

obvious and common Calamities which Men of mean Fortunes are liable to, it descended to those little Insults and Contempts, which though they may seem to dwindle into nothing when a Man offers to describe them, are perhaps in themselves more cutting and insupportable than the former. *Juvenal* with a great deal of Humour and Reason tells us, that nothing bore harder upon a poor Man in his Time, than the continual Ridicule which his Habit and Dress afforded to the Beaus of Rome.

*Quid, quod materiam præbet causasque jocosum
Omnibus hic idem? si fæda et scissa lacerna,
Si toga sordidula est, et rupta calceus alter
Pelle patet, vel si consuto vulnere crassum
Atque recens linam ostendit non una Cicatrix.*
Juv. Sat. 3.

*Add, that the Rich have still a Gibe in Store,
And will be monstrous witty on the Poor;
For the torn Surtout and the tatter'd Vest,
The Wretch and all his Wardrobe are a Jest:
The greasie Gown sully'd with often turning,
Gives a good Hint to say the Man's in Mourning;
Or if the Shoe be ript, or Patch is put,
He's wounded! see the Plaister on his Foot.*

Dryd.

'Tis on this Occasion that he afterwards adds the Reflection which I have chosen for my Motto.

*Want is the Scorn of every wealthy Fool,
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule.—Dryd.*

It must be confess'd that few things make a Man appear more despicable or more prejudice his Hearers against what he is going to offer, than an awkward or pitiful Dress; insomuch that I fancy, had *Tully* himself pronounced one of his Orations with a Blanket about his Shoulders, more People would have laughed at his Dress than have admired his Eloquence. This last Reflection made me wonder at a Set of Men, who, without being subjected to it by the Unkindness of their Fortunes, are contented to draw upon themselves the Ridicule of the World in this Particular; I mean such as take it into their Heads, that the first regular Step to be a Wit is to commence a Sloven. It is certain nothing has so much debased that, which must have been otherwise so great a Character; and I know not how to account for it, unless it may possibly be in Complaisance to those narrow Minds who can have no Notion of the same Person's possessing different Accomplishments; or that it is a sort of Sacrifice which some Men are contented to make to Calumny, by allowing it to fasten on one Part of their Character, while they are endeavouring to establish another. Yet however unaccountable this foolish Custom is, I am afraid it could plead a long Prescription; and probably gave too much Occasion for the Vulgar Definition still remaining among us of an *Heathen Philosopher*.

I have seen the Speech of a *Terræ-filius*, spoken in King *Charles II.*'s Reign; in which he describes two very eminent Men, who were perhaps the greatest Scholars of their Age; and after having mentioned the entire Friendship between them, concludes, That *they had but one Mind, one Purse, one Chamber, and one Hat.* The

Men of Business were also infected with a Sort of Singularity little better than this. I have heard my Father say, that a broad-brimm'd Hat, short Hair, and unfolded Hankerchief, were in his time absolutely necessary to denote a *notable Man*; and that he had known two or three, who aspired to the Character of *very notable*, wear Shoestrings with great Success.

To the Honour of our present Age it must be allowed, that some of our greatest Genius's for *Wit* and *Business* have almost entirely broke the Neck of these Absurdities.

Victor, after having dispatched the most important Affairs of the Commonwealth, has appeared at an Assembly, where all the Ladies have declared him the genteelst Man in the Company; and in *Atticus*, though every way one of the greatest Genius's the Age has produced, one sees nothing particular in his Dress or Carriage to denote his Pretensions to Wit and Learning: so that at present a Man may venture to cock up his Hat, and wear a fashionable Wig, without being taken for a Rake or a Fool.

The Medium between a Fop and a Sloven is what a Man of Sense would endeavour to keep; yet I remember Mr. *Osborn* advises his Son¹ to appear in his Habit rather above than below his Fortune; and tells him, that he will find an handsome Suit of Cloathes always procures some additional Respect. I have indeed myself observed that my Banker bows lowest to me when I wear my full-bottom'd Wig; and writes me *Mr.* or *Esq.*, accordingly as he sees me dressed.

I shall conclude this Paper with an Adventure which I was myself an Eye-witness of very lately.

I happened the other Day to call in at a celebrated Coffee-house near the *Temple*. I had not been there long when there came in an elderly Man very meanly dressed, and sat down by me; he had a thread-bare loose Coat on, which it was plain he wore to keep himself warm, and not to favour his under Suit, which seemed to have been at least its Contemporary: His short Wig and Hat were both answerable to the rest of his Apparel. He was no sooner seated than he called for a Dish of Tea; but as several Gentlemen in the Room wanted other things, the Boys of the House did not think themselves at leisure to mind him. I could observe the old Fellow was very uneasy at the Affront, and at his being obliged to repeat his Commands several times to no purpose; 'till at last one of the [Lads²] presented him with some stale Tea in a broken Dish, accompanied with a Plate of brown Sugar; which so raised his Indignation, that after several obliging Appellations of Dog and Rascal, he asked him aloud before the whole Company, *Why he must be used with less Respect than that Fop there?* pointing to a well-dressed young Gentleman who was drinking Tea at the opposite Table. The Boy of the House replied with a [great³] deal of Pertness, That his Master had two sorts of Customers, and that the Gentleman at the other Table had given him many a Sixpence for wiping his Shoes. By this time

¹ Advice to a Son, by Francis Osborn, Esq., Part I. sect. 23.

² [Rascals]

³ [good]

the young *Templar*, who found his Honour concerned in the Dispute, and that the Eyes of the whole Coffee-house were upon him, had thrown aside a Paper he had in his Hand, and was coming towards us, while we at the Table made what haste we could to get away from the impending Quarrel, but were all of us surprised to see him as he approached nearer put on an Air of Deference and Respect. To whom the old Man said, *Hark you, Sirrah, I'll pay off your extravagant Bills once more; but will take effectual Care for the future, that your Prodigality shall not spirit up a Parcel of Rascals to insult your Father.*

Tho' I by no means approve either the Impudence of the Servants or the Extravagance of the Son, I cannot but think the old Gentleman was in some measure justly served for walking in Masquerade, I mean appearing in a Dress so much beneath his Quality and Estate. X.

No. 151.] Thursday, August 23, 1711. [Steele.

Maximas Virtutes jacere omnes necesse est Voluptate dominante.—Tull. de Fin.

I KNOW no one Character that gives Reason a greater Shock, at the same Time that it presents a good ridiculous Image to the Imagination, than that of a Man of Wit and Pleasure about the Town. This Description of a Man of Fashion, spoken by some with a Mixture of Scorn and Ridicule, by others with great Gravity as a laudable Distinction, is in every Body's Mouth that spends any Time in Conversation. My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB has this Expression very frequently; and I never could understand by the Story which follows, upon his Mention of such a one, but that his Man of Wit and Pleasure was either a Drunkard too old for Wenching, or a young lewd Fellow with some Liveliness, who would converse with you, receive kind Offices of you, and at the same time debauch your Sister, or lie with your Wife. According to his Description, a Man of Wit, when he could have Wenches for Crowns apiece which he liked quite as well, would be so extravagant as to bribe Servants, make false Friendships, fight Relations: I say, according to him, plain and simple Vice was too little for a Man of Wit and Pleasure; but he would leave an easy and accessible Wickedness, to come at the same thing with only the Addition of certain Falshood and possible Murder. WILL. thinks the Town grown very dull, in that we do not hear so much as we used to do of these Coxcombs, whom (without observing it) he describes as the most infamous Rogues in Nature, with relation to Friendship, Love, or Conversation.

When Pleasure is made the chief Pursuit of Life, it will necessarily follow that such Monsters as these will arise from a constant Application to such Blandishments as naturally root out the Force of Reason and Reflection, and substitute in their Place a general Impatience of Thought, and a constant Pruriency of inordinate Desire.

Pleasure, when it is a Man's chief Purpose, disappoints it self; and the constant Application to

it palls the Faculty of enjoying it, tho' it leaves the Sense of our Inability for that we wish, with a Disrelish of every thing else. Thus the intermediate Seasons of the Man of Pleasure are more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest Criminal. Take him when he is awaked too soon after a Debauch, or disappointed in following a worthless Woman without Truth, and there is no Man living whose Being is such a Weight or Vexation as his is. He is an utter Stranger to the pleasing Reflections in the Evening of a well-spent Day, or the Gladness of Heart or Quickness of Spirit in the Morning after profound Sleep or indolent Slumbers. He is not to be at Ease any longer than he can keep Reason and good Sense without his Curtains; otherwise he will be haunted with the Reflection, that he could not believe such a one the Woman that upon Trial he found her. What has he got by his Conquest, but to think meanly of her for whom a Day or two before he had the highest Honour? and of himself for, perhaps, wronging the Man whom of all Men living he himself would least willingly have injured?

Pleasure seizes the whole Man who addicts himself to it, and will not give him Leisure for any good Office in Life which contradicts the Gaiety of the present Hour. You may indeed observe in People of Pleasure a certain Complacency and Absence of all Severity, which the Habit of a loose unconcerned Life gives them; but tell the Man of Pleasure your secret Wants, Cares, or Sorrows, and you will find he has given up the Delicacy of his Passions to the Cravings of his Appetites. He little knows the perfect Joy he loses, for the disappointing Gratifications which he pursues. He looks at Pleasure as she approaches, and comes to him with the Recommendation of warm Wishes, gay Looks, and graceful Motion; but he does not observe how she leaves his Presence with Disorder, Impotence, down-cast Shame, and conscious Imperfection. She makes our Youth inglorious, our Age shameful.

WILL. HONEYCOMB gives us twenty Intimations in an Evening of several Hags whose Bloom was given up to his Arms; and would raise a Value to himself for having had, as the Phrase is, very good Women. WILL.'s good Women are the Comfort of his Heart, and support him, I warrant, by the Memory of past Interviews with Persons of their Condition. No, there is not in the World an Occasion wherein Vice makes so phantastical a Figure, as at the Meeting of two old People who have been Partners in unwarrantable Pleasure. To tell a toothless old Lady that she once had a good Set, or a defunct Wencher that he once was the admired Thing of the Town, are Satires instead of Applauses; but on the other Side, consider the old Age of those who have passed their Days in Labour, Industry, and Virtue, their Decays make them but appear the more venerable, and the Imperfections of their Bodies are beheld as a Misfortune to humane Society that their Make is so little durable.

But to return more directly to my Man of Wit and Pleasure. In all Orders of Men, wherever this is the chief Character, the Person who wears it is a negligent Friend, Father, and Husband, and entails Poverty on his unhappy Descendants.

Mortgages, Diseases, and Settlements are the Legacies a Man of Wit and Pleasure leaves to his Family. All the poor Rogues that make such lamentable Speeches after every Sessions at *Tyburn*, were, in their Way, Men of Wit and Pleasure, before they fell into the Adventures which brought them thither.

Irresolution and Procrastination in all a Man's Affairs, are the natural Effects of being addicted to Pleasure: Dishonour to the Gentleman and Bankruptcy to the Trader, are the Portion of either whose chief Purpose of Life is Delight. The chief Cause that this Pursuit has been in all Ages received with so much Quarter from the soberer Part of Mankind, has been that some Men of great Talents have sacrificed themselves to it: The shining Qualities of such People have given a Beauty to whatever they were engaged in, and a Mixture of Wit has recommended Madness. For let any Man who knows what it is to have passed much Time in a Series of Jollity, Mirth, Wit, or humourous Entertainments, look back at what he was all that while a doing, and he will find that he has been at one Instant sharp to some Man he is sorry to have offended, impertinent to some one it was Cruelty to treat with such Freedom, ungracefully noisy at such a Time, unskillfully open at such a Time, unmercifully calumnious at such a Time; and from the whole Course of his applauded Satisfactions, unable in the end to recollect any Circumstance which can add to the Enjoyment of his own Mind alone, or which he would put his Character upon with other Men. Thus it is with those who are best made for becoming Pleasures; but how monstrous is it in the generality of Mankind who pretend this Way, without Genius or Inclination towards it? The Scene then is wild to an Extravagance: this is as if Fools should mimic Madmen. Pleasure of this Kind is the intemperate Meals and loud Jollities of the common Rate of Country Gentlemen, whose Practice and Way of Enjoyment is to put an End as fast as they can to that little Particle of Reason they have when they are sober: These Men of Wit and Pleasure dispatch their Senses as fast as possible by drinking till they cannot taste, smoaking till they cannot see, and roaring till they cannot hear. T.

No. 152.] Friday, August 24, 1711. [Steele.

Οἷη περ φύλλων γενεὴ τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
Hom. Il. 6, v. 146.

THERE is no sort of People whose Conversation is so pleasant as that of military Men, who derive their Courage and Magnanimity from Thought and Reflection. The many Adventures which attend their Way of Life makes their Conversation so full of Incidents, and gives them so frank an Air in speaking of what they have been Witnesses of, that no Company can be more amiable than that of Men of Sense who are Soldiers. There is a certain irregular Way in their Narrations or Discourse, which has something

more warm and pleasing than we meet with among Men who are used to adjust and methodize their Thoughts.

I was this Evening walking in the Fields with my Friend Captain SENTRY, and I could not, from the many Relations which I drew him into of what passed when he was in the Service, forbear expressing my Wonder, that the Fear of Death, which we, the rest of Mankind, arm ourselves against with so much Contemplation, Reason and Philosophy, should appear so little in Camps, that common Men march into open Breaches, meet opposite Battalions, not only without Reluctance but with Alacrity. My Friend answered what I said in the following manner: 'What you wonder at may very naturally be the Subject of 'Admiration to all who are not conversant in 'Camps; but when a Man has spent some time in 'that way of Life, he observes a certain Mechanical Courage which the ordinary Race of Men 'become Masters of from acting always in a 'Crowd: They see indeed many drop, but then 'they see many more alive; they observe themselves escape very narrowly, and they do not 'know why they should not again. Besides which 'general way of loose thinking, they usually spend 'the other Part of their Time in Pleasures upon 'which their Minds are so entirely bent, that short 'Labours or Dangers are but a cheap purchase of 'Jollity, Triumph, Victory, fresh Quarters, new 'Scenes, and uncommon Adventures. Such are 'the Thoughts of the Executive Part of an Army, 'and indeed of the Gross of Mankind in general; 'but none of these Men of Mechanical Courage 'have ever made any great Figure in the Profession of Arms. Those who are formed for Command, are such as have reasoned themselves, 'out of a Consideration of greater Good than 'Length of Days, into such a Negligence of their 'Being, as to make it their first Position, That it 'is one Day to be resigned; and since it is, in the 'Prosecution of worthy Actions and Service of 'Mankind they can put it to habitual Hazard. 'The Event of our Designs, say they, as it relates 'to others, is uncertain; but as it relates to ourselves it must be prosperous, while we are in the 'Pursuit of our Duty, and within the Terms upon 'which Providence has ensured our Happiness, 'whether we die or live. All [that¹] Nature has 'prescribed must be good; and as Death is 'natural to us, it is Absurdity to fear it. Fear 'loses its Purpose when we are sure it cannot 'preserve us, and we should draw Resolution to 'meet it from the Impossibility to escape it. 'Without a Resignation to the Necessity of dying, 'there can be no Capacity in Man to attempt any 'thing that is glorious: but when they have once 'attained to that Perfection, the Pleasures of a 'Life spent in Martial Adventures, are as great as 'any of which the human Mind is capable. The 'Force of Reason gives a certain Beauty, mixed 'with the Conscience of well-doing and Thirst of 'Glory, to all which before was terrible and 'ghastly to the Imagination. Add to this, that 'the Fellowship of Danger, the common good of 'Mankind, the general Cause, and the manifest

¹ [which]

' Virtue you may observe in so many Men, who
' made no Figure till that Day, are so many In-
' centives to destroy the little Consideration of
' their own Persons. Such are the Heroick Part
' of Soldiers who are qualified for Leaders: As to
' the rest whom I before spoke of, I know not how
' it is, but they arrive at a certain Habit of being
' void of Thought, insomuch that on occasion of
' the most imminent Danger they are still in the
' same Indifference. Nay I remember an In-
' stance of a gay *French-man*, who was led on in
' Battle by a superior Officer, (whose Conduct it
' was his Custom to speak of always with Contempt
' and Raillery) and in the Beginning of the Action
' received a Wound he was sensible was mortal;
' his Reflection on this Occasion was, *I wish I*
' *could live another Hour, to see how this blunder-*
' *ing Coxcomb will get clear of this Business.*¹

' I remember two young Fellows who rid in the
' same Squadron of a Troop of Horse, who were
' ever together; they eat, they drank, they in-
' treagued; in a word, all their Passions and Affec-
' tions seemed to tend the same Way, and they
' appeared serviceable to each other in them. We
' were in the Dusk of the Evening to march over
' a River, and the Troop these Gentlemen belonged
' to were to be transported in a Ferry-boat, as fast
' as they could. One of the Friends was now in
' the Boat, while the other was drawn up with
' others by the Water-side waiting the Return of
' the Boat. A Disorder happened in the Passage
' by an unruly Horse; and a Gentleman who had
' the Rein of his Horse negligently under his Arm,
' was forced into the Water by his Horse's Jump-
' ing over. The Friend on the Shore cry'd out,
' Who's that is drowned trow? He was immedi-
' ately answer'd, Your Friend, *Harry Thompson*.
' He very gravely reply'd, *Ay, he had a mad*
' *Horse*. This short Epitaph from such a Familiar,
' without more Words, gave me, at that Time
' under Twenty, a very moderate Opinion of the
' Friendship of Companions. Thus is Affection and
' every other Motive of Life in the Generality
' rooted out by the present busie Scene about
' them: they lament no Man whose Capacity can
' be supplied by another; and where Men con-
' verse without Delicacy, the next Man you meet
' will serve as well as he whom you have lived
' with half your Life. To such the Devastation of
' Countries, the Misery of Inhabitants, the Cries
' of the Pillaged, and the silent Sorrow of the
' great Unfortunate, are ordinary Objects; their
' Minds are bent upon the little Gratifications of
' their own Senses and Appetites, forgetful of
' Compassion, insensible of Glory, avoiding only
' Shame; their whole Hearts taken up with the
' trivial Hope of meeting and being merry. These
' are the People who make up the Gross of the
' Soldiery: But the fine Gentleman in that Band
' of Men is such a One as I have now in my Eye,
' who is foremost in all Danger to which he is
' ordered. His Officers are his Friends and Com-
' panions, as they are Men of Honour and Gentle-
' men; the private Men his Brethren, as they are

¹ This is told in the 'Memoirs of Condé' of the
Chevalier de Flourilles, a lieutenant-general of his
killed in 1674, at the Battle of Senef.

' of his Species. He is beloved of all that behold
' him: They wish him in Danger as he views their
' Ranks, that they may have Occasions to save
' him at their own Hazard. Mutual Love is the
' Order of the Files where he commands; every
' Man afraid for himself and his Neighbour, not
' lest their Commander should punish them, but
' lest he should be offended. Such is his Regiment
' who knows Mankind, and feels their Distresses
' so far as to prevent them. Just in distributing
' what is their Due, he would think himself below
' their Tailor to wear a Snip of their Cloaths in
' Lace upon his own; and below the most rapaci-
' ous Agent, should he enjoy a Farthing above his
' own Pay. Go on, brave Man, immortal Glory
' is thy Fortune, and immortal Happiness thy
' Reward. T.

No. 153.] Saturday, August 25, 1711. [Steele.

*Habet natura ut aliarum omnium rerum sic
vivendi modum; senectus autem peractio
Ætatis est tanquam Fabulæ. Cujus defati-
gationem fugere debemus, præsertim adjunctâ
Satietae.*—Tull. de Senec.

OF all the impertinent Wishes which we hear
expressed in Conversation, there is not one
more unworthy a Gentleman or a Man of liberal
Education, than that of wishing one's-self Younger.
I have observed this Wish is usually made upon
Sight of some Object which gives the Idea of a
past Action, that it is no Dishonour to us that we
cannot now repeat, or else on what was in it self
shameful when we performed it. It is a certain
Sign of a foolish or a dissolute Mind if we want
our Youth again only for the Strength of Bones
and Sinews which we once were Masters of. It
is (as my Author has it) as absurd in an old Man
to wish for the Strength of a Youth, as it would be
in a young Man to wish for the Strength of a Bull
or a Horse. These Wishes are both equally out
of Nature, which should direct in all things that
are not contradictory to Justice, Law, and Rea-
son. But tho' every old Man has been [Young¹],
and every young one hopes to be old, there seems
to be a most unnatural Misunderstanding between
those two Stages of Life. The unhappy Want of
Commerce arises from the insolent Arrogance or
Exultation in Youth, and the irrational Despond-
ence or Self-pity in Age. A young Man whose
Passion and Ambition is to be good and wise, and
an old one who has no Inclination to be lewd or
debauched, are quite unconcerned in this Specu-
lation; but the Cocking young Fellow who treads
upon the Toes of his Elders, and the old Fool who
envies the sawcy Pride he sees in him, are the
Objects of our present Contempt and Derision.
Contempt and Derision are harsh Words; but in
what manner can one give Advice to a Youth in
the Pursuit and Possession of sensual Pleasures,
or afford Pity to an old Man in the Impotence and
Desire of Enjoying them? When young Men in

¹ [a Young]

publick Places betray in their Department an abandoned Resignation to their Appetites, they give to sober Minds a Prospect of a despicable Age, which, if not interrupted by Death in the midst of their Follies, must certainly come. When an old Man bewails the Loss of such Grati- fications which are passed, he discovers a mon- strous Inclination to that which it is not in the Course of Providence to recal. The State of an old Man, who is dissatisfy'd merely for his being such, is the most out of all Measures of Reason and good Sense of any Being we have any Ac- count of from the highest Angel to the lowest Worm. How miserable is the Contemplation to consider a libidinous old Man (while all Created things, besides himself and Devils, are following the Order of Providence) fretting at the Course of things, and being almost the sole Malecontent in the Creation. But let us a little reflect upon what he has lost by the number of Years: The Pas- sions which he had in Youth are not to be obeyed as they were then, but Reason is more powerful now without the Disturbance of them. An old Gentleman t'other Day in Discourse with a Friend of his (reflecting upon some Adventures they had in Youth together) cry'd out, *Oh Jack, those were happy Days! That is true*, reply'd his Friend, *but methinks we go about our Business more quietly than we did then*. One would think it should be no small Satisfaction to have gone so far in our Journey that the Heat of the Day is over with us. When Life itself is a Fever, as it is in licentious Youth, the Pleasures of it are no other than the Dreams of a Man in that Dis- temper, and it is as absurd to wish the Return of that Season of Life, as for a Man in Health to be sorry for the Loss of gilded Palaces, fairy Walks, and flowery Pastures, with which he remembers he was entertained in the troubled Slumbers of a Fit of Sickness.

As to all the rational and worthy Pleasures of our Being, the Conscience of a good Fame, the Contemplation of another Life, the Respect and Commerce of honest Men, our Capacities for such Enjoyments are enlarged by Years. While Health endures, the latter Part of Life, in the Eye of Reason, is certainly the more eligible. The Memory of a well-spent Youth gives a peaceable, unmixed, and elegant Pleasure to the Mind; and to such who are so unfortunate as not to be able to look back on Youth with Satisfaction, they may give themselves no little Consolation that they are under no Temptation to repeat their Follies, and that they at present despise them. It was prettily said, 'He that would be long an old Man, must begin early to be one.' It is too late to resign a thing after a Man is robbed of it; therefore it is necessary that before the Arrival of Age we bid adieu to the Pursuits of Youth, otherwise sensual Habits will live in our Imaginations when our Limbs cannot be subservient to them. The poor Fellow who lost his Arm last Siege, will tell you, he feels the Fingers that were buried in *Flanders* ake every cold Morning at *Chelsea*.

The fond Humour of appearing in the gay and fashionable World, and being applauded for trivial Excellencies, is what makes Youth have Age in Contempt, and makes Age resign with so ill a

Grace the Qualifications of Youth: But this in both Sexes is inverting all things, and turning the natural Course of our Minds, which should build their Approbations and Dislikes upon what Na- ture and Reason dictate, into Chimera and Con- fusion.

Age in a virtuous Person, of either Sex, car- ries in it an Authority which makes it preferable to all the Pleasures of Youth. If to be saluted, attended, and consulted with Deference, are In- stances of Pleasure, they are such as never fail a virtuous old Age. In the Enumeration of the Imperfections and Advantages of the younger and later Years of Man, they are so near in their Condition, that, methinks, it should be incredible we see so little Commerce of Kindness between them. If we consider Youth and Age with *Tully*, regarding the Affinity to Death, Youth has many more Chances to be near it than Age; what Youth can say more than an old Man, 'He shall live 'till 'Night?' Youth catches Distempers more easily, its Sickness is more violent, and its Recovery more doubtful. The Youth indeed hopes for many more Days, so cannot the old Man. The Youth's Hopes are ill-grounded; for what is more foolish than to place any Confidence upon an Uncer- tainty? But the old Man has not Room so much as for Hope; he is still happier than the Youth, he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for: One wishes to live long, the other has lived long. But alas, is there any thing in human Life, the Duration of which can be called long? There is nothing which must end to be valued for its Continuance. If Hours, Days, Months, and Years pass away, it is no matter what Hour, what Day, what Month, or what Year we die. The Applause of a good Actor is due to him at what- ever Scene of the Play he makes his Exit. It is thus in the Life of a Man of Sense, a short Life is sufficient to manifest himself a Man of Honour and Virtue; when he ceases to be such he has lived too long, and while he is such, it is of no Consequence to him how long he shall be so, pro- vided he is so to his Life's End. T.

No. 154.] Monday, August 27, 1711. [Steele.

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus— Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU are frequent in the mention of Matters which concern the feminine World, and take upon you to be very severe against Men upon all those Occasions: But all this while I am afraid you have been very little conversant with Wo- men, or you would know the generality of them are not so angry as you imagine at the general Vices [among¹] us. I am apt to believe (beg- ging your Pardon) that you are still what I my self was once, a queer modest Fellow; and therefore, for your Information, shall give you a short Account of my self, and the Reasons why I was forced to wench, drink, play, and do every

¹ [amongst]

'thing which are necessary to the Character of a
'Man of Wit and Pleasure, to be well with the
'Ladies.

'You are to know then that I was bred a
'Gentleman, and had the finishing Part of my
'Education under a Man of great Probity, Wit,
'and Learning, in one of our Universities. I
'will not deny but this made my Behaviour and
'Mein bear in it a Figure of Thought rather than
'Action; and a Man of a quite contrary Charac-
'ter, who never thought in his Life, rallied me
'one Day upon it, and said, He believed I was
'still a Virgin. There was a young Lady of Vir-
'tue present, and I was not displeas'd to favour
'the Insinuation; but it had a quite contrary
'Effect from what I expected. I was ever after
'treated with great Coldness both by that Lady
'and all the rest of my Acquaintance. In a very
'little time I never came into a Room but I could
'hear a Whisper, Here comes the Maid: A Girl
'of Humour would on some [Occasion¹] say,
'Why, how do you know more than any of us?
'An Expression of that kind was generally fol-
'lowed by a loud Laugh: In a word, for no other
'Fault in the World than that they really thought
'me as innocent as themselves, I became of no
'Consequence among them, and was received al-
'ways upon the Foot of a Jest. This made so
'strong an Impression upon me, that I resolv'd
'to be as agreeable as the best of the Men who
'laugh'd at me; but I observ'd it was Nonsense
'for me to be Impudent at first among those who
'knew me: My Character for Modesty was so
'notorious wherever I had hitherto appear'd, that
'I resolv'd to shew my new Face in new Quarters
'of the World. My first Step I chose with Judg-
'ment; for I went to *Astrop*,² and came down
'among a Crowd of Academicks, at one Dash,
'the impudentest Fellow they had ever seen in
'their Lives. Flushed with this Success, I made
'Love and was happy. Upon this Conquest I
'thought it would be unlike a Gentleman to stay
'longer with my Mistress, and cross'd the Coun-
'try to *Bury*: I could give you a very good Ac-
'count of my self at that Place also. At these
'two ended my first Summer of Gallantry. The
'Winter following, you would wonder at it, but I
'relaps'd into Modesty upon coming among
'People of Figure in *London*, yet not so much
'but that the Ladies who had formerly laugh'd
'at me, said, Bless us! how wonderfully that
'Gentleman is improv'd? Some Familiarities
'about the Play-houses towards the End of the
'ensuing Winter, made me conceive new Hopes
'of Adventures; and instead of returning the
'next Summer to *Astrop* or *Bury*,³ I thought my
'self qualified to go to *Epsom*, and follow'd a
'young Woman, whose Relations were jealous of
'my Place in her Favour, to *Scarborough*. I car-
'ried my Point, and in my third Year aspir'd to
'go to *Tunbridge*, and in the Autumn of the same

¹ [Occasions]

² A small Spa, in Northamptonshire, upon the
Oxford border. From *Astrop* to *Bath* the scale of
fashion rises.

³ *Bury* Fair and *Epsom* Wells gave titles to
two of *Shadwell's* Comedies.

'Year made my Appearance at *Bath*. I was now
'got into the Way of Talk proper for Ladies, and
'was run into a vast Acquaintance among them,
'which I always improv'd to the *best Advantage*.
'In all this Course of Time, and some Years fol-
'lowing, I found a sober modest Man was always
'look'd upon by both Sexes as a precise un-
'fashioned Fellow of no Life or Spirit. It was
'ordinary for a Man who had been drunk in good
'Company, or pass'd a Night with a Wench, to
'speak of it next Day before Women for whom
'he had the greatest Respect. He was reprov'd,
'perhaps, with a Blow of the Fan, or an Oh Fie,
'but the angry Lady still preserv'd an apparent
'Approbation in her Countenance: He was call'd
'a strange wicked Fellow, a sad Wretch; he
'shrugs his Shoulders, swears, receives another
'Blow, swears again he did not know he swore,
'and all was well. You might often see Men
'game in the Presence of Women, and throw at
'once for more than they were worth, to recom-
'mend themselves as Men of Spirit. I found by
'long Experience that the loosest Principles and
'most abandoned Behaviour, carried all before
'them in Pretensions to Women of Fortune.
'The Encouragement given to People of this
'Stamp, made me soon throw off the remaining
'Impressions of a sober Education. In the above-
'mentioned Places, as well as in *Town*, I always
'kept Company with those who liv'd most at
'large; and in due Process of Time I was a
'pretty Rake among the Men, and a very pretty
'Fellow among the Women. I must confess, I
'had some melancholy Hours upon the Account
'of the Narrowness of my Fortune, but my Con-
'science at the same time gave me the Comfort
'that I had qualify'd myself for marrying a Fortune.

'When I had liv'd in this manner for some
'time, and became thus accomplish'd, I was now
'in the twenty seventh Year of my Age, and
'about the forty seventh of my Constitution, my
'Health and Estate wasting very fast; when I
'happened to fall into the Company of a very
'pretty young Lady in her own Disposal. I
'entertain'd the Company, as we Men of Gal-
'lantry generally do, with the many Haps and
'Disasters, Watchings under Windows, Escapes
'from jealous Husbands, and several other Perils.
'The young Thing was wonderfully charm'd with
'one that knew the World so well, and talk'd so
'fine; with *Desdemona*, all her Lover said af-
'fect'd her; *it was strange, 'twas wondrous*
'*strange*. In a word, I saw the Impression I had
'made upon her, and with a very little Applica-
'tion the pretty Thing has marry'd me. There is
'so much Charm in her Innocence and Beauty,
'that I do now as much detest the Course I have
'been in for many Years, as I ever did before I
'entred into it.

'What I intend, Mr. SPECTATOR, by writing
'all this to you, is that you would, before you go
'any further with your Panegyrics on the Fair
'Sex, give them some Lectures upon their silly
'Approbations. It is that I am weary of Vice,
'and that it was not my natural Way, that I am
'now so far recover'd as not to bring this believ-
'ing dear Creature to Contempt and Poverty for
'her Generosity to me. At the same time tell the

' Youth of good Education of our Sex, that they
' take too little Care of improving themselves in
' little things: A good Air at entering into a Room,
' a proper Audacity in expressing himself with
' Gaiety and Gracefulness, would make a young
' Gentleman of Virtue and Sense capable of dis-
' countenancing the shallow impudent Rogues
' that shine among the Women.

' Mr. SPECTATOR, I don't doubt but you are a
' very sagacious Person, but you are so great with
' Tully of late, that I fear you will contemn these
' Things as Matters of no Consequence: But be-
' lieve me, Sir, they are of the highest Importance
' to Human Life; and if you can do any thing to-
' wards opening fair Eyes, you will lay an Obliga-
' tion upon all your Contemporaries who are
' Fathers, Husbands, or Brothers to Females.

Your most affectionate humble Servant,

T. Simon Honeycomb.

No. 155.¹] Tuesday, August 28, 1711. [Steele.

*—Hæ nugæ seria ducunt
In mala— Hor.*

I HAVE more than once taken Notice of an in-
decent Licence taken in Discourse, wherein
the Conversation on one Part is involuntary, and
the Effect of some necessary Circumstance. This
happens in travelling together in the same hired
Coach, sitting near each other in any publick As-
sembly, or the like. I have, upon making Ob-
servations of this sort, received innumerable Mes-
sages from that Part of the Fair Sex whose Lot in
Life is to be of any Trade or publick Way of Life.
They are all to a Woman urgent with me to lay
before the World the unhappy Circumstances they
are under, from the unreasonable Liberty which
is taken in their Presence, to talk on what Sub-
ject it is thought fit by every Coxcomb who wants
Understanding or Breeding. One or two of
these Complaints I shall set down.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' I Keep a Coffee-house, and am one of those
' whom you have thought fit to mention as an
' Idol some time ago. I suffered a good deal of
' Raillery upon that Occasion; but shall heartily
' forgive you, who are the Cause of it, if you will
' do me Justice in another Point. What I ask of
' you, is, to acquaint my Customers (who are
' otherwise very good ones) that I am unavoidably
' hasped in my Bar, and cannot help hearing the
' improper Discourses they are pleased to enter-
' tain me with. They strive who shall say the
' most immodest Things in my Hearing: At the
' same time half a dozen of them loll at the Bar
' staring just in my Face, ready to interpret my

¹ In the first issue this is numbered by mistake
156. The wrong numbering is continued to No.
163, when two successive papers are numbered
163; there is no 164, and then two papers are
numbered 165. After this, at 166 the numbering
falls right.

' Looks and Gestures according to their own Ima-
' ginations. In this passive Condition I know not
' where to cast my Eyes, place my Hands, or what
' to employ my self in: But this Confusion is to
' be a Jest, and I hear them say in the End, with
' an Air of Mirth and Subtlety, Let her alone, she
' knows as well as we, for all she looks so. Good
' Mr. SPECTATOR, persuade Gentlemen that it is
' out of all Decency: Say it is possible a Woman
' may be modest and yet keep a Publick-house. Be
' pleased to argue, that in truth the Affront is the
' more unpardonable because I am oblig'd to suffer
' it, and cannot fly from it. I do assure you, Sir,
' the Chearfulness of Life which would arise from
' the honest Gain I have, is utterly lost to me,
' from the endless, flat, impertinent Pleasantries
' which I hear from Morning to Night. In a
' Word, it is too much for me to bear, and I desire
' you to acquaint them, that I will keep Pen and
' Ink at the Bar, and write down all they say to
' me, and send it to you for the Press. It is possi-
' ble when they see how empty what they speak,
' without the Advantage of an impudent Counten-
' ance and Gesture, will appear, they may come
' to some Sense of themselves, and the Insults
' they are guilty of towards me. I am,

SIR,

*Your most humble Servant,
The Idol.*

This Representation is so just, that it is hard to
speak of it without an Indignation which perhaps
would appear too elevated to such as can be guilty
of this inhuman Treatment, where they see they
affront a modest, plain, and ingenuous Be-
haviour. This Correspondent is not the only
Sufferer in this kind, for I have long Letters both
from the *Royal* and *New Exchange* on the same
Subject. They tell me that a young Fop cannot
buy a Pair of Gloves, but he is at the same time
straining for some Ingenious Ribaldry to say to
the young Woman who helps them on. It is no
small Addition to the Calamity, that the Rogues
buy as hard as the plainest and modestest Cus-
tomers they have; besides which, they loll upon
their Counters half an Hour longer than they need,
to drive away other Customers, who are to share
their Impertinencies with the Milliner, or go to
another Shop. Letters from *'Change-Alley* are
full of the same Evil, and the Girls tell me except
I can chase some eminent Merchants from their
Shops they shall in a short time fail. It is very
unaccountable, that Men can have so little Defer-
ence to all Mankind who pass by them, as to bear
being seen toying by two's and three's at a time,
with no other Purpose but to appear gay enough
to keep up a light Conversation of Common-place
Jests, to the Injury of her whose Credit is cer-
tainly hurt by it, tho' their own may be strong
enough to bear it. When we come to have exact
Accounts of these Conversations, it is not to be
doubted but that their Discourses will raise the
usual Stile of buying and selling: Instead of the
plain downright lying, and asking and bidding so
unequally to what they will really give and take,
we may hope to have from these fine Folks an
Exchange of Compliments. There must certainly
be a great deal of pleasant Difference between

the Commerce of Lovers, and that of all other Dealers, who are, in a kind, Adversaries. A sealed Bond, or a Bank-Note, would be a pretty Gallantry to convey unseen into the Hands of one whom a Director is charmed with; otherwise the City-Loiterers are still more unreasonable than those at the other End of the Town: At the *New Exchange* they are eloquent for want of Cash, but in the City they ought with Cash to supply their want of Eloquence.

If one might be serious on this prevailing Folly, one might observe, that it is a melancholy thing, when the World is mercenary even to the buying and selling our very Persons, that young Women, tho' they have never so great Attractions from Nature, are never the nearer being happily disposed of in Marriage; I say, it is very hard under this Necessity, it shall not be possible for them to go into a way of Trade for their Maintenance, but their very Excellencies and personal Perfections shall be a Disadvantage to them, and subject them to be treated as if they stood there to sell their Persons to Prostitution. There cannot be a more melancholy Circumstance to one who has made any Observation in the World, than one of those erring Creatures exposed to Bankruptcy. When that happens, none of these toying Fools will do any more than any other Man they meet to preserve her from Infamy, Insult, and Distemper. A Woman is naturally more helpless than the other Sex; and a Man of Honour and Sense should have this in his View in all Manner of Commerce with her. Were this well weighed, Inconsideration, Ribaldry, and Nonsense, would not be more natural to entertain Women with than Men; and it would be as much Impertinence to go into a Shop of one of these young Women without buying, as into that of any other Trader. I shall end this Speculation with a Letter I have received from a pretty Milliner in the City.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have read your Account of Beauties, and was not a little surprized to find no Character of my self in it. I do assure you I have little else to do but to give Audience as I am such. Here are Merchants of no small Consideration, who call in as certainly as they go to *'Change*, to say something of my roguish Eye: And here is one who makes me once or twice a Week tumble over all my Goods, and then owns it was only a Gallantry to see me act with these pretty Hands; then lays out three Pence in a little Ribbon for his Wrist-bands, and thinks he is a Man of great Vivacity. There is an ugly Thing not far off me, whose Shop is frequented only by People of Business, that is all Day long as busy as possible. Must I that am a Beauty be treated with for nothing but my Beauty? Be pleased to assign Rates to my kind Glances, or make all pay who come to see me, or I shall be undone by my Admirers for want of Customers. *Albacinda*, *Eudisia*, and all the rest would be used just as we are, if they were in our Condition; therefore pray consider the Distress of us the lower Order of Beauties, and I shall be

T.

Your obliged humble Servant.

No. 156.] *Wednesday, August 29, 1711.* [Steele.

*Sed tu simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo* — Hor.

I DO not think any thing could make a pleasanter Entertainment, than the History of the reigning Favourites among the Women from Time to Time about this Town: In such an Account we ought to have a faithful Confession of each Lady for what she liked such and such a Man, and he ought to tell us by what particular Action or Dress he believed he should be most successful. As for my part, I have always made as easy a Judgment when a Man dresses for the Ladies, as when he is equipped for Hunting or Coursing. The Woman's Man is a Person in his Air and Behaviour quite different from the rest of our Species: His Garb is more loose and negligent, his Manner more soft and indolent; that is to say, in both these Cases there is an apparent Endeavour to appear unconcerned and careless. In catching Birds the Fowlers have a Method of imitating their Voices to bring them to the Snare; and your Women's Men have always a Similitude of the Creature they hope to betray, in their own Conversation. A Woman's Man is very knowing in all that passes from one Family to another, has little pretty Officiousnesses, is not at a loss what is good for a Cold, and it is not amiss if he has a Bottle of Spirits in his Pocket in case of any sudden Indisposition.

Curiosity having been my prevailing Passion, and indeed the sole Entertainment of my Life, I have sometimes made it my business to examine the Course of Intreagues as well as the Manners and Accomplishments of such as have been most successful that Way. In all my Observation, I never knew a Man of good Understanding a general Favourite; some Singularity in his Behaviour, some Whim in his Way of Life, and what would have made him ridiculous among the Men, has recommended him to the other Sex. I should be very sorry to offend a People so fortunate as these of whom I am speaking; but let any one look over the old Beaux, and he will find the Man of Success was remarkable for quarrelling impertinently for their Sakes, for dressing unlike the rest of the World, or passing his Days in an insipid Assiduity about the Fair Sex, to gain the Figure he made amongst them. Add to this that he must have the Reputation of being well with other Women, to please any one Woman of Gallantry; for you are to know, that there is a mighty Ambition among the light Part of the Sex to gain Slaves from the Dominion of others. My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB says it was a common Bite with him to lay Suspicions that he was favoured by a Lady's Enemy, that is some rival Beauty, to be well with herself. A little Spite is natural to a great Beauty: and it is ordinary to snap up a disagreeable Fellow lest another should have him. That impudent Toad *Bareface* fares well among all the Ladies he converses with, for no other Reason in the World

but that he has the Skill to keep them from Explanation one with another. Did they know there is not one who likes him in her Heart, each would declare her Scorn of him the next Moment; but he is well received by them because it is the Fashion, and Opposition to each other brings them insensibly into an Imitation of each other. What adds to him the greatest Grace is, the pleasant Thief, as they call him, is the most inconstant Creature living, has a wonderful deal of Wit and Humour, and never wants something to say; besides all which, he has a most spiteful dangerous Tongue if you should provoke him.

To make a Woman's Man, he must not be a Man of Sense, or a Fool; the Business is to entertain, and it is much better to have a Faculty of arguing, than a Capacity of judging right. But the pleasantest of all the Womens Equipage are your regular Visitants; these are Volunteers in their Service, without Hopes of Pay or Preferment: It is enough that they can lead out from a publick Place, that they are admitted on a publick Day, and can be allowed to pass away part of that heavy Load, their Time, in the Company of the Fair. But commend me above all others to those who are known for your Ruiners of Ladies; these are the choicest Spirits which our Age produces. We have several of these irresistible Gentlemen among us when the Company is in Town. These Fellows are accomplished with the Knowledge of the ordinary Occurrences about Court and Town, have that sort of good Breeding which is exclusive of all Morality, and consists only in being publickly decent, privately dissolute.

It is wonderful how far a fond Opinion of herself can carry a Woman, to make her have the least Regard to a professed known Woman's Man: But as scarce one of all the Women who are in the Tour of Gallantries ever hears any thing of what is the common Sense of sober Minds, but are entertained with a continual Round of Flatteries, they cannot be Mistresses of themselves enough to make Arguments for their own Conduct from the Behaviour of these Men to others. It is so far otherwise, that a general Fame for Falshood in this kind, is a Recommendation; and the Coxcomb, loaded with the Favours of many others, is received like a Victor that disdains his Trophies, to be a Victim to the present Charmer.

If you see a Man more full of Gesture than ordinary in a publick Assembly, if loud upon no Occasion, if negligent of the Company round him, and yet laying wait for destroying by that Negligence, you may take it for granted that he has ruined many a Fair One. The Woman's Man expresses himself wholly in that Motion which we call Strutting: An elevated Chest, a pinched Hat, a measurable Step, and a sly surveying Eye, are the Marks of him. Now and then you see a Gentleman with all these Accomplishments; but alas, any one of them is enough to undo Thousands: When a Gentleman with such Perfections adds to it suitable Learning, there should be publick Warning of his Residence in Town, that we may remove our Wives and Daughters. It happens sometimes that such a fine Man has read all the Miscellany Poems, a few of our Comedies, and has the Translation of Ovid's Epistles by

Heart. Oh if it were possible that such a one could be as true as he is charming! but that is too much, the Women will share such a dear false Man: 'A little Gallantry to hear him Talk one would indulge one's self in, let him reckon the Sticks of one's Fan, say something of the Cupids in it, and then call one so many soft Names which a Man of his Learning has at his Fingers Ends. There sure is some Excuse for Frailty, when attacked by such a Force against a weak Woman.' Such is the Soliloquy of many a Lady one might name, at the sight of one of these who makes it no Iniquity to go on from Day to Day in the Sin of Woman-Slaughter.

It is certain that People are got into a Way of Affectation, with a manner of overlooking the most solid Virtues, and admiring the most trivial Excellencies. The Woman is so far from expecting to be contemned for being a very injudicious silly Animal, that while she can preserve her Features and her Mein, she knows she is still the Object of Desire; and there is a sort of secret Ambition, from reading frivolous Books, and keeping as frivolous Company, each side to be amiable in Imperfection, and arrive at the Characters of the Dear Deceiver and the Perjured Fair.¹ T.

No. 157.] Thursday, August 30, 1711. [Steele.

—Genius natale comes qui temperat astrum
Naturæ Deus humanæ Mortalis in unum
Quodque Caput— Hor.

I AM very much at a loss to express by any Word that occurs to me in our Language that which is understood by *Indoles* in *Latin*. The natural Disposition to any Particular Art, Science, Profession, or Trade, is very much to be consulted in the Care of Youth, and studied by Men for their own Conduct when they form to themselves any Scheme of Life. It is wonderfully hard indeed for a Man to judge of his own Capacity impartially; that may look great to me which may appear little to another, and I may be carried by Fondness towards myself so far, as to attempt Things too high for my Talents and Accomplishments: But it is not methinks so very difficult a Matter to make a Judgment of the Abilities of others, especially of those who are in their Infancy. My Common-place Book directs me on this Occasion to mention the Dawning of Greatness in *Alexander*, who being asked in his Youth to contend for a Prize in the Olympick Games, answered he would, if he had Kings to run against him. *Cassius*, who was one of the Conspirators against *Cæsar*, gave as great a Proof of his Temper, when in his Childhood he struck a Play-fellow, the Son of *Sylla*, for saying his Father

¹ To this number is appended the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. SPECTATOR gives his most humble Service to Mr. R. M. of Chippenham in Wilts, and hath received the Patridges.

was Master of the *Roman* People. *Scipio* is reported to have answered, (when some Flatterers at Supper were asking him what the *Romans* should do for a General after his Death) Take *Marius*. *Marius* was then a very Boy, and had given no Instances of his Valour; but it was visible to *Scipio* from the Manners of the Youth, that he had a Soul formed for the Attempt and Execution of great Undertakings. I must confess I have very often with much Sorrow bewailed the Misfortune of the Children of *Great Britain*, when I consider the Ignorance and Undiscerning of the Generality of Schoolmasters. The boasted Liberty we talk of is but a mean Reward for the long Servitude, the many Heart-aches and Terrors, to which our Childhood is exposed in going through a Grammar-School: Many of these stupid Tyrants exercise their Cruelty without any manner of Distinction of the Capacities of Children, or the Intention of Parents in their Behalf. There are many excellent Tempers which are worthy to be nourished and cultivated with all possible Diligence and Care, that were never designed to be acquainted with *Aristotle*, *Tully*, or *Virgil*; and there are as many who have Capacities for understanding every Word those great Persons have writ, and yet were not born to have any Relish of their Writings. For want of this common and obvious discerning in those who have the Care of Youth, we have so many hundred unaccountable Creatures every Age whipped up into great Scholars, that are for ever near a right Understanding, and will never arrive at it. These are the Scandal of Letters, and these are generally the Men who are to teach others. The Sense of Shame and Honour is enough to keep the World itself in Order without Corporal Punishment, much more to train the Minds of uncorrupted and innocent Children. It happens, I doubt not, more than once in a Year, that a Lad is chastised for a Block-head, when it is good Apprehension that makes him incapable of knowing what his Teacher means: A brisk Imagination very often may suggest an Error, which a Lad could not have fallen into, if he had been as heavy in conjecturing as his Master in explaining: But there is no Mercy even towards a wrong Interpretation of his Meaning, the Sufferings of the Scholar's Body are to rectify the Mistakes of his Mind.

I am confident that no Boy who will not be allured to Letters without Blows, will ever be brought to any thing with them. A great or good Mind must necessarily be the worse for such Indignities; and it is a sad Change to lose of its Virtue for the Improvement of its Knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great School, but must remember to have seen Children of excellent and ingenuous Natures, (as has afterwards appeared in their Manhood) I say no Man has passed through this way of Education, but must have seen an ingenuous Creature expiring with Shame, with pale Looks, beseeching Sorrow, and silent Tears, throw up its honest Eyes, and kneel on its tender Knees to an inexorable Block-head, to be forgiven the false Quantity of a Word in making a Latin Verse: The Child is punished, and the next Day he commits a like Crime, and so a third with the same Consequence. I would

fain ask any reasonable Man whether this Lad, in the Simplicity of his native Innocence, full of Shame, and capable of any Impression from that Grace of Soul, was not fitter for any Purpose in this Life, than after that Spark of Virtue is extinguished in him, tho' he is able to write twenty Verses in an Evening?

Seneca says, after his exalted way of Talking, *As the immortal Gods never learnt any Virtue, tho' they are endowed with all that is good; so there are some Men who have so natural a Propensity to what they should follow, that they learn it almost as soon as they hear it.*¹ Plants and Vegetables are cultivated into the Production of finer Fruit than they would yield without that Care; and yet we cannot entertain Hopes of producing a tender conscious Spirit into Acts of Virtue, without the same Methods as is used to cut Timber, or give new Shape to a Piece of Stone.

It is wholly to this dreadful Practice that we may attribute a certain Hardiness and Ferocity which some Men, tho' liberally educated, carry about them in all their Behaviour. To be bred like a Gentleman, and punished like a Malefactor, must, as we see it does, produce that illiberal Sauciness which we see sometimes in Men of Letters.

The *Spartan* Boy who suffered the Fox (which he had stolen and hid under his Coat) to eat into his Bowels, I dare say had not half the Wit or Petulance which we learn at great Schools among us: But the glorious Sense of Honour, or rather Fear of Shame, which he demonstrated in that Action, was worth all the Learning in the World without it.

It is methinks a very melancholy Consideration, that a little Negligence can spoil us, but great Industry is necessary to improve us; the most excellent Natures are soon depreciated, but evil Tempers are long before they are exalted into good Habits. To help this by Punishments, is the same thing as killing a Man to cure him of a Distemper; when he comes to suffer Punishment in that one Circumstance, he is brought below the Existence of a rational Creature, and is in the State of a Brute that moves only by the Admonition of Stripes. But since this Custom of educating by the Lash is suffered by the Gentry of *Great Britain*, I would prevail only that honest heavy Lads may be dismissed from Slavery sooner than they are at present, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth Year, whether they expect any Progress from them or not. Let the Child's Capacity be forthwith examined and [he] sent to some Mechanick Way of Life, without respect to his Birth, if Nature designed him for nothing higher: let him go before he has innocently suffered, and is debased into a Dereliction of Mind for being what it is no Guilt to be, a plain Man. I would not here be supposed to have said, that our learned Men of either Robe who have been whipped at School, are not still Men of noble and liberal Minds; but I am sure they had been much more so than they are, had they never suffered that Infamy.

But tho' there is so little Care, as I have ob-

¹ Epist. 95.

served, taken, or Observation made of the natural Strain of Men, it is no small Comfort to me, as a SPECTATOR, that there is any right Value set upon the *bona Indoles* of other Animals; as appears by the following Advertisement handed about the County of *Lincoln*, and subscribed by *Enos Thomas*, a Person whom I have not the Honour to know, but suppose to be profoundly learned in Horse-flesh.

A Chesnut Horse called Cæsar, bred by James Darcy, Esq., at Sedbury, near Richmond in the County of York; his Grandam was his old royal Mare, and got by Blunderbuss, which was got by Hemsly Turk, and he got Mr. Courand's Arabian, which got Mr. Minshul's Jews-trump. Mr. Cæsar sold him to a Nobleman (coming five Years old, when he had but one Sweat) for three hundred Guineas. A Guinea a Leap and Trial, and a Shilling the Man.

T.

Enos Thomas.

No. 158.] Friday, August 31, 1711. [Steele.

—*Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*—Martial.

OUT of a firm Regard to Impartiality, I print these Letters, let them make for me or not.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have observed through the whole Course of your Rhapsodies, (as you once very well called them) you are very industrious to overthrow all that many your Superiors who have gone before you have made their Rule of writing. I am now between fifty and sixty, and had the Honour to be well with the first Men of Taste and Gallantry in the joyous Reign of *Charles* the Second: We then had, I humbly presume, as good Understandings among us as any now can pretend to. As for yourself, Mr. SPECTATOR, you seem with the utmost Arrogance to undermine the very Fundamentals upon which we conducted our selves. It is monstrous to set up for a Man of Wit, and yet deny that Honour in a Woman is any thing else but Peevishness, that Inclination [is] the best Rule of Life, or Virtue and Vice any thing else but Health and Disease. We had no more to do but to put a Lady into good Humour, and all we could wish followed of Course. Then again, your *Tully*, and your Discourses of another Life, are the very Bane of Mirth and good Humour. Pr'ythee don't value thyself on thy Reason at that exorbitant Rate, and the Dignity of human Nature; take my Word for it, a Setting-dog has as good Reason as any Man in *England*. Had you (as by your Diurnals one would think you do) set up for being in vogue in Town, you should have fallen in with the Bent of Passion and Appetite; your Songs had then been in every pretty Mouth in *England*, and your little Distichs had been the Maxims of the Fair and the Witty to walk by: But alas, Sir, what can you hope for from entertaining People with what must needs make them like themselves

¹ [is not]

'worse than they did before they read you? Had you made it your Business to describe *Corinna* charming, though inconstant, to find something in human Nature itself to make *Zoilus* excuse himself for being fond of her; and to make every Man in good Commerce with his own Reflections, you had done something worthy our Applause; but indeed, Sir, we shall not commend you for disapproving us. I have a great deal more to say to you, but I shall sum it up all in this one Remark, In short, Sir, you do not write like a Gentleman.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The other Day we were several of us at a Tea-Table, and according to Custom and your own Advice had the *Spectator* read among us: It was that Paper wherein you are pleased to treat with great Freedom that Character which you call a Woman's Man. We gave up all the Kinds you have mentioned, except those who, you say, are our constant Visitants. I was upon the Occasion commissioned by the Company to write to you and tell you, That we shall not part with the Men we have at present, till the Men of Sense think fit to relieve them, and give us their Company in their Stead. You cannot imagine but that we love to hear Reason and good Sense better than the Ribaldry we are at present entertained with, but we must have Company, and among us very inconsiderable is better than none at all. We are made for the Cements of Society, and came into the World to create Relations among Mankind; and Solitude is an unnatural Being to us. If the Men of good Understanding would forget a little of their Severity, they would find their Account in it; and their Wisdom would have a Pleasure in it, to which they are now Strangers. It is natural among us when Men have a true Relish of our Company and our Value, to say every thing with a better Grace; and there is without designing it something ornamental in what Men utter before Women, which is lost or neglected in Conversations of Men only. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, it would do you no great Harm if you yourself came a little more into our Company; it would certainly cure you of a certain positive and determining Manner in which you talk sometimes. In hopes of your Amendment,

I am,

SIR,

Your gentle Reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your professed Regard to the Fair Sex, may perhaps make them value your Admonitions when they will not those of other Men. I desire you, Sir, to repeat some Lectures upon Subjects which you have now and then in a cursory manner only just touched. I would have a *Spectator* wholly writ upon good Breeding: and after you have asserted that Time and Place are to be very much considered in all our Actions, it will be proper to dwell upon Behaviour at Church. On *Sunday* last a grave and reverend Man preached

'at our Church : There was something particular
'in his Accent, but without any manner of Affect-
'ation. This Particularity a Set of Gigglers
'thought the most necessary Thing to be taken
'notice of in his whole Discourse, and made it an
'Occasion of Mirth during the whole time of Ser-
'mon : You should see one of them ready to
'burst behind a Fan, another pointing to a Com-
'panion in another Seat, and a fourth with an arch
'Composure, as if she would if possible stifle her
'Laughter. There were many Gentlemen who
'looked at them stedfastly, but this they took for
'ogling and admiring them : There was one of the
'merry ones in particular, that found out but just
'then that she had but five Fingers, for she fell a
'reckoning the pretty Pieces of Ivory over and
'over again, to find her self Employment and not
'laugh out. Would it not be expedient, Mr.
'SPECTATOR, that the Church-warden should
'hold up his Wand on these Occasions, and keep
'the Decency of the Place as a Magistrate does
'the Peace in a Tumult elsewhere ?

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Woman's Man, and read with a very
'fine Lady your Paper, wherein you fall upon us
'whom you envy : What do you think I did ? you
'must know she was dressing, I read the *Spectator*
'to her, and she laughed at the Places where she
'thought I was touched ; I threw away your
'Moral, and taking up her Girdle cried out,

*Give me but what this Ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the [Sun¹] goes round.²*

'She smiled, Sir, and said you were a Pedant ;
'so say of me what you please, read *Seneca* and
'quote him against me if you think fit.

T.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

No. 159.] Saturday, September 1, 1711. [Addison.

*—Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam— Virg.*

WHEN I was at *Grand Cairo*, I picked up
several Oriental Manuscripts, which I have
still by me. Among others I met with one entitled,
The Visions of Mirzah, which I have read over
with great Pleasure. I intend to give it to the
Publick when I have no other Entertainment for
them ; and shall begin with the first Vision, which
I have translated Word for Word as follows.

'On the fifth Day of the Moon, which according
'to the Custom of my Forefathers I always keep
'holy, after having washed my self, and offered
'up my Morning Devotions, I ascended the high
'Hills of *Bagdat*, in order to pass the rest of the
'Day in Meditation and Prayer. As I was here
'airing my self on the Tops of the Mountains, I

¹ [World] ² Waller, On a Girdle.

'fell into a profound Contemplation on the Vanity
'of human Life ; and passing from one Thought
'to another, Surely, said I, Man is but a Shadow
'and Life a Dream. Whilst I was thus musing,
'I cast my Eyes towards the Summit of a Rock
'that was not far from me, where I discovered
'one in the Habit of a Shepherd, with a little
'Musical Instrument in his Hand. As I looked
'upon him he applied it to his Lips, and began to
'play upon it. The Sound of it was exceeding
'sweet, and wrought into a Variety of Tunes that
'were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether
'different from any thing I had ever heard : They
'put me in mind of those heavenly Airs that are
'played to the departed Souls of good Men upon
'their first Arrival in Paradise, to wear out the
'Impressions of the last Agonies, and qualify them
'for the Pleasures of that happy Place. My
'Heart melted away in secret Raptures.

'I had been often told that the Rock before me
'was the Haunt of a Genius ; and that several
'had been entertained with Musick who had
'passed by it, but never heard that the Musician
'had before made himself visible. When he had
'raised my Thoughts by those transporting Airs
'which he played, to taste the Pleasures of his
'Conversation, as I looked upon him like one
'astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the wav-
'ing of his Hand directed me to approach the
'Place where he sat. I drew near with that Re-
'verence which is due to a superior Nature ; and
'as my Heart was entirely subdued by the cap-
'tivating Strains I had heard, I fell down at his
'Feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me
'with a Look of Compassion and Affability that
'familiarized him to my Imagination, and at once
'dispelled all the Fears and Apprehensions with
'which I approached him. He lifted me from the
'Ground, and taking me by the hand, *Mirzah*,
'said he, I have heard thee in thy Soliloquies ;
'follow me.

'He then led me to the highest Pinnacle of the
'Rock, and placing me on the Top of it, Cast thy
'Eyes Eastward, said he, and tell me what thou
'seest. I see, said I, a huge Valley, and a pro-
'digious Tide of Water rolling through it. The
'Valley that thou seest, said he, is the Vale of
'Misery, and the Tide of Water that thou seest is
'part of the great Tide of Eternity. What is the
'Reason, said I, that the Tide I see rises out of a
'thick Mist at one End, and again loses itself in a
'thick Mist at the other ? What thou seest, said he,
'is that Portion of Eternity which is called Time,
'measured out by the Sun, and reaching from the
'Beginning of the World to its Consummation.
'Examine now, said he, this Sea that is bounded
'with Darkness at both Ends, and tell me what
'thou discoverest in it. I see a Bridge, said I,
'standing in the Midst of the Tide. The Bridge
'thou seest, said he, is human Life, consider it
'attentively. Upon a more leisurely Survey of
'it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten
'entire Arches, with several broken Arches, which
'added to those that were entire, made up the
'Number about an hundred. As I was counting
'the Arches, the Genius told me that this Bridge
'consisted at first of a thousand Arches ; but that
'a great Flood swept away the rest, and left the

'Bridge in the ruinous Condition I now beheld it: But tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see Multitudes of People passing over it, said I, and a black Cloud hanging on each End of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the Passengers dropping thro' the Bridge, into the great Tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther Examination, perceived there were innumerable Trap-doors that lay concealed in the Bridge, which the Passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell thro' them into the Tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden Pit-falls were set very thick at the Entrance of the Bridge, so that the Throngs of People no sooner broke through the Cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the Middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the End of the Arches that were entire.

'There were indeed some Persons, but their Number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling March on the broken Arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a Walk.

'I passed some Time in the Contemplation of this wonderful Structure, and the great Variety of Objects which it presented. My Heart was filled with a deep Melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of Mirth and Jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the Heavens in a thoughtful Posture, and in the midst of a Speculation stumbled and fell out of Sight. Multitudes were very busy in the Pursuit of Bubbles that glittered in their Eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them their Footing failed and down they sunk. In this Confusion of Objects, I observed some with Scymetars in their Hands, and others with Urinals, who ran to and fro upon the Bridge, thrusting several Persons on Trap-doors which did not seem to [lie in their Way,¹] and which they might have escaped had they not been forced upon them.

'The Genius seeing me indulge my self in this melancholy Prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine Eyes off the Bridge, said he, and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great Flights of Birds that are perpetually hovering about the Bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see Vultures, Harpyes, Ravens, Cormorants, and among many other feather'd Creatures several little winged Boys, that perch in great Numbers upon the middle Arches. These, said the Genius, are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like Cares and Passions that infest human Life.

'I here fetched a deep Sigh, Alas, said I, Man was made in vain! How is he given away to Misery and Mortality! tortured in Life, and swallowed up in Death! The Genius being moved with Compassion towards me, bid me quit

¹ [have been laid for them,] corrected by an erratum in No. 161.

'so uncomfortable a Prospect: Look no more, said he, on Man in the first Stage of his Existence, in his setting out for Eternity; but cast thine Eye on that thick Mist into which the Tide bears the several Generations of Mortals that fall into it. I directed my Sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural Force, or dissipated Part of the Mist that was before too thick for the Eye to penetrate) I saw the Valley opening at the farther End, and spreading forth into an immense Ocean, that had a huge Rock of Adamant running through the Midst of it, and dividing it into two equal Parts. The Clouds still rested on one Half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: But the other appeared to me a vast Ocean planted with innumerable Islands, that were covered with Fruits and Flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining Seas that ran among them. I could see Persons dressed in glorious Habits with Garlands upon their Heads, passing among the Trees, lying down by the Side of Fountains, or resting on Beds of Flowers; and could hear a confused Harmony of singing Birds, falling Waters, human Voices, and musical Instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the Discovery of so delightful a Scene. I wished for the Wings of an Eagle, that I might fly away to those happy Seats; but the Genius told me there was no Passage to them, except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every Moment upon the Bridge. The Islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole Face of the Ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in Number than the Sands on the Sea-shore; there are Myriads of Islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine Eye, or even thine Imagination can extend it self. These are the Mansions of good Men after Death, who according to the Degree and Kinds of Virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several Islands, which abound with Pleasures of different Kinds and Degrees, suitable to the Relishes and Perfections of those who are settled in them; every Island is a Paradise accommodated to its respective Inhabitants. Are not these, O *Mirzah*, Habitations worth contending for? Does Life appear miserable, that gives thee Opportunities of earning such a Reward? Is Death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an Existence? Think not Man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible Pleasure on these happy Islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the Secrets that lie hid under those dark Clouds which cover the Ocean on the other side of the Rock of Adamant. The Genius making me no Answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the Vision which I had been so long contemplating; but Instead of the rolling Tide, the arched Bridge, and the happy Islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow Valley of *Bagdat*, with Oxen, Sheep, and Camels grazing upon the Sides of it.

The End of the first Vision of Mirzah. C.

No. 160.] Monday, September 3, 1711. [Addison.

—Cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.
Hor.

THERE is no Character more frequently given to a Writer, than that of being a Genius. I have heard many a little Sonneteer called a *fine Genius*. There is not an Heroick Scribler in the Nation, that has not his Admirers who think him a *great Genius*; and as for your Smatterers in Tragedy, there is scarce a Man among them who is not cried up by one or other for a *prodigious Genius*.

My design in this Paper is to consider what is properly a great Genius, and to throw some Thoughts together on so uncommon a Subject.

Among great Genius's those few draw the Admiration of all the World upon them, and stand up as the Prodigies of Mankind, who by the meer Strength of natural Parts, and without any Assistance of Arts or Learning, have produced Works that were the Delight of their own Times, and the Wonder of Posterity. There appears something nobly wild and extravagant in these great natural Genius's, that is infinitely more beautiful than all the Turn and Polishing of what the *French* call a *Bel Esprit*, by which they would express a Genius refined by Conversation, Reflection, and the Reading of the most polite Authors. The greatest Genius [which¹] runs through the Arts and Sciences, takes a kind of Tincture from them, and falls unavoidably into Imitation.

Many of these great natural Genius's that were never disciplined and broken by Rules of Art, are to be found among the Ancients, and in particular among those of the more Eastern Parts of the World. *Homer* has innumerable Flights that *Virgil* was not able to reach, and in the Old Testament we find several Passages more elevated and sublime than any in *Homer*. At the same time that we allow a greater and more daring Genius to the Ancients, we must own that the greatest of them very much failed in, or, if you will, that they were very much above the Nicety and Correctness of the Moderns. In their Similitudes and Allusions, provided there was a Likeness, they did not much trouble themselves about the Decency of the Comparison: Thus *Solomon* resembles the Nose of his Beloved to the Tower of *Libanon* which looketh toward *Damascus*; as the Coming of a Thief in the Night, is a Similitude of the same kind in the New Testament. It would be endless to make Collections of this Nature; *Homer* illustrates one of his Heroes encompassed with the Enemy by an Ass in a Field of Corn that has his Sides belaboured by all the Boys of the Village without stirring a Foot for it: and another of them tossing to and fro in his Bed and burning with Resentment, to a Piece of Flesh broiled on the Coals. This particular Failure in the Ancients, opens a large Field of Raillery to the little Wits, who can laugh at an Indecency but not relish the

¹ [that]

Sublime in these Sorts of Writings. The present Emperor of *Persia*, conformable to this Eastern way of Thinking, amidst a great many pompous Titles, denominates himself The Sun of Glory and the Nutmeg of Delight. In short, to cut off all Cavilling against the Ancients and particularly those of the warmer Climates who had most Heat and Life in their Imaginations, we are to consider that the Rule of observing what the *French* call the *Bienſeance* in an Allusion, has been found out of latter Years, and in the colder Regions of the World; where we would make some Amends for our want of Force and Spirit, by a scrupulous Nicety and Exactness in our Compositions. Our Countryman *Shakespear* was a remarkable Instance of this first kind of great Genius's.

I cannot quit this Head without observing that *Pindar* was a great Genius of the first Class, who was hurried on by a natural Fire and Impetuosity to vast Conceptions of things and noble Sallies of Imagination. At the same time, can any thing be more ridiculous than for Men of a sober and moderate Fancy to imitate this Poet's Way of Writing in those monstrous Compositions which go among us under the Name of Pindaricks? When I see People copying Works which, as *Horace* has represented them, are singular in their Kind, and inimitable; when I see Men following Irregularities by Rule, and by the little Tricks of Art straining after the most unbounded Flights of Nature, I cannot but apply to them that Passage in *Terence*:

—*Incerta hæc si tu postules
Ratione certâ facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quàm si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias.*

In short a modern Pindarick Writer, compared with *Pindar*, is like a Sister among the *Camisars*¹ compared with *Virgil's* Sibyl: There is the Distortion, Grimace, and outward Figure, but nothing of that divine Impulse which raises the Mind above its self, and makes the Sounds more than human.

[There is another kind of great Genius's which I shall place in a second Class, not as I think them inferior to the first, but only for Distinction's sake, as they are of a different kind. This²] second Class of great Genius's are those that have formed themselves by Rules, and submitted the Greatness of their natural Talents to the Corrections and Restraints of Art. Such among the *Greeks* were *Plato* and *Aristotle*; among the *Romans*, *Virgil* and *Tully*; among the *English*, *Milton* and *Sir Francis Bacon*.

³ The Genius in both these Classes of Authors may be equally great, but shews itself [after⁴] a

¹ The *Camisars*, or French Prophets, originally from the *Cevennes*, came into England in 1707. With violent agitations and distortions of body they prophesied and claimed also the power to work miracles; even venturing to prophesy that Dr *Emes*, a convert of theirs, should rise from the dead five months after burial.

² [The]

³ Not a new paragraph in the first issue.

⁴ [in]

different Manner. In the first it is like a rich Soil in a happy Climate, that produces a whole Wilderness of noble Plants rising in a thousand beautiful Landscips, without any certain Order or Regularity. In the other it is the same rich Soil under the same happy Climate, that has been laid out in Walks and Parterres, and cut into Shape and Beauty by the Skill of the Gardener.

The great Danger in these latter kind of Genius's, is, lest they cramp their own Abilities too much by Imitation, and form themselves altogether upon Models, without giving the full Play to their own natural Parts. An Imitation of the best Authors is not to compare with a good Original; and I believe we may observe that very few Writers make an extraordinary Figure in the World, who have not something in their Way of thinking or expressing themselves that is peculiar to them, and entirely their own.

¹ It is odd to consider what great Genius's are sometimes thrown away upon Trifles.

I once saw a Shepherd, says a famous *Italian* Author, [who²] used to divert himself in his Solitudes with tossing up Eggs and catching them again without breaking them: In which he had arrived to so great a degree of Perfection, that he would keep up four at a time for several Minutes together playing in the Air, and falling into his Hand by Turns. I think, says the Author, I never saw a greater Severity than in this Man's Face; for by his wonderful Perseverance and Application, he had contracted the Seriousness and Gravity of a Privy-Councillor; and I could not but reflect with my self, that the same Assiduity and Attention, had they been rightly applied, might have made him a greater Mathematician than *Archimedes*. C.

No. 161.] Tuesday, Sept. 4, 1711. [Budgell.

*Ipsæ dies agitat festos: Fususque per herbam,
Ignis ubi in medio et Socii cratera coronant,
Te libans, Lenææ, vocat: pecorisque magistris
Velocis Jaculi certamina ponit in ulmo,
Corporaque agresti nudat prædura Palæstra.
Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
Hanc Remus et Frater: Sic fortis Etruria
crevit,
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.
Virg. G. 2.*

I AM glad that my late going into the Country has encreased the Number of my Correspondents, one of whom sends me the following Letter.

SIR,

'Though you are pleased to retire from us so soon into the City, I hope you will not think the Affairs of the Country altogether unworthy of your Inspection for the future. I had the Honour of seeing your short Face at Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY'S, and have ever since thought your

¹ Not a new paragraph in the first issue.

²[that]

'Person and Writings both extraordinary. Had you stayed there a few Days longer you would have seen a Country Wake, which you know in most Parts of *England* is the *Eve-Feast of the Dedication of our Churches*. I was last Week at one of these Assemblies which was held in a neighbouring Parish; where I found their *Green* covered with a promiscuous Multitude of all Ages and both Sexes, who esteem one another more or less the following Part of the Year according as they distinguish themselves at this Time. The whole Company were in their Holiday Cloaths, and divided into several Parties, all of them endeavouring to shew themselves in those Exercises wherein they excelled, and to gain the Approbation of the Lookers on.

I found a Ring of Cudgel-Players, who were breaking one another's Heads in order to make some Impression on their Mistresses Hearts. I observed a lusty young Fellow, who had the Misfortune of a broken Pate; but what considerably added to the Anguish of the Wound, was his over-hearing an old Man, who shook his Head and said, *That he questioned now if black Kate would marry him these three Years*. I was diverted from a farther Observation of these Combatants, by a Foot-ball Match, which was on the other side of the *Green*; where *Tom Short* behaved himself so well, that most People seemed to agree *it was impossible that he should remain a Batchelor till the next Wake*. Having played many a Match my self, I could have looked longer on this Sport, had I not observed a Country Girl, who was posted on an Eminence at some Distance from me, and was making so many odd Grimaces, and writhing and distorting her whole Body in so strange a Manner, as made me very desirous to know the Meaning of it. Upon my coming up to her, I found that she was overlooking a Ring of Wrestlers, and that her Sweet-heart, a Person of small Stature, was contending with an huge brawny Fellow, who twirled him about, and shook the little Man so violently, that by a secret Sympathy of Hearts it produced all those Agitations in the Person of his Mistress, who I dare say, like *Cælia* in *Shakespear* on the same Occasion, could have wished herself invisible to catch the strong Fellow by the Leg. The Squire of the Parish treats the whole Company every Year with a Hogshead of Ale; and proposes a *Beaver-Hat* as a Recompense to him who gives most *Falls*. This has raised such a Spirit of Emulation in the Youth of the Place, that some of them have rendered themselves very expert at this Exercise; and I was often surprised to see a Fellow's Heels fly up, by a Trip which was given him so smartly that I could scarce discern it. I found that the old Wrestlers seldom entered the Ring, till some one was grown formidable by having thrown two or three of his Opponents; but kept themselves as it were in a reserved Body to defend the *Hat*, which is always hung up by the Person who gets it in one of the most Conspicuous Parts of the House, and looked upon by the whole Family as something redounding much more to their Honour than a Coat of Arms. There was a Fellow who was so busy in regulating all the Ceremonies,

‘and seemed to carry such an Air of Importance in his Looks, that I could not help inquiring who he was, and was immediately answered, *That he did not value himself upon nothing, for that he and his Ancestors had won so many Hats, that his Parlour looked like a Haberdasher’s Shop*: However this Thirst of Glory in them all, was the Reason that no one Man stood *Lord of the Ring* for above three *Falls* while I was amongst them.

‘The young Maids, who were not Lookers on at these Exercises, were themselves engaged in some Diversion; and upon my asking a Farmer’s Son of my own Parish what he was gazing at with so much Attention, he told me, *That he was seeing Betty Welch, whom I knew to be his Sweet-Heart, pitch a Bar*.

‘In short, I found the men endeavoured to shew the Women they were no Cowards, and that the whole Company strived to recommend themselves to each other, by making it appear that they were all in a perfect State of Health, and fit to undergo any Fatigues of bodily Labour.

‘Your Judgment upon this Method of *Love and Gallantry*, as it is at present practised amongst us in the Country, will very much oblige,
SIR, Yours, &c.

If I would here put on the Scholar and Politician, I might inform my Readers how these bodily Exercises or Games were formerly encouraged in all the Commonwealths of *Greece*; from whence the *Romans* afterwards borrowed their *Pentathlum*, which was composed of *Running, Wrestling, Leaping, Throwing, and Boxing*; tho’ the Prizes were generally nothing but a Crown of Cypress or Parsley, Hats not being in fashion in those Days: That there is an old Statute, which obliges every Man in *England*, having such an Estate, to keep and exercise the long Bow; by which Means our Ancestors excelled all other Nations in the Use of that Weapon, and we had all the real Advantages, without the Inconvenience of a standing Army: And that I once met with a Book of Projects, in which the Author considering to what noble Ends that Spirit of Emulation, which so remarkably shews it self among our common People in these Wakes, might be directed, proposes that for the Improvement of all our handicraft Trades there should be annual Prizes set up for such Persons as were most excellent in their several Arts. But laying aside all these political Considerations, which might tempt me to pass the Limits of my Paper, I confess the greatest Benefit and Convenience that I can observe in these Country Festivals, is the bringing young People together, and giving them an Opportunity of shewing themselves in the most advantageous Light. A Country Fellow that throws his Rival upon his Back, has generally as good Success with their common Mistress; as nothing is more usual than for a nimble-footed Wench to get a Husband at the same time she wins a Smock. Love and Marriages are the natural Effects of these anniversary Assemblies. I must therefore very much approve the Method by which my Correspondent tells me each Sex

endeavours to recommend it self to the other, since nothing seems more likely to promise a healthy Offspring or a happy Cohabitation. And I believe I may assure my Country Friend, that there has been many a Court Lady who would be contented to exchange her crazy young Husband for *Tom Short*, and several Men of Quality who would have parted with a tender Yoke-fellow for *Black Kate*.

I am the more pleased with having *Love* made the principal End and Design of these Meetings, as it seems to be most agreeable to the Intent for which they were at first instituted, as we are informed by the learned Dr. *Kennet*,¹ with whose Words I shall conclude my present Paper.

These Wakes, says he, *were in Imitation of the ancient ἀγάπαι, or Love-Feasts; and were first established in England by Pope Gregory the Great, who in an Epistle to Melitus the Abbot gave Order that they should be kept in Sheds or Arbories made up with Branches and Boughs of Trees round the Church.*

He adds, *That this laudable Custom of Wakes prevailed for many Ages, till the nice Puritans began to exclaim against it as a Remnant of Popery; and by degrees the precise Humour grew so popular, that at an Exeter Assizes the Lord Chief Baron Walter made an Order for the Suppression of all Wakes; but on Bishop Laud’s complaining of this innovating Humour, the King commanded the Order to be reversed.* X.

No. 162.] Wednesday, September 5, 1711. [Addison.

—*Servetur ad inum,*
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.—Hor.

NOTHING that is not a real Crime makes a Man appear so contemptible and little in the Eyes of the World as Inconstancy, especially when it regards Religion or Party. In either of these Cases, tho’ a Man perhaps does but his Duty in changing his Side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.

In these great Articles of Life, therefore, a Man’s Conviction ought to be very strong, and if possible so well timed that worldly Advantages may seem to have no Share in it, or Mankind will be ill natured enough to think he does not change Sides out of Principle, but either out of Levity of Temper or Prospects of Interest. Converts and Renegadoes of all Kinds should take particular care to let the World see they act upon honourable Motives; or whatever Approbations they may receive from themselves, and Applauses from those they converse with, they may be very well assured that they are the Scorn of all good Men, and the publick Marks of Infamy and Derision.

Irresolution on the Schemes of Life [which²] offer themselves to our Choice, and Inconstancy in

¹ Parochial Antiquities (1795), pp. 610, 614.

² [that]

pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal Causes of all our Disquiet and Unhappiness. When [Ambition¹] pulls one Way, Interest another, Inclination a third, and perhaps Reason contrary to all, a Man is likely to pass his Time but ill who has so many different Parties to please. When the Mind hovers among such a Variety of Allurements, one had better settle on a Way of Life that is not the very best we might have chosen, than grow old without determining our Choice, and go out of the World as the greatest Part of Mankind do, before we have resolved how to live in it. There is but one Method of setting our selves at Rest in this Particular, and that is by adhering stedfastly to one great End as the chief and ultimate Aim of all our Pursuits. If we are firmly resolved to live up to the Dictates of Reason, without any Regard to Wealth, Reputation, or the like Considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal Design, we may go through Life with Steadiness and Pleasure; but if we act by several broken Views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a Value set upon it by the World, we shall live and die in Misery and Repentance.

One would take more than ordinary Care to guard ones self against this particular Imperfection, because it is that which our Nature very strongly inclines us to; for if we examine our selves thoroughly, we shall find that we are the most changeable Beings in the Universe. In respect of our Understanding, we often embrace and reject the very same Opinions; whereas Beings above and beneath us have probably no Opinions at all, or at least no Wavering and Uncertainties in those they have. Our Superiors are guided by Intuition, and our Inferiors by Instinct. In respect of our Wills, we fall into Crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the Eyes of our great Judge, and pass our whole Life in offending and asking Pardon. On the contrary, the Beings underneath us are not capable of sinning, nor those above us of repenting. The one is out of the Possibilities of Duty, and the other fixed in an eternal Course of Sin, or an eternal Course of Virtue.

There is scarce a State of Life, or Stage in it which does not produce Changes and Revolutions in the Mind of Man. Our Schemes of Thought in Infancy are lost in those of Youth; these too take a different Turn in Manhood, till old Age often leads us back into our former Infancy. A new Title or an unexpected Success throws us out of ourselves, and in a manner destroys our Identity. A cloudy Day, or a little Sun-shine, have as great an Influence on many Constitutions, as the most real Blessings or Misfortunes. A Dream varies our Being, and changes our Condition while it lasts; and every Passion, not to mention Health and Sickness, and the greater Alterations in Body and Mind, makes us appear almost different Creatures. If a Man is so distinguished among other Beings by this Infirmity, what can we think of such as make themselves remarkable for it even among their own Species? It is a very trifling Character to be one of the most variable Beings

¹ [Honour]

of the most variable Kind, especially if we consider that He who is the great Standard of Perfection has in him no Shadow of Change, but is the same Yesterday, To-day, and for ever.

As this Mutability of Temper and Inconsistency with our selves is the greatest Weakness of human Nature, so it makes the Person who is remarkable for it in a very particular Manner more ridiculous than any other Infirmity whatsoever, as it sets him in a greater Variety of foolish Lights, and distinguishes him from himself by an Opposition of party-coloured Characters. The most humourous Character in *Horace* is founded upon this Unevenness of Temper and Irregularity of Conduct.

—————*Sardus habebat*

*Ille Tigellius hoc: Cæsar qui cogere posset
Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque suam, non
Quidquam proficeret: Si collibuisse, ab ovo
Usque ad mala citaret, Io Bacche, modò summâ
Voce, modò hâc, resonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.
Nil æquale homini fuit illi: Sæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hostem: Persæpe velut qui
Junonis sacra ferret: Habebat sæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem servos: Modò reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens: Modò sit mihi mensa
tripès, et
Concha salis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa, queat. Decies centena dedisses
Huic parco paucis contento, quinque diebus
Nil erat in oculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum
Manè: Diem totam stertebat. Nil fuit unquam
Sic impar sibi — Hor. Sat. 3, Lib. 1.*

Instead of translating this Passage in *Horace*, I shall entertain my *English* Reader with the Description of a Parallel Character, that is wonderfully well finished by Mr. *Dryden*,¹ and raised upon the same Foundation.

*In the first Rank of these did Zimri stand:
A Man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was ev'ry thing by Starts, and nothing long;
But, in the Course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chemist, Fidler, Statesman, and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming,
Drinking:
Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in think-
ing.
Blest Madman, who cou'd ev'ry Hour employ,
With something New to wish, or to enjoy! C.*

—————
No. 163.] Thursday, Sept. 6, 1711. [Addison.

—————*Si quid ego adjuero, curamve levasso,
Quæ nunc te coquit, et versat sub pectore fixa,
Ecquid erit pretii?—Enn. ap. Tullium.*

ENQUIRIES after Happiness, and Rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to Mankind as the Arts of Consolation, and sup-

¹ In his 'Absalom and Achitophel.' The character of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

porting [ones¹] self under Affliction. The utmost we can hope for in this World is Contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but Grief and Disappointments. A Man should direct all his Studies and Endeavours at making himself easie now, and happy hereafter.

The Truth of it is, if all the Happiness that is dispersed through the whole Race of Mankind in this World were drawn together, and put into the Possession of any single Man, it would not make a very happy Being. Though on the contrary, if the Miseries of the whole Species were fixed in a single Person, they would make a very miserable one.

I am engaged in this Subject by the following Letter, which, though subscribed by a fictitious Name, I have reason to believe is not Imaginary.

Mr. SPECTATOR,²

'I am one of your Disciples, and endeavour to live up to your Rules, which I hope will incline you to pity my Condition: I shall open it to you in a very few Words. About three Years since a Gentleman, whom, I am sure, you yourself would have approved, made his Addresses to me. He had every thing to recommend him but an Estate, so that my Friends, who all of them applauded his Person, would not for the sake of both of us favour his Passion. For my own part, I resigned my self up entirely to the Direction of those who knew the World much better than my self, but still lived in hopes that some Juncture or other would make me happy in the Man, whom, in my Heart, I preferred to all the World; being determined if I could not have him, to have no Body else. About three Months ago I received a Letter from him, acquainting me, that by the Death of an Uncle he had a considerable Estate left him, which he said was welcome to him upon no other Account, but as he hoped it would remove all Difficulties that lay in the Way to our mutual Happiness. You may well suppose, Sir, with how much Joy I received this Letter, which was followed by several others filled with those Expressions of Love and Joy, which I verily believe no Body felt more sincerely, nor knew better how to describe than the Gentleman I am speaking of. But Sir, how shall I be able to tell it you! by the last Week's Post I received a letter from an intimate Friend of this unhappy Gentleman, acquainting me, that as he had just settled his Affairs, and was preparing for his Journey, he fell sick of a Fever and died. It is impossible to express to you the Distress I am in upon this Occasion. I can only have Recourse to my Devotions; and to the reading of good Books for my Consolation; and as I always take a particular Delight in those frequent Advices and Admonitions which you give to the Publick, it would be a very great piece of Charity in you to lend me your Assistance in this Conjuncture. If after the reading of this Letter you find your self in a Humour, rather to Rally and Ridicule, than to Comfort

'me, I desire you would throw it into the Fire, and think no more of it; but if you are touched with my Misfortune, which is greater than I know how to bear, your Counsels may very much Support, and will infinitely Oblige the afflicted

LEONORA.

A Disappointment in Love is more hard to get over than any other; the Passion itself so softens and subdues the Heart; that it disables it from struggling or bearing up against the Woes and Distresses which befall it. The Mind meets with other Misfortunes in her whole Strength; she stands collected within her self, and sustains the Shock with all the Force [which¹] is natural to her; but a Heart in Love has its Foundations sapped, and immediately sinks under the Weight of Accidents that are disagreeable to its Favourite Passion.

In Afflictions Men generally draw their Consolations out of Books of Morality, which indeed are of great use to fortifie and strengthen the Mind against the Impressions of Sorrow. Monsieur St. Evremont, who does not approve of this Method, recommends Authors [who²] are apt to stir up Mirth in the Mind of the Readers, and fancies *Don Quixote* can give more Relief to an heavy Heart than *Plutarch* or *Seneca*, as it is much easier to divert Grief than to conquer it. This doubtless may have its Effects on some Tempers. I should rather have recourse to Authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us Instances of Calamities and Misfortunes, and shew Human Nature in its greatest Distresses.

If the Affliction we groan under be very heavy, we shall find some Consolation in the Society of as great Sufferers as our selves, especially when we find our Companions Men of Virtue and Merit. If our Afflictions are light, we shall be comforted by the Comparison we make between our selves and our Fellow Sufferers. A Loss at Sea, a Fit of Sickness, or the Death of a Friend, are such Trifles when we consider whole Kingdoms laid in Ashes, Families put to the Sword, Wretches shut up in Dungeons, and the like Calamities of Mankind, that we are out of Countenance for our own Weakness, if we sink under such little Stroaks of Fortune.

Let the Disconsolate *Leonora* consider, that at the very time in which she languishes for the Loss of her deceased Lover, there are Persons in several Parts of the World just perishing in a Shipwreck; others crying out for Mercy in the Terrors of a Death-bed Repentance; others lying under the Tortures of an Infamous Execution, or the like dreadful Calamities; and she will find her Sorrows vanish at the Appearance of those which are so much greater and more astonishing.

I would further propose to the Consideration of my afflicted Disciple, that possibly what she now looks upon as the greatest Misfortune, is not really such in it self. For my own part, I question not but our Souls in a separate State will look back on their Lives in quite another View, than what they had of them in the Body; and that what they

¹ [one]

² This letter is by Miss Shephard, the 'Parthenia' of No. 140.

¹ [that]

² [that]

now consider as Misfortunes and Disappointments, will very often appear to have been Escapes and Blessings.

The Mind that hath any Cast towards Devotion, naturally flies to it in its Afflictions.

When I was in *France* I heard a very remarkable Story of two Lovers, which I shall relate at length in my to-Morrow's Paper, not only because the Circumstances of it are extraordinary, but because it may serve as an Illustration to all that can be said on this last Head, and shew the Power of Religion in abating that particular Anguish which seems to lie so heavy on *Leonora*. The Story was told me by a Priest, as I travelled with him in a Stage-Coach. I shall give it my Reader as well as I can remember, in his own Words, after having premised, that if Consolations may be drawn from a wrong Religion and a misguided Devotion, they cannot but flow much more naturally from those which are founded upon Reason, and established in good Sense. L.

No. 164.] Friday, September 7, 1711. [Addison.

Illa; Quis et me, inquit, miseram, et te perdidit, Orpheu?

Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte, Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas.
Virg.

CONSTANTIA was a Woman of extraordinary Wit and Beauty, but very unhappy in a Father, who having arrived at great Riches by his own Industry, took delight in nothing but his Money. *Theodosius* was the younger Son of a decayed Family of great Parts and Learning, improved by a genteel and vertuous Education. When he was in the twentieth year of his Age he became acquainted with *Constantia*, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few Miles Distance from her Father's House, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the Advantages of a good Person and a pleasing Conversation, made such an Impression in her Heart as it was impossible for time to [efface¹]: He was himself no less smitten with *Constantia*. A long Acquaintance made them still discover new Beauties in each other, and by Degrees raised in them that mutual Passion which had an Influence on their following Lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of Love and Friendship between *Theodosius* and *Constantia*, there broke out an irreparable Quarrel between their Parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his Birth, and the other upon his Possessions. The Father of *Constantia* was so incensed at the Father of *Theodosius*, that he contracted an unreasonable Aversion towards his Son, insomuch that he forbad him his House, and charged his Daughter upon her Duty never to see him more. In the mean time to break off all Communication between the two Lovers, who he knew entertained secret Hopes of some

favourable Opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young Gentleman of a good Fortune and an agreeable Person, whom he pitched upon as a Husband for his Daughter. He soon concerted this Affair so well, that he told *Constantia* it was his Design to marry her to such a Gentleman, and that her Wedding should be celebrated on such a Day. *Constantia*, who was over-awed with the Authority of her Father, and unable to object anything against so advantageous a Match, received the Proposal with a profound Silence, which her Father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a Virgin's giving her Consent to an Overture of that Kind: The Noise of this intended Marriage soon reached *Theodosius*, who, after a long Tumult of Passions which naturally rise in a Lover's Heart on such an Occasion, writ the following letter to *Constantia*.

'The Thought of my *Constantia*, which for some years has been my only Happiness, is now become a greater Torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another's? The Streams, the Fields and Meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; Life it self is become a Burden. May you long be happy in the World, but forget that there was ever such a Man in it as

THEODOSIUS.

This Letter was conveyed to *Constantia* that very Evening, who fainted at the Reading of it; and the next Morning she was much more alarmed by two or three Messengers, that came to her Father's House one after another to inquire if they had heard any thing of *Theodosius*, who it seems had left his Chamber about Midnight, and could nowhere be found. The deep Melancholy, which had hung upon his Mind some Time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. *Constantia*, who knew that nothing but the Report of her Marriage could have driven him to such Extremities, was not to be comforted: She now accused her self for having so tamely given an Ear to the Proposal of a Husband, and looked upon the new Lover as the Murderer of *Theodosius*: In short, she resolved to suffer the utmost Effects of her Father's Displeasure, rather than comply with a Marriage which appeared to her so full of Guilt and Horror. The Father seeing himself entirely rid of *Theodosius*, and likely to keep a considerable Portion in his Family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate Refusal of his Daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that Account to his intended Son-in-law, who had all along regarded this Alliance rather as a Marriage of Convenience than of Love. *Constantia* had now no Relief but in her Devotions and Exercises of Religion, to which her Afflictions had so entirely subjected her Mind, that after some Years had abated the Violence of her Sorrows, and settled her Thoughts in a kind of Tranquillity, she resolved to pass the Remainder of her Days in a Convent. Her Father was not displeas'd with [a¹] Resolution, [which²] would save Money in

¹ [deface]

¹ [her]

² [that]

his Family, and readily complied with his Daughter's Intentions. Accordingly in the Twenty-fifth Year of her Age, while her Beauty was yet in all its Height and Bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring City, in order to look out a Sisterhood of Nuns among whom to place his Daughter. There was in this Place a Father of a Convent who was very much renowned for his Piety and exemplary Life; and as it is usual in the *Romish* Church for those who are under any great Affliction, or Trouble of Mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent Confessors for Pardon and Consolation, our beautiful Votary took the Opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated Father.

We must now return to *Theodosius*, who, the very Morning that the above-mentioned Inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious House in the City, where now *Constantia* resided; and desiring that Secresy and Concealment of the Fathers of the Convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary Occasion, he made himself one of the Order, with a private Vow never to enquire after *Constantia*; whom he looked upon as given away to his Rival upon the Day on which, according to common Fame, their Marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his Youth made a good Progress in Learning, that he might dedicate [himself¹] more entirely to Religion, he entered into holy Orders, and in a few Years became renowned for his Sanctity of Life, and those pious Sentiments which he inspired into all [who²] conversed with him. It was this holy Man to whom *Constantia* had determined to apply herself in Confession, tho' neither she nor any other besides the Prior of the Convent, knew any thing of his Name or Family. The gay, the amiable *Theodosius* had now taken upon him the Name of Father *Francis*, and was so far concealed in a long Beard, a [shaven³] Head, and a religious Habit, that it was impossible to discover the Man of the World in the venerable Conventual.

As he was one Morning shut up in his Confessional, *Constantia* kneeling by him opened the State of her Soul to him; and after having given him the History of a Life full of Innocence, she burst out in Tears, and entred upon that Part of her Story in which he himself had so great a Share. My Behaviour, says she, has I fear been the Death of a Man who had no other Fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he liv'd, and how bitter the Remembrance of him has been to me since his Death. She here paused, and lifted up her Eyes that streamed with Tears towards the Father; who was so moved with the Sense of her Sorrows, that he could only command his Voice, which was broke with Sighs and Sobblings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his Directions, and in a Flood of Tears poured out her Heart before him. The Father could not forbear weeping aloud, inasmuch that in the Agonies of his Grief the Seat shook under him. *Constantia*, who thought the good Man was thus moved by his Compassion towards her, and by the Horror of her Guilt, proceeded with the utmost Contrition to acquaint him with that Vow of Virginity in which she was

going to engage herself, as the proper Atonement for her Sins, and the only Sacrifice she could make to the Memory of *Theodosius*. The Father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in Tears upon hearing that Name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this Instance of an unparallel'd Fidelity from one who he thought had several Years since given herself up to the Possession of another. Amidst the Interruptions of his Sorrow, seeing his Penitent overwhelmed with Grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted—To tell her that her Sins were forgiven her—That her Guilt was not so great as she apprehended—That she should not suffer her self to be afflicted above Measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the Absolution in Form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next Day, that he might encourage her in the pious Resolution[s] she had taken, and give her suitable Exhortations for her Behaviour in it. *Constantia* retired, and the next Morning renewed her Applications. *Theodosius* having manned his Soul with proper Thoughts and Reflections, exerted himself on this Occasion in the best Manner he could to animate his Penitent in the Course of Life she was entering upon, and wear out of her Mind those groundless Fears and Apprehensions which had taken Possession of it; concluding with a Promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his Admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy Veil. The Rules of our respective Orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure your self not only of having a Place in my Prayers, but of receiving such frequent Instructions as I can convey to you by Letters. Go on chearfully in the glorious Course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a Peace and Satisfaction in your Mind, which it is not in the Power of the World to give.

Constantia's Heart was so elevated with the Discourse of Father *Francis*, that the very next Day she entered upon her Vow. As soon as the Solemnities of her Reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the Abbess into her own Apartment.

The Abbess had been informed the Night before of all that had passed between her Noviciate and Father *Francis*: From whom she now delivered to her the following Letter.

'As the First-fruits of those Joys and Consolations which you may expect from the Life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that *Theodosius*, whose Death sits so heavy upon your Thoughts, is still alive; and that the Father, to whom you have confessed your self, was once that *Theodosius* whom you so much lament. The love which we have had for one another will make us more happy in its Disappointment than it could have done in its Success. Providence has disposed of us for our Advantage, tho' not according to our Wishes. Consider your *Theodosius* still as dead, but assure your self of one who will not cease to pray for you in Father

FRANCIS.

Constantia saw that the Hand-writing agreed

¹ [himself up]

² [that]

³ [shaved]

with the Contents of the Letter: and upon reflecting on the Voice of the Person, the Behaviour, and above all the extreme Sorrow of the Father during her Confession, she discovered *Theodosius* in every Particular. After having wept with Tears of Joy, It is enough, says she, *Theodosius* is still in Being: I shall live with Comfort and die in Peace.

The Letters which the Father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the Nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young Religious, in order to inspire them with good Resolutions and Sentiments of Virtue. It so happened, that after *Constantia* had lived about ten Years in the Cloyster, a violent Feaver broke out in the Place, which swept away great Multitudes, and among others *Theodosius*. Upon his Death-bed he sent his Benediction in a very moving Manner to *Constantia*, who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal Distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the Interval which generally precedes Death in Sickneses of this Nature, the Abbess, finding that the Physicians had given her over, told her that *Theodosius* was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his Benediction in his last Moments. *Constantia* received it with Pleasure: And now, says she, If I do not ask anything improper, let me be buried by *Theodosius*. My Vow reaches no farther than the Grave. What I ask is, I hope, no Violation of it.—She died soon after, and was interred according to her Request.

Their Tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin Inscription over them to the following Purpose.

Here lie the Bodies of Father *Francis* and Sister *Constance*. They were lovely in their Lives, and in their Deaths they were not divided. C.

No. 165.] Saturday, September 8, 1711. [Addison.

—*Si fortè necesse est,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget: dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.*¹
Hor.

I HAVE often wished, that as in our Constitution there are several Persons whose Business it is to watch over our Laws, our Liberties and Commerce, certain Men might be set apart as Superintendants of our Language, to hinder any Words of a Foreign Coin from passing among us, and in particular to prohibit any *French* Phrases from becoming Current in this Kingdom, when those of our own Stamp are altogether as valuable. The present War has so Adulterated our Tongue with strange Words that it would be impossible for one of our Great Grandfathers to know what his Posterity have been doing, were he to read their Exploits in a Modern News Paper. Our Warriors are very industrious in propagating the *French* Language, at the same time that they are

¹ The motto in the original edition was
Semivirumque bovem Semibovemque virum.
Ovid.

so gloriously successful in beating down their Power. Our Soldiers are Men of strong Heads for Action, and perform such Feats as they are not able to express. They want Words in their own Tongue to tell us what it is they Atchieve, and therefore send us over Accounts of their Performances in a Jargon of Phrases, which they learn among their Conquered Enemies. They ought however to be provided with Secretaries, and assisted by our Foreign Ministers, to tell their Story for them in plain *English*, and to let us know in our Mother-Tongue what it is our brave Country-Men are about. The *French* would indeed be in the right to publish the News of the present War in *English* Phrases, and make their Campaigns unintelligible. Their People might flatter themselves that Things are not so bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with Foreign Terms, and thrown into Shades and Obscurity: but the *English* cannot be too clear in their Narrative of those Actions, which have raised their Country to a higher Pitch of Glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be still the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that time a Siege is carried on two or three Days, I am altogether lost and bewildered in it, and meet with so many inexplicable Difficulties, that I scarce know what Side has the better of it, till I am informed by the Tower Guns that the Place is surrendered. I do indeed make some Allowances for this Part of the War, Fortifications having been foreign Inventions, and upon that Account abounding in foreign Terms. But when we have won Battels [which¹] may be described in our own Language, why are our Papers filled with so many unintelligible Exploits, and the *French* obliged to lend us a Part of their Tongue before we can know how they are Conquered? They must be made accessory to their own Disgrace, as the *Britons* were formerly so artificially wrought in the Curtain of the *Roman* Theatre, that they seemed to draw it up in order to give the Spectators an Opportunity of seeing their own Defeat celebrated upon the Stage: For so Mr. *Dryden* has translated that Verse in *Virgil*.

[*Purpurea intexti*²] tollunt aulaea Britanni.
Georg. 3, v. 25.

Which interwoven Britains seem to raise,
And shew the Triumph that their Shame displays.

The Histories of all our former Wars are transmitted to us in our Vernacular Idiom, to use the Phrase of a great Modern Critick.³ I do not find in any of our Chronicles, that *Edward* the Third ever reconnoitred the Enemy, tho' he often discovered the Posture of the *French*, and as often vanquished them in Battel. The *Black Prince* passed many a River without the help of Pontons, and filled a Ditch with Faggots as successfully as the Generals of our Times do it with Fascines. Our Commanders lose half their Praise, and our People half their Joy, by means of those

¹ [that] ² [*Atque intertexti*]
³ Dr. Richard Bentley.

hard Words and dark Expressions in which our News Papers do so much abound. I have seen many a prudent Citizen, after having read every Article, inquire of his next Neighbour what News the Mail had brought.

I remember in that remarkable Year when our Country was delivered from the greatest Fears and Apprehensions, and raised to the greatest Height of Gladness it had ever felt since it was a Nation, I mean the Year of *Blenheim*, I had the Copy of a Letter sent me out of the Country, which was written from a young Gentleman in the Army to his Father, a Man of a good Estate and plain Sense: As the Letter was very modishly chequered with this Modern Military Eloquence, I shall present my Reader with a Copy of it.

SIR,

' Upon the Junction of the *French* and *Bavarian* Armies they took Post behind a great Morass which they thought impracticable. Our General the next Day sent a Party of Horse to reconnoitre them from a little Hauteur, at about a [Quarter of an Hour's¹] distance from the Army, who returned again to the Camp unobserved through several Defiles, in one of which they met with a Party of *French* that had been Marauding, and made them all Prisoners at Discretion. The Day after a Drum arrived at our Camp, with a Message which he would communicate to none but the General; he was followed by a Trumpet, who they say behaved himself very saucily, with a Message from the Duke of *Bavaria*. The next Morning our Army being divided into two Corps, made a Movement towards the Enemy: You will hear in the Publick Prints how we treated them, with the other Circumstances of that glorious Day. I had the good Fortune to be in that Regiment that pushed the *Gens d'Arms*. Several *French* Battalions, who some say were a Corps de Reserve, made a Show of Resistance; but it only proved a Gasconade, for upon our preparing to fill up a little Fossé, in order to attack them, they beat the Chamade, and sent us *Charte Blanche*. Their Commandant, with a great many other General Officers, and Troops without number, are made Prisoners of War, and will I believe give you a Visit in *England*, the Cartel not being yet settled. Not questioning but these Particulars will be very welcome to you, I congratulate you upon them, and am your most dutiful Son, &c.

The Father of the young Gentleman upon the Perusal of the Letter found it contained great News, but could not guess what it was. He immediately communicated it to the Curate of the Parish, who upon the reading of it, being vexed to see any thing he could not understand, fell into a kind of a Passion, and told him that his Son had sent him a Letter that was neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red-Herring. I wish, says he, the Captain may be *Compos Mentis*, he talks of a saucy Trumpet, and a Drum that carries Messages; then who is this *Charte Blanche*? He must either banter us or he is out of his Senses. The Father, who always looked upon the Curate

¹ [Mile]

as a learned Man, began to fret inwardly at his Son's Usage, and producing a Letter which he had written to him about three Posts afore, You see here, says he, when he writes for Money he knows how to speak intelligibly enough; there is no Man in *England* can express himself clearer, when he wants a new Furniture for his Horse. In short, the old Man was so puzzled upon the Point, that it might have fared ill with his Son, had he not seen all the Prints about three Days after filled with the same Terms of Art, and that *Charles* only writ like other Men. L.

No. 166.] Monday, September 10, 1711. [Addison.

Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.
Ovid.

ARISTOTLE tells us that the World is a Copy or Transcript of those Ideas which are in the Mind of the first Being, and that those Ideas, which are in the Mind of Man, are a Transcript of the World: To this we may add, that Words are the Transcript of those Ideas which are in the Mind of Man, and that Writing or Printing are the Transcript of Words.

As the Supreme Being has expressed, and as it were printed his Ideas in the Creation, Men express their Ideas in Books, which by this great Invention of these latter Ages may last as long as the Sun and Moon, and perish only in the general Wreck of Nature. Thus *Cowley* in his Poem on the Resurrection, mentioning the Destruction of the Universe, has those admirable Lines.

Now all the wide extended Sky,
And all th' harmonious Worlds on high,
And Virgil's sacred Work shall die.

There is no other Method of fixing those Thoughts which arise and disappear in the Mind of Man, and transmitting them to the last Periods of Time; no other Method of giving a Permanency to our Ideas, and preserving the Knowledge of any particular Person, when his Body is mixed with the common Mass of Matter, and his Soul retired into the World of Spirits. Books are the Legacies that a great Genius leaves to Mankind, which are delivered down from Generation to Generation, as Presents to the Posterity of those who are yet unborn.

All other Arts of perpetuating our Ideas continue but a short Time: Statues can last but a few Thousands of Years, Edifices fewer, and Colours still fewer than Edifices. *Michael Angelo*, *Fontana*, and *Raphael*, will hereafter be what *Phidias*, *Vitruvius*, and *Apelles* are at present; the Names of great Statuaries, Architects and Painters, whose Works are lost. The several Arts are expressed in mouldring Materials: Nature sinks under them, and is not able to support the Ideas which are imprest upon it.

The Circumstance which gives Authors an Advantage above all these great Masters, is this, that they can multiply their Originals; or rather can make Copies of their Works, to what Number

they please, which shall be as valuable as the Originals themselves. This gives a great Author something like a Prospect of Eternity, but at the same time deprives him of those other Advantages which Artists meet with. The Artist finds greater Returns in Profit, as the Author in Fame. What an Inestimable Price would a *Virgil* or a *Homer*, a *Cicero* or an *Aristotle* bear, were their Works like a Statue, a Building, or a Picture, to be confined only in one Place and made the Property of a single Person?

If Writings are thus durable, and may pass from Age to Age throughout the whole Course of Time, how careful should an Author be of committing any thing to Print that may corrupt Posterity, and poison the Minds of Men with Vice and Error? Writers of great Talents, who employ their Parts in propagating Immorality, and seasoning vicious Sentiments with Wit and Humour, are to be looked upon as the Pests of Society, and the Enemies of Mankind: They leave Books behind them (as it is said of those who die in Distempers which breed an Ill-will towards their own Species) to scatter Infection and destroy their Posterity. They act the Counterparts of a *Confucius* or a *Socrates*; and seem to have been sent into the World to deprave human Nature, and sink it into the Condition of Brutality.

I have seen some Roman-Catholick Authors, who tell us that vicious Writers continue in Purgatory so long as the Influence of their Writings continues upon Posterity: For Purgatory, say they, is nothing else but a cleansing us of our Sins, which cannot be said to be done away, so long as they continue to operate and corrupt Mankind. The vicious Author, say they, sins after Death, and so long as he continues to sin, so long must he expect to be punished. Tho' the Roman Catholick Notion of Purgatory be indeed very ridiculous, one cannot but think that if the Soul after Death has any Knowledge of what passes in this World, that of an immoral Writer would receive much more Regret from the Sense of corrupting, than Satisfaction from the Thought of pleasing his surviving Admirers.

To take off from the Severity of this Speculation, I shall conclude this Paper with a Story of an Atheistical Author, who at a time when he lay dangerously sick, and desired the Assistance of a neighbouring Curate, confessed to him with great Contrition, that nothing sat more heavy at his Heart than the Sense of his having seduced the Age by his Writings, and that their evil Influence was likely to continue even after his Death. The Curate upon further Examination finding the Penitent in the utmost Agonies of Despair, and being himself a Man of Learning, told him, that he hoped his Case was not so desperate as he apprehended, since he found that he was so very sensible of his Fault, and so sincerely repented of it. The Penitent still urged the evil Tendency of his Book to subvert all Religion, and the little Ground of Hope there could be for one whose Writings would continue to do Mischief when his Body was laid in Ashes. The Curate, finding no other Way to comfort him, told him, that he did well in being afflicted for the evil Design with which he published his Book; but that he ought

to be very thankful that there was no danger of its doing any Hurt: That his Cause was so very bad, and his Arguments so weak, that he did not apprehend any ill Effects of it: In short, that he might rest satisfied his Book could do no more Mischief after his Death, than it had done whilst he was living. To which he added, for his farther Satisfaction, that he did not believe any besides his particular Friends and Acquaintance had ever been at the pains of reading it, or that any Body after his Death would ever enquire after it. The dying Man had still so much the Frailty of an Author in him, as to be cut to the Heart with these Consolations; and without answering the good Man, asked his Friends about him (with a Peevishness that is natural to a sick Person) where they had picked up such a Blockhead? And whether they thought him a proper Person to attend one in his Condition? The Curate finding that the Author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and sincere Penitent, but as a Penitent of Importance, after a short Admonition withdrew; not questioning but he should be again sent for if the Sickness grew desperate. The Author however recovered, and has since written two or three other Tracts with the same Spirit, and very luckily for his poor Soul with the same Success. C.

No. 167.] Tuesday, September 11, 1711. [Steele.

*Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credebat miros audire tragædos,
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque teatro;
Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
More; bonus sanè vicinus, amabilis hospes,
Comis in uxorem; posset qui ignoscere servis,
Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ;
Posset qui rupem et puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque reffectus
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus Error.*
Hor.

THE unhappy Force of an Imagination, unguided by the Check of Reason and Judgment, was the Subject of a former Speculation. My Reader may remember that he has seen in one of my Papers a Complaint of an Unfortunate Gentleman, who was unable to contain himself, (when any ordinary matter was laid before him) from adding a few Circumstances to enliven plain Narrative. That Correspondent was a Person of too warm a Complexion to be satisfied with things merely as they stood in Nature, and therefore formed Incidents which should have happened to have pleased him in the Story. The same un-governed Fancy which pushed that Correspondent on, in spite of himself, to relate publick and notorious Falsehoods, makes the Author of the following Letter do the same in Private; one is a Prating, the other a Silent Liar.

There is little pursued in the Errors of either of these Worthies, but mere present Amusement:

But the Folly of him who lets his Fancy place him in distant Scenes untroubled and uninterrupted, is very much preferable to that of him who is ever forcing a Belief, and defending his Untruths with new Inventions. But I shall hasten to let this Liar in Soliloquy, who calls himself a CASTLE-BUILDER, describe himself with the same Unreservedness as formerly appeared in my Correspondent above-mentioned. If a Man were to be serious on this Subject, he might give very grave Admonitions to those who are following any thing in this Life, on which they think to place their Hearts, and tell them that they are really CASTLE-BUILDERS. Fame, Glory, Wealth, Honour, have in the Prospect pleasing Illusions; but they who come to possess any of them will find they are Ingredients towards Happiness, to be regarded only in the second Place; and that when they are valued in the first Degree, they are as disappointing as any of the Phantoms in the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Sept. 6, 1711.

'I am a Fellow of a very odd Frame of Mind, as you will find by the Sequel; and think myself Fool enough to deserve a Place in your Paper. I am unhappily far gone in Building, and am one of that Species of Men who are properly denominated Castle-Builders, who scorn to be beholden to the Earth for a Foundation, or dig in the Bowels of it for Materials; but erect their Structures in the most unstable of Elements, the Air, Fancy alone laying the Line, marking the Extent, and shaping the Model. It would be difficult to enumerate what august Palaces and stately Porticoes have grown under my forming Imagination, or what verdant Meadows and shady Groves have started into Being, by the powerful Feat of a warm Fancy. A Castle-builder is even just what he pleases, and as such I have grasped imaginary Scepters, and delivered uncontrollable Edicts, from a Throne to which conquered Nations yielded Obedience. I have made I know not how many Inroads into France, and ravaged the very Heart of that Kingdom; I have dined in the *Louvre*, and drank Champagne at *Versailles*; and I would have you take Notice, I am not only able to vanquish a People already cowed and accustomed to Flight, but I could, *Almanzor*-like,¹ drive the *British* General from the Field, were I less a Protestant, or had ever been affronted by the Confederates. There is no Art or Profession, whose most celebrated Masters I have not eclipsed. Where-ever I have afforded my Salutary Preference, Fevers have ceased to burn, and Agues to shake the Human Fabrick. When an Eloquent Fit has been upon me, an apt Gesture and proper Cadence has animated each Sentence, and gazing Crowds have found their Passions work'd up into Rage, or soothed into a Calm. I am short, and not very well made; yet upon Sight of a fine Woman, I have stretched into proper Stature, and killed with a good Air and Mein. These are the gay Phantoms that dance before my waking Eyes

¹ *Almanzor* is in Dryden's 'Conquest of Granada.'

'and compose my Day-Dreams. I should be the most contented happy Man alive, were the Chimerical Happiness which springs from the Paintings of the Fancy less fleeting and transitory. But alas! it is with Grief of Mind I tell you, the least Breath of Wind has often demolished my magnificent Edifices, swept away my Groves, and left no more Trace of them than if they had never been. My Exchequer has sunk and vanished by a Rap on my Door, the Salutation of a Friend has cost me a whole Continent, and in the same Moment I have been pulled by the Sleeve, my Crown has fallen from my Head. The ill Consequence of these Reveries is inconceivably great, seeing the loss of imaginary Possessions makes Impressions of real Woe. Besides, bad Oeconomy is visible and apparent in Builders of invisible Mansions. My Tenant's Advertisements of Ruins and Dilapidations often cast a Damp on my Spirits, even in the Instant when the Sun, in all his Splendor, gilds my Eastern Palaces. Add to this the pensive Drudgery in Building, and constant grasping Aerial Trowels, distracts and shatters the Mind, and the fond Builder of *Babels* is often cursed with an incoherent Diversity and Confusion of Thoughts. I do not know to whom I can more properly apply myself for Relief from this Fantastical Evil, than to yourself; whom I earnestly implore to accommodate me with a Method how to settle my Head and cool my Brain-pan. A Dissertation on Castle-Building may not only be serviceable to myself, but all Architects, who display their Skill in the thin Element. Such a Favour would oblige me to make my next Soliloquy not contain the Praises of my dear Self but of the SPECTATOR, who shall, by complying with this, make me

His Obliged, Humble Servant,

T. Vitruvius.

—◆—

No. 168.] Wednesday, September 12, 1711. [Steele.

—Pectus Præceptis format amicis.—Hor.

IT would be Arrogance to neglect the Application of my Correspondents so far as not sometimes to insert their Animadversions upon my Paper; that of this Day shall be therefore wholly composed of the Hints which they have sent me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Send you this to congratulate your late Choice of a Subject, for treating on which you deserve publick Thanks; I mean that on those licensed Tyrants the Schoolmasters. If you can disarm them of their Rods, you will certainly have your old Age revered by all the young Gentlemen of *Great-Britain* who are now between seven and seventeen Years. You may boast that the incomparably wise *Quintilian* and you are of one Mind in this Particular. *Si cui est* (says he) *mens tam illiberalis ut objurgatione non corrigatur, is etiam ad plagas, ut pessimo quæque*

*mancipia, durabitur.*¹ If any Child be of so disingenuous a Nature, as not to stand corrected by Reproof, he, like the very worst of Slaves, will be hardned even against Blows themselves. And afterwards, *Pudet dicere in quæ probra nefandi homines isto cædendi jure abutantur, i. e. I blush to say how shamefully those wicked Men abuse the Power of Correction.*

I was bred myself, Sir, in a very great School, of which the Master was a *Welchman*, but certainly descended from a *Spanish* Family, as plainly appeared from his Temper as well as his Name.² I leave you to judge what sort of a Schoolmaster a *Welchman* ingrafted on a *Spaniard* would make. So very dreadful had he made himself to me, that altho' it is above twenty Years since I felt his heavy Hand, yet still once a Month at least I dream of him, so strong an Impression did he make on my Mind. 'Tis a Sign he has fully terrified me waking, who still continues to haunt me sleeping.

And yet I may say without Vanity, that the Business of the School was what I did without great Difficulty; and I was not remarkably unlucky; and yet such was the Master's Severity that once a Month, or oftner, I suffered as much as would have satisfied the Law of the Land for a *Petty Larceny*.

Many a white and tender Hand, which the fond Mother has passionately kissed a thousand and a thousand times, have I seen whipped till it was covered with Blood: perhaps for smiling, or for going a Yard and half out of a Gate, or for writing an O for an A, or an A for an O: These were our great Faults! Many a brave and noble Spirit has been there broken; others have run from thence and were never heard of afterwards.

It is a worthy Attempt to undertake the Cause of distrest Youth; and it is a noble Piece of *Knight-Errantry* to enter the Lists against so many armed Pedagogues. 'Tis pity but we had a Set of Men, polite in their Behaviour and Method of Teaching, who should be put into a Condition of being above flattering or fearing the Parents of those they instruct. We might then possibly see Learning become a Pleasure, and Children delighting themselves in that which now they abhor for coming upon such hard Terms to them: What would be a still greater Happiness arising from the Care of such Instructors, would be, that we should have no more Pedants, nor any bred to Learning who had not Genius for it. I am, with the utmost Sincerity,

SIR,

Your most affectionate
humble Servant.

Richmond, Sept. 5th, 1711.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am a Boy of fourteen Years of Age, and have for this last Year been under the Tuition of a Doctor of Divinity, who has taken the School of this Place under his Care.³ From the Gentle-

¹ Instit. Orat. Bk. I. ch. 3.

² Dr. Charles Roderick, Head Master of Eton.

³ Dr. Nicholas Brady, Tate's colleague in versi-

man's great Tenderness to me and Friendship to my Father, I am very happy in learning my Book with Pleasure. We never leave off our Diversions any farther than to salute him at Hours of Play when he pleases to look on. It is impossible for any of us to love our own Parents better than we do him. He never gives any of us an harsh Word, and we think it the greatest Punishment in the World when he will not speak to any of us. My Brother and I are both together inditing this Letter: He is a Year older than I am, but is now ready to break his Heart that the Doctor has not taken any Notice of him these three Days. If you please to print this he will see it, and, we hope, taking it for my Brother's earnest Desire to be restored to his Favour, he will again smile upon him.

Your most obedient Servant,
T. S.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

You have represented several sorts of *Impertinents* singly, I wish you would now proceed, and describe some of them in Sets. It often happens in publick Assemblies, that a Party who came thither together, or whose Impertinencies are of an equal Pitch, act in Concert, and are so full of themselves as to give Disturbance to all that are about them. Sometimes you have a Set of Whisperers, who lay their Heads together in order to sacrifice every Body within their Observation; sometimes a Set of Laughers, that keep up an insipid Mirth in their own Corner, and by their Noise and Gestures shew they have no Respect for the rest of the Company. You frequently meet with these Sets at the Opera, the Play, the Water-works,¹ and other publick Meetings, where their whole Business is to draw off the Attention of the Spectators from the Entertainment, and to fix it upon themselves; and it is to be observed that the Impertinence is ever loudest, when the Set happens to be made up of three or four Females who have got what you call a Woman's Man among them.

I am at a loss to know from whom People of Fortune should learn this Behaviour, unless it be from the Footmen who keep their Places at a new Play, and are often seen passing away their Time in Sets at *All-fours* in the Face of a full House, and with a perfect Disregard to People of Quality sitting on each Side of them.

For preserving therefore the Decency of publick Assemblies, methinks it would be but reasonable that those who Disturb others should pay at least a double Price for their Places; or rather Women of Birth and Distinction should be informed that a Levity of Behaviour in the Eyes of People of Understanding degrades them below their meanest Attendants; and Gentlemen should know that a fine Coat is a Livery, when the

fiction of the Psalms. He was Rector of Clapham and Minister of Richmond, where he had the school. He died in 1726, aged 67.

¹ The Water Theatre, invented by Mr. Winstanley, and exhibited by his widow at the lower end of Piccadilly.

' Person who wears it discovers no higher Sense
' than that of a Footman. I am

SIR,
Your most humble Servant.
Bedfordshire, Sept. 1, 1711.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' I am, one of those whom every Body calls a
' Pocher, and sometimes go out to course with a
' Brace of Greyhounds, a Mastiff, and a Spaniel
' or two; and when I am weary with Coursing,
' and have killed Hares enough, go to an Ale-
' house to refresh my self. I beg the Favour of
' you (as you set up for a Reformer) to send us
' Word how many Dogs you will allow us to go
' with, how many Full-Pots of Ale to drink, and
' how many Hares to kill in a Day, and you will
' do a great Piece of Service to all the Sports-
' men: Be quick then, for the Time of Coursing
' is come on.

Yours in Haste,
Isaac Hedgeditch.

T.

No. 169.] Thursday, Sept. 13, 1711. [Addison.

*Sic vita erat: facile omnes perferre ac pati:
Cum quibus erat cunq̄ue una, his sese dedere,
Eorum obsequi studiis: advorsus nemini;
Nunquam præponens se aliis: Ita facillime
Sine invidia invenias laudem.*— Ter. And.

MAN is subject to innumerable Pains and Sorrows by the very Condition of Humanity, and yet, as if Nature had not sown Evils enough in Life, we are continually adding Grief to Grief, and aggravating the common Calamity by our cruel Treatment of one another. Every Man's natural Weight of Afflictions is still made more heavy by the Envy, Malice, Treachery, or Injustice of his Neighbour. At the same time that the Storm beats upon the whole Species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the Misery of Human Life might be extinguished, would Men alleviate the general Curse they lie under, by mutual Offices of Compassion, Benevolence, and Humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in our selves and others, than that Disposition of Mind which in our Language goes under the Title of Good-nature, and which I shall chuse for the Subject of this Day's Speculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in Conversation than Wit, and gives a certain Air to the Countenance which is more amiable than Beauty. It shows Virtue in the fairest Light, takes off in some measure from the Deformity of Vice, and makes even Folly and Impertinence supportable.

There is no Society or Conversation to be kept up in the World without Good-nature, or something which must bear its Appearance, and supply its Place. For this Reason Mankind have been forced to invent a kind of Artificial Humanity, which is what we express by the Word *Good-Breeding*. For if we examine thoroughly the Idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an Imitation and Mimickry of

Good-nature, or in other Terms, Affability, Complaisance and Easiness of Temper reduced into an Art.

These exterior Shows and Appearances of Humanity render a Man wonderfully popular and beloved when they are founded upon a real Good-nature; but without it are like Hypocrisy in Religion, or a bare Form of Holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a Man more detestable than professed Impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us: Health, Prosperity and kind Treatment from the World are great Cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of it self. It is one of the Blessings of a happy Constitution, which Education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon¹ in the Life of his Imaginary Prince, whom he describes as a Pattern for Real ones, is always celebrating the *Philanthropy* or Good-nature of his Hero, which he tells us he brought into the World with him, and gives many remarkable Instances of it in his Childhood, as well as in all the several Parts of his Life. Nay, on his Death-bed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his Soul returned to him [who²] made it, his Body should incorporate with the great Mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to Mankind. For which Reason, he gives his Sons a positive Order not to enshrine it in Gold or Silver, but to lay it in the Earth as soon as the Life was gone out of it.

An Instance of such an Overflowing of Humanity, such an exuberant Love to Mankind, could not have entered into the Imagination of a Writer, who had not a Soul filled with great Ideas, and a general Benevolence to Mankind.

In that celebrated Passage of *Salust*,³ where *Cæsar* and *Cato* are placed in such beautiful, but opposite Lights; *Cæsar's* Character is chiefly made up of Good-nature, as it shewed it self in all its Forms towards his Friends or his Enemies, his Servants or Dependants, the Guilty or the Distressed. As for *Cato's* Character, it is rather awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to the Nature of God, and Mercy to that of Man. A Being who has nothing to Pardon in himself, may reward every Man according to his Works; but he whose very best Actions must be seen with Grains of Allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. For this reason, among all the monstrous Characters in Human Nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exquisitely Ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe Temper in a Worthless Man.

This Part of Good-nature, however, which consists in the pardoning and overlooking of Faults, is to be exercised only in doing our selves Justice, and that too in the ordinary Commerce and Occurrences of Life; for in the publick Administrations of Justice, Mercy to one may be Cruelty to others.

It is grown almost into a Maxim, that Good-natured Men are not always Men of the most Wit. This Observation, in my Opinion, has no

¹ Cyropædia, Bk viii. ch. 6.

² [that]

³ Catiline, c. 54.

Foundation in Nature. The greatest Wits I have conversed with are Men eminent for their Humanity. I take therefore this Remark to have been occasioned by two Reasons. First, Because Ill-nature among ordinary Observers passes for Wit. A spiteful Saying gratifies so many little Passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good Reception. The Laugh rises upon it, and the Man who utters it is looked upon as a shrewd Satyrist. This may be one Reason, why a great many pleasant Companions appear so surprisingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be Merry in Print; the Publick being more just than Private Clubs or Assemblies, in distinguishing between what is Wit and what is Ill-nature.

Another Reason why the Good-natured Man may sometimes bring his Wit in Question, is, perhaps, because he is apt to be moved with Com-

passion for those Misfortunes or Infirmities, which another would turn into Ridicule, and by that means gain the Reputation of a Wit. The Ill-natured Man, though but of equal Parts, gives himself a larger Field to expatiate in; he exposes those Failings in Human Nature which the other would cast a Veil over, laughs at Vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives utterance to Reflections which the other stifles, falls indifferently upon Friends or Enemies, exposes the Person [who¹] has obliged him, and, in short, sticks at nothing that may establish his Character of a Wit. It is no Wonder therefore he succeeds in it better than the Man of Humanity, as a Person who makes use of indirect Methods, is more likely to grow Rich than the Fair Trader. L.

¹ [that]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY BOYLE, ESQ.¹

SIR,

AS the profest Design of this Work is to entertain its Readers in general, without giving Offence to any particular Person, it would be difficult to find out so proper a Patron for it as Your Self, there being none whose Merit is more universally acknowledged by all Parties, and who has made himself more Friends and fewer Enemies. Your great Abilities, and unquestioned Integrity, in those high Employments which You have passed through, would not have been able to have raised You this general Approbation, had they not been accompanied with that Moderation in an high Fortune, and that Affability of Manners, which are so conspicuous through all Parts of your Life. Your Aversion to any Ostentatious Arts of setting to Show those great Services which you have done the Publick, has not like-

wise a little contributed to that Universal Acknowledgment which is paid You by your Country.

The Consideration of this Part of Your Character, is that which hinders me from enlarging on those Extraordinary Talents, which have given You so great a Figure in the *British* Senate, as well as on that Elegance and Politeness which appear in Your more retired Conversation. I should be unpardonable, if, after what I have said, I should longer detain You with an Address of this Nature: I cannot, however, conclude it without owning those great Obligations which You have laid upon,

SIR,
Your most obedient,
humble Servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

No. 170.] Friday, September 14, 1711. [Addison.

*In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: injuria,
Suspiciones, inimicitiae, induciae,
Bellum, pax rursus* Ter. Eun.

UPON looking over the Letters of my female Correspondents, I find several from Women

¹ Henry Boyle, to whom the third volume of the Spectator is dedicated, was the youngest son of Charles, Lord Clifford; one of the family founded by the Richard, Earl of Cork, who bought Raleigh's property in Ireland. From March, 1701, to February, 1707-8, Henry Boyle was King William's Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was then, till September, 1710, one of the principal Secretaries of State. He had materially helped

complaining of jealous Husbands, and at the same time protesting their own Innocence; and desiring my Advice on this Occasion. I shall therefore take this Subject into my Consideration, and the more willingly, because I find that the Marquis of *Hallifax*, who in his *Advice to a Daughter*,¹ has instructed a Wife how to behave her self towards a false, an intemperate, a choleric, a sullen, a covetous, or a silly Husband, has not spoken one Word of a Jealous Husband.

Addison by negotiating between him and Lord Godolphin respecting the celebration of the Battle of Blenheim. On the accession of George I. Henry Boyle became Lord Carleton and President of the Council. He died in 1724, and had his Life written by Addison's cousin Budgell.

¹ *Miscellanies* by the late lord Marquis of Halifax' (George Saville, who died in 1695), 1704, pp. 18-31.

Jealousy is that Pain which a Man feels from the Apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the Person whom he entirely loves. Now, because our inward Passions and Inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous Man to be thoroughly cured of his Suspicions. His Thoughts hang at best in a State of Doubtfulness and Uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any Satisfaction on the advantageous Side; so that his Enquiries are most successful when they discover nothing: His Pleasure arises from his Disappointments, and his Life is spent in Pursuit of a Secret that destroys his Happiness if he chance to find it.

An ardent Love is always a strong Ingredient in this Passion; for the same Affection which stirs up the jealous Man's Desires, and gives the Party beloved so beautiful a Figure in his Imagination, makes him believe she kindles the same Passion in others, and appears as amiable to all Beholders. And as Jealousy thus arises from an extraordinary Love, it is of so delicate a Nature, that it scorns to take up with any thing less than an equal Return of Love. Not the warmest Expressions of Affection, the softest and most tender Hypocrisy, are able to give any Satisfaction, where we are not persuaded that the Affection is real and the Satisfaction mutual. For the jealous Man wishes himself a kind of Deity to the Person he loves: He would be the only Pleasure of her Senses, the Employment of her Thoughts; and is angry at every thing she admires, or takes Delight in, besides himself.

Phædria's Request to his Mistress, upon his leaving her for three Days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

*Cum milite isto præsens, absens ut sies:
Dies, noctesque me ames: me desideres:
Me somnies: me exspectes: de me cogites:
Me speres: me te oblectes: mecum tota sis:
Meus fac sis postremo animus, quando ego sum
tuus.—Ter. Eun.¹*

The Jealous Man's Disease is of so malignant a Nature, that it converts all he takes into its own Nourishment. A cool Behaviour sets him on the Rack, and is interpreted as an instance of Aversion or Indifference; a fond one raises his Suspicions, and looks too much like Dissimulation and Artifice. If the Person he loves be cheerful, her Thoughts must be employed on another; and if sad, she is certainly thinking on himself. In short, there is no Word or Gesture so insignificant, but it gives him new Hints, feeds his Suspicions, and furnishes him with fresh Matters of Discovery: So that if we consider the effects of this Passion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate Hatred than an excessive Love; for certainly none can meet with more Disquietude and Uneasiness than a suspected Wife, if we except the jealous Husband.

¹ 'When you are in company with that Soldier, 'behave as if you were absent: but continue to 'love me by Day and by Night: want me; dream 'of me; expect me; think of me; wish for me; 'delight in me: be wholly with me: in short, be 'my very Soul, as I am yours.'

But the great Unhappiness of this Passion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the Affection which it is so solicitous to engross; and that for these two Reasons, because it lays too great a Constraint on the Words and Actions of the suspected Person, and at the same time shews you have no honourable Opinion of her; both of which are strong Motives to Aversion.

Nor is this the worst Effect of Jealousy; for it often draws after it a more fatal Train of Consequences, and makes the Person you suspect guilty of the very Crimes you are so much afraid of. It is very natural for such who are treated ill and upbraided falsely, to find out an intimate Friend that will hear their Complaints, condole their Sufferings, and endeavour to sooth and assuage their secret Resentments. Besides, Jealousy puts a Woman often in Mind of an ill Thing that she would not otherwise perhaps have thought of, and fills her Imagination with such an unlucky Idea, as in Time grows familiar, excites Desire, and loses all the Shame and Horror which might at first attend it. Nor is it a Wonder if she who suffers wrongfully in a Man's Opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his Esteem, resolves to give him reason for his Suspicions, and to enjoy the Pleasure of the Crime, since she must undergo the Ignominy. Such probably were the Considerations that directed the wise Man in his Advice to Husbands; *Be not jealous over the Wife of thy Bosom, and teach her not an evil Lesson against thy self.* Ecclus.¹

And here, among the other Torments which this Passion produces, we may usually observe that none are greater Mourners than jealous Men, when the Person [who²] provoked their Jealousy is taken from them. Then it is that their Love breaks out furiously, and throws off all the Mixtures of Suspicion [which³] choaked and smothered it before. The beautiful Parts of the Character rise uppermost in the jealous Husband's Memory, and upbraid him with the ill Usage of so divine a Creature as was once in his Possession; whilst all the little Imperfections, that were [before⁴] so uneasie to him, wear off from his Remembrance, and shew themselves no more.

We may see by what has been said, that Jealousy takes the deepest Root in Men of amorous Dispositions; and of these we may find three Kinds who are most over-run with it.

The First are those who are conscious to themselves of an Infirmary, whether it be Weakness, Old Age, Deformity, Ignorance, or the like. These Men are so well acquainted with the unamiable Part of themselves, that they have not the Confidence to think they are really beloved; and are so distrustful of their own Merits, that all Fondness towards them puts them out of Countenance, and looks like a Jest upon their Persons. They grow suspicious on their first looking in a Glass, and are stung with Jealousy at the sight of a Wrinkle. A handsome Fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their thoughts upon their Wives.

A Second Sort of Men, who are most liable to

¹ Ecclus. ix. 1.
³ [that]

² [that]
⁴ [formerly]

this Passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful Tempers. It is a Fault very justly found in Histories composed by Politicians, that they leave nothing to Chance or Humour, but are still for deriving every Action from some Plot and Contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual Scheme of Causes and Events, and preserving a constant Correspondence between the Camp and the Council-Table. And thus it happens in the Affairs of Love with Men of too refined a Thought. They put a Construction on a Look, and find out a Design in a Smile; they give new Senses and Significations to Words and Actions; and are ever tormenting themselves with Fancies of their own raising: They generally act in a Disguise themselves, and therefore mistake all outward Shows and Appearances for Hypocrisy in others; so that I believe no Men see less of the Truth and Reality of Things, than these great Refiners upon Incidents, [who¹] are so wonderfully subtle and over-wise in their Conceptions.

Now what these Men fancy they know of Women by Reflection, your lewd and vicious Men believe they have learned by Experience. They have seen the poor Husband so misled by Tricks and Artifices, and in the midst of his Enquiries so lost and bewilder'd in a crooked Intreague, that they still suspect an Under-Plot in every female Action; and especially where they see any Resemblance in the Behaviour of two Persons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the same Design in both. These Men therefore bear hard upon the suspected Party, pursue her close through all her Turnings and Windings, and are too well acquainted with the Chace, to be slung off by any false Steps or Doubles: Besides, their Acquaintance and Conversation has lain wholly among the vicious Part of Womankind, and therefore it is no Wonder they censure all alike, and look upon the whole Sex as a Species of Impostors. But if, notwithstanding their private Experience, they can get over these Prejudices, and entertain a favourable Opinion of some *Women*; yet their own loose Desires will stir up new Suspicions from another Side, and make them believe all *Men* subject to the same Inclinations with themselves.

Whether these or other Motives are most predominant, we learn from the modern Histories of *America*, as well as from our own Experience in this Part of the World, that Jealousy is no Northern Passion, but rages most in those Nations that lie nearest the Influence of the Sun. It is a Misfortune for a Woman to be born between the Tropicks; for there lie the hottest Regions of Jealousy, which as you come Northward cools all along with the Climate, till you scarce meet with any thing like it in the Polar Circle. Our own Nation is very temperately situated in this respect; and if we meet with some few disordered with the Violence of this Passion, they are not the proper Growth of our Country, but are many Degrees nearer the Sun in their Constitutions than in their Climate.

After this frightful Account of Jealousy, and the Persons [who²] are most subject to it, it will be but fair to shew by what means the Passion

may be best allay'd, and those who are possessed with it set at Ease. Other Faults indeed are not under the Wife's Jurisdiction, and should, if possible, escape her Observation; but Jealousy calls upon her particularly for its Cure, and deserves all her Art and Application in the Attempt: Besides, she has this for her Encouragement, that her Endeavours will be always pleasing, and that she will still find the Affection of her Husband rising towards her in proportion as his Doubts and Suspicions vanish; for, as we have seen all along, there is so great a Mixture of Love in Jealousy as is well worth separating. But this shall be the Subject of another Paper. L.

No. 171.] Saturday, Sept. 15, 1711. [Addison.

Credula res amor est— Ovid. Met.

HAVING in my Yesterday's Paper discovered the Nature of Jealousie, and pointed out the Persons who are most subject to it, I must here apply my self to my fair Correspondents, who desire to live well with a Jealous Husband, and to ease his Mind of its unjust Suspicions.

The first Rule I shall propose to be observed is, that you never seem to dislike in another what the Jealous Man is himself guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himself does not excel. A Jealous Man is very quick in his Applications, he knows how to find a double Edge in an Invective, and to draw a Satyr on himself out of a Panegyrick on another. He does not trouble himself to consider the Person, but to direct the Character; and is secretly pleased or confounded as he finds more or less of himself in it. The Commendation of any thing in another, stirs up his Jealousy, as it shews you have a Value for others, besides himself; but the Commendation of that which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shews that in some Respects you prefer others before him. Jealousie is admirably described in this View by *Horace* in his Ode to *Lydia* [;¹]

*Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manet; humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.*

*When Telephus his youthful Charms,
His rosie Neck and winding Arms,
With endless Rapture you recite,
And in the pleasing Name delight;
My Heart, inflam'd by jealous Heats,
With numberless Resentments beats;
From my pale Cheek the Colour flies,
And all the Man within me dies:*

¹ [that]

² [that]

¹ [part of which I find Translated to my Hand.]

*By Turns my hidden Grief appears
In rising Sighs and falling Tears,
That shew too well the warm Desires,
The silent, slow, consuming Fires,
Which on my inmost Vitals prey,
And melt my very Soul away.*

The Jealous Man is not indeed angry if you dislike another: but if you find those Faults which are to be found in his own Character, you discover not only your Dislike of another, but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of ingrossing all your Love, that he is grieved at the want of any Charm, which he believes has Power to raise it; and if he finds by your Censures on others, that he is not so agreeable in your Opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other Qualifications, and that by Consequence your Affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his Temper be grave or sullen, you must not be too much pleased with a Jest, or transported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his Beauty be none of the best, you must be a professed Admirer of Prudence, or any other Quality he is Master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you must be sure to be free and open in your Conversation with him, and to let in Light upon your Actions, to unravel all your Designs, and discover every Secret however trifling or indifferent. A jealous Husband has a particular Aversion to Winks and Whispers, and if he does not see to the Bottom of every thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his Fears and Suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief Confident, and where he finds himself kept out of a Secret, will believe there is more in it than there should be. And here it is of great concern, that you preserve the Character of your Sincerity uniform and of a piece: for if he once finds a false Gloss put upon any single Action, he quickly suspects all the rest; his working Imagination immediately takes a false Hint, and runs off with it into several remote Consequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own Misery.

If both these Methods fail, the best way will be to let him see you are much cast down and afflicted for the ill Opinion he entertains of you, and the Disquietudes he himself suffers for your Sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous Pleasure in the Jealousy of those [who¹] love them, that insult over an aking Heart, and triumph in their Charms which are able to excite so much Uneasiness.

Ardeat ipsa licet tormentis gaudet amantis.
Juv.

But these often carry the Humour so far, till their affected Coldness and Indifference quite kills all the Fondness of a Lover, and are then sure to meet in their Turn with all the Contempt and Scorn that is due to so insolent a Behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy, dejected Carriage, the usual effects of injured Innocence, may soften the jealous Husband into Pity, make him sensible of the Wrong he does

you, and work out of his Mind all those Fears and Suspicions that make you both unhappy. At least it will have this good Effect, that he will keep his Jealousy to himself, and repine in private, either because he is sensible it is a Weakness, and will therefore hide it from your Knowledge, or because he will be apt to fear some ill Effect it may produce, in cooling your Love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There is still another Secret that can never fail, if you can once get it believ'd, and which is often practis'd by Women of greater Cunning than Virtue: This is to change Sides for a while with the jealous Man, and to turn his own Passion upon himself; to take some Occasion of growing Jealous of him, and to follow the Example he himself hath set you. This Counterfeited Jealousy will bring him a great deal of Pleasure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much Love goes along with [this Passion,¹] and will [besides feel²] something like the Satisfaction of a Revenge, in seeing you undergo all his own Tortures. But this, indeed, is an Artifice so difficult, and at the same time so dis-ingenuous, that it ought never to be put in Practice, but by such as have Skill enough to cover the Deceit, and Innocence to render it excusable.

I shall conclude this Essay with the Story of *Herod and Mariamne*, as I have collected it out of *Josephus*;³ which may serve almost as an Example to whatever can be said on this Subject.

Mariamne had all the Charms that Beauty, Birth, Wit and Youth could give a Woman, and *Herod* all the Love that such Charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous Disposition. In the midst of this his Fondness for *Mariamne*, he put her Brother to Death, as he did her Father not many Years after. The Barbarity of the Action was represented to *Mark Antony*, who immediately summoned *Herod* into *Egypt*, to answer for the Crime that was there laid to his Charge. *Herod* attributed the Summons to *Antony's* Desire of *Mariamne*, whom therefore, before his Departure, he gave into the Custody of his Uncle *Joseph*, with private Orders to put her to Death, if any such Violence was offered to himself. This *Joseph* was much delighted with *Mariamne's* Conversation, and endeavoured, with all his Art and Rhetorick, to set out the Excess of *Herod's* Passion for her; but when he still found her Cold and Incredulous, he inconsiderately told her, as a certain Instance of her Lord's Affection, the private Orders he had left behind him, which plainly shewed, according to *Joseph's* Interpretation, that he could neither Live nor Die without her. This Barbarous Instance of a wild unreasonable Passion quite put out, for a time, those little Remains of Affection she still had for her Lord: Her Thoughts were so wholly taken up with the Cruelty of his Orders, that she could not consider the Kindness that produced them, and therefore represented him in her Imagination, rather under the frightful Idea of a Murderer than a Lover. *Herod* was at length acquitted and dis-

¹ [it]² [receive]³ *Antiquities of the Jews*, Bk. xv. ch. iii. § 5, 6, 9; ch. vii. § 1, 2, &c.¹ [that]

missed by *Mark Antony*, when his Soul was all in Flames for his *Mariamne*; but before their Meeting, he was not a little alarm'd at the Report he had heard of his Uncle's Conversation and Familiarity with her in his Absence. This therefore was the first Discourse he entertained her with, in which she found it no easy matter to quiet his Suspicions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her Innocence, that from Reproaches and Wranglings he fell to Tears and Embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their Reconciliation, and *Herod* poured out his whole Soul to her in the warmest Protestations of Love and Constancy: when amidst all his Sighs and Languishings she asked him, whether the private Orders he left with his Uncle *Joseph* were an Instance of such an inflamed Affection. The Jealous King was immediately roused at so unexpected a Question, and concluded his Uncle must have been too Familiar with her, before he would have discovered such a Secret. In short, he put his Uncle to Death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himself to spare *Mariamne*.

After this he was forced on a second Journey into *Egypt*, when he committed his Lady to the Care of *Sohemus*, with the same private Orders he had before given his Uncle, if any Mischief befel himself. In the mean while *Mariamne* so won upon *Sohemus* by her Presents and obliging Conversation, that she drew all the Secret from him, with which *Herod* had intrusted him; so that after his Return, when he flew to her with all the Transports of Joy and Love, she received him coldly with Sighs and Tears, and all the Marks of Indifference and Aversion. This Reception so stirred up his Indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own Hands, had not he feared he himself should have become the greater Sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent Return of Love upon him, *Mariamne* was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal Caresses and Endearments; but she declined his Embraces, and answered all his Fondness with bitter Invectives for the Death of her Father and her Brother. This Behaviour so incensed *Herod*, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the Heat of their Quarrel there came in a Witness, suborn'd by some of *Mariamne's* Enemies, who accused her to the King of a Design to poison him. *Herod* was now prepared to hear any thing in her Prejudice, and immediately ordered her Servant to be stretch'd upon the Rack; who in the Extremity of his Tortures confest, that his Mistress's Aversion to the King arose from [something¹] *Sohemus* had told her; but as for any Design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least Knowledge of it. This Confession quickly proved fatal to *Sohemus*, who now lay under the same Suspicions and Sentence that *Joseph* had before him on the like Occasion. Nor would *Herod* rest here; but accused her with great Vehemence of a Design upon his Life, and by his Authority with the Judges had her publickly Condemned and Executed. *Herod* soon after her Death grew melan-

¹ [some thing that]

choly and dejected, retiring from the Publick Administration of Affairs into a solitary Forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black Considerations, which naturally arise from a Passion made up of Love, Remorse, Pity and Despair, he used to rave for his *Mariamne*, and to call upon her in his distracted Fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his Thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an Object by Publick Storms, which at that Time very nearly threatned him. L.

No. 172.] Monday, September 17, 1711. [Steele.

Non solum Scientia, quæ est remota a Justitia, Calliditas potius quam Sapientia est appellanda; verum etiam Animus paratus ad periculum, si suâ cupiditate, non utilitate communi impellitur, Audaciæ potius nomen habeat, quam Fortitudinis—— Plato apud Tull.

THERE can be no greater Injury to humane Society than that good Talents among Men should be held honourable to those who are endowed with them without any Regard how they are applied. The Gifts of Nature and Accomplishments of Art are valuable, but as they are exerted in the Interest of Virtue, or governed by the Rules of Honour. We ought to abstract our Minds from the Observation of any Excellence in those we converse with, till we have taken some Notice, or received some good Information of the Disposition of their Minds; otherwise the Beauty of their Persons, or the Charms of their Wit, may make us fond of those whom our Reason and Judgment will tell us we ought to abhor.

When we suffer our selves to be thus carried away by meer Beauty, or meer Wit, *Omniamante*, with all her Vice, will bear away as much of our Good-will as the most innocent Virgin or discreetest Matron; and there cannot be a more abject Slavery in this World, than to doat upon what we think we ought to contemn: Yet this must be our Condition in all the Parts of Life, if we suffer our selves to approve any Thing but what tends to the Promotion of what is good and honourable. If we would take true Pains with our selves to consider all Things by the Light of Reason and Justice, tho' a Man were in the Height of Youth and amorous Inclinations, he would look upon a Coquet with the same Contempt or Indifference as he would upon a Coxcomb: The wanton Carriage in a Woman, would disappoint her of the Admiration which she aims at; and the vain Dress or Discourse of a Man would destroy the Comeliness of his Shape, or Goodness of his Understanding. I say the Goodness of his Understanding, for it is no less common to see Men of Sense commence Coxcombs, than beautiful Women become immodest. When this happens in either, the Favour we are naturally inclined to give to the good Qualities they have from Nature, should abate in Proportion. But however just it is to measure the Value of Men by the Application of their Talents, and not by the Eminence of those

Qualities abstracted from their Use; I say, however just such a Way of judging is, in all Ages as well as this, the Contrary has prevailed upon the Generality of Mankind. How many lewd Devices have been preserved from one Age to another, which had perished as soon as they were made, if Painters and Sculptors had been esteemed as much for the Purpose as the Execution of their Designs? Modest and well-governed Imaginations have by this Means lost the Representations of Ten Thousand charming Portraits, filled with Images of innate Truth, generous Zeal, courageous Faith, and tender Humanity; instead of which, Satyrs, Furies, and Monsters are recommended by those Arts to a shameful Eternity.

The unjust Application of laudable Talents, is tolerated, in the general Opinion of Men, not only in such Cases as are here mentioned, but also in Matters which concern ordinary Life. If a Lawyer were to be esteemed only as he uses his Parts in contending for Justice, and were immediately despicable when he appeared in a Cause which he could not but know was an unjust one, how honourable would his Character be? And how honourable is it in such among us, who follow the Profession no otherwise than as labouring to protect the Injured, to subdue the Oppressor, to imprison the careless Debtor, and do right to the painful Artificer? But many of this excellent Character are overlooked by the greater Number; who affect covering a weak Place in a Client's Title, diverting the Course of an Enquiry, or finding a skilful Refuge to palliate a Falsehood: Yet it is still called Eloquence in the latter, though thus unjustly employed; but Resolution in an Assassin is according to Reason quite as laudable, as Knowledge and Wisdom exercised in the Defence of an ill Cause.

Were the Intention stedfastly considered, as the Measure of Approbation, all Falsehood would soon be out of Countenance; and an Address in imposing upon Mankind, would be as contemptible in one State of Life as another. A Couple of Courtiers making Professions of Esteem, would make the same Figure under Breach of Promise, as two Knights of the Post convicted of Perjury. But Conversation is fallen so low in point of Morality, that as they say in a Bargain, *Let the Buyer look to it*; so in Friendship, he is the Man in Danger who is most apt to believe: He is the more likely to suffer in the Commerce, who begins with the Obligation of being the more ready to enter into it.

But those Men only are truly great, who place their Ambition rather in acquiring to themselves the Conscience of worthy Enterprizes, than in the Prospect of Glory which attends them. These exalted Spirits would rather be secretly the Authors of Events which are serviceable to Mankind, than, without being such, to have the publick Fame of it. Where therefore an eminent Merit is robbed by Artifice or Detraction, it does but encrease by such Endeavours of its Enemies: The impotent Pains which are taken to sully it, or diffuse it among a Crowd to the Injury of a single Person, will naturally produce the contrary Effect; the Fire will blaze out, and burn up all that attempt to smother what they cannot extinguish.

There is but one thing necessary to keep the Possession of true Glory, which is, to hear the Opposers of it with Patience, and preserve the Virtue by which it was acquired. When a Man is thoroughly perswaded that he ought neither to admire, wish for, or pursue any thing but what is exactly his Duty, it is not in the Power of Seasons, Persons, or Accidents to diminish his Value: He only is a great Man who can neglect the Applause of the Multitude, and enjoy himself independent of its Favour. This is indeed an arduous Task; but it should comfort a glorious Spirit that it is the highest Step to which human Nature can arrive. Triumph, Applause, Acclamation, are dear to the Mind of Man; but it is still a more exquisite Delight to say to your self, you have done well, than to hear the whole human Race pronounce you glorious, except you your self can join with them in your own Reflections. A Mind thus equal and uniform may be deserted by little fashionable Admirers and Followers, but will ever be had in Reverence by Souls like it self. The Branches of the Oak endure all the Seasons of the Year, though its Leaves fall off in Autumn; and these too will be restored with the returning Spring. T.

No. 173.] Tuesday, September 18, 1711. [Addison.

—Remove fera monstra, tuæque
Saxificos vultus, quæcunque ea, tolle Medusæ.
Ovid. Met.

IN a late Paper I mention'd the Project of an Ingenious Author for the erecting of several Handicraft Prizes to be contended for by our *British* Artizans, and the Influence they might have towards the Improvement of our several Manufactures. I have since that been very much surprized by the following Advertisement which I find in the *Post-Boy* of the 11th Instant, and again repeated in the *Post-Boy* of the 15th.

On the 9th of October next will be run for upon Coleshill-Heath in Warwickshire, a Plate of 6 Guineas Value, 3 Heats, by any Horse, Mare or Gelding that hath not won above the Value of £5, the winning Horse to be sold for £10, to carry 10 Stone Weight, if 14 Hands high; if above or under to carry or be allowed Weight for Inches, and to be entered Friday the 5th at the Swan in Coleshill, before Six in the Evening. Also a Plate of less Value to be run for by Asses. The same Day a Gold Ring to be Grinn'd for by Men.

The first of these Diversions, that is to be exhibited by the £10 Race-Horses, may probably have its Use; but the two last, in which the Asses and Men are concerned, seem to me altogether extraordinary and unaccountable. Why they should keep Running Asses at *Coleshill*, or how making Mouths turns to account in *Warwickshire*, more than in any other Parts of *England*, I cannot comprehend. I have looked over all the Olympic Games, and do not find any thing in them like an Ass-Race, or a Match at Grinning.

However it be, I am informed that several Asses are now kept in Body-Cloaths, and sweated every Morning upon the Heath, and that all the Country-Fellows within ten Miles of the *Swan*, grin an Hour or two in their Glasses every Morning, in order to qualify themselves for the 9th of *October*. The Prize, which is proposed to be Grinn'd for, has raised such an Ambition among the Common People of Out-grinning one another, that many very discerning Persons are afraid it should spoil most of the Faces in the Country; and that a *Warwickshire* Man will be known by his Grinn, as Roman-Catholics imagine a *Kentish* Man is by his Tail. The Gold Ring which is made the Prize of Deformity, is just the Reverse of the Golden Apple that was formerly made the Prize of Beauty, and should carry for its Posy the old Motto inverted.

Detur tetrioni.

Or to accommodate it to the Capacity of the Combatants,

*The frightfullst Grinner
Be the Winner.*

In the mean while I would advise a *Dutch* Painter to be present at this great Controversy of Faces, in order to make a Collection of the most remarkable Grinns that shall be there exhibited.

I must not here omit an Account which I lately received of one of these Grinning-Matches from a Gentleman, who, upon reading the above-mentioned Advertisement, entertained a Coffee-house with the following Narrative. Upon the taking of *Namur*,¹ amidst other publick Rejoicings made on that Occasion, there was a Gold Ring given by a Whig Justice of Peace to be grinn'd for. The first Competitor that entered the Lists, was a black swarthy *French Man*, who accidentally passed that way, and being a Man naturally of a wither'd Look, and hard Features, promised himself good Success. He was placed upon a Table in the great Point of View, and looking upon the Company like *Milton's* Death,

Grinn'd [horribly²] a Ghastly Smile——

His Muscles were so drawn together on each side of his Face, that he shew'd twenty Teeth at a Grinn, and put the County in some pain, lest a Foreigner should carry away the Honour of the Day; but upon a farther Tryal they found he was Master only of the merry Grinn.

The next that mounted the Table was a Male-content in those Days, and a great Master in the whole Art of Grinning, but particularly excelled in the angry Grinn. He did his Part so well, that he is said to have made half a dozen Women miscarry; but the Justice being apprised by one who stood near him, that the Fellow who Grinned in his Face was a *Jacobite*, and being unwilling that a Disaffected Person should win the Gold

Ring, and be looked upon as the best Grinner in the Country, he ordered the Oaths to be tendered unto him upon his quitting the Table, which the Grinner refusing, he was set aside as an unqualified Person. There were several other Grotesque Figures that presented themselves, which it would be too tedious to describe. I must not however omit a Ploughman, who lived in the farther Part of the Country, and being very lucky in a Pair of long Lanthorn-Jaws, wrung his face into such a hideous Grimace that every Feature of it appeared under a different Distortion. The whole Company stood astonished at such a complicated Grinn, and were ready to assign the Prize to him, had it not been proved by one of his Antagonists, that he had practised with Verjuice for some Days before, and had a Crab found upon him at the very time of Grinning; upon which the best Judges of Grinning declared it as their Opinion, that he was not to be looked upon as a fair Grinner, and therefore ordered him to be set aside as a Cheat.

The Prize, it seems, fell at length upon a Cobler, *Giles Gorgon* by Name, who produced several new Grinns of his own Invention, having been used to cut Faces for many Years together over his Last. At the very first Grinn he cast every Human Feature out of his Countenance; at the second he became the Face of a Spout; at the third a Baboon, at the fourth the Head of a Base-Viol, and at the fifth a Pair of Nut-Crackers. The whole Assembly wondered at his Accomplishments, and bestowed the Ring on him unanimously; but, what he esteemed more than all the rest, a Country Wench, whom he had wooed in vain for above five Years before, was so charmed with his Grinns, and the Applauses which he received on all Sides, that she Married him the Week following, and to this Day wears the Prize upon her Finger, the Cobler having made use of it as his Wedding-Ring.

This Paper might perhaps seem very impertinent, if it grew serious in the Conclusion. I would nevertheless leave it to the Consideration of those who are the Patrons of this monstrous Tryal of Skill, whether or no they are not guilty, in some measure, of an Affront to their Species, in treating after this manner the *Human Face Divine*, and turning that Part of us, which has so great an Image impressed upon it, into the Image of a Monkey; whether the raising such silly Competitions among the Ignorant, proposing Prizes for such useless Accomplishments, filling the common People's Heads with such Senseless Ambitions, and inspiring them with such absurd Ideas of Superiority and Preheminence, has not in it something Immoral as well as Ridiculous.¹

L.

¹ Two volumes of Original Letters sent to the *Tatler* and *Spectator* and not inserted, were published by Charles Lillie in 1725. In Vol. II. (pp. 72, 73), is a letter from Coleshill, informing the *Spectator* that in deference to his opinion, and chiefly through the mediation of some neighbouring ladies, the Grinning Match had been abandoned, and requesting his advice as to the disposal of the Grinning Prize.

¹ Sept. 1, 1695.

² [horridly]. Neither is quite right.

'Death
'Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile.'
P. L., Bk. II. l. 864.

No. 174.] Wednesday, September 19, 1711. [Steele.

Hæc memini et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.—Virg.

THERE is scarce any thing more common than Animosities between Parties that cannot subsist but by their Agreement: this was well represented in the Seditious of the Members of the humane Body in the old *Roman* Fable. It is often the Case of lesser confederate States against a superior Power, which are hardly held together, though their Unanimity is necessary for their common Safety: and this is always the Case of the landed and trading Interest of *Great Britain*: the Trader is fed by the Product of the Land, and the landed Man cannot be clothed but by the Skill of the Trader; and yet those Interests are ever jarring.

We had last Winter an Instance of this at our Club, in Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, Opposition of Opinions. It happened that one of the Company, in an Historical Discourse, was observing, that *Carthaginian* Faith¹ was a proverbial Phrase to intimate Breach of Leagues. Sir ROGER said it could hardly be otherwise: That the *Carthaginians* were the greatest Traders in the World; and as Gain is the chief End of such a People, they never pursue any other: The Means to it are never regarded; they will, if it comes easily, get Money honestly; but if not, they will not scruple to attain it by Fraud or Cozenage: And indeed, what is the whole Business of the Trader's Account, but to over-reach him who trusts to his Memory? But were that not so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose Attention is for ever fixed upon ballancing his Books, and watching over his Expences? And at best, let Frugality and Parsimony be the Virtues of the Merchant, how much is his punctual Dealing below a Gentleman's Charity to the Poor, or Hospitality among his Neighbours?

CAPTAIN SENTRY observed Sir ANDREW very diligent in hearing Sir ROGER, and had a mind to turn the Discourse, by taking notice in general, from the highest to the lowest Parts of human Society, there was a secret, tho' unjust, Way among Men, of indulging the Seeds of ill Nature and Envy, by comparing their own State of Life to that of another, and grudging the Approach of their Neighbour to their own Happiness; and on the other Side, he who is the less at his Ease, repines at the other who, he thinks, has unjustly the Advantage over him. Thus the Civil and Military Lists look upon each other with much ill Nature; the Soldier repines at the Courtier's Power, and the Courtier rallies the Soldier's Honour; or, to come to lower Instances, the private Men in the Horse and Foot of an Army, the Carmen and Coachmen in the City Streets, mutually look upon each other with ill Will, when they are in Competition for Quarters or the Way, in their respective Motions.

¹ Punica fides.

It is very well, good Captain, interrupted Sir ANDREW: You may attempt to turn the Discourse if you think fit; but I must however have a Word or two with Sir ROGER, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the Merchant. I shall not, continued he, at this time remind Sir ROGER of the great and noble Monuments of Charity and Publick Spirit, which have been erected by Merchants since the Reformation, but at present content my self with what he allows us, Parsimony and Frugality. If it were consistent with the Quality of so antient a Baronet as Sir ROGER, to keep an Account, or measure Things by the most infallible Way, that of Numbers, he would prefer our Parsimony to his Hospitality. If to drink so many Hogsheads is to be Hospitable, we do not contend for the Fame of that Virtue; but it would be worth while to consider, whether so many Artificers at work ten Days together by my Appointment, or so many Peasants made merry on Sir ROGER's Charge, are the Men more obliged? I believe the Families of the Artificers will thank me, more than the Households of the Peasants shall Sir ROGER. Sir ROGER gives to his Men, but I place mine above the Necessity or Obligation of my Bounty. I am in very little Pain for the *Roman* Proverb upon the *Carthaginian* Traders; the *Romans* were their professed Enemies: I am only sorry no *Carthaginian* Histories have come to our Hands; we might have been taught perhaps by them some Proverbs against the *Roman* Generosity, in fighting for and bestowing other People's Goods. But since Sir ROGER has taken Occasion from an old Proverb to be out of Humour with Merchants, it should be no Offence to offer one not quite so old in their Defence. When a Man happens to break in *Holland*, they say of him that *he has not kept true Accounts*. This Phrase, perhaps, among us, would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking, but with that exact Nation it bears the highest Reproach; for a Man to be Mistaken in the Calculation of his Expence, in his Ability to answer future Demands, or to be impertinently sanguine in putting his Credit to too great Adventure, are all Instances of as much Infamy as with gayer Nations to be failing in Courage or common Honesty.

Numbers are so much the Measure of every thing that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the Success of any Action, or the Prudence of any Undertaking, without them. I say this in Answer to what Sir ROGER is pleased to say, That little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his Cash-book, or ballancing his Accounts. When I have my Returns from abroad, I can tell to a Shilling, by the Help of Numbers, the Profit or Loss by my Adventure; but I ought also to be able to shew that I had Reason for making it, either from my own Experience or that of other People, or from a reasonable Presumption that my Returns will be sufficient to answer my Expence and Hazard; and this is never to be done without the Skill of Numbers. For Instance, if I am to trade to *Turkey*, I ought beforehand to know the Demand of our Manufactures there, as well as of their Silks in *England*, and the customary Prices that are given for both in each Country. I ought

to have a clear Knowledge of these Matters beforehand, that I may presume upon sufficient Returns to answer the Charge of the Cargo I have fitted out, the Freight and Assurance out and home, the Custom to the Queen, and the Interest of my own Money, and besides all these Expences a reasonable Profit to my self. Now what is there of Scandal in this Skill? What has the Merchant done, that he should be so little in the good Graces of Sir ROGER? He throws down no Man's Enclosures, and tramples upon no Man's Corn; he takes nothing from the industrious Labourer; he pays the poor Man for his Work; he communicates his Profit with Mankind; by the Preparation of his Cargo and the Manufacture of his Returns, he furnishes Employment and Subsistence to greater Numbers than the richest Nobleman; and even the Nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign Markets for the Produce of his Estate, and for making a great Addition to his Rents; and yet 'tis certain, that none of all these Things could be done by him without the Exercise of his Skill in Numbers.

This is the Oeconomy of the Merchant; and the Conduct of the Gentleman must be the same, unless by scorning to be the Steward, he resolves the Steward shall be the Gentleman. The Gentleman, no more than the Merchant, is able, without the Help of Numbers, to account for the Success of any Action, or the Prudence of any Adventure. If, for Instance, the Chace is his whole Adventure, his only Returns must be the Stag's Horns in the great Hall, and the Fox's Nose upon the Stable Door. Without Doubt Sir ROGER knows the full Value of these Returns; and if beforehand he had computed the Charges of the Chace, a Gentleman of his Discretion would certainly have hanged up all his Dogs, he would never have brought back so many fine Horses to the Kennel, he would never have gone so often, like a Blast, over Fields of Corn. If such too had been the Conduct of all his Ancestors, he might truly have boasted at this Day, that the Antiquity of his Family had never been sullied by a Trade; a Merchant had never been permitted with his whole Estate to purchase a Room for his Picture in the Gallery of the COVERLEYS, or to claim his Descent from the Maid of Honour. But 'tis very happy for Sir ROGER that the Merchant paid so dear for his Ambition. 'Tis the Misfortune of many other Gentlemen to turn out of the Seats of their Ancestors, to make way for such new Masters as have been more exact in their Accounts than themselves; and certainly he deserves the Estate a great deal better, who has got it by his Industry, than he who has lost it by his Negligence.

T.

No. 175.] Thursday, Sept. 20, 1711. [Budgell.

Proximus à tectis ignis defenditur ægre:—
Ov. Rem. Am.

I SHALL this Day entertain my Readers with two or three Letters I have received from my

Correspondents: The first discovers to me a Species of Females which have hitherto escaped my Notice, and is as follows.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Gentleman of a competent Fortune, and a sufficient Taste of Learning, to spend five or six Hours every Day very agreeably among my Books. That I might have nothing to divert me from my Studies, and to avoid the Noises of Coaches and Chair-men, I have taken Lodgings in a very narrow Street, not far from *Whitehall*; but it is my Misfortune to be so posted, that my Lodgings are directly opposite to those of a *Jezebel*. You are to know, Sir, that a *Jezebel* (so call'd by the Neighbourhood from displaying her pernicious Charms at her Window) appears constantly dress'd at her Sash, and has a thousand little Tricks and Fooleries to attract the Eyes of all the idle young Fellows in the Neighbourhood. I have seen more than six Persons at once from their several Windows observing the *Jezebel* I am now complaining of. I at first looked on her my self with the highest Contempt, could divert my self with her Airs for half an Hour, and afterwards take up my *Plutarch* with great Tranquillity of Mind; but was a little vexed to find that in less than a Month she had considerably stoln upon my Time, so that I resolved to look at her no more. But the *Jezebel*, who, as I suppose, might think it a Diminution to her Honour, to have the Number of her Gazers lessen'd, resolved not to part with me so, and began to play so many new Tricks at her Window, that it was impossible for me to forbear observing her. I verily believe she put her self to the Expence of a new Wax Baby on purpose to plague me; she us'd to dandle and play with this Figure as impertinently as if it had been a real Child: sometimes she would let fall a Glove or a Pin Cushion in the Street, and shut or open her Casement three or four times in a Minute. When I had almost wean'd my self from this, she came in her Shift-Sleeves, and dress'd at the Window. I had no Way left but to let down my Curtains, which I submitted to, though it considerably darkned my Room, and was pleased to think that I had at last got the better of her; but was surpriz'd the next Morning to hear her talking out of her Window quite cross the Street, with another Woman that lodges over me: I am since informed, that she made her a Visit, and got acquainted with her within three Hours after the Fall of my Window Curtains.

'Sir, I am plagued every Moment in the Day one way or other in my own Chambers; and the *Jezebel* has the Satisfaction to know, that, tho' I am not looking at her, I am list'ning to her impertinent Dialogues that pass over my Head. I would immediately change my Lodgings, but that I think it might look like a plain Confession that I am conquer'd; and besides this, I am told that most Quarters of the Town are infested with these Creatures. If they are so, I am sure 'tis such an Abuse, as a Lover of Learning and Silence ought to take notice of.

I am, SIR,
Yours, &c.

I am afraid, by some Lines in this Letter, that my young Student is touched with a Distemper which he hardly seems to dream of, and is too far gone in it to receive Advice. However, I shall animadvert in due time on the Abuse which he mentions, having my self observed a Nest of *Jezebels* near the *Temple*, who make it their Diversion to draw up the Eyes of young Templars, that at the same time they may see them stumble in an unlucky Gutter which runs under the Window.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I have lately read the Conclusion of your forty-seventh Speculation upon *Butts* with great Pleasure, and have ever since been thoroughly persuaded that one of those Gentlemen is extremely necessary to enliven Conversation. I had an Entertainment last Week upon the Water for a Lady to whom I make my Addresses, with several of our Friends of both Sexes. To divert the Company in general, and to shew my Mistress in particular my Genius for Raillery, I took one of the most celebrated *Butts* in Town along with me. It is with the utmost Shame and Confusion that I must acquaint you with the Sequel of my Adventure: As soon as we were got into the Boat, I played a Sentence or two at my *Butt* which I thought very smart, when my ill Genius, who I verily believe inspir'd him purely for my Destruction, suggested to him such a Reply, as got all the Laughter on his Side. I was dashed at so unexpected a Turn; which the *Butt* perceiving, resolved not to let me recover my self, and pursuing his Victory, rallied and tossed me in a most unmerciful and barbarous manner till we came to *Chelsea*. I had some small Success while we were eating Cheese-Cakes; but coming Home, he renewed his Attacks with his former good Fortune, and equal Diversion to the whole Company. In short, Sir, I must ingenuously own that I was never so handled in all my Life; and to compleat my Misfortune, I am since told that the *Butt*, flushed with his late Victory, has made a Visit or two to the dear Object of my Wishes, so that I am at once in danger of losing all my Pretensions to Wit, and my Mistress [into¹] the Bargain. This, Sir, is a true Account of my present Troubles, which you are the more obliged to assist me in, as you were your self in a great measure the Cause of them, by recommending to us an Instrument, and not instructing us at the same time how to play upon it.

I have been thinking whether it might not be highly convenient, that all *Butts* should wear an Inscription affixed to some Part of their Bodies, shewing on which Side they are to be come at, and that if any of them are Persons of unequal Tempers, there should be some Method taken to inform the World at what Time it is safe to attack them, and when you had best to let them alone. But, submitting these Matters to your more serious Consideration,

I am, SIR,
Yours, &c.

I have, indeed, seen and heard of several young

Gentlemen under the same Misfortune with my present Correspondent. The best Rule I can lay down for them to avoid the like Calamities for the future, is thoroughly to consider not only *Whether their Companions are weak*, but *Whether themselves are Wits*.

The following Letter comes to me from *Exeter*, and being credibly informed that what it contains is Matter of Fact, I shall give it my Reader as it was sent me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Exeter, Sept. 7.

You were pleased in a late Speculation to take notice of the Inconvenience we lie under in the Country, in not being able to keep Pace with the Fashion: But there is another Misfortune which we are subject to, and is no less grievous than the former, which has hitherto escaped your Observation. I mean, the having Things palmed upon us for *London* Fashions, which were never once heard of there.

A Lady of this Place had some time since a Box of the newest Ribbons sent down by the Coach: Whether it was her own malicious Invention, or the Wantonness of a *London* Milliner, I am not able to inform you; but, among the rest, there was one Cherry-coloured Ribbon, consisting of about half a Dozen Yards, made up in the Figure of a small Head-Dress. The foresaid Lady had the Assurance to affirm, amidst a Circle of Female Inquisitors, who were present at the opening of the Box, that this was the newest Fashion worn at Court. Accordingly the next *Sunday* we had several Females, who came to Church with their Heads dress'd wholly in Ribbons, and looked like so many Victims ready to be Sacrificed. This is still a reigning Mode among us. At the same time we have a Set of Gentlemen who take the Liberty to appear in all Publick Places without any Buttons to their Coats, which they supply with several little Silver Hasps, tho' our freshest Advices from *London* make no mention of any such Fashion; and we are something shy of affording Matter to the Button-Makers for a second Petition.¹

What I would humbly propose to the Publick is, that there may be a Society erected in *London*, to consist of the most skilful Persons of both Sexes, for the *Inspection of Modes and Fashions*; and that hereafter no Person or Persons shall presume to appear singularly habited in any Part of the Country, without a Testimonial from the foresaid Society, that their Dress is answerable to the Mode at *London*. By this means, Sir, we shall know a little whereabouts we are.

If you could bring this Matter to bear, you

¹ In 1609 the Button-Makers sent a petition to Parliament, which produced the Act of the 8th year of Anne (1709), framed because 'the maintenance and subsistence of many thousands of men, women and children depends upon the making of silk, mohair, gimp, and thread buttons, and button-holes with the needle,' and these have been ruined by 'a late unforeseen practice of making and binding button-holes with cloth, serge, &c.'

'would very much oblige great Numbers of your
'Country Friends, and among the rest,

Your very Humble Servant,

X.

Jack Modish.

No. 176.] Friday, September 21, 1711. [Steele.

*Parvula, pumilio, χαρίτων μία, tota merum
Sal.—Luc.*

THERE are in the following Letter Matters, which I, a Batchelor, cannot be supposed to be acquainted with; therefore shall not pretend to explain upon it till further Consideration, but leave the Author of the Epistle to express his Condition his own Way.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I do not deny but you appear in many of your
'Papers to understand Human Life pretty well;
'but there are very many Things which you can-
'not possibly have a true Notion of, in a single
'Life; these are such as respect the married
'State; otherwise I cannot account for your hav-
'ing overlooked a very good Sort of People, which
'are commonly called in Scorn the *Hen-peckt*.
'You are to understand that I am one of those
'innocent Mortals who suffer Derision under that
'Word for being governed by the best of Wives.
'It would be worth your Consideration to enter
'into the Nature of Affection it self, and tell us,
'according to your Philosophy, why it is that our
'Dears shall do what they will with us, shall be
'froward, ill-natured, assuming, sometimes whine,
'at others rail, then swoon away, then come to
'Life, have the Use of Speech to the greatest
'Fluency imaginable, and then sink away again,
'and all because they fear we do not love them
'enough; that is, the poor things love us so
'heartily, that they cannot think it possible we
'should be able to love them in so great a Degree,
'which makes them take on so. I say, Sir, a
'true good-natured Man, whom Rakes and Liber-
'tines call *Hen-peckt*, shall fall into all these dif-
'ferent Moods with his dear Life, and at the same
'time see they are wholly put on; and yet not be
'hard-hearted enough to tell the dear good Crea-
'ture that she is an Hypocrite. This sort of good
'Man is very frequent in the populous and wealthy
'City of London, and is the true *Hen-peckt* Man;
'the kind Creature cannot break through his
'Kindnesses so far as to come to an Explanation
'with the tender Soul, and therefore goes on to
'comfort her when nothing ails her, to appease
'her when she is not angry, and to give her his
'Cash when he knows she does not want it; rather
'than be uneasy for a whole Month, which is
'computed by hard-hearted Men the Space of
'Time which a froward Woman takes to come to
'her self, if you have Courage to stand out.

'There are indeed several other Species of the
'*Hen-peckt*, and in my Opinion they are certainly
'the best Subjects the Queen has; and for that
'Reason I take it to be your Duty to keep us
'above Contempt.

'I do not know whether I make my self under-

'stood in the Representation of an *Hen-peckt*
'Life, but I shall take leave to give you an Ac-
'count of my self, and my own Spouse. You are
'to know that I am reckoned no Fool, have on
'several Occasions been tried whether I will take
'ill Usage, and yet the Event has been to my Ad-
'vantage; and yet there is not such a Slave in
'Turkey as I am to my Dear. She has a good
'Share of Wit, and is what you call a very pretty
'agreeable Woman. I perfectly doat on her, and
'my Affection to her gives me all the Anxieties
'imaginable but that of Jealousy. My being thus
'confident of her, I take, as much as I can judge
'of my Heart, to be the Reason, that whatever
'she does, tho' it be never so much against my
'Inclination, there is still left something in her
'Manner that is amiable. She will sometimes
'look at me with an assumed Grandeur, and pre-
'tend to resent that I have not had Respect
'enough for her Opinion in such an Instance in
'Company. I cannot but smile at the pretty
'Anger she is in, and then she pretends she is
'used like a Child. In a Word, our great Debate
'is, which has the Superiority in point of Under-
'standing. She is eternally forming an Argument
'of Debate; to which I very indolently answer,
'Thou art mighty pretty. To this she answers,
'All the World but you think I have as much
'Sense as your self. I repeat to her, Indeed you
'are pretty. Upon this there is no Patience; she
'will throw down any thing about her, stamp and
'pull off her Head-Cloaths. Fie, my Dear, say
'I; how can a Woman of your Sense fall into
'such an intemperate Rage? This is an Argu-
'ment which never fails. Indeed, my Dear, says
'she, you make me mad sometimes, so you do,
'with the silly Way you have of treating me like
'a pretty Idiot. Well, what have I got by put-
'ting her into good Humour? Nothing, but that
'I must convince her of my good Opinion by my
'Practice; and then I am to give her Possession
'of my little Ready Money, and, for a Day and
'half following, dislike all she dislikes, and extol
'every thing she approves. I am so exquisitely
'fond of this Darling, that I seldom see any of
'my Friends, am uneasy in all Companies till I
'see her again; and when I come home she is in
'the Dumps, because she says she is sure I came
'so soon only because I think her handsome. I
'dare not upon this Occasion laugh; but tho' I
'am one of the warmest Churchmen in the King-
'dom, I am forced to rail at the Times, because
'she is a violent Whig. Upon this we talk Poli-
'ticks so long, that she is convinc'd I kiss her for
'her Wisdom. It is a common Practice with me
'to ask her some Question concerning the Consti-
'tution, which she answers me in general out of
'*Harrington's Oceana*:¹ Then I commend her

¹ The *Oceana* is an ideal of an English Commonwealth, written by James Harrington, after the execution of Charles I. It was published in 1656, having for a time been stopped at press by Cromwell's government. After the Restoration, Harrington was sent to the Tower by Charles II. on a false accusation of conspiracy. Removed to Plymouth, he there lost his health and some part of his reason, which he did not regain before his

'strange Memory, and her Arm is immediately
'lock'd in mine. While I keep her in this Tem-
'per she plays before me, sometimes dancing in
'the Midst of the Room, sometimes striking an
'Air at her Spinnet, varying her Posture and her
'Charms in such a Manner that I am in continual
'Pleasure: She will play the Fool if I allow her
'to be wise; but if she suspects I like her for [her]
'Trifling, she immediately grows grave.

'These are the Toils in which I am taken, and
'I carry off my Servitude as well as most Men;
'but my Application to you is in Behalf of the
'*Hen-peckt* in general, and I desire a Disserta-
'tion from you in Defence of us. You have, as I
'am informed, very good Authorities in our Fa-
'vour, and hope you will not omit the mention of
'the Renowned *Socrates*, and his Philosophick
'Resignation to his Wife *Xantippe*. This would
'be a very good Office to the World in general,
'for the *Hen-peckt* are powerful in their Quality
'and Numbers, not only in Cities but in Courts;
'in the latter they are ever the most obsequious,
'in the former the most wealthy of all Men.
'When you have considered Wedlock throughly,
'you ought to enter into the Suburbs of Matri-
'mony, and give us an Account of the Thraldom
'of kind *Keepers* and irresolute Lovers; the
'Keepers who cannot quit their Fair Ones tho'
'they see their approaching Ruin; the Lovers
'who dare not marry, tho' they know they never
'shall be happy without the Mistresses whom
'they cannot purchase on other Terms.

'What will be a great Embellishment to your
'Discourse, will be, that you may find Instances
'of the Haughty, the Proud, the Frolick, the
'Stubborn, who are each of them in secret down-
'right Slaves to their Wives or Mistresses. I
'must beg of you in the last Place to dwell upon
'this, That the Wise and Valiant in all Ages have
'been *Hen-peckt*: and that the sturdy Tempers
'who are not Slaves to Affection, owe that Ex-
'emption to their being enthralled by Ambition,
'Avarice, or some meaner Passion. I have ten
'thousand thousand Things more to say, but my
'Wife sees me Writing, and will, according to
'Custom, be consulted, if I do not seal this im-
'mediately.

Yours,
Nathaniel Henroost.

T.

death, in 1677, at the age of 66. His book argues that Empire follows the balance of property, which, since Henry VII.'s time, had been daily falling into the scale of the Commons from that of the King and Lords. In the *Oceana* other theories of government are discussed before Harrington elaborates his own, and English history appears under disguise of names, William the Conqueror being called Turbo; King John, Adoxus; Richard II., Dicotome; Henry VII., Panurgus; Henry VIII., Coraunus; Queen Elizabeth, Parthenia; James I., Morpheus; and Oliver Cromwell, Olphaus Megaletor. Scotland is Marpesia, and Ireland, Panopœa. A careful edition of Harrington's *Oceana* and other of his works, edited by John Toland, had been produced in 1700.

No. 177.] Saturday, Sept. 22, 1711. [Addison.

—*Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus
Arcanâ, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos,
Ulla aliena sibi credat mala?*— Juv.

IN one of my last Week's Papers I treated of
Good-Nature, as it is the Effect of Constitu-
tion; I shall now speak of it as it is a Moral Vir-
tue. The first may make a Man easy in himself
and agreeable to others, but implies no Merit in
him that is possessed of it. A Man is no more to
be praised upon this Account, than because he
has a regular Pulse or a good Digestion. This
Good-Nature however in the Constitution, which
Mr. *Dryden* somewhere calls a *Milkiness of
Blood*,¹ is an admirable Groundwork for the other.
In order therefore to try our Good-Nature, whether
it arises from the Body or the Mind, whether it
be founded in the Animal or Rational Part of our
Nature; in a word, whether it be such as is en-
titled to any other Reward, besides that secret
Satisfaction and Contentment of Mind which is
essential to it, and the kind Reception it procures
us in the World, we must examine it by the fol-
lowing Rules.

First, whether it acts with Steadiness and Uni-
formity in Sickness and in Health, in Prosperity
and in Adversity; if otherwise, it is to be looked
upon as nothing else but an Irradiation of the
Mind from some new Supply of Spirits, or a more
kindly Circulation of the Blood. Sir *Francis
Bacon* mentions a cunning Solicitor, [who²] would
never ask a Favour of a great Man before Din-
ner; but took care to prefer his Petition at a
Time when the Party petitioned had his Mind free
from Care, and his Appetites in good Humour.
Such a transient temporary Good-Nature as this,
is not that *Philanthropy*, that Love of Mankind,
which deserves the Title of a Moral Virtue.

The next way of a Man's bringing his Good-
Nature to the Test, is, to consider whether it
operates according to the Rules of Reason and
Duty: For if, notwithstanding its general Be-
nevolence to Mankind, it makes no Distinction
between its Objects, if it exerts it self promiscu-
ously towards the Deserving and Undeserving,
if it relieves alike the Idle and the Indigent, if it
gives it self up to the first Petitioner, and lights
upon any one rather by Accident than Choice, it
may pass for an amiable Instinct, but must not
assume the Name of a Moral Virtue.

The third Tryal of Good-Nature will be, the
examining ourselves, whether or no we are able
to exert it to our own Disadvantage, and employ
it on proper Objects, notwithstanding any little
Pain, Want, or Inconvenience which may arise to
our selves from it: In a Word, whether we are
willing to risque any Part of our Fortune, our

¹ Cleomenes to Pantheus,

'Would I could share thy Balmy, even Temper,
And Milkiness of Blood.'

Cleomenes, Act i. sc. 1.

² [that]

Reputation, our Health or Ease, for the Benefit of Mankind. Among all these Expressions of Good-Nature, I shall single out that which goes under the general Name of Charity, as it consists in relieving the Indigent; that being a Tryal of this Kind which offers itself to us almost at all Times and in every Place.

I should propose it as a Rule to every one who is provided with any Competency of Fortune more than sufficient for the Necessaries of Life, to lay aside a certain Proportion of his Income for the Use of the Poor. This I would look upon as an Offering to him who has a Right to the whole, for the Use of those whom, in the Passage hereafter mentioned, he has described as his own Representatives upon Earth. At the same time we should manage our Charity with such Prudence and Caution, that we may not hurt our own Friends or Relations, whilst we are doing Good to those who are Strangers to us.

This may possibly be explained better by an Example than by a Rule.

Eugenius is a Man of an universal Good-Nature, and generous beyond the Extent of his Fortune; but withal so prudent in the Oeconomy of his Affairs, that what goes out in Charity is made up by good Management. *Eugenius* has what the World calls Two hundred Pounds a Year; but never values himself above Ninescore, as not thinking he has a Right to the Tenth Part, which he always appropriates to charitable Uses. To this Sum he frequently makes other voluntary Additions, insomuch that in a good Year, for such he accounts those in which he has been able to make greater Bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that Sum to the Sickly and Indigent. *Eugenius* prescribes to himself many particular Days of Fasting and Abstinence, in order to increase his private Bank of Charity, and sets aside what would be the current Expences of those Times for the Use of the Poor. He often goes afoot where his Business calls him, and at the End of his Walk has given a Shilling, which in his ordinary Methods of Expence would have gone for Coach-Hire, to the first Necessitous Person that has fallen in his way. I have known him, when he has been going to a Play or an Opera, divert the Money which was designed for that Purpose, upon an Object of Charity whom he has met with in the Street; and afterwards pass his Evening in a Coffee-House, or at a Friend's Fire-side, with much greater Satisfaction to himself than he could have received from the most exquisite Entertainments of the Theatre. By these means he is generous, without impoverishing himself, and enjoys his Estate by making it the Property of others.

There are few Men so cramped in their private Affairs, who may not be charitable after this manner, without any Disadvantage to themselves, or Prejudice to their Families. It is but sometimes sacrificing a Diversion or Convenience to the Poor, and turning the usual Course of our Expences into a better Channel. This is, I think, not only the most prudent and convenient, but the most meritorious Piece of Charity, which we can put in practice. By this Method we in some measure share the Necessities of the Poor at the same time

that we relieve them, and make ourselves not only [their Patrons,¹] but their Fellow Sufferers.

Sir *Thomas Brown*, in the last Part of his *Religio Medici*, in which he describes his Charity in several Heroick Instances, and with a noble Heat of Sentiments, mentions that Verse in the Proverbs of *Solomon*, *He that giveth to the Poor, lendeth to the Lord.*² 'There is more Rhetorick in that one Sentence, says he, than in a Library of Sermons; and indeed if those Sentences were understood by the Reader, with the same Emphasis as they are delivered by the Author, we needed not those Volumes of Instructions, but might be honest by an Epitome.³

This Passage in Scripture is indeed wonderfully persuasive; but I think the same Thought is carried much further in the New Testament, where our Saviour tells us in a most pathetick manner, that he shall hereafter regard the Cloathing of the Naked, the Feeding of the Hungry, and the Visiting of the Imprisoned, as Offices done to himself, and reward them accordingly.⁴ Pursuant to those Passages in Holy Scripture, I have somewhere met with the Epitaph of a charitable Man, which has very much pleased me. I cannot recollect the Words, but the Sense of it is to this Purpose; What I spent I lost; what I possessed is left to others; what I gave away remains with me.⁵

Since I am thus insensibly engaged in Sacred Writ, I cannot forbear making an Extract of several Passages which I have always read with great Delight in the Book of *Job*. It is the Account which that Holy Man gives of his Behaviour in the Days of his Prosperity, and, if considered only as a human Composition, is a finer Picture of a charitable and good-natured Man than is to be met with in any other Author.

Oh that I were as in Months past, as in the Days when God preserved me: When his Candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness: When the Almighty was yet with me: when my Children were about me: When I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of oyl.

When the Ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the Eye saw me, it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the Widow's Heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out. Did not

¹ [the Patrons of the Indigent]

² Proverbs xix. 17.

³ Rel. Med. Part II. sect. 13.

⁴ Matt. xxi. 31, &c.

⁵ The Epitaph was in St. George's Church at Doncaster, and ran thus:

'How now, who is here?
I Robin of Doncastere
And Margaret my feare.
That I spent, that I had;
That I gave, that I have;
That I left, that I lost.'

I weep for him that was in trouble? was not my Soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even ballance, that God may know mine Integrity. If I did despise the cause of my manservant or my maid-servant when they contended with me: What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the womb, make him? and did not one fashion us in the womb? If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof: If I have seen any perish for want of cloathing, or any poor without covering: If his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep: If I have lift up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the Destruction of him that hated me, or lift up myself when evil found him: (Neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul.) The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain: If I have eaten the Fruits thereof without mony, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their Life; Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.¹

No. 178.] Monday, September 24, 1711. [Steele.

Comis in uxorem——— Hor.

I CANNOT defer taking Notice of this Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am but too good a Judge of your Paper of the 15th Instant, which is a Master-piece; I mean that of Jealousy: But I think it unworthy of you to speak of that Torture in the Breast of a Man, and not to mention also the Pangs of it in the Heart of a Woman. You have very Judiciously, and with the greatest Penetration imaginable, considered it as Woman is the Creature of whom the Diffidence is raised; but not a Word of a Man who is so unmerciful as to move Jealousy in his Wife, and not care whether she is so or not. It is possible you may not believe there are such Tyrants in the World; but alas, I can tell you of a Man who is ever out of Humour in his Wife's Company, and the pleasantest Man in the World every where else; the greatest Sloven at home when he appears to none but his Family, and most exactly well-dressed in all other Places. Alas, Sir, is it of Course, that to deliver one's self wholly into a Man's Power without Possibility of Appeal to any other Jurisdiction but to his own Reflections, is so little an Obligation to a Gentleman, that he can be offended and fall into a Rage, because my Heart swells Tears into my Eyes when

'I see him in a cloudy Mood? I pretend to no Succour, and hope for no Relief but from himself; and yet he that has Sense and Justice in every thing else, never reflects, that to come home only to sleep off an Intemperance, and spend all the Time he is there as if it were a Punishment, cannot but give the Anguish of a jealous Mind. He always leaves his Home as if he were going to Court, and returns as if he were entering a Gaol. I could add to this, that from his Company and his usual Discourse, he does not scruple being thought an abandoned Man, as to his Morals. Your own Imagination will say enough to you concerning the Condition of me his Wife; and I wish you would be so good as to represent to him, for he is not ill-natured, and reads you much, that the Moment I hear the Door shut after him, I throw myself upon my Bed, and drown the Child he is so fond of with my Tears, and often frighten it with my Cries; that I curse my Being; that I run to my Glass all over bathed in Sorrows, and help the Utterance of my inward Anguish by beholding the Gush of my own Calamities as my Tears fall from my Eyes. This looks like an imagined Picture to tell you, but indeed this is one of my Pastimes. Hitherto I have only told you the general Temper of my Mind, but how shall I give you an Account of the Distraction of it? Could you but conceive how cruel I am one Moment in my Resentment, and at the ensuing Minute, when I place him in the Condition my Anger would bring him to, how compassionate; it would give you some Notion how miserable I am, and how little I deserve it. When I remonstrate with the greatest Gentleness that is possible against unhandsome Appearances, and that married Persons are under particular Rules; when he is in the best Humour to receive this, I am answered only, That I expose my own Reputation and Sense if I appear jealous. I wish, good Sir, you would take this into serious Consideration, and admonish Husbands and Wives what Terms they ought to keep towards each other. Your Thoughts on this important Subject will have the greatest Reward, that which descends on such as feel the Sorrows of the Afflicted. Give me leave to subscribe my self,

Your unfortunate
humble Servant,
CELINDA.

I had it in my Thoughts, before I received the Letter of this Lady, to consider this dreadful Passion in the Mind of a Woman; and the Smart she seems to feel does not abate the Inclination I had to recommend to Husbands a more regular Behaviour, than to give the most exquisite of Torments to those who love them, nay whose Torment would be abated if they did not love them.

It is wonderful to observe how little is made of this inexpressible Injury, and how easily Men get into a Habit of being least agreeable where they are most obliged to be so. But this Subject deserves a distinct Speculation, and I shall observe for a Day or two the Behaviour of two or three happy Pair I am acquainted with, before I pretend to make a System of Conjugal Morality. I design

¹ Job xxix. 2, &c.; xxx. 25, &c.; xxxi. 6, &c.

in the first Place to go a few Miles out of Town, and there I know where to meet one who practises all the Parts of a fine Gentleman in the Duty of an Husband. When he was a Batchelor much Business made him particularly negligent in his Habit; but now there is no young Lover living so exact in the Care of his Person. One who asked why he was so long washing his Mouth, and so delicate in the Choice and Wearing of his Linen, was answered, Because there is a Woman of Merit obliged to receive me kindly, and I think it incumbent upon me to make her Inclination go along with her Duty.

If a Man would give himself leave to think, he would not be so unreasonable as to expect Debauchery and Innocence could live in Commerce together; or hope that Flesh and Blood is capable of so strict an Allegiance, as that a fine Woman must go on to improve her self 'till she is as good and impassive as an Angel, only to preserve a Fidelity to a Brute and a Satyr. The Lady who desires me for her Sake to end one of my Papers with the following Letter, I am persuaded, thinks such a Perseverance very impracticable.

Husband,

'Stay more at home. I know where you visited
'at Seven of [the] Clock on *Thursday* Evening.
'The Colonel whom you charged me to see no
'more, is in Town.

T.

Martha Housewife.

No. 179.] *Tuesday, September 25, 1711.* [Addison.

*Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celsi prætereunt austera Poemata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.*—Hor.

I MAY cast my Readers under two general Divisions, the *Mercurial* and the *Saturnine*. The first are the gay Part of my Disciples, who require Speculations of Wit and Humour; the others are those of a more solemn and sober Turn, who find no Pleasure but in Papers of Morality and sound Sense. The former call every thing that is Serious, Stupid; the latter look upon every thing as Impertinent that is Ludicrous. Were I always Grave, one half of my Readers would fall off from me: Were I always Merry, I should lose the other. I make it therefore my Endeavour to find out Entertainments of both Kinds, and by that means perhaps consult the Good of both, more than I should do, did I always write to the particular Taste of either. As they neither of them know what I proceed upon, the sprightly Reader, who takes up my Paper in order to be diverted, very often finds himself engaged unawares in a serious and profitable Course of Thinking; as on the contrary, the thoughtful Man, who perhaps may hope to find something Solid, and full of deep Reflection, is very often insensibly betrayed into a Fit of Mirth. In a word, the Reader sits down to my Entertainment without knowing his Bill of Fare, and has therefore at least the Pleasure of hoping there may be a Dish to his Palate.

I must confess, were I left to my self, I should rather aim at Instructing than Diverting; but if we will be useful to the World, we must take it as we find it. Authors of professed Severity discourage the looser Part of Mankind from having any thing to do with their Writings. A man must have Virtue in him, before he will enter upon the reading of a *Seneca* or an *Epictetus*. The very Title of a Moral Treatise has something in it austere and shocking to the Careless and Inconsiderate.

For this Reason several unthinking Persons fall in my way, who would give no Attention to Lectures delivered with a Religious Seriousness or a Philosophick Gravity. They are insnared into Sentiments of Wisdom and Virtue when they do not think of it; and if by that means they arrive only at such a Degree of Consideration as may dispose them to listen to more studied and elaborate Discourses, I shall not think my Speculations useless. I might likewise observe, that the Gloominess in which sometimes the Minds of the best Men are involved, very often stands in need of such little Incitements to Mirth and Laughter, as are apt to disperse Melancholy, and put our Faculties in good Humour. To which some will add, that the *British* Climate, more than any other, makes Entertainments of this Nature in a manner necessary.

If what I have here said does not recommend, it will at least excuse the Variety of my Speculations. I would not willingly Laugh but in order to Instruct, or if I sometimes fail in this Point, when my Mirth ceases to be Instructive, it shall never cease to be Innocent. A scrupulous Conduct in this Particular has, perhaps, more Merit in it than the Generality of Readers imagine; did they know how many Thoughts occur in a Point of Humour, which a discreet Author in Modesty suppresses; how many Stroaks in Raillery present themselves, which could not fail to please the ordinary Taste of Mankind, but are stifled in their Birth by reason of some remote Tendency which they carry in them to corrupt the Minds of those who read them; did they know how many Glances of Ill-nature are industriously avoided for fear of doing Injury to the Reputation of another, they would be apt to think kindly of those Writers who endeavour to make themselves Diverting, without being Immoral. One may apply to these Authors that Passage in *Waller*,¹

*Poets lose half the Praise they would have got,
Were it but known what they discreetly blot.*

As nothing is more easy than to be a Wit, with all the above-mentioned Liberties, it requires some Genius and Invention to appear such without them.

What I have here said is not only in regard to the Publick, but with an Eye to my particular Correspondent who has sent me the following Letter, which I have castrated in some Places upon these Considerations.

SIR,

'Having lately seen your Discourse upon a
'Match of Grinning, I cannot forbear giving you

¹ Upon Roscommon's Tr. of Horace's Art of Poetry.

'an Account of a Whistling Match, which, with
'many others, I was entertained with about three
'Years since at the *Bath*. The Prize was a
'Guinea, to be conferred upon the ablest Whistler,
'that is, on him who could whistle clearest, and
'go through his Tune without Laughing, [to]
'which at the same time he was [provoked¹] by the
'antick Postures of a *Merry-Andrew*, who was
'to stand upon the Stage and play his Tricks in
'the Eye of the Performer. There were three
'Competitors for the Ring. The first was a
'Plow-man of a very promising Aspect; his Fea-
'tures were steady, and his Muscles composed in
'so inflexible a Stupidity, that upon his first Ap-
'pearance every one gave the Guinea for lost.
'The Pickled Herring however found the way to
'shake him; for upon his Whistling a Country
'Jigg, this unlucky Wag danced to it with such a
'Variety of Distortions and Grimaces, that the
'Country-man could not forbear smiling upon him,
'and by that means spoiled his Whistle, and lost
'the Prize.

'The next that mounted the Stage was an Un-
'der-Citizen of the *Bath*, a Person remarkable
'among the inferior People of that Place for his
'great Wisdom and his Broad Band. He con-
'tracted his Mouth with much Gravity, and, that
'he might dispose his Mind to be more serious
'than ordinary, began the Tune of *The Children*
'*in the Wood*, and went through part of it with
'good Success; when on a sudden the Wit at his
'Elbow, who had appeared wonderfully grave and
'attentive for some time, gave him a Touch upon
'the left Shoulder, and stared him in the Face
'with so bewitching a Grin, that the Whistler re-
'laxed his Fibres into a kind of Simper, and at
'length burst out into an open Laugh. The third
'who entered the Lists was a Foot-man, who in
'Defiance of the *Merry-Andrew*, and all his Arts,
'whistled a *Scotch* Tune and an *Italian* Sonata,
'with so settled a Countenance, that he bore away
'the Prize, to the great Admiration of some Hun-
'dreds of Persons, who, as well as my self, were
'present at this Trial of Skill. Now, Sir, I hum-
'bly conceive, whatever you have determined of
'the Grinners, the Whistlers ought to be en-
'couraged, not only as their Art is practised with-
'out Distortion, but as it improves Country
'Musick, promotes Gravity, and teaches ordinary
'People to keep their Countenances, if they see
'any thing ridiculous in their Betters; besides
'that it seems an Entertainment very particularly
'adapted to the *Bath*, as it is usual for a Rider to
'whistle to his Horse when he would make his
'Waters pass.

I am, Sir, &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

'After having despatched these two important
'Points of Grinning and Whistling, I hope you
'will oblige the World with some Reflections up-
'on Yawning, as I have seen it practised on a
'Twelfth-Night among other *Christmas* Gambols
'at the House of a very worthy Gentleman, who
'always entertains his Tenants at that time of the
'Year. They Yawn for a *Cheshire* Cheese, and

¹ [provoked to]

'begin about Midnight, when the whole Company
'is disposed to be drowsie. He that Yawns widest,
'and at the same time so naturally as to produce
'the most Yawns among his Spectators, carries
'home the Cheese. If you handle this Subject as
'you ought, I question not but your Paper will
'set half the Kingdom a Yawning, tho' I dare pro-
'mise you it will never make any Body fall
'asleep. L.

No. 180.] Wednesday, September 26, 1711. [Steele.

—*Delirant Reges, plectuntur Achiivi.*—Hor.

THE following Letter¹ has so much Weight
and good Sense, that I cannot forbear in-
serting it, tho' it relates to an hardened Sinner,
whom I have very little Hopes of reforming, *viz.*
Lewis XIV. of France.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Amidst the Variety of Subjects of which you
'have treated, I could wish it had fallen in your
'way to expose the Vanity of Conquests. This
'Thought would naturally lead one to the *French*
'King, who has been generally esteemed the
'greatest Conqueror of our Age, 'till her Majesty's
'Armies had torn from him so many of his Coun-
'tries, and deprived him of the Fruit of all his
'former Victories. For my own Part, if I were to
'draw his Picture, I should be for taking him no
'lower than to the Peace of *Reswick*,² just at the
'End of his Triumphs, and before his Reverse of
'Fortune: and even then I should not forbear
'thinking his Ambition had been vain and un-
'profitable to himself and his People.

'As for himself, it is certain he can have gained
'nothing by his Conquests, if they have not ren-
'dered him Master of more Subjects, more Riches,
'or greater Power. What I shall be able to offer
'upon these Heads, I resolve to submit to your
'Consideration.

'To begin then with his Increase of Subjects.
'From the Time he came of Age, and has been

¹ The letter is, with other contributions not now traceable to him, by Henry Martyn, son of Edward Martyn, Esq., of Melksham, Wilts. He was bred to the bar, but his health did not suffer him to practise. He has been identified with the Cottillus of No. 143 of the Spectator. In 1713 Henry Martyn opposed the ratification of the Treaty of Commerce made with France at the Peace of Utrecht in a Paper called 'The British Merchant, or Commerce Preserved,' which was a reply to Defoe's 'Mercator, or Commerce Retrieved.' Martyn's paper is said to have been a principal cause of the rejection of the Treaty, and to have procured him the post of Inspector-General of Imports and Exports. He died at Blackheath, March 25, 1721, leaving one son, who became Secretary to the Commissioners of Excise. As an intimate friend of Steele's, it has been thought that Henry Martyn suggested a trait or two in the Sir Andrew Freeport of the Spectator's Club.

² Sept. 20, 1696.

'a Manager for himself, all the People he had acquired were such only as he had reduced by his Wars, and were left in his Possession by the Peace; he had conquered not above one third Part of *Flanders*, and consequently no more than one third Part of the Inhabitants of that Province.

'About 100 Years ago the Houses in that Country were all Numbered, and by a just Computation the Inhabitants of all Sorts could not then exceed 750000 Souls. And if any Man will consider the Desolation by almost perpetual Wars, the numerous Armies that have lived almost ever since at Discretion upon the People, and how much of their Commerce has removed for more Security to other Places, he will have little Reason to imagine that their Numbers have since increased; and therefore with one third Part of that Province that Prince can have gained no more than one third Part of the Inhabitants, or 250000 new Subjects, even tho' it should be supposed they were all contented to live still in their native Country, and transfer their Allegiance to a new Master.

'The Fertility of this Province, its convenient Situation for Trade and Commerce, its Capacity for furnishing Employment and Subsistence to great Numbers, and the vast Armies that have been maintained here, make it credible that the remaining two Thirds of *Flanders* are equal to all his other Conquests; and consequently by all he cannot have gained more than 750000 new Subjects, Men, Women and Children, especially if a Deduction shall be made of such as have retired from the Conqueror to live under their old Masters.

'It is Time now to set his Loss against his Profit, and to shew for the new Subjects he had acquired, how many old ones he had lost in the Acquisition: I think that in his Wars he has seldom brought less into the Field in all Places than 200000 fighting Men, besides what have been left in Garrisons; and I think the common Computation is, that of an Army, at the latter End of a Campaign, without Sieges or Battle, scarce Four Fifths can be mustered of those that came into the Field at the Beginning of the Year. His Wars at several Times till the last Peace have held about 20 Years; and if 40000 yearly lost, or a fifth Part of his Armies, are to be multiplied by 20, he cannot have lost less than 800000 of his old Subjects, all able-body'd Men: a greater Number than the new Subjects he had acquired.

'But this Loss is not all: Providence seems to have equally divided the whole Mass of Mankind into different Sexes, that every Woman may have her Husband, and that both may equally contribute to the Continuance of the Species. It follows then, that for all the Men that have been lost, as many Women must have lived single, and it were but Charity to believe they have not done all the Service they were capable of doing in their Generation. In so long a Course of Years great part of them must have died, and all the rest must go off at last without leaving any Representatives behind. By this Account he must have lost not only 800000 Subjects, but double

that Number, and all the Increase that was reasonably to be expected from it.

It is said in the last War there was a Famine in his Kingdom, which swept away two Millions of his People. This is hardly credible: If the loss was only of one fifth Part of that Sum, it was very great. But 'tis no wonder there should be Famine, where so much of the People's Substance is taken away for the King's Use, that they have not sufficient left to provide against Accidents: where so many of the Men are taken from the Plough to serve the King in his Wars, and a great part of the Tillage is left to the weaker Hands of so many Women and Children. Whatever was the Loss, it must undoubtedly be placed to the Account of his Ambition.

'And so must also the Destruction or Banishment of 3 or 400000 of his reformed Subjects; he could have no other Reasons for valuing those Lives so very cheap, but only to recommend himself to the Bigotry of the *Spanish* Nation.

'How should there be Industry in a Country where all Property is precarious? What Subject will sow his Land that his Prince may reap the whole Harvest? Parsimony and Frugality must be Strangers to such a People; for will any Man save to-day what he has Reason to fear will be taken from him to-morrow? And where is the Encouragement for marrying? Will any Man think of raising Children, without any Assurance of Cloathing for their Backs, or so much as Food for their Bellies? And thus by his fatal Ambition he must have lessened the Number of his Subjects not only by Slaughter and Destruction, but by preventing their very Births, he has done as much as was possible towards destroying Posterity itself.

'Is this then the great, the invincible *Lewis*? This the immortal Man, the *tout-puissant*, or the Almighty, as his Flatterers have called him? Is this the Man that is so celebrated for his Conquests? For every Subject he has acquired, has he not lost three that were his Inheritance? Are not his Troops fewer, and those neither so well fed, or cloathed, or paid, as they were formerly, tho' he has now so much greater Cause to exert himself? And what can be the Reason of all this, but that his Revenue is a great deal less, his Subjects are either poorer, or not so many to be plundered by constant Taxes for his Use?

'It is well for him he had found out a Way to steal a Kingdom; if he had gone on conquering as he did before, his Ruin had been long since finished. This brings to my Mind a saying of King *Pyrrhus*, after he had a second time beat the *Romans* in a pitched Battle, and was complimented by his Generals; *Yes*, says he, *such another Victory and I am quite undone*. And since I have mentioned *Pyrrhus*, I will end with a very good, though known Story of this ambitious mad Man. When he had shewn the utmost Fondness for his Expedition against the *Romans*, *Cyneas* his chief Minister asked him what he proposed to himself by this War? Why, says *Pyrrhus*, to conquer the *Romans*, and reduce all *Italy* to my Obedience. What then? says *Cyneas*. To pass over into *Sicily*, says *Pyrrhus*, and then all the *Sicilians* must be our Subjects. And what

'does your Majesty intend next? Why truly, says the King, to conquer *Carthage*, and make myself Master of all *Africa*. And what, Sir, says the Minister is to be the End of all your Expeditions? Why then, says the King, for the rest of our Lives we'll sit down to good Wine. How, Sir, replied *Cyneas*, to better than we have now before us? Have we not already as much as we can drink?¹

'Riot and Excess are not the becoming Characters of Princes: but if *Pyrrhus* and *Lewis* had debauched like *Vitellius*, they had been less hurtful to their People.

Your humble Servant,

PHILARITHMUS.

T.

No. 181.] Thursday, September 27, 1711. [Addison.

His lacrymis vitam damus, et miserescimus ultrò.
Virg.

I AM more pleased with a Letter that is filled with Touches of Nature than of Wit. The following one is of this Kind.

SIR,

'Among all the Distresses which happen in Families, I do not remember that you have touched upon the Marriage of Children without the Consent of their Parents. I am one of [these²] unfortunate Persons. I was about Fifteen when I took the Liberty to choose for my self; and have ever since languished under the Displeasure of an inexorable Father, who, though he sees me happy in the best of Husbands, and blessed with very fine Children, can never be prevailed upon to forgive me. He was so kind to me before this unhappy Accident, that indeed it makes my Breach of Duty, in some measure, inexcusable; and at the same Time creates in me such a Tenderness towards him, that I love him above all things, and would die to be reconciled to him. I have thrown myself at his Feet, and besought him with Tears to pardon me; but he always pushes me away, and spurns me from him; I have written several Letters to him, but he will neither open nor receive them. About two Years ago I sent my little Boy to him, dressed in a new Apparel; but the Child returned to me crying, because he said his Grandfather would not see him, and had ordered him to be put out of his House. My Mother is won over to my Side, but dares not mention me to my Father for fear of provoking him. About a Month ago he lay sick upon his Bed, and in great Danger of his Life: I was pierced to the Heart at the News, and could not forbear going to inquire after his Health. My Mother took this Opportunity of speaking in my Behalf: she told him with abundance of Tears, that I was come to see him, that I could not speak to her for weeping, and that I should certainly break my Heart if he refus'd at that Time to give me his Blessing, and be recon-

¹ These anecdotes are from Plutarch's Life of Pyrrhus.

² [those]

'ciled to me. He was so far from relenting towards me, that he bid her speak no more of me, unless she had a mind to disturb him in his last Moments; for, Sir, you must know that he has the Reputation of an honest and religious Man, which makes my Misfortune so much the greater. God be thanked he is since recovered: But his severe Usage has given me such a Blow, that I shall soon sink under it, unless I may be relieved by any Impressions which the reading of this in your Paper may make upon him.

I am, &c.

Of all Hardnesses of Heart there is none so inexcusable as that of Parents towards their Children. An obstinate, inflexible, unforgiving Temper is odious upon all Occasions; but here it is unnatural. The Love, Tenderness, and Compassion, which are apt to arise in us towards those [who¹] depend upon us, is that by which the whole World of Life is upheld. The Supreme Being, by the transcendent Excellency and Goodness of his Nature, extends his Mercy towards all his Works; and because his Creatures have not such a spontaneous Benevolence and Compassion towards those who are under their Care and Protection, he has implanted in them an Instinct, that supplies the Place of this inherent Goodness. I have illustrated this kind of Instinct in former Papers, and have shewn how it runs thro' all the Species of brute Creatures, as indeed the whole Animal Creation subsists by it.

This Instinct in Man is more general and un-circumscribed than in Brutes, as being enlarged by the Dictates of Reason and Duty. For if we consider our selves attentively, we shall find that we are not only inclined to love those who descend from us, but that we bear a kind of *στοργή*, or natural Affection, to every thing which relies upon us for its Good and Preservation. Dependence is a perpetual Call upon Humanity, and a greater Incitement to Tenderness and Pity than any other Motive whatsoever.

The Man therefore who, notwithstanding any Passion or Resentment, can overcome this powerful Instinct, and extinguish natural Affection, debases his Mind even below Brutality, frustrates, as much as in him lies, the great Design of Providence, and strikes out of his Nature one of the most Divine Principles that is planted in it.

Among innumerable Arguments [which²] might be brought against such an unreasonable Proceeding, I shall only insist on one. We make it the Condition of our Forgiveness that we forgive others. In our very Prayers we desire no more than to be treated by this kind of Retaliation. The Case therefore before us seems to be what they call a *Case in Point*; the Relation between the Child and Father being what comes nearest to that between a Creature and its Creator. If the Father is inexorable to the Child who has offended, let the Offence be of never so high a Nature, how will he address himself to the Supreme Being under the tender Appellation of a Father, and desire of him such a Forgiveness as he himself refuses to grant?

¹ [that]

² [that]

To this I might add many other religious, as well as many prudential Considerations; but if the last mentioned Motive does not prevail, I despair of succeeding by any other, and shall therefore conclude my Paper with a very remarkable Story, which is recorded in an old Chronicle published by *Freher*, among the Writers of the *German History*.¹

Eginhart, who was Secretary to *Charles* the Great, became exceeding popular by his Behaviour in that Post. His great Abilities gain'd him the Favour of his Master, and the Esteem of the whole Court. *Imma*, the Daughter of the Emperor, was so pleased with his Person and Conversation, that she fell in Love with him. As she was one of the greatest Beauties of the Age, *Eginhart* answer'd her with a more than equal Return of Passion. They stifled their Flames for some Time, under Apprehension of the fatal Consequences that might ensue. *Eginhart* at length resolving to hazard all, rather than be deprived of one whom his Heart was so much set upon, conveyed himself one Night into the Princess's Apartment, and knocking gently at the Door, was admitted as a Person [who²] had something to communicate to her from the Emperor. He was with her in private most Part of the Night; but upon his preparing to go away about Break of Day, he observed that there had fallen a great Snow during his Stay with the Princess. This very much perplexed him, lest the Prints of his Feet in the Snow might make Discoveries to the King, who often used to visit his Daughter in the Morning. He acquainted the Princess *Imma* with his Fears; who, after some Consultations upon the Matter, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the Snow upon her own Shoulders. It happened, that the Emperor not being able to sleep, was at that time up and walking in his Chamber, when upon looking through the Window he perceived his Daughter tottering under her Burden, and carrying his first Minister across the Snow; which she had no sooner done, but she returned again with the utmost Speed to her own Apartment. The Emperor was extremely troubled and astonished at this Accident;

¹ Marquard Freher, who died at Heidelberg in 1614, aged 49, was Counsellor to the Elector Palatine, and Professor of Jurisprudence at Heidelberg, until employed by the Elector (Frederic IV.) as his Minister in Poland, and at other courts. The chief of many works of his were, on the Monetary System of the Ancient Romans and of the German Empire in his day, a History of France, a collection of Writers on Bohemian History, and another of Writers on German History, *Rerum Germanicarum Scriptores*, in three volumes. It is from a Chronicle of the monastery of Lorsch (or Laurisheim), in Hesse Darmstadt, under the year 805, in the first volume of the last-named collection, that the story about *Eginhart* was taken by Bayle, out of whose Dictionary Addison got it. Bayle, indeed, specially recommends it as good matter for a story. *Imma*, the chronicle says, had been betrothed to the Grecian Emperor.

² [that]

but resolved to speak nothing of it till a proper Opportunity. In the mean time, *Eginhart* knowing that what he had done could not be long a Secret, determined to retire from Court; and in order to it begged the Emperor that he would be pleased to dismiss him, pretending a kind of Discontent at his not having been rewarded for his long Services. The Emperor would not give a direct Answer to his Petition, but told him he would think of it, and [appointed¹] a certain Day when he would let him know his Pleasure. He then called together the most faithful of his Counsellors, and acquainting them with his Secretary's Crime, asked them their Advice in so delicate an Affair. They most of them gave their Opinion, that the Person could not be too severely punished who had thus dishonoured his Master. Upon the whole Debate, the Emperor declared it was his Opinion, that *Eginhart's* Punishment would rather encrease than diminish the Shame of his Family, and that therefore he thought it the most adviseable to wear out the Memory of the Fact, by marrying him to his Daughter. Accordingly *Eginhart* was called in, and acquainted by the Emperor, that he should no longer have any Pretence of complaining his Services were not rewarded, for that the Princess *Imma* should be given [him²] in Marriage, with a Dower suitable to her Quality; which was soon after performed accordingly. L.

No. 182.] Friday, September 28, 1711. [Steele.

Plus aloës quàm mellis habet— Juv.

AS all Parts of humane Life come under my Observation, my Reader must not make uncharitable Inferences from my speaking knowingly of that Sort of Crime which is at present treated of. He will, I hope, suppose I know it only from the Letters of Correspondents, two of which you shall have as follow.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'It is wonderful to me that among the many
'Enormities which you have treated of, you have
'not mentioned that of Wenching, and particularly
'the Insuaring Part; I mean, that it is a Thing
'very fit for your Pen, to expose the Villany of
'the Practice of deluding Women. You are to
'know, Sir, that I myself am a Woman who have
'been one of the Unhappy that have fallen into
'this Misfortune, and that by the Insinuation of a
'very worthless Fellow, who served others in the
'same Manner both before my Ruin and since
'that Time. I had, as soon as the Rascal left me,
'so much Indignation and Resolution, as not to
'go upon the Town, as the Phrase is, but took to
'Work for my Living in an obscure Place, out of
'the Knowledge of all with whom I was before
'acquainted.

'It is the ordinary Practice and Business of
'Life with a Set of idle Fellows about this Town,
'to write Letters, send Messages, and form Ap-

¹ [fixed on]

² [to him]

pointments with little raw unthinking Girls, and leave them after Possession of them, without any Mercy, to Shame, Infamy, Poverty, and Disease. Were you to read the nauseous Impertinences which are written on these Occasions, and to see the silly Creatures sighing over them, it could not but be Matter of Mirth as well as Pity. A little Prentice Girl of mine has been for some time applied to by an *Irish* Fellow, who dresses very fine, and struts in a laced Coat, and is the Admiration of Seamstresses who are under Age in Town. Ever since I have had some Knowledge of the Matter, I have debarred my Prentice from Pen, Ink and Paper. But the other Day he bespoke some Cravats of me: I went out of the Shop, and left his Mistress to put them up into a Band-box in order to be sent to him when his Man called. When I came into the Shop again, I took occasion to send her away, and found in the Bottom of the Box written these Words, *Why would you ruin a harmless Creature that loves you?* then in the Lid, *There is no resisting* Strephon: I searched a little farther, and found in the Rim of the Box, *At Eleven of clock at Night come in an Hackney-Coach at the End of our Street.* This was enough to alarm me; I went away the things, and took my Measures accordingly. An Hour or two before the appointed Time I examined my young Lady, and found her Trunk stuffed with impertinent Letters, and an old Scroll of Parchment in *Latin*, which her Lover had sent her as a Settlement of Fifty Pounds a Year: Among other things, there was also the best Lace I had in my Shop to make him a Present for Cravats. I was very glad of this last Circumstance, because I could very conscientiously swear against him that he had enticed my Servant away, and was her Accomplice in robbing me: I procured a Warrant against him accordingly. Every thing was now prepared, and the tender Hour of Love approaching, I, who had acted for myself in my Youth the same senseless Part, knew how to manage accordingly. Therefore after having locked up my Maid, and not being so much unlike her in Height and Shape, as in a huddled way not to pass for her, I delivered the Bundle designed to be carried off to her Lover's Man, who came with the Signal to receive them. Thus I followed after to the Coach, where when I saw his Master take them in, I cryed out, Thieves! Thieves! and the Constable with his Attendants seized my expecting Lover. I kept my self unobserved till I saw the Crowd sufficiently increased, and then appeared to declare the Goods to be mine; and had the Satisfaction to see my Man of Mode put into the *Round-House*, with the stolen Wares by him, to be produced in Evidence against him the next Morning. This Matter is notoriously known to be Fact; and I have been contented to save my Prentice, and take a Year's Rent of this mortified Lover, not to appear further in the Matter. This was some Penance; but, Sir, is this enough for a Villany of much more pernicious Consequence than the Trifles for which he was to have been indicted? Should not you, and all Men of any Parts or Honour, put things upon so

right a Foot, as that such a Rascal should not laugh at the Imputation of what he was really guilty, and dread being accused of that for which he was arrested?

In a word, Sir, it is in the Power of you, and such as I hope you are, to make it as infamous to rob a poor Creature of her Honour as her Cloaths. I leave this to your Consideration, only take Leave (which I cannot do without sighing) to remark to you, that if this had been the Sense of Mankind thirty Years ago, I should have avoided a Life spent in Poverty and Shame.

*I am, Sir,
Your most humble Servant,
Alice Threadneedle.*

Mr. SPECTATOR, Round-House, Sept. 9.

I am a Man of Pleasure about Town, but by the Stupidity of a dull Rogue of a Justice of Peace, and an insolent Constable, upon the Oath of an old Harridan, am imprisoned here for Theft, when I designed only Fornication. The Midnight Magistrate, as he conveyed me along, had you in his Mouth, and said, this would make a pure Story for the SPECTATOR. I hope, Sir, you won't pretend to Wit, and take the Part of dull Rogues of Business. The World is so altered of late Years, that there was not a Man who would knock down a Watchman in my Behalf, but I was carried off with as much Triumph as if I had been a Pick-pocket. At this rate, there is an end of all the Wit and Humour in the World. The Time was when all the honest Whore-masters in the Neighbourhood would have rose against the Cuckolds to my Rescue. If Fornication is to be scandalous, half the fine things that have been writ by most of the Wits of the last Age may be burnt by the common Hangman. Harkee, [Mr.] SPEC, do not be queer; after having done some things pretty well, don't begin to write at that rate that no Gentleman can read thee. Be true to Love, and burn your *Seneca*. You do not expect me to write my Name from hence, but I am

Your unknown humble, &c.

No. 183.] *Saturday, Sept. 29, 1711. [Addison.*

Ἰδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα,
Ἰδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.
Hesiod.

FABLES were the first Pieces of Wit that made their Appearance in the World, and have been still highly valued, not only in Times of the greatest Simplicity, but among the most polite Ages of Mankind. *Jotham's* Fable of the Trees¹ is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that Time. *Nathan's* Fable of the poor Man and his Lamb² is likewise more ancient than any that is extant,

¹ Judges ix. 8—15.

² 2 Sam. xii. 1—4.

besides the above-mentioned, and had so good an Effect, as to convey Instruction to the Ear of a King without offending it, and to bring the Man after God's own Heart to a right Sense of his Guilt and his Duty. We find *Æsop* in the most distant Ages of *Greece*; and if we look into the very Beginnings of the Commonwealth of *Rome*, we see a Mutiny among the Common People appeased by a Fable of the Belly and the Limbs,¹ which was indeed very proper to gain the Attention of an incensed Rabble, at a Time when perhaps they would have torn to Pieces any Man who had preached the same Doctrine to them in an open and direct Manner. As Fables took their Birth in the very Infancy of Learning, they never flourished more than when Learning was at its greatest Height. To justify this Assertion, I shall put my Reader in mind of *Horace*, the greatest Wit and Critick in the *Augustan* Age; and of *Boileau*, the most correct Poet among the Moderns: Not to mention *La Fontaine*, who by this Way of Writing is come more into Vogue than any other Author of our Times.

The Fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon Brutes and Vegetables, with some of our own Species mixt among them, when the Moral hath so required. But besides this kind of Fable, there is another in which the Actors are Passions, Virtues, Vices, and other imaginary Persons of the like Nature. Some of the ancient Criticks will have it, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of *Homer* are Fables of this Nature: and that the several Names of Gods and Heroes are nothing else but the Affections of the Mind in a visible Shape and Character. Thus they tell us, that *Achilles*, in the first *Iliad*, represents Anger, or the Irascible Part of Human Nature; That upon drawing his Sword against his Superior in a full Assembly, *Pallas* is only another Name for Reason, which checks and advises him upon that Occasion; and at her first Appearance touches him upon the Head, that Part of the Man being looked upon as the Seat of Reason. And thus of the rest of the Poem. As for the *Odyssey*, I think it is plain that *Horace* considered it as one of these Allegorical Fables, by the Moral which he has given us of several Parts of it. The greatest *Italian* Wits have applied themselves to the Writing of this latter kind of Fables: As *Spencer's Fairy-Queen* is one continued Series of them from the Beginning to the End of that admirable Work. If we look into the finest Prose Authors of Antiquity, such as *Cicero*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, and many others, we shall find that this was likewise their Favourite Kind of Fable. I shall only further observe upon it, that the first of this Sort that made any considerable Figure in the World, was that of *Hercules* meeting with Pleasure and Virtue; which was invented by *Prodicus*, who lived before *Socrates*, and in the first Dawnings of Philosophy. He used to travel through *Greece* by vertue of this Fable, which procured him a kind Reception in all the Market-towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an Audience about him.²

After this short Preface, which I have made up of such Materials as my Memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my Reader with a Fable of this Kind, which I design as the Entertainment of the present Paper, I must in a few Words open the Occasion of it.

In the Account which *Plato* gives us of the Conversation and Behaviour of *Socrates*, the Morning he was to die, he tells the following Circumstance.

When *Socrates* his Fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the Day that the condemned Person was to be executed) being seated in the midst of his Disciples, and laying one of his Legs over the other, in a very unconcerned Posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the Iron; and whether it was to shew the Indifference with which he entertained the Thoughts of his approaching Death, or (after his usual Manner) to take every Occasion of Philosophizing upon some useful Subject, he observed the Pleasure of that Sensation which now arose in those very Parts of his Leg, that just before had been so much pained by the Fetter. Upon this he reflected on the Nature of Pleasure and Pain in general, and how constantly they succeeded one another. To this he added, That if a Man of a good Genius for a Fable were to represent the Nature of Pleasure and Pain in that Way of Writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any Place without being followed by the other.¹

It is possible, that if *Plato* had thought it proper at such a Time to describe *Socrates* launching out into a Discourse [which²] was not of a piece with the Business of the Day, he would have enlarged upon this Hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful Allegory or Fable. But since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one myself in the Spirit of that Divine Author.

There were two Families which from the Beginning of the World were as opposite to each other as Light and Darkness. The one of them lived in Heaven, and the other in Hell. The youngest Descendant of the first Family was Pleasure, who was the Daughter of Happiness, who was the Child of Virtue, who was the Offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their Habitation in Heaven. The youngest of the opposite Family was Pain, who was the Son of Misery, who was the Child of Vice, who was the Offspring of the Furies. The Habitation of this Race of Beings was in Hell.

The middle Station of Nature between these two opposite Extremes was the Earth, which was inhabited by Creatures of a middle Kind, neither so Virtuous as the one, nor so Vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad Qualities of these two opposite Families. Jupiter considering that this Species commonly called Man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a Distinction between the Good and the Bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned Families,

¹ Livy, Bk. II. sec. 32.

² Xenophon's Memorabilia Socratis, Bk. II.

¹ Phædon, § 10.

² [that]

Pleasure who was the Daughter of Happiness, and Pain who was the Son of Misery, to meet one another upon this Part of Nature which lay in the half-Way between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the Division of it, so as to share Mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new Habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this Point, that Pleasure should take Possession of the Virtuous, and Pain of the Vicious Part of that Species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any Individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a Right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old Places of Residence, there was no Person so Vicious who had not some Good in him, nor any Person so Virtuous who had not in him some Evil. The Truth of it is, they generally found upon Search, that in the most vicious Man Pleasure might lay a Claim to an hundredth Part, and that in the most virtuous Man Pain might come in for at least two Thirds. This they saw would occasion endless Disputes between them, unless they could come to some Accommodation. To this end there was a Marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: By this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant Yoke-fellows, and that they either make their Visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into an Heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

But notwithstanding this Marriage was very convenient for the two Parties, it did not seem to answer the Intention of Jupiter in sending them among Mankind. To remedy therefore this Inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by Article, and confirmed by the Consent of each Family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the Species indifferently; upon the Death of every single Person, if he was found to have in him a certain Proportion of Evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal Regions by a Passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice and the Furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain Proportion of Good, he should be dispatched into Heaven by a Passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue and the Gods.

L.

No. 184.] Monday, October 1, 1711. [Addison.

—Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.
Hor.

WHEN a Man has discovered a new Vein of Humour, it often carries him much further than he expected from it. My Correspondents take the Hint I give them, and pursue it into Speculations which I never thought of at my first starting it. This has been the Fate of my Paper on the Match of Grinning, which has already produced a second Paper on parallel Subjects,

and brought me the following Letter by the last Post. I shall not premise any thing to it further than that it is built on Matter of Fact, and is as follows.

SIR,

'You have already obliged the World with a Discourse upon Grinning, and have since proceeded to Whistling, from whence you [at length came¹] to Yawning; from this, I think, you may make a very natural Transition to Sleeping. I therefore recommend to you for the Subject of a Paper the following Advertisement, which about two Months ago was given into every Body's Hands, and may be seen with some Additions in the *Daily Courant* of August the Ninth.

'Nicholas Hart,² who slept last Year in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, intends to sleep this Year at the Cock and Bottle in Little-Britain.

'Having since inquired into the Matter of Fact, I find that the above-mentioned *Nicholas Hart* is every Year seized with a periodical Fit of Sleeping, which begins upon the Fifth of August, and ends on the Eleventh of the same Month: That

'On the First of that Month he grew dull;
'On the Second, appeared drowsy;
'On the Third, fell a yawning;
'On the Fourth, began to nod;
'On the Fifth, dropped asleep;
'On the Sixth, was heard to snore;
'On the Seventh, turned himself in his Bed;
'On the Eighth, recovered his former Posture;
'On the Ninth fell a stretching;
'On the Tenth about Midnight, awaked;
'On the Eleventh in the Morning called for a little Small-Beer.

'This Account I have extracted out of the Journal of this sleeping Worthy, as it has been faithfully kept by a Gentleman of *Lincoln's-Inn*, who has undertaken to be his Historiographer. I have sent it to you, not only as it represents the Actions of *Nicholas Hart*, but as it seems a very natural Picture of the Life of many an honest *English* Gentleman, whose whole History very often consists of Yawning, Nodding, Stretching, Turning, Sleeping, Drinking, and the like extraordinary Particulars. I do not question, Sir, that, if you pleased, you could put out an Advertisement not unlike [the³] above-men-

¹ [are at length come]

² Nicholas Hart, born at Leyden, was at this time 22 years old, one of ten children of a learned mathematician who for two years had been a tutor to King William. Nicholas was a sailor from the age of twelve, and no scholar, although he spoke French, Dutch, and English. He was a patient at St. Bartholomew's for stone and gravel some weeks before, and on the 3rd of August, 1711, set his mark to an account of himself, when he expected to fall asleep on the fifth of August, two days later. His account was also signed by 'William Hill, Sen. No. 1. Lincoln's Inn,' the 'Gentleman of Lincoln's Inn,' presently alluded to.

³ [that]

'tioned, of several Men of Figure; that Mr. *John*
'such-a-one, Gentleman, or *Thomas* such-a-one,
'Esquire, who slept in the Country last Summer,
'intends to sleep in Town this Winter. The
'worst of it is, that the drowsy Part of our Species
'is chiefly made up of very honest Gentlemen,
'who live quietly among their Neighbours, with-
'out ever disturbing the publick Peace: They
'are Drones without Stings. I could heartily
'wish, that several turbulent, restless, ambitious
'Spirits, would for a while change Places with
'these good Men, and enter themselves into *Nicho-*
'*las Hart's* Fraternity. Could one but lay asleep
'a few busy Heads which I could name, from the
'First of *November* next to the First of *May* en-
'suing,¹ I question not but it would very much
'redound to the Quiet of particular Persons, as
'well as to the Benefit of the Publick.

'But to return to *Nicholas Hart*: I believe, Sir,
'you will think it a very extraordinary Circum-
'stance for a Man to gain his Livelihood by Sleep-
'ing, and that Rest should procure a Man Suste-
'nance as well as Industry; yet so it is that
'*Nicholas* got last Year enough to support him-
'self for a Twelvemonth. I am likewise informed
'that he has this Year had a very comfortable
'Nap. The Poets value themselves very much
'for sleeping on *Parnassus*, but I never heard
'they got a Groat by it: On the contrary, our
'Friend *Nicholas* gets more by Sleeping than he
'could by Working, and may be more properly
'said, than ever *Homer* was, to have had Golden
'Dreams. *Juvenal* indeed mentions a drowsy
'Husband who raised an Estate by Snoring, but
'then he is represented to have slept what the
'common People call a Dog's Sleep; or if his
'Sleep was real, his Wife was awake, and about
'her Business. Your Pen, [which²] loves to
'moralize upon all Subjects, may raise something,
'methinks, on this Circumstance also, and point
'out to us those Sets of Men, who instead of
'growing rich by an honest Industry, recommend
'themselves to the Favours of the Great, by mak-
'ing themselves agreeable Companions in the
'Participations of Luxury and Pleasure.

'I must further acquaint you, Sir, that one of
'the most eminent Pens in *Grub-street* is now em-
'ployed in Writing the Dream of this miraculous
'Sleeper, which I hear will be of a more than or-
'dinary Length, as it must contain all the Par-
'ticulars that are supposed to have passed in his
'Imagination during so long a Sleep. He is said
'to have gone already through three Days and
'[three] Nights of it, and to have comprised in
'them the most remarkable Passages of the four
'first Empires of the World. If he can keep free
'from Party-Strokes, his Work may be of Use;
'but this I much doubt, having been informed by
'one of his Friends and Confidants, that he has
'spoken some things of *Nimrod* with too great
'Freedom.

L.

*I am ever, Sir, &c.*¹ That is, when Parliament is sitting.² [that]

No. 185.] Tuesday, October 2, 1711. [Addison.

—*Tantæne Animis cælestibus Iræ?*—Virg.

THERE is nothing in which Men more deceive
themselves than in what the World calls
Zeal. There are so many Passions which hide
themselves under it, and so many Mischiefs aris-
ing from it, that some have gone so far as to say
it would have been for the Benefit of Mankind if
it had never been reckoned in the Catalogue of
Virtues. It is certain, where it is once Laudable
and Prudential, it is an hundred times Criminal
and Erroneous; nor can it be otherwise, if we con-
sider that it operates with equal Violence in all
Religions, however opposite they may be to one
another, and in all the Subdivisions of each Re-
ligion in particular.

We are told by some of the *Jewish Rabbins*,
that the first Murder was occasioned by a religious
Controversy; and if we had the whole History of
Zeal from the Days of *Cain* to our own Times, we
should see it filled with so many Scenes of
Slaughter and Bloodshed, as would make a wise
Man very careful how he suffers himself to be ac-
tuated by such a Principle, when it only regards
Matters of Opinion and Speculation.

I would have every Zealous Man examine his
Heart thoroughly, and, I believe, he will often
find, that what he calls a Zeal for his Religion, is
either Pride, Interest, or Ill-nature. [A Man
who¹] differs from another in Opinion, sets him-
self above him in his own Judgment, and in sever-
al Particulars pretends to be the wiser Person.
This is a great Provocation to the proud Man,
and gives a very keen Edge to what he calls his
Zeal. And that this is the Case very often, we
may observe from the Behaviour of some of the
most zealous for Orthodoxy, who have often great
Friendships and Intimacies with vicious immoral
Men, provided they do but agree with them in
the same Scheme of Belief. The Reason is, Be-
cause the vicious Believer gives the Precedency
to the virtuous Man, and allows the good Christian
to be the worthier Person, at the same time that
he cannot come up to his Perfections. This we
find exemplified in that trite Passage which we see
quoted in almost every System of Ethicks, tho'
upon another Occasion.

—*Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor*—Ov.

On the contrary, it is certain, if our Zeal were
true and genuine, we should be much more angry
with a Sinner than a Heretick; since there are
several Cases [which²] may excuse the latter be-
fore his great Judge, but none [which³] can excuse
the former.

Interest is likewise a great Inflamer, and sets a
Man on Persecution under the colour of Zeal.
For this Reason we find none are so forward to
promote the true Worship by Fire and Sword, as
those who find their present Account in it. But I

¹ [The Man that]² [that]³ [that]