

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 justled 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, choleric 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<sup>r</sup>] 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.*

[<sup>r</sup> that]

This Gentleman's Temper is made out of such a happy Mixture of the Mild and the Choleric, 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 tearing 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 Tragœdians 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.

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

— *Teque his, Infelix, exue monstris.*—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 *beast*

*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 shew 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, &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 *Piazzas*, 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, &c.*

The following Epistle I find is from the Undertaker of the Masquerade.<sup>1</sup>

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

<sup>1</sup> 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 throve 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.'

'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.<sup>1</sup>

'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 Scenery, 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

<sup>1</sup> 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 two-penny 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.]

'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.'*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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

N.B. *The Scene wherein Thyestes eats his own Children, is to be performed by the famous Mr Psalmanazar,<sup>1</sup> lately arrived from Formosa: The whole Supper being set to Kettle-drums. R.*

<sup>1</sup> 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

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

*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 be-thought 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,

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.

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 Fur-below 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 dazzling one another's 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<sup>1</sup>] 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  
Fœmineo prædæ et spoliolorum 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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No. 16.] Monday, March 19, 1711. [Addison.

*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*; <sup>2</sup> a third sends me an heavy Complaint

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> 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

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<sup>1</sup>] 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<sup>2</sup>] 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

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.

<sup>1</sup> [that they may not]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

Bundle of Letters in Womens Hands that are full of Blots and Calumnies, insomuch that when I see the Name *Celia*, *Phyllis*, *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<sup>1</sup> 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 *Caigula* 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<sup>2</sup>] 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<sup>3</sup>] 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

<sup>1</sup> *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.*

<sup>2</sup> [that my]

<sup>3</sup> [that]

any thing towards [encreasing<sup>1</sup>] 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.

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

— *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

<sup>1</sup> [the encreasing]

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 frightened 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 Pleasancies from the Irregularity of his Shape, which he describes as very much resembling the Letter Z.<sup>1</sup> 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

<sup>1</sup> 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 Poëtes, 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.

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 Pre- tence to be elected.

Lastly, That if there shall be two or more Competitors for the same Vacancy, *cæteris 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 Cod-fish, and a Speech in praise of *Æsop*;<sup>1</sup> whose

<sup>1</sup> 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 nos-

‘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*,<sup>2</sup> 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. *Andiron’s* 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,

‘trils, a short neck, thick lips, was black, pot-bellied, bow-legged, and hump-backed; perhaps even uglier than Homer’s *Thersites*.’

<sup>2</sup> 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 *Dunce* 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 possess’d,  
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.*



'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 Extraordin-  
'ary 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 Mummers 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 im-  
'proving Aspect),

Sir,  
Your Obliged and  
Humble Servant,  
Alexander Carbuncle.  
R.

Oxford, March 12, 1710.

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

—*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*<sup>1</sup> was the first Opera that gave us a

<sup>1</sup> *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,

Taste of Italian Musick. The great Success this Opera met with, produced some Attempts of forming Pieces upon Italian Plans, [which<sup>1</sup>] 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,<sup>2</sup>] *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<sup>3</sup>] were entirely foreign to the Meaning of the Passages [they<sup>4</sup>] 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<sup>5</sup>] 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 turn'd 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 entertain'd 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.<sup>6</sup>

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.

<sup>1</sup> [that]                      <sup>2</sup> [very day]  
<sup>3</sup> [that]                      <sup>4</sup> [which they]                      <sup>5</sup> [that]

<sup>6</sup> It was fifty years after this that Churchill wrote of Mossop in the Rosciad,

*In monosyllables his thunders roll,  
He, she, it, and, u e, ye, they, fright the soul.*

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<sup>1</sup>] 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 Confituation 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*<sup>2</sup>) for a People

<sup>1</sup> [was]

<sup>2</sup> 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 prof-  
fer'd Joy,*

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.

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

*Dii benefecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli  
Finxerunt animi, raro 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,<sup>1</sup> Some have been so curious as to

*It had not moved your Wonder to have seen  
An Eunuch 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*.'

<sup>1</sup> '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

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 acruce to me from these my Speculations; and if I am not mistaken in myself, 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;<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> In No. 17.

'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.*

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

—Κύνος ὀμμάτων ἔχων—.—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 Bar-

barian 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 Outlaw 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.

No. 21.] Saturday, March 24, 1711.<sup>1</sup> [Addison.

—Locus est et pluribus 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 Cal-

<sup>1</sup> 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 1st 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.

culatation, 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; inso-much 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,<sup>2</sup> 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,<sup>2</sup> 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

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> 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.'

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;<sup>1</sup> 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 crowded 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

<sup>1</sup> 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.'

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 Money 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. C.

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

*Quodcumque 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<sup>1</sup>] give them to my Reader

<sup>1</sup> [therefore shall]

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<sup>1</sup>] 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,<sup>2</sup> 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 myself 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

<sup>1</sup> [whom]

<sup>2</sup> In the opera of *Camilla* :—

*Camilla*. 'That *Dorinda's* my Name.

*Linco*. 'Well, I know't, I'll 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*. 'Let's try to assist him.

*Linco*. 'Ye Gods, what Alarm!

*Huntsman*. 'Quick run to his aid.

'Enter *Prenesto*: *The Boar pursuing him.*

*Prenesto*. 'O Heav'ns! who defends me?

*Camilla*. 'My Arm. [*She throws a Dart, and kills the Boar.*]

*Linco*. 'Dorinda of nothing afraid,  
'She's 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.

'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 beholding 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 Servant,  
Thomas Prone.

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*;<sup>1</sup> I have twice performed the third Chair in an English Opera; and have rehearsed the Pump in the *Fortune-Hunters*.<sup>2</sup> I am now grown old, and hope you will recommend me so effectually, as that I may say something before

<sup>1</sup> 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 Trunchion. 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.

<sup>2</sup> '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.

'I go off the Stage: In which you will do a great  
'Act of Charity to

*Your most humble servant,*  
William Screne.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Understanding that Mr. Screne 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. Screne 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.

*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 In-  
'stances of this Kind in *Shakespear*; but then it  
'is the Disturbance of a noble Mind, from gener-  
'ous and humane Resentments: It is like that  
'Grief which we have for the decease of our  
'Friends: It is no Diminution, but a Recom-  
'mendation of humane Nature, that in such In-  
'cidents 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 Dray-  
'man than a Poet. I come in with a Tub about  
'me, that Tub hung with Quart-pots; with a full  
'Gallon at my Mouth.<sup>1</sup> I am ashamed to tell

<sup>1</sup> 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:

'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<sup>1</sup>] may  
'have been as dry as ever I was in my Life.

*I am,*

*Sir,*

*Your most obedient  
And humble servant.*

*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 un-  
'fortunate 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 experi-  
'enced 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? <sup>2</sup>*

'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 Appear-  
'ance) you will merit the Thanks of

*Your Friend,*  
The King of *Latium*.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

*For the Good of the Publick.*

*Within two Doors of the Masquerade lives an  
eminent Italian Chirurgeon, arriv'd from the  
Carnaval 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*

*Those English are so malt-mad, there's no med-  
dling 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.

<sup>1</sup> [horse]

<sup>2</sup> 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.



than a Fortnight, Four Scaramouches, a Mountebank Doctor, Two Turkish Bassas, Three Nuns, and a Morris Dancer.

Venienti occurrere 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.

No. 23.] Tuesday, March 27, 1711.<sup>1</sup> [Addison.

*Sæviti 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

<sup>1</sup> 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.'

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 Lampon 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:<sup>1</sup> 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 Cæsar* 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.<sup>2</sup> Cardinal *Mazarine* gave the same kind of Treatment to the learned

<sup>1</sup> *Plato's Phædon*, § 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.'

<sup>2</sup> 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.'

*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.<sup>1</sup>

*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 Money 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.<sup>2</sup> *Aretine*<sup>3</sup> is too trite an instance.

<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> 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

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

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.

<sup>3</sup> 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.'

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,<sup>1</sup> 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,<sup>2</sup> I shall indulge myself 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.

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

*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<sup>3</sup>] 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.

<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> Easter Day in 1711 fell on the 1st of April.

<sup>3</sup> [these People]

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*<sup>1</sup> 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 may n't mine be a Lecture? However, Sir, I submit it to you, and am,

Sir,

Your most obedient, &c.

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

<sup>1</sup> 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 Cur-tell (or bassoon) and the Organ,—all with his own Natural Voice, to the greatest perfection.' The price of admission was a shilling.

'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 ac-  
'quainted 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<sup>1</sup>] 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, Ma-  
'dam, you must go no further; Distance and  
'Silence are your best Recommendations; there-  
'fore 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 Ac-  
'quaintance; 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 la-  
'ment 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 capa-  
'ble: For there are some People who are to be  
'known only by Sight, with which sort of Friend-  
'ship 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.

<sup>1</sup> [This]

### 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 resign'd 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 Shoe-Cleaner in the Room of the said Bird. R.

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

—Ægrescitque medendo.—Vir.

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

SIR,

'I am one of that sickly Tribe who are com-  
'monly 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  
'Fever<sup>1</sup> threw me into a lingering 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  
'Phthysical 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 ac-  
'cidentally taking into my Hand that Ingenious  
'Discourse written by *Sanctorius*,<sup>2</sup> I was re-

<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> 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

'solved 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; in-somuch 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<sup>1</sup>]; 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 Twelve-month. 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

his *Ars de Staticâ Medicinâ*, 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.).

<sup>1</sup> [an half]

'that I find my self in a sick and languishing Condition. My Complexion is grown very sal-low, 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.<sup>1</sup> 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

<sup>1</sup> The old English reading is: 'I was well; I would be better; and here I am.'

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.

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

*Pallida mors æquo 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 exiis 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.

Γλαυκόν τε, Μεδόντα τε, Θερσίλοχόν τε.  
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<sup>1</sup>] 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<sup>2</sup>] 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<sup>3</sup>] had no Monuments, and Monuments [which<sup>4</sup>] had no Poets. I observed indeed that the present War<sup>5</sup> 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,<sup>6</sup> I e

<sup>1</sup> [that]    <sup>2</sup> [had]    <sup>3</sup> [that]    <sup>4</sup> [that]

<sup>5</sup> 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*.

<sup>6</sup> 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

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.

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.

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

*Ut nox longa, quibus Mentitur amica, 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 æquè,  
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,<sup>1</sup> 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 pleas'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.'

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<sup>2</sup>] 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.'

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

<sup>1</sup> See the close of No. 2.    <sup>2</sup> [blank left]

'no Riddle, when I acquaint you that I placed my self here with a Design of getting so much Money 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.

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.<sup>1</sup>]

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,<sup>2</sup> 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 pleas'd to make me your Superintendent 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 men-

<sup>1</sup> [It is as follows.]

<sup>2</sup> 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.'



tion flying Pigs, and Hogs in Armour, with many other Creatures more extraordinary than any in the desarts 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 Grid-iron. 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<sup>1</sup>] 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*<sup>2</sup> 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 Name-sake. Mr.

<sup>1</sup> [sheep]

<sup>2</sup> 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.

*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 Jonson*.<sup>1</sup> Our Apocryphal Heathen God<sup>2</sup> 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 solicit 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 En-

<sup>1</sup> 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* gown, there's *D* and *rug*, that's *Drug*:  
And right anenst 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.

<sup>2</sup> *Bel*, in the apocryphal addition to the Book of *Daniel*, called 'the History of the Destruction of *Bel* and the Dragon.'

'courage 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, &amp;c.

C.

No. 29.] Tuesday, April 3, 1711. [Addison.

*Sermo linguâ concinnus utraq̃ue  
Suavior: ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.*  
Hor.

THERE is nothing that [has] more startled our  
*English* Audience, than the *Italian Recita-  
tivo* at its first Entrance upon the Stage. People  
were wonderfully surprized to hear Generals sing-  
ing the Word of Command, and Ladies delivering  
Messages in Musick. Our Country-men could not  
forbear laughing when they heard a Lover chant-  
ing 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 Fidlers  
Solus*, was now no longer an Absurdity, when it  
was impossible for a Hero in a Desert, or a Prin-  
cess in her Closet, to speak anything unaccom-  
panied 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 pre-  
vailed in our *English* Opera before this Innova-  
tion: 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 *Eng-  
lish* Words.

To go to the Bottom of this Matter, I must ob-  
serve, 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<sup>1</sup>] border so near upon us. By the

<sup>1</sup> [that]

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 Ca-  
dences 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 Tune-  
ful.

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 mis-  
taken as to what has been doing upon the Stage,  
and expecting to see the Hero knock down his  
Messenger, when he has been [asking<sup>1</sup>] him a Ques-  
tion, 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,<sup>2</sup> 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 *Shake-  
spear* 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

<sup>1</sup> [only asking]

<sup>2</sup> 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 cen-  
'tury 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.

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*<sup>1</sup> 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<sup>2</sup>] 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<sup>3</sup>] 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,

<sup>1</sup> John Baptist Lulli, a Florentine, died in 1687, aged 53. In his youth he was an under-scuttillion 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. <sup>2</sup> [that he] <sup>3</sup> [not]

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.<sup>1</sup> C.

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

*Si, Minnermus uti censet, sine amore Jocisque  
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

<sup>1</sup> 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.'

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 superiour 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.

*Navia 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.

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

*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 Monkies 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*,<sup>1</sup> 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*,<sup>2</sup> in which is to be represented all

<sup>1</sup> 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.'

<sup>2</sup> Hockley-in-the-Hole, memorable for its Bear Garden, was on the outskirts 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.

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 Monkies 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*<sup>1</sup> is to personate King *Porus* upon an *Elephant*, and is to be encountered by *Powell*,<sup>2</sup> 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*,<sup>3</sup> may have an Op-

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 Mrs. Peachum to Filch in the *Beggar's Opera*.

<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> 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.

<sup>3</sup> 'Powell junior' of the Puppet Show (see note on p. 26) 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

portunity 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,<sup>1</sup> 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

'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.'

<sup>1</sup> '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*.

little raised and rounded by the *Ionick* Dialect; and could not but be [acceptable<sup>1</sup>] 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*?<sup>2</sup> 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.

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

*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.

<sup>1</sup> [wonderfully acceptable]

<sup>2</sup> The satire is against Heidegger. See p. 25.

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<sup>1</sup>] 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 part 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 Cœur 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<sup>2</sup> 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 Metz-

<sup>1</sup> [this]

<sup>2</sup> At the coming of William III.

"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*,<sup>1</sup> to which he referred him; and only added, "That such Authors were the *Larvati*,<sup>2</sup> 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,

Oxford,  
March 21.

R

A. C.

<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> 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.

No. 33.] Saturday, April 7, 1711. [Steele.

*Fervidus tecum Puer, et solutis  
Gratiæ zonis, præperentque 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 anything 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 chearful, 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 Surprise, 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. *Evremont*<sup>1</sup> 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 Rallery 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

<sup>1</sup> Charles de St. Denis, Sieur de St. Evremont, 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. Evremont 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.

'Pleasing, and proceeds upon an Opinion, not altogether groundless, that Nature may be help'd 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,<sup>1</sup> 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 *Sophonias*'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

<sup>1</sup> In 'Don Sebastian, King of Portugal,' act I., says Muley Moloch, Emperor of Barbary,

*Ay; These look like the Workmanship of Heav'n: This is the Porcelain Clay of Human Kind.*

'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 Jonson*, 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.<sup>1</sup>*

I am, SIR,  
Your most humble Servant,

R.

R. B.

No. 34.] Monday, April 9, 1711. [Addison.

—parcit  
*Cognatis maculis similis fera*— Juv.

THE Club of which I am a Member, is very luckily composed of such Persons as are engaged in different Ways of Life, and deputed 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 Man-

<sup>1</sup> 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 Jonson's lines were:

'Underneath this stone doth lie,  
'As much Beauty as could die,  
'Which in Life did Harbour give  
'To more Virtue than doth live.'

ner 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 soever 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 approv'd 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. HONEY-COMB 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 pleas'd; 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 engag'd 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, furnish'd out a very decent Execution.

Having thus taken my Resolutions 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.

No. 35.] Tuesday, April 10, 1711. [Addison.

*Risu inepto res ineptior nulla 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<sup>1</sup>] 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 surpris'd 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 Distemper'd 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, ac-

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> Wit, in the town sense, is talked of to satiety in *Shadwell's* plays; and window-breaking by the street rioters called 'Scowlers,' 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.'

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>1</sup>] abroad, who [takes upon him<sup>2</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>3</sup>], I would desire my Readers, when they meet with [this Pretender<sup>4</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>5</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.  
 NONSENSE.  
 FRENZY.—LAUGHTER.  
 FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH.  
 GOOD SENSE.  
 WIT.—MIRTH.  
 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,

<sup>1</sup> [are several Impostors]  
<sup>2</sup> [take upon them]  
<sup>3</sup> [Counterfeits]  
<sup>4</sup> [any of these Pretenders]  
<sup>5</sup> [that is about him]

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.

No. 36.] Wednesday, April 11, 1711. [Steele.

— *Inmania 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<sup>1</sup> the 9th.

'Upon reading the Project which is set forth in 'one of your late Papers,<sup>2</sup> 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

<sup>1</sup> March was written by an oversight left in the first reprint uncorrected.

<sup>2</sup> No. 31.

'in the said Speculation; We, the chief Actors of  
'this Playhouse, met and sat upon the said De-  
'sign. It is with great Delight that We expect  
'the Execution of this Work; and in order to con-  
'tribute 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 like-  
'wise 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 endea-  
'vouring 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 ad-  
'mitted 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 sub-  
'mit 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 Cha-  
'racter, but also have descended and spoke on the  
'Stage as the bold Thunder in *The Rehearsal*.<sup>1</sup>  
'When they got me down thus low, they thought

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Bayes, the poet, in the Duke of Buck-  
ingham's *Rehearsal*, after showing how he has  
planned a Thunder and Lightning Prologue for  
his play, says,

'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 o understand  
'that I am wholly to depart their Dominions, and  
'taken from me even my subterraneous Employ-  
'ment. 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 *Alex-  
'ander*, 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.

*Salmeoneus of Covent-Garden.*

The Petition of all the Devils of the Play-  
house in behalf of themselves and Families, set-  
ting forth their Expulsion from thence, with Certi-  
ficates 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 *Hephes-  
tion to Penkethman the Great*.<sup>1</sup>

*Granted.*

'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.'

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.

<sup>1</sup> William Bullock was a good and popular come-  
dian, 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. Penketh-  
man, 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 Hephhestion in *the Rival Queens*, in a  
theatre opened by Penkethman at Greenwich in  
the preceding summer.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

A Widow Gentlewoman, well born 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.

No. 37.] Thursday, April 12, 1711. [Addison.

— Non illa colo calathisque Minervæ  
Fœmineas 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<sup>1</sup>] 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, Monkies, 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 seem'd very suitable both to the Lady and the Scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy my self 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.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [very delightful]

<sup>2</sup> 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,

*Ogleby's Virgil.*  
*Dryden's Juvenal.*

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. *Astræa* 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

*Cassandra.*

*Cleopatra.*

*Astræa.*

*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.

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.

*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 little 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<sup>1</sup>] 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.

<sup>1</sup> [that]

No. 38.] Friday, April 13, 1711. [Steele.

— *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 beautiful 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,<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> 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 Charterhouse, 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.



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 Department; 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 their 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.<sup>1</sup>

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, contemn 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,

R.

Your humble Servant.

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

<sup>1</sup> Lord Cowper.

Pleasure: <sup>1</sup> 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 <sup>2</sup>] 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*<sup>3</sup> 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 Solæcism 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 every thing 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

<sup>1</sup> From Seneca on Providence, — '*De Providentiâ, sive Quare Bonis Viris Mala Accidunt cum sit Providentiâ.*' § 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 congregitur? 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.

<sup>2</sup> [shall]  
<sup>3</sup> Poetics, Part I. § 7. Also in the Rhetoric, bk III. ch. 1.

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*,<sup>1</sup> 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 it self 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 clothed. *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.<sup>2</sup> *Horace*, who copied most of his Criticisms after *Aristotle*, seems to have had his Eye on the foregoing Rule in the following Verses:

<sup>1</sup> These chiefs of the French tragic drama died, *Corneille* in 1684, and his brother *Thomas* in 1708; *Racine* in 1699.

<sup>2</sup> It is the last sentence in Part III. of the *Poetics*.

*Et Tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedestri,  
Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,  
Præjicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,  
Si curat cor Spectantis tetigisse querelâ.*

*Tragedians too lay by their State, to grieve.  
Peleus and Telephus, Exil'd and Poor,  
Forget their Swelling and Gigantick Words.*  
Ld. ROSCOMMŌN.

Among our Modern *English* Poets, there is none who was better turned for Tragedy than *Lee*; <sup>1</sup> 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* <sup>2</sup> 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

<sup>1</sup> 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 *Edipus*, produced in 1679, as an English Tragedy based upon Sophocles and Seneca. During two years of his life Lee was a lunatic in Bedlam.

<sup>2</sup> 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.

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.

No. 40.] Monday, April 16, 1711. [Addison.

*Ac ne forte putes, me, quæ facere ipse recusem,  
Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne;  
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse 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 public Disputes of the Stage, from those that ended happily.<sup>1</sup> 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*,<sup>2</sup> &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*.<sup>3</sup> 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

<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> 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 1699, 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.

<sup>3</sup> 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 *Phædra* and *Hippolitus* in 1707.

Thoughts. An Author might as well think of weaving the Adventures of *Aeneas* 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;<sup>1</sup> and you will wonder to see an Audience so cursed and so pleased at the same time;

*O that as oft I 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 yon marble Roof,  
Meet like the Hands of Jove, and crush Mankind.  
For all the Elements, &c.*

#### 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 Tragedian, 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.

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*

<sup>1</sup> The third Act of *Oedipus* was by Dryden, the fourth by Lee. Dryden wrote also the first Act, the rest was Lee's.

*Personæ*, when a Man marries a Woman, and finds her not to be the same Woman whom he intended to marry, but another.<sup>1</sup> 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 suspence, 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

<sup>1</sup> Ben Jonson's *Epicæne*, 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.'

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.*<sup>1</sup>

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 Gally-pots and Washes, and carried off his Hankerchief 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 Dis-

<sup>1</sup> This is fourth of five stanzas to 'The Waiting-Maid,' in the collection of poems called 'The Mistress.'

covery; 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 Master-piece 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 Play-house (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 Chearfulness 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.<sup>1</sup>

## 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.

<sup>1</sup> 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.

No. 42.] *Wednesday, April 18, 1711.* [Addison.

*Garganum mugire putes nemus aut mare Thuscum,  
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,  
Divitiæque peregrinæ; quibus oblitus actor  
Cum stetit in Scena, concurrat dextera lævæ.  
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?  
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.—Hor.*

ARISTOTLE<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> Poetics, Part II. § 13.

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: multa que tolles  
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.*  
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 has 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.

No. 43.] Thursday, April 19, 1711. [Steele.

*Hæ 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.

SIR, Four a Clock in the Morning.

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*:<sup>1</sup> 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 Money, 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,<sup>2</sup> to be palpably

<sup>1</sup> 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 has 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.

<sup>2</sup> 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 Mazeppa, 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 Mazeppa brought to the King of Sweden only himself as a fugitive with 40 or 50 attendants; but in the spring of 1809 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 re-



' against our Goodwill and Liking; and, for all  
' Monsieur *Palmquist*,<sup>1</sup> a most dangerous Inno-  
' vation; 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.<sup>2</sup>

' What the Neutrality Army<sup>3</sup> 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*,<sup>4</sup> 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 Ap-  
' prentices, should do Duty, or work, during the  
' Holidays, we thought absolutely impossible:  
' But *Dyer* being positive in it, and some Letters

fuge at Bender in Bessarabia with the Turks, Mr.  
Froth's Infidels.

<sup>1</sup> 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 for-  
tunes. The Turks, his subsequent friends, are  
the 'Infidels' before-mentioned, the wise poli-  
ticians being apparently under the impression  
that they had marched with the Swedes out of  
Saxony.

<sup>2</sup> Here Mr. Froth and his friends were truer  
prophets than any one knew when this number of  
the *Spectator* appeared, on the 10th 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 mat-  
ters of religion, as restored their friendship.

<sup>3</sup> 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 guar-  
anteeing 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.

<sup>4</sup> *Dyer* was a Jacobite printer, whose News-let-  
ter was twice in trouble for 'misrepresenting the  
proceedings of the House,' and who, in 1703, had  
given occasion for a proclamation against 'print-  
ing and spreading false news.'

' 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, *Do-*  
' *minick* 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 grieve  
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 con-  
spicuous, 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 itself 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 Ala-  
cridity 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*,<sup>1</sup> was the Effect of such an  
happy Genius as we are speaking of. From among

<sup>1</sup> '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,  
'intituled *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.'