

shall extend the Word Interest to a larger Meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our Spiritual Safety and Welfare, as well as to our Temporal. A Man is glad to gain Numbers on his Side, as they serve to strengthen him in his private Opinions. Every Proselyte is like a new Argument for the Establishment of his Faith. It makes him believe that his Principles carry Conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the Reason of others, as well as to his own. And that this Temper of Mind deludes a Man very often into an Opinion of his Zeal, may appear from the common Behaviour of the Atheist, who maintains and spreads his Opinions with as much Heat as those who believe they do it only out of Passion for God's Glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful Imitator of Zeal. Many a good Man may have a natural Rancour and Malice in his Heart, [which<sup>1</sup>] has been in some measure quelled and subdued by Religion; but if it finds any Pretence of breaking out, which does not seem to him inconsistent with the Duties of a Christian, it throws off all Restraint, and rages in its full Fury. Zeal is therefore a great Ease to a malicious Man, by making him believe he does God Service, whilst he is gratifying the Bent of a perverse revengeful Temper. For this Reason we find, that most of the Massacres and Devastations, [which<sup>2</sup>] have been in the World, have taken their Rise from a furious pretended Zeal.

I love to see a Man zealous in a good Matter, and especially when his Zeal shews it self for advancing Morality, and promoting the Happiness of Mankind: But when I find the Instruments he works with are Racks and Gibbets, Gallies and Dungeons; when he imprisons Mens Persons, confiscates their Estates, ruins their Families, and burns the Body to save the Soul, I cannot stick to pronounce of such a one, that (whatever he may think of his Faith and Religion) his Faith is vain, and his Religion unprofitable.

After having treated of these false Zealots in Religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monstrous Species of Men, who one would not think had any Existence in Nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary Conversation, I mean the Zealots in Atheism. One would fancy that these Men, tho' they fall short, in every other Respect, of those who make a Profession of Religion, would at least outshine them in this Particular, and be exempt from that single Fault which seems to grow out of the imprudent Fervours of Religion: But so it is, that Infidelity is propagated with as much Fierceness and Contention, Wrath and Indignation, as if the Safety of Mankind depended upon it. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of Zealots, that one does not know how to set them out in their proper Colours. They are a Sort of Gamesters [who<sup>3</sup>] are eternally upon the Fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teizing their Friends to come over to them, though at the same time they allow that neither of them shall get any thing by the Bargain. In

short, the Zeal of spreading Atheism is, if possible, more absurd than Atheism it self.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable Zeal which appears in Atheists and Infidels, I must further observe that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the Spirit of Bigotry. They are wedded to Opinions full of Contradiction and Impossibility, and at the same time look upon the smallest Difficulty in an Article of Faith as a sufficient Reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common Reason of Mankind, that are conformable to the Sense of all Ages and all Nations, not to mention their Tendency for promoting the Happiness of Societies, or of particular Persons, are exploded as Errors and Prejudices; and Schemes erected in their stead that are altogether monstrous and irrational, and require the most extravagant Credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of these bigotted Infidels, supposing all the great Points of Atheism, as the casual or eternal Formation of the World, the Materiality of a thinking Substance, the Mortality of the Soul, the fortuitous Organization of the Body, the Motions and Gravitation of Matter, with the like Particulars, were laid together and formed [into<sup>1</sup>] a kind of Creed, according to the Opinions of the most celebrated Atheists; I say, supposing such a Creed as this were formed, and imposed upon any one People in the World, whether it would not require an infinitely greater Measure of Faith, than any Set of Articles which they so violently oppose. Let me therefore advise this Generation of Wranglers, for their own and for the publick Good, to act at least so consistently with themselves, as not to burn with Zeal for Irreligion, and with Bigotry for Nonsense. C.

No. 186.] Wednesday, October 3, 1711. [Addison.

*Cælum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.*—— Hor.

UPON my Return to my Lodgings last Night I found a Letter from my worthy Friend the Clergyman, whom I have given some Account of in my former Papers. He tells me in it that he was particularly pleased with the latter Part of my Yesterday's Speculation; and at the same time enclosed the following Essay, which he desires me to publish as the Sequel of that Discourse. It consists partly of uncommon Reflections, and partly of such as have been already used, but now set in a stronger Light.

'A Believer may be excused by the most hardened Atheist for endeavouring to make him a Convert, because he does it with an Eye to both their Interests. The Atheist is inexcusable who tries to gain over a Believer, because he does not propose the doing himself or the Believer any Good by such a Conversion.

'The Prospect of a future State is the secret Comfort and Refreshment of my Soul; it is that which makes Nature look gay about me; it

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>3</sup> [that]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>1</sup> [in]

'doubles all my Pleasures, and supports me under  
'all my Afflictions. I can look at Disappointments  
'and Misfortunes, Pain and Sickness, Death itself,  
'and, what is worse than Death, the Loss of those  
'who are dearest to me, with Indifference, so long  
'as I keep in view the Pleasures of Eternity, and  
'the State of Being in which there will be no  
'Fears nor Apprehensions, Pains nor Sorrows,  
'Sickness nor Separation. Why will any Man be  
'so impertinently Officious as to tell me all this is  
'only Fancy and Delusion? Is there any Merit  
'in being the Messenger of ill News? If it is a  
'Dream, let me enjoy it, since it makes me both  
'the happier and better Man.

'I must confess I do not know how to trust a  
'Man [who<sup>1</sup>] believes neither Heaven nor Hell,  
'or, in other Words, a future State of Rewards  
'and Punishments. Not only natural Self-love,  
'but Reason directs us to promote our own In-  
'terest above all Things. It can never be for the  
'Interest of a Believer to do me a Mischief, be-  
'cause he is sure upon the Balance of Accompts to  
'find himself a Loser by it. On the contrary, if  
'he considers his own Welfare in his Behaviour  
'towards me, it will lead him to do me all the  
'Good he can, and at the same Time restrain him  
'from doing me any Injury. An Unbeliever  
'does not act like a reasonable Creature, if he  
'favours me contrary to his present Interest, or  
'does not distress me when it turns to his present  
'Advantage. Honour and Good-nature may in-  
'deed tie up his Hands; but as these would be  
'very much strengthened by Reason and Princi-  
'ple, so without them they are only Instincts, or  
'wavering unsettled Notions, [which<sup>2</sup>] rest on no  
'Foundation.

'Infidelity has been attack'd with so good Suc-  
'cess of late Years, that it is driven out of all its  
'Out-works. The Atheist has not found his Post  
'tenable, and is therefore retired into Deism, and  
'a Disbelief of revealed Religion only. But the  
'Truth of it is, the greatest Number of this Set of  
'Men, are those who, for want of a virtuous Edu-  
'cation, or examining the Grounds of Religion,  
'know so very little of the Matter in Question,  
'that their Infidelity is but another Term for their  
'Ignorance.

'As Folly and Inconsiderateness are the Found-  
'ations of Infidelity, the great Pillars and Sup-  
'ports of it are either a Vanity of appearing wiser  
'than the rest of Mankind, or an Ostentation of  
'Courage in despising the Terrors of another  
'World, which have so great an Influence on what  
'they call weaker Minds; or an Aversion to a  
'Belief that must cut them off from many of those  
'Pleasures they propose to themselves, and fill  
'them with Remorse for many of those they have  
'already tasted.

'The great received Articles of the Christian  
'Religion have been so clearly proved, from the  
'Authority of that Divine Revelation in which  
'they are delivered, that it is impossible for those  
'who have Ears to hear, and Eyes to see, not to  
'be convinced of them. But were it possible for  
'any thing in the Christian Faith to be erroneous,  
'I can find no ill Consequences in adhering to it.

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

'The great Points of the Incarnation and Suffer-  
'ings of our Saviour produce naturally such  
'Habits of Virtue in the Mind of Man, that I say,  
'supposing it were possible for us to be mistaken  
'in them, the Infidel himself must at least allow  
'that no other System of Religion could so effect-  
'ually contribute to the heightning of Morality.  
'They give us great Ideas of the Dignity of human  
'Nature, and of the Love which the Supreme  
'Being bears to his Creatures, and consequently  
'engage us in the highest Acts of Duty towards  
'our Creator, our Neighbour, and our selves. How  
'many noble Arguments has Saint *Paul* raised from  
'the chief Articles of our Religion, for the advancing  
'of Morality in its three great Branches? To give  
'a single Example in each Kind: What can be a  
'stronger Motive to a firm Trust and Reliance on  
'the Mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his  
'Son to suffer for us? What can make us love and  
'esteem even the most inconsiderable of Mankind  
'more than the Thought that Christ died for him?  
'Or what dispose us to set a stricter Guard upon  
'the Purity of our own Hearts, than our being  
'Members of Christ, and a Part of the Society of  
'which that immaculate Person is the Head? But  
'these are only a Specimen of those admirable  
'Enforcements of Morality, which the Apostle  
'has drawn from the History of our blessed Sa-  
'viour.

'If our modern Infidels considered these Matters  
'with that Candour and Seriousness which they  
'deserve, we should not see them act with such a  
'Spirit of Bitterness, Arrogance, and Malice:  
'They would not be raising such insignificant  
'Cavils, Doubts, and Scruples, as may be started  
'against every thing that is not capable of mathe-  
'matical Demonstration; in order to unsettle the  
'Minds of the Ignorant, disturb the publick Peace,  
'subvert Morality, and throw all things into Con-  
'fusion and Disorder. If none of these Reflec-  
'tions can have any Influence on them, there is  
'one that perhaps may, because it is adapted to  
'their Vanity, by which they seem to be guided  
'much more than their Reason. I would there-  
'fore have them consider, that the wisest and best  
'of Men, in all Ages of the World, have been those  
'who lived up to the Religion of their Country,  
'when they saw nothing in it opposite to Morality,  
'and [to] the best Lights they had of the Divine  
'Nature. *Pythagoras's* first Rule directs us to  
'worship the Gods *as it is ordained by Law*,  
'for that is the most natural Interpretation of the  
'Precept.<sup>1</sup> *Socrates*, who was the most renowned  
'among the Heathens both for Wisdom and Vir-  
'tue, in his last Moments desires his Friends to  
'offer a Cock to *Æsculapius*; <sup>2</sup> doubtless out of a  
'submissive Deference to the established Worship  
'of his Country. *Xenophon* tells us, that his  
'Prince (whom he sets forth as a Pattern of Per-  
'fection), when he found his Death approaching,  
'offered Sacrifices on the Mountains to the *Per-  
'sian Jupiter*, and the Sun, *according to the Cus-  
'tom of the Persians*; for those are the Words  
'of the Historian.<sup>3</sup> Nay, the *Epicureans* and  
'Atomical Philosophers shewed a very remarkable

<sup>1</sup> Which is motto to No. 112.<sup>2</sup> Phædon.<sup>3</sup> Cyropædia, Bk. viii.

‘Modesty in this Particular ; for though the Being  
‘of a God was entirely repugnant to their Schemes  
‘of natural Philosophy, they contented themselves  
‘with the Denial of a Providence, asserting at the  
‘same Time the Existence of Gods in general ;  
‘because they would not shock the common Be-  
‘lief of Mankind, and the Religion of their  
‘Country. L.

No. 187.] Thursday, October 4, 1711. [Steele.

—Miseri quibus  
Intentata nites— Hor.

THE Intelligence given by this Correspondent  
is so important and useful, in order to avoid  
the Persons he speaks of, that I shall insert his  
Letter at length.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘I do not know that you have ever touched upon  
‘a certain species of Women, whom we ordinarily  
‘call Jilts. You cannot possibly go upon a more  
‘useful Work, than the Consideration of these  
‘dangerous Animals. The Coquet is indeed one  
‘Degree towards the Jilt ; but the Heart of the  
‘former is bent upon admiring her self, and giving  
‘false Hopes to her Lovers ; but the latter is not  
‘contented to be extremely amiable, but she must  
‘add to that Advantage a certain Delight in being  
‘a Torment to others. Thus when her Lover is  
‘in the full Expectation of Success, the Jilt shall  
‘meet him with a sudden Indifference, and Ad-  
‘miral in her Face at his being surprised that  
‘he is received like a Stranger, and a Cast of her  
‘Head another Way with a pleasant Scorn of the  
‘Fellow’s Insolence. It is very probable the  
‘Lover goes home utterly astonished and dejected,  
‘sits down to his Scrutore, sends her word in the  
‘most abject Terms, That he knows not what he  
‘has done ; that all which was desirable in this  
‘Life is so suddenly vanished from him, that the  
‘Charmer of his Soul should withdraw the vital  
‘Heat from the Heart which pants for her. He  
‘continues a mournful Absence for some time,  
‘pining in Secret, and out of Humour with all  
‘things which he meets with. At length he takes  
‘a Resolution to try his Fate, and explain with  
‘her resolutely upon her unaccountable Carriage.  
‘He walks up to her Apartment, with a thousand  
‘Inquietudes and Doubts in what Manner he shall  
‘meet the first Cast of her Eye ; when upon his  
‘first Appearance she flies towards him, wonders  
‘where he has been, accuses him of his Absence,  
‘and treats him with a Familiarity as surprising  
‘as her former Coldness. This good Correspond-  
‘ence continues till the Lady observes the Lover  
‘grows happy in it, and then she interrupts it  
‘with some new Inconsistency of Behaviour. For  
‘(as I just now said) the Happiness of a Jilt con-  
‘sists only in the Power of making others un-  
‘easy. But such is the Folly of this Sect of  
‘Women, that they carry on this pretty skittish  
‘Behaviour, till they have no charms left to

‘render it supportable. *Corinna*, that used to  
‘torment all who conversed with her with false  
‘Glances, and little heedless unguarded Motions,  
‘that were to betray some Inclination towards  
‘the Man she would ensnare, finds at present all  
‘she attempts that way unregarded ; and is obliged  
‘to indulge the Jilt in her Constitution, by laying  
‘Artificial Plots, writing perplexing Letters from  
‘unknown Hands, and making all the young  
‘Fellows in Love with her, till they find out who  
‘she is. Thus as before she gave Torment by  
‘disguising her Inclination, she is now obliged to  
‘do it by hiding her Person.

‘As for my own Part, Mr. SPECTATOR, it has  
‘been my unhappy Fate to be jilted from my  
‘Youth upward ; and as my Taste has been very  
‘much towards Intreague, and having Intelligence  
‘with Women of Wit, my whole Life has passed  
‘away in a Series of Impositions. I shall, for the  
‘Benefit of the present Race of young Men, give  
‘some Account of my Loves. I know not  
‘whether you have ever heard of the famous Girl  
‘about Town called *Kitty* : This Creature (for I  
‘must take Shame upon my self) was my Mistress  
‘in the Days when Keeping was in Fashion.  
‘*Kitty*, under the Appearance of being Wild,  
‘Thoughtless, and Irregular in all her Words and  
‘Actions, concealed the most accomplished Jilt of  
‘her Time. Her Negligence had to me a Charm  
‘in it like that of Chastity, and Want of Desires  
‘seemed as great a Merit as the Conquest of them.  
‘The Air she gave herself was that of a Romping  
‘Girl, and whenever I talked to her with any Turn  
‘of Fondness, she would immediately snatch off  
‘my Perriwig, try it upon herself in the Glass, clap  
‘her Arms a Kimbow, draw my Sword, and make  
‘Passes on the Wall, take off my Cravat, and seize  
‘it to make some other Use of the Lace, or run  
‘into some other unaccountable Rompishness, till  
‘the Time I had appointed to pass away with her  
‘was over. I went from her full of Pleasure at  
‘the Reflection that I had the keeping of so much  
‘Beauty in a Woman, who, as she was too heedless  
‘to please me, was also too inattentive to form a  
‘Design to wrong me. Long did I divert every  
‘Hour that hung heavy upon me in the Com-  
‘pany of this Creature, whom I looked upon as  
‘neither Guilty or Innocent, but could laugh  
‘at my self for my unaccountable Pleasure in an  
‘Expence upon her, till in the End it appeared  
‘my pretty Insensible was with Child by my Foot-  
‘man.

‘This Accident roused me into a Disdain against  
‘all Libertine Women, under what Appearance  
‘soever they hid their Insincerity, and I resolved  
‘after that Time to converse with none but those  
‘who lived within the Rules of Decency and  
‘Honour. To this End I formed my self into a  
‘more regular Turn of Behaviour, and began to  
‘make Visits, frequent Assemblies, and lead out  
‘Ladies from the Theatres, with all the other  
‘insignificant Duties which the professed Servants  
‘of the Fair place themselves in constant Read-  
‘ness to perform. In a very little time, (having a  
‘plentiful Fortune) Fathers and Mothers began to  
‘regard me as a good Match, and I found easie  
‘Admittance into the best Families in Town to  
‘observe their Daughters ; but I, who was born to

‘follow the Fair to no Purpose, have by the Force  
‘of my ill Stars made my Application to three  
‘Jilts successively.

‘*Hyæna* is one of those who form themselves  
‘into a melancholy and indolent Air, and endea-  
‘vour to gain Admirers from their Inattention to  
‘all around them. *Hyæna* can loll in her Coach,  
‘with something so fixed in her Countenance, that  
‘it is impossible to conceive her Meditation is  
‘employed only on her Dress and her Charms in  
‘that Posture. If it were not too coarse a Simile, I  
‘should say, *Hyæna*, in the Figure she affects to  
‘appear in, is a Spider in the midst of a Cobweb,  
‘that is sure to destroy every Fly that approaches  
‘it. The Net *Hyæna* throws is so fine, that you  
‘are taken in it before you can observe any Part  
‘of her Work. I attempted her for a long and  
‘weary Season, but I found her Passion went no  
‘farther than to be admired; and she is of that  
‘unreasonable Temper, as not to value the In-  
‘constancy of her Lovers provided she can boast  
‘she once had their Addresses.

‘*Biblis* was the second I aimed at, and her  
‘Vanity lay in purchasing the Adorers of others,  
‘and not in rejoicing in their Love it self. *Biblis*  
‘is no Man’s Mistress, but every Woman’s Rival.  
‘As soon as I found this, I fell in Love with *Chloe*,  
‘who is my present Pleasure and Torment. I  
‘have writ to her, danced with her, and fought for  
‘her, and have been her Man in the Sight and  
‘Expectation of the whole Town [these<sup>1</sup>] three  
‘Years, and thought my self near the End of my  
‘Wishes; when the other Day she called me into  
‘her Closet, and told me, with a very grave Face,  
‘that she was a Woman of Honour, and scorned  
‘to deceive a Man who loved her with so much  
‘Sincerity as she saw I did, and therefore she  
‘must inform me that she was by Nature the most  
‘inconstant Creature breathing, and begg’d of me  
‘not to marry her; If I insisted upon it, I should;  
‘but that she was lately fallen in Love with  
‘another. What to do or say I know not, but  
‘desire you to inform me, and you will infinitely  
‘oblige,

SIR, Your most humble Servant,  
Charles Yellow.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Sly, Haberdasher of Hats, at the Corner  
of Devereux-Court in the Strand, gives notice,  
That he has prepared very neat Hats, Rubbers,  
and Brushes for the Use of young Tradesmen in  
their last Year of Apprenticeship, at reasonable  
Rates.<sup>2</sup> T.

<sup>1</sup> [this], and in first reprint.

<sup>2</sup> ‘Last night died of a mortification in his leg,  
‘after a long time enduring the same, John Sly,  
‘the late famous haberdasher, so often mentioned  
‘in the Spectator.’ *Evening Post*, April 15, 1729.

No. 188.] Friday, October 5, 1711. [Steele.

*Lætus sum Laudari à te Laudato viro.*—Tull.

HE is a very unhappy Man who sets his Heart  
upon being admired by the Multitude, or  
affects a general and undistinguishing Applause  
among Men. What pious Men call the Testimony  
of a good Conscience, should be the Measure of our  
Ambition in this Kind; that is to say, a Man of  
Spirit should contemn the Praise of the Ignorant,  
and like being applauded for nothing but what he  
knows in his own Heart he deserves. Besides  
which the Character of the Person who commends  
you is to be considered, before you set a Value  
upon his Esteem. The Praise of an ignorant Man  
is only Good-will, and you should receive his  
Kindness as he is a good Neighbour in Society,  
and not as a good Judge of your Actions in Point  
of Fame and Reputation. The Satyrist said very  
well of popular Praise and Acclamations, *Give the  
Tinkers and Coblers their Presents again, and  
learn to live of your self.*<sup>1</sup> It is an Argument of  
a loose and ungoverned Mind to be affected with  
the promiscuous Approbation of the Generality of  
Mankind; and a Man of Virtue should be too  
delicate for so coarse an Appetite of Fame. Men  
of Honour should endeavour only to please the  
Worthy, and the Man of Merit should desire to be  
tried only by his Peers. I thought it a noble  
Sentiment which I heard Yesterday uttered in  
Conversation; *I know, said a Gentleman, a Way  
to be greater than any Man: If he has Worth in  
him, I can rejoice in his Superiority to me; and  
that Satisfaction is a greater Act of the Soul in me,  
than any in him which can possibly appear to me.*  
This Thought could not proceed but from a candid  
and generous Spirit; and the Approbation of such  
Minds is what may be esteemed true Praise. For  
with the common Rate of Men there is nothing  
commendable but what they themselves may hope  
to be Partakers of, or arrive at; but the Motive  
truly glorious is, when the Mind is set rather to  
do Things laudable, than to purchase Reputation.  
Where there is that Sincerity as the Foundation of  
a good Name, the kind Opinion of virtuous Men  
will be an unsought but a necessary Consequence.  
The *Lacedemonians*, tho’ a plain People, and no  
Pretenders to Politeness, had a certain Delicacy  
in their Sense of Glory, and sacrificed to the  
Muses when they entered upon any great Enter-  
prise.<sup>2</sup> They would have the Commemoration of  
their Actions be transmitted by the purest and most  
untainted Memorialists. The Din which attends  
Victories and publick Triumphs is by far less  
eligible, than the Recital of the Actions of great  
Men by honest and wise Historians. It is a  
frivolous Pleasure to be the Admiration of gaping  
Crowds; but to have the Approbation of a good  
Man in the cool Reflections of his Closet, is a  
Gratification worthy an heroick Spirit. The Ap-  
plause of the Crowd makes the Head giddy, but  
the Attestation of a reasonable Man makes the  
Heart glad.

<sup>1</sup> Persius, Sat. IV. sec. 51.

<sup>2</sup> Plutarch in Life of Lycurgus.

What makes the Love of popular or general Praise still more ridiculous, is, that it is usually given for Circumstances which are foreign to the Persons admired. Thus they are the ordinary Attendants on Power and Riches, which may be taken out of one Man's Hands, and put into another's: The Application only, and not the Possession, makes those outward things honourable. The Vulgar and Men of Sense agree in admiring Men for having what they themselves would rather be possessed of; the wise Man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous; the rest of the World, him who is most wealthy.

When a Man is in this way of Thinking, I do not know what can occur to one more monstrous, than to see Persons of Ingenuity address their Services and Performances to Men no way addicted to Liberal Arts: In these Cases, the Praise on one hand, and the Patronage on the other, are equally the Objects of Ridicule. Dedications to ignorant Men are as absurd as any of the Speeches of *Bulfinch* in the Droll: Such an Address one is apt to translate into other Words; and when the Different Parties are thoroughly considered, the Panegyrick generally implies no more than if the Author should say to the Patron; My very good Lord, You and I can never understand one another, therefore I humbly desire we may be intimate Friends for the future.

The Rich may as well ask to borrow of the Poor, as the Man of Virtue or Merit hope for Addition to his Character from any but such as himself. He that commends another engages so much of his own Reputation as he gives to that Person commended; and he that has nothing laudable in himself is not of Ability to be such a Surety. The wise *Phocion* was so sensible how dangerous it was to be touched with what the Multitude approved, that upon a general Acclamation made when he was making an Oration, he turned to an intelligent Friend who stood near him, and asked, in a surprized Manner, What Slip have I made?<sup>1</sup>

I shall conclude this Paper with a Billet which has fallen into my Hands, and was written to a Lady from a Gentleman whom she had highly commended. The Author of it had formerly been her Lover. When all Possibility of Commerce between them on the Subject of Love was cut off, she spoke so handsomely of him, as to give Occasion for this Letter.

*Madam,*

'I should be insensible to a Stupidity, if I could forbear making you my Acknowledgments for your late mention of me with so much Applause. It is, I think, your Fate to give me new Sentiments; as you formerly inspired me with the true Sense of Love, so do you now with the true Sense of Glory. As Desire had the least Part in the Passion I heretofore professed towards you, so has Vanity no Share in the Glory to which you have now raised me. Innocence, Knowledge, Beauty, Virtue, Sincerity, and Discretion, are the constant Ornaments of her who has said this of me. Fame is a Babbling, but I have arrived at the highest Glory

<sup>1</sup> Plutarch in Life of Phocion.

'in this World, the Commendation of the most  
'deserving Person in it. T.

No. 189.] Saturday, October 6, 1711. [Addison.

—Patriæ pietatis imago.—Virg.

THE following Letter being written to my Bookseller, upon a Subject of which I treated some time since, I shall publish it in this Paper, together with the Letter that was inclosed in it.

*Mr. Buckley,*

'Mr. SPECTATOR having of late descanted upon the Cruelty of Parents to their Children, I have been induced (at the Request of several of Mr. SPECTATOR's Admirers) to inclose this Letter, which I assure you is the Original from a Father to his own Son, notwithstanding the latter gave but little or no Provocation. It would be wonderfully obliging to the World, if Mr. SPECTATOR would give his Opinion of it, in some of his Speculations, and particularly to

(*Mr. Buckley*)

*Your Humble Servant.*

SIRRAH,

'You are a sawcy audacious Rascal, and both Fool and Mad, and I care not a Farthing whether you comply or no; that does not raze out my Impressions of your Insolence, going about Railing at me, and the next Day to solicit my Favour: These are Inconsistencies, such as discover thy Reason depraved. To be brief, I never desire to see your Face; and, Sirrah, if you go to the Work-house, it is no Disgrace to me for you to be supported there; and if you Starve in the Streets, I'll never give any thing underhand in your Behalf. If I have any more of your scribbling Nonsense I'll break your Head the first Time I set Sight on you. You are a stubborn Beast; is this your Gratitude for my giving you Money? You Rogue, I'll better your Judgment, and give you a greater Sense of your Duty to (I regret to say) your Father, &c.

'P. S. It's Prudence for you to keep out of my Sight; for to reproach me, that Might overcomes Right, on the Outside of your Letter, I shall give you a great Knock on the Skull for it.

Was there ever such an Image of Paternal Tenderness! It was usual among some of the *Greeks* to make their Slaves drink to Excess, and then expose them to their Children, who by that means conceived an early Aversion to a Vice which makes Men appear so monstrous and irrational. I have exposed this Picture of an unnatural Father with the same Intention, that its Deformity may deter others from its Resemblance. If the Reader has a mind to see a Father of the same Stamp represented in the most exquisite Stroaks of Humour, he may meet with it in one of the finest Comedies that ever appeared upon

the *English Stage*: I mean the Part of Sir Sampson<sup>1</sup> in *Love for Love*.

I must not however engage myself blindly on the Side of the Son, to whom the fond Letter above-written was directed. His Father calls him a *sawcy and audacious Rascal* in the first Line, and I am afraid upon Examination he will prove but an ungracious Youth. *To go about railing at his Father, and to find no other Place but the Outside of his Letter to tell him that Might overcomes Right, if it does not discover his Reason to be depraved, and that he is either Fool or Mad,* as the choleric old Gentleman tells him, we may at least allow that the Father will do very well in endeavouring to *better his Judgment, and give him a greater Sense of his Duty*. But whether this may be brought about by *breaking his Head, or giving him a great Knock on the Skull*, ought, I think, to be well considered. Upon the whole, I wish the Father has not met with his Match, and that he may not be as equally paired with a Son, as the Mother in *Virgil*.

—*Crudelis tu quoque mater:*

*Crudelis mater magis an puer Improbus ille? Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.*<sup>2</sup>

Or like the Crow and her Egg, in the *Greek Proverb*,

Κακοῦ κόρακος κακὸν ᾠον.<sup>3</sup>

I must here take Notice of a Letter which I have received from an unknown Correspondent, upon the Subject of my Paper, upon which the foregoing Letter is likewise founded. The Writer of it seems very much concerned lest that Paper should seem to give Encouragement to the Disobedience of Children towards their Parents; but if the Writer of it will take the Pains to read it over again attentively, I dare say his Apprehensions will vanish. Pardon and Reconciliation are all the Penitent Daughter requests, and all that I contend for in her Behalf; and in this Case I may use the Saying of an eminent Wit, who, upon some great Mens pressing him to forgive his Daughter who had married against his Consent, told them he could refuse nothing to their Instances, but that he would have them remember there was Difference between *Giving* and *Forgiving*.

I must confess, in all Controversies between Parents and their Children, I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the former. The Obligations on that Side can never be acquitted, and I think it is one of the greatest Reflections upon Human Nature that Parental Instinct should be a stronger Motive to Love than Filial Gratitude; that the receiving of Favours should be a less Inducement to Good-will, Tenderness and Commiseration, than the conferring of them; and that the taking care of any Person should endear the Child or Dependant more to the Parent or Benefactor, than the Parent or Benefactor to the Child or Dependant; yet so it happens, that for one cruel

Parent we meet with a thousand undutiful Children. This is indeed wonderfully contrived (as I have formerly observed) for the Support of every living Species; but at the same time that it shews the Wisdom of the Creator, it discovers the Imperfection and Degeneracy of the Creature.

The Obedience of Children to their Parents is the Basis of all Government, and set forth as the Measure of that Obedience which we owe to those whom Providence hath placed over us.

It is Father *Le Conte*,<sup>1</sup> if I am not mistaken, who tells us how Want of Duty in this Particular is punished among the *Chinese*, insomuch that if a Son should be known to kill, or so much as to strike his Father, not only the Criminal but his whole Family would be rooted out, nay the Inhabitants of the Place where he lived would be put to the Sword, nay the Place itself would be razed to the Ground, and its Foundations sown with Salt: For, say they, there must have been an utter Depravation of Manners in that Clan or Society of People who could have bred up among them so horrible an Offender. To this I shall add a Passage out of the first Book of *Herodotus*. That Historian in his Account of the *Persian* Customs and Religion tells us, It is their Opinion that no Man ever killed his Father, or that it is possible such a Crime should be in Nature; but that if any thing like it should ever happen, they conclude that the reputed Son must have been illegitimate, Supposititious, or begotten in Adultery. Their Opinion in this Particular shews sufficiently what a Notion they must have had of Undutifulness in general.

L.

No. 190.] Monday, October 8, 1711. [Steele.

*Servitus crescit nova* — Hor.

SINCE I made some Reflections upon the general Negligence used in the Case of Regard towards Women, or, in other Words, since I talked of Wenching, I have had Epistles upon that Subject, which I shall, for the present Entertainment, insert as they lye before me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'As your Speculations are not confined to any Part of Humane Life, but concern the Wicked as well as the Good, I must desire your favourable Acceptance of what I, a poor strolling Girl about Town, have to say to you. I was told by a Roman Catholick Gentleman who picked me up last Week, and who, I hope, is absolved for what passed between us; I say I was told by such a Person, who endeavoured to convert me to his own Religion, that in Countries where Popery prevails, besides the Advantage of licensed Stews, there are large Endowments given for the *Incurabili*, I think he called them, such as are past all Remedy, and are allowed such Maintenance and Support as to keep them without further

<sup>1</sup> Sir Sampson Legend in Congreve's play, which ends with the heroine's 'punishing an inhuman father and rewarding a faithful lover.'

<sup>2</sup> Ecl. 8.

<sup>3</sup> Of bad Crow bad Egg.

<sup>1</sup> Present State of China, Part 2. Letter to the Cardinal d'Estrees.

'Care till they expire. This manner of treating  
'poor Sinners has, methinks, great Humanity in  
'it; and as you are a Person who pretend to carry  
'your Reflections upon all Subjects, whatever oc-  
'cur to you, with Candour, and act above the  
'Sense of what Misinterpretation you may meet  
'with, I beg the Favour of you to lay before all  
'the World the unhappy Condition of us poor  
'Vagrants, who are really in a Way of Labour in-  
'stead of Idleness. There are Crowds of us  
'whose Manner of Livelihood has long ceased to  
'be pleasing to us; and who would willingly lead  
'a new Life, if the Rigour of the Virtuous did not  
'for ever expel us from coming into the World  
'again. As it now happens, to the eternal Infamy  
'of the Male Sex, Falshood among you is not re-  
'proachful, but Credulity in Women is infamous.

'Give me Leave, Sir, to give you my History.  
'You are to know that I am a Daughter of a Man  
'of a good Reputation, Tenant to a Man of Quality.  
'The Heir of this great House took it in his Head  
'to cast a favourable Eye upon me, and succeeded.  
'I do not pretend to say he promised me Mar-  
'riage: I was not a Creature silly enough to be  
'taken by so foolish a Story: But he ran away  
'with me up to this Town; and introduced me to  
'a grave Matron, with whom I boarded for a Day  
'or two with great Gravity, and was not a little  
'pleased with the Change of my Condition, from  
'that of a Country Life to the finest Company, as  
'I believed, in the whole World. My humble  
'Servant made me to understand that I should be  
'always kept in the plentiful Condition I then en-  
'joyed; when after a very great Fondness to-  
'wards me, he one Day took his Leave of me for  
'four or five Days. In the Evening of the same  
'Day my good Landlady came to me, and observ-  
'ing me very pensive began to comfort me, and  
'with a Smile told me I must see the World.  
'When I was deaf to all she could say to divert  
'me, she began to tell me with a very frank Air  
'that I must be treated as I ought, and not take  
'these squeamish Humours upon me, for my  
'Friend had left me to the Town; and, as their  
'Phrase is, she expected I would see Company,  
'or I must be treated like what I had brought  
'my self to. This put me into a Fit of Crying:  
'And I immediately, in a true Sense of my Con-  
'dition, threw myself on the Floor, deploring my  
'Fate, calling upon all that was good and sacred  
'to succour me. While I was in all my Agony, I  
'observed a decrepid old Fellow come into the  
'Room, and looking with a Sense of Pleasure in  
'his Face at all my Vehemence and Transport.  
'In a Pause of my Distress I heard him say to  
'the shameless old Woman who stood by me, She  
'is certainly a new Face, or else she acts it rarely.  
'With that the Gentlewoman, who was making  
'her Market of me, in all the Turn of my Person,  
'the Heaves of my Passion, and the suitable  
'Changes of my Posture, took Occasion to com-  
'mend my Neck, my Shape, my Eyes, my Limbs.  
'All this was accompanied with such Speeches as  
'you may have heard Horse-courers make in the  
'Sale of Nags, when they are warranted for their  
'Soundness. You understand by this Time that I  
'was left in a Brothel, and exposed to the next  
'Bidder that could purchase me of my Patroness.

'This is so much the Work of Hell; the Pleasure  
'in the Possession of us Wenches, abates in pro-  
'portion to the Degrees we go beyond the Bounds  
'of Innocence; and no Man is gratified, if there  
'is nothing left for him to debauch. Well, Sir,  
'my first Man, when I came upon the Town, was  
'Sir *Jeoffry Foible*, who was extremely lavish to  
'me of his Money, and took such a Fancy to  
'me that he would have carried me off, if my  
'Patroness would have taken any reasonable  
'Terms for me: But as he was old, his Covetous-  
'ness was his strongest Passion, and poor I was  
'soon left exposed to be the common Refuse of  
'all the Rakes and Debauchees in Town. I can-  
'not tell whether you will do me Justice or no,  
'till I see whether you print this or not; other-  
'wise, as I now live with *Sal*, I could give you a  
'very just Account of who and who is together in  
'this Town. You perhaps won't believe it; but  
'I know of one who pretends to be a very good  
'Protestant who lies with a Roman-Catholick:  
'But more of this hereafter, as you please me.  
'There do come to our House the greatest Poli-  
'ticians of the Age; and *Sal* is more shrewd than  
'any Body thinks: No Body can believe that such  
'wise Men could go to Bawdy-houses out of idle  
'Purposes; I have heard them often talk of *Au-*  
'*gustus Cæsar*, who had Intrigues with the  
'Wives of Senators, not out of Wantonness but  
'Stratagem.

'It is a thousand Pities you should be so severely  
'virtuous as I fear you are; otherwise, after a  
'Visit or two, you would soon understand that we  
'Women of the Town are not such useless Corre-  
'spondents as you may imagine: You have un-  
'doubtedly heard that it was a Courtesan who  
'discovered *Cataline's* Conspiracy. If you print  
'this I'll tell you more; and am in the mean  
'time,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,  
REBECCA NETTLETOP.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am an idle young Woman that would work  
'for my Livelihood, but that I am kept in such a  
'Manner as I cannot stir out. My Tyrant is an  
'old jealous Fellow, who allows me nothing to  
'appear in. I have but one Shooe and one Slip-  
'per; no Head-dress, and no upper Petticoat.  
'As you set up for a Reformer, I desire you would  
'take me out of this wicked Way, and keep me  
'your self.

EVE AFTERDAY.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am to complain to you of a Set of impertinent  
'Coxcombs, who visit the Apartments of us  
'Women of the Town, only, as they call it, to see  
'the World. I must confess to you, this to Men  
'of Delicacy might have an Effect to cure them;  
'but as they are stupid, noisy and drunken Fel-  
'lows, it tends only to make Vice in themselves,  
'as they think, pleasant and humourous, and at  
'the same Time nauseous in us. I shall, Sir,  
'hereafter from Time to Time give you the Names  
'of these Wretches who pretend to enter our  
'Houses meerly as Spectators. These Men think  
'it Wit to use us ill: Pray tell them, however

'worthy we are of such Treatment, it is unworthy  
'them to be guilty of it towards us. Pray, Sir,  
'take Notice of this, and pity the Oppressed: I  
'wish we could add to it, the Innocent. T.

No. 191.] Tuesday, October 9, 1711. [Addison.

οὐλον ὄνειρον.

SOME ludicrous Schoolmen have put the Case, that if an Ass were placed between two Bundles of Hay, which affected his Senses equally on each Side, and tempted him in the very same Degree, whether it would be possible for him to Eat of either. They generally determine this Question to the Disadvantage of the Ass, who they say would starve in the Midst of Plenty, as not having a single Grain of Freewill to determine him more to the one than to the other. The Bundle of Hay on either Side striking his Sight and Smell in the same Proportion, would keep him in a perpetual Suspence, like the two Magnets which, Travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the Roof, and the other in the Floor of Mahomet's Burying-place at Mecca, and by that means, say they, pull the Impostor's Iron Coffin with such an equal Attraction, that it hangs in the Air between both of them. As for the Ass's Behaviour in such nice Circumstances, whether he would Starve sooner than violate his Neutrality to the two Bundles of Hay, I shall not presume to determine; but only take Notice of the Conduct of our own Species in the same Perplexity. When a Man has a mind to venture his Money in a Lottery, every Figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to succeed as any of its Fellows. They all of them have the same Pretensions to good Luck, stand upon the same foot of Competition, and no manner of Reason can be given why a Man should prefer one to the other before the Lottery is drawn. In this Case therefore Caprice very often acts in the Place of Reason, and forms to it self some Groundless Imaginary Motive, where real and substantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning Man that is very well pleased to risque his good Fortune upon the Number 1711, because it is the Year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a Tacker that would give a good deal for the Number 134.<sup>1</sup> On the contrary I have been told of a certain Zealous Dissenter, who being a great Enemy to Popery, and believing that bad Men are the most fortunate in this World, will lay two to one on the Number [666<sup>2</sup>] against any other Number, because, says he, it is the Number of the Beast. Several would prefer the Number 12000 before any other, as it is the Number of the Pounds in the great Prize. In short, some are pleased to find their own Age in their Number; some that they have got a number which makes a pretty Appearance in the Cyphers, and others, because it is the same Number that succeeded in the last

<sup>1</sup> The number of the minority who were in 1704 for Tacking a Bill against Occasional Conformity to a Money Bill. <sup>2</sup> [1666], and in first reprint.

Lottery. Each of these, upon no other Grounds, thinks he stands fairest for the great Lot, and that he is possessed of what may not be improperly called the *Golden Number*.

These Principles of Election are the Pastimes and Extravagancies of Human Reason, which is of so busie a Nature, that it will be exerting it self in the meanest Trifles and working even when it wants Materials. The wisest of Men are sometimes acted by such unaccountable Motives, as the Life of the Fool and the Superstitious is guided by nothing else.

I am surprized that none of the Fortune-tellers, or, as the *French* call them, the *Diseurs de bonne Avanture*, who Publish their Bills in every Quarter of the Town, have not turned our Lotteries to their Advantage; did any of them set up for a Caster of fortunate Figures, what might he not get by his pretended Discoveries and Predictions?

I remember among the Advertisements in the *Post-Boy* of September the 27th, I was surprized to see the following one:

*This is to give notice, That Ten Shillings over and above the Market-Price, will be given for the Ticket in the £1500000 Lottery, No. 132, by Nath. Cliff at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapside.*

This Advertisement has given great Matter of Speculation to Coffee-house Theorists. Mr. *Cliff's* Principles and Conversation have been canvassed upon this Occasion, and various Conjectures made why he should thus set his Heart upon Number 132. I have examined all the Powers in those Numbers, broken them into Fractions, extracted the Square and Cube Root, divided and multiplied them all Ways, but could not arrive at the Secret till about three Days ago, when I received the following Letter from an unknown Hand, by which I find that Mr. *Nathaniel Cliff* is only the Agent, and not the Principal, in this Advertisement.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am the Person that lately advertised I  
'would give ten Shillings more than the current  
'Price for the Ticket No. 132 in the Lottery now  
'drawing; which is a Secret I have communicated  
'to some Friends, who rally me incessantly upon  
'that Account. You must know I have but one  
'Ticket, for which Reason, and a certain Dream  
'I have lately had more than once, I was resolved  
'it should be the Number I most approved. I am  
'so positive I have pitched upon the great Lot,  
'that I could almost lay all I am worth of it. My  
'Visions are so frequent and strong upon this Oc-  
'casion, that I have not only possessed the Lot,  
'but disposed of the Money which in all proba-  
'bility it will sell for. This Morning, in particu-  
'lar, I set up an Equipage which I look upon to  
'be the gayest in the Town. The Liveries are  
'very Rich, but not Gaudy. I should be very  
'glad to see a Speculation or two upon Lottery  
'Subjects, in which you would oblige all People  
'concerned, and in particular

Your most humble Servant,  
George Gossling.

P. S. 'Dear SPEC, if I get the 12000 Pound,  
'I'll make thee a handsome Present.



After having wished my Correspondent good Luck, and thanked him for his intended Kindness, I shall for this time dismiss the Subject of the Lottery, and only observe that the greatest Part of Mankind are in some degree guilty of my Friend *Gosling's* Extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future Prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in Possibility. We live up to our Expectations, not to our Possessions, and make a Figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We out-run our present Income, as not doubting to disburse our selves out of the Profits of some future Place, Project, or Reversion, that we have in view. It is through this Temper of Mind, which is so common among us, that we see Tradesmen break, who have met with no Misfortunes in their Business; and Men of Estates reduced to Poverty, who have never suffered from Losses or Repairs, Tenants, Taxes, or Law-suits. In short, it is this foolish sanguine Temper, this depending upon Contingent Futurities, that occasions Romantick Generosity, Chymical Grandeur, Senseless Ostentation, and generally ends in Beggary and Ruin. The Man, who will live above his present Circumstances, is in great Danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the *Italian* Proverb runs, The Man who lives by Hope will die by Hunger.

It should be an indispensable Rule in Life, to contract our Desires to our present Condition, and whatever may be our Expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be Time enough to enjoy an Estate when it comes into our Hands; but if we anticipate our good Fortune, we shall lose the Pleasure of it when it arrives, and may possibly never possess what we have so foolishly counted upon. L.

No. 192.] Wednesday, October 10, 1711. [Steele.

—*Uno ore omnes omnia  
Bona dicere, et Laudare fortunas meas,  
Qui Gnatum haberem tali ingenio præditum.*  
Tre.

I STOOD the other Day, and beheld a Father sitting in the Middle of a Room with a large Family of Children about him; and methought I could observe in his Countenance different Motions of Delight, as he turned his Eye towards the one and the other of them. The Man is a Person moderate in his Designs for their Preferment and Welfare; and as he has an easy Fortune, he is not solicitous to make a great one. His eldest Son is a Child of a very towardly Disposition, and as much as the Father loves him, I dare say he will never be a Knave to improve his Fortune. I do not know any Man who has a juster Relish of Life than the Person I am speaking of, or keeps a better Guard against the Terrors of Want or the Hopes of Gain. It is usual in a Crowd of Children, for the Parent to name out of his own Flock all the great Officers of the Kingdom. There is something so very surprizing in the Parts of a Child of a Man's own, that there is nothing too great to be expected from his

Endowments. I know a good Woman who has but three Sons, and there is, she says, nothing she expects with more Certainty, than that she shall see one of them a Bishop, the other a Judge, and the third a Court Physician. The Humour is, that any thing which can happen to any Man's Child, is expected by every Man for his own. But my Friend whom I was going to speak of, does not flatter himself with such vain Expectations, but has his Eye more upon the Virtue and Disposition of his Children, than their Advancement or Wealth. Good Habits are what will certainly improve a Man's Fortune and Reputation; but on the other side, Affluence of Fortune will not as probably produce good Affections of the Mind.

It is very natural for a Man of a kind Disposition to amuse himself with the Promises his Imagination makes to him of the future Condition of his Children, and to represent to himself the Figure they shall bear in the World after he has left it. When his Prospects of this Kind are agreeable, his Fondness gives as it were a longer Date to his own Life; and the Survivorship of a worthy Man [in <sup>1</sup>] his Son is a Pleasure scarce inferior to the Hopes of the Continuance of his own Life. That Man is happy who can believe of his Son, that he will escape the Follies and Indiscretions of which he himself was guilty, and pursue and improve every thing that was valuable in him. The Continuance of his Virtue is much more to be regarded than that of his Life; but it is the most lamentable of all Reflections, to think that the Heir of a Man's Fortune is such a one as will be a Stranger to his Friends, alienated from the same Interests, and a Promoter of every thing which he himself disapproved. An Estate in Possession of such a Successor to a good Man, is worse than laid waste; and the Family of which he is the Head, is in a more deplorable Condition than that of being extinct.

When I visit the agreeable Seat of my honoured Friend *Ruricola*, and walk from Room to Room revolving many pleasing Occurrences, and the Expressions of many just Sentiments I have heard him utter, and see the Booby his Heir in Pain while he is doing the Honours of his House to the Friend of his Father, the Heaviness it gives one is not to be expressed. Want of Genius is not to be imputed to any Man, but Want of Humanity is a Man's own Fault. The Son of *Ruricola*, (whose Life was one continued Series of worthy Actions and Gentleman-like Inclinations) is the Companion of drunken Clowns, and knows no Sense of Praise but in the Flattery he receives from his own Servants; his Pleasures are mean and inordinate, his Language base and filthy, [his <sup>1</sup>] Behaviour rough and absurd. Is this Creature to be accounted the Successor of a Man of Virtue, Wit and Breeding? At the same time that I have this melancholy Prospect at the House where I miss my old Friend, I can go to a Gentleman's not far off it, where he has a Daughter who is the Picture both of his Body and Mind, but both improved with the Beauty and Modesty peculiar to her Sex. It is she who supplies the

<sup>1</sup> [to], and in the first reprint.

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

Loss of her Father to the World; she, without his Name or Fortune, is a truer Memorial of him, than her Brother who succeeds him in both. Such an Offspring as the eldest Son of my Friend, perpetuates his Father in the same manner as the Appearance of his Ghost would: It is indeed *Ruricola*, but it is *Ruricola* grown frightful.

I know not to what to attribute the brutal Turn which this young Man has taken, except it may be to a certain Severity and Distance which his Father used towards him, and might, perhaps, have occasioned a Dislike to those Modes of Life which were not made amiable to him by Freedom and Affability.

We may promise our selves that no such Excrescence will appear in the Family of the *Cornelii*, where the Father lives with his Sons like their eldest Brother, and the Sons converse with him as if they did it for no other Reason but that he is the wisest Man of their Acquaintance. As the *Cornelii* are eminent Traders, their good Correspondence with each other is useful to all that know them, as well as to themselves: And their Friendship, Good-will and kind Offices, are disposed of jointly as well as their Fortune, so that no one ever obliged one of them, who had not the Obligation multiplied in Returns from them all.

It is the most beautiful Object the Eyes of Man can behold, to see a Man of Worth and his Son live in an entire unreserved Correspondence. The mutual Kindness and Affection between them give an inexpressible Satisfaction to all who know them. It is a sublime Pleasure which encreases by the Participation. It is as sacred as Friendship, as pleasurable as Love, and as joyful as Religion. This State of Mind does not only dissipate Sorrow, which would be extream without it, but enlarges Pleasures which would otherwise be contemptible. The most indifferent thing has its Force and Beauty when it is spoke by a kind Father, and an insignificant Trifle has its Weight when offered by a dutiful Child. I know not how to express it, but I think I may call it a transplanted Self-love. All the Enjoyments and Sufferings which a Man meets with are regarded only as they concern him in the Relation he has to another. A Man's very Honour receives a new Value to him, when he thinks that, when he is in his Grave, it will be had in Remembrance that such an Action was done by such a one's Father. Such Considerations sweeten the old Man's Evening, and his Soliloquy delights him when he can say to himself, No Man can tell my Child his Father was either unmerciful or unjust: My Son shall meet many a Man who shall say to him, I was obliged to thy Father, and be my Child a Friend to his Child for ever.

It is not in the Power of all Men to leave illustrious Names or great Fortunes to their Posterity, but they can very much conduce to their having Industry, Probity, Valour and Justice: It is in every Man's Power to leave his Son the Honour of descending from a virtuous Man, and add the Blessings of Heaven to whatever he leaves him. I shall end this Rhapsody with a Letter to an excellent young Man of my Acquaintance, who has lately lost a worthy Father.

Dear Sir,

'I know no Part of Life more impertinent than  
'the Office of administering Consolation: I will  
'not enter into it, for I cannot but applaud your  
'Grief. The virtuous Principles you had from  
'that excellent Man whom you have lost, have  
'wrought in you as they ought, to make a Youth  
'of Three and Twenty incapable of Comfort upon  
'coming into Possession of a great Fortune. I  
'doubt not but that you will honour his Memory  
'by a modest Enjoyment of his Estate; and scorn  
'to triumph over his Grave, by employing in Riot,  
'Excess, and Debauchery, what he purchased  
'with so much Industry, Prudence, and Wisdom.  
'This is the true Way to shew the Sense you have  
'of your Loss, and to take away the Distress of  
'others upon the Occasion. You cannot recal  
'your Father by your Grief, but you may revive  
'him to his Friends by your Conduct. T.

No. 193.] Thursday, October 11, 1711. [Steele.

— *Ingentem foribus domus alta superbis*  
*Maue salutantum totis vomit aedibus undam.*  
Virg.

WHEN we look round us, and behold the strange Variety of Faces and Persons which fill the Streets with Business and Hurry, it is no unpleasant Amusement to make Guesses at their different Pursuits, and judge by their Countenances what it is that so anxiously engages their present Attention. Of all this busie Crowd, there are none who would give a Man inclined to such Enquiries better Diversion for his Thoughts, than those whom we call good Courtiers, and such as are assiduous at the Levées of Great Men. These Worthies are got into an Habit of being servile with an Air, and enjoy a certain Vanity in being known for understanding how the World passes. In the Pleasure of this they can rise early, go abroad sleek and well-dressed, with no other Hope or Purpose, but to make a Bow to a Man in Court-Favour, and be thought, by some insignificant Smile of his, not a little engaged in his Interests and Fortunes. It is wondrous, that a Man can get over the natural Existence and Possession of his own Mind so far, as to take Delight either in paying or receiving such cold and repeated Civilities. But what maintains the Humour is, that outward Show is what most Men pursue, rather than real Happiness. Thus both the Idol and Idolater equally impose upon themselves in pleasing their Imaginations this way. But as there are very many of her Majesty's good Subjects, who are extreamly uneasy at their own Seats in the Country, where all from the Skies to the Centre of the Earth is their own, and have a mighty longing to shine in Courts, or be Partners in the Power of the World; I say, for the Benefit of these, and others who hanker after being in the Whisper with great Men, and vexing their Neighbours with the Changes they would be capable of making in the Appearance at a Country Sessions, it would not methinks

be amiss to give an Account of that Market for Preferment, a great Man's Levée.

For ought I know, this Commerce between the Mighty and their Slaves, very justly represented, might do so much good as to incline the Great to regard Business rather than Ostentation; and make the Little know the Use of their Time too well, to spend it in vain Applications and Addresses.

The famous Doctor in *Moorfields*, who gained so much Reputation for his Horary Predictions, is said to have had in his Parlour different Ropes to little Bells which hung in the Room above Stairs, where the Doctor thought fit to be oraculous. If a Girl had been deceived by her Lover, one Bell was pulled; and if a Peasant had lost a Cow, the [Servant<sup>1</sup>] rung another. This Method was kept in respect to all other Passions and Concerns, and [the skillful Waiter below<sup>2</sup>] sifted the Enquirer, and gave the Doctor Notice accordingly. The Levée of a great Man is laid after the same manner, and twenty Whispers, false Alarms, and private Intimations, pass backward and forward from the Porter, the Valet, and the Patron himself, before the gaping Crew who are to pay their Court are gathered together: When the Scene is ready, the Doors fly open and discover his Lordship.

There are several Ways of making this first Appearance: you may be either half dressed, and washing your self, which is indeed the most stately; but this Way of Opening is peculiar to Military Men, in whom there is something graceful in exposing themselves naked; but the Politicians, or Civil Officers, have usually affected to be more reserved, and preserve a certain Chastity of Deportment. Whether it be Hieroglyphical or not, this Difference in the Military and Civil List, [I will not say;] but [have<sup>3</sup>] ever understood the Fact to be, that the close Minister is buttoned up, and the brave Officer open-breasted on these Occasions.

However that is, I humbly conceive the Business of a Levée is to receive the Acknowledgments of a Multitude, that a Man is Wise, [Bounteous,<sup>4</sup>] Valiant and Powerful. When the first Shot of Eyes [is<sup>5</sup>] made, it is wonderful to observe how much Submission the Patron's Modesty can bear, and how much Servitude the Client's Spirit can descend to. In the vast Multiplicity of Business, and the Crowd about him, my Lord's Parts are usually so great, that, to the Astonishment of the whole Assembly, he has something to say to every Man there, and that so suitable to his Capacity, as any Man may judge that it is not without Talents that Men can arrive at great Employments. I have known a great Man ask a Flag-Officer, which way was the Wind, a Commander of Horse the present Price of Oats, and a Stock-Jobber at what Discount such a Fund was, with as much Ease as if he had been bred to each of those several Ways of Life. Now this is extremely obliging; for at the same time that the Patron informs himself of Matters, he gives the Person of whom he enquires an Opportunity to

exert himself. What adds to the Pomp of those Interviews is, that it is performed with the greatest Silence and Order Imaginable. The Patron is usually in the midst of the Room, and some humble Person gives him a Whisper, which his Lordship answers aloud, *It is well. Yes, I am of your Opinion. Pray inform yourself further, you may be sure of my Part in it.* This happy Man is dismissed, and my Lord can turn himself to a Business of a quite different Nature, and offhand give as good an Answer as any great Man is obliged to. For the chief Point is to keep in Generals, and if there be any thing offered that's Particular, to be in haste.

But we are now in the Height of the Affair, and my Lord's Creatures have all had their Whispers round to keep up the Farce of the thing, and the Dumb Show is become more general. He casts his Eye to that Corner, and there to Mr. such-a-one; to the other, *and when did you come to Town?* And perhaps just before he nods to another, and enters with him, *but, Sir, I am glad to see you, now I think of it.* Each of those are happy for the next four and twenty Hours; and those who bow in Ranks undistinguished, and by Dozens at a Time, think they have very good Prospects if they hope to arrive at such Notices half a Year hence.

The Satyrist says,<sup>1</sup> there is seldom common Sense in high Fortune; and one would think, to behold a Levée, that the Great were not only infatuated with their Station, but also that they believed all below were seized too; else how is it possible that they could think of imposing upon themselves and others in such a degree, as to set up a Levée for any thing but a direct Farce? But such is the Weakness of our Nature, that when Men are a little exalted in their Condition, they immediately conceive they have additional Senses, and their Capacities enlarged not only above other Men, but above human Comprehension it self. Thus it is ordinary to see a great Man attend one listning, bow to one at a distance, and call to a third at the same instant. A Girl in new Ribbands is not more taken with her self, nor does she betray more apparent Coquetries, than even a wise Man in such a Circumstance of Courtship. I do not know any thing that I ever thought so very distasteful as the Affectation which is recorded of *Cæsar*, to wit, that he would dictate to three several Writers at the same time. This was an Ambition below the Greatness and Candour of his Mind. He indeed (if any Man had Pretensions to greater Faculties than any other Mortal) was the Person; but such a Way of acting is Childish, and inconsistent with the Manner of our Being. And it appears from the very Nature of Things, that there cannot be any thing effectually dispatched in the Distraction of a Public Levée; but the whole seems to be a Conspiracy of a Set of Servile Slaves, to give up their own Liberty to take away their Patron's Understanding.

T.

<sup>1</sup> Juvenal, viii. 73.

<sup>1</sup> [Rope]    <sup>2</sup> [a skilful servant]    <sup>3</sup> [I have]  
<sup>4</sup> [Beauteous], and in first reprint.    <sup>5</sup> [are]

No. 194.] Friday, October 12, 1711. [Steele.

—Difficili Bile Tumet Jecur.—Hor.

THE present Paper shall consist of two Letters, which observe upon Faults that are easily cured both in Love and Friendship. In the latter, as far as it meerly regards Conversation, the Person who neglects visiting an agreeable Friend is punished in the very Transgression; for a good Companion is not found in every Room we go into. But the Case of Love is of a more delicate Nature, and the Anxiety is inexpressible if every little Instance of Kindness is not reciprocal. There are Things in this Sort of Commerce which there are not Words to express, and a Man may not possibly know how to represent, what yet may tear his Heart into ten thousand Tortures. To be grave to a Man's Mirth, unattentive to his Discourse, or to interrupt either with something that argues a Disinclination to be entertained by him, has in it something so disagreeable, that the utmost Steps which may be made in further Enmity cannot give greater Torment. The gay *Corinna*, who sets up for an Indifference and becoming Heedlessness, gives her Husband all the Torment imaginable out of meer Insolence, with this peculiar Vanity, that she is to look as gay as a Maid in the Character of a Wife. It is no Matter what is the Reason of a Man's Grief, if it be heavy as it is. Her unhappy Man is convinced that she means him no Dishonour, but pines to Death because she will not have so much Deference to him as to avoid the Appearances of it. The Author of the following Letter is perplexed with an Injury that is in a Degree yet less criminal, and yet the Source of the utmost Unhappiness.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have read your Papers which relate to Jealousy, and desire your Advice in my Case, which you will say is not common. I have a Wife, of whose Virtue I am not in the least doubtful; yet I cannot be satisfied she loves me, which gives me as great Uneasiness as being faulty the other Way would do. I know not whether I am not yet more miserable than in that Case, for she keeps Possession of my Heart, without the Return of hers. I would desire your Observations upon that Temper in some Women, who will not condescend to convince their Husbands of their Innocence or their Love, but are wholly negligent of what Reflections the poor Men make upon their Conduct (so they cannot call it Criminal,) when at the same time a little Tenderness of Behaviour, or Regard to shew an Inclination to please them, would make them Entirely at Ease. Do not such Women deserve all the Misinterpretation which they neglect to avoid? Or are they not in the actual Practice of Guilt, who care not whether they are thought guilty or not? If my Wife does the most ordinary thing, as visiting her Sister, or taking the Air with her Mother, it is always carried with the Air of a Secret: Then she will sometimes tell a thing of no Consequence, as if it was only Want of Memory made her conceal it before; and this only to

dally with my Anxiety. I have complained to her of this Behaviour in the gentlest Terms imaginable, and beseeched her not to use him, who desired only to live with her like an indulgent Friend, as the most morose and unsociable Husband in the World. It is no easy Matter to describe our Circumstance, but it is miserable with this Aggravation, That it might be easily mended, and yet no Remedy endeavoured. She reads you, and there is a Phrase or two in this Letter which she will know came from me. If we enter into an Explanation which may tend to our future Quiet by your Means, you shall have our joint Thanks: In the mean time I am (as much as I can in this ambiguous Condition be any thing)

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Give me Leave to make you a Present of a Character not yet described in your Papers, which is that of a Man who treats his Friend with the same odd Variety which a Fantastical Female Tyrant practises towards her Lover. I have for some time had a Friendship with one of these Mercurial Persons: The Rogue I know loves me, yet takes Advantage of my Fondness for him to use me as he pleases. We are by Turns the best Friends and the greatest Strangers imaginable; Sometimes you would think us inseparable; at other Times he avoids me for a long Time, yet neither he nor I know why. When we meet next by Chance, he is amazed he has not seen me, is impatient for an Appointment the same Evening: and when I expect he should have kept it, I have known him slip away to another Place; where he has sat reading the News, when there is no Post; smoking his Pipe, which he seldom cares for; and staring about him in Company with whom he has had nothing to do, as if he wondered how he came there.

'That I may state my Case to you the more fully, I shall transcribe some short Minutes I have taken of him in my Almanack since last Spring; for you must know there are certain Seasons of the Year, according to which, I will not say our Friendship, but the Enjoyment of it rises or falls. In *March* and *April* he was as various as the Weather; In *May* and part of *June* I found him the sprightliest best-humoured Fellow in the World; In the Dog-Days he was much upon the Indolent; In *September* very agreeable but very busy; and since the Glass fell last to changeable, he has made three Appointments with me, and broke them every one. However I have good Hopes of him this Winter, especially if you will lend me your Assistance to reform him, which will be a great Ease and Pleasure to,

October 9,

1711.

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

T.

No. 195.] Saturday, October 13, 1711. [Addison.

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὄσω πλέον ἢ μισυ παντός,  
Οὐδ' ὄσον ἐν μαλάχη τε δὲ ἀσφοδέλω μέγ'  
ὄνειαρ.—Hes.

THERE is a Story in the *Arabian Nights Tales*<sup>1</sup> of a King who had long languished under an ill Habit of Body, and had taken abundance of Remedies to no purpose. At length, says the Fable, a Physician cured him by the following Method: He took an hollow Ball of Wood, and filled it with several Drugs; after which he clos'd it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a Mall, and after having hollowed the Handle, and that part which strikes the Ball, he enclosed in them several Drugs after the same Manner as in the Ball it self. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his Patient, to exercise himself early in the Morning with these *rightly prepared* Instruments, till such time as he should Sweat: When, as the Story goes, the Vertue of the Medicaments perspiring through the Wood, had so good an Influence on the Sultan's Constitution, that they cured him of an Indisposition which all the Compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This Eastern Allegory is finely contrived to shew us how beneficial bodily Labour is to Health, and that Exercise is the most effectual Physick. I have described in my Hundred and Fifteenth Paper, from the general Structure and Mechanism of an Human Body, how absolutely necessary Exercise is for its Preservation. I shall in this Place recommend another great Preservative of Health, which in many Cases produces the same Effects as Exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its Place, where Opportunities of Exercise are wanting. The Preservative I am speaking of is Temperance, which has those particular Advantages above all other Means of Health, that it may be practised by all Ranks and Conditions, at any Season or in any Place. It is a kind of Regimen into which every Man may put himself, without Interruption to Business, Expence of Mony, or Loss of Time. If Exercise throws off all Superfluities, Temperance prevents them; if Exercise clears the Vessels, Temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if Exercise raises proper Ferments in the Humours, and promotes the Circulation of the Blood, Temperance gives Nature her full Play, and enables her to exert her self in all her Force and Vigour; if Exercise dissipates a growing Distemper, Temperance starves it.

Physick, for the most part, is nothing else but the Substitute of Exercise or Temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute Distempers, that cannot wait the slow Operations of these two great Instruments of Health; but did Men live in an habitual Course of Exercise and Temperance, there would be but little Occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those Parts of the World are the most healthy,

<sup>1</sup> 'The History of the Greek King and Douban 'the Physician' told by the Fisherman to the Genie in the story of 'the Fisherman.'

where they subsist [by the Chace; and that Men lived longest when their Lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little Food besides what they caught. Blistering, Cupping, Bleeding, are seldom of use but to the Idle and Intemperate; as all those inward Applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but Expedients to make Luxury consistent with Health. The Apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the Cook and the Vintner. It is said of *Diogenes*,<sup>1</sup> that meeting a young Man who was going to a Feast, he took him up in the Street and carried him home to his Friends, as one who was running into imminent Danger, had not he prevented him. What would that Philosopher have said, had he been present at the Gluttony of a modern Meal? Would not he have thought the Master of a Family mad, and have begged his Servants to tie down his Hands, had he seen him devour Fowl, Fish, and Flesh; swallow Oyl and Vinegar, Wines and Spices; throw down Sallads of twenty different Herbs, Sauces of an hundred Ingredients, Confections and Fruits of numberless Sweets and Flavours? What unnatural Motions and Counterferments must such a Medley of Intemperance produce in the Body? For my Part, when I behold a fashionable Table set out in all its Magnificence, I fancy that I see Gouts and Dropsies, Feavers and Lethargies, with other innumerable Distempers lying in Ambuscade among the Dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple Diet. Every Animal, but Man, keeps to one Dish. Herbs are the Food of this Species, Fish of that, and Flesh of a Third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his Way, not the smallest Fruit or Excrescence of the Earth, scarce a Berry or a Mushroom, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate Rule for Temperance, because what is Luxury in one may be Temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the World, who are not Judges of their own Constitutions, so far as to know what Kinds and what Proportions of Food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my Readers as my Patients, and to prescribe such a Kind of Temperance as is accommodated to all Persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our Climate and Way of Living, I would copy the following Rules of a very eminent Physician. Make your whole Repast out of one Dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing Strong, till you have finished your Meal; [at<sup>2</sup>] the same time abstain from all Sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple. A Man could not be well guilty of Gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy Rules. In the first Case there would be no Variety of Tastes to sollicit his Palate, and occasion Excess; nor in the second any artificial Provocatives to relieve Satiety, and create a false Appetite. Were I to prescribe a Rule for Drinking, it should be form'd upon a Saying quoted by Sir *William Temple*; <sup>3</sup> *The first Glass for my*

<sup>1</sup> Diog. Laert., Lives of the Philosophers, Bk. vi. ch. 2. <sup>2</sup> [and at]

<sup>3</sup> Sir William Temple does not quote as a say-

self, the second for my Friends, the third for good Humour, and the fourth for mine Enemies.

But because it is impossible for one who lives in the World to diet himself always in so Philosophical a manner, I think every Man should have his Days of Abstinence, according as his Constitution will permit. These are great Reliefs to Nature, as they qualifie her for struggling with Hunger and Thirst, whenever any Distemper or Duty of Life may put her upon such Difficulties; and at the same time give her an Opportunity of extricating her self from her Oppressions, and recovering the several Tones and Springs of her distended Vessels. Besides that Abstinence well timed often kills a Sickness in Embryo, and destroys the first Seeds of an Indisposition. It is observed by two or three Ancient Authors,<sup>1</sup> that *Socrates*, notwithstanding he lived in *Athens* during that great Plague, which has made so much Noise through all Ages, and has been celebrated at different Times by such eminent Hands; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring Pestilence, he never caught the least Infection, which those Writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted Temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an Observation which I have often made, upon reading the Lives of the Philosophers, and comparing them with any Series of Kings or great Men of the same number. If we consider these Ancient Sages, a great Part of whose Philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious Course of Life, one would think the Life of a Philosopher and the Life of a Man were of two different Dates. For we find that the Generality of these wise Men were nearer an hundred than sixty Years of Age at the Time of their respective Deaths. But the most remarkable Instance of the Efficacy of Temperance towards the procuring of long Life, is what we meet with in a little Book published by *Lewis Cornaro* the *Venetian*; which I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted Credit, as the late *Venetian* Ambassador, who was of the same Family, attested more than once in Conversation, when he resided in *England*. *Cornaro*, who was the Author of the little Treatise I am mentioning, was of an Infirm Constitution, till about forty, when by obstinately persisting in an exact Course of Temperance, he recovered a perfect State of Health; insomuch that at fourscore he published his Book, which has been translated into *English* upon the Title of [*Sure and certain Methods*<sup>2</sup>] of attaining a long and healthy Life. He lived to give a 3rd or 4th Edition of it, and after having passed his hundredth Year, died without Pain or Agony, and like one who falls asleep. The Treatise I mention has

ing, but says himself, near the end of his Essay upon Health and Long Life of Government of Diet and Exercise, 'In both which, all excess is to be avoided, especially in the common use of wine: Whereof the first Glass may pass for Health, the second for good Humour, the third for our Friends; but the fourth is for our Enemies.'

<sup>1</sup> Diogenes Laertius in Life of *Socrates*; *Ælian* in Var. Hist. Bk. xiii.

<sup>2</sup> [*The Sure Way*]

been taken notice of by several Eminent Authors, and is written with such a Spirit of Chearfulness, Religion, and good Sense, as are the natural Concomitants of Temperance and Sobriety. The Mixture of the old Man in it is rather a Recommendation than a Discredit to it.

Having designed this Paper as the Sequel to that upon Exercise, I have not here considered Temperance as it is a Moral Virtue, which I shall make the Subject of a future Speculation, but only as it is the Means of Health. L.

No. 196.] Monday, October 15, 1711. [Steele.

*Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.*  
Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THERE is a particular Fault which I have observed in most of the Moralists in all Ages, and that is, that they are always professing themselves, and teaching others to be happy. This State is not to be arrived at in this Life, therefore I would recommend to you to talk in an humbler Strain than your Predecessors have done, and instead of presuming to be happy, instruct us only to be easy. The Thoughts of him who would be discreet, and aim at practicable things, should turn upon allaying our Pain rather than promoting our Joy. Great Inquietude is to be avoided, but great Felicity is not to be attained. The great Lesson is *Æquanimity*, a Regularity of Spirit, which is a little above Chearfulness and below Mirth. Chearfulness is always to be supported if a Man is out of Pain, but Mirth to a prudent Man should always be accidental: It should naturally arise out of the Occasion, and the Occasion seldom be laid for it; for those Tempers who want Mirth to be pleased, are like the Constitutions which flag without the use of Brandy. Therefore, I say, let your Precept be, *Be easy*. That Mind is dissolute and ungoverned, which must be hurried out of it self by loud Laughter or sensual Pleasure, or else [be<sup>1</sup>] wholly unactive.

There are a Couple of old Fellows of my Acquaintance who meet every Day and smook a Pipe, and by their mutual Love to each other, tho' they have been Men of Business and Bustle in the World, enjoy a greater Tranquility than either could have worked himself into by any Chapter of *Seneca*. Indolence of Body and Mind, when we aim at no more, is very frequently enjoyed; but the very Enquiry after Happiness has something restless in it, which a Man who lives in a Series of temperate Meals, friendly Conversations, and easy Slumbers, gives himself no Trouble about. While Men of Refinement are talking of Tranquility, he possesses it.

What I would by these broken Expressions recommend to you, Mr. SPECTATOR, is, that you would speak of the Way of Life, which plain

<sup>1</sup> [is]

‘Men may pursue, to fill up the Spaces of Time  
‘with Satisfaction. It is a lamentable Circum-  
‘stance, that Wisdom, or, as you call it, Philoso-  
‘phy, should furnish Ideas only for the Learned;  
‘and that a Man must be a Philosopher to know  
‘how to pass away his Time agreeably. It would  
‘therefore be worth your Pains to place in an  
‘handsome Light the Relations and Affinities  
‘among Men, which render their Conversation  
‘with each other so grateful, that the highest  
‘Talents give but an impotent Pleasure in Com-  
‘parison with them. You may find Descriptions  
‘and Discourses which will render the Fire-side  
‘of an honest Artificer as entertaining as your own  
‘Club is to you. Good-nature has an endless  
‘Source of Pleasure in it; and the Representation  
‘of domestick Life, filled with its natural Grati-  
‘fications, (instead of the necessary Vexations  
‘which are generally insisted upon in the Writings  
‘of the Witty) will be a very good Office to  
‘Society.

‘The Vicissitudes of Labour and Rest in the  
‘lower Part of Mankind, make their Being pass  
‘away with that Sort of Relish which we express  
‘by the Word Comfort; and should be treated of  
‘by you, who are a SPECTATOR, as well as such  
‘Subjects which appear indeed more speculative,  
‘but are less instructive. In a word, Sir, I would  
‘have you turn your Thoughts to the Advantage  
‘of such as want you most; and shew that Sim-  
‘plicity, Innocence, Industry and Temperance,  
‘are Arts which lead to Tranquility, as much as  
‘Learning, Wisdom, Knowledge, and Contempla-  
‘tion.

I am, SIR,  
Your most Humble Servant,  
T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Hackney, [October 12.<sup>2</sup>]

‘I am the young Woman whom you did so  
‘much Justice to some time ago, in acknowledging  
‘that I am perfect Mistress of the Fan, and use it  
‘with the utmost Knowledge and Dexterity. In-  
‘deed the World, as malicious as it is, will allow,  
‘that from an Hurry of Laughter I recollect my  
‘self the most suddenly, make a Curtesie, and let  
‘fall my Hands before me, closing my Fan at the  
‘same instant, the best of any Woman in England.  
‘I am not a little delighted that I have had your  
‘Notice and Approbation; and however other  
‘young Women may rally me out of Envy, I  
‘triumph in it, and demand a Place in your  
‘Friendship. You must therefore permit me to  
‘lay before you the present State of my Mind. I  
‘was reading your *Spectator* of the 9th Instant,  
‘and thought the Circumstance of the Ass divided  
‘between two Bundles of Hay which equally  
‘affected his Senses, was a lively Representation  
‘of my present Condition: For you are to know  
‘that I am extremely enamoured with two young  
‘Gentlemen who at this Time pretend to me.  
‘One must hide nothing when one is asking Ad-  
‘vice, therefore I will own to you, that I am very  
‘amorous and very covetous. My Lover *Will* is  
‘very rich, and my Lover *Tom* very handsome.  
‘I can have either of them when I please; but

<sup>2</sup> [the 12th of October.]

‘when I debate the Question in my own Mind, I  
‘cannot take *Tom* for fear of losing *Will*'s  
‘Estate, nor enter upon *Will*'s Estate, and bid  
‘adieu to *Tom*'s Person. I am very young,  
‘and yet no one in the World, dear Sir, has  
‘the main Chance more in her Head than my  
‘self. *Tom* is the gayest, the blithest Creature!  
‘He dances well, is very civil, and diverting at all  
‘Hours and Seasons: Oh he is the Joy of my  
‘Eyes! But then again *Will* is so very rich and  
‘careful of the Main. How many pretty Dresses  
‘does *Tom* appear in to charm me! But then it  
‘immediately occurs to me, that a Man of his  
‘Circumstances is so much the poorer. Upon the  
‘whole I have at last examined both these Desires  
‘of Love and Avarice, and upon strictly weighing  
‘the Matter I begin to think I shall be covetous  
‘longer than fond; therefore if you have nothing  
‘to say to the contrary, I shall take *Will*. Alas,  
‘poor *Tom*!

Your Humble Servant,  
BIDDY LOVELESS.

T.

No. 197.] Tuesday, October 16, 1711. [Budgell.]

*Alter rixatur de lanâ saepe caprinâ,  
Propugnat nugis armatus: scilicet, ut non  
Sit mihi prima fides; et vere quod placet, ut non  
Acriter elatrem, pretium ætas altera sordet.  
Ambigitur quid enim? Castor sciat an Docilis  
plus,  
Brundisium Numici melius via ducat an Appi.  
Hor.*

EVERY Age a Man passes through, and Way  
of Life he engages in, has some particular  
Vice or Imperfection naturally cleaving to it,  
which it will require his nicest Care to avoid. The  
several Weaknesses, to which Youth, Old Age,  
and Manhood are exposed, have long since been  
set down by many both of the Poets and Philoso-  
phers; but I do not remember to have met with  
any Author who has treated of those ill Habits  
Men are subject to, not so much by reason of their  
different Ages and Tempers, as the particular  
Profession or Business in which they were edu-  
cated and brought up.

I am the more surprised to find this Subject so  
little touched on, since what I am here speaking  
of is so apparent as not to escape the most vulgar  
Observation. The Business Men are chiefly con-  
versant in, does not only give a certain Cast or  
Turn to their Minds, but is very often apparent  
in their outward Behaviour, and some of the most  
indifferent Actions of their Lives. It is this Air  
diffusing itself over the whole Man, which helps  
us to find out a Person at his first Appearance; so  
that the most careless Observer fancies he can  
scarce be mistaken in the Carriage of a Seaman or  
the Gait of a Taylor.

The liberal Arts, though they may possibly have  
less Effect on our external Mein and Behaviour,  
make so deep an Impression on the Mind, as is  
very apt to bend it wholly one Way.

The Mathematician will take little less than

Demonstration in the most common Discourse, and the Schoolman is as great a Friend to Definitions and Syllogisms. The Physician and Divine are often heard to dictate in private Companies with the same Authority which they exercise over their Patients and Disciples; while the Lawyer is putting Cases and raising Matter for Disputation out of every thing that occurs.

I may possibly some time or other animadvert more at large on the particular Fault each Profession is most infected with; but shall at present wholly apply my self to the Cure of what I last mentioned, namely, That Spirit of Strife and Contention in the Conversations of Gentlemen of the Long Robe.

This is the more ordinary, because these Gentlemen regarding Argument as their own proper Province, and very often making ready Money of it, think it unsafe to yield before Company. They are shewing in common Talk how zealously they could defend a Cause in Court, and therefore frequently forget to keep that Temper which is absolutely requisite to render Conversation pleasant and instructive.

CAPTAIN SENTRY pushes this Matter so far, that I have heard him say, *He has known but few Pleaders that were tolerable Company.*

The Captain, who is a Man of good Sense, but dry Conversation, was last Night giving me an Account of a Discourse, in which he had lately been engaged with a young Wrangler in the Law. I was giving my Opinion, says the Captain, without apprehending any Debate that might arise from it, of a General's Behaviour in a Battle that was fought some Years before either the Templer or my self were born. The young Lawyer immediately took me up, and by reasoning above a Quarter of an Hour upon a Subject which I saw he understood nothing of, endeavoured to shew me that my Opinions were ill grounded. Upon which, says the Captain, to avoid any farther Contests, I told him, That truly I had not consider'd those several Arguments which he had brought against me; and that there might be a great deal in them. Ay, but says my Antagonist, who would not let me escape so, there are several Things to be urged in favour of your Opinion which you have omitted, and thereupon begun to shine on the other Side of the Question. Upon this, says the Captain, I came over to my first Sentiments, and entirely acquiesced in his Reasons for my so doing. Upon which the Templer again recovered his former Posture, and confuted both himself and me a third Time. In short, says my Friend, I found he was resolved to keep me at Sword's Length, and never let me close with him, so that I had nothing left but to hold my tongue, and give my Antagonist free leave to smile at his Victory, who I found, like *Hudibras*, could still change Sides, and still confute.<sup>1</sup>

For my own part, I have ever regarded our Inns of Courts as Nurseries of Statesmen and Law-givers, which makes me often frequent that Part of the Town with great Pleasure.

Upon my calling in lately at one of the most noted Temple Coffee-houses, I found the whole

Room, which was full of young Students, divided into several Parties, each of which was deeply engaged in some Controversie. The Management of the late Ministry was attacked and defended with great Vigour; and several Preliminaries to the Peace were proposed by some, and rejected by others; the demolishing of *Dunkirk* was so eagerly insisted on, and so warmly controverted, as had like to have produced a Challenge. In short, I observed that the Desire of Victory, whetted with the little Prejudices of Party and Interest, generally carried the Argument to such an Height, as made the Disputants insensibly conceive an Aversion towards each other, and part with the highest Dissatisfaction on both Sides.

The managing an Argument handsomely being so nice a Point, and what I have seen so very few excel in, I shall here set down a few Rules on that Head, which, among other things, I gave in writing to a young Kinsman of mine who had made so great a Proficiency in the Law, that he began to plead in Company upon every Subject that was started.

Having the entire Manuscript by me, I may, perhaps, from time to time, publish such Parts of it as I shall think requisite for the Instruction of the *British Youth*. What regards my present Purpose is as follows:

Avoid Disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easie and well-bred in Conversation, you may assure your self that it requires more Wit, as well as more good Humour, to improve than to contradict the Notions of another: But if you are at any time obliged to enter on an Argument, give your Reasons with the utmost Coolness and Modesty, two Things which scarce ever fail of making an Impression on the Hearers. Besides, if you are neither Dogmatical, nor shew either by your Actions or Words, that you are full of your self, all will the more heartily rejoice at your Victory. Nay, should you be pinched in your Argument, you may make your Retreat with a very good Grace: You were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical Way of Reasoning, where while you scarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an Absurdity; and tho' possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your Opinion, which is firmly fix'd, you seem only to desire Information from him.

In order to keep that Temper, which [is<sup>1</sup>] so difficult, and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another because he is not of your Opinion. The Interests, Education, and Means by which Men attain their Knowledge, are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike; and he has at least as much Reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes to keep your self cool, it may be of Service to ask your self fairly, What might have been your Opinion, had you all the Biasses of Education and Interest your Adversary may possibly have? but if you contend for the Honour of Victory alone, you may lay down this as an Infallible Maxim. That you cannot make

<sup>1</sup> Part I., canto i., v. 69, 70.

<sup>1</sup> [it is], and in first reprint.



a more false Step, or give your Antagonists a greater Advantage over you, than by falling into a Passion.

When an Argument is over, how many weighty Reasons does a Man recollect, which his Heat and Violence made him utterly forget?

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a Man because he does not apprehend the Force of your Reasons, or gives weak ones of his own. If you argue for Reputation, this makes your Victory the easier; he is certainly in all respects an Object of your Pity, rather than Anger; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank Nature for her Favours, who has given you so much the clearer Understanding.

You may please to add this Consideration, That among your Equals no one values your Anger, which only preys upon its Master; and perhaps you may find it not very consistent either with Prudence or your Ease, to punish your self whenever you meet with a Fool or a Knave.

Lastly, If you propose to your self the true End of Argument, which is Information, it may be a seasonable Check to your Passion; for if you search purely after Truth, 'twill be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this Place omit an Observation which I have often made, namely, That nothing procures a Man more Esteem and less Envy from the whole Company, than if he chooses the Part of Moderator, without engaging directly on either Side in a Dispute. This gives him the Character of Impartial, furnishes him with an Opportuning of sifting Things to the Bottom, shewing his Judgment, and of sometimes making handsome Compliments to each of the contending Parties.

I shall close this Subject with giving you one Caution: When you have gained a Victory, do not push it too far; 'tis sufficient to let the Company and your Adversary see 'tis in your Power, but that you are too generous to make use of it.

X.

No. 198.] Wednesday, Oct. 17, 1711. [Addison.

*Cervæ luporum præda rapacium  
Sectamur ultro, quos opinus  
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.*—Hor.

THERE is a Species of Women, whom I shall distinguish by the Name of Salamanders. Now a Salamander is a kind of Heroine in Chastity, that treads upon Fire, and lives in the Midst of Flames without being hurt. A Salamander knows no Distinction of Sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a Stranger at first Sight, and is not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the Person she talks to be in Breeches or Petticoats. She admits a Male Visitant to her Bed-side, plays with him a whole Afternoon at Pickette, walks with him two or three Hours by Moon-light; and is extremely Scandalized at the unreasonableness of an Husband, or the severity of a Parent, that would debar the Sex from such innocent Liberties. Your Salamander is therefore a perpetual Declaimer

against Jealousie, and Admirer of the French Good-breeding, and a great Stickler for Freedom in Conversation. In short, the Salamander lives in an invincible State of Simplicity and Innocence: Her Constitution is *preserv'd* in a kind of natural Frost; she wonders what People mean by Temptation; and defies Mankind to do their worst. Her Chastity is engaged in a constant Ordeal, or fiery Tryal: (Like good Queen Emma,<sup>1</sup>) the pretty Innocent walks blindfold among burning Plough-shares, without being scorched or singed by them.

It is not therefore for the Use of the Salamander, whether in a married or single State of Life, that I design the following Paper; but for such Females only as are made of Flesh and Blood, and find themselves subject to Human Frailties.

As for this Part of the fair Sex who are not of the Salamander Kind, I would most earnestly advise them to observe a quite different Conduct in their Behaviour; and to avoid as much as possible what Religion calls *Temptations*, and the World *Opportunities*. Did they but know how many Thousands of their Sex have been gradually betrayed from innocent Freedoms to Ruin and Infamy; and how many Millions of ours have begun with Flatteries, Protestations and Endearments, but ended with Reproaches, Perjury, and Perfidiousness; they would shun like Death the very first Approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable Labyrinths of Guilt and Misery. I must so far give up the Cause of the Male World, as to exhort the Female Sex in the Language of Chamont in the Orphan;<sup>2</sup>

*Trust not a Man, we are by Nature False,  
Dissembling, Subtle, Cruel, and Unconstant:  
When a Man talks of Love, with Caution trust  
him:  
But if he Swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.*

I might very much enlarge upon this Subject, but shall conclude it with a Story which I lately heard from one of our Spanish Officers,<sup>3</sup> and which may shew the Danger a Woman incurs by too great Familiarities with a Male Companion.

An Inhabitant of the Kingdom of Castile, being a Man of more than ordinary Prudence, and of a grave composed Behaviour, determined about the fiftieth Year of his Age to enter upon Wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his Eye upon a young Woman who had nothing to recommend her but her Beauty and her Education, her Parents having been reduced to great Poverty by the Wars, [which<sup>4</sup>] for some

<sup>1</sup> The story of Queen Emma, mother of Edward the Confessor, and her walking unhurt, blindfold and barefoot, over nine red-hot plough-shares, is told in Bayle's Dictionary, a frequent suggester of allusions in the *Spectator*. Tonson reported that he usually found Bayle's Dictionary open on Addison's table whenever he called on him.

<sup>2</sup> Act 2.

<sup>3</sup> That is, English officers who had served in Spain.

<sup>4</sup> [that]

Years have laid that whole Country waste. The *Castilian* having made his Addresses to her and married her, they lived together in perfect Happiness for some time; when at length the Husband's Affairs made it necessary for him to take a Voyage to the Kingdom of *Naples* where a great Part of his Estate lay. The Wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a Shipboard above a Day, when they unluckily fell into the Hands of an *Algerine* Pirate, who carried the whole Company on Shore, and made them Slaves. The *Castilian* and his Wife had the Comfort to be under the same Master; who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their Liberty, demanded a most exorbitant Price for their Ransom. The *Castilian*, though he would rather have died in Slavery himself, than have paid such a Sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with Compassion towards his Wife, that he sent repeated Orders to his Friend in *Spain*, (who happened to be his next Relation) to sell his Estate, and transmit the Money to him. His Friend hoping that the Terms of his Ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an Estate which he himself had some Prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole Years passed away without any thing being done for the setting of them at Liberty.

There happened to live a *French* Renegado in the same Place where the *Castilian* and his Wife were kept Prisoners. As this Fellow had in him all the Vivacity of his Nation, he often entertained the Captives with Accounts of his own Adventures; to which he sometimes added a Song or a Dance, or some other Piece of Mirth, to divert them [during<sup>1</sup>] their Confinement. His Acquaintance with the Manners of the *Algerines*, enabled him likewise to do them several good Offices. The *Castilian*, as he was one Day in Conversation with this Renegado, discovered to him the Negligence and Treachery of his Correspondent in *Castile*, and at the same time asked his Advice how he should behave himself in that Exigency: He further told the Renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the Money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his Estate. The Renegado, after having represented to him that his *Algerine* Master would never consent to his Release upon such a Pretence, at length contrived a Method for the *Castilian* to make his Escape in the Habit of a Seaman. The *Castilian* succeeded in his Attempt; and having sold his Estate, being afraid lest the Money should miscarry by the Way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his Life, he returned himself in a little Vessel that was going to *Algiers*. It is impossible to describe the Joy he felt on this Occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the Wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by this uncommon Piece of Generosity.

The Renegado, during the Husband's Absence, so insinuated himself into the good Graces of his young Wife, and so turned her Head with Stories

of Gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest Gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her Mind was quite alienated from the honest *Castilian*, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old Fellow unworthy the Possession of so charming a Creature. She had been instructed by the Renegado how to manage herself upon his Arrival; so that she received him with an Appearance of the utmost Love and Gratitude, and at length perswaded him to trust their common Friend the Renegado with the Money he had brought over for their Ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the Terms of it, and negotiate the Affair more to their Advantage than they themselves could do. The good Man admired her Prudence, and followed her Advice. I wish I could conceal the Sequel of this Story, but since I cannot I shall dispatch it in as few Words as possible. The *Castilian* having slept longer than ordinary the next Morning, upon his awaking found his Wife had left him: He immediately arose and enquired after her, but was told that she was seen with the Renegado about Break of Day. In a Word, her Lover having got all things ready for their Departure, they soon made their Escape out of the Territories of *Algiers*, carried away the Money, and left the *Castilian* in Captivity; who partly through the cruel Treatment of the incensed *Algerine* his Master, and partly through the unkind Usage of his unfaithful Wife, died some few Months after.

L.

No. 199.] Thursday, October 18, 1711. [Steele.

— Scribere jussit amor.—Ovid.

THE following Letters are written with such an Air of Sincerity, that I cannot deny the inserting of them.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Tho' you are every where in your Writings a Friend to Women, I do not remember that you have directly considered the mercenary Practice of Men in the Choice of Wives. If you would please to employ your Thoughts upon that Subject, you would easily conceive the miserable Condition many of us are in, who not only from the Laws of Custom and Modesty are restrained from making any Advances towards our Wishes, but are also, from the Circumstance of Fortune, out of all Hope of being addressed to by those whom we love. Under all these Disadvantages I am obliged to apply my self to you, and hope I shall prevail with you to Print in your very next Paper the following Letter, which is a Declaration of Passion to one who has made some feint Addresses to me for some time. I believe he ardently loves me, but the Inequality of my Fortune makes him think he cannot answer it to the World, if he pursues his Designs by way of Marriage; and I believe, as he does not want Discerning, he discovered me looking at him the other Day unawares in such a Manner as has

<sup>1</sup> [in]

'raised his Hopes of gaining me on Terms the  
'Men call easier. But my Heart was very full  
'on this Occasion, and if you know what Love and  
'Honour are, you will pardon me that I use no  
'further Arguments with you, but hasten to my  
'Letter to him, whom I call *Oroondates*,<sup>1</sup> because  
'if I do not succeed it shall look like Romance;  
'and if I am regarded, you shall receive a Pair  
'of Gloves at my Wedding, sent you under the  
'Name of *Statira*.

To OROONDATES.

SIR,

'After very much Perplexity in my self, and  
'revolving how to acquaint you with my own Sen-  
'timents, and expostulate with you concerning  
'yours, I have chosen this Way, by which means  
'I can be at once revealed to you, or, if you  
'please, lie concealed. If I do not within few  
'Days find the Effect which I hope from this, the  
'whole Affair shall be buried in Oblivion. But,  
'alas! what am I going to do, when I am about  
'to tell you that I love you? But after I have  
'done so, I am to assure you, that with all the  
'Passion which ever entered a tender Heart, I  
'know I can banish you from my Sight for ever,  
'when I am convinced that you have no Inclina-  
'tions towards me but to my Dishonour. But,  
'alas! Sir, why should you sacrifice the real and  
'essential Happiness of Life, to the Opinion of a  
'World, that moves upon no other Foundation  
'but profess'd Error and Prejudice? You all can  
'observe that Riches alone do not make you  
'happy, and yet give up every Thing else when  
'it stands in Competition with Riches. Since the  
'World is so bad, that Religion is left to us silly  
'Women, and you Men act generally upon Prin-  
'ciples of Profit and Pleasure, I will talk to you  
'without arguing from any Thing but what may  
'be most to your Advantage, as a Man of the  
'World. And I will lay before you the State of  
'the Case, supposing that you had it in your  
'Power to make me your Mistress, or your Wife,  
'and hope to convince you that the latter is more  
'for your Interest, and will contribute more to  
'your Pleasure.

'We will suppose then the Scene was laid, and  
'you were now in Expectation of the approaching  
'Evening wherein I was to meet you, and be car-  
'ried to what convenient Corner of the Town you  
'thought fit, to consummate all which your wan-  
'ton Imagination has promised you in the Posses-  
'sion of one who is in the Bloom of Youth, and  
'in the Reputation of Innocence: you would soon  
'have enough of me, as I am Sprightly, Young,  
'Gay, and Airy. When Fancy is sated, and  
'finds all the Promises it [made<sup>2</sup>] it self false,  
'where is now the Innocence which charmed you?  
'The first Hour you are alone you will find that  
'the Pleasure of a Debauchee is only that of a  
'Destroyer; He blasts all the Fruit he tastes,  
'and where the Brute has been devouring, there  
'is nothing left worthy the Relish of the Man.  
'Reason resumes her Place after Imagination is

'cloyed; and I am, with the utmost Distress and  
'Confusion, to behold my self the Cause of un-  
'easie Reflections to you, to be visited by Stealth,  
'and dwell for the future with the two Companions  
'(the most unfit for each other in the World)  
'Solitude and Guilt. I will not insist upon the  
'shameful Obscurity we should pass our Time in,  
'nor run over the little short Snatches of fresh Air  
'and free Commerce which all People must be  
'satisfied with, whose Actions will not bear Ex-  
'amination, but leave them to your Reflections,  
'who have seen of that Life of which I have but a  
'meer Idea.

'On the other hand, If you can be so good and  
'generous as to make me your Wife, you may  
'promise your self all the Obedience and Tender-  
'ness with which Gratitude can inspire a virtuous  
'Woman. Whatever Gratifications you may  
'promise your self from an agreeable Person,  
'whatever Compliances from an easie Temper,  
'whatever Consolations from a sincere Friendship,  
'you may expect as the Due of your Generosity.  
'What at present in your ill View you promise  
'your self from me, will be followed by Distaste  
'and Satiety; but the Transports of a virtuous  
'Love are the least Part of its Happiness. The  
'Raptures of innocent Passion are but like Light-  
'ning to the Day, they rather interrupt than ad-  
'vance the Pleasure of it. How happy then is  
'that Life to be, where the highest Pleasures of  
'Sense are but the lower Parts of its Felicity?

'Now am I to repeat to you the unnatural Re-  
'quest of taking me in direct Terms. I know  
'there stands between me and that Happiness,  
'the haughty Daughter of a Man who can give  
'you suitably to your Fortune. But if you weigh  
'the Attendance and Behaviour of her who comes  
'to you in Partnership of your Fortune, and ex-  
'pects an Equivalent, with that of her who enters  
'your House as honoured and obliged by that  
'Permission, whom of the two will you chuse?  
'You, perhaps, will think fit to spend a Day  
'abroad in the common Entertainments of Men of  
'Sense and Fortune; she will think herself ill-  
'used in that Absence, and contrive at Home an  
'Expence proportioned to the Appearance which  
'you make in the World. She is in all things to  
'have a Regard to the Fortune which she brought  
'you, I to the Fortune to which you introduced  
'me. The Commerce between you two will eter-  
'nally have the Air of a Bargain, between us of a  
'Friendship: Joy will ever enter into the Room  
'with you, and kind Wishes attend my Benefactor  
'when he leaves it. Ask your self, how would  
'you be pleased to enjoy for ever the Pleasure of  
'having laid an immediate Obligation on a grate-  
'ful Mind? such will be your Case with Me. In  
'the other Marriage you will live in a constant  
'Comparison of Benefits, and never know the  
'Happiness of conferring or receiving any.

'It may be you will, after all, act rather in the  
'prudential Way, according to the Sense of the  
'ordinary World. I know not what I think or  
'say, when that melancholy Reflection comes up-  
'on me; but shall only add more, that it is in  
'your Power to make me your Grateful Wife, but  
'never your Abandoned Mistress. T.

<sup>1</sup> A character in Madame Scudéri's 'Grand Cyrus.'

<sup>2</sup> [made to]

No. 200.] Friday, October 19, 1711. [Steele.<sup>1</sup>

Vincit Amor Patriæ——— Virg.

THE Ambition of Princes is many times as hurtful to themselves as to their People. This cannot be doubted of such as prove unfortunate in their Wars, but it is often true too of those who are celebrated for their Successes. If a severe View were to be taken of their Conduct, if the Profit and Loss by their Wars could be justly ballanced, it would be rarely found that the Conquest is sufficient to repay the Cost.

As I was the other Day looking over the Letters of my Correspondents, I took this Hint from that of *Philarithmus*<sup>2</sup>; which has turned my present Thoughts upon Political Arithmetick, an Art of greater Use than Entertainment. My Friend has offered an Essay towards proving that *Lewis XIV.* with all his Acquisitions is not Master of more People than at the Beginning of his Wars, nay that for every Subject he had acquired, he had lost Three that were his Inheritance: If *Philarithmus* is not mistaken in his Calculations, *Lewis* must have been impoverished by his Ambition.

The Prince for the Publick Good has a Sovereign Property in every Private Person's Estate, and consequently his Riches must encrease or decrease in proportion to the Number and Riches of his Subjects. For Example: If Sword or Pestilence should destroy all the People of this Metropolis, (God forbid there should be Room for such a Supposition! but if this should be the Case) the Queen must needs lose a great Part of her Revenue, or, at least, what is charged upon the City must encrease the Burden upon the rest of her Subjects. Perhaps the Inhabitants here are not above a Tenth Part of the Whole; yet as they are better fed, and cloth'd, and lodg'd, than her other Subjects, the Customs and Excises upon their Consumption, the Imposts upon their Houses, and other Taxes, do very probably make a fifth Part of the whole Revenue of the Crown. But this is not all; the Consumption of the City takes off a great Part of the Fruits of the whole Island; and as it pays such a Proportion of the Rent or yearly Value of the Lands in the Country, so it is the Cause of paying such a Proportion of Taxes upon those Lands. The Loss then of such a People must needs be sensible to the Prince, and visible to the whole Kingdom.

On the other hand, if it should please God to drop from Heaven a new People equal in Number and Riches to the City, I should be ready to think their Excises, Customs, and House-Rent would raise as great a Revenue to the Crown as would be lost in the former Case. And as the Consumption of this New Body would be a new Market for the Fruits of the Country, all the Lands, especially those most adjacent, would rise in their yearly Value, and pay greater yearly Taxes to the Publick. The Gain in this Case would be as sensible as the former Loss.

Whatsoever is assess'd upon the General, is levied upon Individuals. It were worth the while

then to consider what is paid by, or by means of, the meanest Subjects, in order to compute the Value of every Subject to the Prince.

For my own part, I should believe that Seven Eighths of the People are without Property in themselves or the Heads of their Families, and forced to work for their daily Bread; and that of this Sort there are Seven Millions in the whole Island of *Great Britain*: And yet one would imagine that Seven Eighths of the whole People should consume at least three Fourths of the whole Fruits of the Country. If this is the Case, the Subjects without Property pay Three Fourths of the Rents, and consequently enable the Landed Men to pay Three Fourths of their Taxes. Now if so great a Part of the Land-Tax were to be divided by Seven Millions, it would amount to more than three Shillings to every Head. And thus as the Poor are the Cause, without which the Rich could not pay this Tax, even the poorest Subject is upon this Account worth three Shillings yearly to the Prince.

Again: One would imagine the Consumption of seven Eighths of the whole People, should pay two Thirds of all the Customs and Excises. And if this Sum too should be divided by seven Millions, *viz.* the Number of poor People, it would amount to more than seven Shillings to every Head: And therefore with this and the former Sum every poor Subject, without Property, except of his Limbs or Labour, is worth at least ten Shillings yearly to the Sovereign. So much then the Queen loses with every one of her old, and gains with every one of her new Subjects.

When I was got into this Way of thinking, I presently grew conceited of the Argument, and was just preparing to write a Letter of Advice to a Member of Parliament, for opening the Freedom of our Towns and Trades, for taking away all manner of Distinctions between the Natives and Foreigners, for repealing our Laws of Parish Settlements, and removing every other Obstacle to the Increase of the People. But as soon as I had recollected with what inimitable Eloquence my Fellow-Labourers had exaggerated the Mischiefs of selling the Birth-right of *Britons* for a Shilling, of spoiling the pure *British* Blood with Foreign Mixtures, of introducing a Confusion of Languages and Religions, and of letting in Strangers to eat the Bread out of the Mouths of our own People, I became so humble as to let my Project fall to the Ground, and leave my Country to encrease by the ordinary Way of Generation.

As I have always at Heart the Publick Good, so I am ever contriving Schemes to promote it; and I think I may without Vanity pretend to have contrived some as wise as any of the Castle-builders. I had no sooner given up my former Project, but my Head was presently full of draining Fens and Marshes, banking out the Sea, and joining new Lands to my Country; for since it is thought impracticable to encrease the People to the Land, I fell immediately to consider how much would be gained to the Prince by encreasing the Lands to the People.

If the same omnipotent Power, which made the World, should at this time raise out of the Ocean and join to *Great Britain* an equal Extent of

<sup>1</sup> Or Henry Martyn.

<sup>2</sup> In No. 180.

Land, with equal Buildings, Corn, Cattle and other Conveniences and Necessaries of Life, but no Men, Women, nor Children, I should hardly believe this would add either to the Riches of the People, or Revenue of the Prince; for since the present Buildings are sufficient for all the Inhabitants, if any of them should forsake the old to inhabit the new Part of the Island, the Increase of House-Rent in this would be attended with at least an equal Decrease of it in the other: Besides, we have such a Sufficiency of Corn and Cattle, that we give Bounties to our Neighbours to take what exceeds of the former off our Hands, and we will not suffer any of the latter to be imported upon us by our Fellow-Subjects; and for the remaining Product of the Country 'tis already equal to all our Markets. But if all these Things should be doubled to the same Buyers, the Owners must be glad with half their present Prices, the Landlords with half their present Rents; and thus by so great an Enlargement of the Country, the Rents in the whole would not increase, nor the Taxes to the Publick.

On the contrary, I should believe they would be very much diminished; for as the Land is only valuable for its Fruits, and these are all perishable, and for the most part must either be used within the Year, or perish without Use, the Owners will get rid of them at any rate, rather than they should waste in their Possession: So that 'tis probable the annual Production of those perishable things, even of one Tenth Part of them, beyond all Possibility of Use, will reduce one Half of their Value. It seems to be for this Reason that our Neighbour Merchants who ingross all the Spices, and know how great a Quantity is equal to the Demand, destroy all that exceeds it. It were natural then to think that the Annual Production of twice as much as can be used, must reduce all to an Eighth Part of their present Prices; and thus this extended Island would not exceed one Fourth Part of its present Value, or pay more than one Fourth Part of the present Tax.

It is generally observed, That in Countries of the greatest Plenty there is the poorest Living; like the Schoolmen's Ass, in one of my Speculations, the People almost starve between two Meals. The Truth is, the Poor, which are the Bulk of the Nation, work only that they may live; and if with two Days Labour they can get a wretched Subsistence for a Week, they will hardly be brought to work the other four: But then with the Wages of two Days they can neither pay such Prices for their Provisions, nor such Excises to the Government.

That paradox therefore in old *Hesiod* [*πλέον ἡμισυ παντός*,<sup>1</sup>] or Half is more than the Whole, is very applicable to the present Case; since nothing is more true in political Arithmetick, than that the same People with half a Country is more valuable than with the Whole. I begin to think there was nothing absurd in Sir *W. Petty*, when he fancied if all the Highlands of *Scotland* and the whole Kingdom of *Ireland* were sunk in the Ocean, so that the People were all saved and brought into the Lowlands of *Great Britain*;

nay, though they were to be reimburs'd the Value of their Estates by the Body of the People, yet both the Sovereign and the Subjects in general would be enriched by the very Loss.<sup>1</sup>

If the People only make the Riches, the Father of ten Children is a greater Benefactor to his Country, than he who has added to it 10000 Acres of Land and no People. It is certain *Lewis* has join'd vast Tracts of Land to his Dominions: But if *Philarithmus* says true, that he is not now Master of so many Subjects as before; we may then account for his not being able to bring such mighty Armies into the Field, and for their being neither so well fed, nor clothed, nor paid as formerly. The Reason is plain, *Lewis* must needs have been impoverished not only by his Loss of Subjects, but by his Acquisition of Lands. T.

No. 201.] Saturday, October 20, 1711. [Addison.

*Religentem esse oportet, Religiosum nefas.*  
Incerti Autoris apud Aul. Gell.

IT is of the last Importance to season the Passions of a Child with Devotion, which seldom dies in a Mind that has received an early Tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the Cares of the World, the Heats of Youth, or the Allurements of Vice, it generally breaks out and discovers it self again as soon as Discretion, Consideration, Age, or Misfortunes have brought the Man to himself. The Fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A State of Temperance, Sobriety, and Justice, without Devotion, is a cold, lifeless, insipid Condition of Virtue; and is rather to be styl'd Philosophy than Religion. Devotion opens the Mind to great Conceptions, and fills it with more sublime Ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted Science; and at the same time warms and agitates the Soul more than sensual Pleasure.

It has been observed by some Writers, that Man is more distinguished from the Animal World by Devotion than by Reason, as several Brute Creatures discover in their Actions something like a faint Glimmering of Reason, though they betray in no single Circumstance of their Behaviour any Thing that bears the least Affinity to Devotion. It is certain, the Propensity of the Mind to Religious Worship; the natural Tendency of the Soul to fly to some Superior Being for Succour in Dangers and Distresses, the Gratitude to an invisible Superintendent [which<sup>2</sup>] rises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good Fortune; the Acts of Love and Admiration with which the Thoughts of Men are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the Divine Perfections, and the universal Concurrence of all the Nations under Heaven in the great Article of Adoration, plainly shew that Devotion or Religious Worship must be the Effect of Tradition from some first Founder of Mankind, or that it is

<sup>1</sup> A new edition of Sir *W. Petty*'s 'Essays in Political Arithmetic' had just appeared. <sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>1</sup> [*πλέον ἡμισυ παντα*]

conformable to the Natural Light of Reason, or that it proceeds from an Instinct implanted in the Soul it self. For my part, I look upon all these to be the concurrent Causes, but which ever of them shall be assigned as the Principle of Divine Worship, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being as the first Author of it.

I may take some other Opportunity of considering those particular Forms and Methods of Devotion which are taught us by Christianity, but shall here observe into what Errors even this Divine Principle may sometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right Reason which was given us as the Guide of all our Actions.

The two great Errors into which a mistaken Devotion may betray us, are Enthusiasm and Superstition.

There is not a more melancholy Object than a Man who has his Head turned with Religious Enthusiasm. A Person that is crazed, tho' with Pride or Malice, is a Sight very mortifying to Human Nature; but when the Distemper arises from any indiscreet Fervours of Devotion, or too intense an Application of the Mind to its mistaken Duties, it deserves our Compassion in a more particular Manner. We may however learn this Lesson from it, that since Devotion it self (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the Mind, unless its Heats are tempered with Caution and Prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our Reason as cool as possible, and to guard our selves in all Parts of Life against the Influence of Passion, Imagination, and Constitution.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the Check of Reason, is very apt to degenerate into Enthusiasm. When the Mind finds herself very much inflamed with her Devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something Divine within her. If she indulges this Thought too far, and humours the growing Passion, she at last flings her self into imaginary Raptures and Extasies; and when once she fancies her self under the Influence of a Divine Impulse, it is no Wonder if she slights Human Ordinances, and refuses to comply with any established Form of Religion, as thinking her self directed by a much superior Guide.

As Enthusiasm is a kind of Excess in Devotion, Superstition is the Excess not only of Devotion, but of Religion in general, according to an old Heathen Saying, quoted by *Aulus Gellius*, *Religentem esse oportet, Religiosum nefas*; A Man should be Religious, not Superstitious: For as the Author tells us, *Nigidius* observed upon this Passage, that the *Latin* Words which terminate in *osus* generally imply vicious Characters, and the having of any Quality to an Excess.<sup>1</sup>

An Enthusiast in Religion is like an obstinate Clown, a Superstitious Man liked an insipid Courtier. Enthusiasm has something in it of Madness, Superstition of Folly. Most of the Sects that fall short of the Church of *England* have in them strong Tinctures of Enthusiasm, as the *Roman* Catholick Religion is one huge overgrown Body of childish and idle Superstitions.

<sup>1</sup> Noct. Att., Bk. iv. ch. 9.

The *Roman* Catholick Church seems indeed irrecoverably lost in this Particular. If an absurd Dress or Behaviour be introduced in the World, it will soon be found out and discarded: On the contrary, a Habit or Ceremony, tho' never so ridiculous, [which<sup>1</sup>] has taken Sanctuary in the Church, sticks in it for ever. A *Gothic* Bishop perhaps, thought it proper to repeat such a Form in such particular Shoes or Slippers; another fancied it would be very decent if such a Part of publick Devotions were performed with a Mitre on his Head, and a Crosier in his Hand: To this a Brother *Vandal*, as wise as the others, adds an antick Dress, which he conceived would allude very aptly to such and such Mysteries, till by Degrees the whole Office [has] degenerated into an empty Show.

Their Successors see the Vanity and Inconvenience of these Ceremonies; but instead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more significant, and which take Possession in the same manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have seen the Pope officiate at *St. Peter's* where, for two Hours together, he was busied in putting on or off his different Accoutrements, according to the different Parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is so glorious in the Eyes of Mankind, and ornamental to Human Nature, setting aside the infinite Advantages [which<sup>2</sup>] arise from it, as a strong, steady masculine Piety; but Enthusiasm and Superstition are the Weaknesses of human Reason, that expose us to the Scorn and Derision of Infidels, and sink us even below the Beasts that perish.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another Error arising from mistaken Devotion; but because Reflections on that Subject would be of no use to an *English* Reader, I shall not enlarge upon it.

L.

No. 202.] Monday, October 22. [Steele.

*Sæpe decem vitiis instructior odit et horret.*  
Hor.

THE other Day as I passed along the Street, I saw a sturdy Prentice-Boy Disputing with an Hackney-Coachman; and in an Instant, upon some Word of Provocation, throw off his Hat and [Cut-Periwig,<sup>3</sup>] clench his Fist, and strike the Fellow a Slap on the Face; at the same time calling him Rascal, and telling him he was a Gentleman's Son. The young Gentleman was, it seems, bound to a Blacksmith; and the Debate arose about Payment for some Work done about a Coach, near which they Fought. His Master, during the Combat, was full of his Boy's Praises; and as he called to him to play with his Hand and Foot, and throw in his Head, he made all us who stood round him of his Party, by declaring the Boy had very good Friends, and he could trust him with untold Gold. As I am generally in the Theory of Mankind, I could not but make my Reflec-

<sup>1</sup> [that] <sup>2</sup> [that] <sup>3</sup> [Perriwig]

tions upon the sudden Popularity which was raised about the Lad; and perhaps, with my Friend *Tacitus*, fell into Observations upon it, which were too great for the Occasion; or ascribed this general Favour to Causes which had nothing to do towards it. But the young Blacksmith's being a Gentleman was, methought, what created him good Will from his present Equality with the Mob about him: Add to this, that he was not so much a Gentleman, as not, at the same time that he called himself such, to use as rough Methods for his Defence as his Antagonist. The Advantage of his having good Friends, as his Master expressed it, was not lazily urged; but he shewed himself superior to the Coachman in the personal Qualities of Courage and Activity, to confirm that of his being well allied, before his Birth was of any Service to him.

If one might Moralize from this silly Story, a Man would say, that whatever Advantages of Fortune, Birth, or any other Good, People possess above the rest of the World, they should shew collateral Eminences besides those Distinctions; or those Distinctions will avail only to keep up common Decencies and Ceremonies, and not to preserve a real Place of Favour or Esteem in the Opinion and common Sense of their Fellow-Creatures.

The Folly of People's Procedure, in imagining that nothing more is necessary than Property and superior Circumstances to support them in Distinction, appears in no way so much as in the Domestick part of Life. It is ordinary to feed their Humours into unnatural Excrescences, if I may so speak, and make their whole Being a wayward and uneasy Condition, for want of the obvious Reflection that all Parts of Human Life is a Commerce. It is not only paying Wages, and giving Commands, that constitutes a Master of a Family; but Prudence, equal Behaviour, with Readiness to protect and cherish them, is what entitles a Man to that Character in their very Hearts and Sentiments. It is pleasant enough to Observe, that Men expect from their Dependants, from their sole Motive of Fear, all the good Effects which a liberal Education, and affluent Fortune, and every other Advantage, cannot produce in themselves. A Man will have his Servant just, diligent, sober and chaste, for no other Reasons but the Terrour of losing his Master's Favour; when all the Laws Divine and Human cannot keep him whom he serves within Bounds, with relation to any one of those Virtues. But both in great and ordinary Affairs, all Superiority, which is not founded on Merit and Virtue, is supported only by Artifice and Stratagem. Thus you see Flatterers are the Agents in Families of Humourists, and those who govern themselves by any thing but Reason. Make-Bates, distant Relations, poor Kinsmen, and indigent Followers, are the Fry which support the Oeconomy of an humoursome rich Man. He is eternally whispered with Intelligence of who are true or false to him in Matters of no Consequence, and he maintains twenty Friends to defend him against the Insinuations of one who would perhaps cheat him of an old Coat.

I shall not enter into farther Speculation upon

this Subject at present, but think the following Letters and Petition are made up of proper Sentiments on this Occasion.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

'I am a Servant to an old Lady who is governed by one she calls her Friend; who is so familiar an one, that she takes upon her to advise her without being called to it, and makes her uneasie with all about her. Pray, Sir, be pleased to give us some Remarks upon voluntary Counsellors; and let these People know that to give any Body Advice, is to say to that Person, I am your Betters. Pray, Sir, as near as you can, describe that eternal Flirt and Disturber of Families, Mrs. *Taperty*, who is always visiting, and putting People in a Way, as they call it. If you can make her stay at home one Evening, you will be a general Benefactor to all the Ladies Women in Town, and particularly to

*Your loving Friend,*  
Susan Civil.

*Mr. SPECTATOR,*

'I am a Footman, and live with one of those Men, each of whom is said to be one of the best humoured Men in the World, but that he is passionate. Pray be pleased to inform them, that he who is passionate, and takes no Care to command his Hastiness, does more Injury to his Friends and Servants in one half Hour, than whole Years can attone for. This Master of mine, who is the best Man alive in common Fame, disoblige Some body every Day he lives; and strikes me for the next thing I do, because he is out of Humour at it. If these Gentlemen [knew<sup>1</sup>] that they do all the Mischief that is ever done in Conversation, they would reform; and I who have been a Spectator of Gentlemen at Dinner for many Years, have seen that Indiscretion does ten times more Mischief than Ill-nature. But you will represent this better than

*Your abused*  
*Humble Servant,*  
Thomas Smoaky.

*To the SPECTATOR,*

The humble Petition of *John Steward, Robert Butler, Harry Cook, and Abigail Chambers*, in Behalf of themselves and their Relations, belonging to and dispersed in the several Services of most of the great Families within the Cities of *London and Westminster*;

Sheweth,

'That in many of the Families in which your Petitioners live and are employed, the several Heads of them are wholly unacquainted with what is Business, and are very little Judges when they are well or ill used by us your said Petitioners.

'That for want of such Skill in their own Affairs, and by Indulgence of their own Laziness and Pride, they continually keep about them certain mischievous Animals called Spies.

'That whenever a Spy is entertained, the

<sup>1</sup> [know], and in first reprint.

‘Peace of that House is from that Moment banished.

‘That Spies never give an Account of good Services, but represent our Mirth and Freedom by the Words Wantonness and Disorder.

‘That in all Families where there are Spies, there is a general Jealousy and Misunderstanding.

‘That the Masters and Mistresses of such Houses live in continual Suspicion of their ingenuous and true Servants, and are given up to the Management of those who are false and perfidious.

‘That such Masters and Mistresses who entertain Spies, are no longer more than Cyphers in their own Families; and that we your Petitioners are with great Disdain obliged to pay all our Respect, and expect all our Maintenance from such Spies.

‘Your Petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that you would represent the Premises to all Persons of Condition; and your Petitioners, as in Duty bound, shall for ever Pray, &c.

T.

No. 203.] Tuesday, October 23, 1711. [Addison.

*Phæbe pater, si das hujus mihi nominis usum,  
Nec falsâ Clymene culpam sub imagine celat;  
Pignora da, Genitor*——— Ov. Met.

THERE is a loose Tribe of Men whom I have not yet taken Notice of, that ramble into all the Corners of this great City, in order to seduce such unfortunate Females as fall into their Walks. These abandoned Profligates raise up Issue in every Quarter of the Town, and very often, for a valuable Consideration, father it upon the Church-warden. By this means there are several Married Men who have a little Family in most of the Parishes of London and Westminster, and several Batchelors who are undone by a Charge of Children.

When a Man once gives himself this Liberty of preying at large, and living upon the Common, he finds so much Game in a populous City, that it is surprising to consider the Numbers which he sometimes propagates. We see many a young Fellow who is scarce of Age, that could lay his Claim to the *Jus trium Liberorum*, or the Privileges which were granted by the Roman Laws to all such as were Fathers of three Children: Nay, I have heard a Rake [who<sup>1</sup>] was not quite five and twenty, declare himself the Father of a seventh Son, and very prudently determine to breed him up a Physician. In short, the Town is full of these young Patriarchs, not to mention several batter'd Beaus, who, like heedless Spendthrifts that squander away their Estates before they are Masters of them, have raised up their whole Stock of Children before Marriage.

I must not here omit the particular Whim of an Impudent Libertine, that had a little Smattering of Heraldry; and observing how the Genealogies

of great Families were often drawn up in the Shape of Trees, had taken a Fancy to dispose of his own illegitimate Issue in a Figure of the same kind.

——— *Nec longum tempus et ingens  
Exiit ad cælum ramis felicibus arbos,  
Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.*  
Virg.<sup>1</sup>

The Trunk of the Tree was mark'd with his own Name, *Will Maple*. Out of the Side of it grew a large barren Branch, Inscribed *Mary Maple*, the Name of his unhappy Wife. The Head was adorned with five huge Boughs. On the Bottom of the first was written in Capital Characters *Kate Cole*, who branched out into three Sprigs, viz. *William, Richard, and Rebecca*. *Sal Twiford* gave Birth to another Bough, that shot up into *Sarah, Tom, Will, and Frank*. The third Arm of the Tree had only a single Infant in it, with a Space left for a second, the Parent from whom it sprung being near her Time when the Author took this Ingenious Device into his Head. The two other great Boughs were very plentifully loaden with Fruit of the same kind; besides which there were many Ornamental Branches that did not bear. In short, a more flourishing Tree never came out of the Herald's Office.

What makes this Generation of Vermin so very prolifick, is the indefatigable Diligence with which they apply themselves to their Business. A Man does not undergo more Watchings and Fatigues in a Campaign, than in the Course of a vicious Amour. As it is said of some Men, that they make their Business their Pleasure, these Sons of Darkness may be said to make their Pleasure their Business. They might conquer their corrupt Inclinations with half the Pains they are at in gratifying them.

Nor is the Invention of these Men less to be admired than their Industry or Vigilance. There is a Fragment of *Apollodorus* the Comick Poet (who was Contemporary with *Menander*) which is full of Humour as follows: *Thou mayest shut up thy Doors*, says he, *with Bars and Bolts: It will be impossible for the Blacksmith to make them so fast, but a Cat and a Whoremaster will find a Way through them*. In a word, there is no Head so full of Stratagems as that of a Libidinous Man.

Were I to propose a Punishment for this infamous Race of Propagators, it should be to send them, after the second or third Offence, into our *American Colonies*, in order to people those Parts of her Majesty's Dominions where there is a want of Inhabitants, and in the Phrase of *Dio-genes*, to *Plant Men*. Some Countries punish this Crime with Death; but I think such a Banishment would be sufficient, and might turn this generative Faculty to the Advantage of the Publick.

In the mean time, till these Gentlemen may be thus disposed of, I would earnestly exhort them to take Care of those unfortunate Creatures whom they have brought into the World by these indirect Methods, and to give their spurious Children

<sup>1</sup> [that]

<sup>1</sup> Georg. II. v. 89.



such an Education as may render them more virtuous than their Parents. This is the best Atonement they can make for their own Crimes, and indeed the only Method that is left them to repair their past Mis-carriages.

I would likewise desire them to consider, whether they are not bound in common Humanity, as well as by all the Obligations of Religion and Nature, to make some Provision for those whom they have not only given Life to, but entail'd upon them, [tho' very unreasonably, a Degree of] Shame and [Disgrace.<sup>1</sup>] And here I cannot but take notice of those depraved Notions which prevail among us, and which must have taken rise from our natural Inclination to favour a Vice to which we are so very prone, namely, that *Bastardy* and *Cuckoldom* should be look'd upon as Reproaches, and that the [Ignominy<sup>2</sup>] which is only due to Lewdness and Falsehood, should fall in so unreasonable a manner upon the Persons who [are<sup>3</sup>] innocent.

I have been insensibly drawn into this Discourse by the following Letter, which is drawn up with such a Spirit of Sincerity, that I question not but the Writer of it has represented his Case in a true and genuine Light.

SIR,

'I am one of those People who by the general Opinion of the World are counted both Infamous and Unhappy.

'My Father is a very eminent Man in this Kingdom, and one who bears considerable Offices in it. I am his Son, but my Misfortune is, That I dare not call him Father, nor he without Shame own me as his Issue, I being illegitimate, and therefore deprived of that endearing Tenderness and unparallel'd Satisfaction which a good Man finds in the Love and Conversation of a Parent: Neither have I the Opportunities to render him the Duties of a Son, he having always carried himself at so vast a Distance, and with such Superiority towards me, that by long Use I have contracted a Timorousness when before him, which hinders me from declaring my own Necessities, and giving him to understand the Inconveniencies I undergo.

'It is my Misfortune to have been neither bred a Scholar, [a Soldier,] nor to [any kind of] Business, which renders me Entirely incapable of making Provision for my self without his Assistance; and this creates a continual Uneasiness in my Mind, fearing I shall in Time want Bread; my Father, if I may so call him, giving me but very faint Assurances of doing any thing for me.

'I have hitherto lived somewhat like a Gentleman, and it would be very hard for me to labour for my Living. I am in continual Anxiety for my future Fortune, and under a great Unhappiness in losing the sweet Conversation and friendly Advice of my Parents; so that I cannot look upon my self otherwise than as a Monster, strangely sprung up in Nature, which every one is ashamed to own.

'I am thought to be a Man of some natural Parts, and by the continual Reading what you

'have offered the World, become an Admirer thereof, which has drawn me to make this Confession; at the same time hoping, if any thing herein shall touch you with a Sense of Pity, you would then allow me the Favour of your Opinion thereupon; as also what Part I, being unlawfully born, may claim of the Man's Affection who begot me, and how far in your Opinion I am to be thought his Son, or he acknowledged as my Father. Your Sentiments and Advice herein will be a great Consolation and Satisfaction to,

SIR,

Your Admirer and  
Humble Servant,

C. W. B.

No. 204.] Wednesday, October 24, 1711. [Steele.

*Urit grata protervitas,  
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.*—Hor.

I AM not at all displeas'd that I am become the Courier of Love, and that the Distressed in that Passion convey their Complaints to each other by my Means. The following Letters have lately come to my hands, and shall have their Place with great Willingness. As to the Reader's Entertainment, he will, I hope, forgive the inserting such Particulars as to him may perhaps seem frivolous, but are to the Persons who wrote them of the highest Consequence. I shall not trouble you with the Prefaces, Compliments, and Apologies made to me before each Epistle when it was desired to be inserted; but in general they tell me, that the Persons to whom they are addressed have Intimations, by Phrases and Allusions in them, from whence they came.

To the Sothades.<sup>1</sup>

'The Word, by which I address you, gives you, who understand *Portuguese*, a lively Image of the tender Regard I have for you. The SPECTATOR's late Letter from *Statira* gave me the Hint to use the same Method of explaining my self to you. I am not affronted at the Design your late Behaviour discovered you had in your Addresses to me; but I impute it to the Degeneracy of the Age, rather than your particular Fault. As I aim at nothing more than being yours, I am willing to be a Stranger to your Name, your Fortune, or any Figure which your Wife might expect to make in the World, provided my Commerce with you is not to be a guilty one. I resign gay Dress, the Pleasure of Visits, Equipage, Plays, Balls, and Operas, for that one Satisfaction of having you for ever mine. I am willing you shall industriously con-

<sup>1</sup> Saudades. To have *saudades* of anything is to yearn with desire towards it. *Saudades da Patria* is home sickness. To say *Tenho Saudades* without naming an object would be taken to mean I am all yearning to call a certain gentleman or lady mine.

<sup>1</sup> [Infamy.]    <sup>2</sup> [Shame]    <sup>3</sup> [suffer and are]

'ceal the only Cause of Triumph which I can  
'know in this Life. I wish only to have it my  
'Duty, as well as my Inclination, to study your  
'Happiness. If this has not the Effect this Letter  
'seems to aim at, you are to understand that I  
'had a mind to be rid of you, and took the readi-  
'est Way to pall you with an Offer of what you  
'would never desist pursuing while you received  
'ill Usage. Be a true Man; be my Slave while  
'you doubt me, and neglect me when you think I  
'love you. I defy you to find out what is your  
'present Circumstance with me; but I know while  
'I can keep this Suspence,

*I am your admired*

Belinda.

*Madam,*

'It is a strange State of Mind a Man is in,  
'when the very Imperfections of a Woman he  
'loves turn into Excellencies and Advantages. I  
'do assure you, I am very much afraid of ventur-  
'ing upon you. I now like you in spite of my  
'Reason, and think it an ill Circumstance to owe  
'one's Happiness to nothing but Infatuation. I  
'can see you ogle all the young Fellows who look  
'at you, and observe your Eye wander after new  
'Conquests every Moment you are in a publick  
'Place; and yet there is such a Beauty in all your  
'Looks and Gestures, that I cannot but admire  
'you in the very Act of endeavouring to gain the  
'Hearts of others. My Condition is the same  
'with that of the Lover in the *Way of the World*,<sup>1</sup>  
'I have studied your Faults so long, that they are  
'become as familiar to me, and I like them as  
'well as I do my own. Look to it, Madam, and  
'consider whether you think this gay Behaviour  
'will appear to me as amiable when an Husband,  
'as it does now to me a Lover. Things are so far  
'advanced, that we must proceed; and I hope  
'you will lay it to Heart, that it will be becoming  
'in me to appear still your Lover, but not in you  
'to be still my Mistress. Gaiety in the Matrimo-  
'nial Life is graceful in one Sex, but exception-  
'able in the other. As you improve these little  
'Hints, you will ascertain the Happiness or Un-  
'easiness of,

*Madam,*

*Your most obedient,*

*Most humble Servant,*

T. D.

<sup>1</sup> In Act I. sc. 3, of Congreve's *Way of the World*, Mirabell says of Millamant, 'I like her with all her faults, nay, like her for her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those affectations which in another woman would be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Fainall, she once used me with that insolence, that in revenge I took her to pieces, sifted her, and separated her failings; I studied 'em and got 'em by rote. The Catalogue was so large, that I was not without hopes one day or other to hate her heartily: to which end I so used myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my design and expectation, they gave me every hour less and less disturbance; 'till in a few days it became habitual to me to remember 'em without being dis-

*SIR,*

'When I sat at the Window, and you at the  
'other End of the Room by my Cousin, I saw  
'you catch me looking at you. Since you have  
'the Secret at last, which I am sure you should  
'never have known but by Inadvertency, what  
'my Eyes said was true. But it is too soon to  
'confirm it with my Hand, therefore shall not  
'subscribe my Name.

*SIR,*

'There were other Gentlemen nearer, and I  
'know no Necessity you were under to take up  
'that flippant Creature's Fan last Night; but you  
'shall never touch a Stick of mine more, that's  
'pos.

*Phillis.*

*To Colonel R——s<sup>r</sup> in Spain.*

'Before this can reach the best of Husbands  
'and the fondest Lover, those tender Names will  
'be no more of Concern to me. The Indisposi-  
'tion in which you, to obey the Dictates of your  
'Honour and Duty, left me, has increased upon  
'me; and I am acquainted by my Physicians I  
'cannot live a Week longer. At this time my  
'Spirits fail me; and it is the ardent Love I have  
'for you that carries me beyond my Strength,  
'and enables me to tell you, the most painful  
'Thing in the Prospect of Death, is, that I must  
'part with you. But let it be a Comfort to you,  
'that I have no Guilt hangs upon me, no unre-  
'pented Folly that retards me; but I pass away  
'my last Hours in Reflection upon the Happiness  
'we have lived in together, and in Sorrow that it  
'is so soon to have an End. This is a Frailty  
'which I hope is so far from criminal, that me-  
'thinks there is a kind of Piety in being so un-  
'willing to be separated from a State which is the  
'Institution of Heaven, and in which we have  
'lived according to its Laws. As we know no  
'more of the next Life, but that it will be an  
'happy one to the Good, and miserable to the  
'Wicked, why may we not please ourselves at  
'least, to alleviate the Difficulty of resigning this  
'Being, in imagining that we shall have a Sense  
'of what passes below, and may possibly be em-  
'ployed in guiding the Steps of those with whom  
'we walked with Innocence when mortal? Why  
'may not I hope to go on in my usual Work, and,  
'tho' unknown to you, be assistant in all the Con-  
'flicts of your Mind? Give me leave to say to  
'you, O best of Men, that I cannot figure to my-  
'self a greater Happiness than in such an Em-  
'ployment: To be present at all the Adventures  
'to which human Life is exposed, to administer  
'Slumber to thy Eyelids in the Agonies of a Fever,  
'to cover thy beloved Face in the Day of Battle,  
'to go with thee a Guardian Angel incapable of  
'Wound or Pain, where I have longed to attend  
'thee when a weak, a fearful Woman: These, my  
'Dear, are the Thoughts with which I warm my  
'poor languid Heart; but indeed I am not capa-

pleased. They are now grown as familiar to me  
'as my own frailties; and, in all probability, in a  
'little time longer I shall like 'em as well.'

<sup>1</sup> The name was commonly believed to be Rivers, when this Paper was published.

'ble under my present Weakness of bearing the  
'strong Agonies of Mind I fall into, when I form  
'to myself the Grief you will be in upon your first  
'hearing of my Departure. I will not dwell upon  
'this, because your kind and generous Heart will  
'be but the more afflicted, the more the Person  
'for whom you lament offers you Consolation.  
'My last Breath will, if I am my self, expire in a  
'Prayer for you. I shall never see thy Face again.  
'Farewell for ever. T.

No. 205.] Thursday, October 25, 1711. [Addison.

*Decipimur specie recti* — Hor.

WHEN I meet with any vicious Character  
that is not generally known, in order to pre-  
vent its doing Mischief, I draw it at length, and  
set it up as a Scarecrow; by which means I do  
not only make an Example of the Person to  
whom it belongs, but give Warning to all Her  
Majesty's Subjects, that they may not suffer by  
it. Thus, to change the [Allusion,<sup>1</sup>] I have  
marked out several of the Shoals and Quicksands  
of Life, and am continually employed in dis-  
covering those [which<sup>2</sup>] are still concealed, in  
order to keep the Ignorant and Unwary from  
running upon them. It is with this Intention  
that I publish the following Letter, which brings  
to light some Secrets of this Nature.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'There are none of your Speculations which I  
'read over with greater Delight, than those which  
'are designed for the Improvement of our Sex.  
'You have endeavoured to correct our unreason-  
'able Fears and Superstitions, in your Seventh  
'and Twelfth Papers; our Fancy for Equipage,  
'in your Fifteenth; our Love of Puppet-Shows,  
'in your Thirty-First; our Notions of Beauty, in  
'your Thirty-Third; our Inclination for Ro-  
'mances, in your Thirty-Seventh; our Passion  
'for French Fopperies, in your Forty-Fifth; our  
'Manhood and Party-zeal, in your Fifty-Seventh;  
'our Abuse of Dancing, in your Sixty-Sixth and  
'Sixty-Seventh; our Levity, in your Hundred  
'and Twenty-Eighth; our Love of Coxcombs in  
'your Hundred and Fifty-Fourth, and Hundred  
'and Fifty-Seventh; our Tyranny over the Hen-  
'peckt, in your Hundred and Seventy-Sixth.  
'You have described the *Pict* in your Forty-first;  
'the Idol, in your Seventy-Third; the Demurrer,  
'in your Eighty-Ninth; the Salamander, in your  
'Hundred and Ninety-Eighth. You have like-  
'wise taken to pieces our Dress, and represented  
'to us the Extravagancies we are often guilty of  
'in that Particular. You have fallen upon our  
'Patches, in your Fiftieth and Eighty-First; our  
'Comodes, in your Ninety-Eighth; our Fans in  
'your Hundred and Second; our Riding Habits  
'in your Hundred and Fourth; our Hoop-petti-  
'coats, in your Hundred and Twenty-Seventh;  
'besides a great many little Blemishes which you  
'have touched upon in your several other Papers,

'and in those many Letters that are scattered up  
'and down your Works. At the same Time we  
'must own, that the Compliments you pay our  
'Sex are innumerable, and that those very Faults  
'which you represent in us, are neither black in  
'themselves nor, as you own, universal among us.  
'But, Sir, it is plain that these your Discourses  
'are calculated for none but the fashionable Part  
'of Womankind, and for the Use of those who  
'are rather indiscreet than vicious. But, Sir,  
'there is a Sort of Prostitutes in the lower Part of  
'our Sex, who are a Scandal to us, and very well  
'deserve to fall under your Censure. I know it  
'would debase your Paper too much to enter into  
'the Behaviour of these Female Libertines; but  
'as your Remarks on some Part of it would be a  
'doing of Justice to several Women of Virtue  
'and Honour, whose Reputations suffer by  
'it, I hope you will not think it improper to give  
'the Publick some Accounts of this Nature. You  
'must know, Sir, I am provoked to write you this  
'Letter by the Behaviour of an infamous Woman,  
'who having passed her Youth in a most shame-  
'less State of Prostitution, is now one of those  
'who gain their Livelihood by seducing others,  
'that are younger than themselves, and by estab-  
'lishing a criminal Commerce between the two  
'Sexes. Among several of her Artifices to get  
'Money, she frequently perswades a vain young  
'Fellow, that such a Woman of Quality, or such  
'a celebrated Toast, entertains a secret Passion  
'for him, and wants nothing but an Opportunity  
'of revealing it: Nay, she has gone so far as to  
'write Letters in the Name of a Woman of  
'Figure, to borrow Money of one of these foolish  
'Roderigo's,<sup>1</sup> which she has afterwards appro-  
'priated to her own Use. In the mean time, the  
'Person who has lent the Money, has thought a  
'Lady under Obligations to him, who scarce  
'knew his Name; and wondered at her Ingrati-  
'tude when he has been with her, that she has not  
'owned the Favour, though at the same time  
'he was too much a Man of Honour to put her in  
'mind of it.

'When this abandoned Baggage meets with a  
'Man who has Vanity enough to give Credit to  
'Relations of this nature, she turns him to very  
'good Account, by repeating Praises that were  
'never uttered, and delivering Messages that were  
'never sent. As the House of this shameless  
'Creature is frequented by several Foreigners, I  
'have heard of another Artifice, out of which she  
'often raises Money. The Foreigner sighs after  
'some *British* Beauty, whom he only knows by  
'Fame: Upon which she promises, if he can be  
'secret, to procure him a Meeting. The Stranger,  
'ravished at his good Fortune, gives her a Pre-  
'sent, and in a little time is introduced to some  
'imaginary Title; for you must know that this  
'cunning Purveyor has her Representatives upon  
'this Occasion, of some of the finest Ladies in  
'the Kingdom. By this Means, as I am in-  
'formed, it is usual enough to meet with a Ger-  
'man Count in foreign Countries, that shall  
'make his Boasts of Favours he has received  
'from Women of the highest Ranks, and the most

<sup>1</sup> [Metaphor,]

<sup>2</sup> [that]

<sup>1</sup> As the Roderigo whose money Iago used.

'unblemished Characters. Now, Sir, what Safety  
'is there for a Woman's Reputation, when a  
'Lady may be thus prostituted as it were by  
'Proxy, and be reputed an unchaste Woman; as  
'the Hero in the ninth Book of *Dryden's* Virgil  
'is looked upon as a Coward, because the Phan-  
'tom which appeared in his Likeness ran away  
'from *Turnus*? You may depend upon what I  
'relate to you to be Matter of Fact, and the  
'Practice of more than one of these female Pan-  
'dars. If you print this Letter, I may give you  
'some further Accounts of this vicious Race of  
'Women.

Your humble Servant,  
BELVIDERA.

I shall add two other Letters on different Sub-  
jects to fill up my Paper.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Country Clergyman, and hope you will  
'lend me your Assistance in ridiculing some little  
'Indecencies which cannot so properly be exposed  
'from the Pulpit.

'A Widow Lady, who straggled this Summer  
'from *London* into my Parish for the Benefit of  
'the Air, as she says, appears every *Sunday* at  
'Church with many fashionable Extravagancies,  
'to the great Astonishment of my Congregation.

'But what gives us the most Offence is her  
'theatrical Manner of Singing the Psalms. She  
'introduces above fifty *Italian* Airs into the hun-  
'dredth Psalm, and whilst we begin *All People* in  
'the old solemn Tune of our Forefathers, she in a  
'quite different Key runs Divisions on the  
'Vowels, and adorns them with the Graces of  
'*Nicolini*; if she meets with Eke or Aye, which  
'are frequent in the Metre of *Hopkins* and  
'*Sternhold*,<sup>1</sup> we are certain to hear her quavering  
'them half a Minute after us to some sprightly  
'Airs of the Opera.

'I am very far from being an Enemy to Church  
'Musick; but fear this Abuse of it may make my  
'Parish ridiculous, who already look on the Sing-  
'ing Psalms as an Entertainment, and no Part of  
'their Devotion: Besides, I am apprehensive that  
'the Infection may spread, for Squire *Squeekum*,  
'who by his Voice seems (if I may use the Ex-  
'pression) to be cut out for an *Italian* Singer,  
'was last *Sunday* practising the same Airs.

'I know the Lady's Principles, and that she  
'will plead the Toleration, which (as she fancies)  
'allows her Non-Conformity in this Particular;  
'but I beg you to acquaint her, That Singing the  
'Psalms in a different Tune from the rest of the  
'Congregation, is a Sort of Schism not tolerated  
'by that Act.

I am, SIR,  
Your very humble Servant,  
R. S.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'In your Paper upon Temperance, you pre-  
'scribe to us a Rule of drinking, out of Sir *Wil-*  
'*liam Temple*, in the following Words; *The first*

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Sternhold who joined Hopkins, Nor-  
ton, and others in translation of the Psalms, was  
groom of the robes to Henry VIII. and Edward  
VI.

'*Glass for myself, the second for my Friends, the*  
'*third for Good-humour, and the fourth for mine*  
'*Enemies.* Now, Sir, you must know, that I  
'have read this your *Spectator*, in a Club whereof  
'I am a Member; when our President told us,  
'there was certainly an Error in the Print, and  
'that the Word *Glass* should be *Bottle*; and  
'therefore has ordered me to inform you of this  
'Mistake, and to desire you to publish the follow-  
'ing *Errata*: In the Paper of *Saturday, Octob.*  
'13, Col. 3, Line 11, for *Glass* read *Bottle*.

L. Yours, Robin Good-fellow.

No. 206.] Friday, October 26, 1711. [Steele.

*Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,*  
*A Diis plura feret*—— Hor.

THERE is a Call upon Mankind to value and  
esteem those who set a moderate Price upon  
their own Merit; and Self-denial is frequently  
attended with unexpected Blessings, which in the  
End abundantly recompense such Losses as the  
Modest seem to suffer in the ordinary Occurrences  
of Life. The Curious tell us, a Determination in  
our Favour or to our Disadvantage is made upon  
our first Appearance, even before they know any  
thing of our Characters, but from the Intimations  
Men gather from our Aspect. A Man, they say,  
wears the Picture of his Mind in his Countenance;  
and one Man's Eyes are Spectacles to his who  
looks at him to read his Heart. But tho' that  
Way of raising an Opinion of those we behold in  
Publick is very fallacious, certain it is, that those,  
who by their Words and Actions take as much  
upon themselves, as they can but barely demand  
in the strict Scrutiny of their Deserts, will find  
their Account lessen every Day. A modest Man  
preserves his Character, as a frugal Man does his  
Fortune; if either of them live to the Height of  
either, one will find Losses, the other Errors,  
which he has not Stock by him to make up. It  
were therefore a just Rule, to keep your Desires,  
your Words and Actions, within the Regard you  
observe your Friends have for you; and never, if  
it were in a Man's Power, to take as much as he  
possibly might either in Preferment or Reputation.  
My Walks have lately been among the mercantile  
Part of the World; and one gets Phrases naturally  
from those with whom one converses: I say then,  
he that in his Air, his Treatment of others, or an  
habitual Arrogance to himself, gives himself  
Credit for the least Article of more Wit, Wisdom,  
Goodness, or Valour than he can possibly produce  
if he is called upon, will find the World break  
in upon him, and consider him as one who has  
cheated them of all the Esteem they had before  
allowed him. This brings a Commission of Bank-  
ruptcy upon him; and he that might have gone  
on to his Life's End in a prosperous Way, by  
aiming at more than he should, is no longer Pro-  
prietor of what he really had before, but his Pre-  
tensions fare as all Things do which are torn in-  
stead of being divided.

There is no one living would deny *Cinna* the  
Applause of an agreeable and facetious Wit; or

could possibly pretend that there is not something inimitably unforced and diverting in his Manner of delivering all his Sentiments in Conversation, if he were able to conceal the strong Desire of Applause which he betrays in every Syllable he utters. But they who converse with him, see that all the Civilities they could do to him, or the kind Things they could say to him, would fall short of what he expects; and therefore instead of shewing him the Esteem they have for his Merit, their Reflections turn only upon that they observe he has of it himself.

If you go among the Women, and behold *Gloriana* trip into a Room with that theatrical Ostentation of her Charms, *Mirtilla* with that soft Regularity in her Motion, *Chloe* with such an indifferent Familiarity, *Corinna* with such a fond Approach, and *Roxana* with such a Demand of Respect in the great Gravity of her Entrance; you find all the Sex, who understand themselves and act naturally, wait only for their Absence, to tell you that all these Ladies would impose themselves upon you; and each of them carry in their Behaviour a Consciousness of so much more than they should pretend to, that they lose what would otherwise be given them.

I remember the last time I saw *Macbeth*, I was wonderfully taken with the Skill of the Poet, in making the Murderer form Fears to himself from the Moderation of the Prince whose Life he was going to take away. He says of the King, *He bore his Faculties so meekly*; and justly inferred from thence, That all divine and human Power would join to avenge his Death, who had made such an abstinent Use of Dominion. All that is in a Man's Power to do to advance his own Pomp and Glory, and forbears, is so much laid up against the Day of Distress; and Pity will always be his Portion in Adversity, who acted with Gentleness in Prosperity.

The great Officer who foregoes the Advantages he might take to himself, and renounces all prudential Regards to his own Person in Danger, has so far the Merit of a Volunteer; and all his Honours and Glories are unenvied, for sharing the common Fate with the same Frankness as they do who have no such endearing Circumstances to part with. But if there were no such Considerations as the good Effect which Self-denial has upon the Sense of other Men towards us, it is of all Qualities the most desirable for the agreeable Disposition in which it places our own Minds. I cannot tell what better to say of it, than that it is the very Contrary of Ambition; and that Modesty allays all those Passions and Inquietudes to which that Vice exposes us. He that is moderate in his Wishes from Reason and Choice, and not resigned from Sourness, Distaste, or Disappointment, doubles all the Pleasures of his Life. The Air, the Season, a [Sun-shiny<sup>1</sup>] Day, or a fair Prospect, are Instances of Happiness, and that which he enjoys in common with all the World, (by his Exemption from the Enchantments by which all the World are bewitched) are to him uncommon Benefits and new Acquisitions. Health is not eaten up with Care, nor Pleasure interrupted by

<sup>1</sup> [Sun-shine], and in the first reprint.

Envy. It is not to him of any Consequence what this Man is famed for, or for what the other is preferred. He knows there is in such a Place an uninterrupted Walk; he can meet in such a Company an agreeable Conversation: He has no Emulation, he is no Man's Rival, but every Man's Well-wisher; can look at a prosperous Man, with a Pleasure in reflecting that he hopes he is as happy as himself; and has his Mind and his Fortune (as far as Prudence will allow) open to the Unhappy and to the Stranger.

*Luceius* has Learning, Wit, Humour, Eloquence, but no ambitious Prospects to pursue with these Advantages; therefore to the ordinary World he is perhaps thought to want Spirit, but known among his Friends to have a Mind of the most consummate Greatness. He wants no Man's Admiration, is in no Need of Pomp. His Cloaths please him if they are fashionable and warm; his Companions are agreeable if they are civil and well-natured. There is with him no Occasion for Superfluity at Meals, for Jollity in Company, in a word, for any thing extraordinary to administer Delight to him. Want of Prejudice and Command of Appetite are the Companions which make his Journey of Life so easy, that he in all Places meets with more Wit, more good Cheer and more good-Humour, than is necessary to make him enjoy himself with Pleasure and Satisfaction. T.

No. 207.] Saturday, October 27, 1711. [Addison.

*Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt à Gadibus usque  
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt  
Vera bona, atque illis multùm diversa, remotâ  
Erroris nebulâ*—— Juv.

IN my last Saturday's Paper I laid down some Thoughts upon Devotion in general, and shall here shew what were the Notions of the most refined Heathens on this Subject, as they are represented in *Plato's* Dialogue upon Prayer, entitled, *Alcibiades the Second*, which doubtless gave Occasion to *Juvenal's* tenth Satire, and to the second Satire of *Persius*; as the last of these Authors has almost transcribed the preceding Dialogue, entitled *Alcibiades the First*, in his Fourth Satire.

The Speakers in this Dialogue upon Prayer, are *Socrates* and *Alcibiades*; and the Substance of it (when drawn together out of the Intricacies and Digressions) as follows.

*Socrates* meeting his Pupil *Alcibiades*, as he was going to his Devotions, and observing his Eyes to be fixed upon the Earth with great Seriousness and Attention, tells him, that he had reason to be thoughtful on that Occasion, since it was possible for a Man to bring down Evils upon himself by his own Prayers, and that those things, which the Gods send him in Answer to his Petitions, might turn to his Destruction: This, says he, may not only happen when a Man prays for what he knows is mischievous in its own Nature, as *Oedipus* implored the Gods to sow Dissension between his Sons; but when he prays for what he

believes would be for his Good, and against what he believes would be to his Detriment. This the Philosopher shews must necessarily happen among us, since most Men are blinded with Ignorance, Prejudice, or Passion, which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For an Instance, he asks *Alcibiades*, Whether he would not be thoroughly pleased and satisfied if that God, to whom he was going to address himself, should promise to make him the Sovereign of the whole Earth? *Alcibiades* answers, That he should doubtless look upon such a Promise as the greatest Favour that he could bestow upon him. *Socrates* then asks him, If after [receiving<sup>1</sup>] this great Favour he would be content[ed] to lose his Life? or if he would receive it though he was sure he should make an ill Use of it? To both which Questions *Alcibiades* answers in the Negative. *Socrates* then shews him, from the Examples of others, how these might very probably be the Effects of such a Blessing. He then adds, That other reputed Pieces of Good-fortune, as that of having a Son, or procuring the highest Post in a Government, are subject to the like fatal Consequences; which nevertheless, says he, Men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their Prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great Point, That all the most apparent Blessings in this Life are obnoxious to such dreadful Consequences, and that no Man knows what in its Events would prove to him a Blessing or a Curse, he teaches *Alcibiades* after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first Place, he recommends to him, as the Model of his Devotions, a short Prayer, which a *Greek* Poet composed for the Use of his Friends, in the following Words; *O Jupiter, give us those Things which are good for us, whether they are such Things as we pray for, or such Things as we do not pray for: and remove from us those Things which are hurtful, though they are such Things as we pray for.*

In the second Place, that his Disciple may ask such Things as are expedient for him, he shews him, that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the Study of true Wisdom, and to the Knowledge of that which is his chief Good, and the most suitable to the Excellency of his Nature.

In the third and last Place he informs him, that the best Method he could make use of to draw down Blessings upon himself, and to render his Prayers acceptable, would be to live in a constant Practice of his Duty towards the Gods, and towards Men. Under this Head he very much recommends a Form of Prayer the *Lacedemonians* made use of, in which they petition the Gods, *to give them all good Things so long as they were virtuous.* Under this Head likewise he gives a very remarkable Account of an Oracle to the following Purpose.

When the *Athenians* in the War with the *Lacedemonians* received many Defeats both by Sea and Land, they sent a Message to the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon*, to ask the Reason why they who erected so many Temples to the Gods, and

adorned them with such costly Offerings; why they who had instituted so many Festivals, and accompanied them with such Poms and Ceremonies; in short, why they who had slain so many Hecatombs at their Altars, should be less successful than the *Lacedemonians*, who fell so short of them in all these Particulars. To this, says he, the Oracle made the following Reply; *I am better pleased with the Prayer of the Lacedemonians, than with all the Oblations of the Greeks.* As this Prayer implied and encouraged Virtue in those who made it, the Philosopher proceeds to shew how the most vicious Man might be devout, so far as Victims could make him, but that his Offerings were regarded by the Gods as Bribes, and his Petitions as Blasphemies. He likewise quotes on this Occasion two Verses out of *Homer*,<sup>1</sup> in which the Poet says, That the Scent of the *Trojan* Sacrifices was carried up to Heaven by the Winds; but that it was not acceptable to the Gods, who were displeased with *Priam* and all his People.

The Conclusion of this Dialogue is very remarkable. *Socrates* having deterred *Alcibiades* from the Prayers and Sacrifice which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above-mentioned Difficulties of performing that Duty as he ought, adds these Words, *We must therefore wait till such Time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourselves towards the Gods, and towards Men.* But when will that Time come, says *Alcibiades*, and who is it that will instruct us? For I would fain see this Man, whoever he is. It is one, says *Socrates*, who takes care of you; but as *Homer* tells us,<sup>2</sup> that *Minerva* removed the Mist from *Diomedes* his Eyes, that he might plainly discover both Gods and Men; so the Darkness that hangs upon your Mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is Good and what is Evil. Let him remove from my Mind, says *Alcibiades*, the Darkness, and what else he pleases, I am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me, whoever he is, so that I may become the better Man by it. The remaining Part of this Dialogue is very obscure: There is something in it that would make us think *Socrates* hinted at himself, when he spoke of this Divine Teacher who was to come into the World, did not he own that he himself was in this respect as much at a Loss, and in as great Distress as the rest of Mankind.

Some learned Men look upon this Conclusion as a Prediction of our Saviour, or at least that *Socrates*, like the High-Priest,<sup>3</sup> prophesied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the World some Ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great Philosopher saw, by the Light of Reason, that it was suitable to the Goodness of the Divine Nature, to send a Person into the World who should instruct Mankind in the Duties of Religion, and, in particular, teach them how to Pray.

Whoever reads this Abstract of *Plato's* Discourse on Prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this Reflection, That the great Founder of our

<sup>1</sup> [having received], and in first reprint.

<sup>1</sup> *Iliad*, viii. 548,-9.

<sup>2</sup> *Iliad*, v. 127.

<sup>3</sup> *John* xi. 49.

Religion, as well by his own Example, as in the Form of Prayer which he taught his Disciples, did not only keep up to those Rules which the Light of Nature had suggested to this great Philosopher, but instructed his Disciples in the whole Extent of this Duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper Object of Adoration, and taught them, according to the third Rule above-mentioned, to apply themselves to him in their Closets, without Show or Ostentation, and to worship him in Spirit and in Truth. As the *Lacedemonians* in their Form of Prayer implored the Gods in general to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous, we ask in particular *that our Offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others.* If we look into the second Rule which *Socrates* has prescribed, namely, That we should apply ourselves to the Knowledge of such Things as are best for us, this too is explain'd at large in the Doctrines of the Gospel, where we are taught in several Instances to regard those things as Curses, which appear as Blessings in the Eye of the World; and on the contrary, to esteem those things as Blessings, which to the Generality of Mankind appear as Curses. Thus in the Form which is prescribed to us we only pray for that Happiness which is our chief Good, and the great End of our Existence, when we petition the Supreme Being for *the coming of his Kingdom,* being solicitous for no other temporal Blessings but our *daily Sustenance.* On the other side, We pray against nothing but Sin, and against *Evil* in general, leaving it with Omniscience to determine what is really such. If we look into the first of *Socrates* his Rules of Prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned Form of the ancient Poet, we find that Form not only comprehended, but very much improved in the Petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that *his Will may be done:* which is of the same Force with that Form which our Saviour used, when he prayed against the most painful and most ignominious of Deaths, *Nevertheless not my Will, but thine be done.* This comprehensive Petition is the most humble, as well as the most prudent, that can be offered up from the Creature to his Creator, as it supposes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our Good, and that he knows better than ourselves what is so. L.

No. 208.] Monday, October 29, 1711. [Steele.

[—*Veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ.*—Ov.<sup>1</sup>]

I HAVE several Letters of People of good Sense, who lament the Depravity or Poverty of Taste the Town is fallen into with relation to Plays and publick Spectacles. A Lady in particular observes, that there is such a Levity in the Minds of her own Sex, that they seldom attend any thing but Impertinences. It is indeed prodigious to observe how little Notice is taken of the most exalted Parts of the best Tragedies in *Shakespeare*; nay, it is not only visible that Sen-

<sup>1</sup> [*Spectaret Populum ludis attentius ipsi.*—Hor.]

suality has devoured all Greatness of Soul, but the Under-Passion (as I may so call it) of a noble Spirit, Pity, seems to be a Stranger to the Generality of an Audience. The Minds of Men are indeed very differently disposed; and the Reliefs from Care and Attention are of one Sort in a great Spirit, and of another in an ordinary one. The Man of a great Heart and a serious Complexion, is more pleased with Instances of Generosity and Pity, than the light and ludicrous Spirit can possibly be with the highest Strains of Mirth and Laughter: It is therefore a melancholy Prospect when we see a numerous Assembly lost to all serious Entertainments, and such Incidents, as should move one sort of Concern, excite in them a quite contrary one. In the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, the other Night,<sup>1</sup> when the Lady who is conscious of the Crime of murdering the King, seems utterly astonished at the News, and makes an Exclamation at it, instead of the Indignation which is natural to the Occasion, that Expression is received with a loud Laugh: They were as merry when a Criminal was stabbed. It is certainly an Occasion of rejoycing when the Wicked are seized in their Designs; but I think it is not such a Triumph as is exerted by Laughter.

You may generally observe, that the Appetites are sooner moved than the Passions: A sly Expression which alludes to Bawdry, puts a whole Row into a pleasing Smirk; when a good Sentence that describes an inward Sentiment of the Soul, is received with the greatest Coldness and Indifference. A Correspondent of mine, upon this Subject, has divided the Female Part of the Audience, and accounts for their Prepossession against this reasonable Delight in the following Manner. The Prude, says he, as she acts always in Contradiction, so she is gravely sullen at a Comedy, and extravagantly gay at a Tragedy. The Coquette is so much taken up with throwing her Eyes around the Audience, and considering the Effect of them, that she cannot be expected to observe the Actors but as they are her Rivals, and take off the Observation of the Men from her self. Besides these Species of Women, there are the *Examples*, or the first of the Mode: These are to be supposed too well acquainted with what the Actor was going to say to be moved at it. After these one might mention a certain flippant Set of Females who are Mimicks, and are wonderfully diverted with the Conduct of all the People around them, and are Spectators only of the Audience. But what is of all the most to be lamented, is the Loss of a Party whom it would be worth preserving in their right Senses upon all Occasions, and these are those whom we may indifferently call the Innocent or the Unaffected. You may sometimes see one of these sensibly touched with a well-wrought Incident; but then she is immediately so impertinently observed by the Men, and frowned at by some insensible Superior of her own Sex, that she is ashamed, and loses the Enjoyment of the most laudable Concern, Pity. Thus the whole Audience is afraid of letting fall a Tear, and shun as a Weakness the best and worthiest Part of our Sense.

<sup>1</sup> Acted Saturday, October 20.

SIR,

'As you are one that doth not only pretend to reform, but effects it amongst People of any Sense; makes me (who are one of the greatest of your Admirers) give you this Trouble to desire you will settle the Method of us Females knowing when one another is in Town: For they have now got a Trick of never sending to their Acquaintance when they first come; and if one does not visit them within the Week which they stay at home, it is a mortal Quarrel. Now, dear Mr. SPEC, either command them to put it in the Advertisement of your Paper, which is generally read by our Sex, or else order them to breathe their saucy Footmen (who are good for nothing else) by sending them to tell all their Acquaintance. If you think to print this, pray put it into a better Style as to the spelling Part. The Town is now filling every Day, and it cannot be deferred, because People take Advantage of one another by this Means and break off Acquaintance, and are rude: Therefore pray put this in your Paper as soon as you can possibly, to prevent any future Miscarriages of this Nature. I am, as I ever shall be,

'Pray settle what is to  
'be a proper Notification  
'of a Person's being in  
'Town, and how that dif-  
'fers according to People's  
'Quality.

Dear SPEC,  
*Your most obedient  
Humble Servant,*  
Mary Meanwell.

Mr. SPECTATOR, October the 20th.  
'I have been out of Town, so did not meet with your Paper dated *September* the 28th, wherein you, to my Heart's Desire, expose that cursed Vice of insnaring poor young Girls, and drawing them from their Friends. I assure you without Flattery it has saved a Prentice of mine from Ruin; and in Token of Gratitude as well as for the Benefit of my Family, I have put it in a Frame and Glass, and hung it behind my Counter. I shall take Care to make my young ones read it every Morning, to fortify them against such pernicious Rascals. I know not whether what you writ was Matter of Fact, or your own Invention; but this I will take my Oath on, the first Part is so exactly like what happened to my Prentice, that had I read your Paper then, I should have taken your Method to have secured a Villain. Go on and prosper.  
*Your most obliged humble Servant.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,  
'Without Raillery, I desire you to insert this Word for Word in your next, as you value a Lover's Prayers. You see it is an Hue and Cry after a stray Heart (with the Marks and Blemishes underwritten) which whoever shall bring to you, shall receive Satisfaction. Let me beg of you not to fail, as you remember the Passion you had for her to whom you lately ended a Paper.

*Noble, Generous, Great, and Good,  
But never to be understood;  
Fickle as the Wind, still changing,  
After every Female ranging,*

*Panting, trembling, sighing, dying,  
But addicted much to Lying:  
When the Siren Songs repeats,  
Equal Measures still it beats;  
Who-e'er shall wear it, it will smart her,  
And who-e'er takes it, takes a Tartar.* T.

No. 209.] Tuesday, October 30, 1711. [Addison.

Γυναικὸς οὐδὲ χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ ληίζετα.  
'Εσθλῆς ἀεινον, οὐδὲ ῥίγιον κακῆς.  
Simonides.

THERE are no Authors I am more pleased with than those who shew human Nature in a Variety of Views, and describe the several Ages of the World in their different Manners. A Reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the Virtues and Vices of his own Times with those which prevailed in the Times of his Forefathers; and drawing a Parallel in his Mind between his own private Character, and that of other Persons, whether of his own Age, or of the Ages that went before him. The Contemplation of Mankind under these changeable Colours, is apt to shame us out of any particular Vice, or animate us to any particular Virtue, to make us pleased or displeased with our selves in the most proper Points, to clear our Minds of Prejudice and Prepossession, and rectify that Narrowness of Temper which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from our selves.

If we look into the Manners of the most remote Ages of the World, we discover human Nature in her Simplicity; and the more we come downwards towards our own Times, may observe her hiding herself in Artifices and Refinements, Polished insensibly out of her Original Plainness, and at length entirely lost under Form and Ceremony, and (what we call) good Breeding. Read the Accounts of Men and Women as they are given us by the most ancient Writers, both Sacred and Prophane, and you would think you were reading the History of another Species.

Among the Writers of Antiquity, there are none who instruct us more openly in the Manners of their respective Times in which they lived, than those who have employed themselves in Satyr, under what Dress soever it may appear; as there are no other Authors whose Province it is to enter so directly into the Ways of Men, and set their Miscarriages in so strong a Light.

Simonides,<sup>1</sup> a Poet famous in his Generation, is, I think, Author of the oldest Satyr that is now extant; and, as some say, of the first that was ever written. This Poet flourished about four hundred Years after the Siege of *Troy*; and shews, by his way of Writing, the Simplicity, or rather Coarseness, of the Age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my Hundred and sixty first Speculation, that the Rule of observing what

<sup>1</sup> Of the poems of Simonides, contemporary of Æschylus, only fragments remain. He died about 467 B.C.



the *French* call the *bienséance*, in an Allusion, has been found out of later Years; and that the Ancients, provided there was a Likeness in their Similitudes, did not much trouble themselves about the Decency of the Comparison. The Satyr or Iambicks of *Simonides*, with which I shall entertain my Readers in the present Paper, are a remarkable Instance of what I formerly advanced. The Subject of this Satyr is Woman. He describes the Sex in their several Characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful Supposition raised upon the Doctrine of Præexistence. He tells us, That the Gods formed the Souls of Women out of those Seeds and Principles which compose several Kinds of Animals and Elements; and that their Good or Bad Dispositions arise in them according as such and such Seeds and Principles predominate in their Constitutions. I have translated the Author very faithfully, and if not Word for Word (which our Language would not bear) at least so as to comprehend every one of his Sentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this Author's Want of Delicacy, and must further premise, That the following Satyr affects only some of the lower part of the Sex, and not those who have been refined by a Polite Education, which was not so common in the Age of this Poet.

*In the Beginning God made the Souls of Womankind out of different Materials, and in a separate State from their Bodies.*

*The Souls of one Kind of Women were formed out of those Ingredients which compose a Swine. A Woman of this Make is a Slut in her House and a Glutton at her Table. She is uncleanly in her Person, a Slattern in her Dress, and her Family is no better than a Dunghill.*

*A Second Sort of Female Soul was formed out of the same Materials that enter into the Composition of a Fox. Such an one is what we call a notable discerning Woman, who has an Insight into every thing, whether it be good or bad. In this Species of Females there are some Virtuous and some Vicious.*

*A Third Kind of Women were made up of Canine Particles. These are what we commonly call Scolds, who imitate the Animals of which they were taken, that are always busy and barking, that snarl at every one who comes in their Way, and live in perpetual Clamour.*

*The Fourth Kind of Women were made out of the Earth. These are your Sluggards, who pass away their Time in Indolence and Ignorance, hover over the Fire a whole Winter, and apply themselves with Alacrity to no kind of Business but Eating.*

*The Fifth Species of Females were made out of the Sea. These are Women of variable uneven Tempers, sometimes all Storm and Tempest, sometimes all Calm and Sunshine. The Stranger who sees one of these in her Smiles and Smoothness would cry her up for a Miracle of good Humour; but on a sudden her Looks and her Words are changed, she is nothing but Fury and Outrage, Noise and Hurricane.*

*The Sixth Species were made up of the Ingredients which compose an Ass, or a Beast of Bur-*

*den. These are naturally exceeding slothful, but, upon the Husband's exerting his Authority, will live upon hard Fare, and do every thing to please him. They are however far from being averse to Venereal Pleasure, and seldom refuse a Male Companion.*

*The Cat furnished Materials for a Seventh Species of Women, who are of a melancholy, forward, unamiable Nature, and so repugnant to the Offers of Love, that they fly in the Face of their Husband when he approaches them with conjugal Endearments. This Species of Women are likewise subject to little Thefts, Cheats and Pilferings.*

*The Mare with a flowing Mane, which was never broke to any servile Toil and Labour, composed an Eighth Species of Women. These are they who have little Regard for their Husbands, who pass away their Time in Dressing, Bathing, and Perfuming; who throw their Hair into the nicest Curls, and trick it up with the fairest Flowers and Garlands. A Woman of this Species is a very pretty Thing for a Stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the Owner, unless it be a King or Prince who takes a Fancy to such a Toy.*

*The Ninth Species of Females were taken out of the Ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.*

*The Tenth and last Species of Women were made out of the Bee; and happy is the Man who gets such an one for his Wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable; her Family flourishes and improves by her good Management. She loves her Husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a Race of beautiful and virtuous Children. She distinguishes her self among her Sex. She is surrounded with Graces. She never sits among the loose Tribe of Women, nor passes away her Time with them in wanton Discourses. She is full of Virtue and Prudence, and is the best Wife that Jupiter can bestow on Man.*

I shall conclude these Iambicks with the Motto of this Paper, which is a Fragment of the same Author: *A Man cannot possess any Thing that is better than a good Woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.*

As the Poet has shewn a great Penetration in this Diversity of Female Characters, he has avoided the Fault which *Juvenal* and *Monsieur Boileau* are guilty of, the former in his sixth, and the other in his last Satyr, where they have endeavour to expose the Sex in general, without doing Justice to the valuable Part of it. Such levelling Satyrs are of no Use to the World, and for this Reason I have often wondered how the *French* Author above-mentioned, who was a Man of exquisite Judgment, and a Lover of Virtue, could think human Nature a proper Subject for Satyr in another of his celebrated Pieces, which is called *The Satyr upon Man*. What Vice or Frailty can a Discourse correct, which censures the whole Species alike, and endeavours to shew by some Superficial Strokes of Wit, that Brutes are the more excellent Creatures of the two? A Satyr should expose nothing but what is corrigible,

and make a due Discrimination between those who are, and those who are not the proper Objects of it. L.

No. 210.] Wednesday, Oct. 31, 1711. [John Hughes.

*Nescio quomodo inhæret in mentibus quasi seculorum quoddam augurium futurorum; idque in maximis ingenii altissimisque animis et existit maxime et apparet facillime.*

Cic. Tusc. Quæst.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

I AM fully persuaded that one of the best Springs of generous and worthy Actions, is the having generous and worthy Thoughts of our selves. Whoever has a mean Opinion of the Dignity of his Nature, will act in no higher a Rank than he has allotted himself in his own Estimation. If he considers his Being as circumscribed by the uncertain Term of a few Years, his Designs will be contracted into the same narrow Span he imagines is to bound his Existence. How can he exalt his Thoughts to any thing great and noble, who only believes that, after a short Turn on the Stage of this World, he is to sink into Oblivion, and to lose his Consciousness for ever?

For this Reason I am of Opinion, that so useful and elevated a Contemplation as that of the *Soul's Immortality* cannot be resumed too often. There is not a more improving Exercise to the human Mind, than to be frequently reviewing its own great Privileges and Endowments; nor a more effectual Means to awaken in us an Ambition raised above low Objects and little Pursuits, than to value our selves as Heirs of Eternity.

It is a very great Satisfaction to consider the best and wisest of Mankind in all Nations and Ages, asserting, as with one Voice, this their Birthright, and to find it ratify'd by an express Revelation. At the same time if we turn our Thoughts inward upon our selves, we may meet with a kind of secret Sense concurring with the Proofs of our own Immortality.

You have, in my Opinion, raised a good presumptive Argument from the increasing Appetite the Mind has to Knowledge, and to the extending its own Faculties, which cannot be accomplished, as the more restrained Perfection of lower Creatures may, in the Limits of a short Life. I think another probable Conjecture may be raised from our Appetite to Duration it self, and from a Reflection on our Progress through the several Stages of it: *We are complaining, as you observe in a former Speculation, of the Shortness of Life, and yet are perpetually hurrying over the Parts of it, to arrive at certain little Settlements, or imaginary Points of Rest, which are dispersed up and down in it.*

Now let us consider what happens to us when we arrive at these *imaginary Points of Rest*: Do we stop our Motion, and sit down satisfied in the Settlement we have gain'd? or are we not

removing the Boundary, and marking out new Points of Rest, to which we press forward with the like Eagerness, and which cease to be such as fast as we attain them? Our Case is like that of a Traveller upon the *Alps*, who should fancy that the Top of the next Hill must end his Journey, because it terminates his Prospect; but he no sooner arrives at it, than he sees new Ground and other Hills beyond it, and continues to travel on as before.<sup>1</sup>

This is so plainly every Man's Condition in Life, that there is no one who has observed any thing, but may observe, that as fast as his Time wears away, his Appetite to something future remains. The Use therefore I would make of it is this, That since Nature (as some love to express it) does nothing in vain, or, to speak properly, since the Author of our Being has planted no wandering Passion in it, no Desire which has not its Object, Futurity is the proper Object of the Passion so constantly exercis'd about it; and this Restlessness in the present, this assigning our selves over to further Stages of Duration, this successive grasping at somewhat still to come, appears to me (whatever it may to others) as a kind of Instinct or natural Symptom which the Mind of Man has of its own Immortality.

I take it at the same time for granted, that the Immortality of the Soul is sufficiently established by other Arguments: And if so, this Appetite, which otherwise would be very unaccountable and absurd, seems very reasonable, and adds Strength to the Conclusion. But I am amazed when I consider there are Creatures capable of Thought, who, in spite of every Argument, can form to themselves a sullen Satisfaction in thinking otherwise. There is something so pitifully mean in the inverted Ambition of that Man who can hope for Annihilation, and please himself to think that his whole Fabrick shall one Day crumble into Dust, and mix with the Mass of inanimate Beings, that it equally deserves our Admiration and Pity. The Mystery of such Mens Unbelief is not hard to be penetrated; and indeed amounts to nothing more than a sordid Hope that they shall not be immortal, because they dare not be so.

This brings me back to my first Observation, and gives me Occasion to say further, That as worthy Actions spring from worthy Thoughts, so worthy Thoughts are likewise the Consequence of worthy Actions: But the Wretch who has degraded himself below the Character of Immortality, is very willing to resign his Pretensions to it, and to substitute in its Room a dark negative Happiness in the Extinction of his Being.

The admirable *Shakespear* has given us a strong Image of the unsupported Condition of such a Person in his last Minutes, in the second Part of King *Henry* the Sixth, where Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had been concerned in the Murder of the good Duke *Humphrey*, is represented on his Death-bed. After some short confused Speeches which shew an Imagination disturbed

<sup>1</sup> *Hills peep o'er Hills, and Alps on Alps arise.* Pope's Essay on Criticism, then newly published.

'with Guilt, just as he is expiring, King *Henry*  
'standing by him full of Compassion, says,

*Lord Cardinal! if thou think'st on Heaven's  
Bliss,  
Hold up thy Hand, make Signal of that Hope!  
He dies, and makes no Sign!*—

'The Despair which is here shewn, without a  
'Word or Action on the Part of the dying Person,  
'is beyond what could be painted by the most  
'forcible Expressions whatever.

'I shall not pursue this Thought further, but  
'only add, That as Annihilation is not to be had  
'with a Wish, so it is the most abject Thing in  
'the World to wish it. What are Honour, Fame,  
'Wealth, or Power when compared with the  
'generous Expectation of a Being without End,  
'and a Happiness adequate to that Being?

'I shall trouble you no further; but with a cer-  
'tain Gravity which these Thoughts have given  
'me, I reflect upon some Things People say of  
'you, (as they will of Men who distinguish them-  
'selves) which I hope are not true; and wish you  
'as good a Man as you are an Author.

*I am, SIR,*

*Your most obedient humble Servant,*

Z.

T. D.

No. 211.] Thursday, November 1, 1711. [Addison.

*Fictis meminere nos joculari Fabulis.*—Phæd.

HAVING lately translated the Fragment of an  
old Poet which describes Womankind under  
several Characters, and supposes them to have  
drawn their different Manners and Dispositions  
from those Animals and Elements out of which he  
tells us they were compounded; I had some  
Thoughts of giving the Sex their Revenge, by  
laying together in another Paper the many vicious  
Characters which prevail in the Male World, and  
shewing the different Ingredients that go to the  
making up of such different Humours and Con-  
stitutions. *Horace* has a Thought<sup>1</sup> which is  
something akin to this, when, in order to excuse  
himself to his Mistress, for an Invective which  
he had written against her, and to account for  
that unreasonable Fury with which the Heart of  
Man is often transported, he tells us that, when  
*Prometheus* made his Man of Clay, in the knead-  
ing up of his Heart, he season'd it with some  
furious Particles of the Lion. But upon turning  
this Plan to and fro in my Thoughts, I observed  
so many unaccountable Humours in Man, that I  
did not know out of what Animals to fetch them.  
Male Souls are diversify'd with so many Char-  
acters, that the World has not Variety of Materials  
sufficient to furnish out their different Tempers  
and Inclinations. The Creation, with all its  
Animals and Elements, would not be large enough  
to supply their several Extravagancies.

Instead therefore of pursuing the Thought of  
*Simonides*, I shall observe, that as he has exposed

<sup>1</sup> Odes, I. 16.

the vicious Part of Women from the Doctrine of  
Præexistence, some of the ancient Philosophers  
have, in a manner, satirized the vicious Part of  
the human Species in general, from a Notion of  
the Soul's Postexistence, if I may so call it; and  
that as *Simonides* describes Brutes entering into the  
Composition of Women, others have represented  
human Souls as entering into Brutes. This is  
commonly termed the Doctrine of Transmigration,  
which supposes that human Souls, upon their  
leaving the Body, become the Souls of such Kinds  
of Brutes as they most resemble in their Manners;  
or to give an Account of it as Mr. *Dryden* has  
described it in his Translation of *Pythagoras* his  
Speech in the fifteenth Book of *Ovid*, where that  
Philosopher dissuades his Hearers from eating  
Flesh:

*Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,  
And here and there th' unbody'd Spirit flies:  
By Time, or Force, or Sickness disposess'd,  
And lodges where it lights, in Bird or Beast,  
Or hunts without till ready Limbs it find,  
And actuates those according to their Kind:  
From Tenement to Tenement is toss'd:  
The Soul is still the same, the Figure only lost.  
Then let not Piety be put to Flight,  
To please the Taste of Glutton-Appetite;  
But suffer inmate Souls secure to dwell,  
Lest from their Seats your Parents you expel;  
With rabid Hunger feed upon your Kind,  
Or from a Beast dislodge a Brother's Mind.*

*Plato* in the Vision of *Erus* the Armenian,  
which I may possibly make the Subject of a  
future Speculation, records some beautiful Trans-  
migrations; as that the Soul of *Orpheus*, who was  
musical, melancholy, and a Woman-hater, entered  
into a Swan; the Soul of *Ajax*, which was all  
Wrath and Fierceness, into a Lion; the Soul of  
*Agamemnon*, that was rapacious and imperial,  
into an Eagle; and the Soul of *Thersites*, who  
was a Mimick and a Buffoon, into a Monkey.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. *Congreve*, in a Prologue to one of his

<sup>1</sup> In the *Timæus* *Plato* derives woman and all  
the animals from man, by successive degradations.  
Cowardly or unjust men are born again as women.  
Light, airy, and superficial men, who carried their  
minds aloft without the use of reason, are the  
materials for making birds, the hair being trans-  
muted into feathers and wings. From men wholly  
without philosophy, who never looked heaven-  
ward, the more brutal land animals are derived,  
losing the round form of the cranium by the slack-  
ening and stopping of the rotations of the encephalic  
soul. Feet are given to these according to  
the degree of their stupidity, to multiply approxi-  
mations to the earth; and the dullest become rep-  
tiles who drag the whole length of their bodies on  
the ground. Out of the very stupidest of men  
come those animals which are not judged worthy  
to live at all upon earth and breathe this air, these  
men become fishes, and the creatures who breathe  
nothing but turbid water, fixed at the lowest depths  
and almost motionless, among the mud. By such  
transitions, he says, the different races of animals  
passed originally and still pass into each other.

Comedies,<sup>1</sup> has touch'd upon this Doctrine with great Humour.

*Thus Aristotle's Soul of old that was,  
May now be damn'd to animate an Ass;  
Or in this very House, for ought we know,  
Is doing painful Penance in some Beau.*

I shall fill up this Paper with some Letters which my last *Tuesday's* Speculation has produced. My following Correspondents will shew, what I there observed, that the Speculation of that Day affects only the lower Part of the Sex.

*From my House in the Strand, October 30, 1711.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Upon reading your *Tuesday's* Paper, I find by several Symptoms in my Constitution that I am a Bee. My Shop, or, if you please to call it so, my Cell, is in that great Hive of Females which goes by the Name of *The New Exchange*; where I am daily employed in gathering together a little Stock of Gain from the finest Flowers about the Town, I mean the Ladies and the Beaus. I have a numerous Swarm of Children, to whom I give the best Education I am able: But, Sir, it is my Misfortune to be married to a Drone, who lives upon what I get, without bringing any thing into the common Stock. Now, Sir, as on the one hand I take care not to behave myself towards him like a Wasp, so likewise I would not have him look upon me as an Humble-Bee; for which Reason I do all I can to put him upon laying up Provisions for a bad Day, and frequently represent to him the fatal Effects [his<sup>2</sup>] Sloth and Negligence may bring upon us in our old Age. I must beg that you will join with me in your good Advice upon this Occasion, and you will for ever oblige

Your humble Servant,  
MELISSA.

SIR, *Picadilly, October 31, 1711.*

I am joined in Wedlock for my Sins to one of those Fillies who are described in the old Poet with that hard Name you gave us the other Day. She has a flowing Mane, and a Skin as soft as Silk: But, Sir, she passes half her Life at her Glass, and almost ruins me in Ribbons. For my own part, I am a plain handicraft Man, and in Danger of breaking by her Laziness and Expensiveness. Pray, Master, tell me in your next Paper, whether I may not expect of her so much Drudgery as to take care of her Family, and curry her Hide in case of Refusal.

Your loving Friend,  
Barnaby Brittle.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Cheapside, October 30.*

I am mightily pleased with the Humour of the Cat, be so kind as to enlarge upon that Subject.

Yours till Death,  
Josiah Henpeck.

P. S. 'You must know I am married to a Grimalkin.'

<sup>1</sup> In the Epilogue to 'Love for Love.'  
<sup>2</sup> [that his]

SIR, *Wapping, October 31, 1711.*

'Ever since your *Spectator* of *Tuesday* last came into our Family, my Husband is pleased to call me his *Oceanus*, because the foolish old Poet that you have translated says, That the Souls of some Women are made of Sea-Water. This, it seems, has encouraged my Sauce-Box to be witty upon me. When I am angry, he cries 'Pr'ythee my Dear *be calm*; when I chide one of my Servants, Pr'ythee Child *do not bluster*. He had the Impudence about an Hour ago to tell me, That he was a Sea-faring Man, and must expect to divide his Life between *Storm* and *Sunshine*. When I bestir myself with any Spirit in my Family, it is *high Sea* in his House; and when I sit still without doing any thing, his Affairs forsooth are *Wind-bound*. When I ask him whether it rains, he makes Answer, It is no Matter, so that it be *fair Weather* within Doors. In short, Sir, I cannot speak my Mind freely to him, but I either *swell* or *rage*, or do something that is not fit for a civil Woman to hear. Pray, Mr. SPECTATOR, since you are so sharp upon other Women, let us know what Materials your Wife is made of, if you have one. I suppose you would make us a Parcel of poor-spirited tame insipid Creatures; but, Sir, I would have you to know, we have as good Passions in us as your self, and that a Woman was never designed to be a Milk-Sop.

L. MARTHA TEMPEST.

No. 212.] *Friday, November 2, 1711.* [Steele.]

—*Eripe turpi*  
*Colla jugo, liber, liber dic, sum age*— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I NEVER look upon my dear Wife, but I think of the Happiness Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY enjoys, in having such a Friend as you to expose in proper Colours the Cruelty and Perverseness of his Mistress. I have very often wished you visited in our Family, and were acquainted with my Spouse; she would afford you for some Months at least Matter enough for one *Spectator* a Week. Since we are not so happy as to be of your Acquaintance, give me leave to represent to you our present Circumstances as well as I can in Writing. You are to know then that I am not of a very different Constitution from *Nathaniel Henroost*, whom you have lately recorded in your Speculations; and have a Wife who makes a more tyrannical Use of the Knowledge of my easy Temper than that Lady ever pretended to. We had not been a Month married, when she found in me a certain Pain to give Offence, and an Indolence that made me bear little Inconveniences rather than dispute about them. From this Observation it soon came to that pass, that if I offered to go abroad, she would get between me and the Door, kiss me, and say she could not part with me; and then down again I sat. In a Day or two after this first pleasant

'Step towards confining me, she declared to me, 'that I was all the World to her, and she thought 'she ought to be all the World to me. If, she 'said, my Dear loves me as much as I love him, 'he will never be tired of my Company. This 'Declaration was followed by my being denied to 'all my Acquaintance; and it very soon came to 'that pass, that to give an Answer at the Door be- 'fore my Face, the Servants would ask her 'whether I was within or not; and she would 'answer No with great Fondness, and tell me I 'was a good Dear. I will not enumerate more 'little Circumstances to give you a livelier Sense 'of my Condition; but tell you in general, that 'from such Steps as these at first, I now live the 'Life of a Prisoner of State; my Letters are 'opened, and I have not the Use of Pen, Ink and 'Paper, but in her Presence. I never go abroad, 'except she sometimes takes me with her in her 'Coach to take the Air, if it may be called so, 'when we drive, as we generally do, with the 'Glasses up. I have overheard my Servants 'lament my Condition, but they dare not bring 'me Messages without her Knowledge, because 'they doubt my Resolution to stand by 'em. In 'the midst of this insipid Way of Life, an old Ac- 'quaintance of mine, *Tom Meggot*, who is a 'Favourite with her, and allowed to visit me in 'her Company because he sings prettily, has 'roused me to rebel, and conveyed his Intelligence 'to me in the following Manner. My Wife is a 'great Pretender to Musick, and very ignorant of 'it; but far gone in the *Italian* Taste. *Tom* 'goes to *Armstrong*, the famous fine Writer of 'Musick, and desires him to put this Sentence of '*Tully*<sup>1</sup> in the Scale of an *Italian* Air, and 'write it out for my Spouse from him. *An ille* '*mihi liber cui mulier imperat? Cui leges im-* '*ponit, præscribit, jubet, vetat quod videtur?* '*Qui nihil imperanti negare, nihil recusare* '*audet? Poscit? dandum est. Vocat? veni-* '*endum. Ejicit? abeundum. Minitatur? ex-* '*timiscendum. Does he live like a Gentleman* '*who is commanded by a Woman? He to whom* '*she gives Law, grants and denies what she* '*pleases? who can neither deny her any thing* '*she asks, or refuse to do any thing she com-* '*mands?*

'To be short, my Wife was extremely pleased 'with it; said the *Italian* was the only Language 'for Musick; and admired how wonderfully ten- 'der the Sentiment was, and how pretty the Ac- 'cent is of that Language, with the rest that is 'said by Rote on that Occasion. *Mr. Meggot* is 'sent for to sing this Air, which he performs with 'mighty Applause; and my Wife is in Ecstasy 'on the Occasion, and glad to find, by my being 'so much pleased, that I was at last come into the 'Notion of the *Italian*; for, said she, it grows 'upon one when one once comes to know a little 'of the Language; and pray, *Mr. Meggot*, sing 'again those Notes, *Nihil Imperanti negare, nihil* '*recusare*. You may believe I was not a little 'delighted with my Friend *Tom's* Expedient to 'alarm me, and in Obedience to his Summons I

<sup>1</sup> *Paradox V.* on the Thesis that All who are wise are Free, and the fools Slaves.

'give all this Story thus at large; and I am re- 'solved, when this appears in the *Spectator*, to 'declare for my self. The manner of the Insur- 'rection I contrive by your Means, which shall 'be no other than that *Tom Meggot*, who is at 'our Tea-table every Morning, shall read it to us; 'and if my Dear can take the Hint, and say not 'one Word, but let this be the Beginning of a 'new Life without farther Explanation, it is very 'well; for as soon as the *Spectator* is read out, 'I shall, without more ado, call for the Coach, 'name the Hour when I shall be at home, if I 'come at all; if I do not, they may go to Dinner. 'If my Spouse only swells and says nothing, *Tom* 'and I go out together, and all is well, as I said 'before; but if she begins to command or expostu- 'late, you shall in my next to you receive a full 'Account of her Resistance and Submission, for 'submit the dear thing must to,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,  
Anthony Freeman.

P. S. 'I hope I need not tell you that I desire 'this may be in your very next. T.

No. 213.] Saturday, November 3, 1711. [Addison.

—Mens sibi conscia recti.—Virg.

IT is the great Art and Secret of Christianity, if I may use that Phrase, to manage our Actions to the best Advantage, and direct them in such a manner, that every thing we do may turn to Account at that great Day, when every thing we have done will be set before us.

In order to give this Consideration its full Weight, we may cast all our Actions under the Division of such as are in themselves either Good, Evil, or Indifferent. If we divide our Intentions after the same Manner, and consider them with regard to our Actions, we may discover that great Art and Secret of Religion which I have here mentioned.

A good Intention joined to a good Action, gives it its proper Force and Efficacy; joined to an Evil Action, extenuates its Malignity, and in some Cases may take it wholly away; and joined to an indifferent Action turns it to a Virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human Actions can be so.

In the next Place, to consider in the same manner the Influence of an Evil Intention upon our Actions. An Evil Intention perverts the best of Actions, and makes them in reality, what the Fathers with a witty kind of Zeal have termed the Virtues of the Heathen World, so many *shining Sins*. It destroys the Innocence of an indifferent Action, and gives an evil Action all possible Blackness and Horror, or in the emphatical Language of Sacred Writ, makes *Sin exceeding sinful*.<sup>1</sup>

If, in the last Place, we consider the Nature of an indifferent Intention, we shall find that it de-

<sup>1</sup> Rom. vii. 16.

stroys the Merit of a good Action; abates, but never takes away, the Malignity of an evil Action; and leaves an indifferent Action in its natural State of Indifference.

It is therefore of unspeakable Advantage to possess our Minds with an habitual good Intention, and to aim all our Thoughts, Words, and Actions at some laudable End, whether it be the Glory of our Maker, the Good of Mankind, or the Benefit of our own Souls.

This is a sort of Thrift or Good-Husbandry in moral Life, which does not throw away any single Action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the Means of Salvation, increases the Number of our Virtues, and diminishes that of our Vices.

There is something very devout, though not solid, in *Acosta's* Answer to *Limborch*,<sup>1</sup> who objects to him the Multiplicity of Ceremonies in the Jewish Religion, as Washings, Dresses, Meats, Purgations, and the like. The Reply which the *Jew* makes upon this Occasion, is, to the best of my Remembrance, as follows: 'There are not Duties enough (says he) in the essential Parts of the Law for a zealous and active Obedience. Time, Place, and Person are requisite, before you have an Opportunity of putting a Moral Virtue into Practice. We have, therefore, says he, enlarged the Sphere of our Duty, and made many Things, which are in themselves indifferent, a Part of our Religion, that we may have more Occasions of shewing our Love to God, and in all the Circumstances of Life be doing something to please him.'

Monsieur *St. Evremond* has endeavoured to palliate the Superstitions of the Roman Catholick Religion with the same kind of Apology, where

<sup>1</sup> *Amica Collatio de Veritate Relig. Christ. cum Erudito Judæo*, published in 1687, by Philippe de Limborch, who was eminent as a professor of Theology at Amsterdam from 1667 until his death, in 1712, at the age of 79. But the learned Jew was the Spanish Physician Isaac Orobio, who was tortured for three years in the prisons of the Inquisition on a charge of Judaism. He admitted nothing, was therefore set free, and left Spain for Toulouse, where he practised physic and passed as a Catholic until he settled at Amsterdam. There he made profession of the Jewish faith, and died in the year of the publication of *Limborch's* friendly discussion with him.

The *Uriel Acosta*, with whom Addison confounds Orobio, was a gentleman of Oporto who had embraced Judaism, and, leaving Portugal, had also gone to Amsterdam. There he was circumcised, but was persecuted by the Jews themselves, and eventually whipped in the synagogue for attempting reformation of the Jewish usages, in which, he said, tradition had departed from the law of Moses. He took his thirty-nine lashes, recanted, and lay across the threshold of the synagogue for all his brethren to walk over him. Afterwards he endeavoured to shoot his principal enemy, but his pistol missed fire. He had another about him, and with that he shot himself. This happened about the year 1640, when *Limborch* was but a child of six or seven.

he pretends to consider the differing Spirit of the Papists and the Calvinists, as to the great Points wherein they disagree. He tells us, that the former are actuated by Love, and the other by Fear; and that in their Expressions of Duty and Devotion towards the Supreme Being, the former seem particularly careful to do every thing which may possibly please him, and the other to abstain from every thing which may possibly displease him.<sup>1</sup>

But notwithstanding this plausible Reason with which both the Jew and the Roman Catholick would excuse their respective Superstitions, it is certain there is something in them very pernicious to Mankind, and destructive to Religion; because the Injunction of superfluous Ceremonies makes such Actions Duties, as were before indifferent, and by that means renders Religion more burdensome and difficult than it is in its own Nature, betrays many into Sins of Omission which they could not otherwise be guilty of, and fixes the Minds of the Vulgar to the shadowy unessential Points, instead of the more weighty and more important Matters of the Law.

This zealous and active Obedience however takes place in the great Point we are recommending; for, if, instead of prescribing to our selves indifferent Actions as Duties, we apply a good Intention to all our most indifferent Actions, we make our very Existence one continued Act of Obedience, we turn our Diversions and Amusements to our eternal Advantage, and are pleasing him (whom we are made to please) in all the Circumstances and Occurrences of Life.

It is this excellent Frame of Mind, this *holy Officiousness* (if I may be allowed to call it such) which is recommended to us by the Apostle in that uncommon Precept, wherein he directs us to propose to ourselves the Glory of our Creator in all our most indifferent Actions, *whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do.*<sup>2</sup>

A Person therefore who is possessed with such an habitual good Intention, as that which I have been here speaking of, enters upon no single Circumstance of Life, without considering it as well-pleasing to the great Author of his Being, conformable to the Dictates of Reason, suitable to human Nature in general, or to that particular Station in which Providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual Sense of the Divine Presence, regards himself as acting, in the whole Course of his Existence, under the Observation and Inspection of that Being, who is privy to all his Motions and all his Thoughts, who knows all his *Down-sitting and his Up-rising, who is about his Path, and about his Bed, and spieth out all his Ways.*<sup>3</sup> In a word, he remembers that the Eye of his Judge is always upon him, and in every Action he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by Him who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This has the Character of those holy Men of old, who in that beautiful Phrase of Scripture are said to have *walked with God.*<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Sur la Religion.' *Ceuvres* (Ed. 1752), Vol. III. pp. 267, 268.

<sup>2</sup> 1 Cor. x. 31.

<sup>3</sup> Psalm cxxxix. 2, 3.

<sup>4</sup> Genesis v. 22; vi. 9.

When I employ myself upon a Paper of Morality, I generally consider how I may recommend the particular Virtue which I treat of, by the Precepts or Examples of the ancient Heathens; by that Means, if possible, to shame those who have greater Advantages of knowing their Duty, and therefore greater Obligations to perform it, into a better Course of Life: Besides that many among us are unreasonably disposed to give a fairer hearing to a Pagan Philosopher, than to a Christian Writer.

I shall therefore produce an Instance of this excellent Frame of Mind in a Speech of *Socrates*, which is quoted by *Erasmus*. This great Philosopher on the Day of his Execution, a little before the Draught of Poison was brought to him, entertaining his Friends with a Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, has these Words: *Whether or no God will approve of my Actions, I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all Times made it my Endeavour to please him, and I have a good Hope that this my Endeavour will be accepted by him.* We find in these Words of that great Man the habitual good Intention which I would here inculcate, and with which that divine Philosopher always acted. I shall only add, that *Erasmus*, who was an unbigotted Roman Catholick, was so much transported with this Passage of *Socrates*, that he could scarce forbear looking upon him as a Saint, and desiring him to pray for him; or as that ingenious and learned Writer has expressed himself in a much more lively manner: *When I reflect on such a Speech pronounced by such a Person, I can scarce forbear crying out, Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis: O holy Socrates, pray for us.*<sup>1</sup> L.

No. 214.] Monday, November 5, 1711. [Steele.

[*Perierunt tempora longi  
Servitii*— Juv.<sup>2</sup>]

I DID some time ago lay before the World the unhappy Condition of the trading Part of Mankind, who suffer by want of Punctuality in the Dealings of Persons above them; but there is a Set of Men who are much more the Objects of Compassion than even those, and these are the Dependants on great Men, whom they are pleased to take under their Protection as such as are to share in their Friendship and Favour. These indeed, as well from the Homage that is accepted from them, as the hopes which are given to them, are become a Sort of Creditors; and these Debts, being Debts of Honour, ought, according to the accustomed Maxim, to be first discharged.

When I speak of Dependants, I would not be understood to mean those who are worthless in themselves, or who, without any Call, will press into the Company of their Betters. Nor, when I speak of Patrons, do I mean those who either have

it not in their Power, or have no Obligation to assist their Friends; but I speak of such Leagues where there is Power and Obligation on the one Part, and Merit and Expectation on the other.

The Division of Patron and Client, may, I believe, include a Third of our Nation; the Want of Merit and real Worth in the Client, will strike out about Ninety-nine in a Hundred of these; and the Want of Ability in Patrons, as many of that Kind. But however, I must beg leave to say, that he who will take up another's Time and Fortune in his Service, though he has no Prospect of rewarding his Merit towards him, is as unjust in his Dealings as he who takes up Goods of a Tradesman without Intention or Ability to pay him. Of the few of the Class which I think fit to consider, there are not two in ten who succeed, insomuch that I know a Man of good Sense who put his Son to a Blacksmith, tho' an Offer was made him of his being received as a Page to a Man of Quality.<sup>1</sup> There are not more Cripples come out of the Wars than there are from those great Services; some through Discontent lose their Speech, some their Memories, others their Senses or their Lives; and I seldom see a Man thoroughly discontented, but I conclude he has had the Favour of some great Man. I have known of such as have been for twenty Years together within a Month of a good Employment, but never arrived at the Happiness of being possessed of any thing.

There is nothing more ordinary, than that a Man who is got into a considerable Station, shall immediately alter his manner of treating all his Friends, and from that Moment he is to deal with you as if he were your Fate. You are no longer to be consulted, even in Matters which concern your self, but your Patron is of a Species above you, and a free Communication with you is not to be expected. This perhaps may be your Condition all the while he bears Office, and when that is at an End, you are as intimate as ever you were, and he will take it very ill if you keep the Distance he prescribed you towards him in his Grandeur. One would think this should be a Behaviour a Man could fall into with the worst Grace imaginable; but they who know the World have seen it more than once. I have often, with secret Pity, heard the same Man who has professed his Abhorrence against all Kind of passive Behaviour, lose Minutes, Hours, Days, and Years in a fruitless Attendance on one who had no Inclination to befriend him. It is very much to be regarded, that the Great have one particular Privilege above the rest of the World, of being slow in receiving Impressions of Kindness, and quick in taking Offence. The Elevation above the rest of Mankind, except in very great Minds, makes Men

<sup>1</sup> A son of one of the inferior gentry received as page by a nobleman wore his lord's livery, but had it of more costly materials than were used for the footmen, and was the immediate attendant of his patron, who was expected to give him a reputable start in life when he came of age. Percy notes that a lady who described to him the custom not very long after it had become obsolete, remembered her own husband's giving £500 to set up such a page in business.

<sup>1</sup> Erasm. Apophthegm. Bk., III.

<sup>2</sup> [Dulcis inexperta cultura potentis amici,  
Expertus metuit— Hor.]

so giddy, that they do not see after the same Manner they did before: Thus they despise their old Friends, and strive to extend their Interests to new Pretenders. By this means it often happens, that when you come to know how you lost such an Employment, you will find the Man who got it never dreamed of it; but, forsooth, he was to be surprized into it, or perhaps solicited to receive it. Upon such Occasions as these a Man may perhaps grow out of Humour; and if you are so, all Mankind will fall in with the Patron, and you are an Humourist and untractable if you are capable of being sour at a Disappointment: But it is the same thing, whether you do or do not resent ill Usage, you will be used after the same Manner; as some good Mothers will be sure to whip their Children till they cry, and then whip them for crying.

There are but two Ways of doing any thing with great People, and those are by making your self either considerable or agreeable: The former is not to be attained but by finding a Way to live without them, or concealing that you want them; the latter is only by falling into their Taste and Pleasures: This is of all the Employments in the World the most servile, except it happens to be of your own natural Humour. For to be agreeable to another, especially if he be above you, is not to be possessed of such Qualities and Accomplishments as should render you agreeable in your self, but such as make you agreeable in respect to him. An Imitation of his Faults, or a Compliance, if not Subservience, to his Vices, must be the Measures of your Conduct.

When it comes to that, the unnatural State a Man lives in, when his Patron pleases, is ended; and his Guilt and Complaisance are objected to him, tho' the Man who rejects him for his Vices was not only his Partner but Seducer. Thus the Client (like a young Woman who has given up the Innocence which made her charming) has not only lost his Time, but also the Virtue which could render him capable of resenting the Injury which is done him.

It would be endless to recount the [Tricks<sup>1</sup>] of turning you off from themselves to Persons who have less Power to serve you, the Art of being sorry for such an unaccountable Accident in your Behaviour, that such a one (who, perhaps, has never heard of you) opposes your Advancement; and if you have any thing more than ordinary in you, you are flattered with a Whisper, that 'tis no Wonder People are so slow in doing for a Man of your Talents, and the like.

After all this Treatment, I must still add the pleasantest Insolence of all, which I have once or twice seen; to wit, That when a silly Rogue has thrown away one Part in three of his Life in unprofitable Attendance, it is taken wonderfully ill that he withdraws, and is resolved to employ the rest for himself.

When we consider these things, and reflect upon so many honest Natures (which one who makes Observation of what passes, may have seen) that have miscarried by such sort of Applications, it is too melancholy a Scene to dwell upon; therefore

<sup>1</sup> [Trick]

I shall take another Opportunity to discourse of good Patrons, and distinguish such as have done their Duty to those who have depended upon them, and were not able to act without their Favour. Worthy Patrons are like *Plato's* Guardian Angels, who are always doing good to their Wards; but negligent Patrons are like *Epicurus's* Gods, that lie lolling on the Clouds, and instead of Blessings pour down Storms and Tempests on the Heads of those that are offering Incense to them.<sup>1</sup>

No. 215.] Tuesday, November 6, 1711. [Addison.

—*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*—Ov.

I CONSIDER an Human Soul without Education like Marble in the Quarry, which shews none of its inherent Beauties, 'till the Skill of the Polisher fetches out the Colours, makes the Surface shine, and discovers every ornamental Cloud, Spot, and Vein that runs through the Body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble Mind, draws out to View every latent Virtue and Perfection, which without such Helps are never able to make their Appearance.

If my Reader will give me leave to change the Allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same Instance to illustrate the Force of Education, which *Aristotle* has brought to explain his Doctrine of Substantial Forms, when he tells us that a Statue lies hid in a Block of Marble; and that the Art of the Statuary only clears away the superfluous Matter, and removes the Rubbish. The Figure is in the Stone, the Sculptor only finds it. What Sculpture is to a Block of Marble, Education is to a Human Soul. The Philosopher, the Saint, or the Hero, the Wise, the Good, or the Great Man, very often lie hid and concealed in a Plebeian, which a proper Education might have disinterred, and have brought to Light. I am therefore much delighted with Reading the Accounts of Savage Nations, and with contemplating those Virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see Courage exerting it self in Fierceness, Resolution in Obstinacy, Wisdom in Cunning, Patience in Sullenness and Despair.

Mens Passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of Actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by Reason. When one hears of Negroes, who upon the Death of their Masters, or upon changing their Service, hang themselves upon the next Tree, as it frequently happens in our *American* Plantations, who can forbear admiring their Fidelity, though

<sup>1</sup> The Dæmon or Angel which, in the doctrine of Immortality according to Socrates or Plato, had the care of each man while alive, and after death conveyed him to the general place of judgment (*Phædon*, § 130), is more properly described as a Guardian Angel than the gods of Epicurus can be said to pour storms on the heads of their worshippers. Epicurus only represented them as inactive and unconcerned with human affairs.



it expresses it self in so dreadful a manner? What might not that Savage Greatness of Soul which appears in these poor Wretches on many Occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what Colour of Excuse can there be for the Contempt with which we treat this Part of our Species; That we should not put them upon the common foot of Humanity, that we should only set an insignificant Fine upon the Man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the Prospects of Happiness in another World as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper Means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this Subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a Story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of Reason to suspect the Truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild Tragedy that passed about twelve Years ago at St. *Christophers*, one of our *British* Leeward Islands. The Negroes who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the Slaves of a Gentleman who is now in *England*.

This Gentleman among his Negroes had a young Woman, who was look'd upon as a most extraordinary Beauty by those of her own Complexion. He had at the same time two young Fellows who were likewise Negroes and Slaves, remarkable for the Comeliness of their Persons, and for the Friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the Female Negro above mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her Husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the Man. But they were both so passionately in Love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his Rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his Friend's Consent. The Torments of these two Lovers were the Discourse of the Family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange Complication of Passions which perplexed the Hearts of the poor Negroes, that often dropped Expressions of the Uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long Struggle between Love and Friendship, Truth and Jealousy, they one Day took a Walk together into a Wood, carrying their Mistress along with them: Where, after abundance of Lamentations, they stabbed her to the Heart, of which she immediately died. A Slave who was at his Work not far from the Place where this astonishing Piece of Cruelty was committed, hearing the Shrieks of the dying Person, ran to see what was the Occasion of them. He there discovered the Woman lying dead upon the Ground, with the two Negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead Corps, weeping over it, and beating their Breasts in the utmost Agonies of Grief and Despair. He immediately ran to the *English* Family with the News of what he had seen; who upon coming to the Place saw the Woman dead, and the two Negroes expiring by her with Wounds they had given themselves.

We see in this amazing Instance of Barbarity, what strange Disorders are bred in the minds of those Men whose Passions are not regulated by Virtue, and disciplined by Reason. Though the Action which I have recited is in it self full of Guilt and Horror, it proceeded from a Temper of Mind which might have produced very noble Fruits, had it been informed and guided by a suitable Education.

It is therefore an unspeakable Blessing to be born in those Parts of the World where Wisdom and Knowledge flourish; tho' it must be confest, there are, even in these Parts, several poor uneducated Persons, who are but little above the Inhabitants of those Nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the Advantages of a more liberal Education, rise above one another by several different Degrees of Perfection. For to return to our Statue in the Block of Marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn and but just sketched into an human Figure; sometimes we see the Man appearing distinctly in all his Limbs and Features, sometimes we find the Figure wrought up to a great Elegancy, but seldom meet with any to which the Hand of a *Phidias* or *Praxiteles* could not give several nice Touches and Finishings.

Discourses of Morality, and Reflections upon human Nature, are the best Means we can make use of to improve our Minds, and gain a true Knowledge of our selves, and consequently to recover our Souls out of the Vice, Ignorance, and Prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profest myself in this Paper a Promoter of these great Ends; and I flatter my self that I do from Day to Day contribute something to the polishing of Mens Minds: at least my Design is laudable, whatever the Execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many Letters, which I receive from unknown Hands, in Approbation of my Endeavours; and must take this Opportunity of returning my Thanks to those who write them, and excusing my self for not inserting several of them in my Papers, which I am sensible would be a very great Ornament to them. Should I publish the Praises which are so well penned, they would do Honour to the Persons who write them; but my publishing of them would I fear be a sufficient Instance to the World that I did not deserve them. C.

No. 216.] Wednesday, November 7, 1711. [Steele.

*Siquidem hercle possis, nil prius, neque fortius:  
Verum si incipies, neque perficies naviter,  
Atque ubi pati non poteris, cum nemo expetet,  
Infecta pace ultrò ad eam venies indicans  
Te amare, et ferre non posse: Actum est, ilicet,  
Peristi: eludet ubi te victum senserit.—Ter.*

To Mr. SPECTATOR,

SIR,  
'THIS is to inform you, that Mr. *Freeman*<sup>1</sup> had no sooner taken Coach, but his Lady

<sup>1</sup> See No. 212.

'was taken with a terrible Fit of the Vapours,  
'which, 'tis feared will make her miscarry, if not  
'endanger her Life; therefore, dear Sir, if you  
'know of any Receipt that is good against this  
'fashionable reigning Distemper, be pleased to  
'communicate it for the Good of the Publick, and  
'you will oblige

Yours,

A. NOEWILL.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Uproar was so great as soon as I had  
'read the *Spectator* concerning Mrs. *Freeman*,  
'that after many Revolutions in her Temper,  
'of raging, swooning, railing, fainting, pity-  
'ing herself, and reviling her Husband, upon an  
'accidental coming in of a neighbouring Lady  
'(who says she has writ to you also) she had no-  
'thing left for it but to fall in a Fit. I had the  
'Honour to read the Paper to her, and have a  
'pretty good Command of my Countenance and  
'Temper on such Occasions; and soon found my  
'historical Name to be *Tom Meggot* in your  
'Writings, but concealed my self till I saw how it  
'affected Mrs. *Freeman*. She looked frequently  
'at her Husband, as often at me; and she did not  
'tremble as she filled Tea, till she came to the  
'Circumstance of *Armstrong's* writing out a  
'Piece of *Tully* for an Opera Tune: Then she  
'burst out, She was exposed, she was deceiv'd,  
'she was wronged and abused. The Tea-cup was  
'thrown in the Fire; and without taking Ven-  
'geance on her Spouse, she said of me, That I  
'was a pretending Coxcomb, a Medler that knew  
'not what it was to interpose in so nice an Affair  
'as between a Man and his Wife. To which Mr.  
'*Freeman*; Madam, were I less fond of you than  
'I am, I should not have taken this Way of  
'writing to the SPECTATOR, to inform a Woman  
'whom God and Nature has placed under my Di-  
'rection with what I request of her; but since you  
'are so indiscreet as not to take the Hint which I  
'gave you in that Paper, I must tell you, Madam,  
'in so many Words, that you have for a long and  
'tedious Space of Time acted a Part unsuitable  
'to the Sense you ought to have of the Subor-  
'dination in which you are placed. And I must  
'acquaint you once for all, that the Fellow with-  
'out, ha *Tom!* (here the Footman entered and  
'answered Madam) Sirrah don't you know my  
'Voice; look upon me when I speak to you: I  
'say, Madam, this Fellow here is to know of me  
'my self, whether I am at Leisure to see Com-  
'pany or not. I am from this Hour Master of  
'this House; and my Business in it, and every  
'where else, is to behave my self in such a Man-  
'ner, as it shall be hereafter an Honour to you to  
'bear my Name; and your Pride, that you are  
'the Delight, the Darling, and Ornament of a  
'Man of Honour, useful and esteemed by his  
'Friends; and I no longer one that has buried  
'some Merit in the World, in Compliance to a  
'froward Humour which has grown upon an  
'agreeable Woman by his Indulgence. Mr. *Free-*  
'*man* ended this with a Tenderness in his Aspect  
'and a downcast Eye, which shewed he was ex-  
'tremely moved at the Anguish he saw her in;  
'for she sat swelling with Passion, and her Eyes

'firmly fixed on the Fire; when I, fearing he  
'would lose all again, took upon me to provoke  
'her out of that amiable Sorrow she was in, to  
'fall upon me; upon which I said very seasonably  
'for my Friend, That indeed Mr. *Freeman* was  
'become the common Talk of the Town; and  
'that nothing was so much a Jest, as when it was  
'said in Company Mr. *Freeman* had promised  
'to come to such a Place. Upon which the  
'good Lady turned her Softness into downright  
'Rage, and threw the scalding Tea-Kettle upon  
'your humble Servant; flew into the Middle of  
'the Room, and cried out she was the unfortun-  
'atest of all Women: Others kept Family Dis-  
'satisfactions for Hours of Privacy and Retire-  
'ment: No Apology was to be made to her, no  
'Expedient to be found, no previous Manner of  
'breaking what was amiss in her; but all the  
'World was to be acquainted with her Errors,  
'without the least Admonition. Mr. *Freeman*  
'was going to make a soft'ning Speech, but I  
'interposed; Look you, Madam, I have nothing  
'to say to this Matter, but you ought to consider  
'you are now past a Chicken; this Humour,  
'which was well enough in a Girl, is insufferable  
'in one of your Motherly Character. With that  
'she lost all Patience, and flew directly at her  
'Husband's Periwig. I got her in my Arms, and  
'defended my Friend: He making Signs at  
'the same time that it was too much; I beckon-  
'ing, nodding, and frowning over her Shoulder,  
'that [he<sup>1</sup>] was lost if he did not persist. In this  
'manner [we<sup>2</sup>] flew round and round the Room  
'in a Moment, 'till the Lady I spoke of above  
'and Servants entered; upon which she fell on a  
'Couch as breathless. I still kept up my Friend;  
'but he, with a very silly Air, bid them bring the  
'Coach to the Door, and we went off, I forced to  
'bid the Coachman drive on. We were no sooner  
'come to my Lodgings, but all his Wife's Rela-  
'tions came to enquire after him; and Mrs. *Free-*  
'*man's* Mother writ a Note, wherein she thought  
'never to have seen this Day, and so forth.

'In a word, Sir, I am afraid we are upon a  
'thing we have no Talents for; and I can observe  
'already, my Friend looks upon me rather as a  
'Man that knows a Weakness of him that he is  
'ashamed of, than one who has rescu'd him from  
'Slavery. Mr. SPECTATOR, I am but a young  
'Fellow, and if Mr. *Freeman* submits, I shall be  
'looked upon as an Incendiary, and never get a  
'Wife as long as I breathe. He has indeed sent  
'Word home he shall lie at *Hampstead* to-night;  
'but I believe Fear of the first Onset after this  
'Rupture has too great a Place in this Resolution.  
'Mrs. *Freeman* has a very pretty Sister; suppose  
'I delivered him up, and articed with the Mother  
'for her for bringing him home. If he has not  
'Courage to stand it, (you are a great Casuist) is  
'it such an ill thing to bring my self off, as well  
'as I can? What makes me doubt my Man, is,  
'that I find he thinks it reasonable to expostulate  
'at least with her; and Capt. SENTREY will tell  
'you, if you let your Orders be disputed, you are  
'no longer a Commander. I wish you could ad-

<sup>1</sup> [we] <sup>2</sup> [he], and in first reprint.

'vise me how to get clear of this Business hand-  
'somerly.

T. Yours,  
Tom Meggot.

No. 217.] Thursday, Nov. 8, 1711. [Budgell.

— Tunc fœmina simplex,  
Et pariter toto repetitur clamor ab antro.  
Juv. Sat. 6.

I SHALL entertain my Reader to-day with some Letters from my Correspondents. The first of them is the Description of a Club, whether real or imaginary I cannot determine; but am apt to fancy, that the Writer of it, whoever she is, has formed a kind of Nocturnal Orgie out of her own Fancy: Whether this be so or not, her Letter may conduce to the Amendment of that kind of Persons who are represented in it, and whose Characters are frequent enough in the World.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'In some of your first Papers you were pleased  
'to give the Publick a very diverting Account of  
'several Clubs and nocturnal Assemblies; but I  
'am a Member of a Society which has wholly  
'escaped your Notice, I mean a Club of She-  
'Romps. We take each a Hackney-Coach, and  
'meet once a Week in a large upper Chamber,  
'which we hire by the Year for that Purpose;  
'our Landlord and his Family, who are quiet  
'People, constantly contriving to be abroad on  
'our Club-Night. We are no sooner come to-  
'gether than we throw off all that Modesty and  
'Reservedness with which our Sex are obliged to  
'disguise themselves in publick Places. I am not  
'able to express the Pleasure we enjoy from Ten  
'at Night 'till four in the Morning, in being as  
'rude as you Men can be, for your Lives. As our  
'Play runs high the Room is immediately filled  
'with broken Fans, torn Petticoats, Lappets of  
'Head-dresses, Flounces, Furbelows, Garters,  
'and Working-Aprons. I had forgot to tell you  
'at first, that besides the Coaches we come in our  
'selves, there is one which stands always empty  
'to carry off our *dead Men*, for so we call all those  
'Fragments and Tatters with which the Room is  
'strewed, and which we pack up together in Bun-  
'dles and put into the aforesaid Coach. It is no  
'small Diversion for us to meet the next Night at  
'some Member's Chamber, where every one is to  
'pick out what belonged to her from this confused  
'Bundle of Silks, Stuffs, Laces, and Ribbons. I  
'have hitherto given you an Account of our Di-  
'version on ordinary Club-Nights; but must ac-  
'quaint you farther, that once a Month we  
'*demolish a Prude*, that is, we get some queer  
'formal Creature in among us, and unrig her in  
'an Instant. Our last Month's Prude was so  
'armed and fortified in Whalebone and Buckram  
'that we had much ado to come at her; but you  
'would have died with laughing to have seen how  
'the sober awkward Thing looked when she was  
'forced out of her Intrenchments. In short, Sir,

'tis impossible to give you a true Notion of our  
'Sports, unless you would come one Night  
'amongst us; and tho' it be directly against the  
'Rules of our Society to admit a Male Visitant,  
'we repose so much Confidence in your Silence  
'and Taciturnity, that 'twas agreed by the whole  
'Club, at our last Meeting, to give you Entrance  
'for one Night as a Spectator.

I am,  
Your Humble Servant,  
Kitty Termagant.

P. S. We shall demolish a Prude next Thurs-  
day.

Tho' I thank *Kitty* for her kind Offer, I do not at present find in my self any Inclination to venture my Person with her and her romping Companions. I should regard myself as a second *Clodius* intruding on the Mysterious Rites of the *Bona Dea*, and should apprehend being *Demolished* as much as the *Prude*.

The following Letter comes from a Gentleman, whose Taste I find is much too delicate to endure the least Advance towards Romping. I may perhaps hereafter improve upon the Hint he has given me, and make it the Subject of a whole *Spectator*; in the mean time take it as it follows in his own Words.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'It is my Misfortune to be in Love with a young  
'Creature who is daily committing Faults, which  
'though they give me the utmost Uneasiness, I  
'know not how to reprove her for, or even ac-  
'quaint her with. She is pretty, dresses well, is  
'rich, and good-humour'd; but either wholly  
'neglects, or has no Notion of that which Polite  
'People have agreed to distinguish by the Name  
'of *Delicacy*. After our Return from a Walk  
'the other Day she threw her self into an Elbow-  
'Chair, and professed before a large Company,  
'that *she was all over in a Sweat*. She told me  
'this Afternoon that her *Stomach aked*; and was  
'complaining Yesterday at Dinner of something  
'that *stuck in her Teeth*. I treated her with a  
'Basket of Fruit last Summer, which she eat so  
'very greedily, as almost made me resolve never  
'to see her more. In short, Sir, I begin to tremble  
'whenever I see her about to speak or move. As  
'she does not want Sense, if she takes these Hints  
'I am happy; if not, I am more than afraid, that  
'these Things which shock me even in the Be-  
'haviour of a Mistress, will appear insupportable  
'in that of a Wife.

I am,  
SIR,  
Yours, &c.

My next Letter comes from a Correspondent whom I cannot but very much value, upon the Account which she gives of her self.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am happily arrived at a State of Tranquillity,  
'which few People envy, I mean that of an old  
'Maid; therefore being wholly unconcerned in all  
'that Medley of Follies which our Sex is apt to  
'contract from their silly Fondness of yours, I read  
'your Railleries on us without Provocation. I can  
'say with *Hamlet*,

—*Man delights not me,  
Nor Woman neither*—

'Therefore, dear Sir, as you never spare your own  
'Sex, do not be afraid of reprov'ing what is ridicu-  
'lous in ours, and you will oblige at least one  
'Woman, who is

*Your Humble Servant,*  
Susannah Frost.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am Wife to a Clergyman, and cannot help  
'thinking that in your Tenth or Tithe-Character  
'of Womankind<sup>1</sup> you meant my self, therefore I  
'have no Quarrel against you for the other Nine  
'Characters.

*Your Humble Servant,*  
A. B.

X.

No. 218.] Friday, November 9, 1711. [Steele.

*Quid de quoque viro et cui dicas sæpe caveto.*  
Hor.

I HAPPENED the other Day, as my Way is, to  
strole into a little Coffee-house beyond *Ald-*  
*gate*; and as I sat there, two or three very plain  
sensible Men were talking of the SPECTATOR.  
One said, he had that Morning drawn the great  
Benefit Ticket; another wished he had; but a  
third shook his Head and said, It was pity that  
the Writer of that Paper was such a sort of Man,  
that it was no great Matter whether he had it or  
no. He is, it seems, said the good Man, the most  
extravagant Creature in the World; has run  
through vast Sums, and yet been in continual  
Want; a Man, for all he talks so well of Oecono-  
my, unfit for any of the Offices of Life, by reason  
of his Profuseness. It would be an unhappy  
thing to be his Wife, his Child, or his Friend;  
and yet he talks as well of those Duties of Life as  
any one. Much Reflection has brought me to so  
easy a Contempt for every thing which is false,  
that this heavy Accusation gave me no manner of  
Uneasiness; but at the same Time it threw me  
into deep Thought upon the Subject of Fame in  
general; and I could not but pity such as were so  
weak, as to value what the common People say  
out of their own talkative Temper to the Ad-  
vantage or Diminution of those whom they men-  
tion, without being moved either by Malice or  
Good-will. It will be too long to expatiate upon  
the Sense all Mankind have of Fame, and the in-  
expressible Pleasure which there is in the Appro-  
bation of worthy Men, to all who are capable of  
worthy Actions; but methinks one may divide the  
general Word Fame into three different Species,  
as it regards the different Orders of Mankind who  
have any Thing to do with it. Fame therefore may  
be divided into Glory, which respects the Hero;  
Reputation, which is preserved by every Gentle-  
man; and Credit, which must be supported by  
every Tradesman. These Possessions in Fame  
are dearer than Life to these Characters of Men, or

<sup>1</sup> See No. 209.

rather are the Life of those Characters. Glory,  
while the Hero pursues great and noble Enter-  
prizes, is impregnable; and all the Assailants of  
his Renown do but shew their Pain and Im-  
patience of its Brightness, without throwing the  
least Shade upon it. If the Foundation of an high  
Name be Virtue and Service, all that is offered  
against it is but Rumour, which is too short-liv'd  
to stand up in Competition with Glory, which is  
everlasting.

Reputation, which is the Portion of every Man  
who would live with the elegant and knowing  
Part of Mankind, is as stable as Glory, if it be as  
well founded; and the common Cause of human  
Society is thought concerned when we hear a Man  
of good Behaviour calumniated: Besides which,  
according to a prevailing Custom amongst us, every  
Man has his Defence in his own Arm; and Re-  
proach is soon checked, put out of Countenance,  
and overtaken by Disgrace.

The most unhappy of all Men, and the most ex-  
posed to the Malignity or Wantonness of the com-  
mon Voice, is the Trader. Credit is undone in  
Whispers. The Tradesman's Wound is received  
from one who is more private and more cruel than  
the Ruffian with the Lanthorn and Dagger. The  
Manner of repeating a Man's Name, As; *Mr.*  
*Cash, Oh! do you leave your Money at his Shop?*  
*Why, do you know Mr. Searoom? He is indeed*  
*a general Merchant.* I say, I have seen, from  
the Iteration of a Man's Name, hiding one  
Thought of him, and explaining what you hide by  
saying something to his Advantage when you  
speak, a Merchant hurt in his Credit; and him  
who, every Day he lived, literally added to the  
Value of his Native Country, undone by one who  
was only a Burthen and a Blemish to it. Since  
every Body who knows the World is sensible of  
this great Evil, how careful ought a Man to be in  
his Language of a Merchant? It may possibly be  
in the Power of a very shallow Creature to lay the  
Ruin of the best Family in the most opulent City;  
and the more so, the more highly he deserves of  
his Country; that is to say, the farther he places  
his Wealth out of his Hands, to draw home that  
of another Climate.

In this Case an ill Word may change Plenty  
into Want, and by a rash Sentence a free and  
generous Fortune may in a few Days be reduced  
to Beggary. How little does a giddy Prater ima-  
gine, that an idle Phrase to the Disfavour of a  
Merchant may be as pernicious in the Conse-  
quence, as the Forgery of a Deed to bar an Inhe-  
ritance would be to a Gentleman? Land stands  
where it did before a Gentleman was calumniated,  
and the State of a great Action is just as it was  
before Calumny was offered to diminish it, and  
there is Time, Place and Occasion expected to  
unravel all that is contrived against those Charac-  
ters; but the Trader who is ready only for pro-  
bable Demands upon him, can have no Armour  
against the Inquisitive, the Malicious, and the  
Envious, who are prepared to fill the Cry to his  
Dishonour. Fire and Sword are slow Engines of  
Destruction, in Comparison of the Babbler in the  
Case of the Merchant.

For this Reason I thought it an imitable Piece  
of Humanity of a Gentleman of my Acquaintance,

who had great Variety of Affairs, and used to talk with Warmth enough against Gentlemen by whom he thought himself ill dealt with; but he would never let any thing be urged against a Merchant (with whom he had any Difference) except in a Court of Justice. He used to say, that to speak ill of a Merchant, was to begin his Suit with Judgment and Execution. One cannot, I think, say more on this Occasion, than to repeat, That the Merit of the Merchant is above that of all other Subjects; for while he is untouched in his Credit, his Hand-writing is a more portable Coin for the Service of his Fellow-Citizens, and his Word the Gold of *Ophir* to the Country wherein he resides.

T.

No. 219.] Saturday, Nov. 10, 1711. [Addison.

*Vix ea nostra voco* — Ov.

THERE are but few Men, who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the Nation or Country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of Grandeur and Respect, which the meanest and most insignificant Part of Mankind endeavour to procure in the little Circle of their Friends and Acquaintance. The poorest Mechanick, nay the Man who lives upon common Alms, gets him his Set of Admirers, and delights in that Superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some Respects beneath him. This Ambition, which is natural to the Soul of Man, might methinks receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a Person's Advantage, as it generally does to his Uneasiness and Disquiet.

I shall therefore put together some Thoughts on this Subject, which I have not met with in other Writers; and shall set them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the Pains to Connect or Methodise them.

All Superiority and Præeminence that one Man can have over another, may be reduced to the Notion of *Quality*, which, considered at large, is either that of Fortune, Body, or Mind. The first is that which consists in Birth, Title, or Riches, and is the most foreign to our Natures, and what we can the least call our own of any of the three Kinds of Quality. In relation to the Body, Quality arises from Health, Strength, or Beauty, which are nearer to us, and more a Part of our selves than the former. Quality, as it regards the Mind, has its Rise from Knowledge or Virtue; and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

The Quality of Fortune, tho' a Man has less Reason to value himself upon it than on that of the Body or Mind, is however the kind of Quality which makes the most shining Figure in the Eye of the World.

As Virtue is the most reasonable and genuine Source of Honour, we generally find in Titles an Imitation of some particular Merit that should recommend Men to the high Stations which they

possess. Holiness is ascribed to the Pope; Majesty to Kings; Serenity or Mildness of Temper to Princes; Excellence or Perfection to Ambassadors; Grace to Archbishops; Honour to Peers; Worship or Venerable Behaviour to Magistrates; and Reverence, which is of the same Import as the former, to the inferior Clergy.

In the Founders of great Families, such Attributes of Honour are generally correspondent with the Virtues of the Person to whom they are applied; but in the Descendants they are too often the Marks rather of Grandeur than of Merit. The Stamp and Denomination still continues, but the Intrinsic Value is frequently lost.

The Death-Bed shews the Emptiness of Titles in a true Light. A poor dispirited Sinner lies trembling under the Apprehensions of the State he is entering on; and is asked by a grave Attendant how his Holiness does? Another hears himself addressed to under the Title of Highness or Excellency, who lies under such mean Circumstances of Mortality as are the Disgrace of Human Nature. Titles at such a time look rather like Insults and Mockery than Respect.

The truth of it is, Honours are in this World under no Regulation; true Quality is neglected, Virtue is oppressed, and Vice triumphant. The last Day will rectify this Disorder, and assign to every one a Station suitable to the Dignity of his Character; Ranks will be then adjusted, and Precedency set right.

Methinks we should have an Ambition, if not to advance our selves in another World, at least to preserve our Post in it, and outshine our Inferiors in Virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a State which is to Settle the Distinction for Eternity.

Men in Scripture are called *Strangers* and *Sojourners upon Earth*, and Life a *Pilgrimage*. Several Heathen, as well as Christian Authors, under the same kind of Metaphor, have represented the World as an Inn, which was only designed to furnish us with Accommodations in this our Passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of setting up our Rest before we come to our Journey's End, and not rather to take care of the Reception we shall there meet, than to fix our Thoughts on the little Conveniences and Advantages which we enjoy one above another in the Way to it.

*Epictetus* makes use of another kind of Allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the Post in which Providence has placed us. We are here, says he, as in a Theatre, where every one has a Part allotted to him. The great Duty which lies upon a Man is to act his Part in Perfection. We may indeed say, that our Part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this (says the Philosopher) is not our Business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the Part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the Fault is not in us, but in him who has cast our several Parts, and is the great Disposer of the Drama.<sup>1</sup>

The Part that was acted by this Philosopher

<sup>1</sup> Epict. Enchirid. ch. 23.

himself was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a Slave. His Motive to Contentment in this Particular, receives a very great Inforcement from the above-mentioned Consideration, if we remember that our Parts in the other World will be *new cast*, and that Mankind will be there ranged in different Stations of Superiority and Præeminence, in Proportion as they have here excelled one another in Virtue, and performed in their several Posts of Life the Duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful Passages in the little Apocryphal Book, entitled, *The Wisdom of Solomon*, to set forth the Vanity of Honour, and the like temporal Blessings which are in so great Repute among Men, and to comfort those who have not the Possession of them. It represents in very warm and noble Terms this Advancement of a good Man in the other World, and the great Surprise which it will produce among those who are his Superiors in this. 'Then shall the righteous Man stand in great Boldness before the Face of such as have afflicted him, and made no Account of his Labours. When they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible Fear, and shall be amazed at the Strangeness of his Salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for. And they repenting and groaning for Anguish of Spirit, shall say within themselves; This was he whom we had sometime in Derision, and a Proverb of Reproach. We Fools accounted his Life Madness, and his End to be without Honour. How is he numbered among the Children of God, and his Lot is among the Saints!'

If the Reader would see the Description of a Life that is passed away in Vanity and among the Shadows of Pomp and Greatness, he may see it very finely drawn in the same Place.<sup>2</sup> In the mean time, since it is necessary in the present Constitution of things, that Order and Distinction should be kept in the World, we should be happy, if those who enjoy the upper Stations in it, would endeavour to surpass others in Virtue, as much as in Rank, and by their Humanity and Condescension make their Superiority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them: and if, on the contrary, those who are in meaner Posts of Life, would consider how they may better their Condition hereafter, and by a just Deference and Submission to their Superiors, make them happy in those Blessings with which Providence has thought fit to distinguish them. C.

No. 220.] Monday, November 12, 1711. [Steele.

[*Rumoresque serit varios*—— Virg.<sup>3</sup>]

SIR,  
WHY will you apply to my Father for my Love? I cannot help it if he will give you my Person; but I assure you it is not in his

<sup>1</sup> Wisd., ch. v. 1—5.

<sup>2</sup> Ch. v. 8—14.

<sup>3</sup> [—*Aliena negotia centum*

*Per caput, et circa saliunt latus.*—Hor.]

'Power, nor even in my own, to give you my Heart. Dear Sir, do but consider the ill Consequence of such a Match; you are Fifty-five, I Twenty-one. You are a Man of Business, and mightily conversant in Arithmetick and making Calculations; be pleased therefore to consider what Proportion your Spirits bear to mine; and when you have made a just Estimate of the necessary Decay on one Side, and the Redundance on the other, you will act accordingly. This perhaps is such Language as you may not expect from a young Lady; but my Happiness is at Stake, and I must talk plainly. I mortally hate you; and so, as you and my Father agree, you may take me or leave me: But if you will be so good as never to see me more, you will for ever oblige,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

HENRIETTA.

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

'There are so many Artifices and Modes of false Wit, and such a Variety of Humour discovers itself among its Votaries, that it would be impossible to exhaust so fertile a Subject, if you would think fit to resume it. The following Instances may, if you think fit, be added by Way of Appendix to your Discourses on that Subject.

'That Feat of Poetical Activity mentioned by Horace, of an Author who could compose two hundred Verses while he stood upon one Leg,<sup>2</sup> has been imitated (as I have heard) by a modern Writer; who priding himself on the Hurry of his Invention, thought it no small Addition to his Fame to have each Piece minuted with the exact Number of Hours or Days it cost him in the Composition. He could taste no Praise till he had acquainted you in how short Space of Time he had deserved it; and was not so much led to an Ostentation of his Art, as of his Dispatch.

———*Accipe si vis,*

*Accipe jam tabulas; detur nobis locus, hora, Custodes: videamus uter plus scribere possit.*

Hor.

'This was the whole of his Ambition; and therefore I cannot but think the Flights of this rapid Author very proper to be opposed to those laborious Nothings which you have observed were the Delight of the German Wits, and in which they so happily got rid of such a tedious Quantity of their Time.

'I have known a Gentleman of another Turn of Humour, who, despising the Name of an Author, never printed his Works, but contracted his Talent, and by the help of a very fine Diamond which he wore on his little Finger, was a considerable Poet upon Glass. He had a very good Epigrammatick Wit; and there was not a Parlour or Tavern Window where he visited or dined for some Years, which did not receive some Sketches or Memorials of it. It was his Misfortune at last to lose his Genius and his Ring to a

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

<sup>2</sup> ———*in hora sæpe ducentos,*

*Ut magnum, versus dictabat stans pede in uno.*

Sat. I. iv. 10.