

*He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
Made of a trusty Tree,
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long
Unto the Head drew he.*

*Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his Shaft he set,
The Gray-goose Wing that was thereon
In his Heart-Blood was wet.*

*This Fight did last from Break of Day
Till setting of the Sun;
For when they rung the Evening Bell
The Battle scarce was done.*

One may observe likewise, that in the Catalogue of the Slain the Author has followed the Example of the greatest ancient Poets, not only in giving a long List of the Dead, but by diversifying it with little Characters of particular Persons.

*And with Earl Dowglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Carrel, that from the Field
One Foot would never fly:*

*Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too,
His Sister's Son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.*

The familiar Sound in these Names destroys the Majesty of the Description; for this Reason I do not mention this Part of the Poem but to shew the natural Cast of Thought which appears in it, as the two last Verses look almost like a Translation of *Virgil*.

*—Cedit et Ripheus justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus æqui,
Diis aliter visum est—*

In the Catalogue of the *English* [who¹] fell, *Witherington's* Behaviour is in the same manner particularized very artfully, as the Reader is prepared for it by that Account which is given of him in the Beginning of the Battle [; though I am satisfied your little Buffoon Readers (who have seen that Passage ridiculed in *Hudibras*) will not be able to take the Beauty of it: For which Reason I dare not so much as quote it].

*Then stept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington was his Name,
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our King for Shame,
That e'er my Captain fought on Foot,
And I stood looking on.*

We meet with the same Heroic Sentiments in *Virgil*.

*Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui
Non sumus—?*

What can be more natural or more moving than the Circumstances in which he describes the Behaviour of those Women who had lost their Husbands on this fatal Day?

*Next Day did many Widows come
Their Husbands to bewail;*

¹ [that]

*They wash'd their Wounds in brinish Tears,
But all would not prevail.*

*Their Bodies bath'd in purple Blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand Times,
When they were clad in Clay.*

Thus we see how the Thoughts of this Poem, which naturally arise from the Subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the Language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical Spirit.

If this Song had been written in the *Gothic* Manner, which is the Delight of all our little Wits, whether Writers or Readers, it would not have hit the Taste of so many Ages, and have pleased the Readers of all Ranks and Conditions. I shall only beg Pardon for such a Profusion of *Latin* Quotations; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own Judgment would have looked too singular on such a Subject, had not I supported it by the Practice and Authority of *Virgil*. C.

No. 75.] Saturday, May 26, 1711. [Steele.]

*Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.
Hor.*

IT was with some Mortification that I suffered the Raillery of a Fine Lady of my Acquaintance, for calling, in one of my Papers, *Dorimant* a Clown. She was so unmerciful as to take Advantage of my invincible Taciturnity, and on that occasion, with great Freedom to consider the Air, the Height, the Face, the Gesture of him who could pretend to judge so arrogantly of Gallantry. She is full of Motion, Janty and lively in her Impertinence, and one of those that commonly pass, among the Ignorant, for Persons who have a great deal of Humour. She had the Play of *Sir Fopling* in her Hand, and after she had said it was happy for her there was not so charming a Creature as *Dorimant* now living, she began with a Theatrical Air and Tone of Voice to Read, by way of Triumph over me, some of his Speeches. 'Tis she, that lovely Hair, that easy Shape, those wanton Eyes, and all those melting Charms about her Mouth, which *Medley* spoke of; I'll follow the Lottery, and put in for a Prize with my Friend *Bellaire*.

*In Love the Victors from the Vanquish'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they pursue that dye.*

Then turning over the Leaves, she reads alternately, and speaks,

*And you and Loveit to her Cost shall find
I fathom all the Depths of Womankind.*

Oh the Fine Gentleman! But here, continues she, is the Passage I admire most, where he begins to Teize *Loveit*, and mimic *Sir Fopling*: Oh the pretty Satyr, in his resolving to be a *Coxcomb* to please, since Noise and Nonsense have such powerful Charms!

*I, that I may Successful prove,
Transform my self to what you love.*

Then how like a Man of the Town, so Wild and Gay is that!

*The Wife will find a Diff'rence in our Fate,
You wed a Woman, I a good Estate.*

It would have been a very wild Endeavour for a Man of my Temper to offer any Opposition to so nimble a Speaker as my Fair Enemy is; but her Discourse gave me very many Reflections, when I had left her Company. Among others, I could not but consider, with some Attention, the false Impressions the generality (the Fair Sex more especially) have of what should be intended, when they say a *Fine Gentleman*; and could not help revolving that Subject in my Thoughts, and settling, as it were, an Idea of that Character in my own Imagination.

No Man ought to have the Esteem of the rest of the World, for any Actions which are disagreeable to those Maxims which prevail, as the Standards of Behaviour, in the Country wherein he lives. What is opposite to the eternal Rules of Reason and good Sense, must be excluded from any Place in the Carriage of a Well-bred Man. I did not, I confess, explain myself enough on this Subject, when I called *Dorimant* a Clown, and made it an Instance of it, that he called the *Orange Wench, Double Tripe*: I should have shewed, that Humanity obliges a Gentleman to give no Part of Humankind Reproach, for what they, whom they Reproach, may possibly have in Common with the most Virtuous and Worthy amongst us. When a Gentleman speaks Coarsly, he has dressed himself Clean to no purpose: The Cloathing of our Minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our Bodies. To betray in a Man's Talk a corrupted Imagination, is a much greater Offence against the Conversation of Gentlemen, than any Negligence of Dress imaginable. But this Sense of the Matter is so far from being received among People even of Condition, that *Vocifer* passes for a fine Gentleman. He is Loud, Haughty, Gentle, Soft, Lewd, and Obsequious by turns, just as a little Understanding and great Impudence prompt him at the present Moment. He passes among the Silly Part of our Women for a Man of Wit, because he is generally in Doubt. He contradicts with a Shrug, and confutes with a certain Sufficiency, in professing such and such a Thing is above his Capacity. What makes his Character the pleasanter is, that he is a professed Deluder of Women; and because the empty Coxcomb has no Regard to any thing that is of it self Sacred and Inviolable, I have heard an unmarried Lady of Fortune say, It is pity so fine a Gentleman as *Vocifer* is so great an Atheist. The Crowds of such inconsiderable Creatures that infest all Places of Assembling, every Reader will have in his Eye from his own Observation; but would it not be worth considering what sort of Figure a Man who formed himself upon those Principles among us, which are agreeable to the Dictates of Honour and Religion, would make in the familiar and ordinary Occurrences of Life?

I hardly have observed any one fill his several Duties of Life better than *Ignotus*. All the under

Parts of his Behaviour and such as are exposed to common Observation, have their Rise in him from great and noble Motives. A firm and unshaken Expectation of another Life, makes him become this; Humanity and Good-nature, fortified by the Sense of Virtue, has the same Effect upon him, as the Neglect of all Goodness has upon many others. Being firmly established in all Matters of Importance, that certain Inattention which makes Men's Actions look easie appears in him with greater Beauty: By a thorough Contempt of little Excellencies, he is perfectly Master of them. This Temper of Mind leaves him under no Necessity of Studying his Air, and he has this peculiar Distinction, that his Negligence is unaffected.

He that can work himself into a Pleasure in considering this Being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an Advantage by its Discontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful Unconcern, and Gentleman-like Ease. Such a one does not behold his Life as a short, transient, perplexing State, made up of trifling Pleasures, and great Anxieties; but sees it in quite another Light; his Grievs are Momentary, and his Joys Immortal. Reflection upon Death is not a gloomy and sad Thought of Resigning every Thing that he Delights in, but it is a short Night followed by an endless Day. What I would here contend for is, that the more Virtuous the Man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the Character of Genteel and Agreeable. A Man whose Fortune is Plentiful, shews an Ease in his Countenance, and Confidence in his Behaviour, which he that is under Wants and Difficulties cannot assume. It is thus with the State of the Mind; he that governs his Thoughts with the everlasting Rules of Reason and Sense, must have something so inexpressibly Graceful in his Words and Actions, that every Circumstance must become him. The Change of Persons or Things around him do not at all alter his Situation, but he looks disinterested in the Occurrences with which others are distracted, because the greatest Purpose of his Life is to maintain an Indifference both to it and all its Enjoyments. In a word, to be a Fine Gentleman, is to be a Generous and a Brave Man. What can make a Man so much in constant Good-humour and Shine, as we call it, than to be supported by what can never fail him, and to believe that whatever happens to him was the best thing that could possibly befall him, or else he on whom it depends would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all?

R.

No. 76.] Monday, May 28, 1711. [Steele.

Ut tu Fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus. Hor.

THERE is nothing so common as to find a Man whom in the general Observations of his Carriage you take to be of an uniform Temper, subject to such unaccountable Starts of Humour and Passion, that he is as much unlike himself and differs as much from the Man you at first thought him, as any two distinct Persons can

differ from each other. This proceeds from the Want of forming some Law of Life to our selves, or fixing some Notion of things in general, which may affect us in such Manner as to create proper Habits both in our Minds and Bodies. The Negligence of this, leaves us exposed not only to an unbecoming Levity in our usual Conversation, but also to the same Instability in our Friendships, Interests, and Alliances. A Man who is but a mere Spectator of what passes around him, and not engaged in Commerces of any Consideration, is but an ill Judge of the secret Motions of the Heart of Man, and by what Degrees it is actuated to make such visible Alterations in the same Person: But at the same Time, when a Man is no way concerned in the Effects of such Inconsistencies in the Behaviour of Men of the World, the Speculation must be in the utmost Degree both diverting and instructive; yet to enjoy such Observations in the highest Relish, he ought to be placed in a Post of Direction, and have the dealing of their Fortunes to them. I have therefore been wonderfully diverted with some Pieces of secret History, which an Antiquary, my very good Friend, lent me as a Curiosity. They are memoirs of the private Life of *Pharamond of France*.¹ *Pharamond*, says my Author, was a Prince of infinite Humanity and Generosity, and at the same time the most pleasant and facetious Companion of his Time. He had a peculiar Taste in him (which would have been unlucky in any Prince but himself,) he thought there could be no exquisite Pleasure in Conversation but among Equals; and would pleasantly bewail himself that he always lived in a Crowd, but was the only man in *France* that never could get into Company. This Turn of Mind made him delight in Midnight Rambles, attended only with one Person of his Bed-chamber: He would in these Excursions get acquainted with Men (whose Temper he had a Mind to try) and recommend them privately to the particular Observation of his first Minister. He generally found himself neglected by his new Acquaintance as soon as they had Hopes of growing great; and used on such Occasions to remark, That it was a great Injustice to tax Princes of forgetting themselves in their high Fortunes, when there were so few that could with Constancy bear the Favour of their very Creatures.' My Author in these loose Hints has one Passage that gives us a very lively Idea of the uncommon Genius of *Pharamond*. He met with one Man whom he had put to all the usual Proofs he made of those he had a mind to know thoroughly, and found him for his Purpose: In Discourse with him one Day, he gave him Opportunity of saying how much would satisfy all his Wishes. The Prince immediately revealed himself, doubled the Sum, and spoke to him in this manner. 'Sir, You have twice what you desired, by the Favour of *Pharamond*; but look

'to it, that you are satisfied with it, for 'tis the last you shall ever receive. I from this Moment consider you as mine; and to make you truly so, I give you my Royal Word you shall never be greater or less than you are at present. Answer me not, (concluded the Prince smiling) but enjoy the Fortune I have put you in, which is above my own Condition; for you have hereafter nothing to hope or to fear.

His Majesty having thus well chosen and bought a Friend and Companion, he enjoyed alternately all the Pleasures of an agreeable private Man and a great and powerful Monarch: He gave himself, with his Companion, the Name of the merry Tyrant; for he punished his Courtiers for their Insolence and Folly, not by any Act of Publick Disfavour, but by humorously practising upon their Imaginations. If he observed a Man untractable to his Inferiors, he would find an Opportunity to take some favourable Notice of him, and render him insupportable. He knew all his own Looks, Words and Actions had their Interpretations; and his Friend Monsieur *Eucrate* (for so he was called) having a great Soul without Ambition, he could communicate all his Thoughts to him, and fear no artful Use would be made of that Freedom. It was no small Delight when they were in private to reflect upon all which had passed in publick.

Pharamond would often, to satisfy a vain Fool of Power in his Country, talk to him in a full Court, and with one Whisper make him despise all his old Friends and Acquaintance. He was come to that Knowledge of Men by long Observation, that he would profess altering the whole Mass of Blood in some Tempers, by thrice speaking to them. As Fortune was in his Power, he gave himself constant Entertainment in managing the mere Followers of it with the Treatment they deserved. He would, by a skilful Cast of his Eye and half a Smile, make two Fellows who hated, embrace and fall upon each other's Neck with as much Eagerness, as if they followed their real Inclinations, and intended to stifle one another. When he was in high good Humour, he would lay the Scene with *Eucrate*, and on a publick Night exercise the Passions of his whole Court. He was pleased to see an haughty Beauty watch the Looks of the Man she had long despised, from Observation of his being taken notice of by *Pharamond*; and the Lover conceive higher Hopes, than to follow the Woman he was dying for the Day before. In a Court where Men speak Affection in the strongest Terms, and Dislike in the faintest, it was a comical Mixture of Incidents to see Disguises thrown aside in one Case and increased on the other, according as Favour or Disgrace attended the respective Objects of Men's Approbation or Disesteem. *Pharamond* in his Mirth upon the Meanness of Mankind used to say, 'As he could take away a Man's Five Senses, he could give him an Hundred. The Man in Disgrace shall immediately lose all his natural Endowments, and he that finds Favour have the Attributes of an Angel.' He would carry it so far as to say, 'It should not be only so in the Opinion of the lower Part of his Court, but the Men themselves shall think thus meanly or

¹ *Pharamond*, or *Faramond*, was the subject of one of the romances of M. de Costes de la Calprenède, published at Paris (12 vols.) in 1661. It was translated into English (folio) by J. Phillips in 1677.

'greatly of themselves, as they are out or in the 'good Graces of a Court.'

A Monarch who had Wit and Humour like *Pharamond*, must have Pleasures which no Man else can ever have Opportunity of enjoying. He gave Fortune to none but those whom he knew could receive it without Transport: He made a noble and generous Use of his Observations; and did not regard his Ministers as they were agreeable to himself, but as they were useful to his Kingdom: By this means the King appeared in every Officer of State; and no Man had a Participation of the Power, who had not a Similitude of the Virtue of *Pharamond*. R.

No. 77.] Tuesday, May 29, 1711. [Budgell.

*Non convivere licet, nec urbe tota
Quisquam est tam propè tam proculque nobis.*
Mart.

MY Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB is one of those Sort of Men who are very often absent in Conversation, and what the *French* call a *reueur* and a *distract*. A little before our Club-time last Night we were walking together in *Somerset Garden*, where WILL. had picked up a small Pebble of so odd a Make, that he said he would present it to a Friend of his, an eminent *Virtuoso*. After we had walked some time, I made a full stop with my Face towards the West, which WILL. knowing to be my usual Method of asking what's a Clock, in an Afternoon, immediately pulled out his Watch, and told me we had seven Minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when, to my great Surprize, I saw him squirr away his Watch a considerable way into the *Thames*, and with great Sedateness in his Looks put up the Pebble, he had before found, in his Fob. As I have naturally an Aversion to much Speaking, and do not love to be the Messenger of ill News, especially when it comes too late to be useful, I left him to be convinced of his Mistake in due time, and continued my Walk, reflecting on these little Absences and Distractions in Mankind, and resolving to make them the Subject of a future Speculation.

I was the more confirmed in my Design, when I considered that they were very often Blemishes in the Characters of Men of excellent Sense; and helped to keep up the Reputation of that *Latin Proverb*,¹ which Mr. *Dryden* has Translated in the following Lines:

*Great Wit to Madness sure is near ally'd,
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide.*

My Reader does, I hope, perceive, that I distinguish a Man who is *Absent*, because he thinks of something else, from one who is *Absent*, because he thinks of nothing at all: The latter is too innocent a Creature to be taken notice of; but

¹ Seneca de Tranquill. Anim. cap. xv. 'Nul- lum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ.' *Dryden's* lines are in Part I. of *Absalom* and *Achitophel*.

the Distractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of these Reasons.

Either their Minds are wholly fixed on some particular Science, which is often the Case of Mathematicians and other learned Men; or are wholly taken up with some Violent Passion, such as Anger, Fear, or Love, which ties the Mind to some distant Object; or, lastly, these Distractions proceed from a certain Vivacity and Fickleness in a Man's Temper, which while it raises up infinite Numbers of *Ideas* in the Mind, is continually pushing it on, without allowing it to rest on any particular Image. Nothing therefore is more unnatural than the Thoughts and Conceptions of such a Man, which are seldom occasioned either by the Company he is in, or any of those Objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful Woman, 'tis an even Wager that he is solving a Proposition in *Euclid*; and while you may imagine he is reading the *Paris Gazette*, it is far from being impossible, that he is pulling down and rebuilding the Front of his Country-house.

At the same time that I am endeavouring to expose this Weakness in others, I shall readily confess that I once laboured under the same Infirmary myself. The Method I took to conquer it was a firm Resolution to learn something from whatever I was obliged to see or hear. There is a way of Thinking if a Man can attain to it, by which he may strike somewhat out of any thing. I can at present observe those Starts of good Sense and Struggles of unimproved Reason in the Conversation of a Clown, with as much Satisfaction as the most shining Periods of the most finished Orator; and can make a shift to command my Attention at a *Puppet-Show* or an *Opera*, as well as at *Hamlet* or *Othello*. I always make one of the Company I am in; for though I say little myself, my Attention to others, and those Nods of Approbation which I never bestow unmerited, sufficiently shew that I am among them. Whereas WILL. HONEYCOMB, tho' a Fellow of good Sense, is every Day doing and saying an hundred Things which he afterwards confesses, with a well-bred Frankness, were somewhat *mal a propos*, and undesigned.

I chanced the other Day to go into a Coffee-house, where WILL. was standing in the midst of several Auditors whom he had gathered round him, and was giving them an Account of the Person and Character of *Moll Hinton*. My Appearance before him just put him in mind of me, without making him reflect that I was actually present. So that keeeping his Eyes full upon me, to the great Surprize of his Audience, he broke off his first Harangue, and proceeded thus,— 'Why now there's my Friend (mentioning me by 'my Name) he is a Fellow that thinks a great deal, but never opens his Mouth; I warrant you 'he is now thrusting his short Face into some 'Coffee-house about 'Change. I was his Bail in 'the time of the *Popish-Plot*, when he was taken 'up for a Jesuit.' If he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly described me so particularly, without ever considering what led him into it, that the whole Company must necessarily have found me out; for which Reason, remembering

the old Proverb, *Out of Sight out of Mind*, I left the Room; and upon meeting him an Hour afterwards, was asked by him, with a great deal of Good-humour, in what Part of the World I had lived, that he had not seen me these three Days.

Monsieur *Bruyere* has given us the Character of *an absent Man*,¹ with a great deal of Humour, which he has pushed to an agreeable Extravagance; with the Heads of it I shall conclude my present Paper.

Menalcas (says that excellent Author) comes down in a Morning, opens his Door to go out, but shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his Night-cap on; and examining himself further finds that he is but half-shaved, that he has stuck his Sword on his right Side, that his Stockings are about his Heels, and that his Shirt is over his Breeches. When he is dressed he goes to Court, comes into the Drawing-room, and walking bolt-upright under a Branch of Candlesticks his Wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling in the Air. All the Courtiers fall a laughing, but *Menalcas* laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the Person that is the Jest of the Company. Coming down to the Court-gate he finds a Coach, which taking for his own, he whips into it; and the Coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his Master. As soon as he stops, *Menalcas* throws himself out of the Coach, crosses the Court, ascends the Staircase, and runs thro' all the Chambers with the greatest Familiarity, reposes himself on a Couch, and fancies himself at home. The Master of the House at last comes in, *Menalcas* rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then talks again. The Gentleman of the House is tired and amazed; *Menalcas* is no less so, but is every Moment in Hopes that his impertinent Guest will at last end his tedious Visit. Night comes on, when *Menalcas* is hardly undeceived.

When he is playing at Backgammon, he calls for a full Glass of Wine and Water; 'tis his turn to throw, he has the Box in one Hand and his Glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose Time, he swallows down both the Dice, and at the same times throws his Wine into the Tables. He writes a Letter, and flings the Sand into the Ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mistakes the Superscription: A Nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it reads as follows: *I would have you, honest Jack, immediately upon the Receipt of this, take in Hay enough to serve me the Winter.* His Farmer receives the other and is amazed to see in it, *My Lord, I received your Grace's Commands with*

¹ Caractères, Chap. xi. de l'Homme. La Bruyère's *Menalque* was identified with a M. de Brancas, brother of the Duke de Villars. The adventure of the wig is said really to have happened to him at a reception by the Queen-Mother. He was said also on his wedding-day to have forgotten that he had been married. He went abroad as usual, and only remembered the ceremony of the morning upon finding the changed state of his household when, as usual, he came home in the evening.

an entire Submission to—If he is at an Entertainment, you may see the Pieces of Bread continually multiplying round his Plate: 'Tis true the rest of the Company want it, as well as their Knives and Forks, which *Menalcas* does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a Morning he puts his whole Family in an hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his Coach or Dinner, and for that Day you may see him in every Part of the Town, except the very Place where he had appointed to be upon a Business of Importance. You would often take him for every thing that he is not; for a Fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a Fool, for he talks to himself, and has an hundred Grimaces and Motions with his Head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud Man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him: The Truth on't is, his Eyes are open, but he makes no use of them, and neither sees you, nor any Man, nor any thing else: He came once from his Country-house, and his own Footman undertook to rob him, and succeeded: They held a Flambeau to his Throat, and bid him deliver his Purse; he did so, and coming home told his Friends he had been robbed; they desired to know the Particulars, *Ask my Servants*, says *Menalcas*, *for they were with me.* X.

No. 78.] Wednesday, May 30, 1711. [Steele.

Cum Talis sis, Utinam noster esses!

THE following Letters are so pleasant, that I doubt not but the Reader will be as much diverted with them as I was. I have nothing to do in this Day's Entertainment, but taking the Sentence from the End of the *Cambridge* Letter, and placing it at the Front of my Paper; to shew the Author I wish him my Companion with as much Earnestness as he invites me to be his.

SIR,

I Send you the inclosed, to be inserted (if you think them worthy of it) in your SPECTATORS; in which so surprizing a Genius appears, that it is no Wonder if all Mankind endeavours to get somewhat into a Paper which will always live. As to the *Cambridge* Affair, the Humour was really carried on in the Way I described it. However, you have a full Commission to put out or in, and to do whatever you think fit with it. I have already had the Satisfaction of seeing you take that Liberty with some things I have before sent you.¹

¹ This letter is probably by Laurence Eusden, and the preceding letter by the same hand would be the account of the Loungers in No. 54. Laurence Eusden, son of Dr. Eusden, Rector of Spalsworth, in Yorkshire, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, took orders, and became Chaplain to Lord Willoughby de Broke. He obtained the patronage of Lord Halifax by a Latin version of his Lordship's poem on the Battle of the

'Go on, Sir, and prosper. You have the best
'Wishes of,

*SIR, Your very Affectionate,
and Obliged Humble Servant.*

Mr. SPECTATOR, Cambridge.

'You well know it is of great Consequence to
'clear Titles, and it is of Importance that it be
'done in the proper Season; On which Account
'this is to assure you, that the CLUB OF UGLY
'FACES was instituted originally at CAM-
'BRIDGE in the merry Reign of King Charles
'II. As in great Bodies of Men it is not difficult
'to find Members enough for such a Club, so (I
'remember) it was then feared, upon their Inten-
'tion of dining together, that the Hall belonging
'to CLARE-HALL, (the ugliest then in the
'Town, tho' now the neatest) would not be large
'enough HANDSOMELY to hold the Company.
'Invitations were made to great Numbers, but
'very few accepted them without much Difficulty.
'ONE pleaded that being at London in a Book-
'seller's Shop, a Lady going by with a great
'Belly longed to kiss him. HE had certainly been
'excused, but that Evidence appeared, That in-
'deed one in London did pretend she longed to
'kiss him, but that it was only a *Pickpocket*, who
'during his kissing her stole away all his Money.
'ANOTHER would have got off by a Dimple in his
'Chin; but it was proved upon him, that he had,
'by coming into a Room, made a Woman mis-
'carry, and frightened two Children into Fits. A
'THIRD alledged, That he was taken by a Lady
'for another Gentleman, who was one of the
'handsomest in the University; But upon En-
'quiry it was found that the Lady had actually
'lost one Eye, and the other was very much upon
'the Decline. A FOURTH produced Letters out
'of the Country in his Vindication, in which a
'Gentleman offered him his Daughter, who had
'lately fallen in Love with him, with a good
'Fortune: But it was made appear that the young
'Lady was amorous, and had like to have run
'away with her Father's Coachman, so that it was
'supposed, that her Pretence of falling in Love
'with him was only in order to be well married.
'It was pleasant to hear the several Excuses which
'were made, insomuch that some made as much
'Interest to be excused as they would from serv-
'ing Sheriff; however at last the Society was
'formed, and proper Officers were appointed;
'and the Day was fix'd for the Entertainment,
'which was in *Venison Season*. A pleasant Fel-
'low of King's College (commonly called CRAB
'from his sour Look, and the only Man who did
'not pretend to get off) was nominated for Chap-
'lain; and nothing was wanting but some one to

Boyne, in 1718. By the influence of the Duke of
Newcastle, then Lord Chamberlain, he was made
Poet-laureate, upon the death of Rowe. Eusden
died, rector of Conington, Lincolnshire, in 1730,
and his death was hastened by intemperance. Of
the laurel left for Cibber Pope wrote in the
Dunciad,

*Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days.*

'sit in the Elbow-Chair, by way of PRESIDENT,
'at the upper end of the Table; and there the
'Business stuck, for there was no Contention for
'Superiority there. This Affair made so great a
'Noise, that the King, who was then at New-
'market, heard of it, and was pleased merrily and
'graciously to say, HE COULD NOT BE THERE
'HIMSELF, BUT HE WOULD SEND THEM A
'BRACE of BUCKS.

'I would desire you, Sir, to set this Affair in a
'true Light, that Posterity may not be misled in
'so important a Point: For when *the wise Man*
'who shall write your true History shall ac-
'quaint the World, That you had a DIPLOMA
'sent from the Ugly Club at OXFORD, and
'that by vertue of it you were admitted into it,
'what a learned Work will there be among *future*
'Criticks about the Original of that Club, which
'both Universities will contend so warmly for?
'And perhaps some hardy *Cantabrigian* Author
'may then boldly affirm, that the Word OX-
'FORD was an interpolation of some *Oxonian*
'instead of CAMBRIDGE. This Affair will be
'best adjusted in your Life-time; but I hope
'your Affection to your MOTHER will not make
'you partial to your AUNT.

'To tell you, Sir, my own Opinion: Tho' I
'cannot find any ancient Records of any Acts of
'the SOCIETY OF THE UGLY FACES, considered
'in a *publick* Capacity; yet in a *private* one they
'have certainly Antiquity on their Side. I am
'perswaded they will hardly give Place to the
'LOWNGERS, and the LOWNGERS are of the same
'Standing with the University itself.

'Tho' we well know, Sir, you want no Motives
'to do Justice, yet I am commission'd to tell you,
'that you are invited to be admitted *ad eundem*
'at CAMBRIDGE; and I believe I may ven-
'ture safely to deliver this as the Wish of our
'whole University.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

The humble Petition of WHO and WHICH.
Sheweth,

'THAT your Petitioners being in a forlorn and
'destitute Condition, know not to whom we
'should apply ourselves for Relief, because there
'is hardly any Man alive who hath not injured
'us. Nay, we speak it with Sorrow, even YOU
'your self, whom we should suspect of such a
'Practice the last of all Mankind, can hardly
'acquit your self of having given us some Cause
'of Complaint. We are descended of ancient
'Families, and kept up our Dignity and Honour
'many Years, till the Jack-sprat THAT sup-
'planted us. How often have we found ourselves
'slighted by the Clergy in their Pulpits, and the
'Lawyers at the Bar? Nay, how often have we
'heard in one of the most polite and august As-
'semblies in the Universe, to our great Mortifica-
'tion, these Words, *That THAT that noble Lord*
'urged; which if one of us had had Justice done,
'would have sounded nobler thus, *That WHICH*
'that noble Lord urged. Senates themselves,
'the Guardians of *British* Liberty, have degraded
'us, and preferred THAT to us; and yet no De-
'cree was ever given against us. In the very
'Acts of Parliament, in which the utmost Right

should be done to every *Body*, *WORD* and *Thing*, we find our selves often either not used, or used one instead of another. In the first and best Prayer Children are taught, they learn to misuse us: *Our Father WHICH art in Heaven*, should be, *Our Father WHO art in Heaven*; and even a CONVOCATION after long Debates, refused to consent to an Alteration of it. In our *general Confession* we say,—*Spare thou them, O God, WHICH confess their Faults*, which ought to be, *WHO confess their Faults*. What Hopes then have we of having Justice done us, when the Makers of our very Prayers and Laws, and the most learned in all Faculties, seem to be in a Confederacy against us, and our Enemies themselves must be our Judges.

The Spanish Proverb says, *Il sabio muda consejo, il necio no*; i. e. *A wise Man changes his Mind, a Fool never will*. So that we think YOU, Sir, a very proper Person to address to, since we know you to be capable of being convinced, and changing your Judgment. You are well able to settle this Affair, and to you we submit our Cause. We desire you to assign the Butts and Bounds of each of us; and that for the future we may both enjoy our own. We would desire to be heard by our Counsel, but that we fear in their very Pleadings they would betray our Cause: Besides, we have been oppressed so many Years, that we can appear no other way, but *in forma pauperis*. All which considered, we hope you will be pleased to do that which to Right and Justice shall appertain.

And your Petitioners, &c.
R.

No. 79.] Thursday, May 31, 1711. [Steele.

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.—Hor.

I HAVE received very many Letters of late from my Female Correspondents, most of whom are very angry with me for Abridging their Pleasures, and looking severely upon Things, in themselves, indifferent. But I think they are extremely Unjust to me in this Imputation: All that I contend for is, that those Excellencies, which are to be regarded but in the second Place, should not precede more weighty Considerations. The Heart of Man deceives him in spite of the Lectures of half a Life spent in Discourses on the Subjection of Passion; and I do not know why one may not think the Heart of Woman as Unfaithful to itself. If we grant an Equality in the Faculties of both Sexes, the Minds of Women are less cultivated with Precepts, and consequently may, without Disrespect to them, be accounted more liable to Illusion in Cases wherein natural Inclination is out of the Interests of Virtue. I shall take up my present Time in commenting upon a Billet or two which came from Ladies, and from thence leave the Reader to judge whether I am in the right or not, in thinking it is possible Fine Women may be mistaken.

The following Address seems to have no other

Design in it, but to tell me the Writer will do what she pleases for all me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am Young, and very much inclin'd to follow the Paths of Innocence: but at the same time, as I have a plentiful Fortune, and of Quality, I am unwilling to resign the Pleasures of Distinction, some little Satisfaction in being Admired in general, and much greater in being beloved by a Gentleman, whom I design to make my Husband. But I have a mind to put off entering into Matrimony till another Winter is over my Head, which, (whatever, musty Sir, you may think of the Matter) I design to pass away in hearing Music, going to Plays, Visiting, and all other Satisfactions which Fortune and Youth, protected by Innocence and Virtue, can procure for,

SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
M. T.

My Lover does not know I like him, therefore having no Engagements upon me, I think to stay and know whether I may not like any one else better.

I have heard WILL. HONEYCOMB say, *A Woman seldom writes her Mind but in her Postscript*. I think this Gentlewoman has sufficiently discovered hers in this. I'll lay what Wager she pleases against her present Favourite, and can tell her that she will Like Ten more before she is fixed, and then will take the worst Man she ever liked in her Life. There is no end of Affection taken in at the Eyes only; and you may as well satisfy those Eyes with seeing, as controul any Passion received by them only. It is from loving by Sight that Coxcombs so frequently succeed with Women, and very often a Young Lady is bestowed by her Parents to a Man who weds her as Innocence itself, tho' she has, in her own Heart, given her Approbation of a different Man in every Assembly she was in the whole Year before. What is wanting among Women, as well as among Men, is the Love of laudable Things, and not to rest only in the Forbearance of such as are Reproachful.

How far removed from a Woman of this light Imagination is *Eudisia*! *Eudisia* has all the Arts of Life and good Breeding with so much Ease, that the Virtue of her Conduct looks more like an Instinct than Choice. It is as little difficult to her to think justly of Persons and Things, as it is to a Woman of different Accomplishments, to move ill or look awkward. That which was, at first, the Effect of Instruction, is grown into an Habit; and it would be as hard for *Eudisia* to indulge a wrong Suggestion of Thought, as it would be for *Flavia* the fine Dancer to come into a Room with an unbecoming Air.

But the Misapprehensions People themselves have of their own State of Mind, is laid down with much discerning in the following Letter, which is but an Extract of a kind Epistle from my charming mistress *Hecatissa*, who is above the Vanity of external Beauty, and is the best Judge of the Perfections of the Mind.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Write this to acquaint you, that very many Ladies, as well as myself, spend many Hours more than we used at the Glass, for want of the Female Library of which you promised us a Catalogue. I hope, Sir, in the Choice of Authors for us, you will have a particular Regard to Books of Devotion. What they are, and how many, must be your chief Care; for upon the Propriety of such Writings depends a great deal. I have known those among us who think, if they every Morning and Evening spend an Hour in their Closet, and read over so many Prayers in six or seven Books of Devotion, all equally nonsensical, with a sort of Warmth, (that might as well be raised by a Glass of Wine, or a Drachm of Citron) they may all the rest of their time go on in whatever their particular Passion leads them to. The beauteous *Philautia*, who is (in your Language) an *Idol*, is one of these Votaries: she has a very pretty furnished Closet, to which she retires at her appointed Hours: This is her Dressing-room, as well as Chapel; she has constantly before her a large Looking-glass, and upon the Table, according to a very witty Author,

*Together lye her Prayer-book and Paint,
At once t' improve the Sinner and the Saint.*

'It must be a good Scene, if one could be present at it, to see this *Idol* by turns lift up her Eyes to Heaven, and steal Glances at her own dear Person. It cannot but be a pleasing Conflict between Vanity and Humiliation. When you are upon this Subject, choose Books which elevate the Mind above the World, and give a pleasing Indifference to little things in it. For want of such Instructions, I am apt to believe so many People take it in their Heads to be sullen, cross and angry, under pretence of being abstracted from the Affairs of this Life, when at the same time they betray their Fondness for them by doing their Duty as a Task, and putting and reading good Books for a Week together. Much of this I take to proceed from the Indiscretion of the Books themselves, whose very Titles of Weekly Preparations, and such limited Godliness, lead People of ordinary Capacities into great Errors, and raise in them a Mechanical Religion, entirely distinct from Morality. I know a Lady so given up to this sort of Devotion, that tho' she employs six or eight Hours of the twenty-four at Cards, she never misses one constant Hour of Prayer, for which time another holds her Cards, to which she returns with no little Anxiousness till two or three in the Morning. All these Acts are but empty Shows, and, as it were, Compliments made to Virtue; the Mind is all the while untouched with any true Pleasure in the Pursuit of it. From hence I presume it arises that so many People call themselves Virtuous, from no other Pretence to it but an Absence of Ill. There is *Dulcianara* is the most insolent of all Creatures to her Friends and Domesticks, upon no other Pretence in Nature but that (as her silly Phrase is) no one can say Black is her Eye. She has no Secrets, forsooth, which should make her afraid to speak her Mind,

'and therefore she is impertinently Blunt to all her Acquaintance, and unseasonably Imperious to all her Family. Dear Sir, be pleased to put such Books in our Hands, as may make our Virtue more inward, and convince some of us that in a Mind truly virtuous the Scorn of Vice is always accompanied with the Pity of it. This and other things are impatiently expected from you by our whole Sex; among the rest by,

SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
B.'

No. 80.] Friday, June 1, 1711. [Steele.

Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.—Hor.

IN the Year 1688, and on the same Day of that Year, were born in *Cheapside, London*, two Females of exquisite Feature and Shape; the one we shall call *Brunetta*, the other *Phillis*. A close Intimacy between their Parents made each of them the first Acquaintance the other knew in the World: They played, dressed Babies, acted Visitings, learned to Dance and make Curtesies, together. They were inseparable Companions in all the little Entertainments their tender Years were capable of: Which innocent Happiness continued till the Beginning of their fifteenth Year, when it happened that Mrs. *Phillis* had an Head-dress on which became her so very well, that instead of being beheld any more with Pleasure for their Amity to each other, the Eyes of the Neighbourhood were turned to remark them with Comparison of their Beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the Ease of Mind and pleasing Indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their Words and Actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every Excellence in their Speech and Behaviour was looked upon as an Act of Emulation to surpass the other. These Beginnings of Disinclination soon improved into a Formality of Behaviour, a general Coldness, and by natural Steps into an irreconcilable Hatred.

These two Rivals for the Reputation of Beauty, were in their Stature, Countenance and Mien so very much alike, that if you were speaking of them in their Absence, the Words in which you described the one must give you an Idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, tho' extremely different when together. What made their Enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their Sex was, that in Detraction from each other neither could fall upon Terms which did not hit herself as much as her Adversary. Their Nights grew restless with Meditation of new Dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new Devices to recal Admirers, who observed the Charms of the one rather than those of the other on the last Meeting. Their Colours failed at each other's Appearance, flushed with Pleasure at the Report of a Disadvantage, and their Countenances withered upon Instances of Applause. The Decencies to which Women are obliged, made these Virgins

stifle their Resentment so far as not to break into open Violences, while they equally suffered the Torments of a regulated Anger. Their Mothers, as it is usual, engaged in the Quarrel, and supported the several Pretensions of the Daughters with all that ill-chosen Sort of Expence which is common with People of plentiful Fortunes and mean Taste. The Girls preceded their Parents like Queens of *May*, in all the gaudy Colours imaginable, on every *Sunday* to Church, and were exposed to the Examination of the Audience for Superiority of Beauty.

During this constant Struggle it happened, that *Phillis* one Day at public Prayers smote the Heart of a gay *West-Indian*, who appear'd in all the Colours which can affect an Eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This *American* in a Summer-Island Suit was too shining and too gay to be resisted by *Phillis*, and too intent upon her Charms to be diverted by any of the laboured Attractions of *Brunetta*. Soon after, *Brunetta* had the Mortification to see her Rival disposed of in a wealthy Marriage, while she was only addressed to in a Manner that shewed she was the Admiration of all Men, but the Choice of none. *Phillis* was carried to the Habitation of her Spouse in *Barbadoes*: *Brunetta* had the Ill-nature to inquire for her by every Opportunity, and had the Misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous Slaves, fanned into Slumbers by successive Hands of them, and carried from Place to Place in all the Pomp of barbarous Magnificence. *Brunetta* could not endure these repeated Advices, but employed all her Arts and Charms in laying Baits for any of Condition of the same Island, out of a mere Ambition to confront her once more before she died. She at last succeeded in her Design, and was taken to Wife by a Gentleman whose Estate was contiguous to that of her Enemy's Husband. It would be endless to enumerate the many Occasions on which these irreconcilable Beauties laboured to excel each other; but in process of Time it happened that a Ship put into the Island consigned to a Friend of *Phillis*, who had Directions to give her the Refusal of all Goods for Apparel, before *Brunetta* could be alarmed of their Arrival. He did so, and *Phillis* was dressed in a few Days in a Brocade more gorgeous and costly than had ever before appeared in that Latitude. *Brunetta* languished at the Sight, and could by no means come up to the Bravery of her Antagonist. She communicated her Anguish of Mind to a faithful Friend, who by an Interest in the Wife of *Phillis*'s Merchant, procured a Remnant of the same Silk for *Brunetta*. *Phillis* took pains to appear in all public Places where she was sure to meet *Brunetta*; *Brunetta* was now prepared for the Insult, and came to a public Ball in a plain black Silk Mantua, attended by a beautiful Negro Girl in a Petticoat of the same Brocade with which

Phillis was attired. This drew the Attention of the whole Company, upon which the unhappy *Phillis* swooned away, and was immediately convey'd to her House. As soon as she came to herself she fled from her Husband's House, went on board a Ship in the Road, and is now landed in inconsolable Despair at *Plymouth*.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the above melancholy Narration, it may perhaps be a Relief to the Reader to peruse the following Expostulation.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.

The just Remonstrance of affronted THAT.

'Tho' I deny not the Petition of Mr. *Who* and *Which*, yet You should not suffer them to be rude and call honest People Names: For that bears very hard on some of those Rules of Decency, which You are justly famous for establishing. They may find fault, and correct Speeches in the Senate and at the Bar: But let them try to get *themselves* so often and with so much Eloquence repeated in a Sentence, as a great Orator doth frequently introduce me.

'My Lords! (says he) with humble Submission, *That* that I say is this; that, *That* that that Gentleman has advanced, is not *That*, that he should have proved to your Lordships. Let those two questionary Petitioners try to do thus with their *Who's* and their *Whiches*.

'What great advantage was I of to Mr. *Dryden* in his *Indian Emperor*,

You force me still to answer You in That,

'to furnish out a Rhyme to *Morat*? And what a poor Figure would Mr. *Bayes* have made without his *Egad and all That*? How can a judicious Man distinguish one thing from another, without saying *This here*, or *That there*? And how can a sober Man without using the *Expletives* of Oaths (in which indeed the Rakes and Bullies have a great advantage over others) make a Discourse of any tolerable Length, without *That is*; and if he be a very grave Man indeed, without *That is to say*? And how instructive as well as entertaining are those usual Expressions in the Mouths of great Men, *Such Things as That* and *The like of That*.

'I am not against reforming the Corruptions of Speech You mention, and own there are proper Seasons for the Introduction of other Words besides *That*; but I scorn as much to supply the Place of a *Who* or a *Which* at every Turn, as they are *unequal* always to fill mine; And I expect good Language and civil Treatment, and hope to receive it for the future: *That*, that I shall only add is, that I am,

R.

Yours,
THAT.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALLIFAX.¹

My LORD,
SIMILITUDE of Manners and Studies is usually mentioned as one of the strongest motives to Affection and Esteem; but the passionate Veneration I have for your Lordship, I think, flows from an Admiration of Qualities in You, of which, in the whole course of these Papers I have acknowledged myself incapable. While I busy myself as a Stranger upon Earth, and can pretend to no other than being a Looker-on, You are conspicuous in the Busy and Polite world, both in the World of Men, and that of Letters; While I am silent and unobserv'd in publick Meetings, You are admired by all that approach You as the Life and Genius of the Conversation. What an happy Conjunction of different Talents meets in him whose whole Discourse is at once animated by the Strength and Force of Reason, and adorned with all the Graces and Embellishments of Wit: When Learning irradiates common Life, it is then in its highest Use and Perfection; and it is to such as Your Lordship, that the Sciences owe the Esteem which they have with the active Part of Mankind. Knowledge of Books in recluse Men, is like that sort of Lanthorn which

hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy Paths of his own; but in the Possession of a Man of Business, it is as a Torch in the Hand of one who is willing and able to shew those, who are bewildered, the Way which leads to their Prosperity and Welfare. A generous Concern for your Country, and a Passion for every thing which is truly Great and Noble, are what actuate all Your Life and Actions; and I hope You will forgive me that I have an Ambition this Book may be placed in the Library of so good a Judge of what is valuable, in that Library where the Choice is such, that it will not be a Disparagement to be the meanest Author in it. Forgive me, my Lord, for taking this Occasion of telling all the World how ardently I Love and Honour You; and that I am, with the utmost Gratitude for all Your Favours,

*My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most Obliged,
Most Obedient, and
Most Humble Servant,
THE SPECTATOR.*

¹ When the Spectators were reissued in volumes, Vol. I. ended with No. 80, and to the second volume, containing the next 89 numbers, this Dedication was prefixed.

Charles Montague, at the time of the dedication fifty years old, and within four years of the end of his life, was born, in 1661, at Horton, in Northamptonshire. His father was a younger son of the first Earl of Manchester. He was educated at Westminster School and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Apt for wit and verse, he joined with his friend Prior in writing a burlesque on Dryden's *Hind and Panther*, 'Transversed to the Story of the Country and the City Mouse.' In Parliament in James the Second's reign, he joined in the invitation of William of Orange, and rose rapidly, a self-made man, after the Revolution. In 1691 he was a Lord of the Treasury; in April, 1694, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in May, 1697, First Lord of the Treasury, retaining the Chancellorship and holding both offices till near the close of 1699. Of his dealing with the currency, see note on p. 9. In 1700 he was made Baron Halifax, and had secured the office of Auditor of the Exchequer, which was worth at least £4000 a year, and in war time twice as much. The Tories, on coming to power, made two unsuccessful attempts to fix on him charges of fraud. In October, 1714, George I. made him Earl of

Halifax and Viscount Sunbury. Then also he again became Prime Minister. He was married, but died childless, in May, 1715. In 1699, when Somers and Halifax were the great chiefs of the Whig ministry, they joined in befriending Addison, then 27 years old, who had pleased Somers with a piece of English verse and Montague with Latin lines upon the Peace of Ryswick.

Now, therefore, having dedicated the First volume of the *Spectator* to Somers, it is to Halifax that Steele and he inscribe the Second.

Of the defect in Charles Montague's character, Lord Macaulay writes that, when at the height of his fortune, 'He became proud even to insolence. 'Old companions . . . hardly knew their friend 'Charles in the great man who could not forget 'for one moment that he was First Lord of the 'Treasury, that he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, that he had been a Regent of the kingdom, that he had founded the Bank of England, 'and the new East India Company, that he had 'restored the Currency, that he had invented the 'Exchequer Bills, that he had planned the General 'Mortgage, and that he had been pronounced, by 'a solemn vote of the Commons, to have deserved 'all the favours which he had received from the 'Crown. It was said that admiration of himself and contempt of others were indicated by all 'his gestures, and written in all the lines of his 'face.'

No. 81.] Saturday, June 2, 1711. [Addison.

*Qualis ubi audito venantum mormure Tigris
Horruit in maculas* — Statius.

ABOUT the Middle of last Winter I went to see an Opera at the Theatre in the Hay-market, where I could not but take notice of two Parties of very fine Women, that had placed themselves in the opposite Side-Boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of Battle-Array one against another. After a short Survey of them, I found they were Patch'd differently; the Faces on one Hand, being spotted on the right Side of the Forehead, and those upon the other on the Left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile Glances upon one another; and that their Patches were placed in those different Situations, as Party-Signals to distinguish Friends from Foes. In the Middle-Boxes, between these two opposite Bodies, were several Ladies who Patched indifferently on both Sides of their Faces, and seem'd to sit there with no other Intention but to see the Opera. Upon Inquiry I found, that the Body of *Amazons* on my Right Hand, were Whigs, and those on my Left, Tories: And that those who had placed themselves in the Middle Boxes were a Neutral Party, whose Faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their Party with one Side or the other; in-somuch that I observed in several of them, the Patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory Side of the Face. The Censorious say, That the Men, whose Hearts are aimed at, are very often the Occasions that one Part of the Face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of Disgrace, while the other is so much Set off and Adorned by the Owner; and that the Patches turn to the Right or to the Left, according to the Principles of the Man who is most in Favour. But whatever may be the Motives of a few fantastical Coquets, who do not Patch for the Publick Good so much as for their own private Advantage, it is certain, that there are several Women of Honour who patch out of Principle, and with an Eye to the Interest of their Country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so stedfastly to their Party, and are so far from sacrificing their Zeal for the Publick to their Passion for any particular Person, that in a late Draught of Marriage-Articles a Lady has stipulated with her Husband, That, whatever his Opinions are, she shall be at liberty to Patch on which Side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that *Rosalinda*, a famous Whig Partizan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful Mole on the Tory Part of her Forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many Mistakes, and given an Handle to her Enemies to misrepresent her Face, as tho' it had Revolted from the Whig Interest. But, whatever this natural Patch may seem to intimate, it is well known that her Notions of Government are still the same. This unlucky Mole, however, has mis-led several Coxcombs; and like

the hanging out of false Colours, made some of them converse with *Rosalinda* in what they thought the Spirit of her Party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected Fire, that has sunk them all at once. If *Rosalinda* is unfortunate in her Mole, *Nigranilla* is as unhappy in a Pimple, which forces her, against her Inclinations, to Patch on the Whig Side.

I am told that many virtuous Matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial Spotting of the Face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a Zeal for their Cause, to what they could not be prompted by a Concern for their Beauty. This way of declaring War upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the Tigress, that several Spots rise in her Skin when she is angry, or as Mr. *Cowley* has imitated the Verses that stand as the Motto on this Paper,

—*She swells with angry Pride,
And calls forth all her Spots on ev'ry Side.*¹

When I was in the Theatre the Time above-mentioned, I had the Curiosity to count the Patches on both Sides, and found the Tory Patches to be about Twenty stronger than the Whig; but to make amends for this small Inequality, I the next Morning found the whole Puppet-Show filled with Faces spotted after the Whiggish Manner. Whether or no the Ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their Forces I cannot tell; but the next Night they came in so great a Body to the Opera, that they outnumber'd the Enemy.

This Account of Party Patches, will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a Distance from the fashionable World: but as it is a Distinction of a very singular Nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a Parallel, I think I should not have discharged the Office of a faithful SPECTATOR, had I not recorded it.

I have, in former Papers, endeavoured to expose this Party-Rage in Women, as it only serves to aggravate the Hatreds and Animositities that reign among Men, and in a great measure deprive the Fair Sex of those peculiar Charms with which Nature has endowed them.

When the *Romans* and *Sabines* were at War, and just upon the Point of giving Battel, the Women, who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many Tears and Intreaties, that they prevented the mutual Slaughter which threatned both Parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting Peace.

I would recommend this noble Example to our *British* Ladies, at a Time when their Country is torn with so many unnatural Divisions, that if they continue, it will be a Misfortune to be born in it. The *Greeks* thought it so improper for Women to interest themselves in Competitions and Contentions, that for this Reason, among others, they forbade them, under Pain of Death, to be present at the *Olympick* Games, notwithstanding these were the publick Diversions of all *Greece*.

As our *English* Women excel those of all Nations in Beauty, they should endeavour to out-

¹ *Davideis*, Bk III. But *Cowley's* Tiger is a Male.

shine them in all other Accomplishments [proper¹] to the Sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender Mothers, and faithful Wives, rather than as furious Partizans. Female Virtues are of a Domestick Turn. The Family is the proper Province for Private Women to shine in. If they must be shewing their Zeal for the Publick, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same Family, or at least of the same Religion or Nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted Enemies of their Faith, Liberty and Country. When the *Romans* were pressed with a Foreign Enemy, the Ladies voluntarily contributed all their Rings and Jewels to assist the Government under a publick Exigence, which appeared so laudable an Action in the Eyes of their Countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a Law to pronounce publick Orations at the Funeral of a Woman in Praise of the deceased Person, which till that Time was peculiar to Men. Would our *English* Ladies, instead of sticking on a Patch against those of their own Country, shew themselves so truly Publick-spirited as to sacrifice every one her Necklace against the common Enemy, what Decrees ought not to be made in Favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this Subject such Passages as occur to my Memory out of ancient Authors, I cannot omit a Sentence in the celebrated Funeral Oration of *Pericles*,² which he made in Honour of those brave *Athenians* that were slain in a fight with the *Lacedæmonians*. After having addressed himself to the several Ranks and Orders of his Countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the Publick Cause, he turns to the Female Part of his Audience; 'And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few Words: Aspire only to those Virtues that are peculiar to your Sex; follow your natural Modesty, and think it your greatest Commendation not to be talked of one way or other. C.

No. 82.] Monday, June 4, 1711. [Steele.

—Caput domina venale sub hasta.—Juv.

PASSING under *Ludgate*³ the other Day, I heard a Voice bawling for Charity, which I

¹ [that are proper]

² Thucydides, Bk II.

³ Ludgate was originally built in 1215, by the Barons who entered London, destroyed houses of Jews and erected this gate with their ruins. It was first used as a prison in 1373, being then a free prison, but soon losing that privilege. Sir Stephen Forster, who was Lord Mayor in 1454, had been a prisoner at Ludgate and begged at the grate, where he was seen by a rich widow who bought his liberty, took him into her service, and eventually married him. To commemorate this he enlarged the accommodation for the prisoners and added a chapel. The old gate was taken down and rebuilt in 1586. That second gate was de-

stroyed in the Fire of London. The gate which succeeded and was used, like its predecessors, as a wretched prison for debtors, was pulled down in 1760, and the prisoners removed, first to the London workhouse, afterwards to part of the Giltspur Street Compter.

thought I had somewhere heard before. Coming near to the Grate, the Prisoner called me by my Name, and desired I would throw something into the Box: I was out of Countenance for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in half a Crown. I went away, reflecting upon the strange Constitution of some Men, and how meanly they behave themselves in all Sorts of Conditions. The Person who begged of me is now, as I take it, Fifty; I was well acquainted with him till about the Age of Twenty-five; at which Time a good Estate fell to him by the Death of a Relation. Upon coming to this unexpected good Fortune, he ran into all the Extravagancies imaginable; was frequently in drunken Disputes, broke Drawers Heads, talked and swore loud, was unmannerly to those above him, and insolent to those below him. I could not but remark, that it was the same Baseness of Spirit which worked in his Behaviour in both Fortunes: The same little Mind was insolent in Riches, and shameless in Poverty. This Accident made me muse upon the Circumstances of being in Debt in general, and solve in my Mind what Tempers were most apt to fall into this Error of Life, as well as the Misfortune it must needs be to languish under such Pressures. As for my self, my natural Aversion to that sort of Conversation which makes a Figure with the Generality of Mankind, exempts me from any Temptations to Expencc; and all my Business lies within a very narrow Compass, which is only to give an honest Man, who takes care of my Estate, proper Vouchers for his quarterly Payments to me, and observe what Linnen my Laundress brings and takes away with her once a Week: My Steward brings his Receipt ready for my Signing; and I have a pretty Implement with the respective Names of Shirts, Cravats, Handkerchiefs and Stockings, with proper Numbers to know how to reckon with my Laundress. This being almost all the Business I have in the World for the Care of my own Affairs, I am at full Leisure to observe upon what others do, with relation to their Equipage and Oeconomy.

When I walk the Street, and observe the Hurry about me in this Town,

Where with like Haste, tho' diff'rent Ways they run;

Some to undo, and some to be undone;¹

I say, when I behold this vast Variety of Persons and Humours, with the Pains they both take for the Accomplishment of the Ends mentioned in the above Verse of *Denham*, I cannot much wonder at the Endeavour after Gain, but am extremely astonished that Men can be so insensible of the Danger of running into Debt. One would think it impossible a Man who is given to contract Debts should know, that his Creditor has, from that Moment in which he transgresses Payment,

stroyed in the Fire of London. The gate which succeeded and was used, like its predecessors, as a wretched prison for debtors, was pulled down in 1760, and the prisoners removed, first to the London workhouse, afterwards to part of the Giltspur Street Compter.

¹ Sir John Denham's 'Cooper's Hill.'

so much as that Demand comes to in his Debtor's Honour, Liberty, and Fortune. One would think he did not know, that his Creditor can say the worst thing imaginable of him, to wit, *That he is unjust*, without Defamation; and can seize his Person, without being guilty of an Assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned Turn of some Men's Minds, that they can live under these constant Apprehensions, and still go on to encrease the Cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile Condition, than to be ashamed, or afraid, to see any one Man breathing? Yet he that is much in Debt, is in that Condition with relation to twenty different People. There are indeed Circumstances wherein Men of honest Natures may become liable to Debts, by some unadvised Behaviour in any great Point of their Life, or mortgaging a Man's Honesty as a Security for that of another, and the like; but these Instances are so particular and circumstantiated, that they cannot come within general Considerations: For one such Case as one of these, there are ten, where a Man, to keep up a Farce of Retinue and Grandeur within his own House, shall shrink at the Expectation of surly Demands at his Doors. The Debtor is the Creditor's Criminal, and all the Officers of Power and State, whom we behold make so great a Figure, are no other than so many Persons in Authority to make good his Charge against him. Human Society depends upon his having the Vengeance Law allots him; and the Debtor owes his Liberty to his Neighbour, as much as the Murderer does his Life to his Prince.

Our Gentry are, generally speaking, in Debt; and many Families have put it into a kind of Method of being so from Generation to Generation. The Father mortgages when his Son is very young: and the Boy is to marry as soon as he is at Age, to redeem it, and find Portions for his Sisters. This, forsooth, is no great Inconvenience to him; for he may wench, keep a publick Table or feed Dogs, like a worthy *English* Gentleman, till he has out-run half his Estate, and leave the same Incumbrance upon his First-born, and so on, till one Man of more Vigour than ordinary goes quite through the Estate, or some Man of Sense comes into it, and scorns to have an Estate in Partnership, that is to say, liable to the Demand or Insult of any Man living. There is my Friend Sir ANDREW, tho' for many Years a great and general Trader, was never the Defendant in a Law-Suit, in all the Perplexity of Business, and the Iniquity of Mankind at present: No one had any Colour for the least Complaint against his Dealings with him. This is certainly as uncommon, and in its Proportion as laudable in a Citizen, as it is in a General never to have suffered a Disadvantage in Fight. How different from this Gentleman is *Jack Truepenny*, who has been an old Acquaintance of Sir ANDREW and myself from Boys, but could never learn our Caution. *Jack* has a whorish unresisting Good-nature, which makes him incapable of having a Property in any thing. His Fortune, his Reputation, his Time and his Capacity, are at any Man's Service that comes first. When he was at School, he was whipped thrice a Week for Faults he took upon him to

excuse others; since he came into the Business of the World, he has been arrested twice or thrice a Year for Debts he had nothing to do with, but as a Surety for others; and I remember when a Friend of his had suffered in the Vice of the Town, all the Physick his Friend took was conveyed to him by *Jack*, and inscribed, 'A Bolus or an Electuary for Mr. *Truepenny*.' *Jack* had a good Estate left him, which came to nothing; because he believed all who pretended to Demands upon it. This Easiness and Credulity destroy all the other Merit he has; and he has all his Life been a Sacrifice to others, without ever receiving Thanks, or doing one good Action.

I will end this Discourse with a Speech which I heard *Jack* make to one of his Creditors, (of whom he deserved gentler Usage) after lying a whole Night in Custody at his Suit.

SIR,

'Your Ingratitude for the many Kindnesses I have done you, shall not make me unthankful for the Good you have done me, in letting me see there is such a Man as you in the World. I am obliged to you for the Diffidence I shall have all the rest of my Life: *I shall hereafter trust no Man so far as to be in his Debt.* R.

No. 83.] Tuesday, June 5, 1711. [Addison.

— *Animum pictura pascit inani.*—Virg.

WHEN the Weather hinders me from taking my Diversions without Doors, I frequently make a little Party with two or three select Friends, to visit any thing curious that may be seen under Covert. My principal Entertainments of this Nature are Pictures, insomuch that when I have found the Weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole Day's Journey to see a Gallery that is furnished by the Hands of great Masters. By this means, when the Heavens are filled with Clouds, when the Earth swims in Rain, and all Nature wears a lowering Countenance, I withdraw myself from these uncomfortable Scenes into the visionary Worlds of Art; where I meet with shining Landscips, gilded Triumphs, beautiful Faces, and all those other Objects that fill the mind with gay Ideas, and disperse that Gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate Seasons.

I was some Weeks ago in a Course of these Diversions; which had taken such an entire Possession of my Imagination, that they formed in it a short Morning's Dream, which I shall communicate to my Reader, rather as the first Sketch and Outlines of a Vision, than as a finished Piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long spacious Gallery, which had one Side covered with Pieces of all the Famous Painters who are now living, and the other with the Works of the greatest Masters that are dead.

On the side of the *Living*, I saw several Persons busy in Drawing, Colouring, and Designing; on the side of the *Dead* Painters, I could not discover more than one Person at Work, who was

exceeding slow in his Motions, and wonderfully nice in his Touches.

I was resolved to examine the several Artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied myself to the side of the *Living*. The first I observed at Work in this Part of the Gallery was VANITY, with his Hair tied behind him in a Ribbon, and dressed like a *Frenchman*. All the Faces he drew were very remarkable for their Smiles, and a certain smirking Air which he bestowed indifferently on every Age and Degree of either Sex. The *Toujours Gai* appeared even in his Judges, Bishops, and Privy-Counsellors: In a word all his Men were *Petits Maitres*, and all his Women *Coquets*. The Drapery of his Figures was extremely well-suited to his Faces, and was made up of all the glaring Colours that could be mixt together; every Part of the Dress was in a Flutter, and endeavoured to distinguish itself above the rest.

On the left Hand of VANITY stood a laborious Workman, who I found was his humble Admirer, and copied after him. He was dressed like a *German*, and had a very hard Name, that sounded something like STUPIDITY.

The third Artist that I looked over was FANTASQUE, dressed like a *Venetian Scaramouch*. He had an excellent Hand at a *Chimera*, and dealt very much in Distortions and Grimaces: He would sometimes affright himself with the Phantoms that flowed from his Pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his Pieces was at best but a terrifying Dream; and one could say nothing more of his finest Figures, than that they were agreeable Monsters.

The fourth Person I examined was very remarkable for his hasty Hand, which left his Pictures so unfinished, that the Beauty in the Picture (which was designed to continue as a monument of it to Posterity) faded sooner than in the Person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to dispatch his Business, that he neither gave himself time to clean his Pencils, [nor¹] mix his Colours. The Name of this expeditious Workman was AVARICE.

Not far from this Artist I saw another of a quite different Nature, who was dressed in the Habit of a *Dutchman*, and known by the Name of INDUSTRY. His Figures were wonderfully laboured; If he drew the Portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single Hair in his Face; if the Figure of a Ship, there was not a Rope among the Tackle that escaped him. He had likewise hung a great Part of the Wall with Night-pieces, that seemed to shew themselves by the Candles which were lighted up in several Parts of them; and were so inflamed by the Sun-shine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out, *Fire*.

The five foregoing Artists were the most considerable on this Side the Gallery; there were indeed several others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear observing, who was very busie in retouching the finest Pieces, tho' he produced no Originals of his own. His Pencil aggravated every Feature that

was before over-charged, loaded every Defect and poisoned every Colour it touched. Though this workman did so much Mischief on the Side of the Living, he never turned his Eye towards that of the Dead. His Name was ENVY.

Having taken a cursory View of one Side of the Gallery, I turned myself to that which was filled by the Works of those great Masters that were dead; when immediately I fancied myself standing before a Multitude of Spectators, and thousands of Eyes looking upon me at once; for all before me appeared so like Men and Women, that I almost forgot they were Pictures. *Raphael's* Figures stood in one Row, *Titian's* in another, *Guido Rheni's* in a third. One Part of the Wall was peopled by *Hannibal Carrache*, another by *Correggio*, and another by *Rubens*. To be short, there was not a great Master among the Dead who had not contributed to the Embellishment of this Side of the Gallery. The Persons that owed their Being to these several Masters, appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the Variety of their Shapes, Complexions, and Cloaths; so that they looked like different Nations of the same Species.

Observing an old Man (who was the same Person I before mentioned, as the only Artist that was at work on this Side of the Gallery) creeping up and down from one Picture to another, and retouching all the fine Pieces that stood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his Motions. I found his Pencil was so very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thousand Touches, scarce produced any visible Effect in the Picture on which he was employed. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated Touch after Touch without Rest or Intermission, he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable Gloss that hung upon a Figure. He also added such a beautiful Brown to the Shades, and Mellowness to the Colours, that he made every Picture appear more perfect than when it came fresh from [the¹] Master's Pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the Face of this ancient Workman, and immediately, by the long Lock of Hair upon his Forehead, discovered him to be TIME.

Whether it were because the Thread of my Dream was at an End I cannot tell, but upon my taking a Survey of this imaginary old Man, my Sleep left me. C.

No. 84.] Wednesday, June 6, 1711. [Steele.

— *Quis talia fando*
Myrmidonum Dolopunve aut duri miles Ulyssæi
Temperet a Lachrymis?—Virg.

LOOKING over the old Manuscript wherein the private Actions of *Pharamond*² are set

¹ [its]

² See No. 76. Steele uses the suggestion of the Romance of *Pharamond* whose 'whole Person,' says the romancer, 'was of so excellent a composition, and his words so Great and so Noble that it was very difficult to deny him re-

down by way of Table-Book, I found many things which gave me great Delight; and as human Life turns upon the same Principles and Passions in all Ages, I thought it very proper to take Minutes of what passed in that Age, for the Instruction of this. The Antiquary, who lent me these Papers, gave me a Character of *Eucrate*, the Favourite of *Pharamond*, extracted from an Author who lived in that Court. The Account he gives both of the Prince and this his faithful Friend, will not be improper to insert here, because I may have Occasion to mention many of their Conversations, into which these Memorials of them may give Light.

Pharamond, when he had a Mind to retire for an Hour or two from the Hurry of Business and Fatigue of Ceremony, made a Signal to *Eucrate*, by putting his Hand to his Face, placing his Arm negligently on a Window, or some such Action as appeared indifferent to all the rest of the Company. Upon such Notice, unobserved by others, (for their entire Intimacy was always a Secret) *Eucrate* repaired to his own Apartment to receive the King. There was a secret Access to this Part of the Court, at which *Eucrate* used to admit many whose mean Appearance in the Eyes of the ordinary Waiters and Door-keepers made them be repulsed from other Parts of the Palace. Such as these were let in here by Order of *Eucrate*, and had Audiences of *Pharamond*. This Entrance *Pharamond* called *The Gate of the Unhappy*, and the Tears of the Afflicted who came before him, he would say were Bribes received by *Eucrate*; for *Eucrate* had the most compassionate Spirit of all Men living, except his generous Master, who was always kindled at the least Affliction which was communicated to him. In the Regard for the Miserable, *Eucrate* took particular Care, that the common Forms of Distress, and the idle Pretenders to Sorrow, about Courts, who wanted only Supplies to Luxury, should never obtain Favour by his Means: But the Distresses which arise from the many inexplicable Occurrences that happen among Men, the unaccountable Alienation of Parents from their Children, Cruelty of Husbands to Wives, Poverty occasioned from Ship-

verence, to connect with a remote king his ideas of the duty of a Court. *Pharamond*'s friend *Eucrate*, whose name means Power well used, is an invention of the Essayist, as well as the incident and dialogue here given, for an immediate good purpose of his own, which he pleasantly contrives in imitation of the style of the romance. In the original, *Pharamond* is said to be 'truly and wholly charming, as well for the vivacity and delicateness of his spirit, accompanied with a perfect knowledge of all Sciences, as for a sweetness which is wholly particular to him, and a complacency which &c. . . . All his inclinations are in such manner fixed upon virtue, that no consideration nor passion can disturb him; and in those extremities into which his ill fortune hath cast him, he hath never let pass any occasion to do good.' That is why Steele chose *Pharamond* for his king in this and a preceding paper.

'wreck or Fire, the falling out of Friends, or such other terrible Disasters, to which the Life of Man is exposed; In Cases of this Nature, *Eucrate* was the Patron; and enjoyed this Part of the Royal Favour so much without being envied, that it was never inquired into by whose Means, what no one else cared for doing, was brought about.

'One Evening when *Pharamond* came into the Apartment of *Eucrate*, he found him extremely dejected; upon which he asked (with a Smile which was natural to him) "What, is there any one too miserable to be relieved by *Pharamond*, that *Eucrate* is melancholy? I fear there is," answered the Favourite; a Person without, of a good Air, well Dressed, and tho' a Man in the Strength of his Life, seems to faint under some inconsolable Calamity: All his Features seem suffused with Agony of Mind; but I can observe in him, that it is more inclined to break away in Tears than Rage. I asked him what he would have; he said he would speak to *Pharamond*. I desired his Business; he could hardly say to me, *Eucrate*, carry me to the King, my Story is not to be told twice, I fear I shall not be able to speak it at all." *Pharamond* commanded *Eucrate* to let him enter; he did so, and the Gentleman approached the King with an Air which spoke [him under the greatest Concern in what Manner to demean himself.]¹ The King, who had a quick Discerning, relieved him from the Oppression he was under; and with the most beautiful Complacency said to him, "Sir, do not add to that Load of Sorrow I see in your Countenance, the Awe of my Presence: Think you are speaking to your Friend; if the Circumstances of your Distress will admit of it, you shall find me so." To whom the Stranger: "Oh excellent *Pharamond*, name not a Friend to the unfortunate *Spinamont*. I had one, but he is dead by my own Hand;² but, oh *Pharamond*, tho' it was by the Hand of *Spinamont*, it was by the Guilt of *Pharamond*. I come not, oh excellent Prince, to implore your Pardon; I come to relate my Sorrow, a Sorrow too great for human Life to support: From henceforth shall all Occurrences appear Dreams or short Intervals of Amusement, from this one Affliction which has seiz'd my very Being: Pardon me, oh *Pharamond*, if my Grievings give me Leave, that I lay before you, in the Anguish of a wounded Mind, that you, good as you are, are guilty of the generous Blood spilt this Day by this unhappy Hand: Oh that it had perished before that Instant!" Here the Stranger

¹ [the utmost sense of his Majesty without the ability to express it.]

² *Spinamont* is Mr. Thornhill, who, on the 9th of May, 1711, killed in a duel Sir Cholmondeley Dering, Baronet, of Kent. Mr. Thornhill was tried and acquitted, but two months afterwards, assassinated by two men, who, as they stabbed him, bade him remember Sir Cholmondeley Dering. Steele wrote often and well against duelling, condemning it in the *Tatler* several times, in the *Spectator* several times, in the *Guardian* several times, and even in one of his plays.

‘paused, and recollecting his Mind, after some little Meditation, he went on in a calmer Tone and Gesture as follows.

“There is an Authority due to Distress; and as none of human Race is above the Reach of Sorrow, none should be above the Hearing the Voice of it: I am sure *Pharamond* is not. Know then, that I have this Morning unfortunately killed in a Duel, the Man whom of all Men living I most loved. I command my self too much in your royal Presence, to say, *Pharamond*, give me my Friend! *Pharamond* has taken him from me! I will not say, shall the merciful *Pharamond* destroy his own Subjects? Will the Father of his Country murder his People? But, the merciful *Pharamond* does destroy his Subjects, the Father of his Country does murder his People. Fortune is so much the Pursuit of Mankind, that all Glory and Honour is in the Power of a Prince, because he has the Distribution of their Fortunes. It is therefore the Inadvertency, Negligence, or Guilt of Princes, to let any thing grow into Custom which is against their Laws. A Court can make Fashion and Duty walk together; it can never, without the Guilt of a Court, happen, that it shall not be unfashionable to do what is unlawful. But alas! in the Dominions of *Pharamond*, by the Force of a Tyrant Custom, which is mis-named a Point of Honour, the Duellist kills his Friend whom he loves; and the Judge condemns the Duellist, while he approves his Behaviour. Shame is the greatest of all Evils; what avail Laws, when Death only attends the Breach of them, and Shame Obedience to them? As for me, oh *Pharamond*, were it possible to describe the nameless Kinds of Compunctions and Tendernesses I feel, when I reflect upon the little Accidents in our former Familiarity, my Mind swells into Sorrow which cannot be resisted enough to be silent in the Presence of *Pharamond*.” With that he fell into a Flood of Tears, and wept aloud. “Why should not *Pharamond* hear the Anguish he only can relieve others from in Time to come? Let him hear from me, what they feel who have given Death by the false Mercy of his Administration, and form to himself the Vengeance call’d for by those who have perished by his Negligence. R

No. 85.] Thursday, June 7, 1711. [Addison.

*Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte
Fabula nullius Veneris, sine pondere et Arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugæque canora.*

Hor.

IT is the Custom of the *Mahometans*, if they see any printed or written Paper upon the Ground, to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some Piece of their *Alcoran*. I must confess I have so much of the *Mussulman* in me, That I cannot forbear looking into every printed Paper which comes in

my Way, under whatsoever despicable Circumstances it may appear; for as no mortal Author, in the ordinary Fate and Vicissitude of Things, knows to what Use his Works may, some time or other, be applied, a Man may often meet with very celebrated Names in a Paper of Tobacco. I have lighted my Pipe more than once with the Writings of a Prelate; and know a Friend of mine, who, for these several Years, has converted the Essays of a Man of Quality into a kind of Fringe for his Candlesticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a Poem of an Eminent Author on a Victory, I met with several Fragments of it upon the next rejoicing Day, which had been employ’d in Squibs and Crackers, and by that means celebrated its Subject in a double Capacity. I once met with a Page of Mr. *Baxter* under a *Christmas Pye*. Whether or no the Pastry-Cook had made use of it through Chance or Waggery, for the Defence of that superstitious *Viande*, I know not; but upon the Perusal of it, I conceived so good an Idea of the Author’s Piety, that I bought the whole Book. I have often profited by these accidental Readings, and have sometimes found very Curious Pieces, that are either out of Print, or not to be met with in the Shops of our *London* Booksellers. For this Reason, when my Friends take a Survey of my Library, they are very much surprised to find, upon the Shelf of Folios, two long Band-Boxes standing upright among my Books, till I let them see that they are both of them lined with deep Erudition and abstruse Literature. I might likewise mention a Paper-Kite, from which I have received great Improvement; and a Hat-Case, which I would not exchange for all the Beavers in *Great-Britain*. This my inquisitive Temper, or rather impertinent Humour of prying into all Sorts of Writing, with my natural Aversion to Loquacity, give me a good deal of Employment when I enter any House in the Country; for I cannot for my Heart leave a Room, before I have thoroughly studied the Walls of it, and examined the several printed Papers which are usually pasted upon them. The last Piece that I met with upon this Occasion gave me a most exquisite Pleasure. My Reader will think I am not serious, when I acquaint him that the Piece I am going to speak of was the old Ballad of the *Two Children in the Wood*, which is one of the darling Songs of the common People, and has been the Delight of most *Englishmen* in some Part of their Age.

This Song is a plain simple Copy of Nature, destitute of the Helps and Ornaments of Art. The Tale of it is a pretty Tragical Story, and pleases for no other Reason but because it is a Copy of Nature. There is even a despicable Simplicity in the Verse; and yet because the Sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the Mind of the most polite Reader with Inward Meltings of Humanity and Compassion. The Incidents grow out of the Subject, and are such as [are the most proper to excite Pity; for¹] which Reason the whole Narr-

¹ [*Virgil* himself would have touched upon, had the like Story been told by that Divine Poet. For]

tion has something in it very moving, notwithstanding the Author of it (whoever he was) has deliver'd it in such an abject Phrase and Poorness of Expression, that the quoting any part of it would look like a Design of turning it into Ridicule. But though the Language is mean, the Thoughts [as I have before said,] from one end to the other are [natural,¹] and therefore cannot fail to please those who are not Judges of Language, or those who, notwithstanding they are Judges of Language, have a [true²] and unprejudiced Taste of Nature. The Condition, Speech, and Behaviour of the dying Parents, with the Age, Innocence, and Distress of the Children, are set forth in such tender Circumstances, that it is impossible for a [Reader of common Humanity³] not to be affected with them. As for the Circumstance of the *Robin-red-breast*, it is indeed a little Poetical Ornament; and to shew [the Genius of the Author⁴] amidst all his Simplicity, it is just the same kind of Fiction which one of the greatest of the *Latin* Poets has made use of upon a parallel Occasion; I mean that Passage in *Horace*, where he describes himself when he was a Child, fallen asleep in a desert Wood, and covered with Leaves by the Turtles that took pity on him.

*Me fabulosa Vulture in Apulo,
Altricus extra limen Apulicæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno
Fronde novâ puerum palumbes
Texere —*

I have heard that the late Lord *Dorset*, who had the greatest Wit temper'd with the greatest [Candour,⁵] and was one of the finest Criticks as well as the best Poets of his Age, had a numerous collection of old *English* Ballads, and took a particular Pleasure in the Reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. *Dryden*, and know several of the most refined Writers of our present Age who are of the same Humour.

I might likewise refer my Reader to *Moliere's* Thoughts on this Subject, as he has expressed them in the Character of the *Misanthrope*; but those only who are endowed with a true Greatness of Soul and Genius can divest themselves of the little Images of Ridicule, and admire Nature in her Simplicity and Nakedness. As for the little conceited Wits of the Age, who can only shew their Judgment by finding Fault, they cannot be supposed to admire these Productions [which⁶] have nothing to recommend them but the Beauties of Nature, when they do not know how to relish even those Compositions that, with all the Beauties of Nature, have also the additional Advantages of Art.⁷

¹ [wonderfully natural] ² [genuine]

³ [goodnatured Reader]

⁴ [what a Genius the Author was Master of]

⁵ [Humanity] ⁶ [that]

⁷ Addison had incurred much ridicule from the bad taste of the time by his papers upon Chevy Chase, though he had gone some way to meet it by endeavouring to satisfy the Dennises of 'that polite age,' with authorities from Virgil. Among the jests was a burlesque criticism of Tom Thumb.

No. 86.] Friday, June 8, 1711. [Addison.

Heu quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu!—Ovid.

THERE are several Arts which [all Men are¹] in some measure [Masters²] of, without having been at the Pains of learning them. Every one that speaks or reasons is a Grammarian and a Logician, tho' he may be wholly unacquainted with the Rules of Grammar or Logick, as they are delivered in Books and Systems. In the same Manner, every one is in some Degree a Master of that Art which is generally distinguished by the Name of Physiognomy; and naturally forms to himself the Character or Fortune of a Stranger, from the Features and Lineaments of his Face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the Idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured Man; and upon our first going into a Company of [Strangers,³] our Benevolence or Aversion, Awe or Contempt, rises naturally towards several particular Persons before we have heard them speak a single Word, or so much as know who they are.

Every Passion gives a particular Cast to the Countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some Feature or other. I have seen an Eye curse for half an Hour together, and an Eye-brow call a Man Scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for Lovers to complain, resent, languish, despair, and die in dumb Show. For my own part, I am so apt to frame a Notion of every Man's Humour or Circumstances by his Looks, that I have sometimes employed my self from *Charing-Cross* to the *Royal-Exchange* in drawing the Characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a Man with a sour rivell'd Face, I cannot forbear pitying his Wife; and when I meet with an open ingenuous Countenance, think on the Happiness of his Friends, his Family, and Relations.

I cannot recollect the Author of a famous Saying to a Stranger who stood silent in his Company, *Speak that I may see thee*:⁴ But, with Submission, I think we may be better known by our Looks than by our Words; and that a Man's Speech is much more easily disguised than his Countenance. In this Case, however, I think the Air of the whole Face is much more expressive than the Lines of it: The Truth of it is, the Air is generally nothing else but the inward Disposition of the Mind made visible.

Those who have established Physiognomy into an Art, and laid down Rules of judging Mens Tempers by their Faces, have regarded the Features much more than the Air. *Martial* has a pretty Epigram on this Subject:

What Addison thought of the 'little images of Ridicule' set up against him, the last paragraph of this Essay shows, but the collation of texts shows that he did flinch a little. We now see how he modified many expressions in the reprint of this Essay upon the *Babes in the Wood*.¹ [every Man is]

² [Master] ³ [unknown Persons]

⁴ Socrates. In Apul. *Flor*.

*Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine
læsus:*

Rem magnam præstas, Zoile, si bonus es.

Epig. 54. l. 12.

*Thy Beard and Head are of a different Dye;
Short of one Foot, distorted in an Eye:
With all these Tokens of a Knaves compleat,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a dev'lish Cheat.*

I have seen a very ingenious Author on this Subject, [who¹] founds his Speculations on the Supposition, That as a Man hath in the Mould of his Face a remote Likeness to that of an Ox, a Sheep, a Lion, an Hog, or any other Creature; he hath the same Resemblance in the Frame of his Mind, and is subject to those Passions which are predominant in the Creature that appears in his Countenance.² Accordingly he gives the Prints of several Faces that are of a different Mould, and by [a little] overcharging the Likeness, discovers the Figures of these several Kinds of brutal Faces in human Features. I remember, in the Life of the famous Prince of Conde³ the Writer observes, [the⁴] Face of that Prince was like the Face of an Eagle, and that the Prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this Case therefore we may be sure, that he had in his Mind some general implicit Notion of this Art of Physiognomy which I have just now mentioned; and that when his Courtiers told him his Face was made like an Eagle's, he understood them in the same manner as if they had told him, there was something in his Looks which shewed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal Descent. Whether or no the different Motions of the Animal Spirits, in different Passions, may have any Effect on the Mould of the Face when the Lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the same kind of Souls require the same kind of Habitations, I shall leave to the Consideration of the Curious. In the mean Time I think nothing can be more glorious than for a Man to give the Lie to his Face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured Man, in spite of all those Marks and Signatures which Nature seems to have set upon him for the Contrary. This very often happens among those, who, instead of being exasperated by their own Looks, or envying the Looks of others, apply themselves entirely to the cultivating of their Minds, and getting those Beauties which are more lasting and more ornamental. I have seen many an amiable Piece of Deformity; and have observed a certain Chearfulness in as bad a System of Features as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all

¹ [that]

² The idea is as old as Aristotle who, in treating of arguing from signs in general, speaks under the head of Physiognomy of conclusions drawn from natural signs, such as indications of the temper proper to each class of animals in forms resembling them. The book Addison refers to is Baptista della Porta 'De Humanâ Physiognomiâ.'

³ 'Histoire du Louis de Bourbon II. du Nom Prince de Condé,' Englished by Nahum Tate in 1693.

⁴ [that the]

the blooming Charms of an insolent Beauty. There is a double Praise due to Virtue, when it is lodged in a Body that seems to have been prepared for the Reception of Vice; in many such Cases the Soul and the Body do not seem to be Fellows.

Socrates was an extraordinary Instance of this Nature. There chanced to be a great Physiognomist in his Time at Athens,¹ who had made strange Discoveries of Mens Tempers and Inclinations by their outward Appearances. Socrates's Disciples, that they might put this Artist to the Trial, carried him to their Master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know [he was then in company with him.²] After a short Examination of his Face, the Physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunken old Fellow that he had ever [met with³] in his [whole] Life. Upon which the Disciples all burst out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the Falshood and Vanity of his Art. But Socrates told them, that the Principles of his Art might be very true, notwithstanding his present Mistake; for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular Vices which the Physiognomist had discovered in his Countenance, but that he had conquered the strong Dispositions he was born with by the Dictates of Philosophy.

We are indeed told by an ancient Author, that Socrates very much resembled Silenus in his Face;⁴ which we find to have been very rightly observed from the Statues and Busts of both, [that⁵] are still extant; as well as on several antique Seals and precious Stones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the Cabinets of the Curious. But however Observations of this Nature may sometimes hold, a wise Man should be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a Man's outward Appearance. It is an irreparable Injustice [we⁶] are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the Looks and Features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive Hatred against a Person of Worth, or fancy a Man to be proud and ill-natured by his Aspect, whom we think we cannot esteem too much when we are acquainted with his real Character? Dr. Moore,⁷ in his admirable System of Ethicks, reckons this particular Inclination to take a Prejudice against a Man for his Looks, among the smaller Vices in Morality, and, if I remember, gives it the Name of a *Prosoplepsia*.

¹ Cicero, *Tusc. Quæst.* Bk. IV. near the close. Again *de Fato*, c. 5, he says that the physiognomist Zopyrus pronounced Socrates stupid and dull, because the outline of his throat was not concave, but full and obtuse.

² [who he was.]

³ [seen]

⁴ Plato in the *Symposium*; where Alcibiades is made to draw the parallel under the influence of wine and revelry. He compares the person of Socrates to the sculptured figures of the Sileni and the Mercuries in the streets of Athens, but owns the spell by which he was held, in presence of Socrates, as by the flute of the Satyr Marsyas.

⁵ [which]

⁶ [that we]

⁷ Dr. Henry More.

No. 87.] Saturday, June 9, 1711. [Steele.

— *Nimum ne crede colori.*—Virg.

IT has been the Purpose of several of my Speculations to bring People to an unconcerned Behaviour, with relation to their Persons, whether beautiful or defective. As the Secrets of the *Ugly Club* were exposed to the Publick, that Men might see there were some noble Spirits in the Age, who are not at all displeas'd with themselves upon Considerations which they had no Choice in: so the Discourse concerning *Idols* tended to lessen the Value People put upon themselves from personal Advantages, and Gifts of Nature. As to the latter Species of Mankind, the Beauties, whether Male or Female, they are generally the most untractable People of all others. You are so excessively perplexed with the Particularities in their Behaviour, that, to be at Ease, one would be apt to wish there were no such Creatures. They expect so great Allowances, and give so little to others, that they who have to do with them find in the main, a Man with a better Person than ordinary, and a beautiful Woman, might be very happily changed for such to whom Nature has been less liberal. The Handsome Fellow is usually so much a Gentleman, and the Fine Woman has something so becoming, that there is no enduring either of them. It has therefore been generally my Choice to mix with chearful Ugly Creatures, rather than Gentlemen who are Graceful enough to omit or do what they please; or Beauties who have Charms enough to do and say what would be disobliging in any but themselves.

Diffidence and Presumption, upon account of our Persons, are equally Faults; and both arise from the Want of knowing, or rather endeavouring to know, our selves, and for what we ought to be valued or neglected. But indeed, I did not imagine these little Considerations and Coquetries could have the ill Consequences as I find they have by the following Letters of my Correspondents, where it seems Beauty is thrown into the Account, in Matters of Sale, to those who receive no Favour from the Charmers.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

June 4.

'After I have assured you I am in every respect one of the Handsomest young Girls about Town—I need be particular in nothing but the make of my Face, which has the Misfortune to be exactly Oval. This I take to proceed from a Temper that naturally inclines me both to speak and hear.

'With this Account you may wonder how I can have the Vanity to offer my self as a Candidate, which I now do, to a Society, where the SPECTATOR and *Hecatissa* have been admitted with so much Applause. I don't want to be put in mind how very Defective I am in every thing that is Ugly: I am too sensible of my own Unworthiness in this Particular, and therefore I only propose my self as a Foil to the Club.

'You see how honest I have been to confess all my Imperfections, which is a great deal to come

'from a Woman, and what I hope you will encourage with the Favour of your Interest.

'There can be no Objection made on the Side of the matchless *Hecatissa*, since it is certain I shall be in no Danger of giving her the least occasion of Jealousy: And then a Joint-Stool in the very lowest Place at the Table, is all the Honour that is coveted by

Your most Humble
and Obedient Servant,

ROSALINDA.

'P.S. I have sacrificed my Necklace to put into the Publick Lottery against the Common Enemy. And last Saturday, about Three a Clock in the Afternoon, I began to patch in differently on both Sides of my Face.

Mr. SPECTATOR, London, June 7, 1711.

'Upon reading your late Dissertation concerning *Idols*, I cannot but complain to you that there are, in six or seven Places of this City, Coffee-houses kept by Persons of that Sisterhood. These *Idols* sit and receive all Day long the adoration of the Youth within such and such Districts: I know, in particular, Goods are not entered as they ought to be at the Custom-house, nor Law-Reports perused at the Temple; by reason of one Beauty who detains the young Merchants too long near *Change*, and another Fair One who keeps the Students at her House when they should be at Study. It would be worth your while to see how the Idolaters alternately offer Incense to their *Idols*, and what Heart-burnings arise in those who wait for their Turn to receive kind Aspects from those little Thrones, which all the Company, but these Lovers, call the Bars. I saw a Gentleman turn as pale as Ashes, because an *Idol* turned the Sugar in a Tea-Dish for his Rival, and carelessly called the Boy to serve him, with a *Sirrah! Why don't you give the Gentleman the Box to please himself?* Certain it is, that a very hopeful young Man was taken with Leads in his Pockets below Bridge, where he intended to drown himself, because his *Idol* would wash the Dish in which she had [but just¹] drank Tea, before she would let him use it.

'I am, Sir, a Person past being Amorous, and do not give this Information out of Envy or Jealousy, but I am a real Sufferer by it. These Lovers take any thing for Tea and Coffee; I saw one Yesterday surfeit to make his Court; and all his Rivals, at the same time, loud in the Commendation of Liquors that went against every body in the Room that was not in Love. While these young Fellows resign their Stomachs with their Hearts, and drink at the *Idol* in this manner, we who come to do Business, or talk Politicks, are utterly poisoned: They have also Drams for those who are more enamoured than ordinary; and it is very common for such as are too low in Constitution to ogle the *Idol* upon the Strength of Tea, to fluster themselves with warmer Liquors: Thus all Pretenders advance, as fast as they can, to a Feaver or a Diabetes. I must repeat to you, that I do not look with an


¹ [just before]

'evil Eye upon the Profit of the *Idols*, or the Di-
'version of the Lovers; what I hope from this
'Remonstrance, is only that we plain People may
'not be served as if we were Idolaters; but that
'from the time of publishing this in your Paper,
'the *Idols* would mix Ratsbane only for their
'Admirers, and take more care of us who don't
'love them. I am,

SIR, Yours,
T. T.¹

R.

ADVERTISEMENT.

 This to give Notice, That the three Criticks
who last Sunday settled the Characters of my
Lord Rochester and Boileau, in the Yard of a
Coffee House in Fuller's Rents, will meet this next
Sunday at the same Time and Place, to finish
the Merits of several Dramatick Writers: And
will also make an End of the Nature of True
Sublime.

No. 88.] Monday, June 11, 1711. [Steele.

Quid Domini facient, audent cum talia Fures?
Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR, May 30, 1711.

I HAVE no small Value for your Endeavours to
lay before the World what may escape their
Observation, and yet highly conduces to their
Service. You have, I think, succeeded very
well on many Subjects; and seem to have been
conversant in very different Scenes of Life. But
in the Considerations of Mankind, as a SPECTA-
TOR, you should not omit Circumstances which
relate to the inferior Part of the World, any more
than those which concern the greater. There is
one thing in particular which I wonder you have
not touched upon, and that is the general Cor-
ruption of Manners in the Servants of *Great*
Britain. I am a Man that have travelled and
seen many Nations, but have for seven Years last
past resided constantly in *London*, or within
twenty Miles of it: In this Time I have con-
tracted a numerous Acquaintance among the
best Sort of People, and have hardly found one
of them happy in their Servants. This is mat-
ter of great Astonishment to Foreigners, and all
such as have visited Foreign Countries; espe-
cially since we cannot but observe, That there is
no Part of the World where Servants have those
Privileges and Advantages as in *England*: They
have no where else such plentiful Diet, large
Wages, or indulgent Liberty: There is no Place
wherein they labour less, and yet where they are
so little respectful, more wasteful, more negli-
gent, or where they so frequently change their
Masters. To this I attribute, in a great measure,
the frequent Robberies and Losses which we
suffer on the high Road and in our own Houses.
That indeed which gives me the present Thought
of this kind, is, that a careless Groom of mine has
spoiled me the prettiest Pad in the World with

only riding him ten Miles, and I assure you, if I
were to make a Register of all the Horses I have
known thus abused by Negligence of Servants,
the Number would mount a Regiment. I wish
you would give us your Observations, that we
may know how to treat these Rogues, or that
we Masters may enter into Measures to reform
them. Pray give us a Speculation in general
about Servants, and you make me

Pray do not omit the Mention Yours,
of Grooms in particular. Philo-Britannicus.

This honest Gentleman, who is so desirous that
I should write a Satyr upon Grooms, has a great
deal of Reason for his Resentment; and I know
no Evil which touches all Mankind so much as
this of the Misbehaviour of Servants.

The Complaint of this Letter runs wholly upon
Men-Servants; and I can attribute the Licentious-
ness which has at present prevailed among them,
to nothing but what an hundred before me have
ascribed it to, The Custom of giving Board-
Wages: This one Instance of false Oeconomy is
sufficient to debauch the whole Nation of Serv-
ants, and makes them as it were but for some
part of their Time in that Quality. They are
either attending in Places where they meet and
run into Clubs, or else, if they wait at Taverns,
they eat after their Masters, and reserve their
Wages for other Occasions. From hence it arises,
that they are but in a lower Degree what their
Masters themselves are; and usually affect an
Imitation of their Manners: And you have in
Liveries, Beaux, Fops, and Coxcombs, in as high
Perfection as among People that keep Equipages.
It is a common Humour among the Retinue of
People of Quality, when they are in their Revels,
that is when they are out of their Masters Sight,
to assume in a humourous Way the Names and
Titles of those whose Liveries they wear. By
which means Characters and Distinctions become
so familiar to them, that it is to this, among other
Causes, one may impute a certain Insolence
among our Servants, that they take no Notice of
any Gentleman though they know him ever so
well, except he is an Acquaintance of their
Master's.

My Obscurity and Taciturnity leave me at
Liberty, without Scandal, to dine, if I think fit, at
a common Ordinary, in the meanest as well as the
most sumptuous House of Entertainment. Falling
in the other Day at a Victualling-House near the
House of Peers, I heard the Maid come down and
tell the Landlady at the Bar, That my Lord Bishop
swore he would throw her out [at¹] Window, if
she did not bring up more Mild Beer, and that my
Lord Duke would have a double Mug of Purle.
My Surprize was encreased, in hearing loud and
rustick Voices speak and answer to each other
upon the publick Affairs, by the Names of the
most Illustrious of our Nobility; till of a sudden
one came running in, and cry'd the House was
rising. Down came all the Company together,
and away! The Alehouse was immediately filled
with Clamour, and scoring one Mug to the Mar-
quis of such a Place, Oyl and Vinegar to such an

¹ This letter is ascribed to Laurence Eusden.

¹ [of the]

Earl, three Quarts to my new Lord for wetting his Title, and so forth. It is a Thing too notorious to mention the Crowds of Servants, and their Insolence, near the Courts of Justice, and the Stairs towards the Supreme Assembly, where there is an universal Mockery of all Order, such riotous Clamour and licentious Confusion, that one would think the whole Nation lived in Jest, and there were no such thing as Rule and Distinction among us.

The next Place of Resort, wherein the servile World are let loose. is at the Entrance of *Hide-Park*, while the Gentry are at the Ring. Hither People bring their Lacqueys out of State, and here it is that all they say at their Tables, and act in their Houses, is communicated to the whole Town. There are Men of Wit in all Conditions of Life; and mixing with these People at their Diversions, I have heard Coquets and Prudes as well rallied, and Insolence and Pride exposed, (allowing for their want of Education) with as much Humour and good Sense, as in the politest Companies. It is a general Observation, That all Dependants run in some measure into the Manners and Behaviour of those whom they serve: You shall frequently meet with Lovers and Men of Intrigue among the Lacqueys, as well as at *White's*¹ or in the Side-Boxes. I remember some Years ago an Instance of this Kind. A Footman to a Captain of the Guard used frequently, when his Master was out of the Way, to carry on Amours and make Assignations in his Master's Cloaths. The Fellow had a very good Person, and there are very many Women that think no further than the Outside of a Gentleman: besides which, he was almost as learned a Man as the Colonel himself: I say, thus qualified, the Fellow could scrawl *Billets-doux* so well, and furnish a Conversation on the common Topicks, that he had, as they call it, a great deal of good Business on his Hands. It happened one Day, that coming down a Tavern-Stairs in his Master's fine Guard-Coat, with a well-dress'd Woman masked, he met the Colonel coming up with other Company; but with a ready Assurance he quitted his Lady, came up to him, and said, *Sir, I know you have too much Respect for yourself to cane me in this honourable Habit: But you see there is a Lady in the Case, and I hope on that Score also you will put off your Anger till I have told you all another time.* After a little Pause the Colonel cleared up his Countenance, and with an Air of Familiarity whispered his Man apart, *Sirrah, bring the Lady with you to ask Pardon for you;* then aloud, *Look to it, Will, I'll never forgive you else.* The Fellow went back to his Mistress, and telling her with a loud Voice and an Oath, That was the honestest Fellow in the World, convey'd her to an Hackney-Coach.

But the many Irregularities committed by Servants in the Places above-mentioned, as well as in the Theatres, of which Masters are generally the Occasions, are too various not to need being resumed on another Occasion. R.

¹ *White's*, established as a chocolate-house in 1698, had a polite character for gambling, and was a haunt of sharpers and gay noblemen before it became a Club.

No. 89.] Tuesday, June 12, 1711. [Addison.

— *Petite hinc juvenesque senesque
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quasi
magnum
Nempe diem donas? sed cum lux altera venit,
Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud
cras
Egerit hos annos, et semper paulum erit ultra.
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno
Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum.—Per.*

AS my Correspondents upon the Subject of Love are very numerous, it is my Design, if possible, to range them under several Heads, and address my self to them at different Times. The first Branch of them, to whose Service I shall Dedicate these Papers, are those that have to do with Women of dilatory Tempers, who are for spinning out the Time of Courtship to an immoderate Length, without being able either to close with their Lovers, or to dismiss them. I have many Letters by me filled with Complaints against this sort of Women. In one of them no less a Man than a Brother of the Coif tells me, that he began his Suit *Vicesimo nono Caroli secundi*, before he had been a Twelvemonth at the *Temple*; that he prosecuted it for many Years after he was called to the Bar; that at present he is a Sergeant at Law; and notwithstanding he hoped that Matters would have been long since brought to an Issue, the Fair One still *demurrs*. I am so well pleased with this Gentleman's Phrase, that I shall distinguish this Sect of Women by the Title of *Demurrers*. I find by another Letter from one that calls himself *Thirsis*, that his Mistress has been Demurring above these seven Years. But among all my Plaintiffs of this Nature, I most pity the unfortunate *Philander*, a Man of a constant Passion and plentiful Fortune, who sets forth that the timorous and irresolute *Silvia* has demurred till she is past Child-bearing. *Strephon* appears by his Letter to be a very choleric Lover, and irrevocably smitten with one that demurrs out of Self-Interest. He tells me with great Passion that she has bubbled him out of his Youth; that she drilled him on to Five and Fifty, and that he verily believes she will drop him in his old Age, if she can find her Account in another. I shall conclude this Narrative with a Letter from honest SAM HOPEWELL, a very pleasant Fellow, who it seems has at last married a *Demurrer*: I must only premise, that SAM, who is a very good Bottle-Companion, has been the Diversion of his Friends, upon account of his Passion, ever since the Year One thousand Six hundred and Eighty one.

Dear SIR,

'You know very well my Passion for Mrs. *Martha*, and what a Dance she has led me: 'She took me at the Age of Two and Twenty, 'and dodged with me above Thirty Years. I 'have loved her till she is grown as Grey as a 'Cat, and am with much ado become the Master

' of her Person, such as it is at present. She is
' however in my Eye a very charming old Woman.
' We often lament that we did not marry sooner,
' but she has no Body to blame for it but her self:
' You know very well that she would never think
' of me whilst she had a Tooth in her Head. I
' have put the Date of my Passion (*Anno Amoris*
' *Trigesimo primo*) instead of a Posy, on my
' Wedding-Ring. I expect you should send me a
' Congratulatory Letter, or, if you please, an *Epi-*
' *thalamium*, upon this Occasion.

Mrs. Martha's and

Yours Eternally,

SAM HOPEWELL.

In order to banish an Evil out of the World, that does not only produce great Uneasiness to private Persons, but has also a very bad Influence on the Publick, I shall endeavour to shew the Folly of *Demurrage* from two or three Reflections which I earnestly recommend to the Thoughts of my fair Readers.

First of all I would have them seriously think on the Shortness of their Time. Life is not long enough for a Coquet to play all her Tricks in. A timorous Woman drops into her Grave before she has done deliberating. Were the Age of Man the same that it was before the Flood, a Lady might sacrifice half a Century to a Scruple, and be two or three Ages in demurring. Had she Nine Hundred Years good, she might hold out to the Conversion of the *Jews* before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas! she ought to play her Part in haste, when she considers that she is suddenly to quit the Stage, and make Room for others.

In the second Place, I would desire my Female Readers to consider, that as the Term of Life is short, that of Beauty is much shorter. The finest Skin wrinkles in a few Years, and loses the Strength of its Colourings so soon, that we have scarce Time to admire it. I might embellish this Subject with Roses and Rain-bows, and several other ingenious Conceits, which I may possibly reserve for another Opportunity.

There is a third Consideration which I would likewise recommend to a Demurrer, and that is the great Danger of her falling in Love when she is about Threescore, if she cannot satisfie her Doubts and Scruples before that Time. There is a kind of *latter Spring*, that sometimes gets into the Blood of an old Woman and turns her into a very odd sort of an Animal. I would therefore have the Demurrer consider what a strange Figure she will make, if she chances to get over all Difficulties, and comes to a final Resolution, in that unseasonable Part of her Life.

I would not however be understood, by any thing I have here said, to discourage that natural Modesty in the Sex, which renders a Retreat from the first Approaches of a Lover both fashionable and graceful: All that I intend, is, to advise them, when they are prompted by Reason and Inclination, to demurr only out of Form, and so far as Decency requires. A virtuous Woman should reject the first Offer of Marriage, as a good Man does that of a Bishoprick; but I would advise neither the one nor the other to persist in refusing

what they secretly approve. I would in this Particular propose the Example of *Eve* to all her Daughters, as *Milton* has represented her in the following Passage, which I cannot forbear transcribing intire, tho' only the twelve last Lines are to my present Purpose.

The Rib he form'd and fashion'd with his Hands;

*Under his forming Hands a Creature grew,
Man-like, but diff'rent Sex; so lovely fair!
That what seem'd fair in all the World, seem'd
now*

*Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
And in her Looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my Heart, unfelt before:
And into all things from her Air inspir'd
The Spirit of Love and amorous Delight.*

*She disappear'd, and left me dark! I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore*

Her Loss, and other Pleasures [all¹] abjure;

When out of Hope, behold her, not far off,

Such as I saw her in my Dream, adorn'd

With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow

To make her amiable: On she came,

Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,

And guided by his Voice, nor uninform'd

Of nuptial Sanctity and Marriage Rites:

Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,

In every Gesture Dignity and Love.

I overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud.

This Turn hath made Amends; thou hast

*fulfill'd
Thy Words, Creator bounteous and benign!*

Giver of all things fair! but fairest this

Of all thy Gifts, nor enviest. I now see

Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self

She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,

Yet Innocence and Virgin Modesty,

Her Virtue, and the Conscience of her Worth,

That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd

The more desirable; or, to say all,

Nature her self, tho' pure of sinful Thought,

Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she [turn'd.²]

I follow'd her: she what was Honour knew,

And with obsequious Majesty approved

My pleaded Reason. To the Nuptial Bower

I led her blushing like the Morn³—

L.

No. 90.] Wednesday, June 13, 1711. [Addison.

— *Magnus sine viribus Ignis
Incassum furit* — Virg.

THERE is not, in my Opinion, a Consideration more effectual to extinguish inordinate Desires in the Soul of Man, than the Notions of *Plato* and his Followers⁴ upon that Subject.

¹ [to] ² [ded;] ³ P. L. Bk. VIII.

⁴ *Plato's* doctrine of the soul and of its destiny is to be found at the close of his *Republic*; also near the close of the *Phædon*, in a passage of the *Philebus*, and in another of the *Gorgias*. In § 131 of the *Phædon* is the passage here especially

They tell us, that every Passion which has been contracted by the Soul during her Residence in the Body, remains with her in a separate State; and that the Soul in the Body or out of the Body, differs no more than the Man does from himself when he is in his House, or in open Air. When therefore the obscene Passions in particular have once taken Root and spread themselves in the Soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever, after the Body is cast off and thrown aside. As an Argument to confirm this their Doctrine they observe, that a lewd Youth who goes on in a continued Course of Voluptuousness, advances by Degrees into a libidinous old Man; and that the Passion survives in the Mind when it is altogether dead in the Body; nay, that the Desire grows more violent, and (like all other Habits) gathers Strength by Age, at the same time that it has no Power of executing its own Purposes. If, say they, the Soul is the most subject to these Passions at a time when it has the least Instigations from the Body, we may well suppose she will still retain them when she is entirely divested of it. The very Substance of the Soul is festered with them, the Gangrene is gone too far to be ever cured; the Inflammation will rage to all Eternity.

In this therefore (say the *Platonists*) consists the Punishment of a voluptuous Man after Death: He is tormented with Desires which it is impossible for him to gratify, solicited by a Passion that has neither Objects nor Organs adapted to it: He lives in a State of invincible Desire and Impotence, and always burns in the Pursuit of what he always despairs to possess. It is for this Reason (says *Plato*) that the Souls of the Dead appear frequently in Cœmities, and hover about the Places where their Bodies are buried, as still hankering after their old brutal Pleasures, and desiring again to enter the Body that gave them an Opportunity of fulfilling them.

Some of our most eminent Divines have made use of this *Platonick* Notion, so far as it regards the Subsistence of our Passions after Death, with great Beauty and Strength of Reason. *Plato* indeed carries the Thought very far, when he grafts upon it his Opinion of Ghosts appearing in Places of Burial. Though, I must confess, if one did believe that the departed Souls of Men and Women wandered up and down these lower Regions, and entertained themselves with the Sight of their Species, one could not devise a more proper Hell for an impure Spirit than that which *Plato* has touched upon.

The Ancients seem to have drawn such a State of Torments in the Description of *Tantalus*, who was punished with the Rage of an eternal Thirst, and set up to the Chin in Water that fled from his Lips whenever he attempted to drink it.

referred to; which was the basis also of lines 461—475 of Milton's *Comus*. The last of our own *Platonists* was Henry More, one of whose books Addison quoted four essays back (in No. 86), and who died only four and twenty years before these essays were written, after a long contest in prose and verse, against besotting or obnubilating the soul with 'the foul steam of earthly life.'

Virgil, who has cast the whole System of *Platonick* Philosophy, so far as it relates to the Soul of Man, in beautiful Allegories, in the sixth Book of his *Æneid* gives us the Punishment of a Voluptuary after Death, not unlike that which we are here speaking of.

Lucent genialibus altis
Aurea fulcra toris, epulæque ante ora paratæ
Regifico luxu: Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensas;
Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.

They lie below on Golden Beds display'd,
And genial Feasts with regal Pomp are made:
The Queen of Furies by their Side is set,
And snatches from their Mouths th' untasted
Meat;
Which if they touch, her hissing Snakes she rears,
Tossing her Torch, and thund'ring in their Ears.
Dryd.

That I may a little alleviate the Severity of this my Speculation (which otherwise may lose me several of my polite Readers) I shall translate a Story [that¹] has been quoted upon another Occasion by one of the most learned Men of the present Age, as I find it in the Original. The Reader will see it is not foreign to my present Subject, and I dare say will think it a lively Representation of a Person lying under the Torments of such a kind of Tantalism, or *Platonick* Hell, as that which we have now under Consideration. Monsieur *Pontignan* speaking of a Love-Adventure that happened to him in the Country, gives the following Account of it.²

'When I was in the Country last Summer, I
'was often in Company with a Couple of charm-
'ing Women, who had all the Wit and Beauty
'one could desire in Female Companions, with a
'Dash of Coquetry, that from time to time gave
'me a great many agreeable Torments. I was,
'after my Way, in Love with both of them, and
'had such frequent opportunities of pleading my
'Passion to them when they were asunder, that I
'had Reason to hope for particular Favours from
'each of them. As I was walking one Evening
'in my Chamber with nothing about me but my
'Night-gown, they both came into my Room and
'told me, They had a very pleasant Trick to put
'upon a Gentleman that was in the same House,
'provided I would bear a Part in it. Upon this
'they told me such a plausible Story, that I
'laughed at their Contrivance, and agreed to do
'whatever they should require of me: They im-
'mediately began to swaddle me up in my Night-
'Gown with long Pieces of Linnen, which they
'folded about me till they had wrapt me in above
'an hundred Yards of Swathe: My Arms were
'pressed to my Sides, and my Legs closed toge-
'ther by so many Wrappers one over another,
'that I looked like an *Ægyptian* Mummy. As I
'stood bolt upright upon one End in this antique
'Figure, one of the Ladies burst out a laughing,
'And now, *Pontignan*, says she, we intend to
'perform the Promise that we find you have ex-

¹ [which]

² Paraphrased from the '*Academie Galante*' (Ed. 1708, p. 160).

“torted from each of us. You have often asked
 “the Favour of us, and I dare say you are a bet-
 “ter bred Cavalier than to refuse to go to Bed to
 “two Ladies, that desire it of you. After hav-
 “ing stood a Fit of Laughter, I begged them to
 “uncase me, and do with me what they pleased.
 “No, no, said they, we like you very well as you
 “are; and upon that ordered me to be carried to
 “one of their Houses, and put to Bed in all my
 “Swaddles. The Room was lighted up on all
 “Sides: and I was laid very decently between a
 “[Pair¹] of Sheets, with my Head (which was in-
 “deed the only Part I could move) upon a very
 “high Pillow: This was no sooner done, but my
 “two Female Friends came into Bed to me in
 “their finest Night-Clothes. You may easily guess
 “at the Condition of a Man that saw a Couple of
 “the most beautiful Women in the World undrest
 “and abed with him, without being able to stir
 “Hand or Foot. I begged them to release me,
 “and struggled all I could to get loose, which I
 “did with so much Violence, that about Midnight
 “they both leaped out of the Bed, crying out they
 “were undone. But seeing me safe, they took
 “their Posts again, and renewed their Raillery.
 “Finding all my Prayers and Endeavours were lost,
 “I composed my self as well as I could, and told
 “them, that if they would not unbind me, I would
 “fall asleep between them, and by that means dis-
 “grace them for ever: But alas! this was impossi-
 “ble; could I have been disposed to it, they
 “would have prevented me by several little ill-
 “natured Caresses and Endearments which they
 “bestowed upon me. As much devoted as I am
 “to Womankind, I would not pass such another
 “Night to be Master of the whole Sex. My
 “Reader will doubtless be curious to know what
 “became of me the next Morning: Why truly my
 “Bed-fellows left me about an Hour before Day,
 “and told me, if I would be good and lie still, they
 “would send somebody to take me up as soon as
 “it was time for me to rise: Accordingly about
 “Nine a Clock in the Morning an old Woman
 “came to unswathe me. I bore all this very pa-
 “tiently, being resolved to take my Revenge of my
 “Tormentors, and to keep no Measures with them
 “as soon as I was at Liberty; but upon asking my
 “old Woman what was become of the two Ladies,
 “she told me she believed they were by that Time
 “within Sight of *Paris*, for that they went away
 “in a Coach and six before five a clock in the
 “Morning. L.

No. 91.] Thursday, June 14, 1711. [Steele.

In furias ignemque ruunt, Amor omnibus Idem.
 Virg.

THO' the Subject I am now going upon would
 be much more properly the Foundation of a
 Comedy, I cannot forbear inserting the Circum-
 stances which pleased me in the Account a young
 Lady gave me of the Loves of a Family in Town,
 which shall be nameless; or rather for the better

¹ [couple]

Sound and Elevation of the History, instead of
 Mr. and Mrs. such-a-one, I shall call them by
 feigned Names. Without further Preface, you
 are to know, that within the Liberties of the City
 of *Westminster* lives the Lady *Honor*a, a Widow
 about the Age of Forty, of a healthy Constitution,
 gay Temper, and elegant Person. She dresses a
 little too much like a Girl, affects a childish Fond-
 ness in the Tone of her Voice, sometimes a pretty
 Sullenness in the leaning of her Head, and now
 and then a Down-cast of her Eyes on her Fan:
 Neither her Imagination nor her Health would
 ever give her to know that she is turned of
 Twenty; but that in the midst of these pretty
 Softnesses, and Airs of Delicacy and Attraction,
 she has a tall Daughter within a Fortnight of
 Fifteen, who impertinently comes into the Room,
 and towers so much towards Woman, that her
 Mother is always checked by her Presence, and
 every Charm of *Honor*a droops at the Entrance
 of *Flavia*. The agreeable *Flavia* would be what
 she is not, as well as her Mother *Honor*a; but
 all their Beholders are more partial to an Affecta-
 tion of what a Person is growing up to, than of
 what has been already enjoyed, and is gone for
 ever. It is therefore allowed to *Flavia* to look
 forward, but not to *Honor*a to look back. *Flavia*
 is no way dependent on her Mother with relation
 to her Fortune, for which Reason they live almost
 upon an Equality in Conversation; and as
*Honor*a has given *Flavia* to understand, that it
 is ill-bred to be always calling Mother, *Flavia* is
 as well pleased never to be called Child. It hap-
 pens by this means, that these Ladies are gener-
 ally Rivals in all Places where they appear; and
 the Words Mother and Daughter never pass be-
 tween them but out of Spite. *Flavia* one Night
 at a Play observing *Honor*a draw the Eyes of
 several in the Pit, called to a Lady who sat by
 her, and bid her ask her Mother to lend her her
 Snuff-Box for one Moment. Another Time, when
 a Lover of *Honor*a was on his Knees beseeching
 the Favour to kiss her Hand, *Flavia* rushing into
 the Room, kneeled down by him and asked Bless-
 ing. Several of these contradictory Acts of Duty
 have raised between them such a Coldness that
 they generally converse when they are in mixed
 Company by way of talking at one another, and
 not to one another. *Honor*a is ever complaining
 of a certain Sufficiency in the young Women of
 this Age, who assume to themselves an Authority
 of carrying all things before them, as if they were
 Possessors of the Esteem of Mankind, and all,
 who were but a Year before them in the World,
 were neglected or deceased. *Flavia*, upon such
 a Provocation, is sure to observe, that there are
 People who can resign nothing, and know not
 how to give up what they know they cannot hold;
 that there are those who will not allow Youth
 their Follies, not because they are themselves
 past them, but because they love to continue in
 them. These Beauties Rival each other on all
 Occasions, not that they have always had the
 same Lovers, but each has kept up a Vanity to
 shew the other the Charms of her Lover. *Dick*
Crastin and *Tom Tulip*, among many others,
 have of late been Pretenders in this Family:
Dick to *Honor*a, *Tom* to *Flavia*. *Dick* is the

only surviving Beau of the last Age, and Tom almost the only one that keeps up that Order of Men in this.

I wish I could repeat the little Circumstances of a Conversation of the four Lovers with the Spirit in which the young Lady, I had my Account from, represented it at a Visit where I had the Honour to be present; but it seems *Dick Crastin*, the admirer of *Honorio*, and *Tom Tulip*, the Pretender to *Flavia*, were purposely admitted together by the Ladies, that each might shew the other that her Lover had the Superiority in the Accomplishments of that sort of Creature whom the sillier Part of Women call a fine Gentleman. As this Age has a much more gross Taste in Courtship, as well as in every thing else, than the last had, these Gentlemen are Instances of it in their different Manner of Application. *Tulip* is ever making Allusions to the Vigour of his Person, the sinewy Force of his Make; while *Crastin* professes a wary Observation of the Turns of his Mistress's Mind. *Tulip* gives himself the Air of a restless Ravisher, *Crastin* practises that of a skilful Lover. Poetry is the inseparable Property of every Man in Love; and as Men of Wit write Verses on those Occasions, the rest of the World repeat the Verses of others. These Servants of the Ladies were used to imitate their Manner of Conversation, and allude to one another, rather than interchange Discourse in what they said when they met. *Tulip* the other Day seized his Mistress's Hand, and repeated out of *Ovid's Art of Love*,

'Tis I can in soft Battles pass the Night,
Yet rise next Morning vigorous for the Fight,
Fresh as the Day, and active as the Light.

Upon hearing this, *Crastin*, with an Air of Deference, played *Honorio's* Fan, and repeated,

Sedley has that prevailing gentle Art,
That can with a resistless Charm impart
The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart:
Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,
Between declining Virtue and Desire,
'Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.¹

When *Crastin* had uttered these Verses with a Tenderness which at once spoke Passion and Respect, *Honorio* cast a triumphant Glance at *Flavia*, as exulting in the Elegance of *Crastin's* Courtship, and upbraiding her with the Homeliness of *Tulip's*. *Tulip* understood the Reproach, and in Return began to applaud the Wisdom of old amorous Gentlemen, who turned their Mistress's Imagination as far as possible from what they had long themselves forgot, and ended his Discourse with a sly Commendation of the Doctrine of *Platonick* Love; at the same time he ran over, with a laughing Eye, *Crastin's* thin Legs, meagre Looks, and spare Body. The old Gentleman immediately left the Room with some Disorder, and the Conversation fell upon untimely Passion, After-Love, and unseasonable Youth.

¹ Rochester's Imitations of Horace, Sat. I. 10.

Tulip sung, danced, moved before the Glass, led his Mistress half a Minuet, hummed

Celia the Fair, in the bloom of Fifteen;

when there came a Servant with a Letter to him, which was as follows.

SIR,

'I understand very well what you meant by your Mention of *Platonick* Love. I shall be glad to meet you immediately in *Hide-Park*, or behind *Montague-House*, or attend you to *Barn-Elms*,¹ or any other fashionable Place that's fit for a Gentleman to die in, that you shall appoint for,

Sir, Your most Humble Servant,
Richard Crastin.

Tulip's Colour changed at the reading of this Epistle; for which Reason his Mistress snatched it to read the Contents. While she was doing so *Tulip* went away, and the Ladies now agreeing in a Common Calamity, bewailed together the Danger of their Lovers. They immediately undressed to go out, and took Hackneys to prevent Mischief: but, after alarming all Parts of the Town, *Crastin* was found by his Widow in his Pumps at *Hide-Park*, which Appointment *Tulip* never kept, but made his Escape into the Country. *Flavia* tears her Hair for his inglorious Safety, curses and despises her Charmer, is fallen in Love with *Crastin*: Which is the first Part of the History of the *Rival Mother*. R.

No. 92.] Friday, June 15, 1711. [Addison.

—Convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato;
Quid dem? Quid non dem?—Hor.

LOOKING over the late Packets of Letters which have been sent to me, I found the following one.²

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your Paper is a Part of my Tea-Equipage; and my Servant knows my Humour so well, that calling for my Breakfast this Morning (it being past my usual Hour) she answer'd, the SPECTATOR was not yet come in; but that the Tea-Kettle boiled, and she expected it every Moment. Having thus in part signified to you the Esteem and Veneration which I have for you, I must put you in mind of the Catalogue of Books which you have promised to recommend to our Sex; for I have deferred furnishing my Closet with Authors, 'till I receive your Advice in this Particular, being your daily Disciple and humble Servant,

LEONORA.

In Answer to my fair Disciple, whom I am very

¹ A famous duelling place under elm trees, in a meadow half surrounded by the Thames.

² By Mrs. Perry, whose sister, Miss Shephard, has letters in two later numbers, 140 and 163. These ladies were descended from Sir Fleetwood Shephard.

proud of, I must acquaint her and the rest of my Readers, that since I have called out for Help in my Catalogue of a Lady's Library, I have received many Letters upon that Head, some of which I shall give an Account of.

In the first Class I shall take notice of those which come to me from eminent Booksellers, who every one of them mention with Respect the Authors they have printed, and consequently have an Eye to their own Advantage more than to that of the Ladies. One tells me, that he thinks it absolutely necessary for Women to have true Notions of Right and Equity, and that therefore they cannot peruse a better Book than *Dalton's Country Justice*: Another thinks they cannot be without *The Compleat Jockey*. A third observing the Curiosity and Desire of prying into Secrets, which he tells me is natural to the fair Sex, is of Opinion this female Inclination, if well directed, might turn very much to their Advantage, and therefore recommends to me *Mr. Mede upon the Revelations*. A fourth lays it down as an unquestioned Truth, that a Lady cannot be thoroughly accomplished who has not read *The Secret Treaties and Negotiations of Marshal D'Estrades*. *Mr. Jacob Tonson Jun.* is of Opinion, that *Bayle's Dictionary* might be of very great use to the Ladies, in order to make them general Scholars. Another whose Name I have forgotten, thinks it highly proper that every Woman with Child should read *Mr. Wall's History of Infant Baptism*: As another is very importunate with me to recommend to all my female Readers *The finishing Stroke: Being a Vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme, &c.*

In the second Class I shall mention Books which are recommended by Husbands, if I may believe the Writers of them. Whether or no they are real Husbands or personated ones I cannot tell, but the Books they recommend are as follow. *A Paraphrase on the History of Susanna. Rules to keep Lent. The Christian's Overthrow prevented. A Dissuasive from the Play-house. The Virtues of Camphire, with Directions to make Camphire Tea. The Pleasures of a Country Life. The Government of the Tongue.* A Letter dated from *Cheapside* desires me that I would advise all young Wives to make themselves Mistresses of *Wingate's Arithmetick*, and concludes with a Postscript, that he hopes I will not forget *The Countess of Kent's Receipts*.

I may reckon the Ladies themselves as a third Class among these my Correspondents and Privy-Counsellors. In a Letter from one of them, I am advised to place *Pharamond* at the Head of my Catalogue, and, if I think proper, to give the second place to *Cassandra*. *Coquetilla* begs me not to think of nailing Women upon their Knees with Manuals of Devotion, nor of scorching their Faces with Books of Housewifery. *Florella* desires to know if there are any Books written against Prudes, and intreats me, if there are, to give them a Place in my Library. Plays of all Sorts have their several Advocates: *All for Love* is mentioned in above fifteen Letters; *Sophonisba*, or *Hannibal's Overthrow*, in a Dozen; *The Innocent Adultery* is likewise highly approved of; *Mithridates King of Pontus* has many Friends;

Alexander the Great and *Aurengzebe* have the same Number of Voices; but *Theodosius*, or *The Force of Love*, carries it from all the rest.¹

I should, in the last Place, mention such Books as have been proposed by Men of Learning, and those who appear competent Judges of this Matter; and must here take Occasion to thank *A. B.* whoever it is that conceals himself under those two Letters, for his Advice upon this Subject: But as I find the Work I have undertaken to be very difficult, I shall defer the executing of it till I am further acquainted with the Thoughts of my judicious Contemporaries, and have time to examine the several Books they offer to me; being resolved, in an Affair of this Moment, to proceed with the greatest Caution.

In the mean while, as I have taken the Ladies under my particular Care, I shall make it my Business to find out in the best Authors ancient and modern such Passages as may be for their use, and endeavour to accommodate them as well as I can to their Taste; not questioning but the valuable Part of the Sex will easily pardon me, if from Time to Time I laugh at those little Vanities and Follies which appear in the Behaviour of some of them, and which are more proper for Ridicule than a serious Censure. Most Books being calculated for Male Readers, and generally written with an Eye to Men of Learning, makes a Work of this Nature the more necessary; besides, I am the more encouraged, because I flatter myself that I see the Sex daily improving by these my Speculations. My fair Readers are already deeper Scholars than the Beaus. I could name some of them who could talk much better than several Gentlemen that make a Figure at *Will's*; and as I frequently receive Letters from the *fine Ladies* and *pretty Fellows*, I cannot but observe that the former are superior to the others not only in the Sense but in the Spelling. This cannot but have a good Effect upon the Female World, and keep them from being charmed by those empty Coxcombs that have hitherto been admired among the Women, tho' laugh'd at among the Men.

I am credibly informed that *Tom Tattle* passes for an impertinent Fellow, that *Will Trippet* begins to be smoaked, and that *Frank Smoothly* himself is within a Month of a Coxcomb, in case I think fit to continue this Paper. For my part, as it is my Business in some measure to detect such as would lead astray weak Minds by their false Pretences to Wit and Judgment, Humour and Gallantry, I shall not fail to lend the best Lights I am able to the fair Sex for the Continuation of these their Discoveries. L.

¹ Michael Dalton's 'Country Justice' was first published in 1618. Joseph Mede's 'Clavis Apocryptica,' published in 1627, and translated by Richard More in 1643, was as popular in the Pulpit as 'The Country Justice' on the Bench. The negotiations of Count d'Estrades were from 1637 to 1662. The translation of Bayle's Dictionary had been published by Tonson in 1610. Dr. William Wall's 'History of Infant Baptism,' published in 1705, was in its third edition. 'Aurengzebe' was by Dryden. 'Mithridates' and 'Theodosius' were by Lee.

No. 93.] Saturday, June 16, 1711. [Addison.

————— *Spatio brevi* —————
Spem longam reseces: dum loquimur, fugerit
Invida
Ætas: carpe Diem, quam minimum credula
postero.—Hor.

WE all of us complain of the Shortness of Time, saith *Seneca*,¹ and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our Lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the Purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: We are always complaining our Days are few, and acting as though there would be no End of them. That noble Philosopher has described our Inconsistency with our selves in this Particular, by all those various Turns of Expression and Thought which are peculiar to his Writings.

I often consider Mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a Point that bears some Affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the Shortness of Life in general, we are wishing every Period of it at an end. The Minor longs to be at Age, then to be a Man of Business, then to make up an Estate, then to arrive at Honours, then to retire. Thus although the whole of Life is allowed by every one to be short, the several Divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our Span in general, but would fain contract the Parts of which it is composed. The Usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the Time annihilated that lies between the present Moment and next Quarter-day. The Politician would be contented to lose three Years in his Life, could he place things in the Posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a Revolution of Time. The Lover would be glad to strike out of his Existence all the Moments that are to pass away before the happy Meeting. Thus, as fast as our Time runs, we should be very glad in most Parts of our Lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several Hours of the Day hang upon our Hands, nay we wish away whole Years: and travel through Time as through a Country filled with many wild and empty Wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little Settlements or imaginary Points of Rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the Life of most Men into twenty Parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are meer Gaps and Chasms, which are neither filled with Pleasure nor Business. I do not however include in this Calculation the Life of those Men who are in a perpetual Hurry of Affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in Scenes of Action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable Piece of Service to these Persons, if I point out to them certain Methods for the filling up their empty Spaces of Life. The Methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

The first is the Exercise of Virtue, in the most general Acceptation of the Word. That particu-

lar Scheme which comprehends the Social Virtues, may give Employment to the most industrious Temper, and find a Man in Business more than the most active Station of Life. To advise the Ignorant, relieve the Needy, comfort the Afflicted, are Duties that fall in our way almost every Day of our Lives. A Man has frequent Opportunities of mitigating the Fierceness of a Party; of doing Justice to the Character of a deserving Man; of softning the Envious, quieting the Angry, and rectifying the Prejudiced; which are all of them Employments suited to a reasonable Nature, and bring great Satisfaction to the Person who can busy himself in them with Discretion.

There is another kind of Virtue that may find Employment for those Retired Hours in which we are altogether left to our selves, and destitute of Company and Conversation; I mean that Intercourse and Communication which every reasonable Creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his Being. The Man who lives under an habitual Sense of the Divine Presence keeps up a perpetual Chearfulness of Temper, and enjoys every Moment the Satisfaction of thinking himself in Company with his dearest and best of Friends. The Time never lies heavy upon him: It is impossible for him to be alone. His Thoughts and Passions are the most busied at such Hours when those of other Men are the most unactive: He no sooner steps out of the World but his Heart burns with Devotion, swells with Hope, and triumphs in the Consciousness of that Presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its Fears, its Sorrows, its Apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its Existence.

I have here only considered the Necessity of a Man's being Virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the Exercise of Virtue is not only an Amusement for the time it lasts, but that its Influence extends to those Parts of our Existence which lie beyond the Grave, and that our whole Eternity is to take its Colour from those Hours which we here employ in Virtue or in Vice, the Argument redoubles upon us, for putting in Practice this Method of passing away our Time.

When a Man has but a little Stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good Account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen Parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his Ruin or Disadvantage? But because the Mind cannot be always in its Fervours, nor strained up to a Pitch of Virtue, it is necessary to find out proper Employments for it in its Relaxations.

The next Method therefore that I would propose to fill up our Time, should be useful and innocent Diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable Creatures to be altogether conversant in such Diversions as are meerly innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no Hurt in them. Whether any kind of Gaming has even thus much to say for it self, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see Persons of the best Sense passing away a dozen Hours together in shuffling and dividing a Pack of Cards, with no other Conversation but what is made up of a few Game

¹ Epist. 49, and in his *De Brevitate Vitæ*.

Phrases, and no other Ideas but those of black or red Spots ranged together in different Figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this Species complaining that Life is short?

The *Stage* might be made a perpetual Source of the most noble and useful Entertainments, were it under proper Regulations.

But the Mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the Conversation of a well chosen Friend. There is indeed no Blessing of Life that is any way comparable to the Enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous Friend. It eases and unloads the Mind, clears and improves the Understanding, engenders Thoughts and Knowledge, animates Virtue and good Resolution, soothes and allays the Passions, and finds Employment for most of the vacant Hours of Life.

Next to such an Intimacy with a particular Person, one would endeavour after a more general Conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are Qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful Amusements of Life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all Occasions have Recourse to something rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any Passion that chances to rise in it.

A Man that has a Taste of Musick, Painting, or Architecture, is like one that has another Sense when compared with such as have no Relish of those Arts. The Florist, the Planter, the Gardiner, the Husbandman, when they are only as Accomplishments to the Man of Fortune, are great Reliefs to a Country Life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the Diversions of Life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty Spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining Authors. But this I shall only touch upon, because it in some Measure interferes with the third Method, which I shall propose in another Paper, for the Employment of our dead unactive Hours, and which I shall only mention in general to be the Pursuit of Knowledge.

No. 94.] Monday, June 18, 1711. [Addison.

— Hoc est
Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.—Mart.

THE last Method which I proposed in my *Saturday's* Paper, for filling up those empty Spaces of Life which are so tedious and burdensome to idle People, is the employing our selves in the Pursuit of Knowledge. I remember Mr. Boyle,¹ speaking of a certain Mineral, tells us, That a Man may consume his whole Life in the Study of it, without arriving at the Knowledge of all its Qualities. The Truth of it is,

¹ Not of himself, but in 'The Usefulness of Natural Philosophy' (Works, ed. 1772, vol. ii. p. 11), Boyle quotes from the old Alchemist, Basil Valentine, who said in his *Currus Triumphalis Antimonii* 'That the shortness of life makes it impossible for one man thoroughly to learn Antimony, in which every day something of new is discovered.'

there is not a single Science, or any Branch of it, that might not furnish a Man with Business for Life, though it were much longer than it is.

I shall not here engage on those beaten Subjects of the Usefulness of Knowledge, nor of the Pleasure and Perfection it gives the Mind, nor on the Methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular Branch of it, all which have been the Topics of many other Writers; but shall indulge my self in a Speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before shewn how the unemployed Parts of Life appear long and tedious, and shall here endeavour to shew how those Parts of Life which are exercised in Study, Reading, and the Pursuits of Knowledge, are long but not tedious, and by that means discover a Method of lengthening our Lives, and at the same time of turning all the Parts of them to our Advantage.

Mr. Lock observes,¹ 'That we get the Idea of Time, or Duration, by reflecting on that Train of Ideas which succeed one another in our Minds: That for this Reason, when we sleep soundly without dreaming, we have no Perception of Time, or the Length of it whilst we sleep; and that the Moment wherein we leave off to think, till the Moment we begin to think again, seems to have no distance.' To which the Author adds, 'And so I doubt not but it would be to a waking Man, if it were possible for him to keep only one Idea in his Mind, without Variation, and the Succession of others: And we see, that one who fixes his Thoughts very intently on one thing, so as to take but little notice of the Succession of Ideas that pass in his Mind whilst he is taken up with that earnest Contemplation, lets slip out of his Account a good Part of that Duration, and thinks that Time shorter than it is.'

We might carry this Thought further, and consider a Man as, on one Side, shortening his Time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; so, on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his Thoughts on many Subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant Succession of Ideas. Accordingly Monsieur Mallebranche, in his *Enquiry after Truth*,² (which was published several Years before Mr. Lock's *Essay on Human Understanding*) tells us, That it is possible some Creatures may think Half an Hour as long as we do a thousand Years; or look upon that Space of Duration which we call a Minute, as an Hour, a Week, a Month, or an whole Age.

This Notion of Monsieur Mallebranche is capable of some little Explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr. Lock; for if our Notion of Time is produced by our reflecting on the Succession of Ideas in our Mind, and this Succession may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different Beings may have different Notions of the same Parts of Duration, according as their

¹ Essay on the Human Understanding, Bk II. ch. 14.

² Two English Translations of Malebranche's 'Search after Truth' were published in 1694, one by T. Taylor of Magdalen College, Oxford. Malebranche sets out with the argument that man has no innate perception of Duration.

Ideas, which we suppose are equally distinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or less Degree of Rapidity.

There is a famous Passage in the *Alcoran*, which looks as if *Mahomet* had been possessed of the Notion we are now speaking of. It is there said,¹ That the Angel *Gabriel* took *Mahomet* out of his Bed one Morning to give him a Sight of all things in the Seven Heavens, in Paradise, and in Hell, which the Prophet took a distinct View of; and after having held ninety thousand Conferences with God, was brought back again to his Bed. All this, says the *Alcoran*, was transacted in so small a space of Time, that *Mahomet* at his Return found his Bed still warm, and took up an Earthen Pitcher, (which was thrown down at the very Instant that the Angel *Gabriel* carried him away) before the Water was all spilt.

There is a very pretty Story in the *Turkish Tales* which relates to this Passage of that famous Impostor, and bears some Affinity to the Subject we are now upon. A Sultan of *Egypt*, who was an Infidel, used to laugh at this Circumstance in *Mahomet's* Life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd: But conversing one Day with a great Doctor in the Law, who had the Gift of working Miracles, the Doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the Truth of this Passage in the History of *Mahomet*, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this the Sultan was directed to place himself by an huge Tub of Water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the Tub amidst a Circle of his great Men, the holy Man bid him plunge his Head into the Water, and draw it up again: The King accordingly thrust his Head into the Water, and at the same time found himself at the Foot of a Mountain on a Sea-shore. The King immediately began to rage against his Doctor for this Piece of Treachery and Witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper Methods for getting a Livelihood in this strange Country: Accordingly he applied himself to some People whom he saw at work in a Neighbouring Wood: these People conducted him to a Town that stood at a little Distance from the Wood, where, after some Adventures, he married a Woman of great Beauty and Fortune. He lived with this Woman so long till he had by her seven Sons and seven Daughters: He was afterwards reduced to great Want, and forced to think of plying in the Streets as a Porter for his Livelihood. One Day as he was walking alone by the Sea-side, being seized with many melancholy Reflections upon his former and his present State of Life, which had raised a Fit

¹ The Night Journey of Mahomet gives its Title to the 17th Sura of the Koran, which assumes the believer's knowledge of the Visions of Gabriel seen at the outset of the prophet's career, when he was carried by night from Mecca to Jerusalem and thence through the seven heavens to the throne of God on the back of Borak, accompanied by Gabriel according to some traditions, and according to some in a vision. Details of the origin of this story will be found in Muir, ii. 219, Nöld, p. 102. Addison took it from the 'Turkish Tales.'

of Devotion in him, he threw off his Clothes with a Design to wash himself, according to the Custom of the *Mahometans*, before he said his Prayers.

After his first Plunge into the Sea, he no sooner raised his Head above the Water but he found himself standing by the Side of the Tub, with the great Men of his Court about him, and the holy Man at his Side. He immediately upbraided his Teacher for having sent him on such a Course of Adventures, and betrayed him into so long a State of Misery and Servitude; but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the State he talked of was only a Dream and Delusion; that he had not stirred from the Place where he then stood; and that he had only dipped his Head into the Water, and immediately taken it out again.

The *Mahometan* Doctor took this Occasion of instructing the Sultan, that nothing was impossible with God; and that *He*, with whom a Thousand Years are but as one Day, can, if he pleases, make a single Day, nay a single Moment, appear to any of his Creatures as a Thousand Years.

I shall leave my Reader to compare these Eastern Fables with the Notions of those two great Philosophers whom I have quoted in this Paper; and shall only, by way of Application, desire him to consider how we may extend Life beyond its natural Dimensions, by applying our selves diligently to the Pursuits of Knowledge.

The Hours of a wise Man are lengthened by his Ideas, as those of a Fool are by his Passions: The Time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every Moment of it with useful or amusing Thought; or in other Words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the View of past Life, in the Man who is grown old in Knowledge and Wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in Ignorance and Folly? The latter is like the Owner of a barren Country that fills his Eye with the Prospect of naked Hills and Plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious Landskip divided into delightful Gardens, green Meadows, fruitful Fields, and can scarce cast his Eye on a single Spot of his Possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful Plant or Flower. L.

No. 95.] Tuesday, June 19, 1711. [Steele.

*Curæ Leves loquuntur, Ingentes Stupent.*¹

HAVING read the two following Letters with much Pleasure, I cannot but think the good Sense of them will be as agreeable to the Town as any thing I could say either on the Topics they treat of, or any other. They both allude to former Papers of mine, and I do not question but the first, which is upon inward Mourning, will be thought the Production of a Man who is well acquainted with the generous Earnings of Distress in a manly

¹ Seneca, Citation omitted also in the early reprints.

Temper, which is above the Relief of Tears. A Speculation of my own on that Subject I shall defer till another Occasion.

The second Letter is from a Lady of a Mind as great as her Understanding. There is perhaps something in the Beginning of it which I ought in Modesty to conceal; but I have so much Esteem for this Correspondent, that I will not alter a Tittle of what she writes, tho' I am thus scrupulous at the Price of being Ridiculous.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I was very well pleased with your Discourse upon General Mourning, and should be obliged to you if you would enter into the Matter more deeply, and give us your Thoughts upon the common Sense the ordinary People have of the Demonstrations of Grief, who prescribe Rules and Fashions to the most solemn Affliction; such as the Loss of the nearest Relations and dearest Friends. You cannot go to visit a sick Friend, but some impertinent Waiter about him observes the Muscles of your Face, as strictly as if they were Prognosticks of his Death or Recovery. If he happens to be taken from you, you are immediately surrounded with Numbers of these Spectators, who expect a melancholy Shrug of your Shoulders, a Pathetical shake of your Head, and an Expressive Distortion of your Face, to measure your Affection and Value for the Deceased: But there is nothing, on these Occasions, so much in their Favour as immoderate Weeping. As all their passions are superficial, they imagine the Seat of Love and Friendship to be placed visibly in the Eyes: They judge what Stock of Kindness you had for the Living, by the Quantity of Tears you pour out for the Dead; so that if one Body wants that Quantity of Salt-water another abounds with, he is in great Danger of being thought insensible or ill-natured: They are Strangers to Friendship, whose Grief happens not to be moist enough to wet such a Parcel of Handkerchiefs. But Experience has told us, nothing is so fallacious as this outward Sign of Sorrow; and the natural History of our Bodies will teach us that this Flux of the Eyes, this Faculty of Weeping, is peculiar only to some Constitutions. We observe in the tender Bodies of Children, when crossed in their little Wills and Expectations, how dissolvable they are into Tears. If this were what Grief is in Men, Nature would not be able to support them in the Excess of it for one Moment. Add to this Observation, how quick is their Transition from this Passion to that of their Joy. I won't say we see often, in the next tender Things to Children, Tears shed without much Grieving. Thus it is common to shed Tears without much Sorrow, and as common to suffer much Sorrow without shedding Tears. Grief and Weeping are indeed frequent Companions, but, I believe, never in their highest Excesses. As Laughter does not proceed from profound Joy, so neither does Weeping from profound Sorrow. The Sorrow which appears so easily at the Eyes, cannot have pierced deeply into the Heart. The Heart distended with Grief, stops all the Passages for Tears or Lamentations.

'Now, Sir, what I would incline you to in all this, is, that you would inform the shallow Critics and Observers upon Sorrow, that true Affliction labours to be invisible, that it is a Stranger to Ceremony, and that it bears in its own Nature a Dignity much above the little Circumstances which are affected under the Notion of Decency. You must know, Sir, I have lately lost a dear Friend, for whom I have not yet shed a Tear, and for that Reason your Animadversions on that Subject would be the more acceptable to,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

B. D.

MR. SPECTATOR,

June the 15th.

'As I hope there are but few who have so little Gratitude as not to acknowledge the Usefulness of your Pen, and to esteem it a Publick Benefit; so I am sensible, be that as it will, you must nevertheless find the Secret and Incomparable Pleasure of doing Good, and be a great Sharer in the Entertainment you give. I acknowledge our Sex to be much obliged, and I hope improved, by your Labours, and even your Intentions more particularly for our Service. If it be true, as 'tis sometimes said, that our Sex have an Influence on the other, your Paper may be a yet more general Good. Your directing us to Reading is certainly the best Means to our Instruction; but I think, with you, Caution in that Particular very useful, since the Improvement of our Understandings may, or may not, be of Service to us, according as it is managed. It has been thought we are not generally so Ignorant as Ill-taught, or that our Sex does so often want Wit, Judgment, or Knowledge, as the right Application of them: You are so well-bred, as to say your fair Readers are already deeper Scholars than the Beaus, and that you could name some of them that talk much better than several Gentlemen that make a Figure at *Will's*: This may possibly be, and no great Compliment, in my Opinion, even supposing your Comparison to reach *Tom's* and the *Grecian*: Surely you are too wise to think That a Real Commendation of a Woman. Were it not rather to be wished we improved in our own Sphere, and approved our selves better Daughters, Wives, Mothers, and Friends?

'I can't but agree with the Judicious Trader in *Cheapside* (though I am not at all prejudiced in his Favour) in recommending the Study of Arithmetick; and must dissent even from the Authority which you mention, when it advises the making our Sex Scholars. Indeed a little more Philosophy, in order to the Subduing our Passions to our Reason, might be sometimes serviceable, and a Treatise of that Nature I should approve of, even in exchange for *Theodosius*, or *The Force of Love*; but as I well know you want not Hints, I will proceed no further than to recommend the Bishop of *Cambray's* Education of a Daughter, as 'tis translated into the only Language I have any Knowledge of,¹

¹ Fenelon was then living. He died in 1715, aged 63.

'tho' perhaps very much to its Disadvantage. I have heard it objected against that Piece, that its Instructions are not of general Use, but only fitted for a great Lady; but I confess I am not of that Opinion; for I don't remember that there are any Rules laid down for the Expences of a Woman, in which Particular only I think a Gentlewoman ought to differ from a Lady of the best Fortune, or highest Quality, and not in their Principles of Justice, Gratitude, Sincerity, Prudence, or Modesty. I ought perhaps to make an Apology for this long Epistle; but as I rather believe you a Friend to Sincerity, than Ceremony, shall only assure you I am,

T.

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,
Annabella.

No. 96.] Wednesday, June 20, 1711. [Steele.

Amicum

Mancipium domino, et frugi—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Have frequently read your Discourse upon Servants, and, as I am one my self, have been much offended that in that Variety of Forms wherein you considered the Bad, you found no Place to mention the Good. There is however one Observation of yours I approve, which is, That there are Men of Wit and good Sense among all Orders of Men; and that Servants report most of the Good or Ill which is spoken of their Masters. That there are Men of Sense who live in Servitude, I have the Vanity to say I have felt to my woful Experience. You attribute very justly the Source of our general Iniquity to Board-Wages, and the Manner of living out of a domestick Way: But I cannot give you my Thoughts on this Subject any way so well, as by a short account of my own Life to this the Forty fifth Year of my Age; that is to say, from my being first a Foot-boy at Fourteen, to my present Station of a Nobleman's Porter in the Year of my Age above-mentioned.

Know then, that my Father was a poor Tenant to the Family of Sir Stephen Rackrent: Sir Stephen put me to School, or rather made me follow his Son Harry to School, from my Ninth Year; and there, tho' Sir Stephen paid something for my Learning, I was used like a Servant, and was forced to get what Scraps of Learning I could by my own Industry, for the Schoolmaster took very little Notice of me. My young Master was a Lad of very sprightly Parts; and my being constantly about him, and loving him, was no small Advantage to me. My Master loved me extremly, and has often been whipped for not keeping me at a Distance. He used always to say, That when he came to his Estate I should have a Lease of my Father's Tenement for nothing. I came up to Town with him to Westminster School; at which time he taught me at Night all he learnt; and put me to find out Words in the Dictionary when he was about his

Exercise. It was the Will of Providence that Master Harry was taken very ill of a Fever, of which he died within Ten Days after his first falling sick. Here was the first Sorrow I ever knew; and I assure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, I remember the beautiful Action of the sweet Youth in his Fever, as fresh as if it were Yesterday. If he wanted any thing, it must be given him by Tom: When I let any thing fall through the Grief I was under, he would cry, Do not beat the poor Boy: Give him some more Julep for me, no Body else shall give it me. He would strive to hide his being so bad, when he saw I could not bear his being in so much Danger, and comforted me, saying, Tom, Tom, have a good Heart. When I was holding a Cup at his Mouth, he fell into Convulsions; and at this very Time I hear my dear Master's last Groan. I was quickly turned out of the Room, and left to sob and beat my Head against the Wall at my Leisure. The Grief I was in was inexpressible; and every Body thought it would have cost me my Life. In a few Days my old Lady, who was one of the Housewives of the World, thought of turning me out of Doors, because I put her in mind of her Son. Sir Stephen proposed putting me to Prentice; but my Lady being an excellent Manager, would not let her Husband throw away his Money in Acts of Charity. I had sense enough to be under the utmost Indignation, to see her discard with so little Concern, one her Son had loved so much; and went out of the House to ramble wherever my Feet would carry me.

The third Day after I left Sir Stephen's Family, I was strolling up and down the Walks in the Temple. A young Gentleman of the House, who (as I heard him say afterwards) seeing me half-starved and well-dressed, thought me an Equipage ready to his Hand, after very little Inquiry more than *Did I want a Master?* bid me follow him; I did so, and in a very little while thought myself the happiest Creature in this World. My Time was taken up in carrying Letters to Wenches, or Messages to young Ladies of my Master's Acquaintance. We rambled from Tavern to Tavern, to the Play-house, the Mulberry-Garden,¹ and all places of Resort; where my Master engaged every Night in some new Amour, in which and Drinking he spent all his Time when he had Money. During these Extravagancies I had the Pleasure of lying on the Stairs of a Tavern half a Night, playing at Dice with other Servants, and the like Idleness. When my Master was moneyless, I was generally employ'd in transcribing amorous Pieces of Poetry, old Songs, and new Lampoons. This Life held till my Master married, and he had then the Prudence to turn me off, because I was in the Secret of his Intreagues.

I was utterly at a loss what Course to take next; when at last I applied my self to a Fellow-sufferer, one of his Mistresses, a Woman of the Town. She happening at that time to be pretty

¹ A place of open-air entertainment near Buckingham House. Sir Charles Sedley named one of his plays after it.

'full of Money, cloathed me from Head to Foot
'and knowing me to be a sharp Fellow, employed
'me accordingly. Sometimes I was to go abroad
'with her, and when she had pitched upon a
'young Fellow she thought for her Turn, I was
'to be dropped as one she could not trust. She
'would often cheapen Goods at the *New Ex-*
'*change*,¹ and when she had a mind to be at-
'tacked, she would send me away on an Errand.
'When an humble Servant and she were begin-
'ning a Parley, I came immediately, and told her
'Sir *John* was come home; then she would order
'another Coach to prevent being dogged. The
'Lover makes Signs to me as I get behind the
'Coach, I shake my Head it was impossible: I
'leave my Lady at the next Turning, and follow
'the Cully to know how to fall in his Way on
'another Occasion. Besides good Offices of this
'Nature, I writ all my Mistress's Love-Letters;
'some from a Lady that saw such a Gentleman at
'such a Place in such a coloured Coat, some
'shewing the Terrour she was in of a jealous old
'Husband, others explaining that the Severity of
'her Parents was such (tho' her Fortune was
'settled) that she was willing to run away with
'such a one, tho' she knew he was but a younger
'Brother. In a Word, my half Education and
'Love of idle Books, made me outwrite all that
'made Love to her by way of Epistle; and as she
'was extremely cunning, she did well enough in
'Company by a skilful Affectation of the greatest
'Modesty. In the midst of all this I was sur-
'prised with a Letter from her and a Ten Pound
'Note.

Honest Tom,

"You will never see me more. I am married
"to a very cunning Country Gentleman, who
"might possibly guess something if I kept you
"still; therefore farewell.

'When this Place was lost also in Marriage, I
'was resolved to go among quite another People,
'for the future; and got in Butler to one of those
'Families where there is a Coach kept, three or
'four Servants, a clean House, and a good general
'Outside upon a small Estate. Here I lived very
'comfortably for some Time, 'till I unfortunately
'found my Master, the very gravest Man alive,
'in the Garret with the Chambermaid. I knew
'the World too well to think of staying there;
'and the next Day pretended to have received a
'Letter out of the Country that my Father was
'dying, and got my Discharge with a Bounty for
'my Discretion.

'The next I lived with was a peevish single
'Man, whom I stayed with for a Year and
'a Half. Most part of the Time I passed very
'easily; for when I began to know him, I minded
'no more than he meant what he said; so that
'one Day in a good Humour he said *I was the*
'*best Man he ever had, by my want of Respect to*
'*him.*

'These, Sir, are the chief Occurrences of my

¹ In the Strand, between Durham Yard and
York Buildings; in the *Spectator's* time the
fashionable mart for milliners. It was taken down
in 1737.

Life; and I will not dwell upon very many other
Places I have been in, where I have been the
strangest Fellow in the World, where no Body
in the World had such Servants as they, where
sure they were the unluckiest People in the
World in Servants; and so forth. All I mean
by this Representation, is, to shew you that we
poor Servants are not (what you called us too
generally) all Rogues; but that we are what we
are, according to the Example of our Superiors.
In the Family I am now in, I am guilty of no
one Sin but Lying; which I do with a grave
Face in my Gown and Staff every Day I live,
and almost all Day long, in denying my Lord to
impertinent Suitors, and my Lady to unwelcome
Visitants. But, Sir, I am to let you know that I
am, when I get abroad, a Leader of the Serv-
ants: I am he that keep Time with beating my
Cudgel against the Boards in the Gallery at an
Opera; I am he that am touched so properly at
a Tragedy, when the People of Quality are
staring at one another during the most important
Incidents: When you hear in a Crowd a Cry in
the right Place, an Humm where the Point is
touched in a Speech, or an Hussa set up where
it is the Voice of the People; you may conclude
it is begun or joined by,

T.

SIR,

Your more than Humble Servant,

Thomas Trusty.

No. 97.] Thursday, June 21, 1711. [Steele.

Projecere animas— Virg.

AMONG the loose Papers which I have fre-
quently spoken of heretofore, I find a Con-
versation between *Pharamond* and *Eucrate* upon
the Subject of Duels, and the Copy of an Edict
issued in Consequence of that Discourse.

Eucrate argued, that nothing but the most
severe and vindictive Punishments, such as
placing the Bodies of the Offenders in Chains,
and putting them to Death by the most exquisite
Torments, would be sufficient to extirpate a Crime
which had so long prevailed and was so firmly
fixed in the Opinion of the World as great and
laudable; but the King answered, That indeed
Instances of Ignominy were necessary in the
Cure of this Evil; but considering that it pre-
vailed only among such as had a Nicety in their
Sense of Honour, and that it often happened that
a Duel was fought to save Appearances to the
World, when both Parties were in their Hearts in
Amity and Reconciliation to each other; it was
evident that turning the Mode another way would
effectually put a Stop to what had Being only as
a Mode. That to such Persons, Poverty and
Shame were Torments sufficient, That he would
not go further in punishing in others Crimes which
he was satisfied he himself was most Guilty of, in
that he might have prevented them by speaking
his Displeasure sooner. Besides which the King
said, he was in general averse to Tortures, which
was putting Human Nature it self, rather than the

Criminal, to Disgrace; and that he would be sure not to use this Means where the Crime was but an ill Effect arising from a laudable Cause, the Fear of Shame. The King, at the same time, spoke with much Grace upon the Subject of Mercy; and repented of many Acts of that kind which had a magnificent Aspect in the doing, but dreadful Consequences in the Example. Mercy to Particulars, he observed, was Cruelty in the General: That though a Prince could not revive a Dead Man by taking the Life of him who killed him, neither could he make Reparation to the next that should die by the evil Example; or answer to himself for the Partiality, in not pardoning the next as well as the former Offender. 'As for me, says *Pharamond*, I have conquer'd *France*, and yet have given Laws to my People: The Laws are my Methods of Life; they are not a Diminution but a Direction to my Power. I am still absolute to distinguish the Innocent and the Virtuous, to give Honours to the Brave and Generous: I am absolute in my Good-will; none can oppose my Bounty, or prescribe Rules for my Favour. While I can, as I please, reward the Good, I am under no Pain that I cannot pardon the Wicked: For which Reason, continued *Pharamond*, I will effectually put a stop to this Evil, by exposing no more the Tenderness of my Nature to the Importunity of having the same Respect to those who are miserable by their Fault, and those who are so by their Misfortune. Flatterers (concluded the King smiling) repeat to us Princes, that we are Heaven's Vice-gerents; Let us be so, and let the only thing out of our Power be *to do Ill*.

Soon after the Evening wherein *Pharamond* and *Eucrate* had this Conversation, the following Edict was Published.

Pharamond's Edict against Duels.

Pharamond, King of the Gauls, to all his loving Subjects sendeth Greeting.

'Whereas it has come to our Royal Notice and Observation, that in contempt of all Laws Divine and Human, it is of late become a Custom among the Nobility and Gentry of this our Kingdom, upon slight and trivial, as well as great and urgent Provocations, to invite each other into the Field, there by their own Hands, and of their own Authority, to decide their Controversies by Combat; We have thought fit to take the said Custom into our Royal Consideration, and find, upon Enquiry into the usual Causes whereon such fatal Decisions have arisen, that by this wicked Custom, maugre all the Precepts of our Holy Religion, and the Rules of right Reason, the greatest Act of the human Mind, *Forgiveness of Injuries*, is become vile and shameful; that the Rules of Good Society and Virtuous Conversation are hereby inverted; that the Loose, the Vain, and the Impudent, insult the Careful, the Discreet, and the Modest; that all Virtue is suppressed, and all Vice supported, in the one Act of being capable to dare to the Death. We have also further, with great Sorrow of Mind, observed that this Dreadful Action, by long Impunity, (our Royal Attention being employed upon Matters of more general

'Concern) is become Honourable, and the Refusal to engage in it Ignominious. In these our Royal Cares and Enquiries We are yet farther made to understand, that the Persons of most Eminent Worth, and most hopeful Abilities, accompanied with the strongest Passion for true Glory, are such as are most liable to be involved in the Dangers arising from this Licence. Now taking the said Premises into our serious Consideration, and well weighing that all such Emergencies (wherein the Mind is incapable of commanding it self, and where the Injury is too sudden or too exquisite to be born) are particularly provided for by Laws heretofore enacted; and that the Qualities of less Injuries, like those of Ingratitude, are too nice and delicate to come under General Rules; We do resolve to blot this Fashion, or Wantonness of Anger, out of the Minds of Our Subjects, by Our Royal Resolutions declared in this Edict, as follow.

'No Person who either Sends or Accepts a Challenge, or the Posterity of either, tho' no Death ensues thereupon, shall be, after the Publication of this our Edict, capable of bearing Office in these our Dominions.

'The Person who shall prove the sending or receiving a Challenge, shall receive to his own Use and Property, the whole Personal Estate of both Parties: and their Real Estate shall be immediately vested in the next Heir of the Offenders in as ample Manner as if the said Offenders were actually Deceased.

'In Cases where the Laws (which we have already granted to our Subjects) admit of an Appeal for Blood; when the Criminal is condemned by the said Appeal, He shall not only suffer Death, but his whole Estate, Real, Mixed, and Personal, shall from the Hour of his Death be vested in the next Heir of the Person whose Blood he spilt.

'That it shall not hereafter be in our Royal Power, or that of our Successors, to pardon the said Offences, or restore [the Offenders¹] in their Estates, Honour, or Blood for ever.

Given at our Court at Blois, the 8th of February, 420. In the Second Year of our Reign.
T.

No. 98.] Friday, June 22, 1711. [Addison.

— *Tanta est querendi cura decoris.*—Juv.

THERE is not so variable a thing in Nature as a Lady's Head-dress: Within my own Memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty Degrees. About ten Years ago it shot up to a very great Height,² insomuch that the Female

¹ [them]

² The *Commode*, called by the French *Fontange*, worn on their heads by ladies at the beginning of the 18th century, was a structure of wire, which bore up the hair and the forepart of the lace cap to a great height. The *Spectator* tells how com-

Part of our Species were much taller than the Men. The Women were of such an enormous Stature, that *we appeared as Grasshoppers before them*:¹ At present the whole Sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of Beauties that seems almost another Species. I remember several Ladies, who were once very near seven Foot high, that at present want some inches of five: How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole Sex be at present under any Penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their Head-dresses in order to surprize us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the Sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this Method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a Secret; tho' I find most are of Opinion, they are at present like Trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater Heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by Women who are taller than my self, I admire the Sex much more in their present Humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural Dimensions, than when they had extended their Persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantick Figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful Edifices of Nature, nor for raising any whimsical Superstructure upon her Plans: I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the Coiffure now in Fashion, and think it shews the good Sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable Part of the Sex. One may observe that Women in all Ages have taken more Pains than Men to adorn the Outside of their Heads; and indeed I very much admire, that those Female Architects, who raise such wonderful Structures out of Ribbands, Lace, and Wire, have not been recorded for their respective Inventions. It is certain there has been as many Orders in these Kinds of Building, as in those which have been made of Marble: Sometimes they rise in the Shape of a Pyramid, sometimes like a Tower, and sometimes like a Steeple. In *Juvenal's* time the Building grew by several Orders and Stories, as he has very humorously described it.

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum

Ædificat caput: Andromachen à fronte videbis; Post minor est: Altam credas.— Juv.

But I do not remember in any Part of my Reading, that the Head-dress aspired to so great an Extravagance as in the fourteenth Century; when it was built up in a couple of Cones or Spires, which stood so excessively high on each Side of the Head, that a Woman, who was but a *Pigmy* without her Head-dress, appear'd like a *Colossus* upon putting it on. Monsieur *Paradin*² says,

pletely and suddenly the fashion was abandoned in his time.

¹ Numbers xiii. 33.

² Guillaume Paradin, a laborious writer of the 16th century, born at Cuizeau, in the Bresse Châlonnoise, and still living in 1581, wrote a great many books. The passages quoted by the *Spec-*

'That these old-fashioned Fontanges rose an Ell 'above the Head; that they were pointed like 'Steeple, and had long loose Pieces of Crape 'fastened to the Tops of them, which were curi- 'ously fringed and hung down their Backs like 'Streamers.'

The Women might possibly have carried this Gothick Building much higher, had not a famous Monk, *Thomas Conecte*¹ by Name, attacked it with great Zeal and Resolution. This holy Man travelled from Place to Place to preach down this monstrous Commode; and succeeded so well in it, that as the Magicians sacrificed their Books to the Flames upon the Preaching of an Apostle, many of the Women threw down their Head-dresses in the Middle of his Sermon, and made a Bonfire of them within Sight of the Pulpit. He was so renowned as well for the Sanctity of his Life as his Manner of Preaching that he had often a Congregation of twenty thousand People; the Men placing themselves on the one Side of his Pulpit, and the Women on the other, that appeared (to use the Similitude of an ingenious Writer) like a Forest of Cedars with their Heads reaching to the Clouds. He so warmed and animated the People against this monstrous Ornament, that it lay under a kind of Persecution; and whenever it appeared in publick was pelted down by the Rabble, who flung Stones at the Persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this Prodigy vanished, while the Preacher was among them, it began to appear again some Months after his Departure, or to tell it in Monsieur *Paradin's* own Words, 'The Women that, like Snails, in a 'Fright, had drawn in their Horns, shot them out 'again as soon as the Danger was over.' This Extravagance of the Womens Head-dresses in that Age is taken notice of by Monsieur *d'Argentré*² in the History of *Bretagne*, and by other Historians as well as the Person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good Reign is the only proper Time for making of Laws against the Exorbitance of Power; in the same manner an excessive Head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the Fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this Paper to my Female Readers by way of Prevention.

I would desire the Fair Sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the Master-piece of Nature. The Head has the most beautiful Appearance, as well as the highest Station, in a human Figure. Nature has laid out all her Art in beautifying the Face; she has touched it with Vermilion, planted in it a double Row of Ivory,

tator are from his *Annales de Bourgoigne*, published in 1566.

¹ Thomas Conecte, of Bretagne, was a Carmelite monk, who became famous as a preacher in 1428. After reproving the vices of the age in several parts of Europe, he came to Rome, where he reproved the vices he saw at the Pope's court, and was, therefore, burnt as a heretic in 1434.

² Bertrand d'Argentré was a French lawyer, who died, aged 71, in 1590. His *Histoire de Bretagne* was printed at Rennes in 1582.

made it the Seat of Smiles and Blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the Brightness of the Eyes, hung it on each Side with curious Organs of Sense, given it Airs and Graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing Shade of Hair as sets all its Beauties in the most agreeable Light: In short, she seems to have designed the Head as the Cupola to the most glorious of her Works; and when we load it with such a Pile of supernumerary Ornaments, we destroy the Symmetry of the human Figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the Eye from great and real Beauties, to childish Gewgaws, Ribbands, and Bone-lace. L.

No. 99.] Saturday, June 23, 1711. [Addison.

—Turpi secernis Honestum.—Hor.

THE Club, of which I have often declared myself a Member, were last Night engaged in a Discourse upon that which passes for the chief Point of Honour among Men and Women; and started a great many Hints upon the Subject, which I thought were entirely new: I shall therefore methodize the several Reflections that arose upon this Occasion, and present my Reader with them for the Speculation of this Day; after having premised, that if there is any thing in this Paper which seems to differ with any Passage of last Thursday's, the Reader will consider this as the Sentiments of the Club, and the other as my own private Thoughts, or rather those of *Pharomond*.

The great Point of Honour in Men is Courage, and in Women Chastity. If a Man loses his Honour in one Rencounter, it is not impossible for him to regain it in another; a Slip in a Woman's Honour is irrecoverable. I can give no Reason for fixing the Point of Honour to these two Qualities, unless it be that each Sex sets the greatest Value on the Qualification which renders them the most amiable in the Eyes of the contrary Sex. Had Men chosen for themselves, without Regard to the Opinions of the Fair Sex, I should believe the Choice would have fallen on Wisdom or Virtue; or had Women determined their own Point of Honour, it is probable that Wit or Good-Nature would have carried it against Chastity.

Nothing recommends a Man more to the Female Sex than Courage; whether it be that they are pleased to see one who is a Terror to others fall like a Slave at their Feet, or that this Quality supplies their own principal Defect, in guarding them from Insults and avenging their Quarrels, or that Courage is a natural Indication of a strong and sprightly Constitution. On the other side, nothing makes a Woman more esteemed by the opposite Sex than Chastity; whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or that nothing besides Chastity, with its collateral Attendants, Truth, Fidelity, and Constancy, gives the Man a Property in the Person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.

I am very much pleased with a Passage in the

Inscription on a Monument erected in *Westminster Abbey* to the late Duke and Dutchess of *Newcastle*: 'Her Name was *Margaret Lucas*, 'youngest Sister to the Lord *Lucas of Colchester*; 'a noble Family, for all the Brothers were 'valiant, and all the Sisters virtuous.

In Books of Chivalry, where the Point of Honour is strained to Madness, the whole Story runs on Chastity and Courage. The Damsel is mounted on a white Palfrey, as an Emblem of her Innocence; and, to avoid Scandal, must have a Dwarf for her Page. She is not to think of a Man, 'till some Misfortune has brought a Knight-Errant to her Relief. The Knight falls in Love, and did not Gratitude restrain her from murdering her Deliverer, would die at her Feet by her Disdain. However he must wait some Years in the Desert, before her Virgin Heart can think of a Surrender. The Knight goes off, attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and stronger than himself, seeks all Opportunities of being knock'd on the Head, and after seven Years Rambling returns to his Mistress, whose Chastity has been attacked in the mean time by Giants and Tyrants, and undergone as many Tryals as her Lover's Valour.

In *Spain*, where there are still great Remains of this Romantick Humour, it is a transporting Favour for a Lady to cast an accidental Glance on her Lover from a Window, tho' it be two or three Stories high; as it is usual for the Lover to assert his Passion for his Mistress, in single Combat with a mad Bull.

The great Violation of the Point of Honour from Man to Man, is giving the Lie. One may tell another he Whores, Drinks, Blasphemes, and it may pass unresented; but to say he Lies, tho' but in Jest, is an Affront that nothing but Blood can expiate. The Reason perhaps may be, because no other Vice implies a want of Courage so much as the making of a Lie; and therefore telling a man he Lies, is touching him in the most sensible Part of Honour, and indirectly calling him a Coward. [I cannot omit under this Head what *Herodotus* tells us of the ancient *Persians*, That from the Age of five Years to twenty they instruct their Sons only in three things, to manage the Horse, to make use of the Bow, and to speak Truth.]

The placing the Point of Honour in this false kind of Courage, has given Occasion to the very Refuse of Mankind, who have neither Virtue nor common Sense, to set up for Men of Honour. An *English Peer*,¹ who has not been long dead, used to tell a pleasant Story of a *French Gentleman* that visited him early one Morning at *Paris*, and after great Professions of Respect, let him know that he had it in his Power to oblige him; which in short, amounted to this, that he believed he could tell his Lordship the Person's Name who justled him as he came out from the Opera, but before he would proceed, he begged his Lordship that he would not deny him the Honour of making him his Second. The *English*

¹ Percy said he had been told that this was *William Cavendish*, first Duke of *Devonshire*, who died in 1707.

Lord, to avoid being drawn into a very foolish Affair, told him, that he was under Engagements for his two next Duels to a Couple of particular Friends. Upon which the Gentleman immediately withdrew, hoping his Lordship would not take it ill if he medled no farther in an Affair from whence he himself was to receive no Advantage.

The beating down this false Notion of Honour, in so vain and lively a People as those of *France*, is deservedly looked upon as one of the most glorious Parts of their present King's Reign. It is pity but the Punishment of these mischievous Notions should have in it some particular Circumstances of Shame and Infamy, that those who are Slaves to them may see, that instead of advancing their Reputations they lead them to Ignominy and Dishonour.

Death is not sufficient to deter Men who make it their Glory to despise it, but if every one that fought a Duel were to stand in the Pillory, it would quickly lessen the Number of these imaginary Men of Honour, and put an end to so absurd a Practice.

When Honour is a Support to virtuous Principles, and runs parallel with the Laws of God and our Country, it cannot be too much cherished and encouraged: But when the Dictates of Honour are contrary to those of Religion and Equity, they are the greatest Depravations of human Nature, by giving wrong Ambitions and false Ideas of what is good and laudable; and should therefore be exploded by all Governments, and driven out as the Bane and Plague of Human Society.

L.

No. 100.] Monday, June 25, 1711. [Steele.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.—Hor.

A Man advanced in Years that thinks fit to look back upon his former Life, and calls that only Life which was passed with Satisfaction and Enjoyment, excluding all Parts which were not pleasant to him, will find himself very young, if not in his Infancy. Sickness, Ill-humour, and Idleness, will have robbed him of a great Share of that Space we ordinarily call our Life. It is therefore the Duty of every Man that would be true to himself, to obtain, if possible, a Disposition to be pleased, and place himself in a constant Aptitude for the Satisfaction of his Being. Instead of this, you hardly see a Man who is not uneasy in proportion to his Advancement in the Arts of Life. An affected Delicacy is the common Improvement we meet with in those who pretend to be refined above others: They do not aim at true Pleasures themselves, but turn their Thoughts upon observing the false Pleasures of other Men. Such People are Valetudinarians in Society, and they should no more come into Company than a sick Man should come into the Air: If a Man is too weak to bear what is a Refreshment to Men in Health, he must still keep his Chamber. When any one in Sir ROGER's Company complains he is out of Order, he immediately calls for some Posset-drink for him; for which reason that sort of People who are ever bewailing their Constitution

in other Places are the Chearfullest imaginable when he is present.

It is a wonderful thing that so many, and they not reckoned absurd, shall entertain those with whom they converse by giving them the History of their Pains and Aches; and imagine such Narrations their Quota of the Conversation. This is of all other the meanest Help to Discourse, and a Man must not think at all, or think himself very insignificant, when he finds an Account of his Head-ach answer'd by another's asking what News in the last Mail? Mutual good Humour is a Dress we ought to appear in whenever we meet, and we should make no mention of what concerns our selves, without it be of Matters wherein our Friends ought to rejoyce: But indeed there are Crowds of People who put themselves in no Method of pleasing themselves or others; such are those whom we usually call indolent Persons. Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate State between Pleasure and Pain, and very much unbecoming any Part of our Life after we are out of the Nurse's Arms. Such an Aversion to Labour creates a constant Weariness, and one would think should make Existence it self a Burthen. The indolent Man descends from the Dignity of his Nature, and makes that Being which was Rational merely Vegetative: His Life consists only in the meer Encrease and Decay of a Body, which, with relation to the rest of the World, might as well have been uninformed, as the Habitation of a reasonable Mind.

Of this kind is the Life of that extraordinary Couple *Harry Tersett* and his Lady. *Harry* was in the Days of his Celibacy one of those pert Creatures who have much Vivacity and little Understanding; *Mrs. Rebecca Quickly*, whom he married, had all that the Fire of Youth and a lively Manner could do towards making an agreeable Woman. These two People of seeming Merit fell into each other's Arms; and Passion being sated, and no Reason or good Sense in either to succeed it, their Life is now at a Stand; their Meals are insipid, and their Time tedious; their Fortune has placed them above Care, and their Loss of Taste reduced them below Diversion. When we talk of these as Instances of Inexistence, we do not mean, that in order to live it is necessary we should always be in Jovial Crews, or crowned with Chaplets of Roses, as the merry Fellows among the Ancients are described; but it is intended by considering these Contraries to Pleasure, Indolence, and too much Delicacy, to shew that it is Prudence to preserve a Disposition in our selves to receive a certain Delight in all we hear and see.

This portable Quality of good Humour seasons all the Parts and Occurrences we meet with, in such a manner, that there are no Moments lost; but they all pass with so much Satisfaction, that the heaviest of Loads (when it is a Load) that of Time, is never felt by us. *Varilas* has this Quality to the highest Perfection, and communicates it wherever he appears: The Sad, the Merry, the Severe, the Melancholy, shew a new Chearfulness when he comes amongst them. At the same time no one can repeat any thing that *Varilas* has ever said that deserves Repetition;

but the Man has that innate Goodness of Temper, that he is welcome to every Body, because every Man thinks he is so to him. He does not seem to contribute any thing to the Mirth of the Company; and yet upon Reflection you find it all happened by his being there. I thought it was whimsically said of a Gentleman, That if *Varilas* had Wit, it would be the best Wit in the World. It is certain, when a well-corrected lively Imagination and good Breeding are added to a sweet Disposition, they qualify it to be one of the greatest Blessings, as well as Pleasures of Life.

Men would come into Company with ten times the Pleasure they do, if they were sure of hearing nothing which should shock them, as well as expected what would please them. When we know every Person that is spoken of is represented by one who has no ill Will, and every thing that is mentioned described by one that is apt to set it in the best Light, the Entertainment must be delicate; because the Cook has nothing brought to his Hand but what is the most excellent in its Kind. Beautiful Pictures are the Entertainments of pure Minds, and Deformities of the corrupted. It is a Degree towards the Life of Angels, when we enjoy Conversation wherein there is nothing presented but in its Excellence: and a Degree towards that of Dæmons, wherein nothing is shewn but in its Degeneracy.

T.

No. 101.] Tuesday, June 26, 1711. [Addison.

*Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
Post ingentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti;
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera
bella*

*Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt;
Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis:— Hor.*

CENSURE, says a late ingenious Author, is the Tax a Man pays to the Publick for being Eminent.¹ It is a Folly for an eminent Man to think of escaping it, and a Weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious Persons of Antiquity, and indeed of every Age in the World, have passed through this fiery Persecution. There is no Defence against Reproach, but Obscurity; it is a kind of Concomitant to Greatness, as Satyrs and Invectives were an essential Part of a Roman Triumph.

If Men of Eminence are exposed to Censure on one hand, they are as much liable to Flattery on the other. If they receive Reproaches which are not due to them, they likewise receive Praises which they do not deserve. In a word, the Man in a high Post is never regarded with an indifferent Eye, but always considered as a Friend or an Enemy. For this Reason Persons in great Stations have seldom their true Characters drawn till several Years after their Deaths. Their personal Friendships and Enmities must cease, and the Parties they were engaged in be at an End, before their Faults or their Virtues can have Justice done

¹ Swift.

them. When Writers have the least Opportunities of knowing the Truth they are in the best Disposition to tell it.

It is therefore the Privilege of Posterity to adjust the Characters of illustrious Persons, and to set Matters right between those Antagonists, who by their Rivalry for Greatness divided a whole Age into Factions. We can now allow *Cæsar* to be a great Man, without derogating from *Pompey*; and celebrate the Virtues of *Cato*, without detracting from those of *Cæsar*. Every one that has been long dead has a due Proportion of Praise allotted him, in which whilst he lived his Friends were too profuse and his Enemies too sparing.

According to Sir *Isaac Newton's* Calculations, the last Comet that made its Appearance in 1680, imbib'd so much Heat by its Approaches to the Sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red hot Iron, had it been a Globe of that Metal; and that supposing it as big as the Earth, and at the same Distance from the Sun, it would be fifty thousand Years in cooling, before it recover'd its natural Temper.¹ In the like manner, if an *Englishman* considers the great Ferment into which our Political World is thrown at present, and how intensely it is heated in all its Parts, he cannot suppose that it will cool again in less than three hundred Years. In such a Tract of Time it is possible that the Heats of the present Age may be extinguished, and our several Classes of great Men represented under their proper Characters. Some eminent Historian may then probably arise that will not write *recentibus odiis* (as *Tacitus* expresses it) with the Passions and Prejudices of a contemporary Author, but make an impartial Distribution of Fame among the Great Men of the present Age.

I cannot forbear entertaining my self very often with the Idea of such an imaginary Historian describing the Reign of *ANNE* the First, and introducing it with a Preface to his Reader, that he is now entering upon the most shining Part of the *English* Story. The great Rivals in Fame will then be distinguished according to their respective Merits, and shine in their proper Points of Light. Such [an²] one (says the Historian) tho' variously represented by the Writers of his own Age, appears to have been a Man of more than ordinary Abilities, great Application and uncommon Integrity: Nor was such an one (tho' of an opposite Party and Interest) inferior to him in any of these Respects. The several Antagonists who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and are celebrated or traduced by different Parties, will then have the same Body of Admirers, and appear Illustrious in the Opinion of the whole *British* Nation. The deserving Man, who can now recommend himself to the Esteem of but half his Countrymen, will then receive the Approbations and Applauses of a whole Age.

Among the several Persons that flourish in this Glorious Reign, there is no question but such a future Historian as the Person of whom I am speaking, will make mention of the Men of Genius

¹ In his *Principia*, published 1687, Newton says this to show that the nuclei of Comets must consist of solid matter.

² [a]

and Learning, who have now any Figure in the *British Nation*. For my own part, I often flatter my self with the honourable Mention which will then be made of me; and have drawn up a Paragraph in my own Imagination, that I fancy will not be altogether unlike what will be found in some Page or other of this imaginary Historian.

It was under this Reign, says he, that the SPECTATOR publish'd those little Diurnal Essays which are still extant. We know very little of the Name or Person of this Author, except only that he was a Man of a very short Face, extremely addicted to Silence, and so great a Lover of Knowledge, that he made a Voyage to *Grand Cairo* for no other Reason, but to take the Measure of a Pyramid. His chief Friend was one Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, a whimsical Country Knight, and a *Templar* whose Name he has not transmitted to us. He lived as a Lodger at the House of a Widow-Woman, and was a great Humourist in all Parts of his Life. This is all we can affirm with any Certainty of his Person and Character. As for his Speculations, notwithstanding the several obsolete Words and obscure Phrases of the Age in which he lived, we still understand enough of them to see the Diversions and Characters of the *English Nation* in his Time: Not but that we are to make Allowance for the Mirth and Humour of the Author, who has doubtless strained many Representations of Things beyond the Truth. For if we interpret his Words in their literal Meaning, we must suppose that Women of the first Quality used to pass away whole Mornings at a Puppet-Show: That they attested their Principles by their *Patches*: That an Audience would sit out [an¹] Evening to hear a Dramatical Performance written in a Language which they did not understand: That Chairs and Flower-pots were introduced as Actors upon the *British Stage*: That a promiscuous Assembly of Men and Women were allowed to meet at Midnight in Masques within the Verge of the Court; with many Improbabilities of the like Nature. We must therefore, in these and the like Cases, suppose that these remote Hints and Allusions aimed at some certain Follies which were then in Vogue, and which at present we have not any Notion of. We may guess by several Passages in the *Speculations*, that there were Writers who endeavoured to detract from the Works of this Author; but as nothing of this nature is come down to us, we cannot guess at any Objections that could be made to his Paper. If we consider his Style with that Indulgence which we must shew to old *English Writers*, or if we look into the Variety of his Subjects, with those several Critical Dissertations, Moral Reflections,

The following Part of the Paragraph is so much to my Advantage, and beyond any thing I can pretend to, that I hope my Reader will excuse me for not inserting it. L.

¹ [a whole]

No. 102.] Wednesday, June 27, 1711. [Addison.

—*Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.*—Phædr.

I DO not know whether to call the following Letter a Satyr upon Coquets, or a Representation of their several fantastical Accomplishments, or what other Title to give it; but as it is I shall communicate it to the Publick. It will sufficiently explain its own Intentions, so that I shall give it my Reader at Length, without either Preface or Postscript.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
Women are armed with Fans as Men with Swords, and sometimes do more Execution with them. To the end therefore that Ladies may be entire Mistresses of the Weapon which they bear, I have erected an Academy for the training up of young Women in the *Exercise of the Fan*, according to the most fashionable Airs and Motions that are now practis'd at Court. The Ladies who carry Fans under me are drawn up twice a-day in my great Hall, where they are instructed in the Use of their Arms, and exercised by the following Words of Command,

Handle your Fans,
Unfurl your Fans,
Discharge your Fans,
Ground your Fans,
Recover your Fans,
Flutter your Fans.

By the right Observation of these few plain Words of Command, a Woman of a tolerable Genius, [who¹] will apply herself diligently to her Exercise for the Space of but one half Year, shall be able to give her Fan all the Graces that can possibly enter into that little modish Machine.

But to the end that my Readers may form to themselves a right Notion of this *Exercise*, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its Parts. When my Female Regiment is drawn up in Array, with every one her Weapon in her Hand, upon my giving the Word to *handle their Fans*, each of them shakes her Fan at me with a Smile, then gives her Right-hand Woman a Tap upon the Shoulder, then presses her Lips with the Extremity of her Fan, then lets her Arms fall in an easy Motion, and stands in a Readiness to receive the next Word of Command. All this is done with a close Fan, and is generally learned in the first Week.

The next Motion is that of *unfurling the Fan*, in which [are²] comprehended several little Flirts and Vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate Openings, with many voluntary Fallings asunder in the Fan itself, that are seldom learned under a Month's Practice. This Part of the *Exercise* pleases the Spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite Number of *Cupids*, [Garlands,] Altars, Birds,

¹ [that]

² [is]

'Beasts, Rainbows, and the like agreeable Figures, that display themselves to View, whilst every one in the Regiment holds a Picture in her Hand.

'Upon my giving the Word to *discharge their Fans*, they give one general Crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the Wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult Parts of the *Exercise*; but I have several Ladies with me, who at their first Entrance could not give a Pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of a Room, who can now *discharge a Fan* in such a manner, that it shall make a Report like a Pocket-Pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young Women from letting off their Fans in wrong Places or unsuitable Occasions) to shew upon what Subject the Crack of a Fan may come in properly: I have likewise invented a Fan, with which a Girl of Sixteen, by the help of a little Wind which is inclosed about one of the largest Sticks, can make as loud a Crack as a Woman of Fifty with an ordinary Fan.

'When the Fans are thus *discharged*, the Word of Command in course is to *ground their Fans*. This teaches a Lady to quit her Fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a Pack of Cards, adjust a Curl of Hair, replace a falling Pin, or apply her self to any other Matter of Importance. This Part of the *Exercise*, as it only consists in tossing a Fan with an Air upon a long Table (which stands by for that Purpose) may be learned in two Days Time as well as in a Twelvemonth.

'When my Female Regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the Room for some Time; when on a sudden (like Ladies that look upon their Watches after a long Visit) they all of them hasten to their Arms, catch them up in a Hurry, and place themselves in their proper Stations upon my calling out *Recover your Fans*. This Part of the *Exercise* is not difficult, provided a Woman applies her Thoughts to it.

'The *Fluttering of the Fan* is the last, and indeed the Master-piece of the whole *Exercise*; but if a Lady does not mis spend her Time, she may make herself Mistress of it in three Months. I generally lay aside the Dog-days and the hot Time of the Summer for the teaching this Part of the *Exercise*; for as soon as ever I pronounce *Flutter your Fans*, the Place is fill'd with so many Zephyrs and gentle Breezes as are very refreshing in that Season of the Year, tho' they might be dangerous to Ladies of a tender Constitution in any other.

'There is an infinite Variety of Motions to be made use of in the *Flutter of a Fan*. There is the angry Flutter, the modest Flutter, the timorous Flutter, the confused Flutter, the merry Flutter, and the amorous Flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any Emotion in the Mind [which¹] does not produce a suitable Agitation in the Fan; insomuch, that if I only see the Fan of a disciplin'd Lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a Fan so very angry, that it would have been dan-

¹ [that]

'gerous for the absent Lover [who¹] provoked it to have come within the Wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the Lady's sake the Lover was at a sufficient Distance from it. I need not add, that a Fan is either a Prude or Coquet according to the Nature of the Person [who²] bears it. To conclude my Letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own Observations compiled a little Treatise for the use of my Scholars, entitled *The Passions of the Fan*; which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of use to the Publick. I shall have a general Review on *Thursday* next; to which you shall be very welcome if you will honour it with your Presence.

I am, &c.

P. S. 'I teach young Gentlemen the whole Art of Gallanting a Fan.

N. B. 'I have several little plain Fans made for this Use, to avoid Expence. L.

No. 103.] Thursday, June 28, 1711. [Steele.

Sibi quivis

Speret idem frustra sudet frustra que laboret
Ausus idem Hor.

MY Friend the Divine having been used with Words of Complaisance (which he thinks could be properly applied to no one living, and I think could be only spoken of him, and that in his Absence) was so extremely offended with the excessive way of speaking Civilities among us, that he made a Discourse against it at the Club; which he concluded with this Remark, That he had not heard one Compliment made in our Society since its Commencement. Every one was pleased with his Conclusion; and as each knew his good Will to the rest, he was convinced that the many Professions of Kindness and Service, which we ordinarily meet with, are not natural where the Heart is well inclined; but are a Prostitution of Speech, seldom intended to mean Any Part of what they express, never to mean All they express. Our Reverend Friend, upon this Topick, pointed to us two or three Paragraphs on this Subject in the first Sermon of the first Volume of the late Arch-Bishop's Posthumous Works.³ I do not know that I ever read any thing that pleased me more, and as it is the Praise of *Longinus*, that he Speaks of the Sublime in a Style suitable to it, so one may say of this Author upon Sincerity, that he abhors any Pomp of Rhetorick on this Occasion, and treats it with a more than ordinary Simplicity, at once to be a Preacher and an Example. With what Command of himself does he

¹ [that]

² [that]

³ This sermon 'on Sincerity,' from John i. 47, is the last Tillotson preached. He preached it in 1694, on the 29th of July, and died, in that year, on the 24th of November, at the age of 64. John Tillotson was the son of a Yorkshire clothier, and was made Archbishop of Canterbury in 1691, on the deprivation of William Sancroft for his refusal to take the oaths to William and Mary.

lay before us, in the Language and Temper of his Profession, a Fault, which by the least Liberty and Warmth of Expression would be the most lively Wit and Satyr? But his Heart was better disposed, and the good Man chastised the great Wit in such a manner, that he was able to speak as follows.

—Amongst too many other Instances of the great Corruption and Degeneracy of the Age wherein we live, the great and general Want of Sincerity in Conversation is none of the least. The World is grown so full of Dissimulation and Compliment, that Mens Words are hardly any Signification of their Thoughts; and if any Man measure his Words by his Heart, and speak as he thinks, and do not express more Kindness to every Man, than Men usually have for any Man, he can hardly escape the Censure of want of Breeding. The old *English* Plainness and Sincerity, that generous Integrity of Nature, and Honesty of Disposition, which always argues true Greatness of Mind and is usually accompanied with undaunted Courage and Resolution, is in a great measure lost amongst us: There hath been a long Endeavour to transform us into Foreign Manners and Fashions, and to bring us to a servile Imitation of none of the best of our Neighbours in some of the worst of their Qualities. The Dialect of Conversation is now-a-days so swelled with Vanity and Compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of Expressions of Kindness and Respect, that if a Man that lived an Age or two ago should return into the World again he would really want a Dictionary to help him to understand his own Language, and to know the true intrinsic Value of the Phrase in Fashion, and would hardly at first believe at what a low Rate the highest Strains and Expressions of Kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current Payment; and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good Countenance and a good Conscience to converse with Men upon equal Terms, and in their own way.

And in truth it is hard to say, whether it should more provoke our Contempt or our Pity, to hear what solemn Expressions of Respect and Kindness will pass between Men, almost upon no Occasion; how great Honour and Esteem they will declare for one whom perhaps they never saw before, and how entirely they are all on the sudden devoted to his Service and Interest, for no Reason; how infinitely and eternally obliged to him, for no Benefit; and how extremly they will be concerned for him, yea and afflicted too, for no Cause. I know it is said, in Justification of this hollow kind of Conversation, that there is no Harm, no real Deceit in Compliment, but the Matter is well enough, so long as we understand one another; *et Verba valent ut Nummi, Words are like Money*; and when the current Value of them is generally understood, no Man is cheated by them. This is something, if such Words were any thing; but being brought into the Account, they are meer Cyphers. However, it is still a just Matter of Complaint, that Sincerity and Plainness are out of Fashion, and that our Language is running into a Lie; that Men have

almost quite perverted the use of Speech, and made Words to signifie nothing, that the greatest part of the Conversation of Mankind is little else but driving a Trade of Dissimulation; insomuch that it would make a Man heartily sick and weary of the World, to see the little Sincerity that is in Use and Practice among Men.

When the Vice is placed in this contemptible Light, he argues unanswerably against it, in Words and Thoughts so natural, that any Man who reads them would imagine he himself could have been the Author of them.

If the Show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure Sincerity is better: for why does any Man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a Quality as he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the Appearance of some real Excellency. Now the best way in the World to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the Pretence of a good Quality, as to have it; and if a Man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it; and then all his Pains and Labour to seem to have it, is lost.

In another Part of the same Discourse he goes on to shew, that all Artifice must naturally tend to the Disappointment of him that practises it.

Whatsoever Convenience may be thought to be in Falshood and Dissimulation, it is soon over; but the Inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a Man under an everlasting Jealousie and Suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks Truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a Man hath once forfeited the Reputation of his Integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his Turn, neither Truth nor Falshood. R.

No. 104.] Friday, June 29, 1711. [Steele.

—*Qualis equos Threissa fatigat
Harpalyce*— Virg.

IT would be a noble Improvement, or rather a Recovery of what we call good Breeding, if nothing were to pass amongst us for agreeable which was the least Transgression against that Rule of Life called Decorum, or a Regard to Decency. This would command the Respect of Mankind, because it carries in it Deference to their good Opinion, as Humility lodged in a worthy Mind is always attended with a certain Homage, which no haughty Soul, with all the Arts imaginable, will ever be able to purchase. Tully says, Virtue and Decency are so nearly related, that it is difficult to separate them from each other but in our Imagination. As the Beauty of the Body always accompanies the Health of it, so certainly is Decency concomitant to Virtue: As Beauty of Body, with an agreeable Carriage, pleases the Eye, and that Pleasure consists in that we observe all the Parts with a certain Elegance are proportioned to each other; so does

Decency of Behaviour which appears in our Lives obtain the Approbation of all with whom we converse, from the Order, Consistency, and Moderation of our Words and Actions. This flows from the Reverence we bear towards every good Man, and to the World in general; for to be negligent of what any one thinks of you, does not only shew you arrogant but abandoned. In all these Considerations we are to distinguish how one Virtue differs from another; As it is the Part of Justice never to do Violence, it is of Modesty never to commit Offence. In this last Particular lies the whole Force of what is called Decency; to this purpose that excellent Moralists above-mentioned talks of Decency; but this Quality is more easily comprehended by an ordinary Capacity, than expressed with all his Eloquence. This Decency of Behaviour is generally transgressed among all Orders of Men; nay, the very Women, tho' themselves created as it were for Ornament, are often very much mistaken in this ornamental Part of Life. It would methinks be a short Rule for Behaviour, if every young Lady in her Dress, Words, and Actions were only to recommend her self as a Sister, Daughter, or Wife, and make herself the more esteemed in one of those Characters. The Care of themselves, with regard to the Families in which Women are born, is the best Motive for their being courted to come into the Alliance of other Houses. Nothing can promote this End more than a strict Preservation of Decency. I should be glad if a certain Equestrian Order of Ladies, some of whom one meets in an Evening at every Outlet of the Town, would take this Subject into their serious Consideration; In order thereunto the following Letter may not be wholly unworthy their Perusal.¹

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Going lately to take the Air in one of the most beautiful Evenings this Season has produced, as I was admiring the Serenity of the Sky, the lively Colours of the Fields, and the Variety of the Landskip every Way around me, my Eyes were suddenly called off from these inanimate Objects by a little party of Horsemen I saw passing the Road. The greater Part of them escaped my particular Observation, by reason that my whole Attention was fixed on a very fair Youth who rode in the midst of them, and seemed to have been dressed by some Description in a Romance. His Features, Complexion, and Habit had a remarkable Effeminacy, and a certain languishing Vanity appeared in his Air: His Hair, well curl'd and powder'd, hung to a considerable Length on his Shoulders, and was wantonly ty'd, as if by the Hands of his Mistress, in a Scarlet Ribbon, which played like a Streamer behind him: He had a Coat and Wastecoat of blue Camlet trimm'd and embroidered with Silver; a Cravat of the finest Lace; and wore, in a smart Cock, a little Beaver Hat edged with Silver, and made more sprightly by a Feather. His Horse too, which was a Pacer, was adorned after the same airy Manner, and seemed to

'share in the Vanity of the Rider. As I was pitying the Luxury of this young Person, who appeared to me to have been educated only as an Object of Sight, I perceived on my nearer Approach, and as I turned my Eyes downward, a Part of the Equipage I had not observed before, which was a Petticoat of the same with the Coat and Wastecoat. After this Discovery, I looked again on the Face of the fair *Amazon* who had thus deceived me, and thought those Features which had before offended me by their Softness, were now strengthened into as improper a Boldness; and tho' her Eyes Nose and Mouth seemed to be formed with perfect Symmetry, I am not certain whether she, who in Appearance was a very handsome Youth, may not be in Reality a very indifferent Woman.

'There is an Objection which naturally presents it self against these occasional Perplexities and Mixtures of Dress, which is, that they seem to break in upon that Propriety and Distinction of Appearance in which the Beauty of different Characters is preserved; and if they should be more frequent than they are at present, would look like turning our publick Assemblies into a general Masquerade. The Model of this *Amazonian* Hunting-Habit for Ladies, was, as I take it, first imported from *France*, and well enough expresses the Gaiety of a People who are taught to do any thing so it be with an Assurance; but I cannot help thinking it sits awkwardly yet on our *English* Modesty. The Petticoat is a kind of Incumbrance upon it, and if the *Amazons* should think fit to go on in this Plunder of our Sex's Ornaments, they ought to add to their Spoils, and compleat their Triumph over us, by wearing the Breeches.

'If it be natural to contract insensibly the Manners of those we imitate, the Ladies who are pleased with assuming our Dresses will do us more Honour than we deserve, but they will do it at their own Expence. Why should the lovely *Camilla* deceive us in more Shapes than her own, and affect to be represented in her Picture with a Gun and a Spaniel, while her elder Brother, the Heir of a worthy Family, is drawn in Silks like his Sister? The Dress and Air of a Man are not well to be divided; and those who would not be content with the latter, ought never to think of assuming the former. There is so large a portion of natural Agreeableness among the Fair Sex of our Island, that they seem betrayed into these romantick Habits without having the same Occasion for them with their Inventors: All that needs to be desired of them is, that they would be themselves, that is, what Nature designed them; and to see their Mistake when they depart from this, let them look upon a Man who affects the Softness and Effeminacy of a Woman, to learn how their Sex must appear to us, when approaching to the Resemblance of a Man.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

T.

¹ The letter is by John Hughes.

No. 105.] Saturday, June 30, 1711. [Addison.

— *Id arbitror*
Adprime in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis.
Ter. And.

MY Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB values himself very much upon what he calls the Knowledge of Mankind, which has cost him many Disasters in his Youth; for WILL. reckons every Misfortune that he has met with among the Women, and every Rencontre among the Men, as Parts of his Education, and fancies he should never have been the Man he is, had not he broke Windows, knocked down Constables, disturbed honest People with his Midnight Serenades, and beat up a lewd Woman's Quarters, when he was a young Fellow. The engaging in Adventures of this Nature WILL. calls the studying of Mankind; and terms this Knowledge of the Town, the Knowledge of the World. WILL. ingenuously confesses, that for half his Life his Head ached every Morning with reading of Men over-night; and at present comforts himself under certain Pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the Gallantries of the Age. This WILL. looks upon as the Learning of a Gentleman, and regards all other kinds of Science as the Accomplishments of one whom he calls a Scholar, a Bookish Man, or a Philosopher.

For these Reasons WILL. shines in mixt Company, where he has the Discretion not to go out of his Depth, and has often a certain way of making his real Ignorance appear a seeming one. Our Club however has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never spare him. For as WILL. often insults us with the Knowledge of the Town, we sometimes take our Revenge upon him by our Knowledge [of¹] Books.

He was last Week producing two or three Letters which he writ in his Youth to a Coquet Lady. The Raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a mere Man of the Town; but, very unluckily, several of the Words were wrong spelt. WILL. laught this off at first as well as he could; but finding himself pushed on all sides, and especially by the *Templar*, he told us, with a little Passion, that he never liked Pedantry in Spelling, and that he spelt like a Gentleman, and not like a Scholar: Upon this WILL. had recourse to his old Topick of shewing the narrow-Spiritedness, the Pride, and Ignorance of Pedants; which he carried so far, that upon my retiring to my Lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such Reflections as occurred to me upon that Subject.

A Man [who²] has been brought up among Books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent Companion, and what we call a Pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the Title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his Profession and particular way of Life.

¹ [in]

² [that]

What is a greater Pedant than a meer Man of the Town? Bar him the Play-houses, a Catalogue of the reigning Beauties, and an Account of a few fashionable Distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty Gentleman's Knowledge lies all within the Verge of the Court? He will tell you the Names of the principal Favourites, repeat the shrewd Sayings of a Man of Quality, whisper an Intreague that is not yet blown upon by common Fame; or, if the Sphere of his Observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the Incidents, Turns, and Revolutions in a Game of Ombre. When he has gone thus far he has shown you the whole Circle of his Accomplishments, his Parts are drained, and he is disabled from any further Conversation. What are these but rank Pedants? and yet these are the Men [who¹] value themselves most on their Exemption from the Pedantry of Colleges.

I might here mention the Military Pedant who always talks in a Camp, and is storming Towns, making Lodgments and fighting Battles from one end of the Year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of Gunpowder; if you take away his Artillery from him, he has not a Word to say for himself. I might likewise mention the Law-Pedant, that is perpetually putting Cases, repeating the Transactions of *Westminster-Hall*, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent Circumstances of Life, and not to be convinced of the Distance of a Place, or of the most trivial Point in Conversation, but by dint of Argument. The State-Pedant is wrapt up in News, and lost in Politicks. If you mention either of the Kings of *Spain* or *Poland*, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the *Gazette*, you drop him. In short, a meer Courtier, a meer Soldier, a meer Scholar, a meer any thing, is an insipid Pedantick Character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the Species of Pedants, which I have [mentioned²], the Book-Pedant is much the most supportable; he has at least an exercised Understanding, and a Head which is full though confused, so that a Man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own Advantage, tho' they are of little Use to the Owner. The worst kind of Pedants among Learned Men, are such as are naturally endued with a very small Share of common Sense, and have read a great number of Books without Taste or Distinction.

The Truth of it is, Learning, like Travelling, and all other Methods of Improvement, as it finishes good Sense, so it makes a silly Man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of Matter to his Impertinence, and giving him an Opportunity of abounding in Absurdities.

Shallow Pedants cry up one another much more than Men of solid and useful Learning. To read the Titles they give an Editor, or Collator of a Manuscript, you would take him for the Glory of the Commonwealth of Letters, and the Wonder of his Age, when perhaps upon Examination you

¹ [that] ² [above mentioned]

find that he has only Rectify'd a *Greek* Particle, or laid out a whole Sentence in proper Commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus lavish of their Praises, that they may keep one another in Countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of Knowledge, which is not capable of making a Man wise, has a natural Tendency to make him Vain and Arrogant. L.

No. 106.] Monday, July 2, 1711. [Addison.

—————*Hinc tibi Copia*
Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Rur is honorum opulenta cornu. Hor.

HAVING often received an Invitation from my Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY to pass away a Month with him in the Country, I last Week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his Country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing Speculations. Sir ROGER, who is very well acquainted with my Humour, lets me rise and go to Bed when I please, dine at his own Table or in my Chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the Gentlemen of the Country come to see him, he only shews me at a Distance: As I have been walking in his Fields I have observed them stealing a Sight of me over an Hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at Ease in Sir ROGER'S Family, because it consists of sober and staid Persons; for as the Knight is the best Master in the World, he seldom changes his Servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his Servants never care for leaving him; by this means his Domesticks are all in Years, and grown old with their Master. You would take his Valet de Chambre for his Brother, his Butler is grey-headed, his Groom is one of the gravest Men that I have ever seen, and his Coachman has the Looks of a Privy-Counsellor. You see the Goodness of the Master even in the old House-dog, and in a grey Pad that is kept in the Stable with great Care and Tenderness out of Regard to his past Services, tho' he has been useless for several Years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of Pleasure the Joy that appeared in the Countenances of these ancient Domesticks upon my Friend's Arrival at his Country-Seat. Some of them could not refrain from Tears at the Sight of their old Master; every one of them press'd forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with a Mixture of the Father and the Master of the Family, tempered the Enquiries after his own Affairs with several kind Questions relating to themselves. This Humanity and good Nature engages every Body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his Family are in good Humour, and none so much as the Person whom he diverts himself with: On the contrary, if he coughs, or

betrays any Infirmity of old Age, it is easy for a Stander-by to observe a secret Concern in the Looks of all his Servants.¹

My worthy Friend has put me under the particular Care of his Butler, who is a very prudent Man, and, as well as the rest of his Fellow-Servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their Master talk of me as of his particular Friend.

My chief Companion, when Sir ROGER is diverting himself in the Woods or the Fields, is a very venerable Man who is ever with Sir ROGER, and has lived at his House in the Nature of a Chaplain above thirty Years. This Gentleman is a Person of good Sense and some Learning, of a very regular Life and obliging Conversation: He heartily loves Sir ROGER, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's Esteem, so that he lives in the Family rather as a Relation than a Dependant.

I have observed in several of my Papers, that my Friend Sir ROGER, amidst all his good Qualities, is something of an Humourist; and that his Virtues, as well as Imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain Extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other Men. This Cast of Mind, as it is generally very innocent in it self, so it renders his Conversation highly agreeable, and more

¹ Thomas Tyers in his *Historical Essay on Mr. Addison* (1783) first named Sir John Pakington, of Westwood, Worcestershire, as the original of Sir Roger de Coverley. But there is no real parallel. Sir John, as Mr. W. H. Wills has pointed out in his delightful annotated collection of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers, was twice married, a barrister, Recorder of the City of Worcester, and M.P. for his native county, in every Parliament but one, from his majority till his death.

The name of Roger of Coverley applied to a *contre-danse* (i.e. a dance in which partners stand in opposite rows) Anglicised Country-Dance, was ascribed to the house of Calverley in Yorkshire, by an ingenious member thereof, Ralph Thoresby, who has left a MS. account of the family written in 1717. Mr. Thoresby has it that Sir Roger of Calverley in the time of Richard I. had a harper who was the composer of this tune; his evidence being, apparently, that persons of the name of Harper had lands in the neighbourhood of Calverley. Mr. W. Chappell, who repeats this statement in his 'Popular Music of the Olden Time,' says that in a MS. of the beginning of the last century, this tune is called 'Old Roger of Coverlay for evermore. A Lancashire Hornpipe.' In the *Dancing Master* of 1696, it is called 'Roger of Coverly.' Mr. Chappell quotes also, in illustration of the familiar knowledge of this tune and its name in Addison's time, from 'the History of Robert Powell, the Puppet Showman (1715),' that 'upon the Preludis being ended, each party fell to bawling and calling for particular tunes. The hobnail'd fellows, whose breeches and lungs seem'd to be of the same leather, cried out for *Cheshire Rounds, Roger of Coverly,*' &c.

delightful than the same Degree of Sense and Virtue would appear in their common and ordinary Colours. As I was walking with him last Night, he asked me how I liked the good Man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my Answer told me, That he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own Table; for which Reason he desired a particular Friend of his at the University to find him out a Clergyman rather of plain Sense than much Learning, of a good Aspect, a clear Voice, a sociable Temper, and, if possible, a Man that understood a little of Back-Gammon. My Friend, says Sir ROGER, found me out this Gentleman, who, besides the Endowments [required¹] of him, is, they tell me, a good Scholar, tho' he does not shew it. I have given him the Parsonage of the Parish; and because I know his Value have settled upon him a good Annuity for Life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my Esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty Years; and tho' he does not know I have taken Notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, tho' he is every Day solliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my Tenants his Parishioners. There has not been a Law-suit in the Parish since he has liv'd among them: If any Dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the Decision; if they do not acquiesce in his Judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a Present of all the good Sermons [which²] have been printed in *English*, and only begg'd of him that every *Sunday* he would pronounce one of them in the Pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a Series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued System of practical Divinity.

As Sir ROGER was going on in his Story, the Gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to morrow (for it was *Saturday* Night) told us, the Bishop of *St. Asaph* in the Morning, and Dr. *South* in the Afternoon. He then shewed us his List of Preachers for the whole Year, where I saw with a great deal of Pleasure Archbishop *Tillotson*, Bishop *Saunderson*, Doctor *Barrow*, Doctor *Calamy*,³ with several living Authors who have

¹ [I required]

² [that]

³ Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons appeared in 14 volumes, small 8vo, published at intervals; the first in 1671; the second in 1678; the third in 1682; the fourth in 1694; and the others after his death in that year. Robert Sanderson, who died in 1663, was a friend of Laud and chaplain to Charles I., who made him Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. At the Restoration he was made Bishop of Lincoln. His fame was high for piety and learning. The best edition of his Sermons was the eighth, published in 1687: Thirty-six Sermons, with Life by Izaak Walton. Isaac Barrow, Theologian and Mathematician, Cambridge Professor and Master of Trinity, died in 1677. His Works were edited by Archbishop Tillotson, and include Sermons that must have

published Discourses of Practical Divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable Man in the Pulpit, but I very much approved of my Friend's insisting upon the Qualifications of a good Aspect and a clear Voice; for I was so charmed with the Gracefulness of his Figure and Delivery, as well as with the Discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any Time more to my Satisfaction. A Sermon repeated after this Manner, is like the Composition of a Poet in the Mouth of a graceful Actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our Country Clergy would follow this Example; and instead of wasting their Spirits in laborious Compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome Elocution, and all those other Talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater Masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the People. L.

No. 107.] Tuesday, July 3, 1711. [Steele.

*Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,
Servumque collocarunt Æterna in Basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut Cuncti viam.*—Phæd.

THE Reception, manner of Attendance, undisturbed Freedom and Quiet, which I meet with here in the Country, has confirm'd me in the Opinion I always had, that the general Corruption of Manners in Servants is owing to the Conduct of Masters. The Aspect of every one in the Family carries so much Satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy Lot which has befallen him in being a Member of it. There is one Particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir ROGER's; it is usat in all other Places, that Servants fly from the Parts of the House through which their Master is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both Sides, as it were, understood as a Visit, when the Servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal Temper of the Man of the House, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great Estate, with such Oeconomy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own Mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish Expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent Orders to those about him. Thus Respect and Love go together; and a certain Chearfulness in Performance of their

been very much to the mind of Sir Roger de Coverley, 'Against Evil Speaking.' Edmund Calamy, who died in 1666, was a Nonconformist, and one of the writers of the Treatise against Episcopacy called, from the Initials of its authors, *Smectymnuus*, which Bishop Hall attacked and John Milton defended. Calamy opposed the execution of Charles I. and aided in bringing about the Restoration. He became chaplain to Charles II., but the Act of Uniformity again made him a seceder. His name, added to the other three, gives breadth to the suggestion of Sir Roger's orthodoxy.

Duty is the particular Distinction of the lower Part of this Family. When a Servant is called before his Master, he does not come with an Expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial Fault, threaten'd to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming Language, which mean Masters often give to worthy Servants; but it is often to know, what Road he took that he came so readily back according to Order; whether he passed by such a Ground, if the old Man who rents it is in good Health: or whether he gave Sir ROGER'S Love to him, or the like.

A Man who preserves a Respect, founded on his Benevolence to his Dependants, lives rather like a Prince than a Master in his Family; his Orders are received as Favours, rather than Duties; and the Distinction of approaching him is Part of the Reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another Circumstance in which my Friend excels in his Management, which is the Manner of rewarding his Servants: He has ever been of Opinion, that giving his cast Cloaths to be worn by Valets has a very ill Effect upon little Minds, and creates a Silly Sense of Equality between the Parties, in Persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this Occasion, and describe a young Gentleman abusing his Man in that Coat, which a Month or two before was the most pleasing Distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his Discourse still more pleasantly upon the Ladies Bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine Woman, who distributed Rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming Dresses to her Maids.

But my good Friend is above these little Instances of Good-will, in bestowing only Trifles on his Servants; a good Servant to him is sure of having it in his Choice very soon of being no Servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good an Husband, and knows so thoroughly that the Skill of the Purse is the Cardinal Virtue of this Life; I say, he knows so well that Frugality is the Support of Generosity, that he can often spare a large Fine when a Tenement falls, and give that Settlement to a good Servant who has a Mind to go into the World, or make a Stranger pay the Fine to that Servant, for his more comfortable Maintenance, if he stays in his Service.

A Man of Honour and Generosity considers, it would be miserable to himself to have no Will but that of another, tho' it were of the best Person breathing, and for that Reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his Servants into independent Livelihoods. The greatest Part of Sir ROGER'S Estate is tenanted by Persons who have served himself or his Ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the Visitants from several Parts to welcome his Arrival into the Country: and all the Difference that I could take notice of between the late Servants who came to see him, and those who staid in the Family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer Gentleman and better Courtiers.

This Manumission and placing them in a way of Livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good Servant, which Encouragement will make

his Successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the Narrowness of those Minds, which can be pleased, and be barren of Bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this Occasion, recount the Sense that Great Persons in all Ages have had of the Merit of their Dependants, and the Heroick Services which Men have done their Masters in the Extremity of their Fortunes; and shewn to their undone Patrons, that Fortune was all the Difference between them; but as I design this my Speculation only [as a¹] gentle Admonition to thankless Masters, I shall not go out of the Occurrences of Common Life, but assert it as a general Observation, that I never saw, but in Sir ROGER'S Family, and one or two more, good Servants treated as they ought to be. Sir ROGER'S Kindness extends to their Children's Children, and this very Morning he sent his Coachman's Grandson to Prentice. I shall conclude this Paper with an Account of a Picture in his Gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future Observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome Structure I saw the Portraiture of two young Men standing in a River, the one naked, the other in a Livery. The Person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to shew in his Face exquisite Joy and Love towards the other. I thought the fainting Figure resembled my Friend Sir ROGER; and looking at the Butler, who stood by me, for an Account of it, he informed me that the Person in the Livery was a Servant of Sir ROGER'S, who stood on the Shore while his Master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden Illness, and sink under Water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir ROGER took off the Dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great Bounty at that time, followed by his Favour ever since, had made him Master of that pretty Seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this House. I remember'd indeed Sir ROGER said there lived a very worthy Gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfy'd at some Part of the Picture my Attendant informed me that it was against Sir ROGER'S Will, and at the earnest Request of the Gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the Habit in which he had saved his Master. R.

No. 108.] Wednesday, July 4, 1711. [Addison.

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.
Phæd.

AS I was Yesterday Morning walking with Sir ROGER before his House, a Country-Fellow brought him a huge Fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very Morning; and that he presented it, with his Service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the

¹ [a]

same Time he delivered a Letter, which my Friend read to me as soon as the Messenger left him.

Sir ROGER,

'I Desire you to accept of a Jack, which is the best I have caught this Season. I intend to come and stay with you a Week, and see how the Perch bite in the *Black River*. I observed with some Concern, the last time I saw you upon the Bowling-Green, that your Whip wanted a Lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last Week, which I hope will serve you all the Time you are in the Country. I have not been out of the Saddle for six Days last past, having been at *Eaton* with Sir *John's* eldest Son. He takes to his Learning hugely. I am,

SIR, Your Humble Servant,
Will Wimble.¹

This extraordinary Letter, and Message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the Character and Quality of the Gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. *Will Wimble* is younger Brother to a Baronet, and descended of the ancient Family of the *Wimbles*. He is now between Forty and Fifty; but being bred to no Business and born to no Estate, he generally lives with his elder Brother as Superintendent of his Game. He hunts a Pack of Dogs better than any Man in the Country, and is very famous for finding out a Hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little Handicrafts of an idle Man: He makes a *May-fly* to a Miracle; and furnishes the whole Country with Angle-Rods. As he is a good-natur'd officious Fellow, and very much esteem'd upon account of his Family, he is a welcome Guest at every House, and keeps up a good Correspondence among all the Gentlemen about him. He carries a Tulip-root in his Pocket from one to another, or exchanges a Puppy between a Couple of Friends that live perhaps in the opposite Sides of the County. *Will* is a particular Favourite of all the young Heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a Net that he has weaved, or a Setting-dog that he has made himself: He now and then presents a Pair of Garters of his own knitting to their Mothers or Sisters; and raises a great deal of Mirth among them, by enquiring as often as he meets them *how they wear?* These Gentleman-like Manufactures and obliging little Humours, make *Will* the Darling of the Country.

¹ Will Wimble has been identified with Mr. Thomas Morecraft, younger son of a Yorkshire baronet. Mr. Morecraft in his early life became known to Steele, by whom he was introduced to Addison. He received help from Addison, and, after his death, went to Dublin, where he died in 1741 at the house of his friend, the Bishop of Kildare. There is no ground for this or any other attempt to find living persons in the creations of the *Spectator*, although, because lifelike, they were, in the usual way, attributed by readers to this or that individual, and so gave occasion for the statement of Budgell in the Preface to his *Theophrastus* that 'most of the characters in the *Spectator* were conspicuously known.' The only original of Will Wimble, as Mr. Wills has pointed out, is Mr. Thomas Gules of No. 256 in the *Tatler*.

Sir ROGER was proceeding in the Character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three Hazle-Twigs in his Hand that he had cut in Sir ROGER's Woods, as he came through them, in his Way to the House. I was very much pleased to observe on one Side the hearty and sincere Welcome with which Sir ROGER received him, and on the other, the secret Joy which his Guest discover'd at Sight of the good old Knight. After the first Salutes were over, *Will* desired Sir ROGER to lend him one of his Servants to carry a Set of Shuttlecocks he had with him in a little Box to a Lady that lived about a Mile off, to whom it seems he had promis'd such a Present for above this half Year. Sir ROGER's Back was no sooner turned but honest *Will* [began¹] to tell me of a large Cock-Pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring Woods, with two or three other Adventures of the same Nature. Odd and uncommon Characters are the Game that I look for, and most delight in; for which Reason I was as much pleased with the Novelty of the Person that talked to me, as he could be for his Life with the springing of a Pheasant, and therefore listned to him with more than ordinary Attention.

In the midst of his Discourse the Bell rung to Dinner, where the Gentleman I have been speaking of had the Pleasure of seeing the huge Jack, he had caught, served up for the first Dish in a most sumptuous Manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long Account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the Bank, with several other Particulars that lasted all the first Course. A Dish of Wild-fowl that came afterwards furnished Conversation for the rest of the Dinner, which concluded with a late Invention of *Will's* for improving the Quail-Pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my Room after Dinner, I was secretly touched with Compassion towards the honest Gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but consider with a great deal of Concern, how so good an Heart and such busy Hands were wholly employed in Trifles; that so much Humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much Industry so little advantageous to himself. The same Temper of Mind and Application to Affairs might have recommended him to the publick Esteem, and have raised his Fortune in another Station of Life. What Good to his Country or himself might not a Trader or Merchant have done with such useful tho' ordinary Qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the Case of many a younger Brother of a great Family, who had rather see their Children starve like Gentlemen, than thrive in a Trade or Profession that is beneath their Quality. This Humour fills several Parts of *Europe* with Pride and Beggary. It is the Happiness of a Trading Nation, like ours, that the younger Sons, tho' incapable of any liberal Art or Profession, may be placed in such a Way of Life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their Family: Accordingly we find several Citizens that were launched into the World with narrow Fortunes, rising by an honest Industry to

¹ [begun]

greater Estates than those of their elder Brothers. It is not improbable but *Will.* was formerly tried at Divinity, Law, or Physick; and that finding his Genius did not lie that Way, his Parents gave him up at length to his own Inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for Studies of a higher Nature, he was perfectly well turned for the Occupations of Trade and Commerce. As I think this is a Point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my Reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my Twenty first Speculation. L.

No. 109.] Thursday, July 5, 1711. [Steele.

Abnormis sapiens — Hor.

I WAS this Morning walking in the Gallery, when Sir ROGER entered at the End opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said, he was glad to meet me among his Relations the DE COVERLEYS, and hoped I liked the Conversation of so much good Company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the Pictures, and as he is a Gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient Descent, I expected he would give me some Account of them. We were now arrived at the upper End of the Gallery, when the Knight faced towards one of the Pictures, and as we stood before it, he entered into the Matter, after his blunt way of saying Things, as they occur to his Imagination, without regular Introduction, or Care to preserve the Appearance of Chain of Thought.

'It is, said he, worth while to consider the Force of Dress; and how the Persons of one Age differ from those of another, merely by that only. One may observe also, that the general Fashion of one Age has been followed by one particular Set of People in another, and by them preserved from one Generation to another. Thus the vast jetting Coat and small Bonnet, which was the Habit in *Harry* the Seventh's Time, is kept on in the Yeomen of the Guard; not without a good and politick View, because they look a Foot taller, and a Foot and an half broader: Besides that the Cap leaves the Face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the Entrance of Palaces.

'This Predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his Cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a Hat as I am. He was the last Man that won a Prize in the Tilt-Yard (which is now a Common Street before *Whitehall*.¹) You see the broken Lance that

lies there by his right Foot; He shivered that Lance of his Adversary all to Pieces; and bearing himself, look you, Sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the Target of the Gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible Force before him on the Pommel of his Saddle, he in that manner rid the Turnament over, with an Air that shewed he did it rather to perform the Rule of the Lists, than expose his Enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a Victory, and with a gentle Trot he marched up to a Gallery where their Mistress sat (for they were Rivals) and let him down with laudable Courtesy and pardonable Insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the Coffee-house is now.

'You are to know this my Ancestor was not only of a military Genius, but fit also for the Arts of Peace, for he played on the Base-Viol as well as any Gentlemen at Court; you see where his Viol hangs by his Basket-hilt Sword. The Action at the Tilt-yard you may be sure won the fair Lady, who was a Maid of Honour, and the greatest Beauty of her Time; here she stands, the next Picture. You see, Sir, my Great Great Grandmother has on the new-fashioned Petticoat, except that the Modern is gather'd at the Waste; my Grandmother appears as if she stood in a large Drum, whereas the Ladies now walk as if they were in a Go-Cart. For all this Lady was bred at Court, she became an Excellent Country-Wife, she brought ten Children, and when I shew you the Library, you shall see in her own Hand (allowing for the Difference of the Language) the best Receipt now in *England* both for an Hasty-pudding and a White-pot.¹

'If you please to fall back a little, because 'tis necessary to look at the three next Pictures at one View; these are three Sisters. She on the right Hand, who is so very beautiful, died a Maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same Fate, against her Will; this homely thing in the middle had both their Portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring Gentleman, a Man of Stratagem and Resolution, for he poisoned three Mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two Deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all Families: The Theft of this Romp and so much Mony, was no great matter to our Estate. But the next Heir that possessed it was this soft Gentleman, whom you see there: Observe the small Buttons, the little Boots, the Laces, the Slashes about his Cloaths, and above all the Posture he is drawn in, (which to be sure was his own choosing;) you see he sits with one Hand on a Desk writing, and looking as it were another way, like an easy Writer, or a Sonneteer: He was one of those that had too much Wit to know how to live in the World; he was a Man of no Justice, but great good Manners; he ruined every Body that had any thing to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his Life; the most indolent Person in the World, he would sign a Deed that passed away half his Estate with his Gloves on, but would not put on his Hat before a Lady if it

¹ When Henry VIII. drained the site of St. James's Park he formed, close to the Palace of Whitehall, a large Tilt-yard for noblemen and others to exercise themselves in jousting, tourneying, and fighting at the barriers. Houses afterwards were built on its ground, and one of them became Jenny Man's "Tilt Yard Coffee House." The Paymaster-General's office now stands on the site of it.

¹ A kind of Custard.

'were to save his Country. He is said to be the first that made Love by squeezing the Hand. He left the Estate with ten thousand Pounds Debt upon it, but however by all Hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest Gentleman in the World. That Debt lay heavy on our House for one Generation, but it was retrieved by a Gift from that honest Man you see there, a Citizen of our Name, but nothing at all a-kin to us. I know Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has said behind my Back, that this Man was descended from one of the ten Children of the Maid of Honour I shewed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing indeed, because Money was wanting at that time.

Here I saw my Friend a little embarrassed, and turned my Face to the next Portraiture.

Sir ROGER went on with his Account of the Gallery in the following Manner. 'This Man (pointing to him I looked at) I take to be the Honour of our House. Sir HUMPHREY DE COVERLEY; he was in his Dealings as punctual as a Tradesman, and as generous as a Gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his Word, as if it were to be followed by Bankruptcy. He served his Country as Knight of this Shire to his dying Day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an Integrity in his Words and Actions, even in things that regarded the Offices which were incumbent upon him, in the Care of his own Affairs and Relations of Life, and therefore dreaded (tho' he had great Talents) to go into Employments of State, where he must be exposed to the Snares of Ambition. Innocence of Life and great Ability were the distinguishing Parts of his Character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the Destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that Great and Good had not the same Signification. He was an excellent Husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a Degree of Wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret Bounties many Years after the Sum he aimed at for his own Use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his Industry, but to a decent old Age spent the Life and Fortune which was superfluous to himself, in the Service of his Friends and Neighbours.

Here we were called to Dinner, and Sir ROGER ended the Discourse of this Gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the Servant, that this his Ancestor was a brave Man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the Civil Wars; 'For,' said he, 'he was sent out of the Field upon a private Message, the Day before the Battel of Worcester.' The Whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a Day of Danger, with other Matters above-mentioned, mixed with good Sense, left me at a Loss whether I was more delighted with my Friend's Wisdom or Simplicity.

R.

No. 110.] Friday, July 6, 1711. [Addison.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.—Virg.

AT a little distance from Sir ROGER's House, among the Ruins of an old Abby, there is a long Walk of aged Elms; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the Rooks and Crows that rest upon the Tops of them seem to be cawing in another Region. I am very much delighted with this sort of Noise, which I consider as a kind of natural Prayer to that Being who supplies the Wants of his whole Creation, and [who], in the beautiful Language of the *Psalms*, feedeth the young Ravens that call upon him. I like this [Retirement¹] the better, because of an ill Report it lies under of being *haunted*; for which Reason (as I have been told in the Family) no living Creature ever walks in it besides the Chaplain. My good Friend the Butler desired me with a very grave Face not to venture my self in it after Sun-set, for that one of the Footmen had been almost frightened out of his Wits by a Spirit that appear'd to him in the Shape of a black Horse without an Head; to which he added, that about a Month ago one of the Maids coming home late that way with a Pail of Milk upon her Head, heard such a Rustling among the Bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a Walk in this Place last Night between the Hours of Nine and Ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper Scenes in the World for a Ghost to appear in. The Ruins of the Abby are scattered up and down on every Side, and half covered with Ivy and Elder-Bushes, the Harbours of several solitary Birds which seldom make their Appearance till the Dusk of the Evening. The Place was formerly a Church-yard, and has still several Marks in it of Graves and Burying-Places. There is such an Eccho among the old Ruins and Vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the Sound repeated. At the same time the Walk of Elms, with the Croaking of the Ravens which from time to time are heard from the Tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These Objects naturally raise Seriousness and Attention; and when Night heightens the Awfulness of the Place, and pours out her supernumerary Horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak Minds fill it with Spectres and Apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his Chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious Remarks to shew how by the Prejudice of Education one Idea often introduces into the Mind a whole Set that bear no Resemblance to one another in the Nature of things. Among several Examples of this Kind, he produces the following Instance. *The Ideas of Goblins and Sprights have really no more to do with Darkness than Light: Yet let but a foolish Maid inculcate these often on the Mind of a Child, and raise them there together,*

¹ [Walk]

possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but Darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful Ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other.¹

As I was walking in this Solitude, where the Dusk of the Evening conspired with so many other Occasions of Terrour, I observed a Cow grazing not far from me, which an Imagination that is apt to *startle* might easily have construed into a black Horse without an Head: And I dare say the poor Footman lost his Wits upon some such trivial Occasion.

My Friend Sir ROGER has often told me with a great deal of Mirth, that at his first coming to his Estate he found three Parts of his House altogether useless; that the best Room in it had the Reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that Noises had been heard in his long Gallery, so that he could not get a Servant to enter it after eight a Clock at Night; that the Door of one of his Chambers was nailed up, because there went a Story in the Family that a Butler had formerly hang'd himself in it; and that his Mother, who lived to a great Age, had shut up half the Rooms in the House, in which either her Husband, a Son, or Daughter had died. The Knight seeing his Habitation reduced [to²] so small a Compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own House, upon the Death of his Mother ordered [all the Apartments³] to be flung open, and *exorcised* by his Chaplain, who lay in every Room one after another, and by that Means dissipated the Fears which had so long reigned in the Family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous Horrors, did I not find them so very much prevail in all Parts of the Country. At the same time I think a Person who is thus terrify'd with the Imagination of Ghosts and Spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the Reports of all Historians sacred and prophane, ancient and modern, and to the Traditions of all Nations, thinks the Appearance of Spirits fabulous and groundless: Could not I give myself up to this general Testimony of Mankind, I should to the Relations of particular Persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other Matters of Fact. I might here add, that not only the Historians, to whom we may join the Poets, but likewise the Philosophers of Antiquity have favoured this Opinion. *Lucretius* himself, though by the Course of his Philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the Soul did not exist separate from the Body, makes no Doubt of the Reality of Apparitions, and that Men have often appeared after their Death. This I think very remarkable; he was so pressed with the Matter of Fact which he could not have the Confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical Notions that was ever started. He tells us, That the Surfaces of all Bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective Bodies,

¹ Essay on the Human Understanding, Bk. II., ch. 33.

² [into]

³ [the Rooms]

one after another; and that these Surfaces or thin Cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the Body like the Coats of an Onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the Shapes and Shadows of Persons who are either dead or absent.¹

I shall dismiss this Paper with a Story out of *Josephus*, not so much for the sake of the Story it self as for the moral Reflections with which the Author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own Words. '*Glaphyra* the Daughter of King *Archelaus*, after the Death of her two first Husbands (being married to a third, who was Brother to her first Husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former Wife to make room for this Marriage) had a very odd kind of Dream. She fancied that she saw her first Husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great Tenderness; when in the midst of the Pleasure which she expressed at the Sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: *Glaphyra*, says he, thou hast made good the old Saying, That Women are not to be trusted. Was not I the Husband of thy Virginitie? Have I not Children by thee? How couldst thou forget our Loves so far as to enter into a second Marriage, and after that into a third, nay to take for thy Husband a Man who has so shamelessly crept into the Bed of his Brother? However, for the sake of our passed Loves, I shall free thee from thy present Reproach, and make thee mine for ever. *Glaphyra* told this Dream to several Women of her Acquaintance, and died soon after.² I thought this Story might not be impertinent in this Place, wherein I speak of those Kings: Besides that, the Example deserves to be taken notice of as it contains a most certain Proof of the Immortality of the Soul, and of Divine Providence. If any Man thinks these Facts incredible, let him enjoy his own Opinion to himself, but let him not endeavour to disturb the Belief of others, who by Instances of this Nature are excited to the Study of Virtue.' L.

No. III.] Saturday, July 7, 1711. [Addison.]

—*Inter Silvas Academi quærere Verum.*

Hor.

THE Course of my last Speculation led me insensibly into a Subject upon which I always meditate with great Delight, I mean the Immortality of the Soul. I was yesterday walking alone in one of my Friend's Woods, and lost my self in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my Mind the several Arguments that establish this great Point, which is the Basis of Morality, and the Source of all the pleasing Hopes and secret Joys that can arise in the Heart of a reasonable

¹ Lucret. iv. 34, &c.

² Josephus, Antiq. Jud. lib. xvii. cap. 15, § 415.