methods for his Defence as his Antagonist. The Advantage of his having good Friends, as his Master expressed it, was not lazily urged; but he shewed himself superior to the Coachman in the personal Qualities of Courage and Activity, to confirm that of his being well allied, before his Birth was of any Service to him.

If one might Moralize from this silly Story, a Man would say, that whatever Advantages of Fortune, Birth, or any other Good, People possess above the rest of the World, they should shew collateral Eminences besides those Distinctions; or those Distinctions will avail only to keep up common Decencies and Ceremonies, and not to preserve a real Place of Favour or Esteem in the Opinion and common Sense of their Fellow-Creatures.

The Folly of People's Procedure, in imagining that nothing more is necessary than Property and superior Circumstances to support them in Distinction, appears in no way so much as in the Domestick part of Life. It is ordinary to feed their Humours into unnatural Excrescences, if I may so speak, and make their whole Being a wayward and uneasy Condition, for want of the obvious Reflection that all Parts of Human Life is a Commerce. It is not only paying Wages, and giving Commands, that constitutes a Master of a Family; but Prudence, equal Behaviour, with Readiness to protect and cherish them, is what entitles a Man to that Character in their very Hearts and Sentiments. It is pleasant enough to Observe, that Men expect from their Dependants, from their sole Motive of Fear, all the good Effects which a liberal Education, and affluent Fortune, and every other Advantage, cannot produce in themselves. A Man will have his Servant just, diligent, sober and chaste, for no other Reasons but the Terrour of losing his Master's Favour; when all the Laws Divine and Human cannot keep him whom he serves within Bounds, with relation to any one of those Virtues. But both in great and ordinary Affairs, all Superiority, which is not founded on Merit and Virtue, is supported only by Artifice and Stratagem. Thus you see Flatterers are the Agents in Families of Humourists, and those who govern themselves by any thing but Reason. Make-Bates, distant Relations, poor Kinsmen, and indigent Followers, are the Fry which support the Oeconomy of an humoursome rich Man. He is eternally whispered with Intelligence of who are true or false to him in Matters of no Consequence, and he maintains twenty Friends to defend him against the Insinuations of one who would perhaps cheat him of an old Coat.

I shall not enter into farther Speculation upon this Subject at present, but think the following Letters and Petition are made up of proper Sentiments on this Occasion.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I am a Servant to an old Lady who is governed by one she calls her Friend; who is so familiar an one, that she takes upon her to advise her without being called to it, and makes her uneasie with all about her. Pray, Sir, be pleased to give us some Remarks upon voluntary Counsellors; and let these People know that to give any Body Advice, is to say to that Person, I am your Betters. Pray, Sir, as near as you can, describe that eternal Flirt and Disturber of Families, Mrs. *\_Taperty\_*, who is always visiting, and putting People in a Way, as they call it. If you can make her stay at home one Evening, you will be a general Benefactor to all the Ladies Women in Town, and particularly to

*\_Your loving Friend\_*,

Susan Civil.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

I am a Footman, and live with one of those Men, each of whom is said to be one of the best humoured Men in the World, but that he is passionate. Pray be pleased to inform them, that he who is passionate, and takes no Care to command his Hastiness, does more Injury to his Friends and Servants in one half Hour, than whole Years can atone for. This Master of mine, who is the best Man alive in common Fame, disobliges Some body every Day he lives; and strikes me for the next thing I do, because he is out of Humour at it. If these Gentlemen [knew [2]] that they do all the Mischief that is ever done in Conversation, they would reform; and

I who have been a Spectator of Gentlemen at Dinner for many Years, have seen that Indiscretion does ten times more Mischief than Ill-nature. But you will represent this better than *Your abused* \_Humble Servant\_,

Thomas Smoaky.

---

*To the* SPECTATOR,

The humble Petition of \_John Steward\_, \_Robert Butler\_, \_Harry Cook\_, and \_Abigail Chambers\_, in Behalf of themselves and their Relations, belonging to and dispersed in the several Services of most of the great Families within the Cities of \_London and Westminster\_;

Sheweth,

That in many of the Families in which your Petitioners live and are employed, the several Heads of them are wholly unacquainted with what is Business, and are very little Judges when they are well or ill used by us your said Petitioners.

That for want of such Skill in their own Affairs, and by Indulgence of their own Laziness and Pride, they continually keep about them certain mischievous Animals called Spies.

That whenever a Spy is entertained, the Peace of that House is from that Moment banished.

That Spies never give an Account of good Services, but represent our Mirth and Freedom by the Words Wantonness and Disorder.

That in all Families where there are Spies, there is a general Jealousy and Misunderstanding.

That the Masters and Mistresses of such Houses live in continual Suspicion of their ingenuous and true Servants, and are given up to the Management of those who are false and perfidious.

That such Masters and Mistresses who entertain Spies, are no longer more than Cyphers in their own Families; and that we your Petitioners are with great Disdain obliged to pay all our Respect, and expect all our Maintenance from such Spies.

Your Petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that you would represent the Premises to all Persons of Condition; and your Petitioners, as in Duty bound, shall for ever Pray, &c.

T.

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[Footnote 1: Perriwig]

[Footnote 2: "know", and in first reprint.]

END OF VOLUME I.

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