

Creature. I considered those several Proofs, drawn ;

*First*, From the Nature of the Soul it self, and particularly its Immateriality ; which, tho' not absolutely necessary to the Eternity of its Duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a Demonstration.

*Secondly*, From its Passions and Sentiments, as particularly from its Love of Existence, its Horror of Annihilation, and its Hopes of Immortality, with that secret Satisfaction which it finds in the Practice of Virtue, and that Uneasiness which follows in it upon the Commission of Vice.

*Thirdly*, From the Nature of the Supreme Being, whose Justice, Goodness, Wisdom and Veracity are all concerned in this great Point.

But among these and other excellent Arguments for the Immortality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual Progress of the Soul to its Perfection, without a Possibility of ever arriving at it ; which is a Hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this Subject, tho' it seems to me to carry a great Weight with it. How can it enter into the Thoughts of Man, that the Soul, which is capable of such immense Perfections, and of receiving new Improvements to all Eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created ? Are such Abilities made for no Purpose ? A Brute arrives at a Point of Perfection that he can never pass : In a few Years he has all the Endowments he is capable of ; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human Soul thus at a stand in her Accomplishments, were her Faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further Enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a State of Annihilation. But can we believe a thinking Being that is in a perpetual Progress of Improvements, and travelling on from Perfection to Perfection, after having just looked abroad into the Works of its Creator, and made a few Discoveries of his infinite Goodness, Wisdom and Power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her Enquiries ?

A Man, considered in his present State, seems only sent into the World to propagate his Kind [ . He provides <sup>1</sup> ] himself with a Successor, and immediately quits his Post to make room for him.

*Hæres*

*Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.*

He does not seem born to enjoy Life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in Animals, which are formed for our Use, and can finish their Business in a short Life. The Silk-worm, after having spun her Task, lays her Eggs and dies. But a Man can never have taken in his full measure of Knowledge, has not time to subdue his Passions, establish his Soul in Virtue, and come up to the Perfection of his Nature, before he is hurried off the Stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious Creatures for so mean a Purpose ? Can he delight in the Production of such abortive Intelligences, such

short-lived reasonable Beings ? Would he give us Talents that are not to be exerted ? Capacities that are never to be gratified ? How can we find that Wisdom which shines through all his Works, in the Formation of Man, without looking on this World as only a Nursery for the next, and believing that the several Generations of rational Creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick Successions, are only to receive their first Rudiments of Existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly Climate, where they may spread and flourish to all Eternity.

There is not, in my Opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant Consideration in Religion than this of the perpetual Progress which the Soul makes towards the Perfection of its Nature, without ever arriving at a Period in it. To look upon the Soul as going on from Strength to Strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new Accessions of Glory, and brighten to all Eternity ; that she will be still adding Virtue to Virtue, and Knowledge to Knowledge ; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that Ambition which is natural to the Mind of Man. Nay, it must be a Prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his Creation for ever beautifying in his Eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater Degrees of Resemblance.

Methinks this single Consideration, of the Progress of a finite Spirit to Perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all Envy in inferior Natures, and all Contempt in superior. That Cherubim which now appears as a God to a human Soul, knows very well that the Period will come about in Eternity, when the human Soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is : Nay, when she shall look down upon that Degree of Perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true the higher Nature still advances, and by that means preserves his Distance and Superiority in the Scale of Being ; but he knows how high soever the Station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior Nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same Degree of Glory.

With what Astonishment and Veneration may we look into our own Souls, where there are such hidden Stores of Virtue and Knowledge, such inexhausted Sources of Perfection ? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the Heart of Man to conceive the Glory that will be always in Reserve for him. The Soul considered with its Creator, is like one of those Mathematical Lines that may draw nearer to another for all Eternity without a Possibility of touching it : <sup>1</sup> And can there be a Thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual Approaches to him, who is not only the Standard of Perfection but of Happiness ! I.

<sup>1</sup> The Asymptotes of the Hyperbola.

<sup>1</sup> [ , and provide ]

No. 112.] Monday, July 9, 1711. [Addison.

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοῦς, νόμῳ ὡς διά-  
κειται.  
Τιμᾶ— Pyth.

I AM always very well pleased with a Country *Sunday*; and think, if keeping holy the Seventh Day [were <sup>1</sup>] only a human Institution, it would be the best Method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of Mankind. It is certain the Country-People would soon degenerate into a kind of Savages and Barbarians, were there not such frequent Returns of a stated Time, in which the whole Village meet together with their best Faces, and in their cleanliest [Habits,<sup>2</sup>] to converse with one another upon indifferent Subjects, hear their Duties explained to them, and join together in Adoration of the Supreme Being. *Sunday* clears away the Rust of the whole Week, not only as it refreshes in their Minds the Notions of Religion, but as it puts both the Sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable Forms, and exerting all such Qualities as are apt to give them a Figure in the Eye of the Village. A Country-Fellow distinguishes himself as much in the *Church-yard*, as a Citizen does upon the *Change*, the whole Parish-Politicks being generally discussed in that Place either after Sermon or before the Bell rings.

My Friend Sir ROGER, being a good Churchman, has beautified the Inside of his Church with several Texts of his own chusing; He has likewise given a handsome Pulpit-Cloth, and railed in the Communion-Table at his own Expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his Estate he found [his Parishioners<sup>3</sup>] very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the Responses, he gave every one of them a Hassock and a Common-prayer Book: and at the same time employed an itinerant Singing-Master, who goes about the Country for that Purpose, to instruct them rightly in the Tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the Country Churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir ROGER is Landlord to the whole Congregation, he keeps them in very good Order, and will suffer no Body to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprized into a short Nap at Sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any Body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his Servant to them. Several other of the old Knight's Particularities break out upon these Occasions: Sometimes he will be lengthening out a Verse in the Singing-Psalms, half a Minute after the rest of the Congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the Matter of his Devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same Prayer; and sometimes stands up when

every Body else is upon their Knees, to count the Congregation, or see if any of his Tenants are missing.

I was Yesterday very much surprized to hear my old Friend, in the Midst of the Service, calling out to one *John Matthews* to mind what he was about, and not disturb the Congregation. This *John Matthews* it seems is remarkable for being an idle Fellow, and at that Time was kicking his Heels for his Diversion. This Authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd Manner which accompanies him in all Circumstances of Life, has a very good Effect upon the Parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his Behaviour; besides that the general good Sense and Worthiness of his Character makes his Friends observe these little Singularities as Foils that rather set off than blemish his good Qualities.

As soon as the Sermon is finished, no Body presumes to stir till Sir ROGER is gone out of the Church. The Knight walks down from his Seat in the Chancel between a double Row of his Tenants, that stand bowing to him on each Side; and every now and then enquires how such an one's Wife, or Mother, or Son, or Father do, whom he does not see at Church; which is understood as a secret Reprimand to the Person that is absent.

The Chaplain has often told me, that upon a Catechising-day, when Sir ROGER has been pleased with a Boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next Day for his Encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a Flich of Bacon to his Mother. Sir ROGER has likewise added five Pounds a Year to the Clerk's Place; and that he may encourage the young Fellows to make themselves perfect in the Church-Service, has promised upon the Death of the present Incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to Merit.

The fair Understanding between Sir ROGER and his Chaplain, and their mutual Concurrence in doing Good, is the more remarkable, because the very next Village is famous for the Differences and Contentions that rise between the Parson and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual State of War. The Parson is always preaching at the 'Squire, and the 'Squire to be revenged on the Parson never comes to Church. The 'Squire has made all his Tenants Atheists and Tithe-Stealers; while the Parson instructs them every *Sunday* in the Dignity of his Order, and insinuates to them in almost every Sermon, that he is a better Man than his Patron. In short, Matters are come to such an Extremity, that the 'Squire has not said his Prayers either in publick or private this half Year; and that the Parson threatens him, if he does not mend his Manners, to pray for him in the Face of the whole Congregation.

Feuds of this Nature, though too frequent in the Country, are very fatal to the ordinary People; who are so used to be dazled with Riches, that they pay as much Deference to the Understanding of a Man of an Estate, as of a Man of Learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any Truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are

<sup>1</sup> [had been]    <sup>2</sup> [Dress]    <sup>3</sup> [the Parish]

rather an inward Dissatisfaction in his own Mind, than any Dislike he had taken at the Company. Upon hearing his Name, I knew him to be a Gentleman of a considerable Fortune in this County, but greatly in Debt. What gives the unhappy Man this Peevishness of Spirit is, that his Estate is dipped, and is eating out with Usury; and yet he has not the Heart to sell any Part of it. His proud Stomach, at the Cost of restless Nights, constant Inquietudes, Danger of Affronts, and a thousand nameless Inconveniences, preserves this Canker in his Fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a Man of fewer Hundreds a Year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the Torment of Poverty, to avoid the Name of being less rich. If you go to his House you see great Plenty; but served in a Manner that shews it is all unnatural, and that the Master's Mind is not at home. There is a certain Waste and Carelessness in the Air of every thing, and the whole appears but a covered Indigence, a magnificent Poverty. That Neatness and Chearfulness, which attends the Table of him who lives within Compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a Libertine Way of Service in all about him.

This Gentleman's Conduct, tho' a very common way of Management, is as ridiculous as that Officer's would be, who had but few Men under his Command, and should take the Charge of an Extent of Country rather than of a small Pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a Man's Hands, a greater Estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable Vanity, and must in the End reduce the Man who is guilty of it to Dishonour. Yet if we look round us in any County of *Great Britain*, we shall see many in this fatal Error; if that may be called by so soft a Name, which proceeds from a false Shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary Behaviour would in a short Time advance them to the Condition which they pretend to.

*Laertes* has fifteen hundred Pounds a Year; which is mortgaged for six thousand Pounds; but it is impossible to convince him that if he sold as much as would pay off that Debt, he would save four Shillings in the Pound,<sup>1</sup> which he gives for the Vanity of being the reputed Master of it. [Yet<sup>2</sup>] if *Laertes* did this, he would, perhaps, be easier in his own Fortune; but then *Irus*, a Fellow of Yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a Year, would be his Equal. Rather than this shall be, *Laertes* goes on to bring well-born Beggars into the World, and every Twelvemonth charges his Estate with at least one Year's Rent more by the Birth of a Child.

*Laertes* and *Irus* are Neighbours, whose Way of living are an Abomination to each other. *Irus* is moved by the Fear of Poverty, and *Laertes* by the Shame of it. Though the Motive of Action is of so near Affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, 'That to each of them Poverty is the 'greatest of all Evils,' yet are their Manners very widely different. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* launch into unnecessary Equipage, vain Expense, and lavish Entertainments; Fear of Poverty makes *Irus* allow himself only plain Necessaries,

appear without a Servant, sell his own Corn, attend his Labourers, and be himself a Labourer. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* go every Day a step nearer to it; and Fear of Poverty stirs up *Irus* to make every Day some further Progress from it.

These different Motives produce the Excesses which Men are guilty of in the Negligence of and Provision for themselves. Usury, Stock-jobbing, Extortion and Oppression, have their Seed in the Dread of Want; and Vanity, Riot and Prodigality, from the Shame of it: But both these Excesses are infinitely below the Pursuit of a reasonable Creature. After we have taken Care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining our selves in the Order of Men suitable to our Character, the Care of Superfluities is a Vice no less extravagant, than the Neglect of Necessaries would have been before.

Certain it is that they are both out of Nature when she is followed with Reason and good Sense. It is from this Reflection that I always read Mr. *Cowley* with the greatest Pleasure: His Magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable Men as his Understanding; and it is a true distinguishing Spirit in the elegant Author who published his Works,<sup>1</sup> to dwell so much upon the Temper of his Mind and the Moderation of his Desires: By this means he has render'd his Friend as amiable as famous. That State of Life which bears the Face of Poverty with Mr. *Cowley's* great *Vulgar*, is admirably described; and it is no small Satisfaction to those of the same Turn of Desire, that he produces the Authority of the wisest Men of the best Age of the World, to strengthen his Opinion of the ordinary Pursuits of Mankind.

It would methinks be no ill Maxim of Life, if according to that Ancestor of Sir *ROGER*, whom I lately mentioned, every Man would point to himself what Sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a Tranquility on this Side of that Expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler Uses than his own Pleasures or Necessities. This Temper of Mind would exempt a Man from an ignorant Envy of restless Men above him, and a more inexcusable Contempt of happy Men below him. This would be sailing by some Compass, living with some Design; but to be eternally bewildered in Prospects of Future Gain, and putting on unnecessary Armour against improbable Blows of Fortune, is a Mechanick Being which has not good Sense for its Direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired Instinct towards things below our Consideration and unworthy our Esteem. It is possible that the Tranquility I now enjoy at Sir

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, in his Life of *Cowley* prefixed to an edition of the Poet's works. The temper of *Cowley* here referred to is especially shown in his Essays, as in the opening one 'Of Liberty,' and in that 'Of Greatness,' which is followed by the paraphrase from *Horace's* Odes, Bk. III. Od. i., beginning with the expression above quoted:

*Hence, ye profane; I hate ye all;  
Both the Great Vulgar and the Small.*

<sup>1</sup> The Land Tax.

<sup>2</sup> [But]

ROGER's may have created in me this Way of Thinking, which is so abstracted from the common Relish of the World: But as I am now in a pleasing Arbour surrounded with a beautiful Landskip, I find no Inclination so strong as to continue in these Mansions, so remote from the ostentatious Scenes of Life; and am at this present Writing Philosopher enough to conclude with Mr Cowley;

*If e'er Ambition did my Fancy cheat,  
With any Wish so mean as to be Great;  
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove  
The humble Blessings of that Life I love.*<sup>1</sup>

T.

No. 115.] Thursday, July 12, 1711. [Addison.

—*Ut sit Mens sana in Corpore sano.*—Juv.

**B**ODILY Labour is of two Kinds, either that which a Man submits to for his Livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his Pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the Name of Labour for that of Exercise, but differs only from ordinary Labour as it rises from another Motive.

A Country Life abounds in both these kinds of Labour, and for that Reason gives a Man a greater Stock of Health, and consequently a more perfect Enjoyment of himself, than any other Way of Life. I consider the Body as a System of Tubes and Glands, or to use a more Rustick Phrase, a Bundle of Pipes and Strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a Manner as to make a proper Engine for the Soul to work with. This Description does not only comprehend the Bowels, Bones, Tendons, Veins, Nerves and Arteries, but every Muscle and every Ligature, which is a Composition of Fibres, that are so many imperceptible Tubes or Pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible Glands or Strainers.

This general Idea of a Human Body, without considering it in its Niceties of Anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary Labour is for the right Preservation of it. There must be frequent Motions and Agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the Juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that Infinitude of Pipes and Strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid Parts a more firm and lasting Tone. Labour or Exercise ferments the Humours, casts them into their proper Channels, throws off Redundancies, and helps Nature in those secret Distributions, without which the Body cannot subsist in its Vigour, nor the Soul act with Chearfulness.

I might here mention the Effects which this has upon all the Faculties of the Mind, by keeping the Understanding clear, the Imagination untroubled, and refining those Spirits that are necessary for the proper Exertion of our intellectual Faculties, during the present Laws of Union between Soul and Body. It is to a Neglect in this Particular that we must ascribe the Spleen, which

is so frequent in Men of studious and sedentary Tempers, as well as the Vapours to which those of the other Sex are so often subject.

Had not Exercise been absolutely necessary for our Well-being, Nature would not have made the Body so proper for it, by giving such an Activity to the Limbs, and such a Pliancy to every Part as necessarily produce those Compressions, Extensions, Contortions, Dilatations, and all other kinds of [Motions<sup>1</sup>] that are necessary for the Preservation of such a System of Tubes and Glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want Inducements to engage us in such an Exercise of the Body as is proper for its Welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention Riches and Honour, even Food and Raiment are not to be come at without the Toil of the Hands and Sweat of the Brows. Providence furnishes Materials, but expects that we should work them up our selves. The Earth must be laboured before it gives its Encrease, and when it is forced into its several Products, how many Hands must they pass through before they are fit for Use? Manufactures, Trade, and Agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen Parts of the Species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to Labour, by the Condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of Mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary Labour which goes by the Name of Exercise.

My Friend Sir ROGER has been an indefatigable Man in Business of this kind, and has hung several Parts of his House with the Trophies of his former Labours. The Walls of his great Hall are covered with the Horns of several kinds of Deer that he has killed in the Chace, which he thinks the most valuable Furniture of his House, as they afford him frequent Topicks of Discourse, and shew that he has not been Idle. At the lower End of the Hall, is a large Otter's Skin stuffed with Hay, which his Mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the Knight looks upon with great Satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine Years old when his Dog killed him. A little Room adjoining to the Hall is a kind of Arsenal filled with Guns of several Sizes and Inventions, with which the Knight has made great Havock in the Woods, and destroyed many thousands of Pheasants, Partridges and Wood-cocks. His Stable Doors are patched with Noses that belonged to Foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir ROGER shewed me one of them that for Distinction sake has a Brass Nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen Hours riding, carried him through half a dozen Counties, killed him a Brace of Geldings, and lost above half his Dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest Exploits of his Life. The perverse Widow, whom I have given some Account of, was the Death of several Foxes; for Sir ROGER has told me that in the Course of his Amours he patched the Western Door of his Stable. Whenever the Widow was cruel, the Foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his Passion for the Widow abated and old Age came on, he

<sup>1</sup> From the Essay 'Of Greatness.'

<sup>1</sup> [Motion]

left off Fox-hunting; but a Hare is not yet safe that Sits within ten Miles of his House.

There is no kind of Exercise which I would so recommend to my Readers of both Sexes as this of Riding, as there is none which so much conduces to Health, and is every way accommodated to the Body, according to the *Idea* which I have given of it. Doctor *Sydenham* is very lavish in its Praises; and if the *English* Reader will see the Mechanical Effects of it describ'd at length, he may find them in a Book published not many Years since, under the Title of *Medicina Gymnastica*.<sup>1</sup> For my own part, when I am in Town, for want of these Opportunities, I exercise myself an Hour every Morning upon a dumb Bell that is placed in a Corner of my Room, and pleases me the more because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound Silence. My Landlady and her Daughters are so well acquainted with my Hours of Exercise, that they never come into my Room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some Years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious Diversion, which I learned from a *Latin* Treatise of Exercises that is written with great Erudition:<sup>2</sup> It is there called the *σκιομαχία*, or the fighting with a Man's own Shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short Sticks grasped in each Hand, and loaden with Plugs of Lead at either End. This opens the Chest, exercises the Limbs, and gives a Man all the Pleasure of Boxing, without the Blows. I could wish that several Learned Men would lay out that Time which they employ in Controversies and Disputes about nothing, in this Method of fighting with their own Shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the Spleen, which makes them uneasy to the Publick as well as to themselves.

To conclude, As I am a Compound of Soul and Body, I consider myself as obliged to a double Scheme of Duties; and I think I have not fulfilled the Business of the Day when I do not thus employ the one in Labour and Exercise, as well as the other in Study and Contemplation. L.

No. 116.] Friday, July 13, 1711. [Budgell.

—*Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,  
Taygetique canes*— Virg.

THOSE who have searched into human Nature observe that nothing so much shews the Nobleness of the Soul, as that its Felicity consists in Action. Every Man has such an active Principle in him, that he will find out something to

<sup>1</sup> *Medicina Gymnastica*, or, a Treatise concerning the Power of Exercise. By Francis Fuller, M.A.

<sup>2</sup> *Artis Gymnasticæ apud Antiquos . . . Libri VI.* (Venice, 1569). By Hieronymus Mercurialis, who died at Forli, in 1606. He speaks of the shadow-fighting in Lib. iv. cap. 5, and Lib. v. cap. 2.

employ himself upon in whatever Place or State of Life he is posted. I have heard of a Gentleman who was under close Confinement in the *Bastile* seven Years; during which Time he amused himself in scattering a few small Pins about his Chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different Figures on the Arm of a great Chair. He often told his Friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this Piece of Exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his Senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my Readers, that Sir ROGER, with whose Character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his Youth gone through the whole Course of those rural Diversions which the Country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious Industry a Man may observe here in a far greater Degree than in Towns and Cities. I have before hinted at some of my Friend's Exploits: He has in his youthful Days taken forty Coveys of Partridges in a Season; and tired many a Salmon with a Line consisting but of a single Hair. The constant Thanks and good Wishes of the Neighbourhood always attended him, on account of his remarkable Enmity towards Foxes; having destroyed more of those Vermin in one Year, than it was thought the whole Country could have produced. Indeed the Knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate Friends that in order to establish his Reputation this Way, he has secretly sent for great Numbers of them out of other Counties, which he used to turn loose about the Country by Night, that he might the better signalize himself in their Destruction the next Day. His Hunting-Horses were the finest and best managed in all these Parts: His Tenants are still full of the Praises of a grey Stone-horse that unhappily staked himself several Years since, and was buried with great Solemnity in the Orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for Fox-hunting, to keep himself in Action, has disposed of his Beagles and got a Pack of *Stop-Hounds*. What these want in Speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the Deepness of their Mouths and the Variety of their Notes, which are suited in such manner to each other, that the whole Cry makes up a compleat Consort.<sup>1</sup> He

<sup>1</sup> As to dogs, the difference is great between a hunt now and a hunt in the *Spectator's* time. Since the early years of the last century the modern foxhound has come into existence, while the beagle and the deep-flewed southern harehound, nearly resembling the bloodhound, with its sonorous note, has become almost extinct. Absolutely extinct also is the old care to attune the voices of a pack. Henry II., in his breeding of hounds, is said to have been careful not only that they should be fleet, but also 'well-tongued' and consonous; the same care in Elizabeth's time is, in the passage quoted by the *Spectator*, attributed by Shakespeare to Duke Theseus; and the paper itself shows that care was taken to match the voices of a pack in the reign also of Queen Anne. This has now been for some time absolutely disregarded. In many important re-

is so nice in this Particular that a Gentleman having made him a Present of a very fine Hound the other Day, the Knight returned it by the Servant with a great many Expressions of Civility; but desired him to tell his Master, that the Dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent *Base*, but that at present he only wanted a *Counter-Tenor*. Could I believe my Friend had ever read *Shakespear*, I should certainly conclude he had taken the Hint from *Theseus* in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.<sup>1</sup>

*My Hounds are bred out of the Spartan Kind,  
So flu'd, so sanded; and their Heads are hung  
With Ears that sweep away the Morning Dew.  
Crook-knee'd and dew-lap'd like Thessalian  
Bulls;  
Slow in Pursuit, but match'd in Mouths like  
Bells,  
Each under each: A Cry more tuneable  
Was never hallow'd to, nor cheer'd with Horn.*

Sir Roger is so keen at this Sport, that he has been out almost every Day since I came down; and upon the Chaplain's offering to lend me his easy Pad, I was prevailed on Yesterday Morning to make one of the Company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general Benevolence of all the Neighbourhood towards my Friend. The Farmers Sons thought themselves happy if they could open a Gate for the good old Knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a Nod or a Smile, and a kind Enquiry after their Fathers and Uncles.

After we had rid about a Mile from Home, we came upon a large Heath, and the Sports-men began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little Distance from the rest of the Company, I saw a Hare pop out from a small Furze-brake almost under my Horse's Feet. I marked the Way she took, which I endeavoured to make the Company sensible of by extending my Arm; but to no purpose, 'till Sir ROGER, who knows that none of my extraordinary Motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me *if Puss was gone that Way?* Upon my answering *Yes*, he immediately called in the Dogs, and put them upon the Scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the Country-Fellows muttering to his Companion, *That 'twas a Wonder they had not lost all their Sport, for want of the silent Gentleman's crying STOLE AWAY.*

This, with my Aversion to leaping Hedges, made me withdraw to a rising Ground, from whence I could have the Picture of the whole Chace, without the Fatigue of keeping in with the Hounds. The Hare immediately threw them above a Mile behind her; but I was pleased to find, that instead of running straight forwards, or in Hunter's Language, *Flying the Country*, as I was afraid she might have done, she wheel'd about, and described a sort of Circle round the Hill where I had taken my Station, in such manner as gave me a very distinct View of the Sport.

spects the pattern harrier of the present day differs even from the harriers used at the beginning of the present century.

<sup>1</sup> Act IV. sc. 1.

I could see her first pass by, and the Dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole Track she had made, and following her thro' all her Doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that Deference which the rest of the Pack paid to each particular Hound, according to the Character he had acquired amongst them: If they were at Fault, and an old Hound of Reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole Cry; while a raw Dog or one who was a noted *Liar*, might have yelped his Heart out, without being taken Notice of.

The Hare now, after having squatted two or three Times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the Place where she was at first started. The Dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white Gelding, encompassed by his Tenants and Servants, and chearing his Hounds with all the Gaiety of Five and Twenty. One of the Sportsmen rode up to me, and told me, that he was sure the Chace was almost at an End, because the old Dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the Pack. The Fellow was in the right. Our Hare took a large Field just under us, followed by the full Cry *in View*. I must confess the Brightness of the Weather, the Chearfulness of every thing around me, the *Chiding* of the Hounds, which was returned upon us in a double Eccho, from two neighbouring Hills, with the Hallowing of the Sportsmen, and the Sounding of the Horn, lifted my Spirits into a most lively Pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was *innocent*. If I was under any Concern, it was on the Account of the poor Hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the Reach of her Enemies; when the Huntsman getting forward threw down his Pole before the Dogs. They were now within eight Yards of that Game which they had been pursuing for almost as many Hours; yet on the Signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden Stand, and tho' they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the Pole. At the same time Sir ROGER rode forward, and alighting, took up the Hare in his Arms; which he soon delivered up to one of his Servants with an Order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great Orchard; where it seems he has several of these Prisoners of War, who live together in a very comfortable Captivity. I was highly pleased to see the Discipline of the Pack, and the Good-nature of the Knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a Creature that had given him so much Diversion.

As we were returning home, I remembered that Monsieur *Paschal* in his most excellent Discourse on the *Misery of Man*, tells us, *That all our Endeavours after Greatness proceed from nothing but a Desire of being surrounded by a Multitude of Persons and Affairs that may hinder us from looking into our selves, which is a View we cannot bear.* He afterwards goes on to shew that our Love of Sports comes from the same Reason, and is particularly severe upon HUNTING. *What, says he, unless it be to drown Thought, can make Men throw away so much Time and Pains upon a silly Animal, which they might*

*buy cheaper in the Market?* The foregoing Reflection is certainly just, when a Man suffers his whole Mind to be drawn into his Sports, and altogether loses himself in the Woods; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable End from this Exercise, I mean, *The Preservation of Health, and keeping all the Organs of the Soul in a Condition to execute her Orders.* Had that incomparable Person, whom I last quoted, been a little more indulgent to himself in this Point, the World might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas thro' too great an Application to his Studies in his Youth, he contracted that ill Habit of Body, which, after a tedious Sickness, carried him off in the fortieth Year of his Age;<sup>1</sup> and the whole History we have of his Life till that Time, is but one continued Account of the behaviour of a noble Soul struggling under innumerable Pains and Distempers.

For my own part I intend to Hunt twice a Week during my Stay with Sir ROGER; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this Exercise to all my Country Friends, as the best kind of Physick for mending a bad Constitution, and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following Lines out of Mr. Dryden.<sup>2</sup>

*The first Physicians by Debauch were made;  
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.  
By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food;  
Toil strung the Nerves, and purify'd the Blood;  
But we their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,  
Are dwindled down to threescore Years and ten.  
Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,  
Than see the Doctor for a nauseous Draught.  
The Wise for Cure on Exercise depend:  
God never made his Work for Man to mend.  
X.*

No. 117.] Saturday, July 14, 1711. [Addison.

—*Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.*—Virg.

THERE are some Opinions in which a Man should stand Neuter, without engaging his Assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering Faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any Determination, is absolutely necessary to a Mind that is careful to avoid Errors and Prepossessions. When the Arguments press equally on both sides in Matters that are indifferent to us, the safest Method is to give up our selves to neither.

<sup>1</sup> Pascal, who wrote a treatise on Conic sections at the age of 16, and had composed most of his mathematical works and made his chief experiments in science by the age of 26, was in constant suffering, by disease, from his 18th year until his death, in 1662, at the age stated in the text. Expectation of an early death caused him to pass from his scientific studies into the direct service of religion, and gave, as the fruit of his later years, the Provincial Letters and the *Pensées*.

<sup>2</sup> Epistle to his kinsman, J. Driden, Esq., of Chesterton.

It is with this Temper of Mind that I consider the Subject of Witchcraft. When I hear the Relations that are made from all Parts of the World, not only from *Norway* and *Lapland*, from the *East* and *West Indies*, but from every particular Nation in *Europe*, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an Intercourse and Commerce with Evil Spirits, as that which we express by the Name of Witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous Parts of the World abound most in these Relations, and that the Persons among us, who are supposed to engage in such an Infernal Commerce, are People of a weak Understanding and a crazed Imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many Impostures and Delusions of this Nature that have been detected in all Ages, I endeavour to suspend my Belief till I hear more certain Accounts than any which have yet come to my Knowledge. In short, when I consider the Question, whether there are such Persons in the World as those we call Witches? my Mind is divided between the two opposite Opinions; or rather (to speak my Thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as Witchcraft; but at the same time can give no Credit to any particular Instance of it.

I am engaged in this Speculation, by some Occurrences that I met with Yesterday, which I shall give my Reader an Account of at large. As I was walking with my Friend Sir ROGER by the side of one of his Woods, an old Woman applied herself to me for my Charity. Her Dress and Figure put me in mind of the following Description in [*Ottway*.<sup>1</sup>]

*In a close Lane as I pursu'd my Journey,  
I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, with Age grown double,  
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to her self.  
Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall'd and red,  
Cold Palsy shook her Head; her Hands seem'd wither'd;  
And on her crooked Shoulders had she wrap'd  
The tatter'd Remnants of an old striped Hanging,  
Which served to keep her Carcase from the Cold:  
So there was nothing of a Piece about her.  
Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd  
With different-colour'd Rags, black, red, white,  
yellow,  
And seem'd to speak Variety of Wretchedness.<sup>2</sup>*

[As I was musing on this Description, and comparing it with the Object before me, the Knight told me,<sup>3</sup> that this very old Woman had the Reputation of a Witch all over the Country, that her Lips were observed to be always in Motion, and that there was not a Switch about her House which her Neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of Miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found Sticks or Straws that lay in the Figure of a Cross before her. If she

<sup>1</sup> [*Ottway*, which I could not forbear repeating on this occasion.]

<sup>2</sup> *Orphan*, Act II. Chamont to Monimia.

<sup>3</sup> [The knight told me, upon hearing the Description,]

made any Mistake at Church, and cried *Amen* in a wrong Place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her Prayers backwards. There was not a Maid in the Parish that would take a Pin of her, though she would offer a Bag of Money with it. She goes by the Name of *Moll White*, and has made the Country ring with several imaginary Exploits which are palmed upon her. If the Dairy Maid does not make her Butter come so soon as she should have it, *Moll White* is at the Bottom of the Churn. If a Horse sweats in the Stable, *Moll White* has been upon his Back. If a Hare makes an unexpected escape from the Hounds, the Huntsman curses *Moll White*. Nay, (says Sir ROGER) I have known the Master of the Pack, upon such an Occasion, send one of his Servants to see if *Moll White* had been out that Morning.

This Account raised my Curiosity so far, that I begged my Friend Sir ROGER to go with me into her Hovel, which stood in a solitary Corner under the side of the Wood. Upon our first entering Sir ROGER winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the Door, which, upon looking that Way, I found to be an old Broom-staff. At the same time he whispered me in the Ear to take notice of a Tabby Cat that sat in the Chimney-Corner, which, as the old Knight told me, lay under as bad a Report as *Moll White* her self; for besides that *Moll* is said often to accompany her in the same Shape, the Cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her Life, and to have played several Pranks above the Capacity of an ordinary Cat.

I was secretly concerned to see Human Nature in so much Wretchedness and Disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir ROGER, who is a little puzzled about the old Woman, advising her as a Justice of Peace to avoid all Communication with the Devil, and never to hurt any of her Neighbours' Cattle. We concluded our Visit with a Bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our Return home, Sir ROGER told me, that old *Moll* had been often brought before him for making Children spit Pins, and giving Maids the Night-Mare; and that the Country People would be tossing her into a Pond and trying Experiments with her every Day, if it was not for him and his Chaplain.

I have since found upon Enquiry, that Sir ROGER was several times staggered with the Reports that had been brought him concerning this old Woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the County Sessions, had not his Chaplain with much ado perswaded him to the contrary.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> When this essay was written, charges were being laid against one old woman, Jane Wenham, of Walkerne, a little village north of Hertford, which led to her trial for witchcraft at assizes held in the following year, 1712, when she was found guilty; and became memorable as the last person who, in this country, was condemned to capital punishment for that impossible offence. The judge got first a reprieve and then a pardon. The lawyers had refused to draw up any indictment against the poor old creature, except, in mockery,

I have been the more particular in this Account, because I hear there is scarce a Village in *England* that has not a *Moll White* in it. When an old Woman begins to doat, and grow chargeable to a Parish, she is generally turned into a Witch, and fills the whole Country with extravagant Fancies, imaginary Distempers and terrifying Dreams. In the mean time, the poor Wretch that is the innocent Occasion of so many Evils begins to be frightened at her self, and sometimes confesses secret Commerce and Familiarities that her Imagination forms in a delirious old Age. This frequently cuts off Charity from the greatest Objects of Compassion, and inspires People with a Malevolence towards those poor decrepid Parts of our Species, in whom Human Nature is defaced by Infirmity and Dotage. L.

No. 118.] Monday, July 16, 1711. [Steele.

—*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*—Virg.

THIS agreeable Seat is surrounded with so many pleasing Walks, which are struck out of a Wood, in the midst of which the House stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one Labyrinth of Delight to another. To one used to live in a City the Charms of the Country are so exquisite, that the Mind is lost in a certain Transport which raises us above ordinary Life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with Tranquility. This State of Mind was I in, ravished with the Murmur of Waters, the Whisper of Breezes, the Singing of Birds; and whether I looked up to the Heavens, down on the Earth, or turned to the Prospects around me, still struck with new Sense of Pleasure; when I found by the Voice of my Friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the Grove

for 'conversing familiarly with the devil in form of a cat.' But of that offence she was found guilty upon the testimony of sixteen witnesses, three of whom were clergymen. One witness, Anne Thorne, testified that every night the pins went from her pincushion into her mouth. Others gave evidence that they had seen pins come jumping through the air into Anne Thorne's mouth. Two swore that they had heard the prisoner, in the shape of a cat, converse with the devil, he being also in form of a cat. Anne Thorne swore that she was tormented exceedingly with cats, and that all the cats had the face and voice of the witch. The vicar of Ardeley had tested the poor ignorant creature with the Lord's Prayer, and finding that she could not repeat it, had terrified her with his moral tortures into some sort of confession. Such things, then, were said and done, and such credulity was abetted even by educated men at the time when this essay was written. Upon charges like those ridiculed in the text, a woman actually was, a few months later, not only committed by justices with a less judicious spiritual counsellor than Sir Roger's chaplain, but actually found guilty at the assizes, and condemned to death.



sacred to the Widow. This Woman, says he, is of all others the most unintelligible: she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all, is, that she doth not either say to her Lovers she has any Resolution against that Condition of Life in general, or that she banishes them; but conscious of her own Merit, she permits their Addresses, without Fear of any ill Consequence, or want of Respect, from their Rage or Despair. She has that in her Aspect, against which it is impossible to offend. A Man whose Thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an Object, must be excused if the ordinary Occurrences in Conversation are below his Attention. I call her indeed perverse, but, alas! why do I call her so? Because her superior Merit is such, that I cannot approach her without Awe, that my Heart is checked by too much Esteem: I am angry that her Charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her: How often have I wished her unhappy that I might have an Opportunity of serving her? and how often troubled in that very Imagination, at giving her the Pain of being obliged? Well, I have led a miserable Life in secret upon her Account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful Animal her Confident.

Of all Persons under the Sun (continued he, calling me by my Name) be sure to set a Mark upon Confidants: they are of all People the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them, is, that they assume to themselves the Merit of the Persons whom they have in their Custody. *Orestilla* is a great Fortune, and in wonderful Danger of Surprizes, therefore full of Suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new Acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. *Themista*, her Favourite-Woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the Ward be a Beauty, her Confident shall treat you with an Air of Distance; let her be a Fortune, and she assumes the suspicious Behaviour of her Friend and Patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried Women of Distinction, are to all Intentions and Purposes married, except the Consideration of different Sexes. They are directly under the Conduct of their Whisperer; and think they are in a State of Freedom, while they can prate with one of these Attendants of all Men in general, and still avoid the Man they most like. You do not see one Heiress in a hundred whose Fate does not turn upon this Circumstance of choosing a Confident. Thus it is that the Lady is addressed to, presented and flattered, only by Proxy, in her Woman. In my Case, how is it possible that—Sir ROGER was proceeding in his Harangue, when we heard the Voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these Words, 'What, not 'one Smile?' We followed the Sound till we came to a close Thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young Woman sitting as it were in a personated Sullenness just over a transparent Fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. *William*, Sir ROGER's Master of the Game. The Knight whispered me, 'Hist, these are Lovers.' The Huntsman looking earnestly at the Shadow of the

young Maiden in the Stream, 'Oh thou dear Picture, if thou couldst remain there in the Absence of that fair Creature whom you represent in the Water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear *Betty* herself with any Mention of her unfortunate *William*, whom she is angry with: But alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish—Yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest *Betty* thou dost not more depend upon her, than does her *William*? Her Absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I'll jump into these Waves to lay hold on thee; her self, her own dear Person, I must never embrace again—Still do you hear me without one Smile—It is too much to bear—' He had no sooner spoke these Words, but he made an Offer of throwing himself into the Water: At which his Mistress started up, and at the next Instant he jumped across the Fountain and met her in an Embrace. She half recovering from her Fright, said in the most charming Voice imaginable, and with a Tone of Complaint, 'I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you won't drown yourself till you have taken your leave of *Susan Holliday*.' The Huntsman, with a Tenderness that spoke the most passionate Love, and with his Cheek close to hers, whispered the softest Vows of Fidelity in her Ear, and cried, 'Don't, my Dear, believe a Word *Kate Willow* says; she is spiteful and makes Stories, because she loves to hear me talk to her self for your sake.' Look you there, quoth Sir ROGER, do you see there, all Mischief comes from Confidants! But let us not interrupt them; the Maid is honest, and the Man dares not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her Father: I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the Wedding. *Kate Willow* is a witty mischievous Wench in the Neighbourhood, who was a Beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse Widow in her Condition. She was so flippant with her Answers to all the honest Fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her Beauty, that she has valued herself upon her Charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her Business to prevent other young Women from being more Discreet than she was herself: However, the saucy Thing said the other Day well enough, 'Sir ROGER and I must make a Match, for we are both despised by those we loved.' The Hussy has a great deal of Power wherever she comes, and has her Share of Cunning.

However, when I reflect upon this Woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her: Whenever she is recalled to my Imagination my Youth returns, and I feel a forgotten Warmth in my Veins. This Affliction in my Life has streaked all my Conduct with a Softness, of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear Image in my Heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my Temper, which I should not have arrived at by better Motives than the Thought of being one Day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a Passion as I have had is

never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical Effect upon my Brain: For I frequently find, that in my most serious Discourse I let fall some comical Familiarity of Speech or odd Phrase that makes the Company laugh; However, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent Woman. When she is in the Country I warrant she does not run into Dairies, but reads upon the Nature of Plants; but has a Glass Hive, and comes into the Garden out of Books to see them work, and observe the Policies of their Commonwealth. She understands every thing. I'd give ten Pounds to hear her argue with my Friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT about Trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my Word for it she is no Fool. T.

No. 119.] Tuesday, July 17, 1711. [Addison.

*Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibæe, putavi  
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem*——. Virg.

THE first and most obvious Reflections which arise in a Man who changes the City for the Country, are upon the different Manners of the People whom he meets with in those two different Scenes of Life. By Manners I do not mean Morals, but Behaviour and Good Breeding, as they shew themselves in the Town and in the Country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great Revolution that has happen'd in this Article of Good Breeding. Several obliging Deferences, Condescensions and Submissions, with many outward Forms and Ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer Part of Mankind, who lived in Courts and Cities, and distinguished themselves from the Rustick part of the Species (who on all Occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual Complaisance and Intercourse of Civilities. These Forms of Conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the Modish World found too great a Constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the *Romish* Religion, was so encumbered with Show and Ceremony, that it stood in need of a Reformation to retrench its Superfluities, and restore it to its natural good Sense and Beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained Carriage, and a certain Openness of Behaviour, are the Height of Good Breeding. The Fashionable World is grown free and easie; our Manners sit more loose upon us: Nothing is so modish as an agreeable Negligence. In a word, Good Breeding shews it self most, where to an ordinary Eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the People of Mode in the Country, we find in them the Manners of the last Age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the Fashion of the polite World, but the Town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first State of Nature than to those Refinements which formerly reign'd in the Court, and still prevail in the Country. One may now know a Man that never conversed in the World, by his

Excess of Good Breeding. A polite Country Squire shall make you as many Bows in half an Hour, as would serve a Courtier for a Week. There is infinitely more to do about Place and Precedency in a Meeting of Justices Wives, than in an Assembly of Dutchesses.

This Rural Politeness is very troublesome to a Man of my Temper, who generally take the Chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the Front or in the Rear, as Chance directs. I have known my Friend Sir ROGER's Dinner almost cold before the Company could adjust the Ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old Friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his Guests, as they sat at the several Parts of his Table, that he might drink their Healths according to their respective Ranks and Qualities. Honest *Will. Wimble*, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with Ceremony, gives me abundance of Trouble in this Particular. Though he has been fishing all the Morning, he will not help himself at Dinner 'till I am served. When we are going out of the Hall, he runs behind me; and last Night, as we were walking in the Fields, stopped short at a Stile till I came up to it, and upon my making Signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious Smile, that sure I believed they had no Manners in the Country.

There has happened another Revolution in the Point of Good Breeding, which relates to the Conversation among Men of Mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first Distinctions of a well-bred Man, to express every thing that had the most remote Appearance of being obscene, in modest Terms and distant Phrases; whilst the Clown, who had no such Delicacy of Conception and Expression, clothed his *Ideas* in those plain homely Terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of Good Manners was perhaps carried to an Excess, so as to make Conversation too stiff, formal and precise: for which Reason (as Hypocrisy in one Age is generally succeeded by Atheism in another) Conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first Extream; so that at present several of our Men of the Town, and particularly those who have been polished in *France*, make use of the most coarse uncivilized Words in our Language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a Clown would blush to hear.

This infamous Piece of Good Breeding, which reigns among the Coxcombs of the Town, has not yet made its way into the Country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of Conversation to last long among a People that make any Profession of Religion, or Show of Modesty, if the Country Gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the Lurch. Their Good-breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a Parcel of lewd Clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like Men of Wit and Pleasure.

As the two Points of Good Breeding, which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard Behaviour and Conversation, there is a third which turns upon Dress. In this too the Country are very much

behind-hand. The Rural Beaus are not yet got out of the Fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the Country in red Coats and laced Hats, while the Women in many Parts are still trying to outvie one another in the Height of their Head-dresses.

But a Friend of mine, who is now upon the Western Circuit, having promised to give me an Account of the several Modes and Fashions that prevail in the different Parts of the Nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last Topick till I have received a Letter from him, which I expect every Post. L.

No. 120.] Wednesday, July 18, 1711. [Addison.

—*Equidem credo, quia sit Divinitus illis  
Ingenium*— Virg.

MY Friend Sir ROGER is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my Time among his Poultry: He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a Bird's Nest, and several times sitting an Hour or two together near an Hen and Chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every Fowl about his House; calls such a particular Cock my Favourite, and frequently complains that his Ducks and Geese have more of my Company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those Speculations of Nature which are to be made in a Country-Life; and as my Reading has very much lain among Books of natural History, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this Occasion the several Remarks which I have met with in Authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own Observation: The Arguments for Providence drawn from the natural History of Animals being in my Opinion demonstrative.

The Make of every Kind of Animal is different from that of every other Kind; and yet there is not the least Turn in the Muscles or Twist in the Fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular Animal's Way of Life than any other Cast or Texture of them would have been.

The most violent Appetites in all Creatures are *Lust* and *Hunger*: The first is a perpetual Call upon them to propagate their Kind; the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different Degrees of Care that descend from the Parent to the Young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a Posterity. Some Creatures cast their Eggs as Chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as Insects and several Kinds of Fish: Others, of a nicer Frame, find out proper Beds to [deposite<sup>1</sup>] them in, and there leave them; as the Serpent, the Crocodile, and Ostrich: Others hatch their Eggs and tend the Birth, 'till it is able to shift for it self.

What can we call the Principle which directs

<sup>1</sup> [depose]

every different Kind of Bird to observe a particular Plan in the Structure of its Nest, and directs all of the same Species to work after the same Model? It cannot be *Imitation*; for though you hatch a Crow under a Hen, and never let it see any of the Works of its own Kind, the Nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a Stick, with all the other Nests of the same Species. It cannot be *Reason*; for were Animals indued with it to as great a Degree as Man, their Buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different Conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same Temper of Weather, which raises this genial Warmth in Animals, should cover the Trees with Leaves and the Fields with Grass for their Security and Concealment, and produce such infinite Swarms of Insects for the Support and Sustenance of their respective Broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the Love of the Parent should be so violent while it lasts; and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the Preservation of the Young?

The Violence of this natural Love is exemplify'd by a very barbarous Experiment; which I shall quote at Length, as I find it in an excellent Author, and hope my Readers will pardon the mentioning such an Instance of Cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the Strength of that Principle in Animals of which I am here speaking. 'A Person who was well skilled in Dissection opened a Bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite Tortures, offered her one of her young Puppies, which she immediately fell a licking; and for the Time seemed insensible of her own Pain: On the Removal, she kept her Eye fixt on it, and began a wailing sort of Cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the Loss of her young one, than the Sense of her own Torments.

But notwithstanding this natural Love in Brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational Creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the Parent than it is useful to the Young: for so soon as the Wants of the latter cease, the Mother withdraws her Fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves: and what is a very remarkable Circumstance in this part of Instinct, we find that the Love of the Parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the Preservation of the Species requires it; as we may see in Birds that drive away their Young as soon as they are able to get their Livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the Nest, or confined within a Cage, or by any other Means appear to be out of a Condition of supplying their own Necessities.

This natural Love is not observed in animals to ascend from the Young to the Parent, which is not at all necessary for the Continuance of the Species: Nor indeed in reasonable Creatures does it rise in any Proportion, as it spreads it self downwards; for in all Family Affection, we find Protection granted and Favours bestowed, are greater Motives to Love and Tenderness, than Safety, Benefits, or Life received.

One would wonder to hear Sceptical Men dis-

puting for the Reason of Animals, and telling us it is only our Pride and Prejudices that will not allow them the Use of that Faculty.

Reason shews it self in all Occurrences of Life; whereas the Brute makes no Discovery of such a Talent, but in what immediately regards his own Preservation, or the Continuance of his Species. Animals in their Generation are wiser than the Sons of Men; but their Wisdom is confined to a few Particulars, and lies in a very narrow Compass. Take a Brute out of his Instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of Understanding. To use an Instance that comes often under Observation.

With what Caution does the Hen provide herself a Nest in Places unfrequented, and free from Noise and Disturbance! When she has laid her Eggs in such a Manner that she can cover them, what Care does she take in turning them frequently, that all Parts may partake of the vital Warmth? When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary Sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an Animal? In the Summer you see her giving her self greater Freedoms, and quitting her Care for above two Hours together; but in Winter, when the Rigour of the Season would chill the Principles of Life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her Attendance, and stays away but half the Time. When the Birth approaches, with how much Nicety and Attention does she help the Chick to break its Prison? Not to take notice of her covering it from the Injuries of the Weather, providing it proper Nourishment, and teaching it to help it self; nor to mention her forsaking the Nest, if after the usual Time of reckoning the young one does not make its Appearance. A Chymical Operation could not be followed with greater Art or Diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a Chick; tho' there are many other Birds that shew an infinitely greater Sagacity in all the forementioned Particulars.

But at the same time the Hen, that has all this seeming Ingenuity, (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the Propagation of the Species) considered in other respects, is without the least Glimmerings of Thought or common Sense. She mistakes a Piece of Chalk for an Egg, and sits upon it in the same manner: She is insensible of any Increase or Diminution in the Number of those she lays: She does not distinguish between her own and those of another Species; and when the Birth appears of never so different a Bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these Circumstances which do not carry an immediate Regard to the Subsistence of her self or her Species, she is a very Idiot.

There is not, in my Opinion, any thing more mysterious in Nature than this Instinct in Animals, which thus rises above Reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any Properties in Matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the Faculty of an intellectual Being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the Principle of Gravitation in Bodies, which is not to be explained by any known Qualities inherent in the

Bodies themselves, nor from any Laws of Mechanism, but, according to the best Notions of the greatest Philosophers, is an immediate Impression from the first Mover, and the Divine Energy acting in the Creatures. L.

No. 121.] Thursday, July 19, 1711. [Addison.

—Jovis omnia plena.—Virg.

AS I was walking this Morning in the great Yard that belongs to my Friend's Country House, I was wonderfully pleased to see the different Workings of Instinct in a Hen followed by a Brood of Ducks. The Young, upon the sight of a Pond, immediately ran into it; while the Stepmother, with all imaginable Anxiety, hovered about the Borders of it, to call them out of an Element that appeared to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different Principle which acted in these different Animals cannot be termed Reason, so when we call it *Instinct*, we mean something we have no Knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my last Paper, it seems the immediate Direction of Providence, and such an Operation of the Supreme Being, as that which determines all the Portions of Matter to their proper Centres. A modern Philosopher, quoted by Monsieur Bayle<sup>1</sup> in his learned Dissertation on the Souls of Brutes, delivers the same Opinion, tho' in a bolder Form of Words, where he says, *Deusest Anima Brutorum*, God himself is the Soul of Brutes. Who can tell what to call that seeming Sagacity in Animals, which directs them to such Food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholsome? Tully has observed that a Lamb no sooner falls from its Mother, but immediately and of his own accord applies itself to the Teat. Dampier, in his Travels,<sup>2</sup> tells us, that when Seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown Coasts of *America*, they never venture upon the Fruit of any Tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked with the Pecking of Birds; but fall on without any Fear or Apprehension where the Birds have been before them.

But notwithstanding Animals have nothing like the use of Reason, we find in them all the lower

<sup>1</sup> Bayle's Dictionary, here quoted, first appeared in English in 1710. Pierre Bayle himself had first produced it in two folio vols. in 1695-6, and was engaged in controversies caused by it until his death in 1706, at the age of 59. He was born at Carlat, educated at the universities of Puylaurens and Toulouse, was professor of Philosophy successively at Sedan and Rotterdam till 1693, when he was deprived for scepticism. He is said to have worked fourteen hours a day for 40 years, and has been called 'the Shakespeare of Dictionary Makers.'

<sup>2</sup> Captain William Dampier's Voyages round the World appeared in 3 vols., 1697-1709. The quotation is from vol. i. p. 39 (Ed. 1699, the Fourth). Dampier was born in 1652, and died about 1712.

Parts of our Nature, the Passions and Senses in their greatest Strength and Perfection. And here it is worth our Observation, that all Beasts and Birds of Prey are wonderfully subject to Anger, Malice, Revenge, and all the other violent Passions that may animate them in search of their proper Food; as those that are incapable of defending themselves, or annoying others, or whose Safety lies chiefly in their Flight, are suspicious, fearful and apprehensive of every thing they see or hear; whilst others that are of Assistance and Use to Man, have their Natures softened with something mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a Domestick Life. In this Case the Passions generally correspond with the Make of the Body. We do not find the Fury of a Lion in so weak and defenceless an Animal as a Lamb, nor the Meekness of a Lamb in a Creature so armed for Battel and Assault as the Lion. In the same manner, we find that particular Animals have a more or less exquisite Sharpness and Sagacity in those particular Senses which most turn to their Advantage, and in which their Safety and Welfare is the most concerned.

Nor must we here omit that great Variety of Arms with which Nature has differently fortified the Bodies of several kind of Animals, such as Claws, Hoofs, and Horns, Teeth, and Tusks, a Tail, a Sting, a Trunk, or a *Proboscis*. It is likewise observed by Naturalists, that it must be some hidden Principle distinct from what we call Reason, which instructs Animals in the Use of these their Arms, and teaches them to manage them to the best Advantage; because they naturally defend themselves with that Part in which their Strength lies, before the Weapon be formed in it; as is remarkable in Lambs, which tho' they are bred within Doors, and never saw the Actions of their own Species, push at those who approach them with their Foreheads, before the first budding of a Horn appears.

I shall add to these general Observations, an Instance which Mr. *Lock* has given us of Providence even in the Imperfections of a Creature which seems the meanest and most despicable in the whole animal World. *We may, says he, from the Make of an Oyster, or Cockle, conclude, that it has not so many nor so quick Senses as a Man, or several other Animals: Nor if it had, would it, in that State and Incapacity of transferring it self from one Place to another, be bettered by them. What good would Sight and Hearing do to a Creature, that cannot move it self to, or from the Object, wherein at a distance it perceives Good or Evil? And would not Quickness of Sensation be an Inconvenience to an Animal, that must be still where Chance has once placed it; and there receive the Afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul Water, as it happens to come to it.*<sup>1</sup>

I shall add to this Instance out of Mr. *Lock* another out of the learned Dr. *Moor*,<sup>2</sup> who cites it from *Cardan*, in relation to another Animal which Providence has left Defective, but at the same time has shewn its Wisdom in the Forma-

tion of that Organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. *What is more obvious and ordinary than a Mole? and yet what more palpable Argument of Providence than she? The Members of her Body are so exactly fitted to her Nature and Manner of Life: For her Dwelling being under Ground where nothing is to be seen, Nature has so obscurely fitted her with Eyes, that Naturalists can hardly agree whether she have any Sight at all or no. But for Amends, what she is capable of for her Defence and Warning of Danger, she has very eminently conferred upon her; for she is exceeding quick of hearing. And then her short Tail and short Legs, but broad Fore-feet armed with sharp Claws, we see by the Event to what Purpose they are, she so swiftly working her self under Ground, and making her way so fast in the Earth as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her Legs therefore are short, that she need dig no more than will serve the mere Thickness of her Body; and her Fore-feet are broad that she may scoop away much Earth at a time; and little or no Tail she has, because she courses it not on the Ground, like the Rat or Mouse, of whose Kindred she is, but lives under the Earth, and is fain to dig her self a Dwelling there. And she making her way through so thick an Element, which will not yield easily, as the Air or the Water, it had been dangerous to have drawn so long a Train behind her; for her Enemy might fall upon her Rear, and fetch her out, before she had compleated or got full Possession of her Works.*

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr. *Boyle's* Remark upon this last Creature, who I remember somewhere in his Works observes,<sup>1</sup> that though the Mole be not totally blind (as it is commonly thought) she has not Sight enough to distinguish particular Objects. Her Eye is said to have but one Humour in it, which is supposed to give her the Idea of Light, but of nothing else, and is so formed that this Idea is probably painful to the Animal. Whenever she comes up into broad Day she might be in Danger of being taken, unless she were thus affected by a Light striking upon her Eye, and immediately warning her to bury herself in her proper Element. More Sight would be useless to her, as none at all might be fatal.

I have only instanced such Animals as seem the most imperfect Works of Nature; and if Providence shews it self even in the Blemishes of these Creatures, how much more does it discover it self in the several Endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such Creatures as are more or less finished and compleated in their several Faculties, according to the condition of Life in which they are posted.

I could wish our Royal Society would compile a Body of Natural History, the best that could be gather'd together from Books and Observations. If the several Writers among them took each his particular Species, and gave us a distinct Account of its Original, Birth and Education; its Policies,

<sup>1</sup> Essay on Human Understanding, Bk. II. ch. 9, § 13.

<sup>2</sup> Antidote against Atheism, Bk. II. ch. 10, § 5.

<sup>1</sup> Disquisition about the Final Causes of Natural Things, Sect. 2.

Hostilities and Alliances, with the Frame and Texture of its inward and outward Parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from all other Animals, with their peculiar Aptitudes for the State of Being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the best Services their Studies could do Mankind, and not a little redound to the Glory of the All-wise Contriver.

It is true, such a Natural History, after all the Disquisitions of the Learned, would be infinitely Short and Defective. Seas and Deserts hide Millions of Animals from our Observation. Innumerable Artifices and Stratagems are acted in the *Howling Wilderness* and in the *Great Deep*, that can never come to our Knowledge. Besides that there are infinitely more Species of Creatures which are not to be seen without, nor indeed with the help of the finest Glasses, than of such as are bulky enough for the naked Eye to take hold of. However from the Consideration of such Animals as lie within the Compass of our Knowledge, we might easily form a Conclusion of the rest, that the same Variety of Wisdom and Goodness runs through the whole Creation, and puts every Creature in a Condition to provide for its Safety and Subsistence in its proper Station.

*Tully* has given us an admirable Sketch of Natural History, in his second Book concerning the Nature of the Gods; and then in a Style so raised by Metaphors and Descriptions, that it lifts the Subject above Raillery and Ridicule, which frequently fall on such nice Observations when they pass through the Hands of an ordinary Writer. L.

No. 122.] Friday, July 20, 1711. [Addison.

*Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.*  
Publ. Syr. Frag.

A MAN'S first Care should be to avoid the Reproaches of his own Heart; his next, to escape the Censures of the World: If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise, there cannot be a greater Satisfaction to an honest Mind, than to see those Approbations which it gives it self seconded by the Applauses of the Publick: A Man is more sure of his Conduct, when the Verdict which he passes upon his own Behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the Opinion of all that know him.

My worthy Friend Sir ROGER is one of those who is not only at Peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable Tribute for his universal Benevolence to Mankind, in the Returns of Affection and Good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his Neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd Instances of that general Respect which is shown to the good old Knight. He would needs carry *Will. Wimble* and myself with him to the County-Assizes: As we were upon the Road *Will. Wimble* joined a couple of plain Men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some Time; during which

my Friend Sir ROGER acquainted me with their Characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a Spaniel by his Side, is a Yeoman of about an hundred Pounds a Year, an honest Man: He is just within the Game-Act, and qualified to kill an Hare or a Pheasant: He knocks down a Dinner with his Gun twice or thrice a Week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an Estate as himself. He would be a good Neighbour if he did not destroy so many Partridges: in short, he is a very sensible Man; shoots flying; and has been several times Foreman of the Petty-Jury.

The other that rides along with him is *Tom Touchy*, a Fellow famous for *taking the Law* of every Body. There is not one in the Town where he lives that he has not sued at a Quarter-Sessions. The Rogue had once the Impudence to go to Law with the *Widow*. His Head is full of Costs, Damages, and Ejectments: He plagued a couple of honest Gentlemen so long for a Trespass in breaking one of his Hedges, till he was forced to sell the Ground it enclosed to defray the Charges of the Prosecution: His Father left him fourscore Pounds a Year; but he has *cast* and been *cast* so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old Business of the Willow-Tree.

As Sir ROGER was giving me this Account of *Tom Touchy*, *Will. Wimble* and his two Companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their Respects to Sir ROGER, *Will.* told him that Mr. *Touchy* and he must appeal to him upon a Dispute that arose between them. *Will.* it seems had been giving his Fellow-Traveller an Account of his Angling one Day in such a Hole; when *Tom Touchy*, instead of hearing out his Story, told him that Mr. such an One, if he pleased, might *take the Law* of him for fishing in that Part of the River. My Friend Sir ROGER heard them both, upon a round Trot; and after having paused some time told them, with the Air of a Man who would not give his Judgment rashly, that *much might be said on both Sides*. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's Determination, because neither of them found himself in the Wrong by it: Upon which we made the best of our Way to the Assizes.

The Court was sat before Sir ROGER came; but notwithstanding all the Justices had taken their Places upon the Bench, they made room for the old Knight at the Head of them; who for his Reputation in the Country took occasion to whisper in the Judge's Ear, *That he was glad his Lordship had met with so much good Weather in his Circuit*. I was listening to the Proceeding of the Court with much Attention, and infinitely pleased with that great Appearance and Solemnity which so properly accompanies such a publick Administration of our Laws; when, after about an Hour's Sitting, I observed to my great Surprise, in the Midst of a Trial, that my Friend Sir ROGER was getting up to speak. I was in some Pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three Sentences, with a Look of much Business and great Intrepidity.

Upon his first Rising the Court was hushed, and a general Whisper ran among the Country People that Sir ROGER *was up*. The Speech he made was so little to the Purpose, that I shall not trouble my Readers with an Account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the Court, as to give him a Figure in my Eye, and keep up his Credit in the Country.

I was highly delighted, when the Court rose, to see the Gentlemen of the Country gathering about my old Friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary People gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his Courage, that was not afraid to speak to the Judge.

In our Return home we met with a very odd Accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shews how desirous all who know Sir ROGER are of giving him Marks of their Esteem. When we were arrived upon the Verge of his Estate, we stopped at a little Inn to rest our selves and our Horses. The Man of the House had it seems been formerly a Servant in the Knight's Family; and to do Honour to his old Master, had some time since, unknown to Sir ROGER, put him up in a Sign-post before the Door; so that *the Knight's Head* had hung out upon the Road about a Week before he himself knew any thing of the Matter. As soon as Sir ROGER was acquainted with it, finding that his Servant's Indiscretion proceeded wholly from Affection and Good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a Compliment; and when the Fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive Look, That it was too great an Honour for any Man under a Duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few Touches, and that he himself would be at the Charge of it. Accordingly they got a Painter by the Knight's Directions to add a pair of Whiskers to the Face, and by a little Aggravation to the Features to change it into the *Saracen's Head*. I should not have known this Story had not the Inn-keeper, upon Sir ROGER's alighting, told him in my Hearing, That his Honour's Head was brought back last Night with the Alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my Friend with his usual Cheerfulness related the Particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the Head to be brought into the Room. I could not forbear discovering greater Expressions of Mirth than ordinary upon the Appearance of this monstrous Face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant Resemblance of my old Friend. Sir ROGER, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for People to know him in that Disguise. I at first kept my usual Silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a *Saracen*, I composed my Countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, *That much might be said on both Sides*.

These several Adventures, with the Knight's Behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a Day as ever I met with in any of my Travels. L.

No. 123.] Saturday, July 21, 1711. [Addison.

*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,  
Rectique cultus pectora roborant:  
Utcunque defecere mores,  
Dedecorant bene nata culpa.—Hor.*

AS I was Yesterday taking the Air with my Friend Sir ROGER, we were met by a fresh-coloured ruddy young Man, who rid by us full speed, with a couple of Servants behind him. Upon my Enquiry who he was, Sir ROGER told me that he was a young Gentleman of a considerable Estate, who had been educated by a tender Mother that lives not many Miles from the Place where we were. She is a very good Lady, says my Friend, but took so much care of her Son's Health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that Reading was bad for his Eyes, and that Writing made his Head ach. He was let loose among the Woods as soon as he was able to ride on Horseback, or to carry a Gun upon his Shoulder. To be brief, I found, by my Friend's Account of him, that he had got a great Stock of Health, but nothing else; and that if it were a Man's Business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young Fellow in the whole Country.

The Truth of it is, since my residing in these Parts I have seen and heard innumerable Instances of young Heirs and elder Brothers, who either from their own reflecting upon the Estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other Accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these Notions frequently inculcated to them by the Flattery of their Servants and Domesticks, or from the same foolish Thought prevailing in those who have the Care of their Education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their Families, and transmit their Lands and Houses in a Line to Posterity.

This makes me often think on a Story I have heard of two Friends, which I shall give my Reader at large, under feigned Names. The Moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some Circumstances which make it rather appear like a Novel, than a true Story.

*Eudoxus* and *Leontine* began the World with small Estates. They were both of them Men of good Sense and great Virtue. They prosecuted their Studies together in their earlier Years, and entered into such a Friendship as lasted to the End of their Lives. *Eudoxus*, at his first setting out in the World, threw himself into a Court, where by his natural Endowments and his acquired Abilities he made his way from one Post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable Fortune. *Leontine* on the contrary sought all Opportunities of improving his Mind by Study, Conversation, and Travel. He was not only acquainted with all the Sciences, but with the most eminent Professors of them throughout *Europe*. He knew perfectly well the Interests of its Princes, with the Customs and Fashions of their Courts, and could scarce meet with the Name of an extraordinary Person in the *Gazette*

whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixt and digested his Knowledge of Men and Books, that he made one of the most accomplished Persons of his Age. During the whole Course of his Studies and Travels he kept up a punctual Correspondence with *Eudoxus*, who often made himself acceptable to the principal Men about Court by the Intelligence which he received from *Leontine*. When they were both turn'd of Forty (an Age in which, according to Mr. Cowley, *there is no dallying with Life*,<sup>1</sup>) they determined, pursuant to the Resolution they had taken in the beginning of their Lives, to retire, and pass the Remainder of their Days in the Country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. *Leontine*, with his own and his Wife's Fortune, bought a Farm of three hundred a Year, which lay within the Neighbourhood of his Friend *Eudoxus*, who had purchased an Estate of as many thousands. They were both of them *Fathers* about the same time, *Eudoxus* having a Son born to him, and *Leontine* a Daughter; but to the unspeakable Grief of the latter, his young Wife (in whom all his Happiness was wrapt up) died in a few Days after the Birth of her Daughter. His Affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily Visits and Conversations of his Friend. As they were one Day talking together with their usual Intimacy, *Leontine*, considering how incapable he was of giving his Daughter a proper education in his own House, and *Eudoxus* reflecting on the ordinary Behaviour of a Son who knows himself to be the Heir of a great Estate, they both agreed upon an Exchange of Children, namely that the Boy should be bred up with *Leontine* as his Son, and that the Girl should live with *Eudoxus* as his Daughter, till they were each of them arrived at Years of Discretion. The Wife of *Eudoxus*, knowing that her Son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the Care of *Leontine*, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own Eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the Project. She therefore took *Leonilla*, for that was the Name of the Girl, and educated her as her own Daughter. The two Friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual Tenderness for the Children who were under their Direction, that each of them had the real Passion of a Father, where the Title was but imaginary. *Florio*, the Name of the young Heir that lived with *Leontine*, though he had all the Duty and Affection imaginable for his supposed Parent, was taught to rejoice at the Sight of *Eudoxus*, who visited his Friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural Affection, as well as by the Rules of Prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by *Florio*. The Boy was now old enough to know his supposed Father's Circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the World by his own Industry. This Consideration grew stronger in him every Day, and produced so good an Effect, that he applied

<sup>1</sup> Essay 'on the Danger of Procrastination:' 'There's no fooling with Life when it is once 'turn'd beyond Forty.'

himself with more than ordinary Attention to the Pursuit of every thing which *Leontine* recommended to him. His natural Abilities, which were very good, assisted by the Directions of so excellent a Counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker Progress than ordinary through all the Parts of his Education. Before he was twenty Years of Age, having finished his Studies and Exercises with great Applause, he was removed from the University to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable Proficients in the Studies of the Place, who know they shall arrive at great Estates without them. This was not *Florio's* Case; he found that three hundred a Year was but a poor Estate for *Leontine* and himself to live upon, so that he Studied without Intermission till he gained a very good Insight into the Constitution and Laws of his Country.

I should have told my Reader, that whilst *Florio* lived at the House of his Foster-father, he was always an acceptable Guest in the Family of *Eudoxus*, where he became acquainted with *Leonilla* from her Infancy. His Acquaintance with her by degrees grew into Love, which in a Mind trained up in all the Sentiments of Honour and Virtue became a very uneasy Passion. He despaired of gaining an Heiress of so great a Fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect Methods. *Leonilla*, who was a Woman of the greatest Beauty joined with the greatest Modesty, entertained at the same time a secret Passion for *Florio*, but conducted her self with so much Prudence that she never gave him the least Intimation of it. *Florio* was now engaged in all those Arts and Improvements that are proper to raise a Man's private Fortune, and give him a Figure in his Country, but secretly tormented with that Passion which burns with the greatest Fury in a virtuous and noble Heart, when he received a sudden Summons from *Leontine* to repair to him into the Country the next Day. For it seems *Eudoxus* was so filled with the Report of his Son's Reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The Morning after his Arrival at the House of his supposed Father, *Leontine* told him that *Eudoxus* had something of great Importance to communicate to him; upon which the good Man embraced him, and wept. *Florio* was no sooner arrived at the great House that stood in his Neighbourhood, but *Eudoxus* took him by the Hand, after the first Salutes were over, and conducted him into his Closet. He there opened to him the whole Secret of his Parentage and Education, concluding after this manner: *I have no other way left of acknowledging my Gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his Daughter. He shall not lose the Pleasure of being your Father by the Discovery I have made to you. Leonilla too shall be still my Daughter; her filial Piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest Reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the Pleasure of seeing a great Estate fall to you, which you would have lost the Relish of had you known your self born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your Mother in*



*the next Room. Her Heart yearns towards you. She is making the same Discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to your self. Florio was so overwhelmed with this Profusion of Happiness, that he was not able to make a Reply, but threw himself down at his Father's Feet, and amidst a Flood of Tears, Kissed and embraced his Knees, asking his Blessing, and expressing in dumb Show those Sentiments of Love, Duty, and Gratitude that were too big for Utterance. To conclude, the happy Pair were married, and half Eudoxus's Estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their Lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate Behaviour of Florio and Leonilla the just Recompence, as well as the natural Effects of that Care which they had bestowed upon them in their Education.*

L.

No. 124.] Monday, July 23, 1711. [Addison.

Μέγα βιβλίον, μέγα κακόν.

A MAN who publishes his Works in a Volume, has an infinite Advantage over one who communicates his Writings to the World in loose Tracts and single Pieces. We do not expect to meet with any thing in a bulky Volume, till after some heavy Preamble, and several Words of Course, to prepare the Reader for what follows: Nay, Authors have established it as a kind of Rule, that a Man ought to be dull sometimes; as the most severe Reader makes Allowances for many Rests and Nodding-places in a Voluminous Writer. This gave Occasion to the famous Greek Proverb which I have chosen for my Motto, *That a great Book is a great Evil.*

On the contrary, those who publish their Thoughts in distinct Sheets, and as it were by Piece-meal, have none of these Advantages. We must immediately fall into our Subject, and treat every Part of it in a lively Manner, or our Papers are thrown by as dull and insipid: Our Matter must lie close together, and either be wholly new in itself, or in the Turn it receives from our Expressions. Were the Books of our best Authors thus to be retailed to the Publick, and every Page submitted to the Taste of forty or fifty thousand Readers, I am afraid we should complain of many flat Expressions, trivial Observations, beaten Topicks, and common Thoughts, which go off very well in the Lump. At the same Time, notwithstanding some Papers may be made up of broken Hints and irregular Sketches, it is often expected that every Sheet should be a kind of Treatise, and make out in Thought what it wants in Bulk: That a Point of Humour should be worked up in all its Parts; and a Subject touched upon in its most essential Articles, without the Repetitions, Tautologies and Enlargements, that are indulged to longer Labours. The ordinary Writers of Morality prescribe to their Readers after the Galenick way; their Medicines are made up in large Quantities. An Essay-Writer must practise in the Chymical Method, and give the Virtue of a full Draught in a few Drops. Were

all Books reduced thus to their Quintessence, many a bulky Author would make his Appearance in a Penny-Paper: There would be scarce such a thing in Nature as a Folio. The Works of an Age would be contained on a few Shelves; not to mention millions of Volumes that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the Difficulty of furnishing out separate Papers of this Nature, has hindered Authors from communicating their Thoughts to the World after such a Manner: Though I must confess I am amazed that the Press should be only made use of in this Way by News-Writers, and the Zealots of Parties; as if it were not more advantageous to Mankind, to be instructed in Wisdom and Virtue, than in Politicks; and to be made good Fathers, Husbands and Sons, than Counsellors and Statesmen. Had the Philosophers and great Men of Antiquity, who took so much Pains in order to instruct Mankind, and leave the World wiser and better than they found it; had they, I say, been possessed of the Art of Printing, there is no question but they would have made such an Advantage of it, in dealing out their Lectures to the Publick. Our common Prints would be of great Use were they thus calculated to diffuse good Sense through the Bulk of a People, to clear up their Understandings, animate their Minds with Virtue, dissipate the Sorrows of a heavy Heart, or unbend the Mind from its more severe Employments with innocent Amusements. When Knowledge, instead of being bound up in Books and kept in Libraries and Retirements, is thus obtruded upon the Publick; when it is canvassed in every Assembly, and exposed upon every Table, I cannot forbear reflecting upon that Passage in the Proverbs: *Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her Voice in the Streets: she crieth in the chief Place of Concourse, in the Openings of the Gates. In the City she uttereth her Words, saying, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love Simplicity? and the Scorners delight in their Scorning? and Fools hate Knowledge?*<sup>1</sup>

The many Letters which come to me from Persons of the best Sense in both Sexes, (for I may pronounce their Characters from their Way of Writing) do not at a little encourage me in the Prosecution of this my Undertaking: Besides that my Bookseller tells me, the Demand for these my Papers increases daily. It is at his Instance that I shall continue my *rural Speculations* to the End of this Month; several having made up separate Sets of them, as they have done before of those relating to Wit, to Operas, to Points of Morality, or Subjects of Humour.

I am not at all mortified, when sometimes I see my Works thrown aside by Men of no Taste nor Learning. There is a kind of Heaviness and Ignorance that hangs upon the Minds of ordinary Men, which is too thick for Knowledge to break through. Their Souls are not to be enlightened.

— *Nox atra cava circumvolat umbra.*

To these I must apply the Fable of the Mole, That after having consulted many Oculists for the bettering of his Sight, was at last provided with a

<sup>1</sup> Proverbs i. 20—22.

good Pair of Spectacles; but upon his endeavouring to make use of them, his Mother told him very prudently, 'That Spectacles, though they might help the Eye of a Man, could be of no use to a Mole.' It is not therefore for the Benefit of Moles that I publish these my daily Essays.

But besides such as are Moles through Ignorance, there are others who are Moles through Envy. As it is said in the *Latin* Proverb, 'That one Man is a Wolf to another;'<sup>1</sup> so generally speaking, one Author is a Mole to another Author. It is impossible for them to discover Beauties in one another's Works; they have Eyes only for Spots and Blemishes: They can indeed see the Light as it is said of the Animals which are their Namesakes, but the Idea of it is painful to them; they immediately shut their Eyes upon it, and withdraw themselves into a wilful Obscurity. I have already caught two or three of these dark undermining Vermin, and intend to make a String of them, in order to hang them up in one of my Papers, as an Example to all such voluntary Moles. C.

No. 125.] Tuesday, July 24, 1711. [Addison.

*Ne pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella:  
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.*—Vir.

MY worthy Friend Sir ROGER, when we are talking of the Malice of Parties, very frequently tells us an Accident that happened to him when he was a School-boy, which was at a time when the Feuds ran high between the Round-heads and Cavaliers. This worthy Knight, being then but a Stripling, had occasion to enquire which was the Way to St. Anne's Lane, upon which the Person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his Question, call'd him a young Popish Cur, and asked him who had made Anne a Saint? The Boy, being in some Confusion, enquired of the next he met, which was the Way to Anne's Lane; but was call'd a prick-eared Cur for his Pains, and instead of being shewn the Way, was told that she had been a Saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon this, says Sir ROGER, I did not think fit to repeat the former Question, but going into every Lane of the Neighbourhood, asked what they called the Name of that Lane. By which ingenious Artifice he found out the place he enquired after, without giving Offence to any Party. Sir ROGER generally closes this Narrative with Reflections on the Mischief that Parties do in the Country; how they spoil good Neighbourhood, and make honest Gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the Prejudice of the Land-Tax, and the Destruction of the Game.

There cannot a greater Judgment befall a Country than such a dreadful Spirit of Division as rends a Government into two distinct People, and makes them greater Strangers and more averse to

<sup>1</sup> Homo homini Lupus. Plautus Asin. Act ii. sc. 4.

one another, than if they were actually two different Nations. The Effects of such a Division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those Advantages which they give the Common Enemy, but to those private Evils which they produce in the Heart of almost every particular Person. This Influence is very fatal both to Mens Morals and their Understandings; it sinks the Virtue of a Nation, and not only so, but destroys even Common Sense.

A furious Party Spirit, when it rages in its full Violence, exerts it self in Civil War and Bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest Restraints naturally breaks out in Falshood, Detraction, Calumny, and a partial Administration of Justice. In a Word, it fills a Nation with Spleen and Rancour, and extinguishes all the Seeds of Good-Nature, Compassion and Humanity.

Plutarch says very finely, that a Man should not allow himself to hate even his Enemies, because, says he, if you indulge this Passion in some Occasions, it will rise of it self in others; if you hate your Enemies, you will contract such a vicious Habit of Mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your Friends, or those who are indifferent to you.<sup>1</sup> I might here observe how admirably this Precept of Morality (which derives the Malignity of Hatred from the Passion it self, and not from its Object) answers to that great Rule which was dictated to the World about an hundred Years before this Philosopher wrote;<sup>2</sup> but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real Grief of Heart, that the Minds of many good Men among us appear sowerd with Party-Principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner, as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the Dictates either of Reason or Religion. Zeal for a Publick Cause is apt to breed Passions in the Hearts of virtuous Persons, to which the Regard of their own private Interest would never have betrayed them.

If this Party-Spirit has so ill an Effect on our Morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our Judgments. We often hear a poor insipid Paper or Pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble Piece depreciated, by those who are of a different Principle from the Author. One who is actuated by this Spirit is almost under an Incapacity of discerning either real Blemishes or Beauties. A Man of Merit in a different Principle, [is] like an Object seen in two different Mediums, [that] appears crooked or broken, however streight and entire it may be in it self. For this Reason there is scarce a Person of any Figure in England, who does not go by two [contrary Characters,<sup>3</sup>] as opposite to one another as Light and Darkness. Know-

<sup>1</sup> Among his Moral Essays is that showing 'How one shall be helped by Enemies.' In his 'Lives,' also, Plutarch applauds in Pericles the noble sentiment which led him to think it his most excellent attainment never to have given way to envy or anger, notwithstanding the greatness of his power, nor to have nourished an implacable hatred against his greatest foe. This, he says, was his only real title to the name of Olympius.

<sup>2</sup> Luke vi. 27—32.

<sup>3</sup> [Characters altogether different and]

ledge and Learning suffer in [a<sup>1</sup>] particular manner from this strange Prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all Ranks and Degrees in the *British* Nation. As Men formerly became eminent in learned Societies by their Parts and Acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the Warmth and Violence with which they espouse their respective Parties. Books are valued upon the like Considerations: An Abusive Scurrilous Style passes for Satyr, and a dull Scheme of Party Notions is called fine Writing.

There is one Piece of Sophistry practised by both Sides, and that is the taking any scandalous Story that has been ever whispered or invented of a Private Man, for a known undoubted Truth, and raising suitable Speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary Postulatums of these infamous Scriblers, upon which they proceed as upon first Principles granted by all Men, though in their Hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these Foundations of Scurrility, it is no wonder that their Superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless Practice of the present Age endures much longer, Praise and Reproach will cease to be Motives of Action in good Men.

There are certain Periods of Time in all Governments when this inhuman Spirit prevails. *Italy* was long torn in Pieces by the *Guelfes* and *Gibellines*, and *France* by those who were for and against the League: But it is very unhappy for a Man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous Season. It is the restless Ambition of artful Men that thus breaks a People into Factions, and draws several well-meaning [Persons<sup>2</sup>] to their Interest by a Specious Concern for their Country. How many honest Minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous Notions, out of their Zeal for the Publick Good? What Cruelties and Outrages would they not commit against Men of an adverse Party, whom they would honour and esteem, if instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are Persons of the greatest Probity seduced into shameful Errors and Prejudices, and made bad Men even by that noblest of Principles, the Love of their Country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous *Spanish* Proverb, *If there were neither Fools nor Knaves in the World, all People would be of one Mind.*

For my own part, I could heartily wish that all honest Men would enter into an Association, for the Support of one another against the Endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their Common Enemies, whatsoever Side they may belong to. Were there such an honest [Body of Neutral<sup>3</sup>] Forces, we should never see the worst of Men in great Figures of Life, because they are useful to a Party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those Methods which would be grateful to their Faction. We should then single every Criminal out of the Herd, and hunt him down, however formidable

and overgrown he might appear: On the contrary, we should shelter distressed Innocence, and defend Virtue, however beset with Contempt or Ridicule, Envy or Defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our Fellow Subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make the Man of Merit our Friend, and the Villain our Enemy. C.

No. 126.] *Wednesday, July 25, 1711.* [Addison.

*Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebō.*  
Virg.

IN my Yesterday's Paper I proposed, that the honest Men of all Parties should enter into a kind of Association for the Defence of one another, and [the] Confusion of their common Enemies. As it is designed this neutral Body should act with a Regard to nothing but Truth and Equity, and divest themselves of the little Heats and Prepossessions that cleave to Parties of all Kinds, I have prepared for them the following Form of an Association, which may express their Intentions in the most plain and simple Manner.

*We whose Names are hereunto subscribed do solemnly declare, That we do in our Consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any Man whatsoever to be our Enemy who endeavours to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, with the Hazard of all that is near and dear to us, That six is less than seven in all Times and all Places; and that ten will not be more three Years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, That it is our Resolution as long as we live to call Black black, and White white. And we shall upon all Occasions oppose such Persons that upon any Day of the Year shall call Black white, or White black, with the utmost Peril of our Lives and Fortunes.*

Were there such a Combination of honest Men, who without any Regard to Places would endeavour to extirpate all such furious Zealots as would sacrifice one half of their Country to the Passion and Interest of the other; as also such infamous Hypocrites, that are for promoting their own Advantage, under Colour of the Publick Good; with all the profligate immoral Retainers to each Side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit Submission to their Leaders; we should soon see that furious Party-Spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the Derision and Contempt of all the Nations about us.

A Member of this Society, that would thus carefully employ himself in making Room for Merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved Part of Mankind from those conspicuous Stations of Life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any Regard to his private Interest, would be no small Benefactor to his Country.

I remember to have read in *Diodorus Siculus*<sup>1</sup>

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

<sup>2</sup> [People]

<sup>3</sup> [Neutral Body of]

<sup>1</sup> *Bibliothecæ Historicæ, Lib. i. § 87.*

an Account of a very active little Animal, which I think he calls the *Ichneumon*, that makes it the whole Business of his Life to break the Eggs of the Crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the *Ichneumon* never feeds upon the Eggs he has broken, nor in any other Way finds his Account in them. Were it not for the incessant Labours of this industrious Animal, *Ægypt*, says the Historian, would be over-run with Crocodiles; for the *Ægyptians* are so far from destroying those pernicious Creatures, that they worship them as Gods.

If we look into the Behaviour of ordinary Partizans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested Animal; and rather acting after the Example of the wild *Tartars*, who are ambitious of destroying a Man of the most extraordinary Parts and Accomplishments, as thinking that upon his Decease the same Talents, whatever Post they qualified him for, enter of course into his Destroyer.

As in the whole Train of my Speculations, I have endeavoured as much as I am able to extinguish that pernicious Spirit of Passion and Prejudice, which rages with the same Violence in all Parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some Good in this Particular, because I observe that the Spirit of Party reigns more in the Country than in the Town. It here contracts a kind of Brutality and rustick Fierceness, to which Men of a politer Conversation are wholly Strangers. It extends it self even to the Return of the Bow and the Hat; and at the same time that the Heads of Parties preserve toward one another an outward Shew of Good-breeding, and keep up a perpetual Intercourse of Civilities, their Tools that are dispersed in these outlying Parts will not so much as mingle together at a Cock-match. This Humour fills the Country with several periodical Meetings of Whig Jockies and Tory Fox-hunters; not to mention the innumerable Curses, Frowns, and Whispers it produces at a Quarter-Sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former Papers, that my Friends Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT are of different Principles, the first of them inclined to the *landed* and the other to the *monyed* Interest. This Humour is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable Raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the Club. I find however that the Knight is a much stronger Tory in the Country than in Town, which, as he has told me in my Ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his Interest. In all our Journey from *London* to his House we did not so much as bait at a Whig Inn; or if by chance the Coachman stopped at a wrong Place, one of Sir ROGER'S Servants would ride up to his Master full speed, and whisper to him that the Master of the House was against such an one in the last Election. This often betray'd us into hard Beds and bad Chear; for we were not so inquisitive about the Inn as the Inn-keeper; and, provided our Landlord's Principles were sound, did not take any Notice of the Staleness of his Provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the Host was, the worse

generally were his Accommodations; the Fellow knowing very well, that those who were his Friends would take up with coarse Diet and an hard Lodging. For these Reasons, all the while I was upon the Road I dreaded entering into an House of any one that Sir ROGER had applauded for an honest Man.

Since my Stay at Sir ROGER'S in the Country, I daily find more Instances of this narrow Party-Humour. Being upon a Bowling-green at a Neighbouring Market-Town the other Day, (for that is the Place where the Gentlemen of one Side meet once a Week) I observed a Stranger among them of a better Presence and genteeler Behaviour than ordinary; but was much surprised, that notwithstanding he was a very fair *Bettor*, no Body would take him up. But upon Enquiry I found, that he was one who had given a disagreeable Vote in a former Parliament, for which Reason there was not a Man upon that Bowling-green who would have so much Correspondence with him as to Win his Money of him.

Among other Instances of this Nature, I must not omit one which [concerns<sup>1</sup>] my self. *Will. Wimble* was the other Day relating several strange Stories that he had picked up no Body knows where of a certain great Man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the Country [which<sup>2</sup>] had never been so much as whispered in the Town, *Will.* stopped short in the Thread of his Discourse, and after Dinner asked my Friend Sir ROGER in his Ear if he was sure that I was not a Fanatick.

It gives me a serious Concern to see such a Spirit of Dissention in the Country; not only as it destroys Virtue and Common Sense, and renders us in a Manner Barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our Animosities, widens our Breaches, and transmits our present Passions and Prejudices to our Posterity. For my own Part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the Seeds of a Civil War in these our Divisions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first Principles, the Miseries and Calamities of our Children.

C.

No. 127.] Thursday, July 26, 1711. [Addison.

— Quantum est in rebus Inane?—Pers.

IT is our Custom at Sir ROGER'S, upon the coming in of the Post, to sit about a Pot of Coffee, and hear the old Knight read *Dyer's* Letter; which he does with his Spectacles upon his Nose, and in an audible Voice, smiling very often at those little Strokes of Satyr which are so frequent in the Writings of that Author. I afterwards communicate to the Knight such Packets as I receive under the Quality of SPECTATOR. The following Letter chancing to please him more than ordinary, I shall publish it at his Request.

<sup>1</sup> [concerns to]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You have diverted the Town almost a whole Month at the Expence of the Country, it is now high time that you should give the Country their Revenge. Since your withdrawing from this Place, the Fair Sex are run into great Extravagancies. Their Petticoats, which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous Concave, and rise every Day more and more: In short, Sir, since our Women know themselves to be out of the Eye of the SPECTATOR, they will be kept within no Compass. You praised them a little too soon, for the Modesty of their Head-Dresses; for as the Humour of a sick Person is often driven out of one Limb into another, their Superfluity of Ornaments, instead of being entirely Banished, seems only fallen from their Heads upon their lower Parts. What they have lost in Height they make up in Breadth, and contrary to all Rules of Architecture widen the Foundations at the same time that they shorten the Superstructure. Were they, like *Spanish Jennets*, to impregnate by the Wind, they could not have thought on a more proper Invention. But as we do not yet hear any particular Use in this Petticoat, or that it contains any thing more than what was supposed to be in those of Scantier Make, we are wonderfully at a loss about it.

'The Women give out, in Defence of these wide Bottoms, that they are Airy, and very proper for the Season; but this I look upon to be only a Pretence, and a piece of Art, for it is well known we have not had a more moderate Summer these many Years, so that it is certain the Heat they complain of cannot be in the Weather: Besides, I would fain ask these tender constituted Ladies, why they should require more Cooling than their Mothers before them.

'I find several Speculative Persons are of Opinion that our Sex has of late Years been very sawcy, and that the Hoop Petticoat is made use of to keep us at a Distance. It is most certain that a Woman's Honour cannot be better entrenched than after this manner, in Circle within Circle, amidst such a Variety of Out-works and Lines of Circumvallation. A Female who is thus invested in Whale-Bone is sufficiently secured against the Approaches of an ill-bred Fellow, who might as well think of Sir *George Etherege's* way of making Love in a Tub,<sup>1</sup> as in the midst of so many Hoops.

'Among these various Conjectures, there are Men of Superstitious Tempers, who look upon the Hoop Petticoat as a kind of Prodigy. Some will have it that it portends the Downfall of the *French King*, and observe that the Farthingale appeared in *England* a little before the Ruin of the *Spanish Monarchy*. Others are of Opinion that it foretels Battle and Bloodshed, and believe it of the same Prognostication as the Tail of a Blazing Star. For my part, I am apt to think it is a Sign that Multitudes are coming into the World rather than going out of it.

'The first time I saw a Lady dressed in one of

'these Petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her in my own Thoughts for walking abroad when she was so near her Time, but soon recovered myself out of my Error, when I found all the Modish Part of the Sex as far gone as her self. It is generally thought some crafty Women have thus betrayed their Companions into Hoops, that they might make them accessory to their own Concealments, and by that means escape the Censure of the World; as wary Generals have sometimes dressed two or three Dozen of their Friends in their own Habit, that they might not draw upon themselves any particular Attacks of the Enemy. The strutting Petticoat smooths all Distinctions, levels the Mother with the Daughter, and sets Maids and Matrons, Wives and Widows, upon the same Bottom. In the mean while I cannot but be troubled to see so many well-shaped innocent Virgins bloated up, and waddling up and down like big-bellied Women.

'Should this Fashion get among the ordinary People our publick Ways would be so crowded that we should want Street-room. Several Congregations of the best Fashion find themselves already very much streightened, and if the Mode increase I wish it may not drive many ordinary Women into Meetings and Conventicles. Should our Sex at the same time take it into their Heads to wear Trunk Breeches (as who knows what their Indignation at this Female Treatment may drive them to) a Man and his Wife would fill a whole Pew.

'You know, Sir, it is recorded of *Alexander the Great*,<sup>1</sup> that in his *Indian Expedition* he buried several Suits of Armour, which by his Direction were made much too big for any of his Soldiers, in order to give Posterity an extraordinary Idea of him, and make them believe he had commanded an Army of Giants. I am persuaded that if one of the present Petticoats happen to be hung up in any Repository of Curiosities, it will lead into the same Error the Generations that lie some Removes from us: unless we can believe our Posterity will think so disrespectfully of their Great Grand-Mothers, that they made themselves Monstrous to appear Amiable.

'When I survey this new-fashioned *Rotonda* in all its Parts, I cannot but think of the old Philosopher, who after having entered into an *Egyptian Temple*, and looked about for the Idol of the Place, at length discovered a little Black Monkey Enshrined in the midst of it, upon which he could not forbear crying out, (to the great Scandal of the Worshippers) What a magnificent Palace is here for such a Ridiculous Inhabitant!

'Though you have taken a Resolution, in one of your Papers, to avoid descending to Particularities of Dress, I believe you will not think it below you, on so extraordinary an Occasion, to Unhoop the Fair Sex, and cure this fashionable Tympany that is got among them. I am apt to think the Petticoat will shrink of its own accord at your first coming to Town; at least a Touch of your Pen will make it contract it self, like the sensitive Plant, and by that means oblige several

<sup>1</sup> Love in a Tub, Act iv. sc. 6.

<sup>1</sup> In Plutarch's Life of him.

'who are either terrified or astonished at this portentous Novelty, and among the rest,  
C. *Your humble Servant, &c.*

No. 128.] *Friday, July 27, 1711.* [Addison.

—Concordia discors.—Lucan.

WOMEN in their Nature are much more gay and joyous than Men; whether it be that their Blood is more refined, their Fibres more delicate, and their animal Spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of Sex in the very Soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As Vivacity is the Gift of Women, Gravity is that of Men. They should each of them therefore keep a Watch upon the particular Biass which Nature has fixed in their Mind, that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the Paths of Reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every Word and Action affects the Character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage Philosophy, Women by a thoughtless Gallantry. Where these Precautions are not observed, the Man often degenerates into a Cynick, the Woman into a Coquet; the Man grows sullen and morose, the Woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said, we may conclude, Men and Women were made as Counterparts to one another, that the Pains and Anxieties of the Husband might be relieved by the Sprightliness and good Humour of the Wife. When these are rightly tempered, Care and Cheerfulness go Hand in Hand; and the Family, like a Ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither Sail nor Ballast.

Natural Historians observe, (for whilst I am in the Country I must fetch my Allusions from thence) That only the Male Birds have Voices; That their Songs begin a little before Breeding-time, and end a little after; That whilst the Hen is covering her Eggs, the Male generally takes his Stand upon a Neighbouring Bough within her Hearing; and by that means amuses and diverts her with his Songs during the whole Time of her Sitting.

This Contract among Birds lasts no longer than till a Brood of young ones arises from it; so that in the feather'd Kind, the Cares and Fatigues of the married State, if I may so call it, lie principally upon the Female. On the contrary, as in our Species the Man and [the] Woman are joined together for Life, and the main Burden rests upon the former, Nature has given all the little Arts of Soothing and Blandishment to the Female, that she may cheer and animate her Companion in a constant and assiduous Application to the making a Provision for his Family, and the educating of their common Children. This however is not to be taken so strictly, as if the same Duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both Parties; but only to set forth what seems to have been the general Intention of Nature, in the different Inclinations and Endowments which are bestowed on the different Sexes.

But whatever was the Reason that Man and Woman were made with this Variety of Temper, if we observe the Conduct of the Fair Sex, we find that they choose rather to associate themselves with a Person who resembles them in that light and volatile Humour which is natural to them, than to such as are qualified to moderate and counter-balance it. It has been an old Complaint, That the Coxcomb carries it with them before the Man of Sense. When we see a Fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid Life and Laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female Favourite: Noise and Flutter are such Accomplishments as they cannot withstand. To be short, the Passion of an ordinary Woman for a Man is nothing else but Self-love diverted upon another Object: She would have the Lover a Woman in every thing but the Sex. I do not know a finer Piece of Satyr on this Part of Womankind, than those Lines of Mr. Dryden,

*Our thoughtless Sex is caught by outward Form,  
And empty Noise, and loves it self in Man.*

This is a Source of infinite Calamities to the Sex, as it frequently joins them to Men, who in their own Thoughts are as fine Creatures as themselves; or if they chance to be good-humoured, serve only to dissipate their Fortunes, inflame their Follies, and aggravate their Indiscretions.

The same female Levity is no less fatal to them after Mariage than before: It represents to their Imaginations the faithful prudent Husband as an honest tractable [and] domestick Animal; and turns their Thoughts upon the fine gay Gentleman that laughs, sings, and dresses so much more agreeably.

As this irregular Vivacity of Temper leads astray the Hearts of ordinary Women in the Choice of their Lovers and the Treatment of their Husbands, it operates with the same pernicious Influence towards their Children, who are taught to accomplish themselves in all those sublime Perfections that appear captivating in the Eye of their Mother. She admires in her Son what she loved in her Gallant; and by that means contributes all she can to perpetuate herself in a worthless Progeny.

The younger *Faustina* was a lively Instance of this sort of Women. Notwithstanding she was married to *Marcus Aurelius*, one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the *Roman* Emperors, she thought a common Gladiator much the prettier Gentleman; and had taken such Care to accomplish her Son *Commodus* according to her own Notions of a fine Man, that when he ascended the Throne of his Father, he became the most foolish and abandoned Tyrant that was ever placed at the Head of the *Roman* Empire, signaling himself in nothing but the fighting of Prizes, and knocking out Men's Brains. As he had no Taste of true Glory, we see him in several Medals and Statues [which<sup>1</sup>] are still extant of him, equipped like an *Hercules* with a Club and a Lion's Skin.

I have been led into this Speculation by the Characters I have heard of a Country-Gentleman and his Lady, who do not live many Miles from

<sup>1</sup> [that]

Sir ROGER. The Wife is an old Coquet, that is always hankering after the Diversions of the Town; the Husband a morose Rustick, that frowns and frets at the Name of it. The Wife is over-run with Affectation, the Husband sunk into Brutality: The Lady cannot bear the Noise of the Larks and Nightingales, hates your tedious Summer Days, and is sick at the Sight of shady Woods and purling Streams; the Husband wonders how any one can be pleased with the Fooleries of Plays and Operas, and rails from Morning to Night at essenced Fops and tawdry Courtiers. The Children are educated in these different Notions of their Parents. The Sons follow the Father about his Grounds, while the Daughters read Volumes of Love-Letters and Romances to their Mother. By this means it comes to pass, that the Girls look upon their Father as a Clown, and the Boys think their Mother no better than she should be.

How different are the Lives of *Aristus* and *Aspasia*? the innocent Vivacity of the one is tempered and composed by the chearful Gravity of the other. The Wife grows wise by the Discourses of the Husband, and the Husband good-humour'd by the Conversations of the Wife. *Aristus* would not be so amiable were it not for his *Aspasia*, nor *Aspasia* so much [esteemed<sup>1</sup>] were it not for her *Aristus*. Their Virtues are blended in their Children, and diffuse through the whole Family a perpetual Spirit of Benevolence, Complacency, and Satisfaction. C.

No. 129.] Saturday, July 28, 1711. [Addison.

*Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum,  
Cum rota posterior curras et in axe secundo.*  
Pers.

GREAT Masters in Painting never care for drawing People in the Fashion; as very well knowing that the Head-dress, or Periwig, that now prevails, and gives a Grace to their Portraits at present, will make a very odd Figure, and perhaps look monstrous in the Eyes of Posterity. For this Reason they often represent an illustrious Person in a Roman Habit, or in some other Dress that never varies. I could wish, for the sake of my Country Friends, that there was such a kind of *everlasting Drapery* to be made use of by all who live at a certain distance from the Town, and that they would agree upon such Fashions as should never be liable to Changes and Innovations. For want of this *standing Dress*, a Man [who<sup>2</sup>] takes a Journey into the Country is as much surprised, as one [who<sup>3</sup>] walks in a Gallery of old Family Pictures; and finds as great a Variety of Garbs and Habits in the Persons he converses with. Did they keep to one constant Dress they would sometimes be in the Fashion, which they never are as Matters are managed at present. If instead of running after the Mode,

<sup>1</sup> [to be esteemed]  
<sup>2</sup> [that]                      <sup>3</sup> [that]

they would continue fixed in one certain Habit, the Mode would some time or other overtake them, as a Clock that stands still is sure to point right once in twelve Hours: In this Case therefore I would advise them, as a Gentleman did his Friend who was hunting about the whole Town after a rambling Fellow, If you follow him you will never find him, but if you plant your self at the Corner of any one Street, I'll engage it will not be long before you see him.

I have already touched upon this Subject in a Speculation [which<sup>1</sup>] shews how cruelly the Country are led astray in following the Town; and equipped in a ridiculous Habit, when they fancy themselves in the Height of the Mode. Since that Speculation I have received a Letter (which I there hinted at) from a Gentleman who is now in the Western Circuit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Being a Lawyer of the *Middle-Temple*, [a<sup>2</sup>] *Cornishman* by Birth, I generally ride the Western Circuit for my health, and as I am not interrupted with Clients, have leisure to make many Observations that escape the Notice of my Fellow-Travellers.

'One of the most fashionable Women I met with in all the Circuit was my Landlady at *Stains*, where I chanced to be on a Holiday. Her Commode was not half a Foot high, and her Petticoat within some Yards of a modish Circumference. In the same Place I observed a young Fellow with a tolerable Periwig, had it not been covered with a Hat that was shaped in the *Ramillie* Cock.<sup>3</sup> As I proceeded in my Journey I observed the Petticoat grew scantier and scantier, and about threescore Miles from *London* was so very unfashionable, that a Woman might walk in it without any manner of Inconvenience.

'Not far from *Salisbury* I took notice of a Justice of Peace's Lady [who<sup>4</sup>] was at least ten Years behindhand in her Dress, but at the same time as fine as Hands could make her. She was flounced and furbelowed from Head to Foot; every Ribbon was wrinkled, and every Part of her Garments in Curl, so that she looked like one of those Animals which in the Country we call a *Friezeland* Hen.

'Not many Miles beyond this Place I was informed that one of the last Year's little Muff had by some means or other straggled into those Parts, and that all Women of Fashion were cutting their old Muffs in two, or retrenching them, according to the little Model [which<sup>5</sup>] was got among them. I cannot believe the Report they have there, that it was sent down frank'd by a Parliament-man in a little Packet; but probably by next Winter this Fashion will be at the Height in the Country, when it is quite out at *London*.

'The greatest Beau at our next Country Sessions was dressed in a most monstrous Flaxen Periwig, that was made in King *William's* Reign. The Wearer of it goes, it seems, in his own Hair, when he is at home, and lets his Wig lie in Buckle for a whole half Year, that he may

<sup>1</sup> [that]                      <sup>2</sup> [and a]                      <sup>3</sup> Fashion of 1706.  
<sup>4</sup> [that]                      <sup>5</sup> [that]

put it on upon Occasions to meet the Judges in it.

I must not here omit an Adventure [which<sup>1</sup>] happened to us in a Country Church upon the Frontiers of Cornwall. As we were in the midst of the Service, a Lady who is the chief Woman of the Place, and had passed the Winter at London with her Husband, entered the Congregation in a little Head-dress, and a hoop'd Petticoat. The People, who were wonderfully startled at such a Sight, all of them rose up. Some stared at the prodigious Bottom, and some at the little Top of this strange Dress. In the mean time the Lady of the Manor filled the [Area<sup>2</sup>] of the Church, and walked up to her Pew with an unspeakable Satisfaction, amidst the Whispers, Conjectures, and Astonishments of the whole Congregation.

Upon our Way from hence we saw a young Fellow riding towards us full Gallop, with a Bob Wig and a black Silken Bag tied to it. He stopt short at the Coach, to ask us how far the Judges were behind us. His Stay was so very short, that we had only time to observe his new silk Waistcoat, [which<sup>3</sup>] was unbutton'd in several Places to let us see that he had a clean Shirt on, which was ruffled down to his middle.

From this Place, during our Progress through the most Western Parts of the Kingdom, we fancied ourselves in King Charles the Second's Reign, the People having made very little Variations in their Dress since that time. The smartest of the Country Squires appear still in the Monmouth-Cock,<sup>4</sup> and when they go a wooing (whether they have any Post in the Militia or not) they generally put on a red Coat. We were, indeed, very much surprized, at the Place we lay at last Night, to meet with a Gentleman that had accoutered himself in a Night-Cap Wig a Coat with long Pockets, and slit Sleeves, and a pair of Shoes with high Scollop Tops; but we soon found by his Conversation that he was a Person who laughed at the Ignorance and Rusticity of the Country People, and was resolved to live and die in the Mode.

Sir, If you think this Account of my Travels may be of any Advantage to the Publick, I will next Year trouble you with such Occurrences as I shall meet with in other Parts of England. For I am informed there are greater Curiosities in the Northern Circuit than in the Western; and that a Fashion makes its Progress much slower into Cumberland than into Cornwall. I have heard in particular, that the Steenkirk<sup>5</sup> arrived but two Months ago at Newcastle, and that there are several Commodities in those Parts which are worth taking a Journey thither to see. C.

<sup>1</sup> [that]      <sup>2</sup> [whole Area]      <sup>3</sup> [that]

<sup>4</sup> Of 1685.

<sup>5</sup> Fashion of 1692-3.

No. 130.] Monday, July 30, 1711. [Addison.

—Semperque recentes

Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.—Virg.

AS I was Yesterday riding out in the Fields with my Friend Sir ROGER, we saw at a little Distance from us a Troop of Gypsies. Upon the first Discovery of them, my Friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the Justice of the Peace upon such a Band of Lawless Vagrants; but not having his Clerk with him, who is a necessary Counsellor on these Occasions, and fearing that his Poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the Thought drop: But at the same time gave me a particular Account of the Mischiefs they do in the Country, in stealing People's Goods and spoiling their Servants. If a stray Piece of Linnen hangs upon an Hedge, says Sir ROGER, they are sure to have it; if the Hog loses his Way in the Fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their Prey; our Geese cannot live in Peace for them; if a Man prosecutes them with Severity, his Hen-roost is sure to pay for it: They generally straggle into these Parts about this Time of the Year; and set the Heads of our Servant-Maids so agog for Husbands, that we do not expect to have any Business done as it should be whilst they are in the Country. I have an honest Dairy-maid [who<sup>1</sup>] crosses their Hands with a Piece of Silver every Summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young Fellow in the Parish for her pains. Your Friend the Butler has been Fool enough to be seduced by them; and, though he is sure to lose a Knife, a Fork, or a Spoon every time his Fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the Pantry with an old Gypsie for above half an Hour once in a Twelvemonth. Sweet-hearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young Jades among them: The Sluts have very often white Teeth and black Eyes.

Sir ROGER observing that I listned with great Attention to his Account of a People who were so entirely new to me, told me, That if I would they should tell us our Fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the Knight's Proposal, we rid up and communicated our Hands to them. A Cassandra of the Crew, after having examined my Lines very diligently, told me, That I loved a pretty Maid in a Corner, that I was a good Woman's Man, with some other Particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My Friend Sir ROGER alighted from his Horse, and exposing his Palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all Shapes, and diligently scanned every Wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, [who<sup>2</sup>] was older and more Sun-burnt than the rest, told him, That he had a Widow in his Line of Life: Upon which the Knight cried, Go, go, you are an idle Baggage; and at the same time smiled upon me. The Gypsie finding he was not displeas'd in his Heart, told him, after a far-

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> [that]



ther Enquiry into his Hand, that his True-love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night: My old Friend cried Pish, and bid her go on. The Gypsie told him that he was a Batchelour, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to some Body than he thought: The Knight still repeated, She was an idle Baggage, and bid her go on. Ah Master, says the Gypsie, that roguish Leer of yours makes a pretty Woman's Heart ake; you ha'n't that Simper about the Mouth for Nothing—The uncouth Gibberish with which all this was uttered like the Darkness of an Oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the Knight left the Money with her that he had crossed her Hand with, and got up again on his Horse.

As we were riding away, Sir ROGER told me, that he knew several sensible People who believed these Gypsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an Hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the Height of his good-Humour, meeting a common Beggar upon the Road who was no Conjuror, as he went to relieve him he found his Pocket was picked: That being a Kind of Palmistry at which this Race of Vermin are very dextrous.

I might here entertain my Reader with Historical Remarks on this idle profligate People, [who<sup>1</sup>] infest all the Countries of *Europe*, and live in the midst of Governments in a kind of Commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into Observations of this Nature, I shall fill the remaining Part of my Paper with a Story [which<sup>2</sup>] is still fresh in *Holland*, and was printed in one of our Monthly Accounts about twenty Years ago. 'As the *Trekschuyt*, or Hackney-boat, which carries Passengers from *Leyden* to *Amsterdam*, was putting off, a Boy running along the [Side<sup>3</sup>] of the Canal desired to be taken in; which the Master of the Boat refused, because the Lad had not quite Money enough to pay the usual Fare. An eminent Merchant being pleased with the Looks of the Boy, and secretly touched with Compassion towards him, paid the Money for him,<sup>4</sup> and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four Languages, and learned upon farther Examination that he had been stoln away when he was a Child by a Gypsie, and had rambled ever since with a Gang of those Strollers up and down several Parts of *Europe*. It happened that the Merchant, whose Heart seems to have inclined towards the Boy by a secret kind of Instinct, had himself lost a Child some Years before. The Parents, after a long Search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the Canals with which that Country abounds; and the Mother was so afflicted at the Loss of a fine Boy, who was her only Son, that she died for Grief of it. Upon laying together all Particulars, and examining the several Moles and Marks [by] which the Mother used to describe the Child [when<sup>5</sup>] he was first missing, the Boy proved to be the Son of the Merchant whose

'Heart had so unaccountably melted at the Sight of him. The Lad was very well pleased to find 'a Father [who<sup>1</sup>] was so rich, and likely to leave 'him a good Estate; the Father on the other 'hand was not a little delighted to see a Son re-'turn to him, whom he had given for lost, with 'such a Strength of Constitution, Sharpness of 'Understanding, and Skill in Languages.' Here the printed Story leaves off; but if I may give credit to Reports, our Linguist having received such extraordinary Rudiments towards a good Education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a Gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious Habits and Practises that he had been used to in the Course of his Peregrinations: Nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign Courts upon National Business, with great Reputation to himself and Honour to [those who sent him,<sup>2</sup>] and that he has visited several Countries as a publick Minister, in which he formerly wander'd as a Gypsie. C.

No. 131.] Tuesday, July 31, 1711. [Addison.

—*Ipsæ rursum concedite Sylva.*—Virg.

IT is usual for a Man who loves Country Sports to preserve the Game in his own Grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his Neighbour. My Friend Sir ROGER generally goes two or three Miles from his House, and gets into the Frontiers of his Estate, before he beats about in search of [a<sup>3</sup>] Hare or Partridge, on purpose to spare his own Fields, where he is always sure of finding Diversion, when the worst comes to the worst. By this Means the Breed about his House has time to encrease and multiply, besides that the Sport is the more agreeable where the Game is the harder to come at, and [where it] does not lie so thick as to produce any Perplexity or Confusion in the Pursuit. For these Reasons the Country Gentleman, like the Fox, seldom preys near his own Home.

In the same manner I have made a Month's Excursion out of the Town, which is the great Field of Game for Sportsmen of my Species, to try my Fortune in the Country, where I have started several Subjects, and hunted them down, with some Pleasure to my self, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of Diligence before I can spring any thing to my Mind, whereas in Town, whilst I am following one Character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my Way by another, and put up such a Variety of odd Creatures in both Sexes, that they foil the Scent of one another, and puzzle the Chace. My greatest Difficulty in the Country is to find Sport, and in Town to chuse it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole Month's Rest to the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, I promise my self abundance of new Game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the Coun-

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>3</sup> [Sides]

<sup>4</sup> About three pence.

<sup>5</sup> [by when]

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> [his Country]

<sup>3</sup> [an]

try, since I find the whole Neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my Name and Character. My Love of Solitude, Taciturnity, and particular way of Life, having raised a great Curiosity in all these Parts.

The Notions which have been framed of me are various; some look upon me as very proud, [some as very modest,] and some as very melancholy. *Will. Wimble*, as my Friend the Butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in Company, is afraid I have killed a Man. The Country People seem to suspect me for a Conjuror; and some of them hearing of the Visit [which<sup>1</sup>] I made to *Moll White*, will needs have it that Sir ROGER has brought down a Cunning Man with him, to cure the old Woman, and free the Country from her Charms. So that the Character which I go under in part of the Neighbourhood, is what they here call a *White Witch*.

A Justice of Peace, who lives about five Miles off, and is not of Sir ROGER's Party, has it seems said twice or thrice at his Table, that he wishes Sir ROGER does not harbour a Jesuit in his House, and that he thinks the Gentlemen of the Country would do very well to make me give some Account of my self.

On the other side, some of Sir ROGER's Friends are afraid the old Knight is impos'd upon by a designing Fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously when he is in Town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen, and says nothing, because he is out of Place.

Such is the Variety of Opinions [which<sup>2</sup>] are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected Person, and among others for a Popish Priest; among some for a Wizard, and among others for a Murderer; and all this for no other Reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and hollow and make a Noise. It is true my Friend Sir ROGER tells them, *That it is my way*, and that I am only a Philosopher; but [this<sup>2</sup>] will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my Tongue for nothing.

For these and other Reasons I shall set out for *London* to Morrow, having found by Experience that the Country is not a Place for a Person of my Temper, who does not love Jollity, and what they call Good-Neighbourhood. A Man that is out of Humour when an unexpected Guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an Afternoon to every Chance-comer; that will be the Master of his own Time, and the Pursuer of his own Inclinations, makes but a very unsociable Figure in this kind of Life. I shall therefore retire into the Town, if I may make use of that Phrase, and get into the Crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what Speculations I please upon others without being observed my self, and at the same time enjoy all the Advantages of Company with all the Privileges of Solitude. In the mean while, to finish the Month and conclude these my rural Speculations, I shall here insert a Letter from my Friend

<sup>1</sup> [that]<sup>2</sup> [that]

WILL. HONEYCOMB, who has not lived a Month for these forty Years out of the Smoke of *London*, and rallies me after his way upon my Country Life.

Dear SPEC,

'I Suppose this Letter will find thee picking of 'Daisies, or smelling to a Lock of Hay, or passing 'away thy time in some innocent Country Diver- 'sion of the like Nature. I have however Orders 'from the Club to summon thee up to Town, being 'all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to 'relish our Company, after thy Conversations 'with *Moll White* and *Will. Wimble*. Pr'ythee 'don't send us up any more Stories of a Cock and 'a Bull, nor frighten the Town with Spirits and 'Witches. Thy Speculations begin to smell con- 'foundedly of Woods and Meadows. If thou dost 'not come up quickly, we shall conclude [that] 'thou art in Love with one of Sir ROGER's Dairy- 'maids. Service to the Knight. Sir ANDREW is 'grown the Cock of the Club since he left us, and 'if he does not return quickly will make every 'Mother's Son of us Common-wealth's Men.

Dear SPEC,

Thine Eternally,

C.

WILL. HONEYCOMB.

No. 132.] Wednesday, August 1, 1711. [Steele.

—*Qui aut Tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.*—Tull.

HAVING notified to my good Friend Sir ROGER that I should set out for *London* the next Day, his Horses were ready at the appointed Hour in the Evening; and attended by one of his Grooms, I arrived at the County-Town at twilight, in order to be ready for the Stage-Coach the Day following. As soon as we arrived at the Inn, the Servant who waited upon me, inquir'd of the Chamberlain in my Hearing what Company he had for the Coach? The Fellow answered, Mrs. *Betty Arable*, the great Fortune, and the Widow her Mother; a recruiting Officer (who took a Place because they were to go;) young Squire *Quickset* her Cousin (that her Mother wished her to be married to;) *Ephraim* the Quaker,<sup>1</sup> her Guardian; and a Gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY'S. I observed by what he said of my self, that according to his Office he dealt much in Intelligence; and doubted not but there was some Foundation for his Reports of the rest of the Company, as well as for the whimsical Account he gave of me. The next Morning at Day-break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural Shyness,

<sup>1</sup> The man who would not fight received the name of Ephraim from the 9th verse of Psalm lxxviii., which says: 'The children of Ephraim, 'being armed and carrying bows, turned back in 'the day of battle.'

and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first Preparation for our Setting-out was, that the Captain's Half-Pike was placed near the Coach-man, and a Drum behind the Coach. In the mean Time the Drummer, the Captain's Equipage, was very loud, that none of the Captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his Cloake-bag was fixed in the Seat of the Coach: And the Captain himself, according to a frequent, tho' invidious Behaviour of Military Men, ordered his Man to look sharp, that none but one of the Ladies should have the Place he had taken fronting to the Coach-box.

We were in some little Time fixed in our Seats, and sat with that Dislike which People not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first Sight. The Coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of Familiarity: and we had not moved above two Miles, when the Widow asked the Captain what Success he had in his Recruiting? The Officer, with a Frankness he believed very graceful, told her, 'That indeed he had but very little Luck, and had suffered much by Desertion, therefore should be glad to end his Warfare in the Service of her or her fair Daughter. In a Word, continued he, I am a Soldier, and to be plain is my Character: You see me, Madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me your self, Widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your Disposal. I am a Soldier of Fortune, ha!' This was followed by a vain Laugh of his own, and a deep Silence of all the rest of the Company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all Speed. 'Come, said he, resolve upon it, we will make a Wedding at the next Town: We will wake this pleasant Companion who is fallen asleep, to be [the] Brideman, and' (giving the Quaker a Clap on the Knee) he concluded, 'This sly Saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, Widow, shall give the Bride as Father.' The Quaker, who happened to be a Man of Smartness, answered, 'Friend, I take it in good Part that thou hast given me the Authority of a Father over this comely and virtuous Child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy Mirth, Friend, savour-eth of Folly: Thou art a Person of a light Mind; thy Drum is a Type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy Fullness, but thy Emptiness that thou hast spoken this Day. Friend, Friend, we have hired this Coach in Partnership with thee, to carry us to the great City; we cannot go any other Way. This worthy Mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy Follies; we cannot help it, Friend, I say: if thou wilt we must hear thee: But if thou wert a Man of Understanding, thou wouldst not take Advantage of thy courageous Countenance to abash us Children of Peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a Soldier; give Quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou flee at our Friend, who feigned himself asleep? he [said]<sup>1</sup> nothing: but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in

<sup>1</sup> [sayeth]

'the hearing of this virtuous young Virgin, consider it is an Outrage against a distressed Person that cannot get from thee: To speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this publick Vehicle, is in some Degree assaulting on the high Road.'

Here *Ephraim* paused, and the Captain with an happy and uncommon Impudence (which can be convicted and support it self at the same time) cries, 'Faith, Friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoaky old Fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing Part of the Journey. I was [going]<sup>1</sup> to give my self Airs, but, Ladies, I beg Pardon.'

The Captain was so little out of Humour, and our Company was so far from being sowered by this little Ruffle, that *Ephraim* and he took a particular Delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different Provinces in the Conduct of the Company. Our Reckonings, Apartments, and Accommodation, fell under *Ephraim*: and the Captain looked to all Disputes on the Road, as the good Behaviour of our Coachman, and the Right we had of taking Place as going to *London* of all Vehicles coming from thence. The Occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the Relation of them: But when I consider'd the Company we were in, I took it for no small good Fortune that the whole Journey was not spent in Impertinences, which to one Part of us might be an Entertainment, to the other a Suffering. What therefore *Ephraim* said when we were almost arriv'd at *London*, had to me an Air not only of good Understanding but good Breeding. Upon the young Lady's expressing her Satisfaction in the Journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, *Ephraim* declared himself as follows: 'There is no ordinary Part of humane Life which expresseth so much a good Mind, and a right inward Man, as his Behaviour upon meeting with Strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable Companions to him: Such a Man, when he falleth in the way with Persons of Simplicity and Innocence, however knowing he may be in the Ways of Men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his Superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good Friend, (continued he, turning to the Officer) thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: But be advised by a plain Man; Modes and Apparel are but Trifles to the real Man, therefore do not think such a Man as thy self terrible for thy Garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with Affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou should'st rejoice to see my peaceable Demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy Strength and Ability to protect me in it.' T.

<sup>1</sup> [a going]

No. 133.] Thursday, August 2, 1711. [Steele.

*Quis Desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam Chari capitis?—Hor.*

THERE is a sort of Delight, which is alternately mixed with Terror and Sorrow, in the Contemplation of Death. The Soul has its Curiosity more than ordinarily awakened, when it turns its Thoughts upon the Conduct of such who have behaved themselves with an Equal, a Resigned, a Cheerful, a Generous or Heroick Temper in that Extremity. We are affected with these respective Manners of Behaviour, as we secretly believe the Part of the Dying Person imitable by our selves, or such as we imagine our selves more particularly capable of. Men of exalted Minds march before us like Princes, and are, to the Ordinary Race of Mankind, rather Subjects for their Admiration than Example. However, there are no Ideas strike more forcibly upon our Imaginations, than those which are raised from Reflections upon the Exits of great and excellent Men. Innocent Men who have suffered as Criminals, tho' they were Benefactors to Human Society, seem to be Persons of the highest Distinction, among the vastly greater Number of Human Race, the Dead. When the Iniquity of the Times brought *Socrates* to his Execution, how great and wonderful is it to behold him, unsupported by any thing but the Testimony of his own Conscience and Conjectures of Hereafter, receive the Poison with an Air of Mirth and good Humour, and as if going on an agreeable Journey bespeak some Deity to make it fortunate.

When *Phocion's* good Actions had met with the like Reward from his Country, and he was led to Death with many others of his Friends, they bewailing their Fate, he walking composedly towards the Place of Execution, how gracefully does he support his Illustrious Character to the very last Instant. One of the Rabble spitting at him as he passed, with his usual Authority he called to know if no one was ready to teach this Fellow how to behave himself. When a Poor-spirited Creature that died at the same time for his Crimes bemoaned himself unmanfully, he rebuked him with this Question, Is it no Consolation to such a Man as thou art to die with *Phocion*? At the Instant when he was to die, they asked him what commands he had for his Son, he answered, To forget this Injury of the *Athenians*. *Niocles*, his Friend, under the same Sentence, desired he might drink the Potion before him; *Phocion* said, because he never had denied him any thing he would not even this, the most difficult Request he had ever made.

These Instances<sup>1</sup> were very noble and great, and the Reflections of those Sublime Spirits had made Death to them what it is really intended to be by the Author of Nature, a Relief from a various Being ever subject to Sorrows and Difficulties.

*Epaminondas*, the *Theban* General, having re-

<sup>1</sup> From Plutarch's Life of *Phocion*.

ceived in Fight a mortal Stab with a Sword, which was left in his Body, lay in that Posture 'till he had Intelligence that his Troops [had] obtained the Victory, and then permitted it to be drawn [out], at which Instant he expressed himself in this manner, *This is not the end of my Life, my Fellow-Soldiers; it is now your Epaminondas is born, who dies in so much Glory.*

It were an endless Labour to collect the Accounts with which all Ages have filled the World of Noble and Heroick Minds that have resigned this Being, as if the Termination of Life were but an ordinary Occurrence of it.

This common-place way of Thinking I fell into from an awkward Endeavour to throw off a real and fresh Affliction, by turning over Books in a melancholy Mood; but it is not easy to remove Grievances which touch the Heart, by applying Remedies which only entertain the Imagination. As therefore this Paper is to consist of any thing which concerns Human Life, I cannot help letting the present Subject regard what has been the last Object of my Eyes, tho' an Entertainment of Sorrow.

I went this Evening to visit a Friend, with a design to rally him, upon a Story I had heard of his intending to steal a Marriage without the Privity of us his intimate Friends and Acquaintance. I came into his Apartment with that Intimacy which I have done for very many Years, and walked directly into his Bed-chamber, where I found my Friend in the Agonies of Death.<sup>1</sup> What could I do? The innocent Mirth in my Thoughts struck upon me like the most flagitious Wickedness: I in vain called upon him; he was senseless, and too far spent to have the least Knowledge of my Sorrow, or any Pain in himself. Give me leave then to transcribe my Soliloquy, as I stood by his Mother, dumb with the weight of Grief for a Son who was her Honour and her Comfort, and never till that Hour since his Birth had been an Occasion of a Moment's Sorrow to her.

'How surprising is this Change! from the  
'Possession of vigorous Life and Strength, to  
'be reduced in a few Hours to this fatal Ex-  
'tremity! Those Lips which look so pale and  
'livid, within these few Days gave Delight to all  
'who heard their Utterance: It was the Business,  
'the Purpose of his Being, next to Obeying him  
'to whom he is going, to please and instruct, and  
'that for no other end but to please and instruct.  
'Kindness was the Motive of his Actions, and  
'with all the Capacity requisite for making a  
'Figure in a contentious World, Moderation,  
'Good-Nature, Affability, Temperance and Chas-  
'tity, were the Arts of his Excellent Life. There  
'as he lies in helpless Agony, no Wise Man who  
'knew him so well as I, but would resign all the  
'World can bestow to be so near the end of such  
'a Life. Why does my Heart so little obey my  
'Reason as to lament thee, thou excellent Man.  
'—Heaven receive him, or restore him.—

<sup>1</sup> This friend was Stephen, son of Edmund Clay, haberdasher. Stephen Clay was of the Inner Temple, and called to the bar in 1700.

'Thy beloved Mother, thy obliged Friends, thy  
'helpless Servants, stand around thee without  
'Distinction. How much wouldst thou, hadst  
'thou thy Senses, say to each of us.

'But now that good Heart bursts, and he is at  
'rest—with that Breath expired a Soul who never  
'indulged a Passion unfit for the Place he is gone  
'to: Where are now thy Plans of Justice, of  
'Truth, of Honour? Of what use the Volumes  
'thou hast collated, the Arguments thou hast in-  
'vented, the Examples thou hast followed. Poor  
'were the Expectations of the Studious, the Mo-  
'dest and the Good, if the Reward of their La-  
'bours were only to be expected from Man. No,  
'my Friend, thy intended Pleadings, thy in-  
'tended good Offices to thy Friends, thy intended  
'Services to thy Country, are already performed  
'(as to thy Concern in them) in his Sight before  
'whom the Past, Present, and Future appear at  
'one View. While others with thy Talents were  
'tormented with Ambition, with Vain-glory, with  
'Envy, with Emulation, how well didst thou turn  
'thy Mind to its own Improvement in things out  
'of the Power of Fortune, in Probity, in In-  
'tegrity, in the Practice and Study of Justice;  
'how silent thy Passage, how private thy Journey,  
'how glorious thy End! *Many have I known  
'more Famous, some more Knowing, not one so  
'Innocent.'*

R.

No. 134.] *Friday, August 3, 1711.* [Steele.

—Opiferque per Orbem  
Dicor— Ovid.

**D**URING my Absence in the Country, several  
Packets have been left for me, which were  
not forwarded to me, because I was expected every  
Day in Town. The Author of the following Let-  
ter, dated from *Tower-Hill*, having sometimes  
been entertained with some Learned Gentlemen  
in Plush Doublets, who have vended their Wares  
from a Stage in that Place, has pleasantly enough  
addressed Me, as no less a Sage in Morality,  
than those are in Physick. To comply with his  
kind Inclination to make my Cures famous, I shall  
give you his Testimonial of my great Abilities at  
large in his own Words.

SIR,

'Your saying t'other Day there is something  
'wonderful in the Narrowness of those Minds  
'which can be pleased, and be barren of Bounty to  
'those who please them, makes me in pain that I  
'am not a Man of Power: If I were, you should  
'soon see how much I approve your Speculations.  
'In the mean time, I beg leave to supply that In-  
'ability with the empty Tribute of an honest  
'Mind, by telling you plainly I love and thank you  
'for your daily Refreshments. I constantly peruse  
'your Paper as I smoke my Morning's Pipe, (tho'  
'I can't forbear reading the Motto before I fill and  
'light) and really it gives a grateful Relish to every  
'Whif; each Paragraph is freight either with useful  
'or delightful Notions, and I never fail of being  
'highly diverted or improved. The Variety of

'your Subjects surprizes me as much as a Box of  
'Pictures did formerly, in which there was only  
'one Face, that by pulling some Pieces of Isin-  
'glass over it, was changed into a grave Senator  
'or a *Merry Andrew*, a patch'd Lady or a Nun,  
'a Beau or a Black-a-moor, a Prude or a Coquet,  
'a Country Squire or a Conjurer, with many other  
'different Representations very entertaining (as you  
'are) tho' still the same at the Bottom. This was  
'a childish Amusement when I was carried away  
'with outward Appearance, but you make a  
'deeper Impression, and affect the secret Springs  
'of the Mind; you charm the Fancy, sooth the  
'Passions, and insensibly lead the Reader to that  
'Sweetness of Temper that you so well describe;  
'you rouse Generosity with that Spirit, and in-  
'culcate Humanity with that Ease, that he must  
'be miserably Stupid that is not affected by you.  
'I can't say indeed that you have put Impertin-  
'ence to Silence, or vanity out of Countenance;  
'but methinks you have bid as fair for it, as any  
'Man that ever appeared upon a publick Stage;  
'and offer an infallible Cure of Vice and Folly, for  
'the Price of One Penny. And since it is usual  
'for those who receive Benefit by such famous  
'Operators, to publish an Advertisement, that  
'others may reap the same Advantage, I think  
'my self obliged to declare to all the World, that  
'having for a long time been splenatick, ill-natured,  
'froward, suspicious, and unsociable, by the Ap-  
'plication of your Medicines, taken only with half  
'an Ounce of right *Virginia Tobacco*, for six  
'successive Mornings, I am become open, oblig-  
'ing, officious, frank, and hospitable.

I am,

Tower-hill,  
July 5, 1711.

Your humble Servant,  
and great Admirer,  
George Trusty.

This careful Father and humble Petitioner here-  
after mentioned, who are under Difficulties about  
the just Management of Fans, will soon receive  
proper Advertisements relating to the Professors  
in that behalf, with their Places of Abode and  
Methods of Teaching.

SIR,

*July the 5th, 1711.*

'In your Spectator of *June* the 7th you Tran-  
'scribe a Letter sent to you from a new sort of  
'Muster-master, who teaches Ladies the whole  
'Exercise of the Fan; I have a Daughter just  
'come to Town, who tho' she has always held a  
'Fan in her Hand at proper Times, yet she  
'knows no more how to use it according to true  
'Discipline, than an awkward School-boy does  
'to make use of his new Sword: I have sent for  
'her on purpose to learn the Exercise, she being  
'already very well accomplished in all other  
'Arts which are necessary for a young Lady to  
'understand; my Request is, that you will speak  
'to your Correspondent on my behalf, and in  
'your next Paper let me know what he expects,  
'either by the Month, or the Quarter, for teach-  
'ing; and where he keeps his Place of Rendez-  
'vous. I have a Son too, whom I would fain  
'have taught to gallant Fans, and should be  
'glad to know what the Gentleman will have  
'for teaching them both, I finding Fans for Prac-

'tice at my own Expence. This Information will  
'in the highest manner oblige,

SIR, Your most humble Servant,  
William Wiseacre.

'As soon as my Son is perfect in this Art (which  
'I hope will be in a Year's time, for the Boy is  
'pretty apt,) I design he shall learn to ride the  
'great Horse, (altho' he is not yet above twenty  
'Years old) if his Mother, whose Darling he is,  
'will venture him.

To the SPECTATOR.

The humble Petition of Benjamin Easie, Gent.

Sheweth,

'That it was your Petitioner's Misfortune to  
'walk to Hackney Church last Sunday, where to  
'his great Amazement he met with a Soldier of  
'your own training: she furls a Fan, recovers a  
'Fan, and goes through the whole Exercise of it  
'to Admiration. This well-managed Officer of  
'yours has, to my Knowledge, been the Ruin of  
'above five young Gentlemen besides my self, and  
'still goes on laying waste wheresoever she comes,  
'whereby the whole Village is in great danger.  
'Our humble Request is therefore that this bold  
'Amazon be ordered immediately to lay down her  
'Arms, or that you would issue forth an Order,  
'that we who have been thus injured may meet at  
'the Place of General Rendezvous, and there be  
'taught to manage our Snuff-Boxes in such man-  
'ner as we may be an equal Match for her:

R. And your Petitioner shall ever Pray, &c.

No. 135.] Saturday, August 4, 1711. [Addison.

Est brevitare opus, ut currat Sententia—  
Hor.

I HAVE somewhere read of an eminent Person,  
who used in his private Offices of Devotion  
to give Thanks to Heaven that he was born a  
*Frenchman*: For my own part, I look upon it as  
a peculiar Blessing that I was Born an *English-  
man*. Among many other Reasons, I think my  
self very happy in my Country, as the *Language*  
of it is wonderfully adapted to a Man [who<sup>1</sup>] is  
sparing of his Words, and an Enemy to Loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good For-  
tune in this Particular, I shall communicate to the  
Publick my Speculations upon the *English* Tongue,  
not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my  
curious Readers.

The *English* delight in Silence more than any  
other *European* Nation, if the Remarks which are  
made on us by Foreigners are true. Our Dis-  
course is not kept up in Conversation, but falls  
into more Pauses and Intervals than in our  
Neighbouring Countries; as it is observed, that  
the Matter of our Writings is thrown much closer  
together, and lies in a narrower Compass than is  
usual in the Works of Foreign Authors: For, to

<sup>1</sup> [that]

favour our Natural Taciturnity, when we are  
obliged to utter our Thoughts, we do it in the  
shortest way we are able, and give as quick a  
Birth to our Conception as possible.

This Humour shows itself in several Remarks  
that we may make upon the *English* Language.  
As first of all by its abounding in Monosyllables,  
which gives us an Opportunity of delivering our  
Thoughts in few Sounds. This indeed takes off  
from the Elegance of our Tongue, but at the same  
time expresses our Ideas in the readiest manner,  
and consequently answers the first Design of  
Speech better than the Multitude of Syllables,  
which make the Words of other Languages more  
Tunable and Sonorous. The Sounds of our *Eng-  
lish* Words are commonly like those of String  
Musick, short and transient, [which<sup>1</sup>] rise and perish  
upon a single Touch; those of other Languages  
are like the Notes of Wind Instruments, sweet  
and swelling, and lengthen'd out into variety of  
Modulation.

In the next place we may observe that where  
the Words are not Monosyllables, we often make  
them so, as much as lies in our Power, by our  
Rapidty of Pronunciation; as it generally hap-  
pens in most of our long Words which are derived  
from the *Latin*, where we contract the length of  
the Syllables that give them a grave and solemn  
Air in their own Language, to make them more  
proper for Dispatch, and more conformable to the  
Genius of our Tongue. This we may find in a  
multitude of Words, as *Liberty, Conspiracy,  
Theatre, Orator, &c.*

The same natural Aversion to Loquacity has of  
late Years made a very considerable Alteration in  
our Language, by closing in one Syllable the Ter-  
mination of our Præterperfect Tense, as in the  
Words, *drown'd, walk'd, arriv'd*, for *drowned,  
walked, arrived*, which has very much disfigured  
the Tongue, and turned a tenth part of our  
smoothest Words into so many Clusters of Conso-  
nants. This is the more remarkable, because the  
want of Vowels in our Language has been the  
general Complaint of our politest Authors, who  
nevertheless are the Men that have made these  
Retrenchments, and consequently very much in-  
creased our former Scarcity.

This Reflection on the Words that end in *ed*, I  
have heard in Conversation from one of the great-  
est Genius's this Age has produced.<sup>2</sup> I think we  
may add to the foregoing Observation, the Change  
which has happened in our Language, by the  
Abbreviation of several Words that are terminated  
in *eth*, by substituting an *s* in the room of the last  
Syllable, as in *drowns, walks, arrives*, and in-  
numerable other Words, which in the Pronuncia-  
tion of our Forefathers were *drowneth, walketh,  
arriveth*. This has wonderfully multiplied a  
Letter which was before too frequent in the *Eng-  
lish* Tongue, and added to that *hissing* in our  
Language, which is taken so much notice of by  
Foreigners; but at the same time humours our  
Taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous  
Syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single Let-  
ter on many Occasions does the Office of a whole

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> Swift.

Word, and represents the *His* and *Her* of our Forefathers. There is no doubt but the Ear of a Foreigner, which is the best Judge in this Case, would very much disapprove of such Innovations, which indeed we do our selves in some measure, by retaining the old Termination in Writing, and in all the solemn Offices of our Religion.

As in the Instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular Words to the Detriment of our Tongue, so on other Occasions we have drawn two Words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our Language, and clogged it with Consonants, as *mayn't, can't, sha'n't, wo'n't*, and the like, for *may not, can not, shall not, will not, &c.*

It is perhaps this Humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our Words, that in familiar Writings and Conversations they often lose all but their first Syllables, as in *mob. rep. pos. incog.* and the like; and as all ridiculous Words make their first Entry into a Language by familiar Phrases, I dare not answer for these that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our Tongue. We see some of our Poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate *Hudibras's* Doggrel Expressions in their serious Compositions, by throwing out the Signs of our Substantives, which are essential to the *English* Language. Nay, this Humour of shortning our Language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated Authors, among whom we may reckon Sir *Roger L' Estrange* in particular, began to prune their Words of all superfluous Letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the Spelling to the Pronunciation; which would have confounded all our Etymologies, and have quite destroyed our Tongue.

We may here likewise observe that our proper Names, when familiarized in *English*, generally dwindle to Monosyllables, whereas in other modern Languages they receive a softer Turn on this Occasion, by the Addition of a new Syllable. *Nick* in *Italian* is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in *French* *Janot*; and so of the rest.

There is another Particular in our Language which is a great Instance of our Frugality of Words, and that is the suppressing of several Particles which must be produced in other Tongues to make a Sentence intelligible. This often perplexes the best Writers, when they find the Relatives *whom, which, or they* at their Mercy whether they may have Admission or not; and will never be decided till we have something like an Academy, that by the best Authorities and Rules drawn from the Analogy of Languages shall settle all Controversies between Grammar and Idiom.

I have only considered our Language as it shows the Genius and natural Temper of the *English*, which is modest, thoughtful and sincere, and which perhaps may recommend the People, though it has spoiled the Tongue. We might perhaps carry the same Thought into other Languages, and deduce a greater Part of what is peculiar to them from the Genius of the People who speak them. It is certain, the light talkative Humour of the *French* has not a little infected their Tongue, which might be shown by many

Instances; as the Genius of the *Italians*, which is so much addicted to Musick and Ceremony, has moulded all their Words and Phrases to those particular Uses. The Stateliness and Gravity of the *Spaniards* shews itself to Perfection in the Solemnity of their Language, and the blunt honest Humour of the *Germans* sounds better in the Roughness of the *High Dutch*, than it would in a politer Tongue. C.

No. 136.] Monday, August 6, 1711. [Steele.

—Parthis mendacior— Hor.

ACCORDING to the Request of this strange Fellow, I shall Print the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I shall without any manner of Preface or Apology acquaint you, that I am, and ever have been from my Youth upward, one of the greatest Liars this Island has produced. I have read all the Moralists upon the Subject, but could never find any Effect their Discourses had upon me, but to add to my Misfortune by new Thoughts and Ideas, and making me more ready in my Language, and capable of sometimes mixing seeming Truths with my Improbabilities. With this strong Passion towards Falshood in this kind, there does not live an honest Man or a sincerer Friend; but my Imagination runs away with me, and whatever is started I have such a Scene of Adventures appears in an Instant before me, that I cannot help uttering them, tho', to my immediate Confusion, I cannot but know I am liable to be detected by the first Man I meet.

Upon occasion of the mention of the Battel of *Pultowa*, I could not forbear giving an Account of a Kinsman of mine, a young Merchant who was bred at *Mosco*, that had too much Metal to attend Books of Entries and Accounts, when there was so active a Scene in the Country where he resided, and followed the Czar as a Volunteer: This warm Youth, born at the Instant the thing was spoke of, was the Man who unhorsed the *Swedish* General, he was the Occasion that the *Moscovites* kept their Fire in so soldier-like a manner, and brought up those Troops which were covered from the Enemy at the beginning of the Day; besides this, he had at last the good Fortune to be the Man who took Count *Piper*.<sup>1</sup> With all this Fire I knew my Cousin to be the Civilest Creature in the World. He never made any impertinent Show of his Valour, and then he had an excellent Genius for the World in every other kind. I had Letters from him (here I felt in my Pockets) that exactly spoke the Czar's Character, which I knew [perfectly<sup>2</sup>] well; and I could not forbear concluding, that I lay with his Imperial Majesty twice or thrice a Week all the while he lodged at *Deptford*.<sup>3</sup> What is worse than all this, it is

<sup>1</sup> Prime Minister of Charles XII.

<sup>2</sup> [exactly]

<sup>3</sup> In the Spring of 1698.

'impossible to speak to me, but you give me some  
 'occasion of coming out with one Lie or other,  
 'that has neither Wit, Humour, Prospect of In-  
 'terest, or any other Motive that I can think of  
 'in Nature. The other Day, when one was  
 'commending an Eminent and Learned Divine,  
 'what occasion in the World had I to say, Me-  
 'thinks he would look more Venerable if he were  
 'not so fair a man? I remember the Company  
 'smiled. I have seen the Gentleman since, and  
 'he is Coal-Black. I have Intimations every Day  
 'in my Life that no Body believes me, yet I am  
 'never the better. I was saying something the  
 'other Day to an old Friend at *Wills* Coffee-  
 'house, and he made me no manner of Answer;  
 'but told me, that an Acquaintance of *Tully* the  
 'Orator having two or three times together said  
 'to him, without receiving any Answer, That  
 'upon his Honour he was but that very Month  
 'forty Years of Age; *Tully* answer'd, Surely  
 'you think me the most incredulous Man in the  
 'World, if I don't believe what you have told me  
 'every Day this ten Years. The Mischief of it is,  
 'I find myself wonderfully inclin'd to have been  
 'present at every Occurrence that is spoken of  
 'before me; this has led me into many Incon-  
 'veniencies, but indeed they have been the fewer,  
 'because I am no ill-natur'd Man, and never  
 'speak Things to any Man's Disadvantage. I  
 'never directly defame, but I do what is as bad in  
 'the Consequence, for I have often made a Man  
 'say such and such a lively Expression, who was  
 'born a mere Elder Brother. When one has said  
 'in my Hearing, Such a one is no wiser than he  
 'should be, I immediately have reply'd, Now  
 'faith, I can't see that, he said a very good Thing  
 'to my Lord such a one, upon such an Occasion,  
 'and the like. Such an honest Dolt as this has  
 'been watch'd in every Expression he uttered,  
 'upon my Recommendation of him, and conse-  
 'quently been subject to the more Ridicule. I  
 'once endeavoured to cure my self of this imperti-  
 'nent Quality, and resolved to hold my Tongue  
 'for seven Days together; I did so, but then I  
 'had so many Winks and unnecessary Distortions  
 'of my Face upon what any body else said, that  
 'I found I only forbore the Expression, and that  
 'I still lied in my Heart to every Man I met with.  
 'You are to know one Thing (which I believe  
 'you'll say is a pity, considering the Use I should  
 'have made of it) I never Travelled in my Life;  
 'but I do not know whether I could have spoken  
 'of any Foreign Country with more Familiarity  
 'than I do at present, in Company who are Stran-  
 'gers to me. I have cursed the Inns in *Germany*;  
 'commended the Brothels at *Venice*; the Free-  
 'dom of Conversation in *France*; and tho' I never  
 'was out of this dear Town, and fifty Miles about  
 'it, have been three Nights together dogged by  
 'Bravoës for an Intreague with a Cardinal's Mis-  
 'tress at *Rome*.

'It were endless to give you Particulars of this  
 'kind, but I can assure you, Mr. SPECTATOR,  
 'there are about Twenty or Thirty of us in this  
 'Town, I mean by this Town the Cities of *London*  
 'and *Westminster*; I say there are in Town a  
 'sufficient Number of us to make a Society among  
 'our selves; and since we cannot be believed any

'longer, I beg of you to print this my Letter, that  
 'we may meet together, and be under such Regu-  
 'lation as there may be no Occasion for Belief or  
 'Confidence among us. If you think fit, we might  
 'be called *The Historians*, for *Liar* is become a  
 'very harsh Word. And that a Member of the  
 'Society may not hereafter be ill received by the  
 'rest of the World, I desire you would explain a  
 'little this sort of Men, and not let us *Historians*  
 'be ranked, as we are in the Imaginations of or-  
 'dinary People, among common Liars, Make-  
 'bates, Impostors, and Incendiaries. For your In-  
 'struction herein, you are to know that an Historian  
 'in Conversation is only a Person of so pregnant a  
 'Fancy, that he cannot be contented with ordinary  
 'Occurrences. I know a Man of Quality of our  
 'Order, who is of the wrong Side of Forty-three,  
 'and has been of that Age, according to *Tully's*  
 'Jest, for some Years since, whose Vein is upon  
 'the Romantick. Give him the least Occasion,  
 'and he will tell you something so very particular  
 'that happen'd in such a Year, and in such Com-  
 'pany, where by the by was present such a one,  
 'who was afterwards made such a thing. Out of  
 'all these Circumstances, in the best Language in  
 'the World, he will join together with such pro-  
 'bable Incidents an Account that shews a Person  
 'of the deepest Penetration, the honestest Mind,  
 'and withal something so Humble when he speaks  
 'of himself, that you would Admire. Dear Sir,  
 'why should this be Lying! There is nothing so  
 'instructive. He has withal the gravest Aspect;  
 'something so very venerable and great! Another  
 'of these Historians is a Young Man whom we  
 'would take in, tho' he extreamly wants Parts,  
 'as People send Children (before they can learn  
 'any thing) to School, to keep them out of Harm's  
 'way. He tells things which have nothing at all  
 'in them, and can neither please [nor<sup>1</sup>] displease,  
 'but merely take up your Time to no manner of  
 'Purpose, no manner of Delight; but he is Good-  
 'natured, and does it because he loves to be say-  
 'ing something to you, and entertain you.

'I could name you a Soldier that [hath<sup>2</sup>] done  
 'very great things without Slaughter; he is pro-  
 'digiously dull and slow of Head, but what he  
 'can say is for ever false, so that we must have  
 'him.

'Give me leave to tell you of one more who is a  
 'Lover; he is the most afflicted Creature in the  
 'World, lest what happened between him and a  
 'Great Beauty should ever be known. Yet again,  
 'he comforts himself. *Hang the Fade her Wo-*  
 '*man. If Mony can keep [the] Slut trusty I will*  
 '*do it, though I mortgage every Acre; Anthony*  
 '*and Cleopatra for that; All for Love and the*  
 '*World well lost—*

'Then, Sir, there is my little Merchant, honest  
 '*Indigo* of the *Change*, there's my Man for Loss  
 'and Gain, there's Tare and Tret, there's lying all  
 'round the Globe; he has such a prodigious In-  
 'telligence he knows all the *French* are doing, or  
 'what we intend or ought to intend, and has it  
 'from such Hands. But, alas, whither am I run-  
 'ning! While I complain, while I remonstrate  
 'to you, even all this is a Lie, and there is not

<sup>1</sup> [or]<sup>2</sup> [has]



'one such Person of Quality, Lover, Soldier, or  
'Merchant as I have now described in the whole  
'World, that I know of. But I will catch my self  
'once in my Life, and in spite of Nature speak  
'one Truth, to wit that I am

T. *Your Humble Servant, &c.*

No. 137.] *Tuesday, August 7, 1711.* [Steele.

*At hæc etiam Servis semper libera fuerunt, time-  
rent, gauderent, dolerent, suo potius quam  
alterius arbitrio.—Tull. Epist.*

IT is no small Concern to me, that I find so many Complaints from that Part of Mankind whose Portion it is to live in Servitude, that those whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their Condition will admit of. There are, as these unhappy Correspondents inform me, Masters who are offended at a cheerful Countenance, and think a Servant is broke loose from them, if he does not preserve the utmost Awe in their Presence. There is one who says, if he looks satisfied, his Master asks him what makes him so pert this Morning; if a little sour, Hark ye, Sirrah, are not you paid your Wages? The poor Creatures live in the most extreme Misery together: The Master knows not how to preserve Respect, nor the Servant how to give it. It seems this Person is of so sullen a Nature, that he knows but little Satisfaction in the midst of a plentiful Fortune, and secretly frets to see any Appearance of Content, in one that lives upon the hundredth Part of his Income, who is unhappy in the Possession of the Whole. Uneasy Persons, who cannot possess their own Minds, vent their Spleen upon all who depend upon them: which, I think, is expressed in a lively manner in the following Letters.

SIR, *August 2, 1711.*

'I have read your *Spectator* of the third of the  
'last Month, and wish I had the Happiness of  
'being preferred to serve so good a Master as Sir  
'ROGER. The Character of my Master is the  
'very Reverse of that good and gentle Knight's.  
'All his Directions are given, and his Mind re-  
'vealed, by way of Contraries: As when any  
'thing is to be remembered, with a peculiar Cast  
'of Face he cries, *Be sure to forget now.* If I am  
'to make haste back, *Don't come these two*  
'*Hours; be sure to call by the Way upon some*  
'*of your Companions.* Then another excellent  
'Way of his is, if he sets me any thing to do,  
'which he knows must necessarily take up half a  
'Day, he calls ten times in a Quarter of an Hour  
'to know whether I have done yet. This is his  
'Manner; and the same Perverseness runs  
'through all his Actions, according as the Circum-  
'stances vary. Besides all this, he is so sus-  
'picious, that he submits himself to the Drudgery  
'of a Spy. He is as unhappy himself as he  
'makes his Servants: He is constantly watching  
'us, and we differ no more in Pleasure and  
'Liberty than as a Gaoler and a Prisoner. He

'lays Traps for Faults, and no sooner makes a  
'Discovery, but falls into such Language, as I am  
'more ashamed of for coming from him, than for  
'being directed to me. This, Sir, is a short  
'Sketch of a Master I have served upwards of  
'nine Years; and tho' I have never wronged him,  
'I confess my Despair of pleasing him has very  
'much abated my Endeavour to do it. If you  
'will give me leave to steal a Sentence out of my  
'Master's *Clarendon*, I shall tell you my Case in  
'a Word, *Being used worse than I deserved, I*  
'*cared less to deserve well than I had done.*

I am, SIR,

*Your Humble Servant,*  
RALPH VALET.

*Dear Mr. SPECTER,*

'I am the next thing to a Lady's Woman, and  
'an under both my Lady and her Woman. I am  
'so used by them both, that I should be very glad  
'to see them in the SPECTER. My Lady her self  
'is of no Mind in the World, and for that Reason  
'her Woman is of twenty Minds in a Moment.  
'My Lady is one that never knows what to do  
'with her self; she pulls on and puts off every  
'thing she wears twenty times before she resolves  
'upon it for that Day. I stand at one end of the  
'Room, and reach things to her Woman. When  
'my Lady asks for a thing, I hear and have half  
'brought it, when the Woman meets me in the  
'middle of the Room to receive it, and at that  
'Instant she says No she will not have it. Then  
'I go back, and her Woman comes up to her,  
'and by this time she will have that and two or  
'three things more in an Instant: The Woman  
'and I run to each other; I am loaded and de-  
'livering the things to her, when my Lady says  
'she wants none of all these things, and we are  
'the dullest Creatures in the World, and she the  
'unhappiest Woman living, for she shan't be  
'dress'd in any time. Thus we stand not know-  
'ing what to do, when our good Lady with all the  
'Patience in the World tells us as plain as she can  
'speak, that she will have Temper because we  
'have no manner of Understanding; and begins  
'again to dress, and see if we can find out of our  
'selves what we are to do. When she is Dressed  
'she goes to Dinner, and after she has disliked  
'every thing there, she calls for the Coach, then  
'commands it in again, and then she will not go  
'out at all, and then will go too, and orders the  
'Chariot. Now, good Mr. SPECTER, I desire you  
'would in the Behalf of all who serve froward  
'Ladies, give out in your Paper, that nothing can  
'be done without allowing Time for it, and that  
'one cannot be back again with what one was  
'sent for, if one is called back before one can go  
'a Step for that they want. And if you please let  
'them know that all Mistresses are as like as all  
'Servants.

I am  
*Your Loving Friend,*  
PATIENCE GIDDY.

These are great Calamities; but I met the other Day in the five Fields towards *Chelsea*, a pleasanter Tyrant than either of the above represented. A fat Fellow was puffing on in his open Waistcoat; a Boy of fourteen in a Livery, carrying

after him his Cloak, upper Coat, Hat, Wig, and Sword. The poor Lad was ready to sink with the Weight, and could not keep up with his Master, who turned back every half Furlong, and wondered what made the lazy Young Dog lag behind.

There is something very unaccountable, that People cannot put themselves in the Condition of the Persons below them, when they consider the Commands they give. But there is nothing more common, than to see a Fellow (who if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by any Man living) lament that he is troubled with the most worthless Dogs in Nature.

It would, perhaps, be running too far out of common Life to urge, that he who is not Master of himself and his own Passions, cannot be a proper Master of another. *Æquanimity* in a Man's own Words and Actions, will easily diffuse it self through his whole Family. *Pamphilio* has the happiest Household of any Man I know, and that proceeds from the humane regard he has to them in their private Persons, as well as in respect that they are his Servants. If there be any Occasion, wherein they may in themselves be supposed to be unfit to attend their Master's Concerns, by reason of an Attention to their own, he is so good as to place himself in their Condition. I thought it very becoming in him, when at Dinner the other Day he made an Apology for want of more Attendants. He said, *One of my Footmen is gone to the Wedding of his Sister, and the other I don't expect to Wait, because his Father died but two Days ago.* T.

No. 138.] Wednesday, August 8, 1711. [Steele.

*Utitur in re non Dubia testibus non necessariis.*  
Tull.

ONE meets now and then with Persons who are extremely learned and knotty in Expounding clear Cases. *Tully*<sup>1</sup> tells us of an Author that spent some Pages to prove that Generals could not perform the great Enterprizes which have made them so illustrious, if they had not had Men. He asserted also, it seems, that a Minister at home, no more than a Commander abroad, could do any thing without other Men were his Instruments and Assistants. On this Occasion he produces the Example of *Themistocles*, *Pericles*, *Cyrus*, and *Alexander* himself, whom he denies to have been capable of effecting what they did, except they had been followed by others. It is pleasant enough to see such Persons contend without Opponents, and triumph without Victory.

The Author above-mentioned by the Orator, is placed for ever in a very ridiculous Light, and we meet every Day in Conversation such as deserve the same kind of Renown, for troubling those with whom they converse with the like Certainities. The Persons that I have always thought to deserve the highest Admiration in this kind are

<sup>1</sup> On Rhetorical Invention.

your ordinary Story-tellers, who are most religiously careful of keeping to the Truth in every particular Circumstance of a Narration, whether it concern the main End or not. A Gentleman whom I had the Honour to be in Company with the other Day, upon some Occasion that he was pleased to take, said, He remembered a very pretty Repartee made by a very witty Man in King *Charles's* time upon the like Occasion. I remember (said he, upon entering into the Tale) much about the time of *Oates's* Plot, that a Cousin-German of mine and I were at the *Bear* in *Holborn*: No, I am out, it was at the *Cross Keys*, but *Jack Thompson* was there, for he was very great with the Gentleman who made the Answer. But I am sure it was spoken some where thereabouts, for we drank a Bottle in that Neighbourhood every Evening: But no matter for all that, the thing is the same; but—

He was going on to settle the Geography of the Jest when I left the Room, wondering at this odd turn of Head which can play away its Words, with uttering nothing to the Purpose, still observing its own Impertinencies, and yet proceeding in them. I do not question but he informed the rest of his Audience, who had more Patience than I, of the Birth and Parentage, as well as the Collateral Alliances of his Family who made the Repartee, and of him who provoked him to it.

It is no small Misfortune to any who have a just Value for their Time, when this Quality of being so very Circumstantial, and careful to be exact, happens to shew it self in a Man whose Quality obliges them to attend his Proofs, that it is now Day, and the like. But this is augmented when the same Genius gets into Authority, as it often does. Nay I have known it more than once ascend the very Pulpit. One of this sort taking it in his Head to be a great Admirer of Dr. *Tillotson* and Dr. *Beveridge*, never failed of proving out of these great Authors Things which no Man living would have denied him upon his [own] single Authority. One Day resolving to come to the Point in hand, he said, According to that excellent Divine, I will enter upon the Matter, or in his Words, in the fifteenth Sermon of the Folio Edition, Page 160.

*I shall briefly explain the Words, and then consider the Matter contained in them.*

This honest Gentleman needed not, one would think, strain his Modesty so far as to alter his Design of *Entering into the Matter*, to that of *Briefly explaining*. But so it was, that he would not even be contented with that Authority, but added also the other Divine to strengthen his Method, and told us, With the Pious and Learned Dr. *Beveridge*, Page 4th of his 9th Volume, I shall endeavour to make it as plain as I can from the Words which I have now read, wherein for that Purpose we shall consider—This Wiseacre was reckoned by the Parish, who did not understand him, a most excellent Preacher; but that he read too much, and was so Humble that he did not trust enough to his own Parts.

Next to these ingenious Gentlemen, who argue for what no body can deny them, are to be ranked a sort of People who do not indeed attempt to

prove insignificant things, but are ever labouring to raise Arguments with you about Matters you will give up to them without the least Controversy. One of these People told a Gentleman who said he saw Mr. such a one go this Morning at nine a Clock towards the *Gravel-Pits*, Sir, I must beg your pardon for that, for tho' I am very loath to have any Dispute with you, yet I must take the liberty to tell you it was nine when I saw him at *St. James's*. When Men of this Genius are pretty far gone in Learning they will put you to prove that Snow is white, and when you are upon that Topick can say that there is really no such thing as Colour in Nature; in a Word, they can turn what little Knowledge they have into a ready Capacity of raising Doubts; into a Capacity of being always frivolous and always unanswerable. It was of two Disputants of this impertinent and laborious kind that the Cynick said, *One of these Fellows is Milking a Ram, and the other holds the Pail.*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

*The Exercise of the Snuff-Box, according to the most fashionable Airs and Motions, in opposition to the Exercise of the Fan, will be Taught with the best plain or perfumed Snuff, at Charles Lillie's Perfumer at the Corner of Beaufort-Buildings in the Strand, and Attendance given for the Benefit of the young Merchants about the Exchange for two Hours every Day at Noon, except Saturdays, at a Toy-shop near Garraway's Coffee-House. There will be likewise Taught The Ceremony of the Snuff-box, or Rules for offering Snuff to a Stranger, a Friend, or a Mistress, according to the Degrees of Familiarity or Distance; with an Explanation of the Careless, the Scornful, the Politick, and the Surly Pinch, and the Gestures proper to each of them.*

N. B. *The Undertaker does not question but in a short time to have formed a Body of Regular Snuff-Boxes ready to meet and make head against [all] the Regiment of Fans which have been lately Disciplined, and are now in Motion.* T.

No. 139.] Thursday, August 9, 1711. [Steele.

*Vera Gloria radices agit, atque etiam propagatur: Ficta omnia celeriter, tanquam flosculi, decidunt, nec simulatum potest quidquam esse diuturnum.*—Tull.

OF all the Affections which attend Human Life, the Love of Glory is the most Ardent. According as this is Cultivated in Princes, it produces the greatest Good or the greatest Evil. Where Sovereigns have it by Impressions received from Education only, it creates an Ambitious rather than a Noble Mind; where it is the natural Bent of the Prince's Inclination, it prompts him to the Pursuit of Things truly Glorious. The two greatest Men now in *Europe* (according to the common Acceptation of the Word *Great*) are *Lewis King of France*, and *Peter Emperor of Russia*. As it is certain that all Fame does not

arise from the Practice of Virtue, it is, methinks, no unpleasing Amusement to examine the Glory of these Potentates, and distinguish that which is empty, perishing, and frivolous, from what is solid, lasting, and important. *Lewis of France* had his Infancy attended by Crafty and Worldly Men, who made Extent of Territory the most glorious [Instance<sup>1</sup>] of Power, and mistook the spreading of Fame for the Acquisition of Honour. The young Monarch's Heart was by such Conversation easily deluded into a Fondness for Vain-glory, and upon these unjust Principles to form or fall in with suitable Projects of Invasion, Rapine, Murder, and all the Guilts that attend War when it is unjust. At the same time this Tyranny was laid, Sciences and Arts were encouraged in the most generous Manner, as if Men of higher Faculties were to be bribed to permit the Massacre of the rest of the World. Every Superstructure which the Court of *France* built upon their first Designs, which were in themselves vicious, was suitable to its false Foundation. The Ostentation of Riches, the Vanity of Equipage, Shame of Poverty, and Ignorance of Modesty, were the common Arts of Life: The generous Love of one Woman was changed into Gallantry for all the Sex, and Friendships among Men turned into Commerces of Interest, or mere Professions. *While these were the Rules of Life, Perjuries in the Prince, and a general Corruption of Manners in the Subject, were the Snares in which France has Entangled all her Neighbours.* With such false Colours have the Eyes of *Lewis* been enchanted, from the Debauchery of his early Youth, to the Superstition of his present old Age. Hence it is, that he has the Patience to have Statues erected to his Prowess, his Valour, his Fortitude; and in the Softnesses and Luxury of a Court, to be applauded for Magnanimity and Enterprize in Military Achievements.

*Peter Alexiowitz of Russia*, when he came to Years of Manhood, though he found himself Emperor of a vast and numerous People, Master of an endless Territory, absolute Commander of the Lives and Fortunes of his Subjects, in the midst of this unbounded Power and Greatness turned his Thoughts upon Himself and People with Sorrow. Sordid Ignorance and a Brute Manner of Life this Generous Prince beheld and contemned from the Light of his own *Genius*. His Judgment suggested this to him, and his Courage prompted him to amend it. In order to this he did not send to the Nation from whence the rest of the World has borrowed its Politeness, but himself left his Diadem to learn the true Way to Glory and Honour, and Application to useful Arts, wherein to employ the Laborious, the Simple, the Honest part of his People. Mechanick Employments and Operations were very justly the first Objects of his Favour and Observation. With this glorious Intention he travelled into Foreign Nations in an obscure Manner, above receiving little Honours where he sojourned, but prying into what was of more Consequence, their Arts of Peace and of War. By this means has this great Prince laid the Foundation of a great and lasting Fame, by

<sup>1</sup> [Instances]

personal Labour, personal Knowledge, personal Valour. It would be Injury to any of Antiquity to name them with him. Who, but himself, ever left a Throne to learn to sit in it with more Grace? Who ever thought himself mean in Absolute Power, 'till he had learned to use it?

If we consider this wonderful Person, it is Perplexity to know where to begin his Encomium. Others may in a Metaphorical or Philosophick Sense be said to command themselves, but this Emperor is also literally under his own Command. How generous and how good was his entring his own Name as a private Man in the Army he raised, that none in it might expect to out-run the Steps with which he himself advanced! By such Measures this god-like Prince learned to Conquer, learned to use his Conquests. How terrible has he appeared in Battel, how gentle in Victory? Shall then the base Arts of the *Frenchman* be held Polite, and the honest Labours of the *Russian* Barbarous? No: Barbarity is the Ignorance of true Honour, or placing any thing instead of it. The unjust Prince is Ignoble and Barbarous, the good Prince only Renowned and Glorious.

Tho' Men may impose upon themselves what they please by their corrupt Imaginations, Truth will ever keep its Station; and as Glory is nothing else but the Shadow of Virtue, it will certainly disappear at the Departure of Virtue. But how carefully ought the true Notions of it to be preserved, and how industrious should we be to encourage any Impulses towards it? The *Westminster* School-boy that said the other Day he could not sleep or play for the Colours in the Hall,<sup>1</sup> ought to be free from receiving a Blow for ever.

But let us consider what is truly Glorious according to the Author I have to day quoted in the Front of my Paper.

The Perfection of Glory, says *Tully*,<sup>2</sup> consists in these three Particulars: *That the People love us; that they have Confidence in us; that being affected with a certain Admiration towards us, they think we deserve Honour.* This was spoken of Greatness in a Commonwealth: But if one were to form a Notion of Consummate Glory under our Constitution, one must add to the above-mentioned Felicities a certain necessary Inexistence, and Disrelish of all the rest, without the Prince's Favour. He should, methinks, have Riches, Power, Honour, Command, Glory; but Riches, Power, Honour, Command and Glory should have no Charms, but as accompanied with the Affection of his Prince. He should, methinks, be Popular because a Favourite, and a Favourite because Popular. Were it not to make the Character too imaginary, I would give him Sovereignty over some Foreign Territory, and make him esteem that an empty Addition without the kind Regards of his own Prince. One may merely have an *Idea* of a Man thus composed and circumstantiated, and if he were so made for Power without an Incapacity of giving Jealousy, he would be also Glorious, without Possibility of re-

ceiving Disgrace. This Humility and this Importance must make his Glory immortal.

These Thoughts are apt to draw me beyond the usual Length of this Paper, but if I could suppose such Rhapsodies cou'd outlive the common Fate of ordinary things, I would say these Sketches and Faint Images of Glory were drawn in *August*, 1711, when *John Duke of Marlborough* made that memorable March wherein he took the *French* Lines without Bloodshed.

T.

No. 140.] Friday, August 10, 1711. [Steele.

—*Animum curis nunc huc nunc dividit illuc.*  
Virg.

WHEN I acquaint my Reader, that I have many other Letters not yet acknowledged, I believe he will own, what I have a mind he should believe, that I have no small Charge upon me, but am a Person of some Consequence in this World. I shall therefore employ the present Hour only in reading Petitions, in the Order as follows.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have lost so much Time already, that I desire, 'upon the Receipt hereof, you would sit down 'immediately and give me your Answer. And I 'would know of you whether a Pretender of mine 'really loves me. As well as I can I will describe 'his Manners. When he sees me he is always 'talking of Constancy, but vouchsafes to visit me 'but once a Fortnight, and then is always in haste 'to be gone. When I am sick, I hear, he says he 'is mightily concerned, but neither comes nor 'sends, because, as he tells his Acquaintance with 'a Sigh, he does not care to let me know all the 'Power I have over him, and how impossible it is 'for him to live without me. When he leaves the 'Town he writes once in six Weeks, desires to 'hear from me, complains of the Torment of 'Absence, speaks of Flames, Tortures, Languish- 'ings and Ecstasies. He has the Cant of an 'impatient Lover, but keeps the Pace of a Luke- 'warm one. You know I must not go faster than 'he does, and to move at this rate is as tedious as 'counting a great Clock. But you are to know he 'is rich, and my Mother says, As he is slow he is 'sure; He will love me long, if he loves me little: 'But I appeal to you whether he loves at all

Your Neglected,

Humble Servant,

Lydia Novell.

'All these Fellows who have Money are ex- 'treamly sawcy and cold; Pray, Sir, tell them 'of it.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have been delighted with nothing more 'through the whole Course of your Writings than 'the Substantial Account you lately gave of Wit, 'and I could wish you would take some other Op- 'portunity to express further the Corrupt Taste 'the Age is run into; which I am chiefly apt to 'attribute to the Prevalency of a few popular

<sup>1</sup> The Colours taken at Blenheim hung in Westminster Hall.

<sup>2</sup> Towards the close of the first Philippic.

' Authors, whose Merit in some respects has given  
' a Sanction to their Faults in others. Thus the  
' Imitators of *Milton* seem to place all the Excel-  
' lency of that sort of Writing either in the un-  
' couth or antique Words, or something else which  
' was highly vicious, tho' pardonable, in that Great  
' Man. The Admirers of what we call Point, or  
' Turn, look upon it as the particular Happiness to  
' which *Cowley*, *Ovid* and others owe their Re-  
' putation, and therefore imitate them only in  
' such Instances; what is Just, Proper and Natural  
' does not seem to be the Question with them, but  
' by what means a quaint Antithesis may be  
' brought about, how one Word may be made to  
' look two Ways, and what will be the Conse-  
' quence of a forced Allusion. Now tho' such  
' Authors appear to me to resemble those who  
' make themselves fine, instead of being well  
' dressed or graceful; yet the Mischief is, that  
' these Beauties in them, which I call Blemishes,  
' are thought to proceed from Luxuriance of Fancy  
' and Overflowing of good Sense: In one word,  
' they have the Character of being too Witty; but  
' if you would acquaint the World they are not  
' Witty at all, you would, among many others,  
' oblige,

SIR,  
*Your Most Benevolent Reader,*  
R. D.

SIR,  
' I am a young Woman, and reckoned Pretty,  
' therefore you'll pardon me that I trouble you to  
' decide a Wager between me and a Cousin of  
' mine, who is always contradicting one because  
' he understands *Latin*. Pray, Sir, is *Dimple*  
' spelt with a single or a double P?

*I am, Sir,*  
*Your very Humble Servant,*  
Betty Saunter.

' Pray, Sir, direct thus, To the kind Querist,  
' and leave it at Mr. Lillie's, for I don't care to be  
' known in the thing at all. I am, Sir, again  
' Your Humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,  
' I must needs tell you there are several of your  
' Papers I do not much like. You are often so  
' Nice there is no enduring you, and so Learned  
' there is no understanding you. What have you  
' to do with our Petticoats?

*Your Humble Servant,*  
Parthenope.

Mr. SPECTATOR,  
' Last Night as I was walking in the Park, I  
' met a couple of Friends; Prithee *Jack*, says  
' one of them, let us go drink a Glass of Wine, for  
' I am fit for nothing else. This put me upon  
' reflecting on the many Miscarriages which  
' happen in Conversations over Wine, when Men  
' go to the Bottle to remove such Humours  
' as it only stirs up and awakens. This I could  
' not attribute more to any thing than to the  
' Humour of putting Company upon others which  
' Men do not like themselves. Pray, Sir, declare  
' in your Papers, that he who is a troublesome  
' Companion to himself, will not be an agreeable  
' one to others. Let People reason themselves  
' into good-Humour, before they impose them-

' selves upon their Friends. Pray, Sir, be as  
' Eloquent as you can upon this Subject, and do  
' Human Life so much Good, as to argue power-  
' fully, that it is not every one that can swallow  
' who is fit to drink a Glass of Wine.

*Your most Humble Servant.*

SIR,  
' I this Morning cast my Eye upon your Paper  
' concerning the Expence of Time. You are very  
' obliging to the Women, especially those who are  
' not Young and past Gallantry, by touching so  
' gently upon Gaming: Therefore I hope you do  
' not think it wrong to employ a little leisure Time  
' in that Diversion; but I should be glad to hear  
' you say something upon the Behaviour of some  
' of the Female Gamesters.

' I have observed Ladies, who in all other re-  
' spects are Gentle, Good-humoured, and the very  
' Pinks of good Breeding; who as soon as the Om-  
' bre Table is called for, and set down to their  
' Business, are immediately Transmigrated into  
' the veriest Wasps in Nature.

' You must know I keep my Temper, and win  
' their Mony; but am out of Countenance to take  
' it, it makes them so very uneasie. Be pleased,  
' dear Sir, to instruct them to lose with a better  
' Grace, and you will oblige

*Yours,*  
Rachel Basto.

Mr. SPECTATOR,<sup>1</sup>  
' Your Kindness to *Eleonora*, in one of your  
' Papers, has given me Encouragement to do my  
' self the Honour of writing to you. The great  
' Regard you have so often expressed for the In-  
' struction and Improvement of our Sex, will, I  
' hope, in your own Opinion, sufficiently excuse  
' me from making any Apology for the Imperti-  
' nence of this Letter. The great Desire I have  
' to embellish my Mind with some of those Graces  
' which you say are so becoming, and which you  
' assert Reading helps us to, has made me uneasie  
' till I am put in a Capacity of attaining them:  
' This, Sir, I shall never think my self in, till you  
' shall be pleased to recommend some Author or  
' Authors to my Perusal.

' I thought indeed, when I first cast my Eye on  
' *Eleonora's* Letter, that I should have had no  
' occasion for requesting it of you; but to my very  
' great Concern, I found, on the Perusal of that  
' *Spectator*, I was entirely disappointed, and am  
' as much at a loss how to make use of my Time  
' for that end as ever. Pray, Sir, oblige me at  
' least with one Scene, as you were pleased to  
' entertain *Eleonora* with your Prologue. I write  
' to you not only my own Sentiments, but also  
' those of several others of my Acquaintance, who  
' are as little pleased with the ordinary manner of  
' spending one's Time as my self: And if a fervent  
' Desire after Knowledge, and a great Sense of  
' our present Ignorance, may be thought a good  
' Presage and Earnest of Improvement, you may  
' look upon your Time you shall bestow in answer-  
' ing this Request not thrown away to no purpose.  
' And I can't but add, that unless you have a

<sup>1</sup> This letter, signed Parthenia, was by Miss Shephard, sister of Mrs. Perry, who wrote the Letter in No. 92, signed 'Leonora.'

particular and more than ordinary Regard for *Eleonora*, I have a better Title to your Favour than she; since I do not content myself with Tea-table Reading of your Papers, but it is my Entertainment very often when alone in my Closet. To shew you I am capable of Improvement, and hate Flattery, I acknowledge I do not like some of your Papers; but even there I am readier to call in question my own shallow Understanding than Mr. SPECTATOR'S profound Judgment.

I am, Sir, your already (and in hopes of being more) your obliged Servant,  
PARTHENIA.

This last Letter is written with so urgent and serious an Air, that I cannot but think it incumbent upon me to comply with her Commands, which I shall do very suddenly. T.

No. 141.] Saturday, August 11, 1711. [Steele.

—Migravit ab Aure voluptas  
Omnis — Hor.

IN the present Emptiness of the Town, I have several Applications from the lower Part of the Players, to admit Suffering to pass for Acting. They in very obliging Terms desire me to let a Fall on the Ground, a Stumble, or a good Slap on the Back, be reckoned a Jest. These Gambols I shall tolerate for a Season, because I hope the Evil cannot continue longer than till the People of Condition and Taste return to Town. The Method, some time ago, was to entertain that Part of the Audience, who have no Faculty above Eyesight, with Rope-dancers and Tumblers; which was a way discreet enough, because it prevented Confusion, and distinguished such as could show all the Postures which the Body is capable of, from those who were to represent all the Passions to which the Mind is subject. But tho' this was prudently settled, Corporeal and Intellectual Actors ought to be kept at a still wider Distance than to appear on the same Stage at all: For which Reason I must propose some Methods for the Improvement of the Bear-Garden, by dismissing all Bodily Actors to that Quarter.

In Cases of greater moment, where Men appear in Publick, the Consequence and Importance of the thing can bear them out. And tho' a Pleader or Preacher is Hoarse or Awkward, the Weight of the Matter commands Respect and Attention; but in Theatrical Speaking, if the Performer is not exactly proper and graceful, he is utterly ridiculous. In Cases where there is little else expected, but the Pleasure of the Ears and Eyes, the least Diminution of that Pleasure is the highest Offence. In Acting, barely to perform the Part is not commendable, but to be the least out is contemptible. To avoid these Difficulties and Delicacies, I am informed, that while I was out of Town, the Actors have flown in the Air, and played such Pranks, and run such Hazards, that none but the Servants of the Fire-office, Tilers and Masons, could have been able to perform the

like. The Author of the following Letter, it seems, has been of the Audience at one of these Entertainments, and has accordingly complained to me upon it; but I think he has been to the utmost degree Severe against what is exceptionable in the Play he mentions, without dwelling so much as he might have done on the Author's most excellent Talent of Humour. The pleasant Pictures he has drawn of Life, should have been more kindly mentioned, at the same time that he banishes his Witches, who are too dull Devils to be attacked with so much Warmth.

Mr. SPECTATOR,<sup>1</sup>

Upon a Report that *Moll White* had followed you to Town, and was to act a Part in the *Lancashire-Witches*, I went last Week to see that Play.<sup>2</sup> It was my Fortune to sit next to a Country Justice of the Peace, a Neighbour (as he said) of Sir ROGER'S, who pretended to shew her to us in one of the Dances. There was Witchcraft enough in the Entertainment almost to incline me to believe him; *Ben Johnson* was almost lamed; young *Bullock* narrowly saved his Neck; the Audience was astonished, and an old Acquaintance of mine, a Person of Worth, whom I would have bowed to in the Pit, at two Yards distance did not know me.

If you were what the Country People reported you, a white Witch, I could have wished you had been there to have exorcised that Rabble of Broomsticks, with which we were haunted for above three Hours. I could have allowed them to set *Clod* in the Tree, to have scared the Sportsmen, plagued the Justice, and employed honest *Teague* with his holy Water. This was the proper Use of them in Comedy, if the Author had stopped here; but I cannot conceive what Relation the Sacrifice of the Black Lamb, and the Ceremonies of their Worship to the Devil, have to the Business of Mirth and Humour.

The Gentleman who writ this Play, and has drawn some Characters in it very justly, appears to have been misled in his Witchcraft by an unwary following the inimitable *Shakespear*. The Incantations in *Mackbeth* have a Solemnity admirably adapted to the Occasion of that Tragedy, and fill the Mind with a suitable Horror; besides,

<sup>1</sup> This letter is by John Hughes.

<sup>2</sup> Shadwell's Play of the *Lancashire Witches* was in the bill of the Theatre advertised at the end of this number of the *Spectator*.

By her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, on Tuesday next, being the 14th Day of August, will be presented, A comedy call'd the *Lancashire Witches*, Written by the Ingenious Mr. Shadwell, late Poet Laureat. Carefully Revis'd. With all the Original Decorations of Scenes, Witche's Songs and Dances, proper to the Drama. The Principal Parts to be perform'd by Mr. Mills, Mr. Booth, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Bullock, Sen., Mr. Norris, Mr. Pack, Mr. Bullock, Jun., Mrs. Elrington, Mrs. Powel, Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Cox. And the *Witches* by Mr. Burkhead, Mr. Ryan, Mrs. Mills, and Mrs. Willis. It being the last time of Acting it this Season.

'that the Witches are a Part of the Story it self, as we find it very particularly related in *Hector Boetius*, from whom he seems to have taken it. 'This therefore is a proper Machine where the 'Business is dark, horrid, and bloody; but is 'extremely foreign from the Affair of Comedy. 'Subjects of this kind, which are in themselves 'disagreeable, can at no time become entertaining, 'but by passing through an Imagination like 'Shakespear's to form them; for which Reason 'Mr. Dryden would not allow even *Beaumont* 'and *Fletcher* capable of imitating him.

*But Shakespear's Magick cou'd not copy'd be,  
Within that Circle none durst walk but He.<sup>1</sup>*

'I should not, however, have troubled you with 'these Remarks, if there were not something else 'in this Comedy, which wants to be exorcised 'more than the Witches. I mean the Freedom of 'some Passages, which I should have overlook'd, 'if I had not observed that those Jests can raise 'the loudest Mirth, though they are painful to 'right Sense, and an Outrage upon Modesty.

'We must attribute such Liberties to the Taste 'of that Age, but indeed by such Representations 'a Poet sacrifices the best Part of his Audience 'to the worst; and, as one would think, neglects 'the Boxes, to write to the Orange-Wenches.

'I must not conclude till I have taken notice of 'the Moral with which this Comedy ends. 'The 'two young Ladies having given a notable Ex- 'ample of outwitting those who had a Right in 'the Disposal of them, and marrying without 'Consent of Parents, one of the injur'd Parties, 'who is easily reconciled, winds up all with this 'Remark,

*Design whate'er we will,  
There is a Fate which over-rules us still.*

'We are to suppose that the Gallants are Men 'of Merit, but if they had been Rakes the Excuse 'might have serv'd as well. *Hans Carvel's Wife*<sup>2</sup> 'was of the same Principle, but has express'd it 'with a Delicacy which shews she is not serious in 'her Excuse, but in a sort of humorous Philosophy 'turns off the Thought of her Guilt, and says,

*That if weak Women go astray,  
Their Stars are more in fault than they.*

'This, no doubt, is a full Reparation, and dis- 'misses the Audience with very edifying Impres- 'sions.

'These things fall under a Province you have 'partly pursued already, and therefore demand 'your Animadversion, for the regulating so Noble 'an Entertainment as that of the Stage. It were 'to be wished, that all who write for it hereafter 'would raise their Genius, by the Ambition of 'pleasing People of the best Understanding; and 'leave others who shew nothing of the Human 'Species but Risibility, to seek their Diversion at 'the Bear-Garden, or some other Privileg'd Place,

<sup>1</sup> Prologue to Davenant and Dryden's version of the *Tempest*.

<sup>2</sup> In Prior's Poem of *Hans Carvel*.

'where Reason and Good-manners have no Right 'to disturb them.

August 8, 1711.

I am, &c.

T.

No. 142.] Monday, August 13, 1711. [Steele.

—*Irrupta tenet Copula*— Hor.

THE following Letters being Genuine,<sup>1</sup> and the Images of a Worthy Passion, I am willing to give the old Lady's Admonition to my self, and the Representation of her own Happiness, a Place in my Writings.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

August 9, 1711.

'I am now in the sixty seventh Year of my Age, 'and read you with Approbation; but methinks you 'do not strike at the Root of the greatest Evil in Life, 'which is the false Notion of Gallantry in Love. 'It is, and has long been, upon a very ill Foot; 'but I who have been a Wife Forty Years, and 'was bred in a way that has made me ever since 'very happy, see through the Folly of it. In a 'Word, Sir, when I was a young Woman, all who 'avoided the Vices of the Age were very carefully 'educated, and all fantastical Objects were turned 'out of our Sight. The Tapestry Hangings, with 'the great and venerable Simplicity of the Scrip- 'ture Stories, had better Effects than now the 'Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis* or *Bacchus* and '*Ariadne* in your fine present Prints. The Gentle- 'man I am married to made Love to me in Rap- 'ture, but it was the Rapture of a Christian and a 'Man of Honour, not a Romantick Hero or a 'Whining Coxcomb: This put our Life upon a 'right Basis. To give you an Idea of our Regard 'one to another, I inclose to you several of his 'Letters, writ Forty Years ago, when my Lover; 'and one writ t'other Day, after so many Years 'Cohabitation.

Your Servant,  
Andromache.

Madam,

August 7, 1671.

'If my Vigilance and ten thousand Wishes for 'your Welfare and Repose could have any force, 'you last Night slept in Security, and had every 'good Angel in your Attendance. To have my 'Thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in constant 'Fear of every Accident to which Human Life is 'liable, and to send up my hourly Prayers to avert 'em from you; I say, Madam, thus to think, and 'thus to suffer, is what I do for Her who is in 'Pain at my Approach, and calls all my tender 'Sorrow Impertinence. You are now before my 'Eyes, my Eyes that are ready to flow with Ten- 'derness, but cannot give relief to my gushing

<sup>1</sup> They are, after the first, with a few changes of phrase and the alteration of date proper to the design of this paper, copies of Steele's own love-letters addressed to Mrs. Scurlock, in August and September, 1707; except the last, a recent one, written since marriage.

'Heart, that dictates what I am now Saying, and yearns to tell you all its Achings. How art thou, oh my Soul, stoln from thy self! How is all thy Attention broken! My Books are blank Paper, and my Friends Intruders. I have no hope of Quiet but from your Pity; To grant it, would make more for your Triumph. To give Pain is the Tyranny, to make Happy the true Empire of Beauty. If you would consider aright, you'd find an agreeable Change in dismissing the Attendance of a Slave, to receive the Complaisance of a Companion. I bear the former in hopes of the latter Condition: As I live in Chains without murmuring at the Power which inflicts 'em, so I could enjoy Freedom without forgetting the Mercy that gave it.

MADAM, I am  
Your most devoted, most obedient Servant.

*Tho' I made him no Declarations in his Favour, you see he had Hopes of Me when he writ this in the Month following.*

Madam, September 3, 1671.

'Before the Light this Morning dawned upon the Earth I awaked, and lay in Expectation of its return, not that it cou'd give any new Sense of Joy to me, but as I hoped it would bless you with its chearful Face, after a Quiet which I wish'd you last Night. If my Prayers are heard, the Day appeared with all the Influence of a Merciful Creator upon your Person and Actions. Let others, my lovely Charmer, talk of a blind Being that disposes their Hearts, I contemn their low Images of Love. I have not a Thought which relates to you, that I cannot with Confidence beseech the All-seeing Power to bless me in. May he direct you in all your Steps, and reward your Innocence, your Sanctity of Manners, your Prudent Youth, and becoming Piety, with the Continuance of his Grace and Protection. This is an unusual Language to Ladies; but you have a Mind elevated above the giddy Motions of a Sex insnared by Flattery, and misled by a false and short Adoration into a solid and long Contempt. Beauty, my fairest Creature, palls in the Possession, but I love also your Mind; your Soul is as dear to me as my own; and if the Advantages of a liberal Education, some Knowledge, and as much Contempt of the World, join'd with the Endeavours towards a Life of strict Virtue and Religion, can qualify me to raise new Ideas in a Breast so well disposed as yours is, our Days will pass away with Joy; and old Age, instead of introducing melancholy Prospects of Decay, give us hope of Eternal Youth in a better Life. I have but few Minutes from the Duty of my Employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ, therefore beseech you to pardon the first Hints of my Mind, which I have expressed in so little Order.

I am, dearest Creature,  
Your most Obedient,  
most Devoted Servant.

*The two next were written after the Day of our Marriage was fixed.*

Madam, September 25, 1671.  
'It is the hardest thing in the World to be in

'Love, and yet attend Business. As for me, all that speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other People will do it for me. A Gentleman asked me this Morning what News from *Holland*, and I answered, She's Exquisitely handsome. Another desir'd to know when I had been last at *Windsor*, I reply'd, She designs to go with me. Prethee, allow me at least to kiss your Hand before the appointed Day, that my Mind may be in some Composure. Methinks I could write a Volume to you, but all the Language on Earth would fail in saying how much, and with what dis-interested Passion,

*I am ever Yours.*

September 30, 1671.

Dear Creature, Seven in the Morning.

'Next to the Influence of Heav'n, I am to thank you that I see the returning Day with Pleasure. To pass my Evenings in so sweet a Conversation, and have the Esteem of a Woman of your Merit, has in it a Particularity of Happiness no more to be express'd than return'd. But I am, my Lovely Creature, contented to be on the obliged Side, and to employ all my Days in new Endeavours to convince you and all the World of the Sense I have of your Condescension in Chusing,

MADAM, Your Most Faithful,  
Most Obedient Humble Servant.

*He was, when he writ the following Letter, as agreeable and pleasant a Man as any in England.*

Madam, October 20, 1671.

'I Beg Pardon that my Paper is not Finer, but I am forced to write from a Coffee-house where I am attending about Business. There is a dirty Crowd of Busie Faces all around me talking of Mony, while all my Ambition, all my Wealth is Love: Love which animates my Heart, sweetens my Humour, enlarges my Soul, and affects every Action of my Life. 'Tis to my lovely Charmer I owe that many noble Ideas are continually affix'd to my Words and Actions: 'Tis the natural Effect of that generous Passion to create in the Admirer some Similitude of the Object admired; thus, my Dear, am I every Day to improve from so sweet a Companion. Look up, my Fair One, to that Heaven which made thee such, and join with me to implore its Influence on our tender innocent Hours, and beseech the Author of Love to bless the Rites he has ordained, and mingle with our Happiness a just Sense of our transient Condition, and a Resignation to his Will, which only can regulate our Minds to a steady Endeavour to please him and each other.

*I am, for Ever,  
your Faithful Servant.*

*I will not trouble you with more Letters at this time, but if you saw the poor wither'd Hand which sends you these Minutes, I am sure you will smile to think that there is one who is so gallant as to speak of it still as so welcome a Present, after Forty Years Possession of the Woman whom he writes to.*

Madam, June 23, 1711.

'I Heartily beg your Pardon for my Omission to write Yesterday. It was no Failure of my



'tender Regard for you; but having been very  
'much perplexed in my Thoughts on the Subject  
'of my last, made me determine to suspend  
'speaking of it 'till I came to myself. But, my  
'Lovely Creature, know it is not in the Power of  
'Age, or Misfortune, or any other Accident which  
'hangs over Human Life, to take from me the  
'pleasing Esteem I have for you, or the Memory  
'of the bright Figure you appeared in when you  
'gave your Hand and Heart to,

MADAM,

Your most Grateful Husband,  
and Obedient Servant.

T.

No. 143.] Tuesday, August 14, 1711. [Steele.

*Non est vivere sed valere Vita.*—Martial.

IT is an unreasonable thing some Men expect of their Acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of Order, or Displeas'd, or they know not how, and are so far from letting that be a Reason for retiring to their own Homes, that they make it their Argument for coming into Company. What has any body to do with Accounts of a Man's being Indispos'd but his Physician? If a Man laments in Company, where the rest are in Humour enough to enjoy themselves, he should not take it ill if a Servant is ordered to present him with a Porringer of Cawdle or Posset-drink, by way of Admonition that he go Home to Bed. That Part of Life which we ordinarily understand by the Word Conversation, is an Indulgence to the Sociable Part of our Make; and should incline us to bring our Proportion of good Will or good Humour among the Friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with Relations which must of necessity oblige them to a real or feigned Affliction. Cares, Distresses, Diseases, Uneasinesses, and Dislikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our Friends. If we would consider how little of this Vicissitude of Motion and Rest, which we call Life, is spent with Satisfaction, we should be more tender of our Friends, than to bring them little Sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real Life, but chearful Life; therefore Valetudinarians should be sworn before they enter into Company, not to say a Word of themselves till the Meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we should be always [sitting<sup>1</sup>] with Chaplets of Flowers round our Heads, or be crowned with Roses, in order to make our Entertainment agreeable to us; but if (as it is usually observed) they who resolve to be Merry, seldom are so; it will be much more unlikely for us to be well-pleas'd, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are sad. Whatever we do we should keep up the Chearfulness of our Spirits, and never let them sink below an Inclination at least to be well-pleas'd: The Way to this, is to keep our Bodies in Exercise, our Minds at Ease. That insipid State wherein neither are in Vigour, is not to be

<sup>1</sup> [sit]

accounted any part of our Portion of Being. When we are in the Satisfaction of some Innocent Pleasure, or Pursuit of some laudable Design, we are in the Possession of Life, of Human Life. Fortune will give us Disappointments enough, and Nature is attended with Infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy Side of our Account by our Spleen or ill Humour. Poor *Cottilus*, among so many real Evils, a Chronical Distemper and a narrow Fortune, is never heard to complain: That equal Spirit of his, which any Man may have, that, like him, will conquer Pride, Vanity and Affectation, and follow Nature, is not to be broken, because it has no Points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what Nature demands as necessary, if it is not the Way to an Estate, is the Way to what Men aim at by getting an Estate. This Temper will preserve Health in the Body, as well as Tranquility in the Mind. *Cottilus* sees the World in a Hurry, with the same Scorn that a Sober Person sees a Man Drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, says he, such a one have met with such a Disappointment? If another had valued his Mistress for what he ought to have lov'd her, he had not been in her Power. If her Virtue had had a Part of his Passion, her Levity had been his Cure; she could not then have been false and amiable at the same time.

Since we cannot promise ourselves constant Health, let us endeavour at such a Temper as may be our best Support in the Decay of it. *Uranus* has arrived at that Composure of Soul, and wrought himself up to such a Neglect of every thing with which the Generality of Mankind is enchanted, that nothing but acute Pains can give him Disturbance, and against those too he will tell his intimate Friends he has a Secret which gives him present Ease: *Uranus* is so thoroughly perswaded of another Life, and endeavours so sincerely to secure an Interest in it, that he looks upon Pain but as a quickening of his Pace to an Home, where he shall be better provided for than in his present Apartment. Instead of the melancholy Views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is Mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks at the Time of his Birth he entered into an Eternal Being; and the short Article of Death he will not allow an Interruption of Life, since that Moment is not of half the Duration as is his ordinary Sleep. Thus is his Being one uniform and consistent Series of chearful Diversions and moderate Cares, without Fear or Hope of Futurity. Health to him is more than Pleasure to another Man, and Sickness less affecting to him than Indisposition is to others.

I must confess, if one does not regard Life after this manner, none but Ideots can pass it away with any tolerable Patience. Take a Fine Lady who is of a Delicate Frame, and you may observe from the Hour she rises a certain Weariness of all that passes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are sick of such strange frightful People that they meet; one is so awkward, and another so disagreeable, that it looks like a Penance to breathe the same Air with them. You see this is so very true, that a

great Part of Ceremony and Good-breeding among Ladies turns upon their Uneasiness; and I'll undertake, if the How-d'ye Servants of our Women were to make a Weekly Bill of Sickness, as the Parish Clerks do of Mortality, you would not find in an Account of seven Days, one in Thirty that was not downright Sick or indisposed, or but a very little better than she was, and so forth.

It is certain that to enjoy Life and Health as a constant Feast, we should not think Pleasure necessary, but, if possible, to arrive at an Equality of Mind. It is as mean to be overjoyed upon Occasions of Good-Fortune, as to be dejected in Circumstances of Distress. Laughter in one Condition is as unmanly as Weeping in the other. We should not form our Minds to expect Transport on every Occasion, but know how to make it Enjoyment to be out of Pain. Ambition, Envy, vagrant Desire, or impertinent Mirth will take up our Minds, without we can possess our selves in that Sobriety of Heart which is above all Pleasures, and can be felt much better than described. But the ready Way, I believe, to the right Enjoyment of Life, is by a Prospect towards another to have but a very mean Opinion of it. A great Author of our Time has set this in an excellent Light, when with a Philosophick Pity of Human Life, he spoke of it in his *Theory of the Earth*,<sup>1</sup> in the following manner.

*For what is this Life but a Circulation of little mean Actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the Circle returns. We spend the Day in Trifles, and when the Night comes we throw our selves into the Bed of Folly, amongst Dreams and broken Thoughts, and wild Imaginations. Our Reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the Time as arrant Brutes as those that sleep in the Stalls or in the Field. Are not the Capacities of Man higher than these? And ought not his Ambition and Expectations to be greater? Let us be Adventurers for another World: 'Tis at least a fair and noble Chance; and there is nothing in this worth our Thoughts or our Passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our Fellow-Mortals; and if we succeed in our Expectations, we are Eternally Happy.*

No. 144.] Wednesday, August 15, 1711. [Steele.

—Nōris quam elegans formarum Spectator siem.—Ter.

**B**EAUTY has been the Delight and Torment of the World ever since it began. The Philosophers have felt its Influence so sensibly, that almost every one of them has left us some Saying or other, which has intimated that he too well knew the Power of it. One<sup>2</sup> has told us, that a graceful Person is a more powerful Recommendation than the best Letter that can be writ in

your Favour. Another<sup>1</sup> desires the Possessor of it to consider it as a meer Gift of Nature, and not any Perfection of his own. A Third<sup>2</sup> calls it a short liv'd Tyranny; a Fourth,<sup>3</sup> a silent Fraud, because it imposes upon us without the Help of Language; but I think *Carneades* spoke as much like a Philosopher as any of them, tho' more like a Lover, when he call'd it Royalty without Force. It is not indeed to be denied, that there is something irresistible in a Beauteous Form; the most Severe will not pretend, that they do not feel an immediate Prepossession in Favour of the Handsome. No one denies them the Privilege of being first heard, and being regarded before others in Matters of ordinary Consideration. At the same time the Handsome should consider that it is a Possession, as it were, foreign to them. No one can give it himself, or preserve it when they have it. Yet so it is, that People can bear any Quality in the World better than Beauty. It is the Consolation of all who are naturally too much affected with the Force of it, that a little Attention, if a Man can attend with Judgment, will cure them. Handsome People usually are so fantastically pleas'd with themselves, that if they do not kill at first Sight, as the Phrase is, a second Interview disarms them of all their Power. But I shall make this Paper rather a Warning-piece to give Notice where the Danger is, than to propose Instructions how to avoid it when you have fallen in the way of it. Handsome Men shall be the Subject of another Chapter, the Women shall take up the present Discourse.

*Amaryllis*, who has been in Town but one Winter, is extremely improved with the Arts of Good-Breeding, without leaving Nature. She has not lost the Native Simplicity of her Aspect, to substitute that Patience of being stared at, which is the usual Triumph and Distinction of a Town Lady. In Publick Assemblies you meet her careless Eye diverting itself with the Objects around her, insensible that she her self is one of the brightest in the Place.

*Dulcissa* is quite [of] another Make, she is almost a Beauty by Nature, but more than one by Art. If it were possible for her to let her Fan or any Limb about her rest, she would do some Part of the Execution she meditates; but tho' she designs her self a Prey she will not stay to be taken. No Painter can give you Words for the different Aspects of *Dulcissa* in half a Moment, wherever she appears: So little does she accomplish what she takes so much pains for, to be gay and careless.

*Merab* is attended with all the Charms of Woman and Accomplishments of Man. It is not to be doubted but she has a great deal of Wit, if she were not such a Beauty; and she would have more Beauty had she not so much Wit. Affectation prevents her Excellencies from walking together. If she has a Mind to speak such a Thing, it must be done with such an Air of her Body; and if she has an Inclination to look very careless, there is such a smart Thing to be said at the same Time, that the Design of being admired destroys it self. Thus the unhappy *Merab*, tho' a

<sup>1</sup> Ed. Amsterdam, 1699, p. 241.

<sup>2</sup> Aristotle.

<sup>3</sup> Plato.

<sup>2</sup> Socrates.

<sup>3</sup> Theophrastus.

Wit and Beauty, is allowed to be neither, because she will always be both.

*Albacinda* has the Skill as well as Power of pleasing. Her Form is majestick, but her Aspect humble. All good Men should beware of the Destroyer. She will speak to you like your Sister, till she has you sure; but is the most vexatious of Tyrants when you are so. Her Familiarity of Behaviour, her indifferent Questions, and general Conversation, make the silly Part of her Votaries full of Hopes, while the wise fly from her Power. She well knows she is too Beautiful and too Witty to be indifferent to any who converse with her, and therefore knows she does not lessen herself by Familiarity, but gains Occasions of Admiration, by seeming Ignorance of her Perfections.

*Eudisia* adds to the Height of her Stature a Nobility of Spirit which still distinguishes her above the rest of her Sex. Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive; but in *Eudisia* it is commanding: Love towards *Eudisia* is a Sentiment like the Love of Glory. The Lovers of other Women are softened into Fondness, the Admirers of *Eudisia* exalted into Ambition.

*Eucratia* presents her self to the Imagination with a more kindly Pleasure, and as she is Woman, her Praise is wholly Feminine. If we were to form an Image of Dignity in a Man, we should give him Wisdom and Valour, as being essential to the Character of Manhood. In like manner, if you describe a right Woman in a laudable Sense, she should have gentle Softness, tender Fear, and all those Parts of Life, which distinguish her from the other Sex; with some Subordination to it, but such an Inferiority that makes her still more lovely. *Eucratia* is that Creature, she is all over Woman, Kindness is all her Art, and Beauty all her Arms. Her Look, her Voice, her Gesture, and whole Behaviour is truly Feminine. A Goodness mixed with Fear, gives a Tincture to all her Behaviour. It would be Savage to offend her, and Cruelty to use Art to gain her. Others are beautiful, but [*Eucratia*,<sup>1</sup>] thou art Beauty!

*Omnamante* is made for Deceit, she has an Aspect as Innocent as the famed *Lucrece*, but a Mind as Wild as the more famed *Cleopatra*. Her Face speaks a Vestal, but her Heart a *Messalina*. Who that beheld *Omnamante's* negligent unobserving Air, would believe that she hid under that regardless Manner the witty Prostitute, the rapacious Wench, the prodigal Courtesan? She can, when she pleases, adorn those Eyes with Tears like an Infant that is chid! She can cast down that pretty Face in Confusion, while you rage with Jealousy, and storm at her Perfidiousness; she can wipe her Eyes, tremble and look frightened, till you think yourself a Brute for your Rage, own yourself an Offender, beg Pardon, and make her new Presents.

But I go too far in reporting only the Dangers in beholding the Beauteous, which I design for the Instruction of the Fair as well as their Beholders; and shall end this Rhapsody with mentioning what I thought was well enough said of an Antient Sage to a Beautiful Youth, whom he

<sup>1</sup> [*Eudisia*]

saw admiring his own Figure in Brass. What, said the Philosopher,<sup>1</sup> could that Image of yours say for it self if it could speak? It might say, (answered the Youth) *That it is very Beautiful. And are not you ashamed,* reply'd the Cynick, *to value your self upon that only of which a Piece of Brass is capable?* T.

No. 145.] Thursday, August 16, 1711. [Steele.

*Stultitiam patiuntur opes*—Hor.

IF the following Enormities are not amended upon the first Mention, I desire further Notice from my Correspondents.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am obliged to you for your Discourse the other Day upon frivolous Disputants, who with great Warmth, and Enumeration of many Circumstances and Authorities, undertake to prove Matters which no Body living denies. You cannot employ your self more usefully than in adjusting the Laws of Disputation in Coffee-houses and accidental Companies, as well as in more formal Debates. Among many other things which your own Experience must suggest to you, it will be very obliging if you please to take notice of Wagerers. I will not here repeat what *Hudibras* says of such Disputants, which is so true, that it is almost Proverbial;<sup>2</sup> but shall only acquaint you with a Set of young Fellows of the Inns of Court, whose Fathers have provided for them so plentifully, that they need not be very anxious to get Law into their Heads for the Service of their Country at the Bar; but are of those who are sent (as the Phrase of Parents is) to the Temple to know how to keep their own. One of these Gentlemen is very loud and captious at a Coffee-house which I frequent, and being in his Nature troubled with an Humour of Contradiction, though withal excessive Ignorant, he has found a way to indulge this Temper, go on in Idleness and Ignorance, and yet still give himself the Air of a very learned and knowing Man, by the Strength of his Pocket. The Misfortune of the thing is, I have, as it happens sometimes, a greater Stock of Learning than of Money. The Gentleman I am speaking of, takes Advantage of the Narrowness of my Circumstances in such a manner, that he has read all that I can pretend to, and runs me down with such a positive Air, and with such powerful Arguments, that from a very Learned Person I am thought a mere Pretender. Not long ago I was relating that I had read such a Passage in *Tacitus*, up starts my young Gentleman in a full Company, and pulling out his Purse offered to lay me ten Guineas, to be staked immediately in that Gentleman's Hands, (pointing to one smoaking at another Table) that I was utterly mis-

<sup>1</sup> Antisthenes. Quoted from Diogenes Laertius, Lib. vi. cap. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *I have heard old cunning Stagers Say Fools for Arguments lay Wagers.* Hudibras, Part II. c. i.

‘taken. I was Dumb for want of ten Guineas; he went on unmercifully to Triumph over my Ignorance how to take him up, and told the whole Room he had read *Tacitus* twenty times over, and such a remarkable Instance as that could not escape him. He has at this time three considerable Wagers depending between him and some of his Companions, who are rich enough to hold an Argument with him. He has five Guineas upon Questions in Geography, two that the *Isle of Wight* is a Peninsula, and three Guineas to one that the World is round. We have a Gentleman comes to our Coffee-house, who deals mightily in Antique Scandal; my Disputant has laid him twenty Pieces upon a Point of History, to wit, that *Cæsar* never lay with *Cato’s* Sister, as is scandalously reported by some People.

‘There are several of this sort of Fellows in Town, who wager themselves into Statesmen, Historians, Geographers, Mathematicians, and every other Art, when the Persons with whom they talk have not Wealth equal to their Learning. I beg of you to prevent, in these Youngsters, this compendious Way to Wisdom, which costs other People so much Time and Pains, and you will oblige

*Your humble Servant.*

*Mr. SPECTATOR,* Coffee-House near the Temple, Aug. 12, 1711.

‘Here’s a young Gentleman that sings Opera-Tunes or Whistles in a full House. Pray let him know that he has no Right to act here as if he were in an empty Room. Be pleased to divide the Spaces of a Publick Room, and certify Whistlers, Singers, and Common Orators, that are heard further than their Portion of the Room comes [to,] that the Law is open, and that there is an Equity which will relieve us from such as interrupt us in our Lawful Discourse, as much as against such as stop us on the Road. I take these Persons, Mr. SPECTATOR, to be such Trespassers as the Officer in your Stage-Coach, and of the same Sentiment with Counsellor *Ephraim*. It is true the Young Man is rich, and, as the Vulgar say, [needs ‘] not care for any Body; but sure that is no Authority for him to go whistle where he pleases.

*I am, SIR,*  
*Your Most Humble Servant.*

*P.S.* ‘I have Chambers in the Temple, and here are Students that learn upon the Hautboy; pray desire the Benchers that all Lawyers who are Proficients in Wind-Musick may lodge to the *Thames*.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

‘We are a Company of young Women who pass our Time very much together, and obliged by the mercenary Humour of the Men to be as Mercenarily inclined as they are. There visits among us an old Batchelor whom each of us has a Mind to. The Fellow is rich, and knows he may have any of us, therefore is particular to none, but excessively ill-bred. His Pleasantry consists in Romping, he snatches Kisses by Sur-

‘prize, puts his Hand in our Necks, tears our Fans, robs us of Ribbons, forces Letters out of our Hands, looks into any of our Papers, and a thousand other Rudenesses. Now what I’ll desire of you is to acquaint him, by Printing this, that if he does not marry one of us very suddenly, we have all agreed, the next time he pretends to be merry, to affront him, and use him like a Clown as he is. In the Name of the Sisterhood I take my Leave of you, and am, as they all are,

*Your Constant Reader*  
*and Well-wisher.*

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

‘I and several others of your Female Readers, have conformed our selves to your Rules, even to our very Dress. There is not one of us but has reduced our outward Petticoat to its ancient Sizable Circumference, tho’ indeed we retain still a Quilted one underneath, which makes us not altogether unconformable to the Fashion; but ’tis on Condition, Mr. SPECTATOR extends not his Censure so far. But we find you Men secretly approve our Practice, by imitating our Pyramidical Form. The Skirt of your fashionable Coats forms as large a Circumference as our Petticoats; as these are set out with Whalebone, so are those with Wire, to encrease and sustain the Bunch of Fold that hangs down on each Side; and the Hat, I perceive, is decreased in just proportion to our Head-dresses. We make a regular Figure, but I defy your Mathematicks to give Name to the Form you appear in. Your Architecture is mere *Gothick*, and betrays a worse Genius than ours; therefore if you are partial to your own Sex, I shall be less than I am now

T.

*Your Humble Servant.*

No. 146.] Friday, August 17, 1711. [Steele.

*Nemo Vir Magnus sine aliquo Afflatu divino unquam fuit.—Tull.*

WE know the highest Pleasure our Minds are capable of enjoying with Composure, when we read Sublime Thoughts communicated to us by Men of great Genius and Eloquence. Such is the Entertainment we meet with in the Philosophick Parts of *Cicero’s* Writings. Truth and good Sense have there so charming a Dress, that they could hardly be more agreeably represented with the Addition of Poetical Fiction and the Power of Numbers. This ancient Author, and a modern one, had fallen into my Hands within these few Days; and the Impressions they have left upon me, have at the present quite spoiled me for a merry Fellow. The Modern is that admirable Writer the Author of *The Theory of the Earth*. The Subjects with which I have lately been entertained in them both bear a near Affinity; they are upon Enquiries into Hereafter, and the Thoughts of the latter seem to me to be raised above those of the former in proportion to his Advantages of Scripture and Revelation. If I had a Mind to it, I could not at present talk of

<sup>1</sup> [need]

any thing else; therefore I shall translate a Passage in the one, and transcribe a Paragraph out of the other, for the Speculation of this Day. *Cicero* tells us,<sup>1</sup> that *Plato* reports *Socrates*, upon receiving his Sentence, to have spoken to his Judges in the following manner.

'I have great Hopes, oh my Judges, that it is infinitely to my Advantage that I am sent to Death: For it is of necessity that one of these two things must be the Consequence. Death must take away all these Senses, or convey me to another Life. If all Sense is to be taken away, and Death is no more than that profound Sleep without Dreams, in which we are sometimes buried, oh Heavens! how desirable is it to die? how many Days do we know in Life preferable to such a State? But if it be true that Death is but a Passage to Places which they who lived before us do now inhabit, how much still happier is it to go from those who call themselves Judges, to appear before those that really are such; before *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Aacus*, and *Triptolemus*, and to meet Men who have lived with Justice and Truth? Is this, do you think, no happy Journey? Do you think it nothing to speak with *Orpheus*, *Musæus*, *Homer*, and *Hesiod*? I would, indeed, suffer many Deaths to enjoy these Things. With what particular Delight should I talk to *Palamedes*, *Ajax*, and others, who like me have suffered by the Iniquity of their Judges. I should examine the Wisdom of that great Prince, who carried such mighty Forces against *Troy*; and argue with *Ulysses* and *Sisyphus*, upon difficult Points, as I have in Conversation here, without being in Danger of being condemned. But let not those among you who have pronounced me an innocent Man be afraid of Death. No Harm can arrive at a good Man whether dead or living; his Affairs are always under the direction of the Gods; nor will I believe the Fate which is allotted to me myself this Day to have arrived by Chance; nor have I ought to say either against my Judges or Accusers, but that they thought they did me an Injury.—But I detain you too long, it is Time that I retire to Death, and you to your Affairs of Life; which of us has the Better is known to the Gods, but to no Mortal Man.

The Divine *Socrates* is here represented in a Figure worthy his great Wisdom and Philosophy, worthy the greatest mere Man that ever breathed. But the modern Discourse is written upon a Subject no less than the Dissolution of Nature it self. Oh how glorious is the old Age of that great Man, who has spent his Time in such Contemplations as has made this Being, what only it should be, an Education for Heaven! He has, according to the Lights of Reason and Revelation, which seemed to him clearest, traced the Steps of Omnipotence: He has, with a Celestial Ambition, as far as it is consistent with Humility and Devotion, examined the Ways of Providence, from the Creation to the Dissolution of the visible World. How pleasing must have been the Speculation, to observe Nature and Providence move together,

the Physical and Moral World march the same Pace: To observe Paradise and eternal Spring the Seat of Innocence, troubled Seasons and angry Skies the Portion of Wickedness and Vice. When this admirable Author has reviewed all that has past, or is to come, which relates to the habitable World, and run through the whole Fate of it, how could a Guardian Angel, that had attended it through all its Courses or Changes, speak more emphatically at the End of his Charge, than does our Author when he makes, as it were, a Funeral Oration over this Globe, looking to the Point where it once stood?<sup>1</sup>

'Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this Subject, reflect upon this Occasion on the Vanity and transient Glory of this habitable World. How by the Force of one Element breaking loose upon the rest, all the Vanities of Nature, all the Works of Art, all the Labours of Men, are reduced to Nothing. All that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another Form and Face of things, plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole Earth. Where are now the great Empires of the World, and their great Imperial Cities? Their Pillars, Trophies, and Monuments of Glory? Shew me where they stood, read the Inscription, tell me the Victor's Name. What Remains, what Impressions, what Difference or Distinction, do you see in this Mass of Fire? *Rome* it self, eternal *Rome*, the great City, the Empress of the World, whose Domination and Superstition, ancient and modern, make a great Part of the History of this Earth, what is become of her now? She laid her Foundations deep, and her Palaces were strong and sumptuous; *She glorified her self, and lived deliciously, and said in her Heart, I sit a Queen, and shall see no Sorrow*: But her Hour is come, she is wiped away from the Face of the Earth, and buried in everlasting Oblivion. But it is not Cities only, and Works of Mens Hands, but the everlasting Hills, the Mountains and Rocks of the Earth are melted as Wax before the Sun, and their Place is no where found. Here stood the *Alps*, the Load of the Earth, that covered many Countries, and reached their Arms from the Ocean to the *Black Sea*; this huge Mass of Stone is softned and dissolved as a tender Cloud into Rain. Here stood the *African* Mountains, and *Atlas* with his Top above the Clouds; there was frozen *Caucasus*, and *Taurus*, and *Imaus*, and the Mountains of *Asia*; and yonder towards the North, stood the *Riphæan* Hills, cloath'd in Ice and Snow. All these are Vanished, dropt away as the Snow upon their Heads. *Great and Marvellous are thy Works, Just and True are thy Ways, thou King of Saints! Hallelujah.*  
T.

<sup>1</sup> Theory of the Earth, Book III., ch. xii.

<sup>1</sup> Tusculan Questions, Bk. I.

No. 147.] Saturday, August 18, 1711. [Steele.

*Pronuntiatio est Vocis et Vultus et Gestus moderatio cum venustate.*—Tull.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE well Reading of the Common Prayer is of so great Importance, and so much neglected, that I take the Liberty to offer to your Consideration some Particulars on that Subject: And what more worthy your Observation than this? A thing so Publick, and of so high Consequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent Exercise of it should not make the Performers of that Duty more expert in it. This Inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little Care that is taken of their Reading, while Boys and at School, where when they are got into *Latin*, they are looked upon as above *English*, the Reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due Observations made to them of the proper Accent and Manner of Reading; by this means they have acquired such ill Habits as won't easily be removed. The only way that I know of to remedy this, is to propose some Person of great Ability that way as a Pattern for them; Example being most effectual to convince the Learned, as well as instruct the Ignorant.

You must know, Sir, I've been a constant Frequenter of the Service of the Church of *England* for above these four Years last past, and 'till *Sunday* was Seven-night never discovered, to so great a Degree, the Excellency of the Common-Prayer. When being at St. *James's Garlick-Hill* Church, I heard the Service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an Impossibility to be unattentive. My Eyes and my Thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confin'd to my Prayers: I then considered I addressed my self to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful Face. And when I reflected on my former Performances of that Duty, I found I had run it over as a matter of Form, in comparison to the Manner in which I then discharged it. My Mind was really affected, and fervent Wishes accompanied my Words. The Confession was read with such a resigned Humility, the Absolution with such a comfortable Authority, the Thanksgivings with such a Religious Joy, as made me feel those Affections of the Mind in a Manner I never did before. To remedy therefore the Grievance above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent Reader,<sup>1</sup> upon the next and every Annual Assembly of the Clergy of *Sion-College*, and all other Conventions, should read Prayers before them. For then those that are afraid of stretching their Mouths, and spoiling their soft Voice, will learn to Read with Clearness, Loudness, and Strength. Others that affect a rakish negligent Air by folding their Arms, and lolling on their Book, will be taught a decent Behaviour,

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Philip Stubbs, afterwards Archdeacon of St. Alban's.

and comely Erection of Body. Those that Read so fast as if impatient of their Work, may learn to speak deliberately. There is another sort of Persons whom I call Pindarick Readers, as being confined to no set measure; these pronounce five or six Words with great Deliberation, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great Celerity: The first part of a Sentence with a very exalted Voice, and the latter part with a submissive one: Sometimes again with one sort of a Tone, and immediately after with a very different one. These Gentlemen will learn of my admired Reader an Evenness of Voice and Delivery, and all who are innocent of these Affectations, but read with such an Indifferency as if they did not understand the Language, may then be informed of the Art of Reading movingly and fervently, how to place the Emphasis, and give the proper Accent to each Word, and how to vary the Voice according to the Nature of the Sentence. There is certainly a very great Difference between the Reading a Prayer and a Gazette, which I beg of you to inform a Set of Readers, who affect, forsooth, a certain Gentleman-like Familiarity of Tone, and mend the Language as they go on, crying instead of Pardoneth and Absolveth, Pardons and Absolves. These are often pretty Classical Scholars, and would think it an unpardonable Sin to read *Virgil* or *Martial* with so little Taste as they do Divine Service.

This Indifferency seems to me to arise from the Endeavour of avoiding the Imputation of Cant, and the false Notion of it. It will be proper therefore to trace the Original and Signification of this Word. Cant is, by some People, derived from one *Andrew Cant*, who, they say, was a Presbyterian Minister in some illiterate Part of *Scotland*, who by Exercise and Use had obtained the Faculty, *alias* Gift, of Talking in the Pulpit in such a Dialect, that it's said he was understood by none but his own Congregation, and not by all of them. Since *Mas. Cant's* time, it has been understood in a larger Sense, and signifies all sudden Exclamations, Whinings, unusual Tones, and in fine all Praying and Preaching, like the unlearned of the Presbyterians. But I hope a proper Elevation of Voice, a due Emphasis and Accent, are not to come within this Description. So that our Readers may still be as unlike the Presbyterians as they please. The Dissenters (I mean such as I have heard) do indeed elevate their Voices, but it is with sudden jumps from the lower to the higher part of them; and that with so little Sense or Skill, that their Elevation and Cadence is Bawling and Muttering. They make use of an Emphasis, but so improperly, that it is often placed on some very insignificant Particle, as upon *if*, or *and*. Now if these Improperities have so great an Effect on the People, as we see they have, how great an Influence would the Service of our Church, containing the best Prayers that ever were composed, and that in Terms most affecting, most humble, and most expressive of our Wants, and Dependance on the Object of our Worship, dispos'd in most proper Order, and void of all Confusion; what Influence, I say, would these Prayers have, were they delivered with a due

'Emphasis, and apposite Rising and Variation of  
'Voice, the Sentence concluded with a gentle  
'Cadence, and, in a word, with such an Accent  
'and Turn of Speech as is peculiar to Prayer?

'As the matter of Worship is now managed, in  
'Dissenting Congregations, you find insignificant  
'Words and Phrases raised by a lively Vehe-  
'mence; in our own Churches, the most exalted  
'Sense depreciated, by a dispassionate Indolence.  
'I remember to have heard Dr. S——<sup>1</sup> say in  
'his Pulpit, of the Common-prayer, that, at  
'least, it was as perfect as any thing of Human  
'Institution: If the Gentlemen who err in this  
'kind would please to recollect the many Pleas-  
'antries they have read upon those who recite  
'good Things with an ill Grace, they would go on  
'to think that what in that Case is only Ridicul-  
'ous, in themselves is Impious. But leaving this  
'to their own Reflections, I shall conclude this  
'Trouble with what *Cæsar* said upon the Irregular-  
'ity of Tone in one who read before him, *Do you*  
'*read or sing? If you sing, you sing very ill.*<sup>2</sup>

T. Your most Humble Servant.

No. 148.] Monday, August 20, 1711. [Steele.

*Exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una.*—Hor.

MY Correspondents assure me that the Enor-  
mities which they lately complained of, and  
I published an Account of, are so far from being  
amended, that new Evils arise every Day to inter-  
rupt their Conversation, in Contempt of my  
Reproofs. My Friend who writes from the Coffee-  
house near the *Temple*, informs me that the Gen-  
tleman who constantly sings a Voluntary in spite  
of the whole Company, was more musical than  
ordinary after reading my Paper; and has not  
been contented with that, but has danced up to  
the Glass in the Middle of the Room, and prac-  
tised Minuet-steps to his own Humming. The  
incorrigible Creature has gone still further, and in  
the open Coffee-house, with one Hand extended  
as leading a Lady in it, he has danced both *French*  
and *Country-Dances*, and admonished his sup-  
posed Partner by Smiles and Nods to hold up her  
Head, and fall back, according to the respective  
Facings and Evolutions of the Dance. Before  
this Gentleman began this his Exercise, he was  
pleased to clear his Throat by coughing and  
spitting a full half Hour; and as soon as he struck  
up, he appealed to an Attorney's Clerk in the  
Room, whether he hit as he ought *Since you from*  
*Death have saved me?* and then asked the young  
Fellow (pointing to a Chancery-Bill under his  
Arm) whether that was an Opera-Score he carried  
or not? Without staying for an Answer he fell  
into the Exercise above-mentioned, and practised  
his Airs to the full House who were turned upon  
him, without the least Shame or Repentance for  
his former Transgressions.

<sup>1</sup> Smalridge?

<sup>2</sup> *Si legis cantas; si cantas, male cantas.* The  
word *Cant* is rather from *cantare*, as a chanting  
whine, than from the *Andrew Cants*, father and  
son, of Charles the Second's time.

I am to the last Degree at a Loss what to do  
with this young Fellow, except I declare him an  
Outlaw, and pronounce it penal for any one to  
speak to him in the said House which he fre-  
quents, and direct that he be obliged to drink his  
Tea and Coffee without Sugar, and not receive  
from any Person whatsoever any thing above  
mere Necessaries.

As we in *England* are a sober People, and  
generally inclined rather to a certain Bashfulness  
of Behaviour in Publick, it is amazing whence  
some Fellows come whom one meets with in this  
Town; they do not at all seem to be the Growth  
of our Island; the Pert, the Talkative, all such as  
have no Sense of the Observations of others, are  
certainly of foreign Extraction. As for my Part,  
I am as much surprised when I see a talkative  
*Englishman*, as I should be to see the *Indian*  
*Pine* growing on one of our quick-set Hedges.  
Where these Creatures get Sun enough, to make  
them such lively Animals and dull Men, is above  
my Philosophy.

There are another Kind of Impertinents which  
a Man is perplexed with in mixed Company, and  
those are your loud Speakers: These treat Man-  
kind as if we were all deaf; they do not express  
but declare themselves. Many of these are guilty  
of this Outrage out of Vanity, because they think  
all they say is well; or that they have their own  
Persons in such Veneration, that they believe no-  
thing which concerns them can be insignificant to  
any Body else. For these Peoples sake, I have  
often lamented that we cannot close our Ears with  
as much ease as we can our Eyes: It is very un-  
easy that we must necessarily be under Persecu-  
tion. Next to these Bawlers, is a troublesome  
Creature who comes with the Air of your Friend  
and your Intimate, and that is your Whisperer.  
There is one of them at a Coffee-house which I  
my self frequent, who observing me to be a Man  
pretty well made for Secrets, gets by me, and  
with a Whisper tells me things which all the Town  
knows. It is no very hard matter to guess at the  
Source of this Impertinence, which is nothing else  
but a Method or Mechanick Art of being wise.  
You never see any frequent in it, whom you can  
suppose to have anything in the World to do.  
These Persons are worse than Bawlers, as much  
as a secret Enemy is more dangerous than a de-  
clared one. I wish this my Coffee-house Friend  
would take this for an Intimation, that I have not  
heard one Word he has told me for these several  
Years; whereas he now thinks me the most trusty  
Repository of his Secrets. The Whisperers have  
a pleasant way of ending the close Conversation,  
with saying aloud, *Do not you think so?* Then  
whisper again, and then aloud, *but you know that*  
*Person*; then whisper again. The thing would  
be well enough, if they whisper'd to keep the  
Folly of what they say among Friends; but alas,  
they do it to preserve the Importance of their  
Thoughts. I am sure I could name you more  
than one Person whom no Man living ever heard  
talk upon any Subject in Nature, or ever saw in  
his whole Life with a Book in his Hand, that I  
know not how can whisper something like Know-  
ledge of what has and does pass in the World;  
which you would think he learned from some

familiar Spirit that did not think him worthy to receive the whole Story. But in truth Whisperers deal only in half Accounts of what they entertain you with. A great Help to their Discourse is, 'That the Town says, and People begin to talk very freely, and they had it from Persons too considerable to be named, what they will tell you when things are riper.' My Friend has winked upon me any Day since I came to Town last, and has communicated to me as a Secret, that he designed in a very short Time to tell me a Secret; but I shall know what he means, he now assures me, in less than a Fortnight's Time.

But I must not omit the dearer Part of Mankind, I mean the Ladies, to take up a whole Paper upon Grievances which concern the Men only; but shall humbly propose, that we change Fools for an Experiment only. A certain Set of Ladies complain they are frequently perplexed with a Visitant who affects to be wiser than they are; which Character he hopes to preserve by an obstinate Gravity, and great Guard against discovering his Opinion upon any Occasion whatsoever. A painful Silence has hitherto gained him no further Advantage, than that as he might, if he had behaved himself with Freedom, been excepted against but as to this and that Particular, he now offends in the whole. To relieve these Ladies, my good Friends and Correspondents, I shall exchange my dancing Outlaw for their dumb Visitant, and assign the silent Gentleman all the Haunts of the Dancer; in order to which, I have sent them by the Penny-post the following Letters for their Conduct in their new Conversations.

SIR,

'I have, you may be sure, heard of your Irregularities without regard to my Observations upon you; but shall not treat you with so much Rigour as you deserve. If you will give yourself the Trouble to repair to the Place mentioned in the Postscript to this Letter at Seven this Evening, you will be conducted into a spacious Room well-lighted, where there are Ladies and Musick. You will see a young Lady laughing next the Window to the Street; you may take her out, for she loves you as well as she does any Man, tho' she never saw you before. She never thought in her Life, any more than your self. She will not be surprised when you accost her, nor concerned when you leave her. Hasten from a Place where you are laughed at, to one where you will be admired. You are of no Consequence, therefore go where you will be welcome for being so.

*Your most Humble Servant.*

SIR,

'The Ladies whom you visit, think a wise Man the most impertinent Creature living, therefore you cannot be offended that they are displeas'd with you. Why will you take pains to appear wise, where you would not be the more esteem'd for being really so? Come to us; forget the Giggles; and let your Inclination go along with you whether you speak or are silent; and let all such Women as are in a Clan or Sisterhood, go their own way; there is no Room for you in that Company who are of the common Taste of the Sex.

*For Women born to be controll'd,  
Stoop to the forward and the bold;  
Affect the haughty, and the proud,  
The gay, the frolick, and the loud.* T.

No. 149.] Tuesday, August 21, 1711. [Steele.

*Cui in manu sit quem esse dementem velit,  
Quem sapere, quem sanari, quem in morbum  
injici,  
Quem contra amari, quem accersiri, quem expeti.*  
Cæcil. apud Tull.

THE following Letter and my Answer shall take up the present Speculation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am the young Widow of a Country Gentleman who has left me Entire Mistress of a large Fortune, which he agreed to as an Equivalent for the Difference in our Years. In these Circumstances it is not extraordinary to have a Crowd of Admirers; which I have abridged in my own Thoughts, and reduced to a couple of Candidates only, both young, and neither of them disagreeable in their Persons; according to the common way of computing, in one the Estate more than deserves my Fortune, and in the other my Fortune more than deserves the Estate. When I consider the first, I own I am so far a Woman I cannot avoid being delighted with the Thoughts of living great; but then he seems to receive such a Degree of Courage from the Knowledge of what he has, he looks as if he was going to confer an Obligation on me; and the Readiness he accosts me with, makes me jealous I am only hearing a Repetition of the same things he has said to a hundred Women before. When I consider the other, I see myself approached with so much Modesty and Respect, and such a Doubt of himself, as betrays methinks an Affection within, and a Belief at the same time that he himself would be the only Gainer by my Consent. What an unexceptionable Husband could I make out of both! but since that's impossible, I beg to be concluded by your Opinion; it is absolutely in your Power to dispose of

*Your most Obedient Servant,  
Sylvia.*

Madam,

You do me great Honour in your Application to me on this important Occasion; I shall therefore talk to you with the Tenderness of a Father, in Gratitude for your giving me the Authority of one. You do not seem to make any great Distinction between these Gentlemen as to their Persons; the whole Question lies upon their Circumstances and Behaviour; If the one is less respectful because he is rich, and the other more obsequious because he is not so, they are in that Point moved by the same Principle, the Consideration of Fortune, and you must place them in each others Circumstances before you can judge

Waller 'Of Love.'



of their Inclination. To avoid Confusion in discussing this Point, I will call the richer Man *Strephon*, and the other *Florio*. If you believe *Florio* with *Strephon's* Estate would behave himself as he does now, *Florio* is certainly your Man; but if you think *Strephon*, were he in *Florio's* Condition, would be as obsequious as *Florio* is now, you ought for your own sake to choose *Strephon*; for where the Men are equal, there is no doubt Riches ought to be a Reason for Preference. After this manner, my dear Child, I would have you abstract them from their Circumstances; for you are to take it for granted, that he who is very humble only because he is poor, is the very same Man in Nature with him who is haughty because he is rich.

When you have gone thus far, as to consider the Figure they make towards you; you will please, my Dear, next to consider the Appearance you make towards them. If they are Men of Discerning, they can observe the Motives of your Heart; and *Florio* can see when he is disregarded only upon your Account of Fortune, which makes you to him a mercenary Creature: and you are still the same thing to *Strephon*, in taking him for his Wealth only: You are therefore to consider whether you had rather oblige, than receive an Obligation.

The Marriage-Life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or an happy Condition. The first is, when two People of no Genius or Taste for themselves meet together, upon such a Settlement as has been thought reasonable by Parents and Conveyancers from an exact Valuation of the Land and Cash of both Parties: In this Case the young Lady's Person is no more regarded, than the House and Improvements in Purchase of an Estate: but she goes with her Fortune, rather than her Fortune with her. These make up the Crowd or Vulgar of the Rich, and fill up the Lumber of human Race, without Beneficence towards those below them, or Respect towards those above them; and lead a despicable, independent and useless Life, without Sense of the Laws of Kindness, Good-nature, mutual Offices, and the elegant Satisfactions which flow from Reason and Virtue.

The vexatious Life arises from a Conjunction of two People of quick Taste and Resentment, put together for Reasons well known to their Friends, in which especial Care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of Evils) Poverty, and insure to them Riches, with every Evil besides. These good People live in a constant Constraint before Company, and too great Familiarity alone; when they are within Observation they fret at each other's Carriage and Behaviour; when alone they revile each other's Person and Conduct: In Company they are in a Purgatory, when only together in an Hell.

The happy Marriage is, where two Persons meet and voluntarily make Choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the Circumstances of Fortune or Beauty. These may still love in spite of Adversity or Sickness: The former we may in some measure defend our selves from, the other is the Portion of our very Make. When you have a true Notion of this sort of Pas-

sion, your Humour of living great will vanish out of your Imagination, and you will find Love has nothing to do with State. Solitude, with the Person beloved, has a Pleasure, even in a Woman's Mind, beyond Show or Pomp. You are therefore to consider which of your Lovers will like you best undressed, which will bear with you most when out of Humour? and your way to this is to ask your self, which of them you value most for his own sake? and by that judge which gives the greater Instances of his valuing you for your self only.

After you have expressed some Sense of the humble Approach of *Florio*, and a little Disdain at *Strephon's* Assurance in his Address, you cry out, *What an unexceptionable Husband could I make out of both?* It would therefore methinks be a good way to determine your self: Take him in whom what you like is not transferable to another; for if you choose otherwise, there is no Hopes your Husband will ever have what you liked in his Rival; but intrinsick Qualities in one Man may very probably purchase every thing that is adventitious in [another.<sup>1</sup>] In plainer Terms: he whom you take for his personal Perfections will sooner arrive at the Gifts of Fortune, than he whom you take for the sake of his Fortune attain to Personal Perfections. If *Strephon* is not as accomplished and agreeable as *Florio*, Marriage to you will never make him so; but Marriage to you may make *Florio* as rich as *Strephon*? Therefore to make a sure Purchase, employ Fortune upon Certainties, but do not sacrifice Certainties to Fortune.

T.

I am,  
Your most Obedient,  
Humble Servant.

No. 150.] Wednesday, August 22, 1711. [Budgell.

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,  
Quàm quod ridiculos homines facit*— Juv.

AS I was walking in my Chamber the Morning before I went last into the Country, I heard the Hawkers with great Vehemence crying about a Paper, entitled, *The ninety nine Plagues of an empty Purse*. I had indeed some Time before observed, that the Orators of *Grub-street* had dealt very much in *Plagues*. They have already published in the same Month, *The Plagues of Matrimony*, *The Plagues of a single Life*, *The nineteen Plagues of a Chambermaid*, *The Plagues of a Coachman*, *The Plagues of a Footman*, and *The Plague of Plagues*. The success these several *Plagues* met with, probably gave Occasion to the above-mentioned Poem on an *empty Purse*. However that be, the same Noise so frequently repeated under my Window, drew me insensibly to think on some of those Inconveniences and Mortifications which usually attend on Poverty, and in short, gave Birth to the present Speculation: For after my Fancy had run over the most

<sup>1</sup> [any other.]