

many other Disticks no less to be quoted on this Account, I cannot but recite the two following Lines.

*A painted Vest Prince Voltager had on,
Which from a Naked Pict his Grandsire won.*

Here if the Poet had not been Vivacious, as well as Stupid, he could [not,] in the Warmth and Hurry of Nonsense, [have] been capable of forgetting that neither Prince *Voltager*, nor his Grandfather, could strip a Naked Man of his Doublet; but a Fool of a colder Constitution, would have staid to have Flea'd the *Pict*, and made Buff of his Skin, for the Wearing of the Conqueror.

To bring these Observations to some useful Purpose of Life, what I would propose should be, that we imitated those wise Nations, wherein every Man learns some Handycraft-Work. Would it not employ a Beau prettily enough, if instead of eternally playing with a Snuff-box, he spent some part of his Time in making one? Such a Method as this, would very much conduce to the Publick Emolument, by making every Man living good for something; for there would then be no one Member of Human Society, but would have some little Pretension for some Degree in it; like him who came to *Will's* Coffee-house, upon the Merit of having writ a Posie of a Ring. R.

No. 44.] Friday, April 20, 1711. [Addison.

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.
Hor.

AMONG the several Artifices which are put in Practice by the Poets to fill the Minds of [an]¹ Audience with Terror, the first Place is due to Thunder and Lightning, which are often made use of at the Descending of a God, or the Rising of a Ghost, at the Vanishing of a Devil, or at the Death of a Tyrant. I have known a Bell introduced into several Tragedies with good Effect; and have seen the whole Assembly in a very great Alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our *English* Theatre so much as a Ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody Shirt. A Spectre has very often saved a Play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the Stage, or rose through a Cleft of it, and sunk again without speaking one Word. There may be a proper Season for these several Terrors; and when they only come in as Aids and Assistances to the Poet, they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus the sounding of the Clock in *Venice Preserved*,² makes the Hearts of the whole Audience quake; and conveys a stronger Terror to the Mind than it is possible for Words to do. The Appearance of the Ghost in *Hamlet* is a Master-piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the Circumstances

¹ [the]

² In Act V. The toll of the passing bell for Pierre in the parting scene between Jaffier and Belvidera.

that can create either Attention or Horror. The Mind of the Reader is wonderfully prepared for his Reception by the Discourses that precede it: His Dumb Behaviour at his first Entrance, strikes the Imagination very strongly; but every time he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can read the Speech with which young *Hamlet* accosts him, without trembling?

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!

*Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n, or Blasts
from Hell;*

*Be thy Events wicked or charitable;
Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane: Oh! Oh! Answer
me,*

*Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd Bones, hears'd in Death,
Have burst their Cearments? Why the Sepulchre,*

*Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble Jaws
To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou dead Coarse again in compleat Steel
Revisit'st thus the Glimpses of the Moon,
Making Night hideous?*

I do not therefore find Fault with the Artifices above-mentioned when they are introduced with Skill, and accompanied by proportionable Sentiments and Expressions in the Writing.

For the moving of Pity, our principal Machine is the Handkerchief; and indeed in our common Tragedies, we should not know very often that the Persons are in Distress by any thing they say, if they did not from time to time apply their Handkerchiefs to their Eyes. Far be it from me to think of banishing this Instrument of Sorrow from the Stage; I know a Tragedy could not subsist without it: All that I would contend for, is, to keep it from being misapplied. In a Word, I would have the Actor's Tongue sympathize with his Eyes.

A disconsolate Mother, with a Child in her Hand, has frequently drawn Compassion from the Audience, and has therefore gained a place in several Tragedies. A Modern Writer, that observed how this had took in other Plays, being resolved to double the Distress, and melt his Audience twice as much as those before him had done, brought a Princess upon the Stage with a little Boy in one Hand and a Girl in the other. This too had a very good Effect. A third Poet, being resolved to out-write all his Predecessors, a few Years ago introduced three Children, with great Success: And as I am informed, a young Gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate Hearts, has a Tragedy by him, where the first Person that appears upon the Stage, is an afflicted Widow in her mourning Weeds, with half a Dozen fatherless Children attending her, like those that usually hang about the Figure of Charity. Thus several Incidents that are beautiful in a good Writer, become ridiculous by falling into the Hands of a bad one.

But among all our Methods of moving Pity or Terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the Contempt and Ridicule of our Neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is so very frequent upon the *English Stage*. To delight in seeing Men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the Sign of a cruel Temper: And as this is often practised before the *British Audience*, several *French Criticks*, who think these are grateful Spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a People that delight in Blood.¹ It is indeed very odd, to see our Stage strowed with Carcasses in the last Scene of a Tragedy; and to observe in the Ward-robe of a Play-house several Daggers, Poniards, Wheels, Bowls for Poison, and many other Instruments of Death. Murders and Executions are always transacted behind the Scenes in the *French Theatre*; which in general is very agreeable to the Manners of a polite and civilized People: But as there are no Exceptions to this Rule on the *French Stage*, it leads them into Absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present Censure. I remember in the famous Play of *Corneille*, written upon the Subject of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*; the fierce young Hero who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another, (instead of being congratulated by his Sister for his Victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her Lover,) in the Height of his Passion and Resentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate so brutal an Action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the Sentiments of Nature, Reason, or Manhood could take Place in him. However, to avoid *publick Blood-shed*, as soon as his Passion is wrought to its Height, he follows his Sister the whole length of the Stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the Scenes. I must confess, had he murder'd her before the Audience, the Indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold Blood. To give my Opinion upon this Case; the Fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any Occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the Reader, to see how *Sophocles* has conducted a Tragedy under the like delicate Circumstances. *Orestes* was in the same Condition with *Hamlet* in *Shakespeare*, his Mother having murdered his Father, and taken possession of his Kingdom in Conspiracy with her Adulterer. That young Prince therefore, being determined to revenge his Father's

¹ Thus René Rapin,—whom Dryden declared alone 'sufficient, were all other critics lost, to teach anew the rules of writing,'—said in his 'Reflections on Aristotle's Treatise of Poetry,' translated by Rymer in 1694, 'The English, our Neighbours, love Blood in their Sports, by the quality of their Temperament: These are *Insulaires*, separated from the rest of men; we are more humane. . . . The English have more of Genius for Tragedy than other People, as well by the Spirit of their Nation, which delights in Cruelty, as also by the Character of their Language, which is proper for Great Expressions.'

Death upon those who filled his Throne, conveys himself by a beautiful Stratagem into his Mother's Apartment with a Resolution to kill her. But because such a Spectacle would have been too shocking to the Audience, this dreadful Resolution is executed behind the Scenes: The Mother is heard calling out to her Son for Mercy; and the Son answering her, that she shewed no Mercy to his Father; after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our Plays there are Speeches made behind the Scenes, though there are other Instances of this Nature to be met with in those of the Ancients: And I believe my Reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful Dialogue between the Mother and her Son behind the Scenes, than could have been in any thing transacted before the Audience. *Orestes* immediately after meets the Usurper at the Entrance of his Palace; and by a very happy Thought of the Poet avoids killing him before the Audience, by telling him that he should live some Time in his present Bitterness of Soul before he would dispatch him; and [by] ordering him to retire into that Part of the Palace where he had slain his Father, whose Murther he would revenge in the very same Place where it was committed. By this means the Poet observes that Decency, which *Horace* afterwards established by a Rule, of forbearing to commit Parricides or unnatural Murthers before the Audience.

Nec coram populo natos Medea trucidet.

*Let not Medea draw her murth'ring Knife,
And spill her Children's Blood upon the Stage.*

The *French* have therefore refin'd too much upon *Horace's* Rule, who never designed to banish all Kinds of Death from the Stage; but only such as had too much Horror in them, and which would have a better Effect upon the Audience when transacted behind the Scenes. I would therefore recommend to my Countrymen the Practice of the ancient Poets, who were very sparing of their publick Executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the Scenes, if it could be done with as great an Effect upon the Audience. At the same time I must observe, that though the devoted Persons of the Tragedy were seldom slain before the Audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their Bodies were often produced after their Death, which has always in it something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing on the Stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an Indecency, but also as an Improbability.

*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem,
Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*
Hor.

*Medea must not draw her murth'ring Knife,
Nor Atreus there his horrid Feast prepare.
Cadmus and Progne's Metamorphosis,
(She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)*

*And whatsoever contradicts my Sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.*

Ld. ROSCOMMON.¹

I have now gone through the several Dramatick Inventions which are made use of by [the] Ignorant Poets to supply the Place of Tragedy, and by [the] Skilful to improve it; some of which I could wish entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with Caution. It would be an endless Task to consider Comedy in the same Light, and to mention the innumerable Shifts that small Wits put in practice to raise a Laugh. *Bullock* in a short Coat, and *Norris* in a long one, seldom fail of this Effect.² In ordinary Comedies, a broad and a narrow brim'd Hat are different Characters. Sometimes the Wit of the Scene lies in a Shoulder-belt, and Sometimes in a Pair of Whiskers. A Lover running about the Stage, with his Head peeping out of a Barrel, was thought a very good Jest in *King Charles* the Second's time; and invented by one of the first Wits of that Age.³ But because Ridicule is not so delicate as Compassion, and [because]⁴ the Objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater Latitude for comick than tragick Artifices, and by Consequence a much greater Indulgence to be allowed them.

C.

No. 45.] Saturday, April 21, 1711. [Addison.

Natio Comæda est ———.—Juv.

THERE is nothing which I more desire than a safe and honourable Peace,⁵ tho' at the

¹ The Earl of Roscommon, who died in 1684, aged about 50, besides his 'Essay on Translated Verse,' produced, in 1680, a Translation of *Horace's Art of Poet* into English Blank Verse, with Remarks. Of his 'Essay,' Dryden said:

'The Muse's Empire is restored again
'In Charles his reign, and by Roscommon's pen.'

² Of *Bullock* see note on p. 60. *Norris* had at one time, by his acting of *Dicky* in *Farquhar's* 'Trip to the Jubilee,' acquired the name of *Jubilee Dicky*.

³ *Sir George Etherege*. It was his first play, *The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub*, produced in 1664, which introduced him to the society of *Rochester*, *Buckingham*, &c.

⁴ [as]

⁵ At this date the news would just have reached England of the death of the Emperor *Joseph* and accession of *Archduke Charles* to the German crown. The *Archduke's* claim to the crown of Spain had been supported as that of a younger brother of the House of Austria, in whose person the two crowns of Germany and Spain were not likely to be united. When, therefore, *Charles* became head of the German empire, the war of the Spanish succession changed its aspect altogether, and the English looked for peace. That

same time I am very apprehensive of many ill Consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our Politicks, but to our Manners. What an Inundation of Ribbons and Brocades will break in upon us? What Peals of Laughter and Impertinence shall we be exposed to? For the Prevention of these great Evils, I could heartily wish that there was an Act of Parliament for Prohibiting the Importation of *French Fopperies*.

The Female Inhabitants of our Island have already received very strong Impressions from this ludicrous Nation, tho' by the Length of the War (as there is no Evil which has not some Good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well-bred Country-Women kept their *Valet de Chambre*, because, forsooth, a Man was much more handy about them than one of their own Sex. I myself have seen one of these Male *Abigails* tripping about the Room with a Looking-glass in his Hand, and combing his Lady's Hair a whole Morning together. Whether or no there was any Truth in the Story of a Lady's being got with Child by one of these her Handmaids I cannot tell, but I think at present the whole Race of them is extinct in our own Country.

About the Time that several of our Sex were taken into this kind of Service, the Ladies likewise brought up the Fashion of receiving Visits in their Beds.¹ It was then look'd upon as a piece of Ill Breeding, for a Woman to refuse to see a Man, because she was not stirring; and a Porter would have been thought unfit for his Place, that could have made so awkward an Excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my Friend *WILL. HONEYCOMB* to carry me along with him to one of these Travelled Ladies, desiring him, at the same time, to present me as a Foreigner who could not speak *English*, that so I might not be obliged to bear a Part in the Discourse. The Lady, tho' willing to appear undrest, had put on her best Looks, and painted her self for our Reception. Her Hair appeared in a very nice Disorder, as the Night-Gown which was thrown upon her Shoulders was ruffled with great Care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing which looks immodest in the Fair

of 1711 was, in fact, *Marlborough's* last campaign; peace negotiations were at the same time going on between France and England, and preliminaries were signed in London in October of this year, 1711. England was accused of betraying the allied cause; but the changed political conditions led to her withdrawal from it, and her withdrawal compelled the assent of the allies to the general peace made by the Treaty of Utrecht, which, after tedious negotiations, was not signed until the 11th of April, 1713, the continuous issue of the *Spectator* having ended, with Vol. VII., in December, 1712.

¹ The custom was copied from the French *Précieuses*, at a time when *courir les ruelles* (to take the run of the bedsides) was a Parisian phrase for fashionable morning calls upon the ladies. The *ruelle* is the little path between the bedside and the wall.

Sex, that I could not forbear taking off my Eye from her when she moved in her Bed, and was in the greatest Confusion imaginable every time she stired a Leg or an Arm. As the Coquets, who introduced this Custom, grew old, they left it off by Degrees; well knowing that a Woman of Threescore may kick and tumble her Heart out, without making any Impressions.

Sempronia is at present the most profest Admirer of the *French* Nation, but is so modest as to admit her Visitants no further than her Toilet. It is a very odd Sight that beautiful Creature makes, when she is talking Politicks with her Tresses flowing about her Shoulders, and examining that Face in the Glass, which does such Execution upon all the Male Standers-by. How prettily does she divide her Discourse between her Woman and her Visitants? What sprightly Transitions does she make from an Opera or a Sermon, to an Ivory Comb or a Pincushion? How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an Account of her Travels, by a Message to her Footman; and holding her Tongue, in the midst of a Moral Reflexion, by applying the Tip of it to a Patch?

There is nothing which exposes a Woman to greater dangers, than that Gaiety and Airiness of Temper, which are natural to most of the Sex. It should be therefore the Concern of every wise and virtuous Woman, to keep this Sprightliness from degenerating into Levity. On the contrary, the whole Discourse and Behaviour of the *French* is to make the Sex more Fantastical, or (as they are pleased to term it,) *more awakened*, than is consistent either with Virtue or Discretion. To speak Loud in Publick Assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of Things that should only be mentioned in Private or in Whisper, are looked upon as Parts of a refined Education. At the same time, a Blush is unfashionable, and Silence more ill-bred than any thing that can be spoken. In short, Discretion and Modesty, which in all other Ages and Countries have been regarded as the greatest Ornaments of the Fair Sex, are considered as the Ingredients of narrow Conversation, and Family Behaviour.

Some Years ago I was at the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed myself under a Woman of Quality that is since Dead; who, as I found by the Noise she made, was newly returned from *France*. A little before the rising of the Curtain, she broke out into a loud Soliloquy, *When will the dear Witches enter?* and immediately upon their first Appearance, asked a Lady that sat three Boxes from her, on her Right-hand, if those Witches were not charming Creatures. A little after, as *Betterton* was in one of the finest Speeches of the Play, she shook her Fan at another Lady, who sat as far on the Left hand, and told her with a Whisper, that might be heard all over the Pit, We must not expect to see *Balloon* to-night.¹ Not long after, calling out to a

¹ *Balloon* was a game like tennis played with a foot-ball; but the word may be applied here to a person. It had not the sense which now first occurs to the mind of a modern reader. Air balloons are not older than 1783.

young Baronet by his Name, who sat three Seats before me, she asked him whether *Macbeth's* Wife was still alive; and before he could give an Answer, fell a talking of the Ghost of *Banquo*. She had by this time formed a little Audience to herself, and fixed the Attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the Play, I got out of the Sphere of her Impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest Corners of the Pit.

This pretty Childishness of Behaviour is one of the most refined Parts of Coquetry, and is not to be attained in Perfection, by Ladies that do not Travel for their Improvement. A natural and unconstrained Behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no Wonder to see People endeavouring after it. But at the same time, it is so very hard to hit, when it is not Born with us, that People often make themselves Ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious *French* Author¹ tells us, that the Ladies of the Court of *France*, in his Time, thought it Ill-breeding, and a kind of Female Pedantry, to pronounce an hard Word right; for which Reason they took frequent occasion to use hard Words, that they might shew a Politeness in murdering them. He further adds, that a Lady of some Quality at Court, having accidentally made use of an hard Word in a proper Place, and pronounced it right, the whole Assembly was out of Countenance for her.

I must however be so just to own, that there are many Ladies, who have Travelled several Thousand of Miles without being the worse for it, and have brought Home with them all the Modesty, Discretion and good Sense that they went abroad with. As on the contrary, there are great Numbers of *Travelled* Ladies, [who]² have lived all their Days within the Smoke of *London*. I have known a Woman that never was out of the Parish of *St. James's*, [betray]³ as many Foreign Fopperies in her Carriage, as she could have Gleaned up in half the Countries of *Europe*. C.

No. 46.] Monday, April 23, 1711. [Addison.

Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.
Ovid.

WHEN I want Materials for this Paper, it is my Custom to go abroad in quest of Game; and when I meet any proper Subject, I take the first Opportunity of setting down an Hint of it upon Paper. At the same time I look into the Letters of my Correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford Matter of Speculation, I likewise enter a Minute of it in my Collection of Materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole Sheetful of Hints, that would look like a Rhapsody of Nonsense to any Body but myself: There is nothing in them but Obscurity and Confusion, Raving and

¹ Describing perhaps one form of reaction against the verbal pedantry and *Phébus* of the *Précieuses*.
² [that] ³ [with]

Inconsistency. In short, they are my Speculations in the first Principles, that (like the World in its Chaos) are void of all Light, Distinction, and Order.

About a Week since there happened to me a very odd Accident, by Reason of one of these my Papers of Minutes which I had accidentally dropped at *Lloyd's*¹ Coffee-house, where the Auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a Cluster of People who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one End of the Coffee-house: It had raised so much Laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the Courage to own it. The Boy of the Coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his Hand, asking every Body if they had dropped a written Paper; but no Body challenging it, he was ordered by those merry Gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the Auction Pulpit, and read it to the whole Room, that if any one would own it they might. The Boy accordingly mounted the Pulpit, and with a very audible Voice read as follows.

MINUTES.

Sir *Roger de Coverly's* Country Seat—Yes, for I hate long Speeches—Query, if a good Christian may be a Conjuror—*Childermas-day*, Salt-seller, House-Dog, Screech-owl, Cricket—Mr. *Thomas Inkle* of *London*, in the good Ship called *The Achilles*. *Yarico*—*Aegrescitique medendo*—Ghosts—The Lady's Library—Lion by Trade a Taylor—Dromedary called *Bucephalus*—Equipage the Lady's *summum bonum*—*Charles Lillie* to be taken notice of²—Short Face a Relief to

¹ *Lloyd's Coffee House* was first established in Lombard Street, at the corner of Abchurch Lane. Pains were taken to get early Ship news at *Lloyd's*, and the house was used by underwriters and insurers of Ships' cargoes. It was found also to be a convenient place for sales. A poem called *The Wealthy Shopkeeper*, printed in 1700, says of him,

Now to *Lloyd's* Coffee-house he never fails,
To read the Letters, and attend the Sales.

It was afterwards removed to *Pope's Head Alley*, as 'the New *Lloyd's* Coffee House;' again removed in 1774 to a corner of the Old Royal Exchange; and in the building of the new Exchange was provided with the rooms now known as '*Lloyd's* Subscription Rooms,' an institution which forms part of our commercial system.

² *Charles Lillie*, the perfumer in the Strand, at the corner of *Beaufort Buildings*—where the business of a perfumer is at this day carried on—appears in the 16th, 18th, and subsequent numbers of the *Spectator*, together with Mrs. *Baldwin* of *Warwick Lane*, as a chief agent for the sale of the Paper. To the line which had run 'LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in '*Little Britain*;' and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in '*Warwick-Lane*;' where Advertisements are 'taken in;' there was then appended: 'as also by '*Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of

Envy—Redundancies in the three Professions—King *Latinus* a Recruit—Jew devouring an Ham of Bacon—*Westminster Abbey*—*Grand Cairo*—Procrastination—*April Fools*—Blue Boars, Red Lions, Hogs in Armour—Enter a King and two Fiddlers *solus*—Admission into the Ugly Club—Beauty, how improveable—Families of true and false Humour—The Parrot's School-Mistress—Face half *Pict* half *British*—no Man to be an Hero of Tragedy under Six foot—Club of Sighers—Letters from Flower-Pots, Elbow-Chairs, Tapestry-Figures, Lion, Thunder—The Bell rings to the Puppet-Show—Old-Woman with a Beard married to a smock-faced Boy—My next Coat to be turned up with Blue—Fable of Tongs and Gridiron—Flower Dyers—The Soldier's Prayer—Thank ye for nothing, says the Gally-Pot—*Pactolus* in Stockings, with golden Clocks to them—Bamboos, Cudgels, Drumsticks—Slip of my Landlady's eldest Daughter—The black Mare with a Star in her Forehead—The Barber's Pole—*WILL. HONEYCOMB's* Coat-pocket—*Cæsar's* Behaviour and my own in Parallel Circumstances—Poem in Patch-work—*Nulli gravis est percussus Achilles*—The Female Conventicler—The Ogle Master.

The reading of this Paper made the whole Coffee-house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a Madman, and others by some Body that had been taking Notes out of the *Spectator*. One who had the Appearance of a very substantial Citizen, told us, with several politick Winks and Nods, that he wished there was no more in the Paper than what was expressed in it: That for his part, he looked upon the Dromedary, the Gridiron, and the Barber's Pole, to signify something more than what is usually meant by those Words; and that he thought the Coffee-man could not do better than to carry the Paper to one of the Secretaries of State. He further added, that he did not like the Name of the outlandish Man with the golden Clock in his Stockings. A young [*Oxford Scholar*], who chanced to be with his Uncle at the Coffee-house, discover'd to us who this *Pactolus* was; and by that means turned the whole Scheme of this worthy Citizen into Ridicule. While they were making their several Conjectures upon this innocent Paper, I reach'd out my Arm to the Boy, as he was coming out of the Pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon me; but after having cast a cursory Glance over it, and shook my Head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of Match, and lit my Pipe with it. My profound Silence, together with the Steadiness of my Countenance, and the Gravity of my Behaviour during this whole Transaction, raised a very loud Laugh on all Sides of me; but as I had escaped all Suspicion of being the Author, I was very well satisfied, and applying myself to

'*Beaufort-Buildings* in the Strand.' Nine other agents, of whom complete sets could be had, were occasionally set forth together with these two in an advertisement; but only these are in the colophon.

[¹ Oxonian]

my Pipe, and the *Post-man*, took no [further] Notice of any thing that passed about me.

My Reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the Contents of the foregoing Paper; and will easily Suppose, that those Subjects which are yet untouched were such Provisions as I had made for his future Entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this Accident, I shall only give him the Letters which relate to the two last Hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many a Husband who suffers very much in his private Affairs by the indiscreet Zeal of such a Partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous Inscription quoted by the Bishop of *Salisbury* in his Travels;¹ *Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia.*

SIR,

'I am one of those unhappy Men that are plagued with a Gospel-Gossip, so common among Dissenters (especially Friends). Lectures in the Morning, Church-Meetings at Noon, and Preparation Sermons at Night, take up so much of her Time, 'tis very rare she knows what we have for Dinner, unless when the Preacher is to be at it. With him come a Tribe, all Brothers and Sisters it seems; while others, really such, are deemed no Relations. If at any time I have her Company alone, she is a meer Sermon Popgun, repeating and discharging Texts, Proofs, and Applications so perpetually, that however weary I may go to bed, the Noise in my Head will not let me sleep till towards Morning. The Misery of my Case, and great Numbers of such Sufferers, plead your Pity and speedy Relief, otherwise must expect, in a little time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed into Want, unless the Happiness of being sooner talked to Death prevent it.

I am, &c.

R. G.

¹ Gilbert Burnet, author of the 'History of the Reformation,' and 'History of his own Time,' was Bishop of Salisbury from 1689 to his death in 1715. Addison here quotes—'Some Letters containing an Account of what seemed most remarkable in Travelling through Switzerland, Italy, some parts of Germany, &c., in the Years 1685 and 1686. Written by G. Burnet, D.D., to the Honourable R. B.' In the first letter, which is from Zurich, Dr. Burnet speaks of many Inscriptions at Lyons of the late and barbarous ages, as *Bonum Memoriam*, and *Epitaphium hunc*. Of 23 Inscriptions in the Garden of the Fathers of Mercy, he quotes one which 'must be towards the barbarous age, as appears by the false Latin in *Nimia*.' He quotes it because he has 'made a little reflection on it,' which is, that its subject, *Sutia Anthis*, to whose memory her husband *Cecilius Calistis* dedicates the inscription which says 'quædum *Nimia pia fuit, facta est Impia*' (who while she was too pious, was made impious), must have been publicly accused of Impiety, or her husband would not have recorded it in such a manner; that to the Pagans Christianity was Atheism and Impiety; and that here, therefore, is a Pagan husband's testimony to the better faith, that the Piety of his wife made her a Christian.

The second Letter relating to the Ogling Master, runs thus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am an *Irish* Gentleman, that have travelled many Years for my Improvement; during which time I have accomplished myself in the whole Art of Ogling, as it is at present practised in all the polite Nations of *Europe*. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the Advice of my Friends, to set up for an Ogling-Master. I teach the Church Ogle in the Morning, and the Play-house Ogle by Candle-light. I have also brought over with me a new flying Ogle fit for the Ring; which I teach in the Dusk of the Evening, or in any Hour of the Day by darkning one of my Windows. I have a Manuscript by me called *The Compleat Ogler*, which I shall be ready to show you upon any Occasion. In the mean time, I beg you will publish the Substance of this Letter in an Advertisement, and you will very much oblige,

Yours, &c.

No. 47.] Tuesday, April 24, 1711. [Addison.

Ride si sapi—.—Mart.

MR. Hobbs, in his Discourse of Human Nature,¹ which, in my humble Opinion, is much the best of all his Works, after some very curious Observations upon Laughter, concludes thus: 'The Passion of Laughter is nothing else but sudden Glory arising from some sudden Conception of some Eminency in ourselves by Comparison with the Infirmary of others, or with our own formerly: For Men laugh at the Follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to Remembrance, except they bring with them any present Dishonour.

According to this Author, therefore, when we hear a Man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very Merry, we ought to tell him he is very Proud. And, indeed, if we look into the bottom of this Matter, we shall meet with many Observations to confirm us in his Opinion. Every one laughs at some Body that is in an inferior State of Folly to himself. It was formerly the Custom for every great House in *England* to keep a tame Fool dressed in Petticoats, that the Heir of the Family might have an Opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting himself with his Absurdities. For the same Reason Idiots are still in Request in most of the Courts of *Germany*, where there is not a Prince of any great Magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed Fools in his Retinue, whom the rest of the Courtiers are always breaking their Jest upon.

The *Dutch*, who are more famous for their Industry and Application, than for Wit and Humour, hang up in several of their Streets what they

¹ Chap. ix. § 13. Thomas Hobbes's 'Human Nature' was published in 1650. He died in 1679, aged 91.

call the Sign of the *Gaper*, that is, the Head of an Idiot dressed in a Cap and Bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner: This is a standing Jest at *Amsterdam*.

Thus every one diverts himself with some Person or other that is below him in Point of Understanding, and triumphs in the Superiority of his Genius, whilst he has such Objects of Derision before his Eyes. Mr. *Dennis* has very well expressed this in a Couple of humorous Lines, which are part of a Translation of a Satire in Monsieur *Boileau*.¹

*Thus one Fool lolls his Tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty Noddle at his Brother.*

Mr. *Hobbs's* Reflection gives us the Reason why the insignificant People above-mentioned are Stirrers up of Laughter among Men of a gross Taste: But as the more understanding Part of Mankind do not find their Risibility affected by such ordinary Objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several Provocatives of Laughter in Men of superior Sense and Knowledge.

In the first Place I must observe, that there is a Set of merry Drolls, whom the common People of all Countries admire, and seem to love so well, that they could eat them, according to the old Proverb: I mean those circumforaneous Wits whom every Nation calls by the Name of that Dish of Meat which it loves best. In *Holland* they are termed *Pickled Herrings*; in *France*, *Jean Pottages*; in *Italy*, *Maccaronies*; and in *Great Britain*, *Jack Puddings*. These merry Wags, from whatsoever Food they receive their Titles, that they may make their Audiences laugh, always appear in a Fool's Coat, and commit such Blunders and Mistakes in every Step they take, and every Word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little Triumph of the Understanding, under the Disguise of Laughter, is no where more visible than in that Custom which prevails every where among us on the first Day of the present Month, when every Body takes it in his Head to make as many Fools as he can. In proportion as there are more Follies discovered, so there is more Laughter raised on this Day than on any other in the whole Year. A Neighbour of mine, who is a Haberdasher by Trade, and a very shallow conceited Fellow, makes his Boasts that for these ten Years successively he has not made less than an hundred *April Fools*. My Landlady had a falling out with him about a Fortnight ago, for sending every one of her Children upon some *Sleeveless Errand*, as she terms it. Her eldest Son went to buy an Half-penny worth of Inkle at a Shoemaker's; the eldest Daughter was dispatch'd half a Mile to see a Monster; and, in short, the whole Family of innocent Children made *April Fools*. Nay, my Landlady herself did not escape him. This empty Fellow has laughed upon these Conceits ever since.

This Art of Wit is well enough, when confined

¹ *Boileau's* 4th satire. *John Dennis* was at this time a leading critic of the French school, to whom *Pope* afterwards attached lasting ridicule. He died in 1734, aged 77.

to one Day in a Twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious Tribe of Men sprung up of late Years, who are for making *April Fools* every Day in the Year. These Gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the Name of *Biters*; a Race of Men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those Mistakes which are of their own Production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one Man is more refined than another, he chooses his Fool out of a lower or higher Class of Mankind: or, to speak in a more Philosophical Language, That secret Elation and Pride of Heart, which is generally called Laughter, arises in him from his comparing himself with an Object below him, whether it so happens that it be a Natural or an Artificial Fool. It is indeed very possible, that the Persons we laugh at may in the main of their Characters be much wiser Men than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those Respects which stir up this Passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too Abstracted in my Speculations, if I shew that when a Man of Wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some Oddness or Infirmary in his own Character, or in the Representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a Brute or even [at] an inanimate thing, it is at some Action or Incident that bears a remote Analogy to any Blunder or Absurdity in reasonable Creatures.

But to come into common Life: I shall pass by the Consideration of those Stage Coxcombs that are able to shake a whole Audience, and take notice of a particular sort of Men who are such Provokers of Mirth in Conversation, that it is impossible for a Club or Merry-meeting to subsist without them; I mean, those honest Gentlemen that are always exposed to the Wit and Raillery of their Well-wishers and Companions; that are pelted by Men, Women, and Children, Friends and Foes, and, in a word, stand as *Butts* in Conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these *Butts*, who are Men of Wit and Sense, though by some odd Turn of Humour, some unlucky Cast in their Person or Behaviour, they have always the Misfortune to make the Company merry. The Truth of it is, a Man is not qualified for a *Butt*, who has not a good deal of Wit and Vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his Character. A stupid *Butt* is only fit for the Conversation of ordinary People: Men of Wit require one that will give them Play, and bestir himself in the absurd Part of his Behaviour. A *Butt* with these Accomplishments frequently gets the Laugh of his side, and turns the Ridicule upon him that attacks him. *Sir John Falstaff* was an Hero of this Species, and gives a good Description of himself in his Capacity of a *Butt*, after the following manner; *Men of all Sorts* (says that merry Knight) *take a pride to gird at me. The Brain of Man is not able to invent any thing that tends to Laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only Witty in my self, but the Cause that Wit is in other Men.*¹

C.

¹ *Henry IV.* Part II. Act I. § 2.

No. 48.] *Wednesday, April 25, 1711.* [Steele.

—Per multas aditum sibi sæpe figuras
Repperit.—Ovid.

MY Correspondents take it ill if I do not, from Time to Time let them know I have received their Letters. The most effectual Way will be to publish some of them that are upon important Subjects; which I shall introduce with a Letter of my own that I writ a Fortnight ago to a Fraternity who thought fit to make me an honorary Member.

To the President and Fellows of the *Ugly Club*.

May it please your Deformities,

I Have received the Notification of the Honour you have done me, in admitting me into your Society. I acknowledge my Want of Merit, and for that Reason shall endeavour at all Times to make up my own Failures, by introducing and recommending to the Club Persons of more undoubted Qualifications than I can pretend to. I shall next Week come down in the Stage-Coach, in order to take my Seat at the Board; and shall bring with me a Candidate of each Sex. The Persons I shall present to you, are an old Beau and a modern *Pict*. If they are not so eminently gifted by Nature as our Assembly expects, give me Leave to say their acquired Ugliness is greater than any that has ever appeared before you. The Beau has varied his Dress every Day of his Life for these thirty Years last past, and still added to the Deformity he was born with. The *Pict* has still greater Merit towards us; and has, ever since she came to Years of Discretion, deserted the handsome Party, and taken all possible Pains to acquire the Face in which I shall present her to your Consideration and Favour.

I am,
Gentlemen,
Your most obliged
Humble Servant,
The SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

April 17.
TO shew you there are among us of the vain weak Sex, some that have Honesty and Fortitude enough to dare to be ugly, and willing to be thought so; I apply myself to you, to beg your Interest and Recommendation to the *Ugly Club*. If my own Word will not be taken, (tho' in this Case a Woman's may) I can bring credible Witness of my Qualifications for their Company, whether they insist upon Hair, Forehead, Eyes, Cheeks, or Chin; to which I must add, that I find it easier to lean to my left Side than my right. I hope I am in all respects agreeable: And for Humour and Mirth, I'll keep up to the President himself. All the Favour I'll pretend to is, that as I am the first Woman has appeared desirous of good Company and agreeable Conversation, I may take and keep the upper End of the Table. And indeed I think they want a Carver, which I can be after as ugly a Manner as they can wish. I desire your Thoughts of my Claim as soon as you can. Add to my Features

'the Length of my Face, which is full half Yard; tho' I never knew the Reason of it till you gave one for the Shortness of yours. If I knew a Name ugly enough to belong to the above-described Face, I would feign one; but, to my unspeakable Misfortune, my Name is the only disagreeable Prettiness about me; so prithee make one for me that signifies all the Deformity in the World: You understand *Latin*, but be sure bring it in with my being in the Sincerity of my Heart,

Your most frightful Admirer,
and Servant,
Hecatissa.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Read your Discourse upon Affectation, and from the Remarks made in it examined my own Heart so strictly, that I thought I had found out its most secret Avenues, with a Resolution to be aware of you for the future. But alas! to my Sorrow I now understand, that I have several Follies which I do not know the Root of. I am an old Fellow, and extremely troubled with the Gout; but having always a strong Vanity towards being pleasing in the Eyes of Women, I never have a Moment's Ease, but I am mounted in high-heel'd Shoes with a glazed Wax-leather Instep. Two Days after a severe Fit I was invited to a Friend's House in the City, where I believed I should see Ladies; and with my usual Complaisance crippled myself to wait upon them: A very sumptuous Table, agreeable Company, and kind Reception, were but so many importunate Additions to the Torment I was in. A Gentleman of the Family observed my Condition; and soon after the Queen's Health, he, in the Presence of the whole Company, with his own Hand degraded me into an old Pair of his own Shoes. This operation, before fine Ladies, to me (who am by Nature a Coxcomb) was suffered with the same Reluctance as they admit the Help of Men in their greatest Extremity. The Return of Ease made me forgive the rough Obligation laid upon me, which at that time relieved my Body from a Distemper, and will my Mind for ever from a Folly. For the Charity received I return my Thanks this Way.

Your most humble Servant.

SIR,

Epping, April 18.

We have your Papers here the Morning they come out, and we have been very well entertained with your last, upon the false Ornaments of Persons who represent Heroes in a Tragedy. What made your Speculation come very seasonably amongst us is, that we have now at this Place a Company of Strollers, who are very far from offending in the impertinent Splendor of the Drama. They are so far from falling into these false Gallantries, that the Stage is here in its Original Situation of a Cart. *Alexander the Great* was acted by a Fellow in a Paper Cravat. The next Day, the Earl of *Essex*¹ seemed to have no Distress but his Poverty: And my Lord

¹ In *The Unhappy Favourite*, or the Earl of Essex, a Tragedy by John Banks, first acted in 1682.

'*Foppington*¹ the same Morning wanted any better means to shew himself a Fop, than by wearing Stockings of different Colours. In a Word, tho' they have had a full Barn for many Days together, our Itinerants are still so wretchedly poor, that without you can prevail to send us the Furniture you forbid at the Play-house, the Heroes appear only like sturdy Beggars, and the Heroines Gipsies. We have had but one Part which was performed and dressed with Propriety, and that was Justice *Clodpate*:² This was so well done that it offended Mr. Justice *Overdo*,³ who, in the midst of our whole Audience, was (like *Quixote* in the Puppet-Show) so highly provok'd, that he told them, If they would move Compassion, it should be in their own Persons, and not in the Characters of distressed Princes and Potentates: He told them, If they were so good at finding the way to People's Hearts, they should do it at the End of Bridges or Church-Porches, in their proper Vocation of Beggars. This, the Justice says, they must expect, since they could not be contented to act Heathen Warriors, and such Fellows as *Alexander*, but must presume to make a Mockery of one of the *Quorum*.

R.

Your Servant.

No. 49.] Thursday, April 26, 1711. [Steele.

—*Hominem pagina nostra sapit.*—Mart.

IT is very natural for a Man who is not turned for Mirthful Meetings of Men, or Assemblies of the fair Sex, to delight in that sort of Conversation which we find in Coffee-houses. Here a Man, of my Temper, is in his Element; for if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his Company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only an Hearer. It is a Secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the Conduct of Life, that when you fall into a Man's Conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater Inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general Desire, and I know very able Flatterers that never speak a Word in Praise of the Persons from whom they obtain daily Favours, but still practise a skilful Attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very Curious to observe the Behaviour of Great Men and their Clients; but the same Passions and Interests move Men in lower Spheres; and I (that have nothing else to do but make Observations) see in every Parish, Street, Lane, and Alley of this Populous City, a little Potentate that has his

¹ Lord Foppington is in Colley Cibber's *Careless Husband*, first acted in 1704.

² Justice Clodpate is in Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*, first acted in 1676.

³ Adam Overdo is the Justice of the Peace, who in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* goes disguised 'for the good of the Republic in the Fair and the weeding out of enormity.'

Court, and his Flatterers who lay Snares for his Affection and Favour, by the same Arts that are practised upon Men in higher Stations.

In the Place I most usually frequent, Men differ rather in the Time of Day in which they make a Figure, than in any real Greatness above one another. I, who am at the Coffee-house at Six in a Morning, know that my Friend *Beaver* the Haberdasher has a Levy of more undissembled Friends and Admirers, than most of the Courtiers or Generals of *Great-Britain*. Every Man about him has, perhaps, a News-Paper in his Hand; but none can pretend to guess what Step will be taken in any one Court of *Europe*, till Mr. *Beaver* has thrown down his Pipe, and declares what Measures the Allies must enter into upon this new Posture of Affairs. Our Coffee-house is near one of the Inns of Court, and *Beaver* has the Audience and Admiration of his Neighbours from Six till within a Quarter of Eight, at which time he is interrupted by the Students of the House; some of whom are ready dress'd for *Westminster*, at Eight in a Morning, with Faces as busie as if they were retained in every Cause there; and others come in their Night-Gowns to saunter away their Time, as if they never designed to go thither. I do not know that I meet, in any of my Walks, Objects which move both my Spleen and Laughter so effectually, as these young Fellows at the *Grecian*, *Squire's*, *Serle's*,¹ and all other Coffee-houses adjacent to the Law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their Laziness. One would think these young *Virtuoso's* take a gay Cap and Slippers, with a Scarf and Party-coloured Gown, to be Ensigns of Dignity; for the vain Things approach each other with an Air, which shews they regard one another for their Vestments. I have observed, that the Superiority among these proceeds from an Opinion of Gallantry and Fashion: The Gentleman in the Strawberry Sash, who presides so much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every Opera this last Winter, and is supposed to receive Favours from one of the Actresses.

When the Day grows too busie for these Gentlemen to enjoy any longer the Pleasures of their *Deshabilé*, with any manner of Confidence, they give place to Men who have Business or good Sense in their Faces, and come to the Coffee-house either to transact Affairs or enjoy Conversation. The Persons to whose Behaviour and Discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of Men: Such as have not Spirits too Active to be happy and well pleased in a private Condition, nor Complexions too warm to make them neglect the Duties and Relations of Life. Of these sort of Men consist the

¹ The *Grecian* (see note, p. 4) was by the Temple; *Squire's*, by Gray's Inn; *Serle's*, by Lincoln's Inn. *Squire's*, a roomy, red-brick house, adjoined the gate of Gray's Inn, in Fulwood's Rents, Holborn, then leading to Gray's Inn Walks, which lay open to the country. *Squire*, the establisher of this coffee-house, died in 1717. *Serle's* was near Will's, which stood at the corner of Serle Street and Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn.

worthier Part of Mankind ; of these are all good Fathers, generous Brothers, sincere Friends, and faithful Subjects. Their Entertainments are derived rather from Reason than Imagination : Which is the Cause that there is no Impatience or Instability in their Speech or Action. You see in their Countenances they are at home, and in quiet Possession of the present Instant, as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any Passion, or prosecuting any new Design. These are the Men formed for Society, and those little Communities which we express by the Word *Neighbourhoods*.

The Coffee-house is the Place of Rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary Life. *Eubulus* presides over the middle Hours of the Day, when this Assembly of Men meet together. He enjoys a great Fortune handsomely, without launching into Expence ; and exerts many noble and useful Qualities, without appearing in any publick Employment. His Wisdom and Knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them ; and he does the office of a Council, a Judge, an Executor, and a Friend to all his Acquaintance, not only without the Profits which attend such Offices, but also without the Deference and Homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of Thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest Gratitude you can shew him is to let him see you are the better Man for his Services ; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

In the private Exigencies of his Friends he lends, at legal Value, considerable Sums, which he might highly increase by rolling in the Publick Stocks. He does not consider in whose Hands his Mony will improve most, but where it will do most Good.

Eubulus has so great an Authority in his little Diurnal Audience, that when he shakes his Head at any Piece of publick News, they all of them appear dejected ; and on the contrary, go home to their Dinners with a good Stomach and cheerful Aspect, when *Eubulus* seems to intimate that Things go well. Nay, their Veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other Company they speak and act after him ; are Wise in his Sentences, and are no sooner sat down at their own Tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond as they saw him do at the Coffee-house. In a word, every Man is *Eubulus* as soon as his Back is turned.

Having here given an Account of the several Reigns that succeed each other from Day-break till Dinner-time, I shall mention the Monarchs of the Afternoon on another Occasion, and shut up the whole Series of them with the History of *Tom* the Tyrant ; who, as first Minister of the Coffee-house, takes the Government upon him between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve at Night, and gives his Orders in the most Arbitrary manner to the Servants below him, as to the Disposition of Liquors, Coal and Cinders. R.

No. 50.] Friday, April 27, 1711.¹ [Addison.

Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia dixit.
Juv.

WHEN the four *Indian* Kings were in this Country about a Twelvemonth ago,² I often mixed with the Rabble, and followed them a whole Day together, being wonderfully struck with the Sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their Departure, employed a Friend to make many Inquiries of their Landlord the Upholsterer, relating to their Manners and Conversation, as also concerning the Remarks which they made in this Country : For, next to the forming a right Notion of such Strangers, I should be desirous of learning what Ideas they have conceived of us.

The Upholsterer finding my Friend very inquisitive about these his Lodgers, brought him some time since a little Bundle of Papers, which he assured him were written by King *Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow*, and, as he supposes, left behind by some Mistake. These Papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd Observations, which I find this little Fraternity of Kings made during their Stay in the Isle of *Great Britain*. I shall present my Reader with a short Specimen of them in this Paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the Article of *London* are the following Words, which without doubt are meant of the Church of *St. Paul*.

'On the most rising Part of the Town there stands a huge House, big enough to contain the whole Nation of which I am King. Our good Brother *E Tow O Koam*, King of the *Rivers*, is of opinion it was made by the Hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The Kings of *Granajah* and of the *Six Nations* believe that it was created with the Earth, and produced on the same Day with the Sun and Moon. But for my own Part, by the best Information that I

¹ Swift writes to Stella, in his Journal, 28th April, 1711—'The SPECTATOR is written by Steele, with Addison's help ; 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his Tatlers, about an Indian, supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too ; but I never see him or Addison.' The paper, it will be noticed, was not written by Steele.

² The four kings *Te Yee Neen Ho Ga Prow*, *Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow*, *E Tow O Koam*, and *Oh Nee Yeath Ton Now Prow*, were chiefs of the Iroquois Indians who had been persuaded by adjacent British colonists to come and pay their respects to Queen Anne, and see for themselves the untruth of the assertion made among them by the Jesuits, that the English and all other nations were vassals to the French king. They were said also to have been told that the Saviour was born in France and crucified in England.

‘could get of this Matter, I am apt to think that
 ‘this prodigious Pile was fashioned into the Shape
 ‘it now bears by several Tools and Instruments
 ‘of which they have a wonderful Variety in this
 ‘Country. It was probably at first an huge mis-
 ‘shapen Rock that grew upon the Top of the Hill,
 ‘which the Natives of the Country (after having
 ‘cut it into a kind of regular Figure) bored and
 ‘hollowed with incredible Pains and Industry,
 ‘till they had wrought in it all those beautiful
 ‘Vaults and Caverns into which it is divided at
 ‘this Day. As soon as this Rock was thus
 ‘curiously scooped to their Liking, a prodigious
 ‘Number of Hands must have been employed in
 ‘chipping the Outside of it, which is now as
 ‘smooth as [the Surface of a Pebble;¹] and is in
 ‘several Places hewn out into Pillars that stand
 ‘like the Trunks of so many Trees bound about
 ‘the Top with Garlands of Leaves. It is pro-
 ‘bable that when this great Work was begun,
 ‘which must have been many Hundred Years
 ‘ago, there was some Religion among this People;
 ‘for they give it the Name of a Temple, and have
 ‘a Tradition that it was designed for Men to pay
 ‘their Devotions in. And indeed, there are
 ‘several Reasons which make us think that the
 ‘Natives of this Country had formerly among
 ‘them some sort of Worship; for they set apart
 ‘every seventh Day as sacred: But upon my
 ‘going into one of [these²] holy Houses on that
 ‘Day, I could not observe any Circumstance of
 ‘Devotion in their Behaviour: There was indeed
 ‘a Man in Black who was mounted above the
 ‘rest, and seemed to utter something with a great
 ‘deal of Vehemence; but as for those underneath
 ‘him, instead of paying their Worship to the
 ‘Deity of the Place, they were most of them bow-
 ‘ing and curtisying to one another, and a con-
 ‘siderable Number of them fast asleep.

‘The Queen of the Country appointed two Men
 ‘to attend us, that had enough of our Language
 ‘to make themselves understood in some few
 ‘Particulars. But we soon perceived these two
 ‘were great Enemies to one another, and did not
 ‘always agree in the same Story. We could
 ‘make a Shift to gather out of one of them, that
 ‘this Island was very much infested with a mon-
 ‘strous Kind of Animals, in the Shape of Men,
 ‘called *Whigs*; and he often told us, that he
 ‘hoped we should meet with none of them in our
 ‘Way, for that if we did, they would be apt to
 ‘knock us down for being Kings.

‘Our other Interpreter used to talk very much
 ‘of a kind of Animal called a *Tory*, that was as
 ‘great a Monster as the *Whig*, and would treat
 ‘us as ill for being Foreigners. These two Crea-
 ‘tures, it seems, are born with a secret Antipathy
 ‘to one another, and engage when they meet as
 ‘naturally as the Elephant and the Rhinoceros.
 ‘But as we saw none of either of these Species,
 ‘we are apt to think that our Guides deceived us
 ‘with Misrepresentations and Fictions, and amused
 ‘us with an Account of such Monsters as are not
 ‘really in their Country.

‘These Particulars we made a shift to pick out

¹ [polished Marble]

² [those]

‘from the Discourse of our Interpreters; which
 ‘we put together as well as we could, being able
 ‘to understand but here and there a Word of
 ‘what they said, and afterwards making up the
 ‘Meaning of it among ourselves. The Men of
 ‘the Country are very cunning and ingenious in
 ‘handicraft Works; but withal so very idle, that
 ‘we often saw young lusty raw-boned Fellows
 ‘carried up and down the Streets in little covered
 ‘Rooms by a Couple of Porters, who are hired for
 ‘that Service. Their Dress is likewise very bar-
 ‘barous, for they almost strangle themselves
 ‘about the Neck, and bind their Bodies with
 ‘many Ligatures, that we are apt to think are the
 ‘Occasion of several Distempers among them
 ‘which our Country is entirely free from. Instead
 ‘of those beautiful Feathers with which we adorn
 ‘our Heads, they often buy up a monstrous Bush
 ‘of Hair, which covers their Heads, and falls
 ‘down in a large Fleece below the Middle of
 ‘their Backs; with which they walk up and down
 ‘the Streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of
 ‘their own growth.

‘We were invited to one of their publick Diver-
 ‘sions, where we hoped to have seen the great
 ‘Men of their Country running down a Stag or
 ‘pitching a Bar, that we might have discovered
 ‘who were the [Persons of the greatest Abilities
 ‘among them;¹] but instead of that, they con-
 ‘veyed us into a huge Room lighted up with
 ‘abundance of Candles, where this lazy People
 ‘sat still above three Hours to see several Feats
 ‘of Ingenuity performed by others, who it seems
 ‘were paid for it.

‘As for the Women of the Country, not being
 ‘able to talk with them, we could only make our
 ‘Remarks upon them at a Distance. They let the
 ‘Hair of their Heads grow to a great Length;
 ‘but as the Men make a great Show with Heads
 ‘of Hair that are not of their own, the Women,
 ‘who they say have very fine Heads of Hair, tie
 ‘it up in a Knot, and cover it from being seen.
 ‘The Women look like Angels, and would be
 ‘more beautiful than the Sun, were it not for little
 ‘black Spots that are apt to break out in their
 ‘Faces, and sometimes rise in very odd Figures.
 ‘I have observed that those little Blemishes wear
 ‘off very soon; but when they disappear in one
 ‘Part of the Face, they are very apt to break out
 ‘in another, insomuch that I have seen a Spot
 ‘upon the Forehead in the Afternoon, which was
 ‘upon the Chin in the Morning.²

The Author then proceeds to shew the Ab-
 ‘surdity of Breeches and Petticoats, with many
 ‘other curious Observations, which I shall reserve
 ‘for another Occasion. I cannot however conclude
 ‘this Paper without taking notice, That amidst
 ‘these wild Remarks there now and then appears

¹ [Men of the greatest Perfections in their Country]

² There was, among other fancies, a patch cut
 to the pattern of a coach and horses. Suckling, in
 verses ‘upon the Black Spots worn by my Lady
 D. E.’ had called them her

— *Mourning weeds for Hearts forlorn,
 Which, though you must not love, you could not
 scorn.*

something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, That we are all guilty in some Measure of the same narrow way of Thinking, which we meet with in this Abstract of the *Indian Journal*; when we fancy the Customs, Dress, and Manners of other Countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own.

C.

No. 51.] Saturday, April 28, 1711. [Steele.

Torquet ab Obscenis jam nunc Sermonibus Aurem.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
 MY Fortune, Quality, and Person are such as render me as Conspicuous as any Young Woman in Town. It is in my Power to enjoy it in all its Vanities, but I have, from a very careful Education, contracted a great Aversion to the forward Air and Fashion which is practised in all Publick Places and Assemblies. I attribute this very much to the Stile and Manners of our Plays: I was last Night at the *Funeral*, where a Confident Lover in the Play, speaking of his Mistress, cries out—*Oh that Harriot! to fold these Arms about the Waste of that Beauteous struggling, and at last yielding Fair!*¹ Such an Image as this ought, by no means, to be presented to a Chaste and Regular Audience. I expect your Opinion of this Sentence, and recommend to your Consideration, as a SPECTATOR, the conduct of the Stage at present with Relation to Chastity and Modesty.

I am, SIR,
 Your Constant Reader
 and Well-wisher.

The Complaint of this Young Lady is so just, that the Offence is [great²] enough to have displeased Persons who cannot pretend to that Delicacy and Modesty, of which she is Mistress. But there is a great deal to be said in Behalf of an Author: If the Audience would but consider the

¹ The Play is by Steele himself, the writer of this Essay. Steele's Plays were as pure as his *Spectator* Essays, absolutely discarding the customary way of enforcing feeble dialogues by the spurious force of oaths, and aiming at a wholesome influence upon his audience. The passage here recanted was a climax of passion in one of the lovers of two sisters, Act II., sc. 1, and was thus retrenched in subsequent editions:

Campley. 'Oh that Harriot! to embrace that beauteous—'

Lord Hardy. 'Ay, Tom; but methinks your Head runs too much on the Wedding Night only, to make your Happiness lasting; mine is fixt on the married State; I expect my Felicity from Lady Sharlot, in her Friendship, her Constancy, her Piety, her household Cares, her maternal Tenderness—You think not of any excellence of your Mistress that is more than skin deep.'

² [gross]

Difficulty of keeping up a sprightly Dialogue for five Acts together, they would allow a Writer, when he wants Wit, and can't please any otherwise, to help it out with a little Smuttiness. I will answer for the Poets, that no one ever writ Bawdy for any other Reason but Dearth of Invention. When the Author cannot strike out of himself any more of that which he has superior to those who make up the Bulk of his Audience, his natural Recourse is to that which he has in common with them; and a Description which gratifies a sensual Appetite will please, when the Author has nothing [about him to delight¹] a refined Imagination. It is to such a Poverty we must impute this and all other Sentences in Plays, which are of this Kind, and which are commonly termed Luscious Expressions.

This Expedient, to supply the Deficiencies of Wit, has been used more or less, by most of the Authors who have succeeded on the Stage; tho' I know but one who has professedly writ a Play upon the Basis of the Desire of Multiplying our Species, and that is the Polite Sir *George Etheridge*; if I understand what the Lady would be at, in the Play called *She would if She could*. Other Poets have, here and there, given an Intimation that there is this Design, under all the Disguises and Affectations which a Lady may put on; but no Author, except this, has made sure Work of it, and put the Imaginations of the Audience upon this one Purpose, from the Beginning to the End of the Comedy. It has always fared accordingly; for whether it be, that all who go to this Piece would if they could, or that the Innocents go to it, to guess only what *She would if She could*, the Play has always been well received.

It lifts an heavy empty Sentence, when there is added to it a lascivious Gesture of Body; and when it is too low to be raised even by that, a flat Meaning is enlivened by making it a double one. Writers, who want *Genius*, never fail of keeping this Secret in reserve, to create a Laugh, or raise a Clap. I, who know nothing of Women but from seeing Plays, can give great Guesses at the whole Structure of the fair Sex, by being innocently placed in the Pit, and insulted by the Petticoats of their Dancers; the Advantages of whose pretty Persons are a great Help to a dull Play. When a Poet flags in writing Lusciously, a pretty Girl can move Lasciviously, and have the same good Consequence for the Author. Dull Poets in this Case use their Audiences, as dull Parasites do their Patrons; when they cannot longer divert [them²] with their Wit or Humour, they bait [their³] Ears with something which is agreeable to [their⁴] Temper, though below [their⁵] Understanding. *Apicius* cannot resist being pleased, if you give him an Account of a delicious Meal; or *Clodius*, if you describe a Wanton Beauty: Tho' at the same time, if you do not awake those Inclinations in them, no Men are better Judges of what is just and delicate in Conversation. But as I have before observed, it is easier to talk to the Man, than to the Man of Sense.

¹ [else to gratifie]

³ [his]

⁴ [his]

² [him]

⁵ [his]

It is remarkable, that the Writers of least Learning are best skilled in the luscious Way. The Poetesses of the Age have done Wonders in this kind; and we are obliged to the Lady who writ *Ibrahim*,¹ for introducing a preparatory Scene to the very Action, when the Emperor throws his Handkerchief as a Signal for his Mistress to follow him into the most retired Part of the Seraglio. It must be confessed his *Turkish Majesty* went off with a good Air, but, methought, we made but a sad Figure who waited without. This ingenious Gentlewoman, in this piece of Bawdry, refined upon an Author of the same Sex,² who, in the *Rover*, makes a Country Squire strip to his Holland Drawers. For *Blunt* is disappointed, and the Emperor is understood to go on to the utmost. The Pleasantry of stripping almost Naked has been since practised (where indeed it should have begun) very successfully at *Bartholomew Fair*.

It is not here to be omitted, that in one of the above-mentioned Female Compositions, the *Rover* is very frequently sent on the same Errand; as I take it, above once every Act. This is not wholly unnatural; for, they say, the Men-Authors draw themselves in their chief Characters, and the Women-Writers may be allowed the same Liberty. Thus, as the Male Wit gives his Hero a [good] Fortune, the Female gives her Heroine a great Gallant, at the End of the Play. But, indeed, there is hardly a Play one can go to, but the Hero or fine Gentleman of it struts off upon the same account, and leaves us to consider what good Office he has put us to, or to employ our selves as we please. To be plain, a Man who frequents Plays would have a very respectful Notion of himself, were he to recollect how often he has been used as a Pimp to ravishing Tyrants, or successful Rakes. When the Actors make their *Exit* on this good Occasion, the Ladies are sure to have an examining Glance from the Pit, to see how they relish what passes; and a few lewd Fools are very ready to employ their Talents upon the Composure or Freedom of their Looks. Such Incidents as these make some Ladies wholly absent themselves from the Play-House; and others never miss the first Day of a Play, lest it should prove too luscious to admit their going with any Countenance to it on the second.

If Men of Wit, who think fit to write for the Stage, instead of this pitiful way of giving Delight, would turn their Thoughts upon raising it from good natural Impulses as are in the Audience, but are choaked up by Vice and Luxury, they would not only please, but befriend us at the same time. If a Man had a mind to be new in his way of Writing, might not he who is now represented as a fine Gentleman, tho' he betrays the Honour and Bed of his Neighbour and Friend, and lies with half the Women in the Play, and is at last rewarded with her of the best Character in it; I say, upon giving the Comedy an-

¹ Mary Pix, whose Tragedy of *Ibrahim XII.*, *Emperor of the Turks*, was first acted in 1696.

² Mrs. Aphra Behn, whose *Rover, or the Banished Cavaliers*, is a Comedy in two Parts; first acted, Part I. in 1677, Part II. in 1681.

other Cast, might not such a one divert the Audience quite as well, if at the Catastrophe he were found out for a Traitor, and met with Contempt accordingly? There is seldom a Person devoted to above one Darling Vice at a time, so that there is room enough to catch at Men's Hearts to their Good and Advantage, if the Poets will attempt it with the Honesty which becomes their Characters.

There is no Man who loves his Bottle or his Mistress, in a manner so very abandoned, as not to be capable of relishing an agreeable Character, that is no way a Slave to either of those Pursuits. A Man that is Temperate, Generous, Valiant, Chaste, Faithful and Honest, may, at the same time, have Wit, Humour, Mirth, Good-breeding, and Gallantry. While he exerts these latter Qualities, twenty Occasions might be invented to shew he is Master of the other noble Virtues. Such Characters would smite and reprove the Heart of a Man of Sense, when he is given up to his Pleasures. He would see he has been mistaken all this while, and be convinced that a sound Constitution and an innocent Mind are the true Ingredients for becoming and enjoying Life. All Men of true Taste would call a Man of Wit, who should turn his Ambition this way, a Friend and Benefactor to his Country; but I am at a loss what Name they would give him, who makes use of his Capacity for contrary Purposes. R.

No. 52.] Monday, April 30, 1711. [Steele.]

*Omnes ut Tecum meritis pro Talibus annos
Exigat, et pulchra faciat Te prole parentem.*
Virg.

AN ingenious Correspondent, like a sprightly Wife, will always have the last Word. I did not think my last Letter to the deformed Fraternity would have occasioned any Answer, especially since I had promised them so sudden a Visit: But as they think they cannot shew too great a Veneration for my Person, they have already sent me up an Answer. As to the Proposal of a Marriage between my self and the matchless *Hecatissa*, I have but one Objection to it; which is, That all the Society will expect to be acquainted with her; and who can be sure of keeping a Woman's Heart long, where she may have so much Choice? I am the more alarmed at this, because the Lady seems particularly smitten with Men of their Make.

I believe I shall set my Heart upon her; and think never the worse of my Mistress for an Epigram a smart Fellow writ, as he thought, against her; it does but the more recommend her to me. At the same time I cannot but discover that his Malice is stolen from *Martial*.

*Tacta places, Audita places, si non videare
Tota places, neutro, si vileare, places.*

*Whilst in the Dark on thy soft Hand I hung,
And heard the tempting Siren in thy Tongue,*

*What Flames, what Darts, what Anguish I
endur'd!
But when the Candle enter'd I was cur'd.*

'Your Letter to us we have received, as a signal Mark of your Favour and brotherly Affection. We shall be heartily glad to see your short Face in *Oxford*: And since the Wisdom of our Legislature has been immortalized in your Speculations, and our personal Deformities in some sort by you recorded to all Posterity; we hold ourselves in Gratitude bound to receive with the highest Respect, all such Persons as for their extraordinary Merit you shall think fit, from Time to Time, to recommend unto the Board. As for the Pictish Damsel, we have an easy Chair prepared at the upper End of the Table; which we doubt not but she will grace with a very hideous Aspect, and much better become the Seat in the native and unaffected Uncomeliness of her Person, than with all the superficial Airs of the Pencil, which (as you have very ingeniously observed) vanish with a Breath, and the most innocent Adorer may deface the Shrine with a Salutation, and in the literal Sense of our Poets, snatch and imprint his balmy Kisses, and devour her melting Lips: In short, the only Faces of the Pictish Kind that will endure the Weather, must be of *Dr. Carbuncle's Die*; tho' his, in truth, has cost him a World the Painting; but then he boasts with *Zeuxes, In eternitatem pingo*; and oft jocosely tells the Fair Ones, would they acquire Colours that would stand kissing, they must no longer Paint but Drink for a Complexion: A Maxim that in this our Age has been pursued with no ill Success; and has been as admirable in its Effects, as the famous Cosmetick mentioned in the *Post-man*, and invented by the renowned *British Hippocrates* of the Pestle and Mortar; making the Party, after a due Course, rosy, hale and airy; and the best and most approved Receipt now extant for the Fever of the Spirits. But to return to our Female Candidate, who, I understand, is returned to herself, and will no longer hang out false Colours; as she is the first of her Sex that has done us so great an Honour, she will certainly, in a very short Time, both in Prose and Verse, be a Lady of the most celebrated Deformity now living; and meet with Admirers here as frightful as herself. But being a long-headed Gentlewoman, I am apt to imagine she has some further Design than you have yet penetrated; and perhaps has more mind to the SPECTATOR than any of his Fraternity, as the Person of all the World she could like for a Par amour: And if so, really I cannot but applaud her Choice; and should be glad, if it might lie in my Power, to effect an amicable Accommodation betwixt two Faces of such different Extremes, as the only possible Expedient to mend the Breed, and rectify the Physiognomy of the Family on both Sides. And again, as she is a Lady of very fluent Elocution, you need not fear that your first Child will be born dumb, which otherwise you might have some Reason to be apprehensive of. To be plain with you, I can see nothing shocking in it; for tho' she has not

'a Face like a *John-Apple*, yet as a late Friend of mine, who at Sixty-five ventured on a Lass of Fifteen, very frequently, in the remaining five Years of his Life, gave me to understand, That, as old as he then seemed, when they were first married he and his Spouse [could¹] make but Fourscore; so may Madam *Hecatissa* very justly allege hereafter, That, as long-visaged as she may then be thought, upon their Wedding-day Mr. SPECTATOR and she had but Half an Ell of Face betwixt them: And this my very worthy Predecessor, Mr. Sergeant *Chin*, always maintained to be no more than the true oval Proportion betwixt Man and Wife. But as this may be a new thing to you, who have hitherto had no Expectations from Women, I shall allow you what Time you think fit to consider on't; not without some Hope of seeing at last your Thoughts hereupon subjoin'd to mine, and which is an Honour much desired by,

Sir,
Your assured Friend,
and most humble Servant,
Hugh [Gobling,²] Præses.

The following Letter has not much in it, but as it is written in my own Praise I cannot for my Heart suppress it.

SIR,
'You proposed, in your SPECTATOR of last Tuesday, Mr. *Hobbs's* Hypothesis for solving that very odd Phænomenon of Laughter. You have made the Hypothesis valuable by espousing it your self; for had it continued Mr. *Hobbs's*, no Body would have minded it. Now here this perplexed Case arises. A certain Company laughed very heartily upon the Reading of that very Paper of yours: And the Truth on it is, he must be a Man of more than ordinary Constancy that could stand it out against so much Comedy, and not do as we did. Now there are few Men in the World so far lost to all good Sense, as to look upon you to be a Man in a State of Folly inferior to himself. Pray then how do you justify your Hypothesis of Laughter?

Thursday, the 26th of Your most humble,
the Month of Fools. Q. R.

SIR,
'In answer to your Letter, I must desire you to recollect yourself; and you will find, that when you did me the Honour to be so merry over my Paper, you laughed at the Idiot, the *German Courtier*, the *Gaper*, the *Merry-Andrew*, the *Haberdasher*, the *Biter*, the *Butt*, and not at
Your humble Servant,
The SPECTATOR.

¹ [could both]

² [Goblin]

No. 53.] Tuesday, May 1, 1711. [Steele.

—*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*
Hor.

MY Correspondents grow so numerous, that I cannot avoid frequently inserting their Applications to me.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I am glad I can inform you, that your Endeavours to adorn that Sex, which is the fairest Part of the visible Creation, are well received, and like to prove not unsuccessful. The Triumph of *Daphne* over her Sister *Letitia* has been the Subject of Conversation at Several Tea-Tables where I have been present; and I have observed the fair Circle not a little pleased to find you considering them as reasonable Creatures, and endeavouring to banish that *Mahometan* Custom which had too much prevailed even in this Island, of treating Women as if they had no Souls. I must do them the Justice to say, that there seems to be nothing wanting to the finishing of these lovely Pieces of Human Nature, besides the turning and applying their Ambition properly, and the keeping them up to a Sense of what is their true Merit. *Epictetus*, that plain honest Philosopher, as little as he had of Gallantry, appears to have understood them, as well as the polite St. *Evremont*, and has hit this Point very luckily.¹ *When young Women*, says he, *arrive at a certain Age, they hear themselves called Mistresses, and are made to believe that their only Business is to please the Men; they immediately begin to dress, and place all their Hopes in the adorning of their Persons; it is therefore*, continues he, *worth the while to endeavour by all means to make them sensible that the Honour paid to them is only upon account of their conducting themselves with Virtue, Modesty, and Discretion.*

'Now to pursue the Matter yet further, and to render your Cares for the Improvement of the Fair Ones more effectual, I would propose a new method, like those Applications which are said to convey their virtues by Sympathy; and that is, in order to embellish the Mistress, you should give a new Education to the Lover, and teach the Men not to be any longer dazzled by false Charms and unreal Beauty. I cannot but think that if our Sex knew always how to place their Esteem justly, the other would not be so often wanting to themselves in deserving it. For as the being enamoured with a Woman of Sense and Virtue is an Improvement to a Man's Understanding and Morals, and the Passion is ennobled by the Object which inspires it; so on the other side, the appearing amiable to a Man of a wise and elegant Mind, carries in it self no small Degree of Merit and Accomplishment. I conclude therefore, that one way to make the

¹ 'Epictetus his Morals, with Simplicius his Comment,' was translated by George Stanhope in 1694. The citation above is a free rendering of the sense of cap. 62 of the Morals.

'Women yet more agreeable is, to make the Men more virtuous.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
R. B.

SIR,

April 26.

'Yours of *Saturday* last I read, not without some Resentment; but I will suppose when you say you expect an Inundation of Ribbons and Brocades, and to see many new Vanities which the Women will fall into upon a Peace with *France*, that you intend only the unthinking Part of our Sex: And what Methods can reduce them to Reason is hard to imagine.

'But, Sir, there are others yet, that your Instructions might be of great Use to, who, after their best Endeavours, are sometimes at a loss to acquit themselves to a Censorious World: I am far from thinking you can altogether disapprove of Conversation between Ladies and Gentlemen, regulated by the Rules of Honour and Prudence; and have thought it an Observation not ill made, that where that was wholly denied, the Women lost their Wit, and the Men their Good-manners. 'Tis sure, from those improper Liberties you mentioned, that a sort of undistinguishing People shall banish from their Drawing-Rooms the best-bred Men in the World, and condemn those that do not. Your stating this Point might, I think, be of good use, as well as much oblige,

SIR,
Your Admirer, and
most Humble Servant,
ANNA BELLA.

No Answer to this, till Anna Bella sends a Description of those she calls the Best-bred Men in the World.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Gentleman who for many Years last past have been well known to be truly Splenatick, and that my Spleen arises from having contracted so great a Delicacy, by reading the best Authors, and keeping the most refined Company, that I cannot bear the least Impropriety of Language, or Rusticity of Behaviour. Now, Sir, I have ever looked upon this as a wise Distemper; but by late Observations find that every heavy Wretch, who has nothing to say, excuses his Dulness by complaining of the Spleen. Nay, I saw, the other Day, two Fellows in a Tavern Kitchen set up for it, call for a Pint and Pipes, and only by Guzling Liquor to each other's Health, and wafting Smoke in each other's Face, pretend to throw off the Spleen. I appeal to you, whether these Dishonours are to be done to the Distemper of the Great and the Polite. I beseech you, Sir, to inform these Fellows that they have not the Spleen, because they cannot talk without the help of a Glass at their Mouths, or convey their Meaning to each other without the Interposition of Clouds. If you will not do this with all Speed, I assure you, for my part, I will wholly quit the Disease, and for the future be merry with the Vulgar.

I am, SIR,
Your humble Servant.

SIR,

'This is to let you understand, that I am a re-
 'formed Starer, and conceived a Detestation for
 'that Practice from what you have writ upon the
 'Subject. But as you have been very severe
 'upon the Behaviour of us Men at Divine Service,
 'I hope you will not be so apparently partial to
 'the Women, as to let them go wholly unobserved.
 'If they do everything that is possible to attract
 'our Eyes, are we more culpable than they for
 'looking at them? I happened last *Sunday* to
 'be shut into a Pew, which was full of young
 'Ladies in the Bloom of Youth and Beauty. When
 'the Service began, I had not Room to kneel at
 'the Confession, but as I stood kept my eyes from
 'wandring as well as I was able, till one of the
 'young Ladies, who is a Peeper, resolved to
 'bring down my Looks, and fix my Devotion on
 'her self. You are to know, Sir, that a Peeper
 'works with her Hands, Eyes, and Fan; one of
 'which is continually in Motion, while she thinks
 'she is not actually the Admiration of some Ogler
 'or Starer in the Congregation. As I stood utterly
 'at a loss how to behave my self, surrounded as
 'I was, this Peeper so placed her self as to be
 'kneeling just before me. She displayed the most
 'beautiful Bosom imaginable, which heaved and
 'fell with some Fervour, while a delicate well-
 'shaped Arm held a Fan over her Face. It was
 'not in Nature to command ones Eyes from this
 'Object; I could not avoid taking notice also of
 'her Fan, which had on it various Figures, very
 'improper to behold on that Occasion. There
 'lay in the Body of the Piece a *Venus*, under a
 'Purple Canopy furled with curious Wreaths of
 'Drapery, half naked, attended with a Train of
 '*Cupids*, who were busied in Fanning her as she
 'slept. Behind her was drawn a Satyr peeping
 'over the silken Fence, and threatening to break
 'through it. I frequently offered to turn my
 'Sight another way, but was still detained by the
 'Fascination of the Peeper's Eyes, who had long
 'practised a Skill in them, to recal the parting
 'Glances of her Beholders. You see my Com-
 'plaint, and hope you will take these mischievous
 'People, the Peepers, into your Consideration: I
 'doubt not but you will think a Peeper as much
 'more pernicious than a Starer, as an Ambuscade
 'is more to be feared than an open Assault.

I am, SIR,

Your most Obedient Servant.

*This Peeper using both Fan and Eyes to be con-
 sidered as a Pict, and proceed accordingly.*

King Latinus to the Spectator, Greeting.

'Tho' some may think we descend from our
 'Imperial Dignity, in holding Correspondence
 'with a private [*Litterato*;¹] yet as we have great
 'Respect to all good Intentions for our Service,
 'we do not esteem it beneath us to return you
 'our Royal Thanks for what you published in
 'our Behalf, while under Confinement in the In-
 'chanted Castle of the *Savoy*, and for your Men-
 'tion of a Subsidy for a Prince in Misfortune.
 'This your timely Zeal has inclined the Hearts of

'divers to be aiding unto us, if we could propose
 'the Means. We have taken their Good-will
 'into Consideration, and have contrived a Method
 'which will be easy to those who shall give the
 'Aid, and not unacceptable to us who receive it.
 'A Consort of Musick shall be prepared at *Haber-
 dashers-Hall* for *Wednesday* the Second of *May*,
 'and we will honour the said Entertainment with
 'our own Presence, where each Person shall be
 'assessed but at two Shillings and six Pence.
 'What we expect from you is, that you publish
 'these our Royal Intentions, with Injunction that
 'they be read at all Tea-Tables within the Cities
 'of *London* and *Westminster*; and so we bid you
 'heartily Farewell.

Latinus, *King of the Volscians.*

*Given at our Court in Vinegar-Yard, Story the
 Third from the Earth. April 28, 1711. R.*

No. 54.] *Wednesday, May 2, 1711. [Steele.*

—*Strenua nos exercet inertia.*—Hor.

THE following Letter being the first that I
 have received from the learned University
 of *Cambridge*, I could not but do my self the
 Honour of publishing it. It gives an Account of
 a new Sect of Philosophers which has arose in
 that famous Residence of Learning; and is, per-
 haps, the only Sect this Age is likely to produce.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Cambridge, April 26.

'Believing you to be an universal Encourager
 'of liberal Arts and Sciences, and glad of any In-
 'formation from the learned World, I thought an
 'Account of a Sect of Philosophers very frequent
 'among us, but not taken Notice of, as far as I
 'can remember, by any Writers either ancient or
 'modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The
 'Philosophers of this Sect are in the Language of
 'our University called *Loungers*. I am of
 'Opinion, that, as in many other things, so like-
 'wise in this, the Ancients have been defective;
 '*viz.* in mentioning no Philosophers of this Sort.
 'Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of
 'Peripateticks, because we see them continually
 'walking about. But I would have these Gentle-
 'men consider, that tho' the ancient Peripateticks
 'walked much, yet they wrote much also; (wit-
 'ness, to the Sorrow of this Sect, *Aristotle* and
 'others): Whereas it is notorious that most of our
 'Professors never lay out a Farthing either in
 'Pen, Ink, or Paper. Others are for deriving
 'them from *Diogenes*, because several of the
 'leading Men of the Sect have a great deal of the
 'cynical Humour in them, and delight much in
 'Sun-shine. But then again, *Diogenes* was con-
 'tent to have his constant Habitation in a narrow
 'Tub; whilst our Philosophers are so far from
 'being of his Opinion, that it's Death to them to
 'be confined within the Limits of a good hand-
 'some convenient Chamber but for half an Hour.
 'Others there are, who from the Clearness of
 'their Heads deduce the Pedigree of *Loungers*

¹ [*Litterati*]

'from that great Man (I think it was either *Plato* or *Socrates*¹) who after all his Study and Learning professed, That all he then knew was, that he knew nothing. You easily see this is but a shallow Argument, and may be soon confuted.

'I have with great Pains and Industry made my Observations from time to time upon these Sages; and having now all Materials ready, am compiling a Treatise, wherein I shall set forth the Rise and Progress of this famous Sect, together with their Maxims, Austerities, Manner of living, &c. Having prevailed with a Friend who designs shortly to publish a new Edition of *Diogenes Laertius*, to add this Treatise of mine by way of Supplement; I shall now, to let the World see what may be expected from me (first begging Mr. SPECTATOR's Leave that the World may see it) briefly touch upon some of my chief Observations, and then subscribe my self your humble Servant. In the first Place I shall give you two or three of their Maxims: The fundamental one, upon which their whole System is built, is this, *viz.* That Time being an implacable Enemy to and Destroyer of all things, ought to be paid in his own Coin, and be destroyed and murdered without Mercy by all the Ways that can be invented. Another favourite Saying of theirs is, That Business was designed only for Knaves, and Study for Blockheads. A third seems to be a ludicrous one, but has a great Effect upon their Lives; and is this, That the Devil is at Home. Now for their Manner of Living: And here I have a large Field to expatiate in; but I shall reserve Particulars for my intended Discourse, and now only mention one or two of their principal Exercises. The elder Proficients employ themselves in inspecting *mores hominum multorum*, in getting acquainted with all the Signs and Windows in the Town. Some are arrived at so great Knowledge, that they can tell every time any Butcher kills a Calf, every time any old Woman's Cat is in the Straw; and a thousand other Matters as important. One ancient Philosopher contemplates two or three Hours every Day over a Sun-Dial; and is true to the Dial,

— As the Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not shone upon.²

'Our younger Students are content to carry their Speculations as yet no farther than Bowling-greens, Billiard-Tables, and such like Places.

¹ Socrates in his Apology, or Defence before his Judges, as reported by Plato. The oracle having said that there was none wiser than he, he had sought to confute the oracle, and found the wise man of the world foolish through belief in his own wisdom. 'When I left him I reasoned thus with myself, I am wiser than this man, for neither of us appears to know anything great and good; but he fancies he knows something, although he knows nothing, whereas I, as I do not know anything, do not fancy that I do.'

² True as Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not shined upon.
Hudibras. Part III. c. 2.

'This may serve for a Sketch of my Design; in which I hope I shall have your Encouragement. I am,

SIR,
Yours.¹

I must be so just as to observe I have formerly seen of this Sect at our other University; tho' not distinguished by the Appellation which the learned Historian, my Correspondent, reports they bear at *Cambridge*. They were ever looked upon as a People that impaired themselves more by their strict Application to the Rules of their Order, than any other Students whatever. Others seldom hurt themselves any further than to gain weak Eyes and sometimes Head Aches; but these Philosophers are seized all over with a general Inability, Indolence, and Weariness, and a certain Impatience of the Place they are in, with an Heaviness in removing to another.

The *Loungers* are satisfied with being merely Part of the Number of Mankind, without distinguishing themselves from amongst them. They may be said rather to suffer their Time to pass, than to spend it, without Regard to the past, or Prospect of the future. All they know of Life is only the present Instant, and do not taste even that. When one of this Order happens to be a Man of Fortune, the Expence of his Time is transferr'd to his Coach and Horses, and his Life is to be measured by their Motion, not his own Enjoyments or Sufferings. The chief Entertainment one of these Philosophers can possibly propose to himself, is to get a Relish of Dress: This, methinks, might diversifie the Person he is weary of (his own dear self) to himself. I have known these two Amusements make one of these Philosophers make a tolerable Figure in the World; with a variety of Dresses in publick Assemblies in Town, and quick Motion of his Horses out of it, now to *Bath*, now to *Tunbridge*, then to *Newmarket*, and then to *London*, he has in Process of Time brought it to pass, that his Coach and his Horses have been mentioned in all those Places. When the *Loungers* leave an Academick Life, and instead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite World, retire to the Seats of their Ancestors, they usually join a Pack of Dogs, and employ their Days in defending their Poultry from Foxes: I do not know any other Method that any of this Order has ever taken to make a Noise in the World; but I shall enquire into such about this Town as have arrived at the Dignity of being *Loungers* by the Force of natural Parts, without having ever seen an University; and send my Correspondent, for the Embellishment of his Book, the Names and History of those who pass their Lives without any Incidents at all; and how they shift Coffee-houses and Chocolate-houses from Hour to Hour, to get over the insupportable Labour of doing nothing. R.

¹ This Letter may be by Laurence Eusden. See Note to No. 78.

No. 55.] Thursday, May 3, 1711. [Addison.

—*Intus, et in jecore ægro
Nascuntur Domini*—.—Pers.

MOST of the Trades, Professions, and Ways of Living among Mankind, take their Original either from the Love of Pleasure or the Fear of Want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As these two Principles of Action draw different Ways, *Persius* has given us a very humorous Account of a young Fellow who was roused out of his Bed, in order to be sent upon a long Voyage, by *Avarice*, and afterwards overpersuaded and kept at Home by *Luxury*. I shall set down at length the Pleadings of these two imaginary Persons, as they are in the Original with Mr. *Dryden's* Translation of them.

Mane, piger, stertis: surge, inquit Avaritia; eja Surge. Negas, Instat, surge inquit. Non quæo. Surge.

Et quid agam? Rogitas? Saperdas advehe Ponto, Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa. Tolle recens primus piper è sitiante camelo.

Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter Audiet. Eheu! Baro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis. Jam pueris pellem succinctus et ænophorum aptas;

Ocyus ad Navem. Nil obstat quin trabe vasta Ægæum rapias, nisi solers Luxuria ante Seductum moneat; quo deinde, insane ruis? Quo?

Quid tibi vis? Calido sub pectore mascula bilis Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicuta? Tun' mare transilias? Tibi torta cannabe fulto Cæna sit in transtro? Veientanumque rubellum Exhalet vapida læsum pice sessilis obba? Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto

Nutrieras, pergant avidos sudare deunces? Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; nostrum est Quod vivis; cinis, et manes, et fabula fiet. Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc quod loquor, inde est.

En quid agis? Duplici in diversum scinderis hamo.

Huncine, an hunc sequeris?—

Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's Lap,
When thou wouldst take a lazy Morning's Nap;
Up, up, says *AVARICE*; thou snor'st again,
Stretchest thy Limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.
The rugged Tyrant no Denial takes;
At his Command th' unwilling Sluggard wakes.
What must I do? he cries; What? says his Lord:
Why rise, make ready, and go streight Aboard:
With Fish, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Vessel freight;
Flax, Castor, *Coan* Wines, the precious Weight
Of Pepper and *Sabean* Incense, take
With thy own Hands, from the tir'd Camel's Back,
And with Post-haste thy running Markets make.
Be sure to turn the Penny; Lye and Swear,
'Tis wholesome Sin: But *Jove*, thou say'st, will
hear.

Swear, Fool, or Starve; for the *Dilemma's* even:
A Tradesman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?

Resolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage pack,
Each saddled with his Burden on his Back.
Nothing retards thy Voyage, now; but He,
That soft voluptuous Prince, call'd *LUXURY*;
And he may ask this civil Question; Friend,
What dost thou make a Shipboard? To what
End?

Art thou of *Bethlem's* noble College free?
Stark, staring mad, that thou wouldst tempt the
Sea?

Cubb'd in a Cabbin, on a Mattress laid,
On a brown *George*, with lousy Swobbers fed;
Dead Wine, that stinks of the *Borachio*, sup
From a foul Jack, or greasy Maple Cup!
Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise the Store,
From Six i'th' Hundred to Six Hundred more?

Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give:
For, not to live at Ease, is not to live:
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does some loose Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live, while thou liv'st; for Death will make us
all,

A Name, a Nothing but an Old Wife's Tale.
Speak, wilt thou *Avarice* or *Pleasure* choose
To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuse.

When a Government flourishes in Conquests, and is secure from foreign Attacks, it naturally falls into all the Pleasures of *Luxury*; and as these Pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh Supplies of Money, by all the Methods of Rapaciousness and Corruption; so that *Avarice* and *Luxury* very often become one complicated Principle of Action, in those whose Hearts are wholly set upon Ease, Magnificence, and Pleasure. The most Elegant and Correct of all the *Latin* Historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable States of the World were subdued by the *Romans*, the Republick sunk into those two Vices of a quite different Nature, *Luxury* and *Avarice*:¹ And accordingly describes *Catiline* as one who coveted the Wealth of other Men, at the same time that he squander'd away his own. This Observation on the Commonwealth, when it was in its height of Power and Riches, holds good of all Governments that are settled in a State of Ease and Prosperity. At such times Men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in Pomp and Splendor, and having no Fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the Enjoyment of all the Pleasures they can get into their Possession; which naturally produces *Avarice*, and an immoderate Pursuit after Wealth and Riches.

As I was humouring my self in the Speculation of these two great Principles of Action, I could not forbear throwing my Thoughts into a little kind of Allegory or Fable, with which I shall here present my Reader.

There were two very powerful Tyrants engaged in a perpetual War against each other: The Name of the first was *Luxury*, and of the second

¹ *Alieni appetens, sui profusus. Sallust.*

Avarice. The Aim of each of them was no less than Universal Monarchy over the Hearts of Mankind. *Luxury* had many Generals under him, who did him great Service, as *Pleasure*, *Mirth*, *Pomp* and *Fashion*. *Avarice* was likewise very strong in his Officers, being faithfully served by *Hunger*, *Industry*, *Care* and *Watchfulness*: He had likewise a Privy-Counsellor who was always at his Elbow, and whispering something or other in his Ear: The Name of this Privy-Counsellor was *Poverty*. As *Avarice* conducted himself by the Counsels of *Poverty*, his Antagonist was entirely guided by the Dictates and Advice of *Plenty*, who was his first Counsellor and Minister of State, that concerted all his Measures for him, and never departed out of his Sight. While these two great Rivals were thus contending for Empire, their Conquests were very various. *Luxury* got Possession of one Heart, and *Avarice* of another. The Father of a Family would often range himself under the Banners of *Avarice*, and the Son under those of *Luxury*. The Wife and Husband would often declare themselves on the two different Parties; nay, the same Person would very often side with one in his Youth, and revolt to the other in his old Age. Indeed the Wise Men of the World stood *Neuter*; but alas! their Numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two Potentates had wearied themselves with waging War upon one another, they agreed upon an Interview, at which neither of their Counsellors were to be present. It is said that *Luxury* began the Parley, and after having represented the endless State of War in which they were engaged, told his Enemy, with a Frankness of Heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good Friends, were it not for the Instigations of *Poverty*, that pernicious Counsellor, who made an ill use of his Ear, and filled him with groundless Apprehensions and Prejudices. To this *Avarice* replied, that he looked upon *Plenty* (the first Minister of his Antagonist) to be a much more destructive Counsellor than *Poverty*, for that he was perpetually suggesting Pleasures, banishing all the necessary Cautions against Want, and consequently undermining those Principles on which the Government of *Avarice* was founded. At last, in order to an Accommodation, they agreed upon this Preliminary; That each of them should immediately dismiss his Privy-Counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a Peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good Friends and Confederates, and to share between them whatever Conquests were made on either side. For this Reason, we now find *Luxury* and *Avarice* taking Possession of the same Heart, and dividing the same Person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the Counsellors above-mentioned, *Avarice* supplies *Luxury* in the room of *Plenty*, as *Luxury* prompts *Avarice* in the place of *Poverty*.

C.

No. 56.] Friday, May 4, 1711. [Addison.

Felices errore suo— Lucan.

THE *Americans* believe that all Creatures have Souls, not only Men and Women, but Brutes, Vegetables, nay even the most inanimate things, as Stocks and Stones. They believe the same of all the Works of Art, as of Knives, Boats, Looking-glasses: And that as any of these things perish, their Souls go into another World, which is inhabited by the Ghosts of Men and Women. For this Reason they always place by the Corpse of their dead Friend a Bow and Arrows, that he may make use of the Souls of them in the other World, as he did of their wooden Bodies in this. How absurd soever such an Opinion as this may appear, our *European* Philosophers have maintained several Notions altogether as improbable. Some of *Plato's* followers in particular, when they talk of the World of Ideas, entertain us with Substances and Beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many *Aristotelians* have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial Forms. I shall only instance *Albertus Magnus*, who in his Dissertation upon the Loadstone observing that Fire will destroy its magnetick Vertues, tells us that he took particular Notice of one as it lay glowing amidst an Heap of burning Coals, and that he perceived a certain blue Vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the *substantial Form*, that is, in our *West-Indian* Phrase, the *Soul* of the Loadstone.¹

There is a Tradition among the *Americans*, that one of their Countrymen descended in a Vision to the great Repository of Souls, or, as we call it here, to the other World; and that upon his Return he gave his Friends a distinct Account of every thing he saw among those Regions of the Dead. A Friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the Interpreters of the *Indian Kings*,² to inquire of them, if possible, what Tradition they have among them of this Matter: Which, as well as he could learn by those many Questions which he asked them at several times, was in Substance as follows.

The Visionary, whose Name was *Marraton*, after having travelled for a long Space under an hollow Mountain, arrived at length on the Confines of this World of Spirits; but could not enter it by reason of a thick Forest made up of Bushes, Brambles and pointed Thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a Passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some Track or Path-way that might be worn in any Part of it, he saw an huge

¹ Albertus Magnus, a learned Dominican who resigned, for love of study, his bishopric of Ratisbon, died at Cologne in 1280. In alchemy a distinction was made between stone and spirit, as between body and soul, substance and accident. The evaporable parts were called, in alchemy, spirit and soul and accident.

² See No. 50.

Lion couched under the Side of it, who kept his Eye upon him in the same Posture as when he watches for his Prey. The *Indian* immediately started back, whilst the Lion rose with a Spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other Weapons, he stooped down to take up an huge Stone in his Hand; but to his infinite Surprize grasped nothing, and found the supposed Stone to be only the Apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this Side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the Lion, which had seized on his left Shoulder, had no Power to hurt him, and was only the Ghost of that ravenous Creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent Enemy, but he marched up to the Wood, and after having surveyed it for some Time, endeavoured to press into one Part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great Surprize, he found the Bushes made no Resistance, but that he walked through Briars and Brambles with the same Ease as through the open Air; and, in short, that the whole Wood was nothing else but a Wood of Shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge Thicket of Thorns and Brakes was designed as a kind of Fence or quick-set Hedge to the Ghosts it inclosed; and that probably their soft Substances might be torn by these subtle Points and Prickles, which were too weak to make any Impressions in Flesh and Blood. With this Thought he resolved to travel through this intricate Wood; when by Degrees he felt a Gale of Perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in Proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further when he observed the Thorns and Briars to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green Trees covered with Blossoms of the finest Scents and Colours, that formed a Wilderness of Sweets, and were a kind of Lining to those ragged Scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful Part of the Wood, and entering upon the Plains it inclosed, he saw several Horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the Cry of a Pack of Dogs. He had not listned long before he saw the Apparition of a milk-white Steed, with a young Man on the Back of it, advancing upon full Stretch after the Souls of about an hundred Beagles that were hunting down the Ghost of an Hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable Swiftness. As the Man on the milk-white Steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince *Nicharagua*, who died about Half a Year before, and, by reason of his great Vertues, was at that time lamented over all the Western Parts of *America*.

He had no sooner got out of the Wood, but he was entertained with such a Landskip of flowry Plains, green Meadows, running Streams, sunny Hills, and shady Vales, as were not to be [represented¹] by his own Expressions, nor, as he said, by the Conceptions of others. This happy Region was peopled with innumerable Swarms of Spirits, who applied themselves to Exercises and Diversions according as their Fancies led them.

¹ [described]

Some of them were tossing the Figure of a Coit; others were pitching the Shadow of a Bar; others were breaking the Apparition of [a¹] Horse; and Multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious Handicrafts with the Souls of *departed Utensils*; for that is the Name which in the *Indian* Language they give their Tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful Scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the Flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest Variety and Profusion, having never seen several of them in his own Country: But he quickly found that though they were Objects of his Sight, they were not liable to his Touch. He at length came to the Side of a great River, and being a good Fisherman himself stood upon the Banks of it some time to look upon an Angler that had taken a great many Shapes of Fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my Reader, that this *Indian* had been formerly married to one of the greatest Beauties of his Country, by whom he had several Children. This Couple were so famous for their Love and Constancy to one another, that the *Indians* to this Day, when they give a married Man Joy of his Wife, wish that they may live together like *Marraton* and *Yaratilda*. *Marraton* had not stood long by the Fisherman when he saw the Shadow of his beloved *Yaratilda*, who had for some time fixed her Eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her Arms were stretched out towards him, Floods of Tears ran down her Eyes; her Looks, her Hands, her Voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the River was unpassable. Who can describe the Passion made up of Joy, Sorrow, Love, Desire, Astonishment, that rose in the *Indian* upon the Sight of his dear *Yaratilda*? He could express it by nothing but his Tears, which ran like a River down his Cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this Posture long, before he plunged into the Stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the Phantom of a River, walked on the Bottom of it till he arose on the other Side. At his Approach *Yaratilda* flew into his Arms, whilst *Marraton* wished himself disencumbered of that Body which kept her from his Embraces. After many Questions and Endearments on both Sides, she conducted him to a Bower which she had dressed with her own Hands with all the Ornaments that could be met with in those blooming Regions. She had made it gay beyond Imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As *Marraton* stood astonished at the unspeakable Beauty of her Habitation, and ravished with the Fragrancy that came from every Part of it, *Yaratilda* told him that she was preparing this Bower for his Reception, as well knowing that his Piety to his God, and his faithful Dealing towards Men, would certainly bring him to that happy Place whenever his Life should be at an End. She then brought two of her Children to him, who died some Years before, and resided with her in the same delightful Bower, advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such

¹ [an]

a Manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy Place.

The Tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a Sight of those dismal Habitations which are the Portion of ill Men after Death; and mentions several Molten Seas of Gold, in which were plunged the Souls of barbarous *Europeans*, [who¹] put to the Sword so many Thousands of poor *Indians* for the sake of that precious Metal: But having already touched upon the chief Points of this Tradition, and exceeded the Measure of my Paper, I shall not give any further Account of it. C.

No. 57.] Saturday, May 5, 1711. [Addison.

*Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem,
Quæ fugit à Sexu?— Juv.*

WHEN the Wife of *Hector*, in *Homer's Iliads*, discourses with her Husband about the Battel in which he was going to engage, the Hero, desiring her to leave that Matter to his Care, bids her go to her Maids and mind her Spinning:² by which the Poet intimates, that Men and Women ought to busy themselves in their proper Spheres, and on such Matters only as are suitable to their respective Sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young Gentleman, who has passed a great Part of his Life in the Nursery, and, upon Occasion, can make a Cuddle or a Sack-Posset better than any Man in *England*. He is likewise a wonderful Critick in Cambrick and Muslins, and will talk an Hour together upon a Sweet-meat. He entertains his Mother every Night with Observations that he makes both in Town and Court: As what Lady shews the nicest Fancy in her Dress; what Man of Quality wears the fairest Whig; who has the finest Linnen, who the prettiest Snuff-box, with many other the like curious Remarks that may be made in good Company.

On the other hand I have very frequently the Opportunity of seeing a Rural *Andromache*, who came up to Town last Winter, and is one of the greatest Fox-hunters in the Country. She talks of Hounds and Horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a Six-bar Gate. If a Man tells her a waggish Story, she gives him a Push with her Hand in jest, and calls him an impudent Dog; and if her Servant neglects his Business, threatens to kick him out of the House. I have heard her, in her Wrath, call a Substantial Trades-man a Lousy Cur; and remember one Day, when she could not think of the Name of a Person, she described him in a large Company of Men and Ladies, by the Fellow with the Broad Shoulders.

¹ [that]

² *Hector's* parting from *Andromache*, at the close of Book VI.

*No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom;
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.*

If those Speeches and Actions, which in their own Nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong Sex, the Faults and Imperfections of one Sex transplanted into another, appear black and monstrous. As for the Men, I shall not in this Paper any further concern my self about them: but as I would fain contribute to make Woman-kind, which is the most beautiful Part of the Creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little Spots and Blemishes that are apt to rise among the Charms which Nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this Paper to their Service. The Spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that Party-Rage which of late Years is very much crept into their Conversation. This is, in its Nature, a Male Vice, and made up of many angry and cruel Passions that are altogether repugnant to the Softness, the Modesty, and those other endearing Qualities which are natural to the Fair Sex. Women were formed to temper Mankind, and sooth them into Tenderness and Compassion, not to set an Edge upon their Minds, and blow up in them those Passions which are too apt to rise of their own Accord. When I have seen a pretty Mouth uttering Calumnies and Invectives, what would not I have given to have stopt it? How have I been troubled to see some of the finest Features in the World grow pale, and tremble with Party-Rage? *Camilla* is one of the greatest Beauties in the *British Nation*, and yet values her self more upon being the *Virago* of one Party, than upon being the Toast of both. The Dear Creature, about a Week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful *Penthesilea* across a Tea-Table; but in the Height of her Anger, as her Hand chanced to shake with the Earnestness of the Dispute, she scalded her Fingers, and spilt a Dish of Tea upon her Petticoat. Had not this Accident broke off the Debate, no Body knows where it would have ended.

There is one Consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my Female Readers, and which, I hope, will have some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the Face as Party-Zeal. It gives an ill-natured Cast to the Eye, and a disagreeable Sourness to the Look; besides, that it makes the Lines too strong, and flushes them worse than Brandy. I have seen a Woman's Face break out in Heats, as she has been talking against a great Lord, whom she had never seen in her Life; and indeed never knew a Party-Woman that kept her Beauty for a Twelvemonth. I would therefore advise all my Female Readers, as they value their Complexions, to let alone all Disputes of this Nature; though, at the same time, I would give free Liberty to all superannuated motherly Partizans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no Danger either of their spoiling their Faces, or of their gaining Converts.

¹ For my own part, I think a Man makes an odious and despicable Figure, that is violent in a Party: but a Woman is too sincere to mitigate the Fury of her Principles with Temper and Discretion, and to act with that Caution and Re-

¹ Not a new paragraph in the first issue.

servedness which are requisite in our Sex. When this unnatural Zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand Heats and Extravagancies; their generous [Souls¹] set no Bounds to their Love or to their Hatred; and whether a Whig or Tory, a Lap-Dog or a Gallant, an Opera or a Puppet-Show, be the Object of it, the Passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole Woman.

I remember when Dr. *Titus Oates*² was in all his Glory, I accompanied my Friend WILL. [HONEYCOMB³] in a Visit to a Lady of his Acquaintance: We were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my Eyes about the Room, I found in almost every Corner of it a Print that represented the Doctor in all Magnitudes and Dimensions. A little after, as the Lady was discoursing my Friend, and held her Snuff-box in her Hand, who should I see in the Lid of it but the Doctor. It was not long after this, when she had Occasion for her Handkerchief, which upon the first opening discovered among the Plaits of it the Figure of the Doctor. Upon this my Friend WILL., who loves Raillery, told her, That if he was in Mr. *Truelove's* Place (for that was the Name for her Husband) she should be made as uneasy by a Handkerchief as ever *Othello* was. *I am afraid*, said she, *Mr. [HONEYCOMB,]⁴ you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a Friend to the Doctor or not?* WILL., instead of making her a Reply, smiled in her Face (for indeed she was very pretty) and told her that one of her Patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, *Well*, says she, *I'll be hang'd if you and your silent Friend there are not against the Doctor in your Hearts, I suspected as much by his saying nothing.* Upon this she took her Fan into her Hand, and upon the opening of it again displayed to us the Figure of the Doctor, who was placed with great Gravity among the Sticks of it. In a word, I found that the Doctor had taken Possession of her Thoughts, her Discourse, and most of her Furniture; but finding my self pressed too close by her Question, I winked upon my Friend to take his Leave, which he did accordingly. C.

¹ [Souls (I mean those of ordinary Women)]. This, however, was cancelled by an Erratum in the next number.

² Addison was six years old when Titus Oates began his 'Popish Plot' disclosures. Under a name which called up recollections of the vilest trading upon theological intolerance, he here glances at Dr. Henry Sacheverell, whose trial (Feb. 27—March 20, 1710) for his sermons in praise of the divine right of kings and contempt of the Whigs, and his sentence of suspension for three years, had caused him to be admired enthusiastically by all party politicians who were of his own way of thinking. The change of person pleasantly puts 'Tory' for 'Whig,' and avoids party heat by implying a suggestion that excesses are not all on one side. Sacheverell had been a College friend of Addison's. He is the 'dearest Harry' for whom, at the age of 22, Addison wrote his metrical 'Account of the greatest English Poets,' which omitted Shakespeare from the list. ³ ⁴ [Honycombe]

No. 58.] Monday, May 7, 1711. [Addison.

Ut pictura poesis erit— Hor.

NOTHING is so much admired, and so little understood, as Wit. No Author that I know of has written professedly upon it; and as for those who make any Mention of it, they only treat on the Subject as it has accidentally fallen in their Way, and that too in little short Reflections, or in general declamatory Flourishes, without entering into the Bottom of the Matter. I hope therefore I shall perform an acceptable Work to my Countrymen, if I treat at large upon this Subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a Manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the Censure which a famous Critick bestows upon one who had written a Treatise upon *the Sublime* in a low groveling Stile. I intend to lay aside a whole Week for this Undertaking, that the Scheme of my Thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise my self, if my Readers will give me a Week's Attention, that this great City will be very much changed for the better by next *Saturday* Night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary Capacities; but if my Readers meet with any Paper that in some Parts of it may be a little out of their Reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only End of these my Speculations is to banish Vice and Ignorance out of the Territories of *Great-Britain*, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a Taste of polite Writing. It is with this View that I have endeavoured to set my Readers right in several Points relating to Operas and Tragedies; and shall from time to time impart my Notions of Comedy, as I think they may tend to its Refinement and Perfection. I find by my Bookseller that these Papers of Criticism, with that upon Humour, have met with a more kind Reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such Subjects; for which Reason I shall enter upon my present Undertaking with greater Chearfulness.

In this, and one or two following Papers, I shall trace out the History of false Wit, and distinguish the several Kinds of it as they have prevailed in different Ages of the World. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed there were Attempts on foot last Winter to revive some of those antiquated Modes of Wit that have been long exploded out of the Commonwealth of Letters. There were several Satyrs and Panegyrics handed about in Acrostick, by which Means some of the most arrant undisputed Blockheads about the Town began to entertain ambitious Thoughts, and to set up for polite Authors. I shall therefore describe at length those many Arts of false Wit, in which a Writer does not show himself a Man of a beautiful Genius, but of great Industry.

The first Species of false Wit which I have met with is very venerable for its Antiquity, and has

produced several Pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* it self: I mean those short Poems printed among the minor *Greek* Poets, which resemble the Figure of an Egg, a Pair of Wings, an Ax, a Shepherd's Pipe, and an Altar.

¹ As for the first, it is a little oval Poem, and may not improperly be called a Scholar's Egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible Language, to translate it into *English*, did not I find the Interpretation of it very difficult; for the Author seems to have been more intent upon the Figure of his Poem, than upon the Sense of it.

The Pair of Wings consist of twelve Verses, or rather Feathers, every Verse decreasing gradually in its Measure according to its Situation in the Wing. The subject of it (as in the rest of the Poems which follow) bears some remote Affinity with the Figure, for it describes a God of Love, who is always painted with Wings.

The Ax methinks would have been a good Figure for a Lampoon, had the Edge of it consisted of the most satirical Parts of the Work; but as it is in the Original, I take it to have been nothing else but the Posy of an Ax which was consecrated to *Minerva*, and was thought to have been the same that *Epeus* made use of in the building of the *Trojan* Horse; which is a Hint I shall leave to the Consideration of the Criticks. I am apt to think that the Posy was written originally upon the Ax, like those which our modern Cutlers inscribe upon their Knives; and that therefore the Posy still remains in its ancient Shape, tho' the Ax it self is lost.

The Shepherd's Pipe may be said to be full of Musick, for it is composed of nine different Kinds of Verses, which by their several Lengths resemble the nine Stops of the old musical Instrument, [that²] is likewise the Subject of the Poem.³

The Altar is inscribed with the Epitaph of *Troilus* the Son of *Hecuba*; which, by the way, makes me believe, that these false Pieces of Wit are much more ancient than the Authors to whom they are generally ascribed; at least I will never be persuaded, that so fine a Writer as *Theocritus* could have been the Author of any such simple Works.

It was impossible for a Man to succeed in these Performances who was not a kind of Painter, or

at least a Designer: He was first of all to draw the Out-line of the Subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the Description to the Figure of his Subject. The Poetry was to contract or dilate itself according to the Mould in which it was cast. In a word, the Verses were to be cramped or extended to the Dimensions of the Frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the Fate of those Persons whom the Tyrant *Procrustes* used to lodge in his Iron Bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a Rack, and if they were too long, chopped off a Part of their Legs, till they fitted the Couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. *Dryden* hints at this obsolete kind of Wit in one of the following Verses, [in his *Mac Fleckno*]; which an *English* Reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little Poems abovementioned in the Shape of Wings and Altars.

————— *Chuse for thy Command*
Some peaceful Province in Acrostick Land;
There may'st thou Wings display, and Altars
raise,
And torture one poor Word a thousand Ways.

This Fashion of false Wit was revived by several Poets of the last Age, and in particular may be met with among Mr. *Herbert's* Poems; and, if I am not mistaken, in the Translation of *Du Bartas*.¹ I do not remember any other kind of Work among the Moderns which more resembles the Performances I have mentioned, than that famous Picture of King *Charles* the First, which has the whole Book of *Psalms* written in the Lines of the Face and the Hair of the Head. When I was last at *Oxford* I perused one of the Whiskers; and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the Impatience of my Friends and Fellow-Travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a Piece of Curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent Writing-Master in Town, who has transcribed all the *Old Testament* in a full-bottomed Periwig; and if the Fashion should introduce the thick kind of Wigs which were in Vogue some few Years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary Locks that shall contain all the *Apocrypha*. He designed this Wig originally for King *William*, having disposed of the two Books of *Kings* in the two Forks of the Foretop; but that glorious Monarch dying before

¹ Not a new paragraph in the first issue.

² [which]

³ The 'Syrinx' of *Theocritus* consists of twenty verses, so arranged that the length of each pair is less than that of the pair before, and the whole resembles the ten reeds of the mouth organ or Pan pipes (σύριγγις). The Egg is, by tradition, called *Anacreon's*. *Simmias* of *Rhodes*, who lived about B.C. 324, is said to have been the inventor of shaped verses. *Butler* in his 'Character of a Small Poet' said of *Edward Benlowes*: 'As for Altars and Pyramids in poetry, he has outdone all men that way; for he has made a gridiron and a frying-pan in verse, that besides the likeness in shape, the very tone and sound of the words did perfectly represent the noise that is made by those utensils.'

¹ But a devout earnestness gave elevation to *George Herbert's* ingenious conceits. *Joshua Sylvester's* dedication to King *James* the First of his translation of the *Divine Weeks* and Works of *Du Bartas* has not this divine soul in its oddly-fashioned frame. It begins with a sonnet on the Royal Anagram 'James Stuart: A just Master;' celebrates his Majesty in French and Italian, and then fills six pages with verse built in his Majesty's honour, in the form of bases and capitals of columns, inscribed each with the name of one of the Muses. *Puttenham's Art of Poetry*, published in 1589, book II., ch. ii. contains the fullest account of the mysteries and varieties of this sort of versification.

He rag'd, and kept as heavy a Coil as Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;

Forcing the Valleys to repeat The Accents of his sad Regret;

He beat his Breast, and tore his Hair, For Loss of his dear Crony Bear,

That Echo from the hollow Ground His Doleful Wailings did resound

More wisely, by many times, Than in small Poets Splay-foot Rhymes,

That make her, in her rueful Stories, To answer to Introgatories,

And most unconscionably depose Things of which She nothing knows:

And when she has said all she can say, 'Tis wrested to the Lover's Fancie.

Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin, Art thou fled to my—Echo, Ruin!

I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a Step For Fear. (Quoth Echo) Mary guesp.

Am not I here to take thy Part! Then what has quell'd thy stubborn Heart?

Have these Bones rattled, and this Head So often in thy Quarrel bled?

Nor did I ever winch or grudge it, For thy dear Sake. (Quoth she) Mum budget.

Thinkst thou 'twill not be laid in the Dish, Pish, Thou turn'dst thy Back? Quoth Echo, Pish.

To run from those th' hadst overcome Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.

But what a vengeance makes thee fly From me too, as thine Enemy?

Or if thou hadst not Thought of me, Nor what I have endur'd for Thee,

Yet Shame and Honour might prevail To keep thee thus from turning Tail:

For who will grudge to spend his Blood in His Honour's Cause? Quoth she, A Pudding. C.

No. 60.] Wednesday, May 9, 1711. [Addison.

Hoc est quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat, Hoc est?—Per. Sat. 3.

SEVERAL kinds of false Wit that vanished in the refined Ages of the World, discovered themselves again in the Times of Monkish Ignorance.

As the Monks were the Masters of all that little Learning which was then extant, and had their whole Lives entirely disengaged from Business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted Genius for higher Performances, employed many Hours in the Composition of such Tricks in Writing as required much Time and little Capacity.

I have seen half the *Aeneid* turned into *Latin Rhythms* by one of the *Beaux Esprits* of that dark Age; who says in his Preface to it, that the *Aeneid* wanted nothing but the *Sweets of Rhyme* to make it the most perfect Work in its Kind.

I have likewise seen an Hymn in Hexameters to the *Virgin Mary*, which filled a whole Book, tho' it consisted but of the eight following Words.

Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, Caelo.
Thou hast as many Virtues, O Virgin, as there are Stars in Heaven.

This was done probably to shew that he was neither ashamed of his Name or Family, notwithstanding the Envy of his Competitors had often reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous Building that was marked in several Parts of it with the Figures of a Frog and a Lizard: Those Words in *Greek* having been the Names of the Architects, who by the Laws of their Country were never permitted to inscribe their own Names upon their Works. For the same Reason it is thought, that the Forelock of *Marcus Aurelius*, represents at a Distance the Shape of an Owl, to intimate the Country of the Statuary, who, in all probability, was an *Athenian*. This kind of Wit was very much in Vogue among our own Country-men about an Age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique Reason, as the Ancients above-mentioned, but purely for the sake of being Witty. Among innumerable Instances that may be given of this Nature, I shall produce the Device of one Mr *Newberry*, as I find it mentioned by our learned *Cambden* in his Remains. Mr *Newberry*, to represent his Name by a Picture, hung up at his Door the Sign of a Yew-Tree, that had several Berries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden *N* hung upon a Bough of the Tree, which by the Help of a little false Spelling made up the Word *New-berry*.

I shall conclude this Topic with a *Rebus*, which has been lately hewn out in Free-stone, and erected over two of the Portals of *Blenheim House*, being the Figure of a monstrous Lion tearing to Pieces a little Cock. For the better understanding of which Device, I must acquaint my *English* Reader that a Cock has the Misfortune to be called in *Latin* by the same Word that signifies a *Frenchman*, as a Lion is the Emblem of the *English* Nation. Such a Device in so noble a Pile of Building looks like a Pun in an Heroick Poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious Architect would suffer the Statuary to blemish his excellent Plan with so poor a Conceit: But I hope what I have said will gain Quarter for the Cock, and deliver him out of the Lion's Paw.

I find likewise in ancient Times the Conceit of making an Echo talk sensibly, and give rational Answers. If this could be excusable in any Writer, it would be in *Ovid*, where he introduces the Echo as a Nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a Voice. The learned *Ramus*, tho' a Man of Wit and Genius, has composed a Dialogue upon this silly kind of Device, and made use of an Echo who seems to have been a very extraordinary Linguist, for she answers the Person she talks with in *Latin, Greek, and Hebrew*, according as she found the Syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned Languages. *Hudibras*,² in *Ridicule* of this false kind of Wit, has described *Bruin* bewailing the Loss of his Bear to a solitary Echo, who is of great use to the Poet in several Disticks, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his Verse, and furnishes him with *Rhymes*.

¹ *Coloquia Familiaria*, under the title Echo. The dialogue is ingeniously contrived between a youth and Echo.

² *Hudibras*, Bk i. canto 3.

the Wig was finished, there is a Space left in it for the Face of any one that has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient Poems in Picture, I would humbly propose, for the Benefit of our modern Smarterers in Poetry, that they would imitate their Brethren among the Ancients in those ingenious Devices. I have communicated this Thought to a young Poetical Lover of my Acquaintance, who intends to present his Mistress with a Copy of Verses made in the Shape of her Fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finished the three first Sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the Measure of his Mistress's Marriage-Finger, with a Design to make a Posy in the Fashion of a Ring, which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good Hint, that I do not question but my ingenious Readers will apply what I have said to many other Particulars; and that we shall see the Town filled in a very little time with Poetical Tippers, Handkerchiefs, Snuff-Boxes, and the like Female Ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a Word of Advice to those admirable *English* Authors who call themselves Pindarick Writers, that they would apply themselves to this kind of Wit without Loss of Time, as being provided better than any other Poets with Verses of all Sizes and Dimensions.

No. 59.] Tuesday, May 8, 1711. [Addison.

Operose Nil agunt.—Seneca.

HERE is nothing more certain than that every Man would be a Wit if he could, and notwithstanding Pedants of a pretended Depth and Solidity are apt to decry the Writings of a polite Author, as *Flash* and *Froth*, they all of them shew upon Occasion that they would spare no pains to arrive at the Character of those whom they seem to despise. For this Reason we often find them endeavouring at Works of Fancy, which cost them infinite Pangs in the Production. The Truth of it is, a Man had better be a Gally-Slave than a Wit, were one to gain that Title by those Elaborate Trifles which have been the Inventions of such Authors as were often Masters of great Learning but no Genius.

In my last Paper I mentioned some of these false Wits among the Ancients, and in this shall give the Reader two or three other Species of them, that flourish in the same early Ages of the World. The first I shall produce are the *Lipogrammatists* or *Letter-droppers* of Antiquity.

When the tyranny of French criticism had imprisoned nearly all our poetry in the heroic couplet, outside exercise was allowed only to those who undertook to serve under Pindar. In From *Λείπω*, I omit, *γράμμα*, a letter. In modern literature there is a *Fugna Porcorum* (pig-*right*) of which every word begins with a p, and there are Spanish odes from which all vowels but one are omitted. The earliest writer of *Lipogrammatists* is said to have been the Greek poet *Lasus*, born in *Achaia* 538 B.C. *Lope de Vega* wrote five novels, each with one of the five vowels excluded from it.

This French name for an enigmatical device is said to be derived from the custom of the priests of *Picardy* at carnival time to set up ingenious jests upon current affairs, *de rebus quæ geruntur*.

Addison takes these illustrations from the chapter on *Rebus* or *Name devises*, in that pleasant old book, *Camden's Remains*, which he presently cites. The next chapter in the *Remains* is upon *Anagrams*.

I find likewise among the Ancients that ingenious kind of Conceit, which the Moderns distinguish by the Name of a *Rebus*, that does not sink a Letter but a whole Word, by substituting a Picture in its Place. When *Caesar* was one of the Masters of the *Roman Mint*, he placed the Figure of an Elephant upon the Reverse of the Publick Money; the Word *Caesar* signifying an Elephant in the *Punic Language*. This was artificially contrived by *Caesar*, because it was not lawful for a private Man to stamp his own Figure upon the Coin of the Commonwealth. *Cicero*, who was so called from the Founder of his Family, that was marked on the Nose with a little Wen like a *Vetch* (which is *Cicer* in *Latin*) instead of *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, order'd the Words *Marcus Tullius* with the Figure of a *Vetch* at the End of them to be inscribed on a publick Monument.

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quity, that would take an Exception, without any Reason, against some particular Letter in the Alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole Poem. One *Tryphiodorus* was a great Master in this kind of Writing. He composed an *Odyssey* or *Epic Poem* on the Adventures of *Ulysses*, consisting of four and twenty Books, having entirely banished the Letter *A* from his first Book, which was called *Alpha* (as *Lucus a non Lucendo*) because there was not an *Alpha* in it. His second Book was inscribed *Beta* for the same Reason. In short, the Poet excluded the whole four and twenty Letters in their Turns, and shew'd them, one after another, that he could do his Business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this Poet avoiding the reprobate Letter, as much as another would a false Quantity, and making his Escape from it through the several *Greek* Dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular Syllable. For the most apt and elegant Word in the whole Language was rejected, like a Diamond with a Flaw in it, if it appeared blemish'd with a wrong Letter. I shall only observe upon this Head, that if the Work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyssey* of *Tryphiodorus*, in all probability, would have been often quoted by our learned Pedants, than the *Odyssey* of *Homer*. What a perpetual Fund would it have been of obsolete Words and Phrases, unusual Barbarisms and Rusticities, absurd Spellings and complicated Dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable Treasures of the *Greek* Tongue.

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The Poet rung the [changes¹] upon these eight several Words, and by that Means made his Verses almost as numerous as the Virtues and the Stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that Men who had so much Time upon their Hands did not only restore all the antiquated Pieces of false Wit, but enriched the World with Inventions of their own. It was to this Age that we owe the Production of Anagrams,² which is nothing else but a Transmutation of one Word into another, or the turning of the same Set of Letters into different Words; which may change Night into Day, or Black into White, if Chance, who is the Goddess that presides over these Sorts of Composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty Author, in Allusion to this kind of Writing, calls his Rival, who (it seems) was distorted, and had his Limbs set in Places that did not properly belong to them, *The Anagram of a Man.*

When the Anagrammatist takes a Name to work upon, he considers it at first as a Mine not broken up, which will not shew the Treasure it contains till he shall have spent many Hours in the Search of it: For it is his Business to find out one Word that conceals it self in another, and to examine the Letters in all the Variety of Stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a Gentleman who, when this Kind of Wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain his Mistress's Heart by it. She was one of the finest Women of her Age, and [known³] by the Name of the Lady *Mary Boon.* The Lover not being able to make any thing of *Mary*, by certain Liberties indulged to this kind of Writing, converted it into *Moll*; and after having shut himself up for half a Year, with indefatigable Industry produced an Anagram. Upon the presenting it to his Mistress, who was a little vexed in her Heart to see herself degraded into *Moll Boon*, she told him, to his infinite Surprise, that he had mistaken her Sirname, for that it was not *Boon* but *Bohun.*

—*Ibi omnis*
Effusus labor.—

The lover was thunder-struck with his Misfortune, insomuch that in a little time after he lost his Senses, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual Application he had given to his Anagram.

The Acrostick⁴ was probably invented about the same time with the Anagram, tho' it is impossible to decide whether the Inventor of the

one or the other [were¹] the greater Blockhead. The *Simple* Acrostick is nothing but the Name or Title of a Person or Thing made out of the initial Letters of several Verses, and by that Means written, after the Manner of the *Chinese*, in a perpendicular Line. But besides these there are *Compound* Acrosticks, where the principal Letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the Verses have not only been edged by a Name at each Extremity, but have had the same Name running down like a Seam through the Middle of the Poem.

There is another near Relation of the Anagrams and Acrosticks, which is commonly [called²] a Chronogram. This kind of Wit appears very often on many modern Medals, especially those of *Germany*,³ when they represent in the Inscription the Year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a Medal of *Gustavus Adolphus* the following Words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick the Figures out of the several Words, and range them in their proper Order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVII, or 1627, the Year in which the Medal was stamped: For as some of the Letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and overtop their Fellows, they are to be considered in a double Capacity, both as Letters and as Figures. Your laborious *German* Wits will turn over a whole Dictionary for one of these ingenious Devices. A Man would think they were searching after an apt classical Term, but instead of that they are looking out a Word that has an L, and M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of these Inscriptions, we are not so much to look in 'em for the Thought, as for the Year of the Lord.

The *Bouts Rimez*⁴ were the Favourites of the *French* Nation for a whole Age together, and that at a Time when it abounded in Wit and Learning. They were a List of Words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another Hand, and given to a Poet, who was to make a Poem to the Rhymes in the same Order that they were placed upon the List: The more uncommon the Rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the Genius of the Poet that could accommodate his Verses to them. I do not know any greater Instance of the Decay of Wit and Learning among the *French* (which generally follows the Declension of Empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish Kind of Wit. If the Reader

¹ [was]

² [known by the name of]

³ The Chronogram was popular also, especially among the Germans, for inscriptions upon marble or in books. More than once, also, in Germany and Belgium a poem was written in a hundred hexameters, each yielding a chronogram of the date it was to celebrate.

⁴ *Bouts rimés* are said to have been suggested to the wits of Paris by the complaint of a verse turner named Dulot, who grieved one day over the loss of three hundred sonnets; and when surprise was expressed at the large number, said they were the 'rhymed ends,' that only wanted filling up.

¹ [chymes]

² This is an error. *Ἀνάγραμμα* meant in old Greek what it now means. Lycophron, who lived B.C. 280, and wrote a Greek poem on Cassandra, was famous for his Anagrams, of which two survive. The Cabalists had a branch of their study called Themuru, changing, which made mystical anagrams of sacred names.

³ [was called]

⁴ The invention of Acrostics is attributed to Porphyrius Optatianus, a writer of the 4th century. But the arguments of the Comedies of Plautus are in form of acrostics, and acrostics occur in the original Hebrew of the Book of Psalms.

will be at the trouble to see Examples of it, let him look into the new *Mercure Galant*; where the Author every Month gives a List of Rhymes to be filled up by the Ingenious, in order to be communicated to the Publick in the *Mercure* for the succeeding Month. That for the Month of *November* [last], which now lies before me, is as follows.

- Lauriers
- Guerriers
- Musette
- Lisette

- Cesars
- Etendars
- Houlette
- Folette

One would be amazed to see so learned a Man as *Menage* talking seriously on this Kind of Trifle in the following Passage.

*Monsieur de la Chambre has told me that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his Pen into his Hand; but that one Sentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I should write next when I was making Verses. In the first place I got all my Rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four Months in filling them up. I one Day shewed Monsieur Gombaud a Composition of this Nature, in which among others I had made use of the four following Rhymes, Amaryllis, Phillis, Marne, Arne, desiring him to give me his Opinion of it. He told me immediately, that my Verses were good for nothing. And upon my asking his Reason, he said, Because the Rhymes are too common; and for that Reason easy to be put into Verse. Marry, says I, if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the Pains I have been at. But by Monsieur Gombaud's Leave, notwithstanding the Severity of the Criticism, the Verses were good. VIZ MENAGIANA. Thus far the learned Menage, whom I have translated Word for Word.*¹

The first Occasion of these *Bouts Rimez* made them in some manner excusable, as they were Tasks which the *French Ladies* used to impose on their Lovers. But when a grave Author, like him above-mentioned, tasked himself, could there be anything more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the Author played [booty²], and did not make his List of Rhymes till he had finished his Poem?

I shall only add, that this Piece of false Wit has been finely ridiculed by *Monsieur Sarasin*,

¹ Menagiana, vol. I. p. 174, ed. Amst. 1713. The Menagiana were published in 4 volumes, in 1695 and 1696. Gilles Menage died at Paris in 1692, aged 79. He was a scholar and man of the world, who had a retentive memory, and, says Bayle, 'could say a thousand good things in a 'thousand pleasing ways.' The repertory here quoted from is the best of the numerous collections of 'ana.'
² [double]

in a Poem intituled, *La Defaite des Bouts-Rimez, The Rout of the Bouts-Rimez.*¹

I must subjoin to this last kind of Wit the double Rhymes, which are used in Doggerel Poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant Readers. If the Thought of the Couplet in such Compositions is good, the Rhyme adds [little²] to it; and if bad, it will not be in the Power of the Rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great Numbers of those who admire the incomparable *Hudibras*, do it more on account of these Doggerel Rhymes than of the Parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the

*Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
Was beat with Fist instead of a Stick,*

and

*There was an ancient sage Philosopher
Who had read Alexander Ross over,*

more frequently quoted, than the finest Pieces of Wit in the whole Poem. C.

No. 61.] Thursday, May 10, 1711. [Addison.

*Non equidem studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.*
Pers.

THERE is no kind of false Wit which has been so recommended by the Practice of all Ages, as that which consists in a Jingle of Words, and is comprehended under the general Name of *Punning*. It is indeed impossible to kill a Weed, which the Soil has a natural Disposition to produce. The Seeds of *Punning* are in the Minds of all Men, and tho' they may be subdued by Reason, Reflection and good Sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest Genius, that is not broken and cultivated by the Rules of Art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the Mind to Poetry, Painting, Musick, or other more noble Arts, it often breaks out in Puns and Quibbles.

Aristotle, in the Eleventh Chapter of his Book of Rhetorick, describes two or three kinds of Puns, which he calls *Paragrams*, among the Beauties of good Writing, and produces Instances of them out of some of the greatest Authors in the *Greek Tongue*. *Cicero* has sprinkled several of his Works with Puns, and in his Book where he lays down the Rules of Oratory, quotes abundance of Sayings as Pieces of Wit, which also upon Examination prove arrant Puns. But the Age in which the *Punn* chiefly flourished, was the Reign of King *James the First*. That learned Monarch was himself a tolerable Punnster, and made very few Bishops or Privy-Counsellors that had not

¹ Jean François Sarasin, whose works were first collected by Menage, and published in 1656, two years after his death. His defeat of the *Bouts-Rimés*, has for first title '*Dulot Vaincu*,' is in four cantos, and was written in four or five days.
² [nothing]

some time or other signalized themselves by a Clinch, or a *Conundrum*. It was therefore in this Age that the Punn appeared with Pomp and Dignity. It had before been admitted into merry Speeches and ludicrous Compositions, but was now delivered with great Gravity from the Pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the Council-Table. The greatest Authors, in their most serious Works, made frequent use of Puns. The Sermons of Bishop *Andrews*, and the Tragedies of *Shakespear*, are full of them. The Sinner was punned into Repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a Hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen Lines together.

I must add to these great Authorities, which seem to have given a kind of Sanction to this Piece of false Wit, that all the Writers of Rhetorick have treated of Punning with very great Respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard Names, that are reckoned among the Figures of Speech, and recommended as Ornaments in Discourse. I remember a Country School-master of my Acquaintance told me once, that he had been in Company with a Gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest *Paragrammatist* among the Moderns. Upon Inquiry, I found my learned Friend had dined that Day with Mr. *Swan*, the famous Punnster; and desiring him to give me some Account of Mr. *Swan's* Conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomasia*, that he sometimes gave into the *Plocè*, but that in his humble Opinion he shined most in the *Antanaclasis*.

I must not here omit, that a famous University of this Land was formerly very much infested with Puns; but whether or no this might not arise from the Fens and Marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the Determination of more skilful Naturalists.

After this short History of Punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the Learned World, as it is at present, especially since it had found a Place in the Writings of the most ancient Polite Authors. To account for this, we must consider, that the first Race of Authors, who were the great Heroes in Writing, were destitute of all Rules and Arts of Criticism; and for that Reason, though they excel later Writers in Greatness of Genius, they fall short of them in Accuracy and Correctness. The Moderns cannot reach their Beauties, but can avoid their Imperfections. When the World was furnished with these Authors of the first Eminence, there grew up another Set of Writers, who gained themselves a Reputation by the Remarks which they made on the Works of those who preceded them. It was one of the Employments of these Secondary Authors, to distinguish the several kinds of Wit by Terms of Art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in Truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even such Authors as *Isocrates*, *Plato*, and *Cicero*, should have such little Blemishes as are not to be met with in Authors of a much inferior Character, who have written since those several Blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper Separation made between

Puns and [true¹] Wit by any of the Ancient Authors, except *Quintilian* and *Longinus*. But when this Distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all Men of Sense to agree in it. As for the Revival of this false Wit, it happened about the time of the Revival of Letters; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one Age and rose in another, it will again recover it self in some distant Period of Time, as Pedantry and Ignorance shall prevail upon Wit and Sense. And, to speak the Truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last Winter's Productions, which had their Sets of Admirers, that our Posterity will in a few Years degenerate into a Race of Punnsters: At least, a Man may be very excusable for any Apprehensions of this kind, that has seen *Acrosticks* handed about the Town with great Secrecy and Applause; to which I must also add a little Epigram called the *Witches Prayer*, that fell into Verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it Cursed one way and Blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such Pains-takers among our *British* Wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must Lash one another, let it be with the manly Strokes of Wit and Satyr; for I am of the old Philosopher's Opinion, That if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the Paw of a Lion, than the Hoof of an Ass. I do not speak this out of any Spirit of Party. There is a most crying Dulness on both Sides. I have seen Tory *Acrosticks* and Whig *Anagrams*, and do not quarrel with either of them, because they are *Whigs* or *Tories*, but because they are *Anagrams* and *Acrosticks*.

But to return to Punning. Having pursued the History of a Punn, from its Original to its Down-fal, I shall here define it to be a Conceit arising from the use of two Words that agree in the Sound, but differ in the Sense. The only way therefore to try a Piece of Wit, is to translate it into a different Language: If it bears the Test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the Experiment, you may conclude it to have been a Punn. In short, one may say of a Punn, as the Countryman described his Nightingale, that it is *vox et præterea nihil*, a Sound, and nothing but a Sound. On the contrary, one may represent true Wit by the Description which *Aristinetus* makes of a fine Woman; when she is *dressed* she is Beautiful, when she is *undressed* she is Beautiful; or as *Mercerus* has translated it [more Emphatically] *Induitur, formosa est: Exuitur, ipsa forma est.* C.

No. 62.] Friday, May 11, 1711. [Addison.

Scribendi rectè sapere est et principium et fons.
Hor.

MR. *Lock* has an admirable Reflexion upon the Difference of Wit and Judgment,

¹ [fine]

whereby he endeavours to shew the Reason why they are not always the Talents of the same Person. His Words are as follow: *And hence, perhaps, may be given some Reason of that common Observation, That Men who have a great deal of Wit and prompt Memories, have not always the clearest Judgment, or deepest Reason. For Wit lying most in the Assemblage of Ideas, and putting those together with Quickness and Variety, wherein can be found any Resemblance or Congruity, thereby to make up pleasant Pictures and agreeable Visions in the Fancy; Judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other Side, In separating carefully one from another, Ideas wherein can be found the least Difference, thereby to avoid being misled by Similitude, and by Affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to Metaphor and Allusion; wherein, for the most part, lies that Entertainment and Pleasantry of Wit which strikes so lively on the Fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all People.*¹

This is, I think, the best and most Philosophical Account that I have ever met with of Wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a Resemblance and Congruity of Ideas as this Author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of Explanation, That every Resemblance of Ideas is not that which we call Wit, unless it be such an one that gives *Delight* and *Surprise* to the Reader: These two Properties seem essential to Wit, more particularly the last of them. In order therefore that the Resemblance in the Ideas be Wit, it is necessary that the Ideas should not lie too near one another in the Nature of things; for where the Likeness is obvious, it gives no Surprise. To compare one Man's Singing to that of another, or to represent the Whiteness of any Object by that of Milk and Snow, or the Variety of its Colours by those of the Rainbow, cannot be called Wit, unless besides this obvious Resemblance, there be some further Congruity discovered in the two Ideas that is capable of giving the Reader some Surprise. Thus when a Poet tells us, the Bosom of his Mistress is as white as Snow, there is no Wit in the Comparison; but when he adds, with a Sigh, that it is as cold too, it then grows into Wit. Every Reader's Memory may supply him with innumerable Instances of the same Nature. For this Reason, the Similitudes in Heroick Poets, who endeavour rather to fill the Mind with great Conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprizing, have seldom any thing in them that can be called Wit. Mr *Lock's* Account of Wit, with this short Explanation, comprehends most of the Species of Wit, as Metaphors, Similitudes, Allegories, Ænigmas, Mottos, Parables, Fables, Dreams, Visions, dramatick Writings, Burlesque, and all the Methods of Allusion: As there are many other Pieces of Wit, (how remote soever they may appear at first sight, from the foregoing Description) which upon Examination will be found to agree with it.

As true Wit generally consists in this Resem-

¹ Essay concerning Human Understanding, Bk II. ch. 11 (p. 68 of ed. 1690; the first).

blance and Congruity of Ideas, *false Wit* chiefly consists in the Resemblance and Congruity sometimes of single Letters, as in Anagrams, Chronograms, Lipograms, and Acrosticks: Sometimes of Syllables, as in Ecchos and Doggerel Rhymes: Sometimes of Words, as in Puns and Quibbles; and sometimes of whole Sentences or Poems, cast into the Figures of *Eggs*, *Axes*, or *Altars*: Nay, some carry the Notion of Wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external Mimickry; and to look upon a Man as an ingenious Person, that can resemble the Tone, Posture, or Face of another.

As true Wit consists in the Resemblance of Ideas, and *false Wit* in the Resemblance of Words, according to the foregoing Instances; there is another kind of Wit which consists partly in the Resemblance of Ideas, and partly in the Resemblance of Words; which for Distinction Sake I shall call *mixt Wit*. This kind of Wit is that which abounds in *Cowley*, more than in any Author that ever wrote. Mr. *Waller* has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. *Dryden* is very sparing in it. *Milton* had a Genius much above it. *Spencer* is in the same Class with *Milton*. The *Italians*, even in their Epic Poetry, are full of it. Monsieur *Boileau*, who formed himself upon the Ancient Poets, has every where rejected it with Scorn. If we look after *mixt Wit* among the *Greek* Writers, we shall find it no where but in the Epigrammatists. There are indeed some Strokes of it in the little Poem ascribed to *Musæus*, which by that, as well as many other Marks, betrays it self to be a modern Composition. If we look into the *Latin* Writers, we find none of this *mixt Wit* in *Virgil*, *Lucretius*, or *Catullus*; very little in *Horace*, but a great deal of it in *Ovid*, and scarce any thing else in *Martial*.

Out of the innumerable Branches of *mixt Wit*, I shall choose one Instance which may be met with in all the Writers of this Class. The Passion of Love in its Nature has been thought to resemble Fire; for which Reason the Words Fire and Flame are made use of to signify Love. The witty Poets therefore have taken an Advantage from the doubtful Meaning of the Word Fire, to make an infinite Number of Witticisms. *Cowley* observing the cold Regard of his Mistress's Eyes, and at the same Time their Power of producing Love in him, considers them as Burning-Glasses made of Ice; and finding himself able to live in the greatest Extremities of Love, concludes the Torrid Zone to be habitable. When his Mistress has read his Letter written in Juice of Lemmon by holding it to the Fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by Love's Flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward Heat that distilled those Drops from the Limbeck. When she is absent he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty Degrees nearer the Pole than when she is with him. His ambitious Love is a Fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy Love is the Beams of Heaven, and his unhappy Love Flames of Hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a Flame that sends up no Smoak; when it is opposed by Counsel and Advice, it is a Fire that rages the more by the Wind's blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a Tree in which he had cut his Loves, he observes

that his written Flames had burnt up and withered the Tree. When he resolves to give over his Passion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the Fire. His Heart is an *Ætna*, that instead of *Vulcan's* Shop incloses *Cupid's* Forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his Love in Wine, is throwing Oil upon the Fire. He would insinuate to his Mistress, that the Fire of Love, like that of the Sun (which produces so many living Creatures) should not only warm but beget. Love in another Place cooks Pleasure at his Fire. Sometimes the Poet's Heart is frozen in every Breast, and sometimes scorched in every Eye. Sometimes he is drowned in Tears, and burnt in Love, like a Ship set on Fire in the Middle of the Sea.

The Reader may observe in every one of these Instances, that the Poet mixes the Qualities of Fire with those of Love; and in the same Sentence speaking of it both as a Passion and as real Fire, surprizes the Reader with those seeming Resemblances or Contradictions that make up all the Wit in this kind of Writing. Mixt Wit therefore is a Composition of Punn and true Wit, and is more or less perfect as the Resemblance lies in the Ideas or in the Words: Its Foundations are laid partly in Falsehood and partly in Truth: Reason puts in her Claim for one Half of it, and Extravagance for the other. The only Province therefore for this kind of Wit, is Epigram, or those little occasional Poems that in their own Nature are nothing else but a Tissue of Epigrams. I cannot conclude this Head of *mixt Wit*, without owning that the admirable Poet out of whom I have taken the Examples of it, had as much true Wit as any Author that ever writ; and indeed all other Talents of an extraordinary Genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this Subject, that I should take notice of Mr. *Dryden's* Definition of Wit; which, with all the Deference that is due to the Judgment of so great a Man, is not so properly a Definition of Wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is 'a Propriety of Words and Thoughts adapted to the Subject.'¹ If this be a true Definition of Wit, I am apt to think that *Euclid* [was²] the greatest Wit that ever set Pen to Paper: It is certain that never was a greater Propriety of Words and Thoughts adapted to the Subject, than what that Author has made use of in his Elements. I shall only appeal to my Reader, if this Definition agrees with any Notion he has of Wit: If it be a true one I am sure Mr. *Dryden* was not only a better Poet, but a greater Wit than Mr. *Cowley*; and *Virgil* a much more facetious Man than either *Ovid* or *Martial*.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the *French* Criticks, has taken

¹ 'If Wit has truly been defined as a Propriety of Thoughts and Words, then that definition will extend to all sorts of Poetry. . . Propriety of Thought is that Fancy which arises naturally from the Subject, or which the Poet adapts to it. Propriety of Words is the cloathing of these Thoughts with such Expressions as are naturally proper to them.'—*Dryden's* Preface to *Albion and Albanis*.

² [is]

pains to shew, that it is impossible for any Thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its Foundation in the Nature of things: That the Basis of all Wit is Truth; and that no Thought can be valuable, of which good Sense is not the Ground-work.¹ *Boileau* has endeavoured to inculcate the same Notions in several Parts of his Writings, both in Prose and Verse.² This is that natural Way of Writing, that beautiful Simplicity, which we so much admire in the Compositions of the Ancients; and which no Body deviates from, but those who want Strength of Genius to make a Thought shine in its own natural Beauties. Poets who want this Strength of Genius to give that Majestick Simplicity to Nature, which we so much admire in the Works of the Ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign Ornaments, and not to let any Piece of Wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as *Goths* in Poetry, who, like those in Architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful Simplicity of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the Extravagancies of an irregular Fancy. Mr. *Dryden* makes a very handsome Observation, on *Ovid's* writing a Letter from *Dido* to *Æneas*, in the following Words.³ '*Ovid*,' says he, (speaking of *Virgil's* Fiction of *Dido* and *Æneas*) 'takes it up after him, even

¹ *Dominique Bouhours*, a learned and accomplished Jesuit, who died in 1702, aged 75, was a Professor of the Humanities, in Paris, till the headaches by which he was tormented until death compelled him to resign his chair. He was afterwards tutor to the two young Princes of Longueville, and to the son of the minister Colbert. His best book was translated into English in 1705, as 'The Art of Criticism: or the Method of making a Right Judgment upon Subjects of Wit and Learning. Translated from the best Edition of the *French*, of the Famous Father *Bouhours*, by a Person of Quality. In Four Dialogues.' Here he says: 'Truth is the first Quality, and, as it were, the foundation of Thought; the fairest is the faultiest, or, rather, those which pass for the fairest, are not really so, if they want this Foundation. . . I do not understand your Doctrine,' replies *Philanthus*, and I can scarce persuade myself that a witty Thought should be always founded on Truth: On the contrary, I am of the opinion of a famous Critic (i. e. *Vavassor* in his book on Epigrams) that Falsehood gives it often all its Grace, and is, as it were, the Soul of it,' &c., pp. 6, 7, and the following.

² As in the lines

Tout doit tendre au Bon Sens: mais pour y parvenir

Le chemin est glissant et pénible à tenir.

Art. Poétique, chant 1.

And again,

Aux dépens du Bon Sens gardez de plaisanter.

Art. Poétique, chant 3.

³ Dedication of his translation of the *Æneid* to Lord Normanby, near the middle; when speaking of the anachronism that made *Dido* and *Æneas* contemporaries.

'in the same Age, and makes an Ancient Heroine
'of *Virgil's* new-created *Dido*; dictates a Letter
'for her just before her Death to the ungrateful
'Fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for
'measuring a Sword with a Man so much su-
'perior in Force to him on the same Subject. I
'think I may be Judge of this, because I have
'translated both. The famous Author of the Art
'of Love has nothing of his own; he borrows all
'from a greater Master in his own Profession, and,
'which is worse, improves nothing which he finds:
'Nature fails him, and being forced to his old
'Shift, he has Recourse to Witticism. This passes
'indeed with his soft Admirers, and gives him the
'Preference to *Virgil* in their Esteem.

Were not I supported by so great an Authority
as that of Mr. *Dryden*, I should not venture to
observe, That the Taste of most of our *English*
Poets, as well as Readers, is extremely *Gothick*.
He quotes Monsieur *Segrais*¹ for a threefold
Distinction of the Readers of Poetry: In the first
of which he comprehends the Rabble of Readers,
whom he does not treat as such with regard to
their Quality, but to their Numbers and Coarse-
ness of their Taste. His Words are as follow:
'*Segrais* has distinguished the Readers of Poetry,
'according to their Capacity of judging, into
'three Classes. [He might have said the same of
'Writers too, if he had pleased.] In the lowest
'Form he places those whom he calls *Les Petits*
'*Esprits*, such things as are our Upper-Gallery
'Audience in a Play-house; who like nothing but
'the Husk and Rind of Wit, prefer a Quibble, a
'Conceit, an Epigram, before solid Sense and ele-
'gant Expression: These are Mob Readers. If
'*Virgil* and *Martial* stood for Parliament-Men,
'we know already who would carry it. But
'though they make the greatest Appearance in
'the Field, and cry the loudest, the best on't is
'they are but a sort of *French* Huguenots, or
'*Dutch* Boors, brought over in Herds, but not

¹ Jean Regnauld de Segrais, b. 1624, d. 1701, was of Caen, where he was trained by Jesuits for the Church, but took to Literature, and sought thereby to support four brothers and two sisters, reduced to want by the dissipations of his father. He wrote, as a youth, odes, songs, a tragedy, and part of a romance. Attracting, at the age of 20, the attention of a noble patron, he became, in 1647, and remained for the next 24 years, attached to the household of Mlle. de Montpensier. He was a favoured guest among the *Précieuses* of the *Hotel Rambouillet*, and was styled, for his acquired air of *bon ton*, the Voiture of Caen. In 1671 he was received by Mlle. de La Fayette. In 1676 he married a rich wife, at Caen, his native town, where he settled and revived the local 'Academy.' Among his works were translations into French verse of the *Æneid* and *Georgics*. In the dedication of his own translation of the *Æneid* by an elaborate essay to Lord Normanby, *Dryden* refers much, and with high respect, to the dissertation prefixed by *Segrais* to his French version, and towards the end (on p. 80 where the essay occupies 100 pages), writes as above quoted. The first parenthesis is part of the quotation.

'Naturalized; who have not Lands of two
'Pounds *per Annum* in *Parnassus*, and there-
'fore are not privileged to poll. Their Authors
'are of the same Level, fit to represent them on a
'Mountebank's Stage, or to be Masters of the
'Ceremonies in a Bear-garden: Yet these are
'they who have the most Admirers. But it often
'happens, to their Mortification, that as their
'Readers improve their Stock of Sense, (as they
'may by reading better Books, and by Conversa-
'tion with Men of Judgment) they soon forsake
'them.'

I [must not dismiss this Subject without¹] ob-
serving that as Mr. *Lock* in the Passage above-
mentioned has discovered the most fruitful Source
of Wit, so there is another of a quite contrary
Nature to it, which does likewise branch it self out
into several kinds. For not only the *Resemblance*,
but the *Opposition* of Ideas, does very often pro-
duce Wit; as I could shew in several little Points,
Turns and Antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge
upon in some future Speculation. C.

No. 63.] Saturday, May 12, 1711. [Addison.

*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Fungere si velit et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Finguntur species— Hor.*

IT is very hard for the Mind to disengage it
self from a Subject in which it has been long
employed. The Thoughts will be rising of them-
selves from time to time, tho' we give them no
Encouragement; as the Tossings and Fluctua-
tions of the Sea continue several Hours after the
Winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my last Night's
Dream or Vision, which formed into one continued
Allegory the several Schemes of Wit, whether
False, Mixed, or True, that have been the Sub-
ject of my late Papers.

Methoughts I was transported into a Country
that was filled with Prodigies and Enchantments,
governed by the Goddess of FALSEHOOD, entitled
the Region of False Wit. There is nothing in
the Fields, the Woods, and the Rivers, that ap-
peared natural. Several of the Trees blossomed
in Leaf-Gold, some of them produced Bone-Lace,
and some of them precious Stones. The Foun-
tains bubbled in an Opera Tune, and were filled
with Stags, Wild-Boars, and Mermaids, that lived
among the Waters; at the same time that Dol-
phins and several kinds of Fish played upon the
Banks or took their Pastime in the Meadows.
The Birds had many of them golden Beaks, and
human Voices. The Flowers perfumed the Air

¹ [would not break the thread of this discourse
without]; and an ERRATUM appended to the next
Number says 'for *without* read *with*.'

with Smells of Incense, Amber-greese, and Pulvillios;¹ and were so interwoven with one another, that they grew up in Pieces of Embroidery. The Winds were filled with Sighs and Messages of distant Lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted Wilderness, I could not forbear breaking out into Soliloquies upon the several Wonders which lay before me, when, to my great Surprise, I found there were artificial Ecchoes in every Walk, that by Repetitions of certain Words which I spoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I said. In the midst of my Conversation with these invisible Companions, I discovered in the Centre of a very dark Grove a monstrous Fabrick built after the *Gothick* manner, and covered with innumerable Devices in that barbarous kind of Sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of Heathen Temple consecrated to the God of *Dullness*. Upon my Entrance I saw the Deity of the Place dressed in the Habit of a Monk, with a Book in one Hand and a Rattle in the other. Upon his right Hand was *Industry*, with a Lamp burning before her; and on his left *Caprice*, with a Monkey sitting on her Shoulder. Before his Feet there stood an *Altar* of a very odd Make, which, as I afterwards found, was shaped in that manner to comply with the Inscription that surrounded it. Upon the Altar there lay several Offerings of *Axes*, *Wings*, and *Eggs*, cut in Paper, and inscribed with Verses. The Temple was filled with Votaries, who applied themselves to different Diversions, as their Fancies directed them. In one part of it I saw a Regiment of *Anagrams*, who were continually in motion, turning to the Right or to the Left, facing about, doubling their Ranks, shifting their Stations, and throwing themselves into all the Figures and Countermarches of the most changeable and perplexed Exercise.

Not far from these was a Body of *Acrosticks*, made up of very disproportioned Persons. It was disposed into three Columns, the Officers planting themselves in a Line on the left Hand of each Column. The Officers were all of them at least Six Foot high, and made three Rows of very proper Men; but the Common Soldiers, who filled up the Spaces between the Officers, were such Dwarfs, Cripples, and Scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the *Acrosticks* two or three Files of *Chronograms*, which differed only from the former, as their Officers were equipped (like the Figure of Time) with an Hour-glass in one Hand, and a Scythe in the other, and took their Posts promiscuously among the private Men whom they commanded.

In the Body of the Temple, and before the very Face of the Deity, methought I saw the Phantom of *Tryphiodorus* the *Lipogrammatist*, engaged in a Ball with four and twenty Persons, who pursued him by Turns thro' all the Intricacies and Labyrinths of a Country Dance, without being able to overtake him.

¹ Scent bags. Ital. Polviglio; from Pulvillus, a little cushion.

Observing several to be very busie at the Western End of the *Temple*, I inquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that Quarter the great Magazine of *Rebus's*. These were several Things of the most different Natures tied up in Bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like Faggots. You might behold an Anchor, a Night-rail, and a Hobby-horse bound up together. One of the Workmen seeing me very much surprized, told me, there was an infinite deal of Wit in several of those Bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleased; I thanked him for his Civility, but told him I was in very great haste at that time. As I was going out of the Temple, I observed in one Corner of it a Cluster of Men and Women laughing very heartily, and diverting themselves at a Game of *Crambo*. I heard several *Double Rhymes* as I passed by them, which raised a great deal of Mirth.

Not far from these was another Set of merry People engaged at a Diversion, in which the whole Jest was to mistake one Person for another. To give Occasion for these ludicrous Mistakes, they were divided into Pairs, every Pair being covered from Head to Foot with the same kind of Dress, though perhaps there was not the least Resemblance in their Faces. By this means an old Man was sometimes mistaken for a Boy, a Woman for a Man, and a Black-a-moor for an *European*, which very often produced great Peals of Laughter. These I guessed to be a Party of *Punns*. But being very desirous to get out of this World of Magick, which had almost turned my Brain, I left the Temple, and crossed over the Fields that lay about it with all the Speed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the Sound of Trumpets and Alarms, which seemed to proclaim the March of an Enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great Distance a very shining Light, and, in the midst of it, a Person of a most beautiful Aspect; her Name was TRUTH. On her right Hand there marched a Male Deity, who bore several Quivers on his Shoulders, and grasped several Arrows in his Hand. His Name was *Wit*. The Approach of these two Enemies filled all the Territories of *False Wit* with an unspeakable Consternation, insomuch that the Goddess of those Regions appeared in Person upon her Frontiers, with the several inferior Deities, and the different Bodies of Forces which I had before seen in the Temple, who were now drawn up in Array, and prepared to give their Foes a warm Reception. As the March of the Enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several Inhabitants who bordered upon the *Regions* of FALSEHOOD to draw their Forces into a Body, with a Design to stand upon their Guard as Neuters, and attend the Issue of the Combat.

I must here inform my Reader, that the Frontiers of the Enchanted Region, which I have before described, were inhabited by the Species of MIXED WIT, who made a very odd Appearance when they were mustered together in an Army. There were Men whose Bodies were stuck full of Darts, and Women whose Eyes were Burning-glasses: Men that had Hearts of Fire, and

Women that had Breasts of Snow. It would be endless to describe several Monsters of the like Nature, that composed this great Army; which immediately fell asunder and divided itself into two Parts, the one half throwing themselves behind the Banners of TRUTH, and the others behind those of FALSEHOOD.

The Goddess of FALSEHOOD was of a Gigantick Stature, and advanced some Paces before the Front of her Army: but as the dazzling Light, which flowed from TRUTH, began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly; insomuch that in a little Space she looked rather like an huge Phantom, than a real Substance. At length, as the Goddess of TRUTH approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the Brightness of her Presence; so that there did not remain the least Trace or Impression of her Figure in the Place where she had been seen.

As at the rising of the Sun the Constellations grow thin, and the Stars go out one after another, till the whole Hemisphere is extinguished; such was the vanishing of the Goddess: And not only of the Goddess her self, but of the whole Army that attended her, which sympathized with their Leader, and shrunk into Nothing, in proportion as the Goddess disappeared. At the same time the whole Temple sunk, the Fish betook themselves to the Streams, and the wild Beasts to the Woods: The Fountains recovered their Murmurs, the Birds their Voices, the Trees their Leaves, the Flowers their Scents, and the whole Face of Nature its true and genuine Appearance. Tho' I still continued asleep, I fancied my self as it were awakened out of a Dream, when I saw this Region of Prodigies restored to Woods and Rivers, Fields and Meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild Scene of Wonders, which had very much disturbed my Imagination, I took a full Survey of the Persons of WIT and TRUTH; for indeed it was impossible to look upon the first, without seeing the other at the same time. There was behind them a strong and compact Body of Figures. The Genius of *Heroic Poetry* appeared with a Sword in her Hand, and a Lawrel on her Head. *Tragedy* was crowned with Cypress, and covered with Robes dipped in Blood. *Satyr* had Smiles in her Look, and a Dagger under her Garment. *Rhetorick* was known by her Thunderbolt; and *Comedy* by her Mask. After several other Figures, *Epigram* marched up in the Rear, who had been posted there at the Beginning of the Expedition, that he might not revolt to the Enemy, whom he was suspected to favour in his Heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the Appearance of the God of *Wit*; there was something so amiable and yet so piercing in his Looks, as inspired me at once with Love and Terror. As I was gazing on him, to my unspeakable Joy, he took a Quiver of Arrows from his Shoulder, in order to make me a Present of it; but as I was reaching out my Hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a Chair, and by that means awaked. C.

No. 64.] Monday, May 14, 1711. [Steele.

—*Hic vivimus Ambitiosa
Paupertate omnes*— Juv.

THE most improper things we commit in the Conduct of our Lives, we are led into by the Force of Fashion. Instances might be given, in which a prevailing Custom makes us act against the Rules of Nature, Law and common Sense: but at present I shall confine my Consideration of the Effect it has upon Men's Minds, by looking into our Behaviour when it is the Fashion to go into Mourning. The Custom of representing the Grief we have for the Loss of the Dead by our Habits, certainly had its Rise from the real Sorrow of such as were too much distressed to take the proper Care they ought of their Dress. By Degrees it prevailed, that such as had this inward Oppression upon their Minds, made an Apology for not joining with the rest of the World in their ordinary Diversions, by a Dress suited to their Condition. This therefore was at first assumed by such only as were under real Distress: to whom it was a Relief that they had nothing about them so light and gay as to be irksome to the Gloom and Melancholy of their inward Reflections, or that might misrepresent them to others. In process of Time this laudable Distinction of the Sorrowful was lost, and Mourning is now worn by Heirs and Widows. You see nothing but Magnificence and Solemnity in the Equipage of the Relict, and an Air [of¹] Release from Servitude in the Pomp of a Son who has lost a wealthy Father. This Fashion of Sorrow is now become a generous Part of the Ceremonial between Princes and Sovereigns, who in the Language of all Nations are stiled Brothers to each other, and put on the Purple upon the Death of any Potentate with whom they live in Amity. Courtiers, and all who wish themselves such, are immediately seized with Grief from Head to Foot upon this Disaster to their Prince; so that one may know by the very Buckles of a Gentleman-Usher, what Degree of Friendship any deceased Monarch maintained with the Court to which he belongs. A good Courtier's Habit and Behaviour is hieroglyphical on these Occasions: He deals much in Whispers, and you may see he dresses according to the best Intelligence.

The general Affectation among Men, of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole World run into the Habit of the Court. You see the Lady, who the Day before was as various as a Rainbow, upon the Time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a Cloud. This Humour does not prevail only on those whose Fortunes can support any Change in their Equipage, not on those only whose Incomes demand the Wantonness of new Appearances; but on such also who have just enough to cloath them. An old Acquaintance of mine, of Ninety Pounds a Year, who has naturally the Vanity of being a Man of Fashion deep at his Heart, is very much put to it

¹ [of a]

to bear the Mortality of Princes. He made a new black Suit upon the Death of the King of *Spain*, he turned it for the King of *Portugal*, and he now keeps his Chamber while it is scouring for the Emperor.¹ He is a good Oeconomist in his Extravagance, and makes only a fresh black Button upon his Iron-gray Suit for any Potentate of small Territories; he indeed adds his Crape Hatband for a Prince whose Exploits he has admired in the *Gazette*. But whatever Compliments may be made on these Occasions, the true Mourners are the Mercers, Silkmen, Lacemen and Milliners. A Prince of merciful and royal Disposition would reflect with great Anxiety upon the Prospect of his Death, if he considered what Numbers would be reduced to Misery by that Accident only: He would think it of Moment enough to direct, that in the Notification of his Departure, the Honour done to him might be restrained to those of the Household of the Prince to whom it should be signified. He would think a general Mourning to be in a less Degree the same Ceremony which is practised in barbarous Nations, of killing their Slaves to attend the Obsèques of their Kings.

I had been wonderfully at a Loss for many Months together, to guess at the Character of a Man who came now and then to our Coffee-house: He ever ended a News-paper with this Reflection, *Well, I see all the Foreign Princes are in good Health*. If you asked, Pray, Sir, what says the *Postman from Vienna*? he answered, *Make us thankful, the German Princes are all well: What does he say from Barcelona? He does not speak but that the Country agrees very well with the new Queen*. After very much Enquiry, I found this Man of universal Loyalty was a wholesale Dealer in Silks and Ribbons: His Way is, it seems, if he hires a Weaver, or Workman, to have it inserted in his Articles, 'That all this shall be well and truly performed, provided no foreign Potentate shall depart this Life within the Time above-mentioned.' It happens in all publick Mournings, that the many Trades which depend upon our Habits, are during that Folly either pinched with present Want, or terrified with the apparent Approach of it. All the Atonement which Men can make for wanton Expences (which is a sort of insulting the Scarcity under which others labour) is, that the Superfluities of the Wealthy give Supplies to the Necessities of the Poor: but instead of any other Good arising from the Affectation of being in courtly Habits of Mourning, all Order seems to be destroyed by it; and the true Honour which one Court does to another on that Occasion, loses its Force and Efficacy. When a foreign Minister beholds the Court of a Nation (which flourishes in Riches and Plenty) lay aside, upon the Loss of his

¹ The death of Charles II. of Spain, which gave occasion for the general war of the Spanish succession, took place in 1700. John V., King of Portugal, died in 1706, and the Emperor Joseph I. died on the 17th of April, 1711, less than a month before this paper was written. The black suit that was now 'scouring for the Emperor' was, therefore, more than ten years old, and had been turned five years ago.

Master, all Marks of Splendor and Magnificence, though the Head of such a joyful People, he will conceive greater Idea of the Honour done his Master, than when he sees the Generality of the People in the same Habit. When one is afraid to ask the Wife of a Tradesman whom she has lost of her Family; and after some Preparation endeavours to know whom she mourns for; how ridiculous is it to hear her explain her self, That we have lost one of the House of *Austria*! Princes are elevated so highly above the rest of Mankind, that it is a presumptuous Distinction to take a Part in Honours done to their Memories, except we have Authority for it, by being related in a particular Manner to the Court which pays that Veneration to their Friendship, and seems to express on such an Occasion the Sense of the Uncertainty of human Life in general, by assuming the Habit of Sorrow though in the full possession of Triumph and Royalty. R.

No. 65.] Tuesday, May 15, 1711. [Steele.

—Demetri teque Tigelli
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.
Hor.

AFTER having at large explained what Wit is, and described the false Appearances of it, all that Labour seems but an useless Enquiry, without some Time be spent in considering the Application of it. The Seat of Wit, when one speaks as a Man of the Town and the World, is the Play-house; I shall therefore fill this Paper with Reflections upon the Use of it in that Place. The Application of Wit in the Theatre has as strong an Effect upon the Manners of our Gentlemen, as the Taste of it has upon the Writings of our Authors. It may, perhaps, look like a very presumptuous Work, though not Foreign from the Duty of a SPECTATOR, to tax the Writings of such as have long had the general Applause of a Nation; But I shall always make Reason, Truth, and Nature the Measures of Praise and Dispraise; if those are for me, the Generality of Opinion is of no Consequence against me; if they are against me, the general Opinion cannot long support me.

Without further Preface, I am going to look into some of our most applauded Plays, and see whether they deserve the Figure they at present bear in the Imagination of Men, or not.

In reflecting upon these Works, I shall chiefly dwell upon that for which each respective Play is most celebrated. The present Paper shall be employed upon *Sir Fopling Flutter*.¹ The received Character of this Play is, That it is the

¹ *The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter*, by Sir George Etherege, produced in 1676. Etherege painted accurately the life and morals of the Restoration, and is said to have represented himself in Bellair; Beau Hewit, the son of a Herefordshire Baronet, in Sir Fopling; and to have formed Dorimart upon the model of the Earl of Rochester.

Pattern of Genteel Comedy. *Dorimant* and *Harriot* are the Characters of greatest Consequence, and if these are Low and Mean, the Reputation of the Play is very Unjust.

I will take for granted, that a fine Gentleman should be honest in his Actions, and refined in his Language. Instead of this, our Hero in this Piece is a direct Knave in his Designs, and a Clown in his Language. *Bellair* is his Admirer and Friend; in return for which, because he is forsooth a greater Wit than his said Friend, he thinks it reasonable to persuade him to marry a young Lady, whose Virtue, he thinks, will last no longer than till she is a Wife, and then she cannot but fall to his Share, as he is an irresistible fine Gentleman. The Falshood to Mrs. *Loveit*, and the Barbarity of Triumphanting over her Anguish for losing him, is another Instance of his Honesty, as well as his Good-nature. As to his fine Language; he calls the Orange-Woman, who, it seems, is inclined to grow Fat, *An Over-grown Jade, with a Flasket of Guts before her*; and salutes her with a pretty Phrase of *How now, Double Tripe?* Upon the mention of a Country Gentlewoman, whom he knows nothing of, (no one can imagine why) he *will lay his Life she is some awkward ill-fashioned Country Toad, who not having above four Dozen of Hairs on her Head, has adorned her Baldness with a large white Frusz, that she may look Sparkishly in the Fore-front of the King's Box at an old Play.* Unnatural Mixture of senseless Common-Place!

As to the Generosity of his Temper, he tells his poor Footman, *If he did not wait better—he would turn him away, in the insolent Phrase of, I'll uncase you.*

Now for Mrs. *Harriot*: She laughs at Obedience to an absent Mother, whose Tenderness *Busie* describes to be very exquisite, for *that she is so pleased with finding Harriot again, that she cannot chide her for being out of the way.* This Witty Daughter, and fine Lady, has so little Respect for this good Woman, that she Ridicules her Air in taking Leave, and cries, *In what Struggle is my poor Mother yonder? See, see, her Head tottering, her Eyes staring, and her under Lip trembling.* But all this is atoned for, because *she has more Wit than is usual in her Sex, and as much Malice, tho' she is as Wild as you would wish her, and has a Demureness in her Looks that makes it so surprising!* Then to recommend her as a fit Spouse for his Hero, the Poet makes her speak her Sense of Marriage very ingeniously: *I think, says she, I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reasonable Woman should expect in an Husband.* It is, methinks, unnatural that we are not made to understand how she that was bred under a silly pious old Mother, that would never trust her out of her sight, came to be so Polite.

It cannot be denied, but that the Negligence of every thing, which engages the Attention of the sober and valuable Part of Mankind, appears very well drawn in this Piece: But it is denied, that it is necessary to the Character of a Fine Gentleman, that he should in that manner trample upon all Order and Decency. As for the Character of *Dorimant*, it is more of a Coxcomb than that of

Fopling. He says of one of his Companions, that a good Correspondence between them is their mutual Interest. Speaking of that Friend, he declares, their being much together *makes the Women think the better of his Understanding, and judge more favourably of my Reputation. It makes him pass upon some for a Man of very good Sense, and me upon others for a very civil Person.*

This whole celebrated Piece is a perfect Contradiction to good Manners, good Sense, and common Honesty; and as there is nothing in it but what is built upon the Ruin of Virtue and Innocence, according to the Notion of Merit in this Comedy, I take the Shoemaker to be, in reality, the Fine Gentleman of the Play: For it seems he is an Atheist, if we may depend upon his Character as given by the Orange-Woman, who is her self far from being the lowest in the Play. She says of a Fine Man who is *Dorimant's* Companion, *There is not such another Heathen in the Town, except the Shoemaker.* His Pretension to be the Hero of the Drama appears still more in his own Description of his way of Living with his Lady. *There is, says he, never a Man in Town lives more like a Gentleman with his Wife than I do; I never mind her Motions; she never enquires into mine. We speak to one another civilly, hate one another heartily; and because it is Vulgar to Lye and Soak together, we have each of us our several Settle-Bed.* That of *Soaking together* is as good as if *Dorimant* had spoken it himself; and, I think, since he puts Human Nature in as ugly a Form as the Circumstances will bear, and is a staunch Unbeliever, he is very much Wronged in having no part of the good Fortune bestowed in the last Act.

To speak plainly of this whole Work, I think nothing but being lost to a sense of Innocence and Virtue can make any one see this Comedy, without observing more frequent Occasion to move Sorrow and Indignation, than Mirth and Laughter. At the same time I allow it to be Nature, but it is Nature in its utmost Corruption and Degeneracy.¹ R.

No. 66.] Wednesday, May 16, 1711. [Steele.

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura Virgo, et fingitur artubus
Jam nunc, et incestos amores
De Tenero meditatur Ungui.—Hor.*

THE two following Letters are upon a Subject of very great Importance, tho' expressed without an Air of Gravity.

¹ To this number of the Spectator is appended the first advertisement of Pope's *Essay on Criticism*.

This Day is publish'd
AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM. Printed for W. Lewis in Russell street Covent-Garden; and Sold by W. Taylor, at the Ship in Pater Noster Row; T. Osborn, in Gray's Inn near the Walks; T. Graves, in St. James's Street; and T. Morphew, near Stationers-Hall. Price 1s.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I Take the Freedom of asking your Advice in
'behalf of a Young Country Kinswoman of mine
'who is lately come to Town, and under my Care
'for her Education. She is very pretty, but you
'can't imagine how unformed a Creature it is.
'She comes to my Hands just as Nature left her,
'half finished, and without any acquired Improve-
'ments. When I look on her I often think of the
'*Belle Sauvage* mentioned in one of your Papers.
'Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, help me to make her
'comprehend the visible Graces of Speech, and
'the dumb Eloquence of Motion; for she is at
'present a perfect Stranger to both. She knows
'no Way to express her self but by her Tongue,
'and that always to signify her Meaning. Her
'Eyes serve her yet only to see with, and she is
'utterly a Foreigner to the Language of Looks
'and Glances. In this I fancy you could help her
'better than any Body. I have bestowed two
'Months in teaching her to Sigh when she is not
'concerned, and to Smile when she is not pleased;
'and am ashamed to own she makes little or no
'Improvement. Then she is no more able now
'to walk, than she was to go at a Year old. By
'Walking you will easily know I mean that regu-
'lar but easy Motion, which gives our Persons so
'irresistible a Grace as if we moved to Musick,
'and is a kind of disengaged Figure, or, if I may
'so speak, recitative Dancing. But the want of
'this I cannot blame in her, for I find she has no
'Ear, and means nothing by Walking but to change
'her Place. I could pardon too her Blushing, if
'she knew how to carry her self in it, and if it did
'not manifestly injure her Complexion.

'They tell me you are a Person who have seen
'the World, and are a Judge of fine Breeding;
'which makes me ambitious of some Instructions
'from you for her Improvement: Which when
'you have favoured me with, I shall further ad-
'vise with you about the Disposal of this fair
'Forrester in Marriage; for I will make it no
'Secret to you, that her Person and Education
'are to be her Fortune.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

CELIMENE.

SIR,

'Being employed by *Celime* to make up and
'send to you her Letter, I make bold to recom-
'mend the Case therein mentioned to your Con-
'sideration, because she and I happen to differ a
'little in our Notions. I, who am a rough Man,
'am afraid the young Girl is in a fair Way to be
'spoiled: Therefore pray, Mr. SPECTATOR, let
'us have your Opinion of this fine thing called
'*Fine Breeding*; for I am afraid it differs too
'much from that plain thing called *Good Breeding*.
Your most humble Servant.¹

¹ John Hughes is the author of these two let-
ters, and, Chalmers thinks, also of the letters
signed R. B. in Nos. 33 and 53. He was in 1711
thirty-two years old. John Hughes, the son of a
citizen of London, was born at Marlborough, edu-
cated at the private school of a Dissenting minis-
ter, where he had Isaac Watts for schoolfellow,

The general Mistake among us in the Educating
our Children, is, That in our Daughters we take
care of their Persons and neglect their Minds; in
our Sons we are so intent upon adorning their
Minds, that we wholly neglect their Bodies. It
is from this that you shall see a young Lady cele-
brated and admired in all the Assemblies about
Town, when her elder Brother is afraid to come
into a Room. From this ill Management it arises,
That we frequently observe a Man's Life is half
spent before he is taken notice of; and a Woman
in the Prime of her Years is out of Fashion and
neglected. The Boy I shall consider upon some
other Occasion, and at present stick to the Girl:
And I am the more inclined to this, because I
have several Letters which complain to me that
my Female Readers have not understood me for
some Days last past, and take themselves to be
unconcerned in the present Turn of my Writings.
When a Girl is safely brought from her Nurse,
before she is capable of forming one simple No-
tion of any thing in Life, she is delivered to the
Hands of her Dancing-Master; and with a Collar
round her Neck, the pretty wild Thing is taught
a fantastical Gravity of Behaviour, and forced to
a particular Way of holding her Head, heaving
her Breast, and moving with her whole Body;
and all this under Pain of never having an Hus-
band, if she steps, looks, or moves awry. This
gives the young Lady wonderful Workings of
Imagination, what is to pass between her and this
Husband that she is every Moment told of, and
for whom she seems to be educated. Thus her
Fancy is engaged to turn all her Endeavours to
the Ornament of her Person, as what must deter-
mine her Good and Ill in this Life; and she na-
turally thinks, if she is tall enough, she is wise
enough for any thing for which her Education
makes her think she is designed. To make her
an agreeable Person is the main Purpose of her
Parents; to that is all their Cost, to that all their
Care directed; and from this general Folly of
Parents we owe our present numerous Race of
Coquets. These Reflections puzzle me, when I

delicate of health, zealous for poetry and music,
and provided for by having obtained, early in life,
a situation in the Ordnance Office. He died of
consumption at the age of 40, February 17, 1719-
20, on the night of the first production of his
Tragedy of *The Siege of Damascus*. Verse of his
was in his lifetime set to music by Purcell and
Handel. In 1712 an opera of *Calypso and Tele-
machus*, to which Hughes wrote the words, was
produced with success at the Haymarket. In
translations, in original verse, and especially in
prose, he merited the pleasant little reputation
that he earned; but his means were small until,
not two years before his death, Lord Cowper gave
him the well-paid office of Secretary to the Com-
missioners of the Peace. Steele has drawn the
character of his friend Hughes as that of a re-
ligious man exempt from every sensual vice, an
invalid who could take pleasure in seeing the inno-
cent happiness of the healthy, who was never
peevish or sour, and who employed his intervals of
ease in drawing and designing, or in music and
poetry.

think of giving my advice on the Subject of managing the wild Thing mentioned in the Letter of my Correspondent. But sure there is a middle Way to be followed; the Management of a young Lady's Person is not to be overlooked, but the Erudition of her Mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will see the Mind follow the Appetites of the Body, or the Body express the Virtues of the Mind.

Cleomira dances with all the Elegance of Motion imaginable; but her Eyes are so chastised with the Simplicity and Innocence of her Thoughts, that she raises in her Beholders Admiration and good Will, but no loose Hope or wild Imagination. The true Art in this Case is, To make the Mind and Body improve together; and if possible, to make Gesture follow Thought, and not let Thought be employed upon Gesture.

R.

No. 67.] Thursday, May 17, 1711. [Budgell.¹

Saltare elegantius quam necesse est probæ. Sal.

LUCIAN, in one of his Dialogues, introduces a Philosopher chiding his Friend for his being

¹ Eustace Budgell, the contributor of this and of about three dozen other papers to the *Spectator*, was, in 1711, twenty-six years old, and by the death of his father, Gilbert Budgell, D.D., obtained, in this year, encumbered by some debt, an income of £950. He was first cousin to Addison, their mothers being two daughters of Dr Nathaniel Gulstone, and sisters to Dr Gulstone, bishop of Bristol. He had been sent in 1700 to Christ Church, Oxford, where he spent several years. When, in 1709, Addison went to Dublin as secretary to Lord Wharton, in his Irish administration, he took with him his cousin Budgell as a private secretary. During Addison's first stay in Ireland Budgell lived with him, and paid careful attention to his duties. To this relationship and friendship Budgell was indebted for the insertion of papers of his in the *Spectator*. Addison not only gratified his literary ambition, but helped him to advancement in his service of the government. On the accession of George I. Budgell was appointed Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland and Deputy Clerk of the Council; was chosen also Honorary Bencher of the Dublin Inns of Court and obtained a seat in the Irish Parliament. In 1717, when Addison became Secretary of State for Ireland, he appointed Eustace Budgell to the post of Accountant and Comptroller-General of the Irish Revenue, which was worth nearly £400 a-year. In 1718, anger at being passed over in an appointment caused Budgell to charge the Duke of Bolton, the newly-arrived Lord-Lieutenant, with folly and imbecility. For this he was removed from his Irish appointments. He then ruined his hope of patronage in England, lost three-fourths of his fortune in the South Sea Bubble, and spent the other fourth in a fruitless attempt to get into Parliament. While struggling to earn bread as a writer, he took part

a Lover of Dancing,¹ and a Frequenter of Balls. The other undertakes the Defence of his Favourite Diversion, which, he says, was at first invented by the Goddess *Rhea*, and preserved the Life of *Jupiter* himself, from the Cruelty of his Father *Saturn*. He proceeds to shew, that it had been Approved by the greatest Men in all Ages; that *Homer* calls *Merion* a *Fine Dancer*; and says, That the graceful Mien and great Agility which he had acquired by that Exercise, distinguished him above the rest in the Armies, both of *Greeks* and *Trojans*.

He adds, that *Pyrrhus* gained more Reputation by Inventing the Dance which is called after his Name, than by all his other Actions: That the *Lacedæmonians*, who were the bravest People in *Greece*, gave great Encouragement to this Diversion, and made their *Hormus* (a Dance much resembling the *French Brawl*) famous over all *Asia*: That there were still extant some *Thesalian* Statues erected to the Honour of their *best Dancers*: And that he wondered how his Brother Philosopher could declare himself against the Opinions of those two Persons, whom he professed so much to admire, *Homer* and *Hesiod*; the latter of which compares Valour and Dancing together; and says, That the Gods have bestowed *Fortitude on some Men, and on others a Disposition for Dancing*.

Lastly, he puts him in mind that *Socrates*, (who in the Judgment of *Apollo*, was the wisest of Men) was not only a professed Admirer of this Exercise in others, but learned it himself when he was an old Man.

The Morose Philosopher is so much affected by these, and some other Authorities, that he becomes a Convert to his Friend, and desires he would take him with him when he went to his next Ball.

I love to shelter my self under the Examples of Great Men; and, I think, I have sufficiently shewed that it is not below the Dignity of these my Speculations to take notice of the following

in the publication of Dr Matthew Tindal's *Christianity as Old as the Creation*, and when, in 1733, Tindal died, a Will was found which, to the exclusion of a favourite nephew, left £2100 (nearly all the property) to Budgell. The authenticity of the Will was successfully contested, and thereby Budgell disgraced. He retorted on Pope for some criticism upon this which he attributed to him, and Pope wrote in the prologue to his Satires, *Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on my quill, And write what'er he please,—except my Will.*

At last, in May, 1737, Eustace Budgell filled his pockets with stones, hired a boat, and drowned himself by jumping from it as it passed under London Bridge. There was left on his writing-table at home a slip of paper upon which he had written, 'What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong.'

¹ The Dialogue 'Of Dancing' between Lucian and Crato is here quoted from a translation then just published in four volumes, 'of the Works of Lucian, translated from the Greek by several Eminent Hands, 1711.' The dialogue is in Vol. III., pp. 402—432, translated 'by Mr Savage of the Middle Temple.'

Letter, which, I suppose, is sent me by some substantial Tradesman about *Change*.

SIR,

'I am a Man in Years, and by an honest Industry in the World have acquired enough to give my Children a liberal Education, tho' I was an utter Stranger to it my self. My eldest Daughter, a Girl of Sixteen, has for some time been under the Tuition of Monsieur *Rigadoon*, a Dancing-Master in the City; and I was prevailed upon by her and her Mother to go last Night to one of his Balls. I must own to you, Sir, that having never been at any such Place before, I was very much pleased and surprized with that Part of his Entertainment which he called *French Dancing*. There were several young Men and Women, whose Limbs seemed to have no other Motion, but purely what the Musick gave them. After this Part was over, they began a Diversion which they call *Country Dancing*, and wherein there were also some things not disagreeable, and divers *Emblematical Figures*, Compos'd, as I guess, by Wise Men, for the Instruction of Youth.

'Among the rest, I observed one, which, I think, they call *Hunt the Squirrel*, in which while the Woman flies the Man pursues her; but as soon as she turns, he runs away, and she is obliged to follow.

'The Moral of this Dance does, I think, very aptly recommend Modesty and Discretion to the Female Sex.

'But as the best Institutions are liable to Corruptions, so, Sir, I must acquaint you, that very great Abuses are crept into this Entertainment. I was amazed to see my Girl handed by, and handing young Fellows with so much Familiarity; and I could not have thought it had been in the Child. They very often made use of a most impudent and lascivious Step called *Setting*, which I know not how to describe to you, but by telling you that it is the very reverse of *Back to Back*. At last an impudent young Dog bid the Fiddlers play a Dance called *Moll Peatley*,¹ and after having made two or three Capers, ran to his Partner, locked his Arms in hers, and whisked her round cleverly above Ground in such manner, that I, who sat upon one of the lowest Benches, saw further above her Shoe than I can think fit to acquaint you with. I could no longer endure these Enormities; wherefore just as my Girl was going to be made a Whirligig, I ran in, seized on the Child, and carried her home.

'Sir, I am not yet old enough to be a Fool. I suppose this Diversion might be at first invented to keep up a good Understanding between young Men and Women, and so far I am not against it; but I shall never allow of these things. I know not what you will say to this Case at present, but am sure that had you been with me you would have seen matter of great Speculation.

I am

Yours, &c.

I must confess I am afraid that my Correspond-

¹ *Moll Peatley* was a popular and vigorous dance, dating, at least, from 1622.

ent had too much Reason to be a little out of Humour at the Treatment of his Daughter, but I conclude that he would have been much more so, had he seen one of those *kissing Dances* in which WILL. HONEYCOMB assures me they are obliged to dwell almost a Minute on the Fair One's Lips, or they will be too quick for the Musick, and dance quite out of Time.

I am not able however to give my final Sentence against this Diversion; and am of Mr *Cowley's* Opinion,¹ that so much of Dancing at least as belongs to the Behaviour and an handsome Carriage of the Body, is extremely useful, if not absolutely necessary.

We generally form such Ideas of People at first Sight, as we are hardly ever persuaded to lay aside afterwards: For this Reason, a Man would wish to have nothing disagreeable or uncomely in his Approaches, and to be able to enter a Room with a good Grace.

I might add, that a moderate Knowledge in the little Rules of Good-breeding gives a Man some Assurance, and makes him easie in all Companies. For want of this, I have seen a Professor of a Liberal Science at a Loss to salute a Lady; and a most excellent Mathematician not able to determine whether he should stand or sit while my Lord drank to him.

It is the proper Business of a Dancing-Master to regulate these Matters; tho' I take it to be a just Observation, that unless you add something of your own to what these fine Gentlemen teach you, and which they are wholly ignorant of themselves, you will much sooner get the Character of an Affected Fop, than of a Well-bred Man.

As for *Country Dancing*, it must indeed be confessed, that the great Familiarities between the two Sexes on this Occasion may sometimes produce very dangerous Consequences; and I have often thought that few Ladies Hearts are so obdurate as not to be melted by the Charms of Musick, the Force of Motion, and an handsome young Fellow who is continually playing before their Eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect Use of all his Limbs.

But as this kind of Dance is the particular Invention of our own Country, and as every one is more or less a Proficient in it, I would not Discourage it; but rather suppose it may be practised innocently by others, as well as myself, who am often Partner to my Landlady's Eldest Daughter.

POSTSCRIPT.

Having heard a good Character of the Collection of Pictures which is to be Exposed to Sale on *Friday* next; and concluding from the following Letter, that the Person who Collected them is a Man of no unelegant Taste, I will be so much his

¹ In his scheme of a College and School, published in 1661, as 'a Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy,' among the ideas for training boys in the school is this, that 'in foul weather it would not be amiss for them to learn to Dance, that is, to learn just so much (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse) as may give them a graceful comportment of their bodies.'

Friend as to Publish it, provided the Reader will only look upon it as filling up the Place of an Advertisement.

From *the three Chairs in the Piazza, Covent-Garden.*

SIR,

May 16, 1711.

'As you are SPECTATOR, I think we, who make 'it our Business to exhibit any thing to publick 'View, ought to apply our selves to you for your 'Approbation. I have travelled *Europe* to furnish out a Show for you, and have brought with me what has been admired in every Country through which I passed. You have declared in many Papers, that your greatest Delights are those of the Eye, which I do not doubt but I shall gratifie with as Beautiful Objects as yours ever beheld. If Castles, Forests, Ruins, Fine Women, and Graceful Men, can please you, I dare promise you much Satisfaction, if you will appear at my Auction on *Friday* next. A Sight is, I suppose, as grateful to a SPECTATOR, as a Treat to another Person, and therefore I hope you will pardon this Invitation from,

SIR,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

J. GRAHAM.

No. 68.] *Friday, May 18, 1711.* [Addison.]

Nos duo turba sumus— Ovid.

ONE would think that the larger the Company is, in which we are engaged, the greater Variety of Thoughts and Subjects would be started in Discourse; but instead of this, we find that Conversation is never so much streightened and confined as in numerous Assemblies. When a Multitude meet together upon any Subject of Discourse, their Debates are taken up chiefly with Forms and general Positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted Assembly of Men and Women, the Talk generally runs upon the Weather, Fashions, News, and the like publick Topicks. In Proportion as Conversation gets into Clubs and Knots of Friends, it descends into Particulars, and grows more free and communicative: But the most open, instructive, and unreserved Discourse, is that which passes between two Persons who are familiar and intimate Friends. On these Occasions, a Man gives a Loose to every Passion and every Thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired Opinions of Persons and Things, tries the Beauty and Strength of his Sentiments, and exposes his whole Soul to the Examination of his Friend.

Tully was the first who observed, that Friendship improves Happiness and abates Misery, by the doubling of our Joy and dividing of our Grief; a Thought in which he hath been followed by all the Essayers upon Friendship, that have written since his Time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely described other Advantages, or, as he calls them, Fruits of Friendship; and indeed there is no Subject of Morality which has been better

handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient Author, whose Book would be regarded by our Modern Wits as one of the most shining Tracts of Morality that is extant, if it appeared under the Name of a *Confucius*, or of any celebrated *Grecian* Philosopher: I mean the little Apocryphal Treatise entitled, *The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach*. How finely has he described the Art of making Friends, by an obliging and affable Behaviour? And laid down that Precept which a late excellent Author has delivered as his own, 'That we should have many Well-wishers, but few Friends.' *Sweet Language will multiply Friends; and a fair-speaking Tongue will increase kind Greetings. Be in Peace with many, nevertheless have but one Counsellor of a thousand.*¹ With what Prudence does he caution us in the Choice of our Friends? And with what Strokes of Nature (I could almost say of Humour) has he described the Behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested Friend? *If thou wouldst get a Friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: For some Man is a Friend for his own Occasion, and will not abide in the Day of thy Trouble. And there is a Friend, who being turned to Enmity and Strife will discover thy Reproach. Again, Some Friend is a Companion at the Table, and will not continue in the Day of thy Affliction: But in thy Prosperity he will be as thy self, and will be bold over thy Servants. If thou be brought low he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy Face.*² What can be more strong and pointed than the following Verse? *Separate thy self from thine Enemies, and take heed of thy Friends.* In the next Words he particularizes one of those Fruits of Friendship which is described at length by the two famous Authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general Elogium of Friendship, which is very just as well as very sublime. *A faithful Friend is a strong Defence; and he that hath found such an one, hath found a Treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful Friend, and his Excellency is unvaluable. A faithful Friend is the Medicine of Life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his Friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his Neighbour (that is, his Friend) be also.*³ I do not remember to have met with any Saying that has pleased me more than that of a Friend's being the Medicine of Life, to express the Efficacy of Friendship in healing the Pains and Anguish which naturally cleave to our Existence in this World; and am wonderfully pleased with the Turn in the last Sentence, That a virtuous Man shall as a Blessing meet with a Friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another Saying in the same Author, which would have been very much admired in an Heathen Writer; *Forsake not an old Friend, for the new is not comparable to him: A new Friend is as new Wine; When it is old thou shalt drink it*

¹ Ecclesiasticus vii. 5, 6.

² Ecclus. vi. 7, and following verses.

³ Ecclus. vi. 15—18.

with Pleasure.¹ With what Strength of Allusion and Force of Thought, has he described the Breaches and Violations of Friendship? *Whoso casteth a Stone at the Birds frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his Friend, breaketh Friendship. Tho' thou drawest a Sword at a Friend yet despair not, for there may be a returning to Favour: If thou hast opened thy Mouth against thy Friend fear not, for there may be a Reconciliation; except for Upbraiding, or Pride, or disclosing of Secrets, or a treacherous Wound; for, for these things every Friend will depart.*² We may observe in this and several other Precepts in this Author, those little familiar Instances and Illustrations which are so much admired in the moral Writings of *Horace* and *Epictetus*. There are very beautiful Instances of this Nature in the following Passages, which are likewise written upon the same Subject: *Whoso discovereth Secrets, loseth his Credit, and shall never find a Friend to his Mind. Love thy Friend, and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayest his Secrets, follow no more after him: For as a Man hath destroyed his Enemy, so hast thou lost the Love of thy Friend; as one that letteth a Bird go out of his Hand, so hast thou let thy Friend go, and shalt not get him again: Follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a Roe escaped out of the Snare. As for a Wound it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be Reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth Secrets, is without Hope.*³

Among the several Qualifications of a good Friend, this wise Man has very justly singled out Constancy and Faithfulness as the principal: To these, others have added Virtue, Knowledge, Discretion, Equality in Age and Fortune, and as *Cicero* calls it, *Morum Comitatus*, a Pleasantness of Temper.⁴ If I were to give my Opinion upon such an exhausted Subject, I should join to these other Qualifications a certain *Æquability* or Evenness of Behaviour. A Man often contracts a Friendship with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a Year's Conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill Humour breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entering into an Intimacy with him. There are several Persons who in some certain Periods of their Lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. *Martial* has given us a very pretty Picture of one of this Species in the following Epigram:

*Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.*

*In all thy Humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant Fellow;
Hast so much Wit, and Mirth, and Spleen about thee,*

There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a Man to be entangled in

¹ *Ecclus.* ix. 10.

² *Ecclus.* ix. 20—22.

³ *Ecclus.* xxvii. 16, &c.

⁴ *Cicero de Amicitia*, and in the *De Officiis* he says (*Bk.* II.), 'difficile dictu est, quantopere conciliet animos hominum comitas, affabilitasque sermonis.'

a Friendship with one, who by these Changes and Vicissitudes of Humour is sometimes amiable and sometimes odious: And as most Men are at some Times in an admirable Frame and Disposition of Mind, it should be one of the greatest Tasks of Wisdom to keep our selves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable Part of our Character. C.

No. 69.] Saturday, May 19, 1711. [Addison.

*Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:
Arbori factus alibi, atque injussa virescunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus
odores,
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus
Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis
Imposuit Natura locis— Virg.*

THERE is no Place in the Town which I so much love to frequent as the *Royal-Exchange*. It gives me a secret Satisfaction, and in some measure, gratifies my Vanity, as I am an *Englishman*, to see so rich an Assembly of Countrymen and Foreigners consulting together upon the private Business of Mankind, and making this Metropolis a kind of *Emporium* for the whole Earth. I must confess I look upon High-Change to be a great Council, in which all considerable Nations have their Representatives. Factors in the Trading World are what Ambassadors are in the Politick World; they negotiate Affairs, conclude Treaties, and maintain a good Correspondence between those wealthy Societies of Men that are divided from one another by Seas and Oceans, or live on the different Extremities of a Continent. I have often been pleased to hear Disputes adjusted between an Inhabitant of *Japan* and an Alderman of *London*, or to see a Subject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a League with one of the *Czar* of *Muscovy*. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several Ministers of Commerce, as they are distinguished by their different Walks and different Languages: Sometimes I am justled among a Body of *Armenians*: Sometimes I am lost in a Crowd of *Jews*; and sometimes make one in a Groupe of *Dutchmen*. I am a *Dane*, *Swede*, or *Frenchman* at different times; or rather fancy my self like the old Philosopher, who upon being asked what Countryman he was, replied, That he was a Citizen of the World.

Though I very frequently visit this busie Multitude of People, I am known to no Body there but my Friend, Sir *ANDREW*, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the Crowd, but at the same time connives at my Presence without taking any further Notice of me. There is indeed a Merchant of *Egypt*, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some Money to *Grand Cairo*;¹ but as I am not versed

¹ A reference to the Spectator's voyage to Grand Cairo mentioned in No. 1.

in the Modern *Coptick*, our Conferences go no further than a Bow and a Grimace.

This grand Scene of Business gives me an infinite Variety of solid and substantial Entertainments. As I am a great Lover of Mankind, my Heart naturally overflows with Pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy Multitude, inso-much that at many publick Solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my Joy with Tears that have stolen down my Cheeks. For this Reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a Body of Men thriving in their own private Fortunes, and at the same time promoting the Publick Stock; or in other Words, raising Estates for their own Families, by bringing into their Country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular Care to disseminate her Blessings among the different Regions of the World, with an Eye to this mutual Intercourse and Traffick among Mankind, that the Natives of the several Parts of the Globe might have a kind of Dependance upon one another, and be united together by their common Interest. Almost every *Degree* produces something peculiar to it. The Food often grows in one Country, and the Sauce in another. The Fruits of *Portugal* are corrected by the Products of *Barbadoes*: The Infusion of a *China* Plant sweetned with the Pith of an *Indian* Cane. The *Philippick* Islands give a Flavour to our *European* Bowls. The single Dress of a Woman of Quality is often the Product of a hundred Climates. The Muff and the Fan come together from the different Ends of the Earth. The Scarf is sent from the Torrid Zone, and the Tippet from beneath the Pole. The Brocade Petticoat rises out of the Mines of *Peru*, and the Diamond Necklace out of the Bowels of *Indostan*.

If we consider our own Country in its natural Prospect, without any of the Benefits and Advantages of Commerce, what a barren uncomfortable Spot of Earth falls to our Share! Natural Historians tell us, that no Fruit grows Originally among us, besides Hips and Haws, Acorns and Pig-Nutts, with other Delicates of the like Nature; That our Climate of itself, and without the Assistances of Art, can make no further Advances towards a Plumb than to a Sloe, and carries an Apple to no greater a Perfection than a Crab: That [our¹] Melons, our Peaches, our Figs, our Apricots, and Cherries, are Strangers among us, imported in different Ages, and naturalized in our *English* Gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the Trash of our own Country, if they were wholly neglected by the Planter, and left to the Mercy of our Sun and Soil. Nor has Traffick more enriched our Vegetable World, than it has improved the whole Face of Nature among us. Our Ships are laden with the Harvest of every Climate: Our Tables are stored with Spices, and Oils, and Wines: Our Rooms are filled with Pyramids of *China*, and adorned with the Workmanship of *Japan*: Our Morning's Draught comes to us from the remotest Corners

¹ [these Fruits, in their present State, as well as our]

of the Earth: We repair our Bodies by the Drugs of *America*, and repose ourselves under *Indian* Canopies. My Friend Sir ANDREW calls the Vineyards of *France* our Gardens; the Spice-Islands our Hot-beds; the *Persians* our Silk-Weavers, and the *Chinese* our Potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare Necessaries of Life, but Traffick gives us greater Variety of what is Useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is Convenient and Ornamental. Nor is it the least Part of this our Happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest Products of the North and South, we are free from those Extremities of Weather [which¹] give them Birth; That our Eyes are refreshed with the green Fields of *Britain*, at the same time that our Palates are feasted with Fruits that rise between the Tropicks.

For these Reasons there are no more useful Members in a Commonwealth than Merchants. They knit Mankind together in a mutual Intercourse of good Offices, distribute the Gifts of Nature, find Work for the Poor, add Wealth to the Rich, and Magnificence to the Great. Our *English* Merchant converts the Tin of his own Country into Gold, and exchanges his Wool for Rubies. The *Mahometans* are clothed in our *British* Manufacture, and the Inhabitants of the frozen Zone warmed with the Fleeces of our Sheep.

When I have been upon the 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old Kings standing in Person, where he is represented in Effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy Concourse of People with which that Place is every Day filled. In this Case, how would he be surprized to hear all the Languages of *Europe* spoken in this little Spot of his former Dominions, and to see so many private Men, who in his Time would have been the Vassals of some powerful Baron, negotiating like Princes for greater Sums of Money than were formerly to be met with in the Royal Treasury! Trade, without enlarging the *British* Territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire: It has multiplied the Number of the Rich, made our Landed Estates infinitely more Valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an Accession of other Estates as Valuable as the Lands themselves. C.

No. 70.] Monday, May 21, 1711. [Addison.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt. Hor.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular Delight in hearing the Songs and Fables that are come from Father to Son, and are most in Vogue among the common People of the Countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a Multitude, tho' they are only the Rabble of a Nation, which hath not in it some peculiar Aptness to please and gratify the Mind of

¹ [that]

Man. Human Nature is the same in all reasonable Creatures; and whatever fails in with it, will meet with Admirers amongst Readers of all Qualities and Conditions. *Molière*, as we are told by Monsieur *Boileau*, used to read all his Comedies to [an¹] old Woman [who²] was his Housekeeper, as she sat with him at her Work by the Chimney-Corner; and could foretel the Success of his Play in the Theatre, from the Reception it met at his Fire-side: For he tells us the Audience always followed the old Woman, and never failed to laugh in the same Place.³

I know nothing which more shews the essential and inherent Perfection of Simplicity of Thought, above that which I call the Gothick Manner in Writing, than this, that the first pleases all Kinds of Palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial Taste upon little fanciful Authors and Writers of Epigram. *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Milton*, so far as the Language of their Poems is understood, will please a Reader of plain common Sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an Epigram of *Martial*, or a Poem of *Cowley*: So, on the contrary, an ordinary Song or Ballad that is the Delight of the common People, cannot fail to please all such Readers as are not unqualified for the Entertainment by their Affectation or Ignorance; and the Reason is plain, because the same Paintings of Nature which recommend it to the most ordinary Reader, will appear Beautiful to the most refined.

The old Song of *Chevey Chase* is the favourite Ballad of the common People of *England*; and *Ben Johnson* used to say he had rather have been the Author of it than of all his Works. Sir *Philip Sidney* in his Discourse of Poetry⁴ speaks of it in the following Words; *I never heard the old Song of Piercy and Douglas, that I found not my Heart more moved than with a Trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind Crowder with no rougher Voice than rude Stile; which being so evil apparelled in the Dust and Cobweb of that uncivil Age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous Eloquence of Pindar?* For my own part I am so professed an Admirer of this antiquated Song, that I shall give my Reader a Critick upon it, without any further Apology for so doing.

The greatest Modern Criticks have laid it down as a Rule, that an Heroick Poem should be founded upon some important Precept of Morality, adapted to the Constitution of the Country in which the Poet writes. *Homer* and *Virgil* have formed their Plans in this View. As *Greece* was a Collection of many Governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the *Persian* Emperor, who was their common Enemy, many Advantages over them by their mutual Jealousies and Animosities, *Homer*, in order to establish among them an Union, which was so necessary for their Safety, grounds his Poem upon

the Discords of the several *Grecian* Princes who were engaged in a Confederacy against an *Asiatick* Prince, and the several Advantages which the Enemy gained by such their Discords. At the Time the Poem we are now treating of was written, the Dissentions of the Barons, who were then so many petty Princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves, or with their Neighbours, and produced unspeakable Calamities to the Country:¹ The Poet, to deter Men from such unnatural Contentions, describes a bloody Battle and dreadful Scene of Death, occasioned by the mutual Feuds which reigned in the Families of an *English* and *Scotch* Nobleman: That he designed this for the Instruction of his Poem, we may learn from his four last Lines, in which, after the Example of the modern Tragedians, he draws from it a Precept for the Benefit of his Readers.

*God save the King, and bless the Land
In Plenty, Joy, and Peace;
And grant henceforth that foul Debate
'Twi'xt Noblemen may cease.*

The next Point observed by the greatest Heroic Poets, hath been to celebrate Persons and Actions which do Honour to their Country: Thus *Virgil's* Hero was the Founder of *Rome*, *Homer's* a Prince of *Greece*; and for this Reason *Valerius Flaccus* and *Statius*, who were both *Romans*, might be justly derided for having chosen the Expedition of the *Golden Fleece*, and the *Wars of Thebes* for the Subjects of their Epic Writings.

The Poet before us has not only found out an Hero in his own Country, but raises the Reputation of it by several beautiful Incidents. The *English* are the first [who²] take the Field, and the last [who³] quit it. The *English* bring only Fifteen hundred to the Battle, the *Scotch* Two thousand. The *English* keep the Field with Fifty three: The *Scotch* retire with Fifty five: All the rest on each side being slain in Battle. But the most remarkable Circumstance of this kind, is the different Manner in which the *Scotch* and *English* Kings [receive⁴] the News of this Fight, and of the great Men's Deaths who commanded in it.

*This News was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an Arrow slain.*

¹ The author of *Chevy Chase* was not contemporary with the dissensions of the Barons, even if the ballad of the Hunting of the Cheviot was a celebration of the Battle of Otterbourne, fought in 1388, some 30 miles from Newcastle. The battle of *Chevy Chase*, between the *Percy* and the *Douglas*, was fought in *Teviotdale*, and the ballad which moved *Philip Sidney's* heart was written in the fifteenth century. It may have referred to a Battle of *Pepperden*, fought near the *Cheviot Hills*, between the *Earl of Northumberland* and *Earl William Douglas of Angus*, in 1436. The ballad quoted by *Addison* is not that of which *Sidney* spoke, but a version of it, written after *Sidney's* death, and after the best plays of *Shakespeare* had been written.

¹ [a little]

² [that]

³ Besides the old woman, *Molière* is said to have relied on the children of the Comedians, read his pieces to them, and corrected passages at which they did not show themselves to be amused.

⁴ Defence of Poesy.

² [that]

³ [that]

⁴ [received]

*O heavy News, King James did say,
Scotland can Witness be,
I have not any Captain more
Of such Account as he.*

*Like Tydings to King Henry came
Within as short a Space,
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.*

*Now God be with him, said our King,
Sith 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my Realm
Five hundred as good as he.*

*Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say
But I will Vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Piercy's Sake.*

*This Vow full well the King perform'd
After on Humble-down,
In one Day fifty Knights were slain,
With Lords of great Renown.*

*And of the rest of small Account
Did many Thousands dye, &c.*

At the same time that our Poet shews a laudable Partiality to his Countrymen, he represents the Scots after a Manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a People.

*Earl Douglas on a milk-white Steed,
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the Company
Whose Armour shone like Gold.*

His Sentiments and Actions are every Way suitable to an Hero. One of us two, says he, must dye: I am an Earl as well as your self, so that you can have no Pretence for refusing the Combat: However, says he, 'tis Pity, and indeed would be a Sin, that so many innocent Men should perish for our sakes, rather let you and I end our Quarrel [in single Fight.¹]

*Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall dye;
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, so am I.*

*But trust me, Piercy, Pity it were,
And great Offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless Men,
For they have done no Ill.*

*Let thou and I the Battle try,
And set our Men aside;
Accurst be he, Lord Piercy said,
By whom this is deny'd.*

When these brave Men had distinguished themselves in the Battle and a single Combat with each other, in the Midst of a generous Parly, full of heroic Sentiments, the Scotch Earl falls; and with his dying Words encourages his Men to revenge his Death, representing to them, as the most bitter Circumstance of it, that his Rival saw him fall.

¹ [by a single Combat.]

*With that there came an Arrow keen
Out of an English Bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the Heart
A deep and deadly Blow.*

*Who never spoke more Words than these,
Fight on, my merry Men all,
For why, my Life is at an End,
Lord Piercy sees my Fall.*

Merry Men, in the Language of those Times, is no more than a cheerful Word for Companions and Fellow-Soldiers. A Passage in the Eleventh Book of *Virgil's Æneids* is very much to be admired, where *Camilla* in her last Agonies instead of weeping over the Wound she had received, as one might have expected from a Warrior of her Sex, considers only (like the Hero of whom we are now speaking) how the Battle should be continued after her Death.

Tum sic exspirans, &c.

*A gathering Mist o'erclouds her chearful Eyes;
And from her Cheeks the rosie Colour flies.
Then turns to her, whom, of her Female Train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with Pain.
Acca, 'tis past! He swims before my Sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his Right.
Bear my last Words to Turnus, fly with Speed,
And bid him timely to my Charge succeed:
Repel the Trojans, and the Town relieve:
Farewel.*

Turnus did not die in so heroic a Manner; tho' our Poet seems to have had his Eye upon Turnus's Speech in the last Verse,

Lord Piercy sees my Fall.

—Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas
Ausonii videre—

Earl Piercy's Lamentation over his Enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate; I must only caution the Reader not to let the Simplicity of the Stile, which one may well pardon in so old a Poet, prejudice him against the Greatness of the Thought.

*Then leaving Life, Earl Piercy took
The dead Man by the Hand,
And said, Earl Douglas, for thy Life
Would I had lost my Land.*

*O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With Sorrow for thy Sake;
For sure a more renowned Knight
Mischance did never take.*

That beautiful Line, *Taking the dead Man by the Hand*, will put the Reader in mind of *Æneas's* Behaviour towards *Lausus*, whom he himself had slain as he came to the Rescue of his aged Father.

*At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora,
Ora modis Anchisiades, pallentia miris;
Ingenuit, miserans graviter, dextramque te-
tendit, &c.*

*The pious Prince beheld young Lausus dead;
He griev'd, he wept; then grasp'd his Hand,
and said,
Poor hapless Youth! What Praises can be paid
To worth so great—!*

I shall take another Opportunity to consider the other Part of this old Song. C.

No. 71.] Tuesday, May 22, 1711. [Steele.

—Scribere jussit Amor. Ovid.

THE entire Conquest of our Passions is so difficult a Work, that they who despair of it should think of a less difficult Task, and only attempt to Regulate them. But there is a third thing which may contribute not only to the Ease, but also to the Pleasure of our Life; and that is refining our Passions to a greater Elegance, than we receive them from Nature. When the Passion is Love, this Work is performed in innocent, though rude and uncultivated Minds, by the mere Force and Dignity of the Object. There are Forms which naturally create Respect in the Beholders, and at once Inflammate and Chastise the Imagination. Such an Impression as this gives an immediate Ambition to deserve, in order to please. This Cause and Effect are beautifully described by Mr. Dryden in the Fable of *Cymon* and *Iphigenia*. After he has represented *Cymon* so stupid, that

He Whistled as he went, for want of Thought,
he makes him fall into the following Scene, and shews its Influence upon him so excellently, that it appears as Natural as Wonderful.

*It happen'd on a Summer's Holiday,
That to the Greenwood-shade he took his Way;
His Quarter-staff, which he cou'd ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his Back.
He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of Thought.
By Chance conducted, or by Thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the Grove he gain'd;
Where in a Plain, defended by the Wood,
Crept thro' the matted Grass a Crystal Flood,
By which an Alabaster Fountain stood:
And on the Margin of the Fount was laid,
(Attended by her Slaves) a sleeping Maid,
Like Dian, and her Nymphs, when, tir'd with Sport,*

*To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:
The Dame herself the Goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her Purple Vest,
Than by the charming Features of her Face,
And even in Slumber a superior Grace:
Her comely Limbs compos'd with decent Care,
Her Body shaded with a slight Cymarr;
Her Bosom to the View was only bare:¹
The fanning Wind upon her Bosom blows,
To meet the fanning Wind the Bosom rose;
The fanning Wind and purling Streams continue her Repose.*

*The Fool of Nature stood with stupid Eyes
And gaping Mouth, that testify'd Surprise,*

¹ The next couplet Steele omits:

*Where two beginning Paps were scarcely spy'd,
For yet their Places were but signify'd.*

*Fix'd on her Face, nor could remove his Sight,
New as he was to Love, and Novice in Delight:
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his Staff,
His Wonder witness'd with an Idiot Laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering
Sense
First found his want of Words, and fear'd Of-
fence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his Clown-Accent, and his Country Tone.*

But lest this fine Description should be excepted against, as the Creation of that great Master, Mr. Dryden, and not an Account of what has really ever happened in the World; I shall give you, *verbatim*, the Epistle of an enamour'd Footman in the Country to his Mistress.¹ Their Surnames shall not be inserted, because their Passion demands a greater Respect than is due to their Quality. *James* is Servant in a great Family, and *Elizabeth* waits upon the Daughter of one as numerous, some Miles off of her Lover. *James*, before he beheld *Betty*, was vain of his Strength, a rough Wrestler, and quarrelsome Cudgel-Player; *Betty* a publick Dancer at May-poles, a Romp at Stool-Ball: He always following idle Women, she playing among the Peasants: He a Country Bully, she a Country Coquet. But Love has made her constantly in her Mistress's Chamber, where the young Lady gratifies a secret Passion of her own, by making *Betty* talk of *James*; and *James* is become a constant Waiter near his Master's Apartment, in reading, as well as he can, Romances. I cannot learn who *Molly* is, who it seems walked Ten Mile to carry the angry Message, which gave Occasion to what follows.

To ELIZABETH —

My Dear Betty, May 14, 1711.

'Remember your bleeding Lover, who lies
'bleeding at the Wounds *Cupid* made with
'the Arrows he borrowed at the Eyes of *Venus*,
'which is your sweet Person.

'Nay more, with the Token you sent me for
'my Love and Service offered to your sweet Per-
'son; which was your base Respects to my ill
'Conditions; when alas! there is no ill Con-
'ditions in me, but quite contrary; all Love and
'Purity, especially to your sweet Person; but all
'this I take as a Jest.

'But the sad and dismal News which *Molly*
'brought me, struck me to the Heart, which was,
'it seems, and is your ill Conditions for my Love
'and Respects to you.

'For she told me, if I came Forty times to you,
'you would not speak with me, which Words I
'am sure is a great Grief to me.

¹ James Hirst, a servant to the Hon. Edward Wortley (who was familiar with Steele, and a close friend of Addison's), by mistake gave to his master, with a parcel of letters, one that he had himself written to his sweetheart. Mr. Wortley opened it, read it, and would not return it. 'No, James,' he said, 'you shall be a great man. This letter must appear in the Spectator.' And so it did. The end of the love story is that Betty died when on the point of marriage to James, who, out of love to her, married her sister.

'Now, my Dear, if I may not be permitted to
'your sweet Company, and to have the Happiness
'of speaking with your sweet Person, I beg the
'Favour of you to accept of this my secret Mind
'and Thoughts, which hath so long lodged in my
'Breast; the which if you do not accept, I be-
'lieve will go nigh to break my Heart.

'For indeed, my Dear, I Love you above all
'the Beauties I ever saw in all my Life.

'The young Gentleman, and my Master's
'Daughter, the *Londoner* that is come down to
'marry her, sat in the Arbour most part of last
'Night. Oh! dear *Betty*, must the Nightingales
'sing to those who marry for Money, and not to us
'true Lovers! Oh my dear *Betty*, that we
'could meet this Night where we used to do in
'the Wood!

'Now, my Dear, if I may not have the Blessing
'of kissing your sweet Lips, I beg I may have
'the Happiness of kissing your fair Hand, with a
'few Lines from your dear self, presented by
'whom you please or think fit. I believe, if Time
'would permit me, I could write all Day; but the
'Time being short, and Paper little, no more
'from your never-failing Lover till Death,

James —

Poor *James*! Since his Time and Paper were
so short; I, that have more than I can use well
of both, will put the Sentiments of his kind Let-
ter (the Style of which seems to be confused with
Scraps he had got in hearing and reading what he
did not understand) into what he meant to ex-
press.

Dear Creature,

Can you then neglect him who has forgot all
his Recreations and Enjoyments, to pine away
his Life in thinking of you? When I do so, you
appear more amiable to me than *Venus* does
in the most beautiful Description that ever was
made of her. All this Kindness you return with
an Accusation, that I do not love you: But the
contrary is so manifest, that I cannot think you
in earnest. But the Certainty given me in your
Message by *Molly*, that you do not love me, is
what robs me of all Comfort. She says you will
not see me: If you can have so much Cruelty, at
least write to me, that I may kiss the Impression
made by your fair Hand. I love you above all
things, and, in my Condition, what you look upon
with Indifference is to me the most exquisite
Pleasure or Pain. Our young Lady, and a fine
Gentleman from *London*, who are to marry for
mercenary Ends, walk about our Gardens, and
hear the Voice of Evening Nightingales, as if for
Fashion-sake they courted those Solitudes, be-
cause they have heard Lovers do so. Oh *Betty*!
could I hear these Rivulets murmur, and Birds
sing while you stood near me, how little sensible
should I be that we are both Servants, that there
is any thing on Earth above us. Oh! I could
write to you as long as I love you, till Death it
self.

JAMES.

N. B. By the Words *Ill-Conditions*, *JAMES*
means in a Woman *Coquetry*, in a Man *Incon-*
stancy.

R.

No. 72.] Wednesday, May 23, 1711. [Addison.

— *Genus immortale manet, multosque per
annos
Stat fortuna Domus, et avi numerantur avorum.*
Virg.

HAVING already given my Reader an Ac-
count of several extraordinary Clubs both
ancient and modern, I did not design to have
troubled him with any more Narratives of this
Nature; but I have lately received Information of
a Club which I can call neither ancient nor
modern, that I dare say will be no less surprising
to my Reader than it was to my self; for which
Reason I shall communicate it to the Publick as
one of the greatest Curiosities in its kind.

A Friend of mine complaining of a Tradesman
who is related to him, after having represented
him as a very idle worthless Fellow, who neglected
his Family, and spent most of his Time over a
Bottle, told me, to conclude his Character, that
he was a Member of the *Everlasting Club*. So
very odd a Title raised my Curiosity to enquire
into the Nature of a Club that had such a sound-
ing Name; upon which my Friend gave me the
following Account.

The *Everlasting Club* consists of a hundred
Members, who divide the whole twenty four
Hours among them in such a Manner, that the
Club sits Day and Night from one end of the
Year to [another¹] no Party presuming to rise
till they are relieved by those who are in course to
succeed them. By this means a Member of the
Everlasting Club never wants Company; for
tho' he is not upon Duty himself, he is sure to
find some [who²] are; so that if he be disposed to
take a Whet, a Nooning, an Evening's Draught,
or a Bottle after Midnight, he goes to the Club
and finds a Knot of Friends to his Mind.

It is a Maxim in this Club That the Steward
never dies; for as they succeed one another by
way of Rotation, no Man is to quit the great
Elbow-chair [which³] stands at the upper End of
the Table, 'till his Successor is in a Readiness to
fill it; insomuch that there has not been a *Sede
vacante* in the Memory of Man.

This Club was instituted towards the End (or,
as some of them say, about the Middle) of the
Civil Wars, and continued without Interruption
till the Time of the *Great Fire*,⁴ which burnt them
out and dispersed them for several Weeks. The
Steward at that time maintained his Post till he
had like to have been blown up with a neighbour-
ing-House, (which was demolished in order to
stop the Fire;) and would not leave the Chair at
last, till he had emptied all the Bottles upon the
Table, and received repeated Directions from the
Club to withdraw himself. This Steward is fre-
quently talked of in the Club, and looked upon by
every Member of it as a greater Man, than the
famous Captain [mentioned in my Lord *Claren-*
don, who⁵] was burnt in his Ship because he

¹ [the other]

² [that]

³ [that]

⁴ Of London in 1666.

⁵ [that]

would not quit it without Orders. It is said that towards the close of 1700, being the great Year of Jubilee, the Club had it under Consideration whether they should break up or continue their Session; but after many Speeches and Debates it was at length agreed to sit out the other Century. This Resolution passed in a general Club *Nemine Contradicente*.

Having given this short Account of the Institution and Continuation of the *Everlasting Club*, I should here endeavour to say something of the Manners and Characters of its several Members, which I shall do according to the best Lights I have received in this Matter.

It appears by their Books in general, that, since their first Institution, they have smoked fifty Tun of Tobacco; drank thirty thousand Butts of Ale, One thousand Hogsheads of Red Port, Two hundred Barrels of Brandy, and a Kilderkin of small Beer. There has been likewise a great Consumption of Cards. It is also said, that they observe the law in *Ben. Johnson's Club*, which orders the Fire to be always kept in (*focus perennis esto*) as well for the Convenience of lighting their Pipes, as to cure the Dampness of the Club-Room. They have an old Woman in the nature of a Vestal, whose Business it is to cherish and perpetuate the Fire [which¹] burns from Generation to Generation, and has seen the Glass-house Fires in and out above an Hundred Times.

The *Everlasting Club* treats all other Clubs with an Eye of Contempt, and talks even of the *Kit-Cat* and *October* as of a couple of Upstarts. Their ordinary Discourse (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns altogether upon such Adventures as have passed in their own Assembly; of Members who have taken the Glass in their Turns for a Week together, without stirring out of their Club; of others [who²] have smoaked an Hundred Pipes at a Sitting; of others [who³] have not missed their Morning's Draught for Twenty Years together: Sometimes they speak in Rap- tures of a Run of Ale in King *Charles's* Reign; and sometimes reflect with Astonishment upon Games at Whisk, [which⁴] have been miraculously recovered by Members of the Society, when in all human Probability the Case was desperate.

They delight in several old Catches, which they sing at all Hours to encourage one another to moisten their Clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying Exhortations of the like Nature.

There are four general Clubs held in a Year, at which Times they fill up Vacancies, appoint Waiters, confirm the old Fire-Maker or elect a new one, settle Contributions for Coals, Pipes, Tobacco, and other Necessaries.

The Senior Member has out-lived the whole Club twice over, and has been drunk with the Grandfathers of some of the present sitting Mem- bers. C.

¹ [that]³ [that]² [that]⁴ [that]

No. 73.] Thursday, May 24, 1711. [Addison.]

—O Dea certè! Virg.

IT is very strange to consider, that a Creature like Man, who is sensible of so many Weaknesses and Imperfections, should be actuated by a Love of Fame: That Vice and Ignorance, Imperfection and Misery should contend for Praise, and endeavour as much as possible to make themselves Objects of Admiration.

But notwithstanding Man's Essential Perfection is but very little, his Comparative Perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon himself in an abstracted Light, he has not much to boast of; but if he considers himself with regard to in others, he may find Occasion of glorying, if not in his own Virtues at least in the Absence of another's Imperfections. This gives a different Turn to the Reflections of the Wise Man and the Fool. The first endeavours to shine in himself, and the last to outshine others. The first is humbled by the Sense of his own Infirmities, the last is lifted up by the Discovery of those which he observes in other men. The Wise Man considers what he wants, and the Fool what he abounds in. The Wise Man is happy when he gains his own Approbation, and the Fool when he Recommends himself to the Applause of those about him.

But however unreasonable and absurd this Passion for Admiration may appear in such a Creature as Man, it is not wholly to be discouraged; since it often produces very good Effects, not only as it restrains him from doing any thing [which¹] is mean and contemptible, but as it pushes him to Actions [which²] are great and glorious. The Principle may be defective or faulty, but the Consequences it produces are so good, that, for the Benefit of Mankind, it ought not to be extinguished.

It is observed by *Cicero*,³ that men of the greatest and the most shining Parts are the most actuated by Ambition; and if we look into the two Sexes, I believe we shall find this Principle of Action stronger in Women than in Men.

The Passion for Praise, which is so very vehement in the Fair Sex, produces excellent Effects in Women of Sense, who desire to be admired for that only which deserves Admiration: And I think we may observe, without a Compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform Course of Virtue, but with an infinitely greater Regard to their Honour, than what we find in the Generality of our own Sex. How many Instances have we of Chastity, Fidelity, Devotion? How many Ladies distinguish themselves by the Education of their Children, Care of their Families, and Love of their Husbands, which are the great Qualities and Atchievements of Womankind: As the making of War, the carrying on of Traffic, the Administration of Justice, are those by which Men grow famous, and get themselves a Name.

¹ [that]³ Tuscul. Quæst. Lib. v. § 243.² [that]

But as this Passion for Admiration, when it works according to Reason, improves the beautiful Part of our Species in every thing that is Laudable; so nothing is more Destructive to them when it is governed by Vanity and Folly. What I have therefore here to say, only regards the vain Part of the Sex, whom for certain Reasons, which the Reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the Name of *Idols*. An *Idol* is wholly taken up in the Adorning of her Person. You see in every Posture of her Body, Air of her Face, and Motion of her Head, that it is her Business and Employment to gain Adorers. For this Reason your *Idols* appear in all publick Places and Assemblies, in order to seduce Men to their Worship. The Play-house is very frequently filled with *Idols*; several of them are carried in Procession every Evening about the Ring, and several of them set up their Worship even in Churches. They are to be accosted in the Language proper to the Deity. Life and Death are in their Power: Joys of Heaven and Pains of Hell are at their Disposal: Paradise is in their Arms, and Eternity in every Moment that you are present with them. Raptures, Transports, and Ecstasies are the Rewards which they confer: Sighs and Tears, Prayers and broken Hearts, are the Offerings which are paid to them. Their Smiles make Men happy; their Frowns drive them to Despair. I shall only add under this Head, that *Ovid's* Book of the Art of Love is a kind of Heathen Ritual, which contains all the forms of Worship which are made use of to an *Idol*.

It would be as difficult a Task to reckon up these different kinds of *Idols*, as *Milton's* was¹ to number those that were known in *Canaan*, and the Lands adjoining. Most of them are worshipped, like *Moloch*, in Fire and Flames. Some of them, like *Baal*, love to see their Votaries cut and slashed, and shedding their Blood for them. Some of them, like the *Idol* in the *Apocrypha*, must have Treats and Collations prepared for them every Night. It has indeed been known, that some of them have been used by their incensed Worshippers like the *Chinese Idols*, who are Whipped and Scourged when they refuse to comply with the Prayers that are offered to them.

I must here observe, that those Idolaters who devote themselves to the *Idols* I am here speaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of Idolaters. For as others fall out because they Worship different *Idols*, these Idolaters quarrel because they Worship the same.

The Intention therefore of the *Idol* is quite contrary to the wishes of the Idolater; as the one desires to confine the *Idol* to himself, the whole Business and Ambition of the other is to multiply Adorers. This Humour of an *Idol* is prettily described in a Tale of *Chaucer*: He represents one of them sitting at a Table with three of her Votaries about her, who are all of them courting her Favour, and paying their Adorations: She smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's Foot which was under the Table. Now which of these three, says the old Bard, do

you think was the Favourite? In troth, says he, not one of all the three.¹

The Behaviour of this old *Idol* in *Chaucer*, puts me in mind of the Beautiful *Clarinda*, one of the greatest *Idols* among the Moderns. She is Worshipped once a Week by Candle-light, in the midst of a large Congregation generally called an Assembly. Some of the gayest Youths in the Nation endeavour to plant themselves in her Eye, whilst she sits in form with multitudes of Tapers burning about her. To encourage the Zeal of her Idolaters, she bestows a Mark of her Favour upon every one of them, before they go out of her Presence. She asks a Question of one, tells a Story to another, glances an Ogle upon a third, takes a Pinch of Snuff from the fourth, lets her Fan drop by accident to give the fifth an Occasion of taking it up. In short, every one goes away satisfied with his Success, and encouraged to renew his Devotions on the same Canonical Hour that Day Sevensnight.

An *Idol* may be Undeified by many accidental Causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of Counter-*Apotheosis*, or a Deification inverted. When a Man becomes familiar with his Goddess, she quickly sinks into a Woman.

Old Age is likewise a great Decayer of your *Idol*: The Truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy Being than a Superannuated *Idol*, especially when she has contracted such Airs and Behaviour as are only Graceful when her Worshippers are about her.

Considering therefore that in these and many other Cases the *Woman* generally outlives the *Idol*, I must return to the Moral of this Paper, and desire my fair Readers to give a proper Direction to their Passion for being admired; In order to which, they must endeavour to make themselves the Objects of a reasonable and lasting Admiration. This is not to be hoped for from Beauty, or Dress, or Fashion, but from those inward Ornaments which are not to be defaced by Time or Sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them. C.

No. 74.] Friday, May 25, 1711. [Addison.

—Pendent opera interrupta— Virg.

IN my last *Monday's* Paper I gave some general Instances of those beautiful Strokes which please the Reader in the old Song of *Chevey-Chase*; I shall here, according to my Promise, be more particular, and shew that the Sentiments in that Ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of [the²] majestick Simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient Poets: For which Reason I shall quote several Passages of it, in which the Thought is altogether the same with what we meet in several Passages of the *Æneid*; not that I would infer

¹ The story is in 'The Remedy of Love' Stanzas 5—10.

² [that]

¹ Paradise Lost, Bk. I.

from thence, that the Poet (whoever he was) proposed to himself any Imitation of those Passages, but that he was directed to them in general by the same Kind of Poetical Genius, and by the same Copyings after Nature.

Had this old Song been filled with Epigrammatical Turns and Points of Wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong Taste of some Readers; but it would never have become the Delight of the common People, nor have warmed the Heart of Sir *Philip Sidney* like the Sound of a Trumpet; it is only Nature that can have this Effect, and please those Tastes which are the most unprejudiced or the most refined. I must however beg leave to dissent from so great an Authority as that of Sir *Philip Sidney*, in the Judgment which he has passed as to the rude Stile and evil Apparel of this antiquated Song; for there are several Parts in it where not only the Thought but the Language is majestic, and the Numbers [sonorous;¹] at least, the Apparel is much more gorgeous than many of the Poets made use of in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time, as the Reader will see in several of the following Quotations.

What can be greater than either the Thought or the Expression in that Stanza;

*To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
Earl Piercy took his Way;
The Child may rue that was unborn
The Hunting of that Day!*

This way of considering the Misfortunes which this Battle would bring upon Posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the Battle and lost their Fathers in it, but on those also who [perished²] in future Battles which [took their rise³] from this Quarrel of the two Earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the Way of Thinking among the ancient Poets.

*Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juvenus.—Hor.*

What can be more sounding and poetical, resemble more the majestic Simplicity of the Ancients, than the following Stanzas?

*The stout Earl of Northumberland
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleasure in the Scottish Woods
Three Summers Days to take.*

*With fifteen hundred Bowmen bold,
All chosen Men of Might,
Who knew full well, in time of Need,
To aim their Shafts aright.*

*The Hounds ran swiftly thro' the Woods
The nimble Deer to take,
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
An Eccho shrill did make.*

—Vocat ingenti Clamore Cithæron
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

¹ [very sonorous;] ² [should perish]
³ [should arise]

*Lo, yonder doth Earl Dowglas come,
His Men in Armour bright;
Full twenty Hundred Scottish Spears,
All marching in our Sight.*

*All Men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the River Tweed, etc.*

The Country of the *Scotch* Warriors, described in these two last Verses, has a fine romantick Situation, and affords a couple of smooth Words for Verse. If the Reader compares the forgoing six Lines of the Song with the following Latin Verses, he will see how much they are written in the Spirit of *Virgil*.

*Adversi campo apparent, hastasque reductis
Protendunt longe dextris; et spicula vibrant;
Quique altum Preneste viri, quique arva
Gabinæ*

*Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis
Hernica saxa colunt:—qui rosea rura Velini,
Qui Terticæ horrentes rupes, montemque Seve-*

*rum,
Casperiamque colunt, Forulosque et flumen
Himellæ:*

Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt.—

But to proceed.

*Earl Dowglas on a milk-white Steed,
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the Company,
Whose Armour shone like Gold.*

*Turnus ut antevolans tardum precesserat agmen,
&c.*

*Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
Aureus ———*

*Our English Archers bent their Bows,
Their Hearts were good and true;
At the first Flight of Arrows sent,
Full threescore Scots they slew.*

*They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
No Slackness there was found.
And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay gasping on the Ground.*

*With that there came an Arrow keen
Out of an English Bow,
Which struck Earl Dowglas to the Heart
A deep and deadly Blow.*

Æneas was wounded after the same Manner by an unknown Hand in the midst of a Parly.

*Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,
Incertum quâ pulsa manu——*

But of all the descriptive Parts of this Song, there are none more beautiful than the four following Stanzas which have a great Force and Spirit in them, and are filled with very natural Circumstances. The Thought in the third Stanza was never touched by any other Poet, and is such an one as would have shined in *Homer* or in *Virgil*.

*So thus did both those Nobles die,
Whose Courage none could stain:
An English Archer then perceived
The noble Earl was slain.*