

' Sharper at Play ; and he has not attempted to make a Verse since.

' But of all Contractions or Expedients for Wit, I admire that of an ingenious Projector whose Book I have seen.¹ This Virtuoso being a Mathematician, has, according to his Taste, thrown the Art of Poetry into a short Problem, and contrived Tables by which any one without knowing a Word of Grammar or Sense, may, to his great Comfort, be able to compose or rather to erect *Latin* Verses. His Tables are a kind of Poetical Logarithms, which being divided into several Squares, and all inscribed with so many incoherent Words, appear to the Eye somewhat like a Fortune-telling Screen. What a Joy must it be to the unlearned Operator to find that these Words, being carefully collected and writ down in Order according to the Problem, start of themselves into Hexameter and Pentameter Verses? A Friend of mine, who is a Student in Astrology, meeting with this Book, performed the Operation, by the Rules there set down; he shewed his Verses to the next of his Acquaintance, who happened to understand *Latin*; and being informed they described a Tempest of Wind, very luckily prefixed them, together with a Translation, to an Almanack he was just then printing, and was supposed to have foretold the last great Storm.²

' I think the only Improvement beyond this, would be that which the late Duke of *Buckingham* mentioned to a stupid Pretender to Poetry, as the Project of a *Dutch* Mechanick, viz. a Mill to make Verses. This being the most compendious Method of all which have yet been proposed, may deserve the Thoughts of our modern Virtuosi who are employed in new Discoveries for the publick Good: and it may be worth the while to consider, whether in an Island where few are content without being thought Wits, it will not be a common Benefit, that Wit as well as Labour should be made cheap.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble Servant, &c.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' I often dine at a Gentleman's House, where there are two young Ladies, in themselves very agreeable, but very cold in their Behaviour, because they understand me for a Person that is to break my Mind, as the Phrase is, very suddenly to one of them. But I take this Way to acquaint them, that I am not in Love with either of them, in Hopes they will use me with that agreeable Freedom and Indifference which they do all the rest of the World, and not to drink to one another [only,] but sometimes cast a kind Look, with their Service to,

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' I am a young Gentleman, and take it for a Piece of Good-breeding to pull off my Hat when

¹ A pamphlet by John Peter, 'Artificial Versifying, a New Way to make Latin Verses.' Lond. 1678.

² Of Nov. 26, 1703, which destroyed in London alone property worth a million.

' I see any thing particularly charming in any Woman, whether I know her or not. I take care that there is nothing ludicrous or arch in my Manner, as if I were to betray a Woman into a Salutation by Way of Jest or Humour; and yet except I am acquainted with her, I find she ever takes it for a Rule, that she is to look upon this Civility and Homage I pay to her supposed Merit, as an Impertinence or Forwardness which she is to observe and neglect. I wish, Sir, you would settle the Business of Salutation; and please to inform me how I shall resist the sudden Impulse I have to be civil to what gives an Idea of Merit; or tell these Creatures how to behave themselves in Return to the Esteem I have for them. My Affairs are such, that your Decision will be a Favour to me, if it be only to save the unnecessary Expence of wearing out my Hat so fast as I do at present.

' There are some that do know me, and won't bow to me.

I am,

SIR,

Yours,

T. D.

No. 221.] Tuesday, November 13, 1711. [Addison.

Ab Ovo

Usque ad Mala ——— *Hor.*

WHEN I have finished any of my Speculations, it is my Method to consider which of the ancient Authors have touched upon the Subject that I treat of. By this means I meet with some celebrated Thought upon it, or a Thought of my own expressed in better Words, or some Similitude for the Illustration of my Subject. This is what gives Birth to the Motto of a Speculation, which I rather chuse to take out of the Poets than the Prose-writers, as the former generally give a finer Turn to a Thought than the latter, and by couching it in few Words, and in harmonious Numbers, make it more portable to the Memory.

My Reader is therefore sure to meet with at least one good Line in every Paper, and very often finds his Imagination entertained by a Hint that awakens in his Memory some beautiful Passage of a Classick Author.

It was a Saying of an ancient Philosopher, which I find some of our Writers have ascribed to Queen *Elizabeth*, who perhaps might have taken occasion to repeat it, That a good Face is a Letter of Recommendation.¹ It naturally makes the Beholders inquisitive into the Person who is the Owner of it, and generally prepossesses them in his Favour. A handsome Motto has the same Effect. Besides that, it always gives a Super-numerary Beauty to a Paper, and is sometimes in a manner necessary when the Writer is engaged in what may appear a Paradox to vulgar Minds, as it shews that he is supported by good Authorities, and is not singular in his Opinion.

I must confess, the Motto is of little Use to an

¹ Diogenes Laertius, Bk. V. ch. 1.

unlearned Reader, for which Reason I consider it only as a *Word to the Wise*. But as for my unlearned Friends, if they cannot relish the Motto, I take care to make Provision for them in the Body of my Paper. If they do not understand the Sign that is hung out, they know very well by it, that they may meet with Entertainment in the House; and I think I was never better pleased than with a plain Man's Compliment, who, upon his Friend's telling him that he would like the *Spectator* much better if he understood the Motto, replied, *That good Wine needs no Bush*.

I have heard of a Couple of Preachers in a Country Town, who endeavoured which should outshine one another, and draw together the greatest Congregation. One of them being well versed in the Fathers, used to quote every now and then a *Latin* Sentence to his illiterate Hearers, who it seems found themselves so edified by it, that they flocked in greater Numbers to this learned Man than to his Rival. The other finding his Congregation mouldering every *Sunday*, and hearing at length what was the Occasion of it, resolved to give his Parish a little *Latin* in his Turn; but being unacquainted with any of the Fathers, he digested into his Sermons the whole Book of *Quæ Genus*, adding however such Explanations to it as he thought might be for the Benefit of his People. He afterwards entered upon *As in præsentî*,¹ which he converted in the same manner to the Use of his Parishioners. This in a very little time thickened his Audience, filled his Church, and routed his Antagonist.

The natural Love to *Latin* which is so prevalent in our common People, makes me think that my Speculations fare never the worse among them for that little Scrap which appears at the Head of them; and what the more encourages me in the Use of Quotations in an unknown Tongue is, that I hear the Ladies, whose Approbation I value more than that of the whole Learned World, declare themselves in a more particular manner pleased with my *Greek* Mottos.

Designing this Day's Work for a Dissertation upon the two Extremities of my Paper, and having already dispatch'd my Motto, I shall, in the next place, discourse upon those single Capital Letters, which are placed at the End of it, and which have afforded great Matter of Speculation to the Curious. I have heard various Conjectures upon this Subject. Some tell us that C is the Mark of those Papers that are written by the Clergyman, though others ascribe them to the Club in general: That the Papers marked with R were written by my Friend Sir ROGER: That L signifies the Lawyer, whom I have described in my second Speculation; and that T stands for the Trader or Merchant: But the Letter X, which is placed at the End of some few of my Papers, is that which has puzzled the whole Town, as they cannot think of any Name which begins with that Letter, except

¹ 'Quæ Genus' and 'As in Præsentî' were the first words in collections of rules then and until recently familiar as part of the standard Latin Grammar, Lilly's, to which Erasmus and Colet contributed, and of which Wolsey wrote the original Preface.

Xenophon and *Xerxes*, who can neither of them be supposed to have had any Hand in these Speculations.

In Answer to these inquisitive Gentlemen, who have many of them made Enquiries of me by Letter, I must tell them the Reply of an ancient Philosopher, who carried something hidden under his Cloak. A certain Acquaintance desiring him to let him know what it was he covered so carefully; *I cover it*, says he, *on purpose that you should not know*. I have made use of these obscure Marks for the same Purpose. They are, perhaps, little Amulets or Charms to preserve the Paper against the Fascination and Malice of evil Eyes; for which Reason I would not have my Reader surprized, if hereafter he sees any of my Papers marked with a Q, a Z, a Y, an &c., or with the Word *Abracadabra*.¹

I shall, however, so far explain my self to the Reader, as to let him know that the Letters, C, L, and X, are Cabalistical, and carry more in them than it is proper for the World to be acquainted with. Those who are versed in the Philosophy of *Pythagoras*, and swear by the *Tetractys*,² that is, the Number Four, will know very well that the Number *Ten*, which is signified by the Letter X, (and which has so much perplexed the Town) has in it many particular Powers; that it is called by Platonick Writers the Complete Number; that One, Two, Three and Four put together make up the Number *Ten*; and that *Ten* is all. But these are not Mysteries for ordinary Readers to be let into. A Man must have spent

¹ Abraxas, which in Greek letters represents 365, the number of the deities supposed by the Basilidians to be subordinate to the All Ruling One, was a mystical name for the supreme God, and was engraved as a charm on stones together with the figure of a human body (Cadaver), with cat's head and reptile's feet. From this the name *Abracadabra* may have arisen, with a sense of power in it as a charm. Serenus Sammonicus, a celebrated physician who lived about A.D. 210, who had, it is said, a library of 62,000 volumes, and was killed at a banquet by order of Caracalla, said in an extant Latin poem upon Medicine and Remedies, that fevers were cured by binding to the body the word *Abracadabra* written in this fashion:

Abracadabra
Abracadabr
Abracadab
Abracada

and so on, till there remained only the initial A. His word was taken, and this use of the charm was popular even in the Spectator's time. It is described by Defoe in his 'History of the Plague.'

² The number Four was called *Tetractys* by the Pythagoreans, who accounted it the most powerful of numbers, because it was the foundation of them all, and as a square it signified solidity. They said it was at the source of Nature, four elements, four seasons, &c., to which later speculators added the four rivers of Paradise, four evangelists, and association of the number four with God, whose name was a mystical Tetra grammaton, Jod, He, Vau, He.

many Years in hard Study before he can arrive at the Knowledge of them.

We had a Rabbinical Divine in *England*, who was Chaplain to the Earl of *Essex* in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time, that had an admirable Head for Secrets of this Nature. Upon his taking the Doctor of Divinity's Degree, he preached before the University of *Cambridge*, upon the *First Verse* of the *First Chapter* of the *First Book* of *Chronicles*, in which, says he, you have the three following Words,

Adam, Sheth, Enosh.

He divided this short Text into many Parts, and by discovering several Mysteries in each Word, made a most Learned and Elaborate Discourse. The Name of this profound Preacher was Doctor *Alabaster*, of whom the Reader may find a more particular Account in Doctor *Fuller's* Book of *English Worthies*.¹ This Instance will, I hope, convince my Readers that there may be a great deal of fine Writing in the Capital Letters which bring up the Rear of my Paper, and give them some Satisfaction in that Particular. But as for the full Explication of these Matters, I must refer them to Time, which discovers all things. C.

No. 222.] *Wednesday, Nov. 14, 1711.* [Steele.

*Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi,
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus— Hor.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THERE is one thing I have often look'd for in your Papers, and have as often wondered to find my self disappointed; the rather, because I think it a Subject every way agreeable to your Design, and by being left unattempted by others, seems reserved as a proper Employment for you; I mean a Disquisition, from whence it proceeds, that Men of the brightest Parts, and most comprehensive Genius, compleatly furnished with Talents for any Province in humane Affairs; such as by their wise Lessons of Oeconomy to others have made it evident, that they have the justest Notions of Life and of true Sense in the Conduct of it —: from what unhappy contradictory Cause it proceeds, that Persons thus finished by Nature and by Art, should so often fail in the Management of that which they so well understand, and want the Address to make a right Application of their own Rules. This is certainly a prodigious Inconsistency in Behaviour, and makes much such a Figure in Morals as a monstrous Birth in Naturals, with this Difference only, which greatly aggravates the Wonder, that it happens much more frequently; and what a Blemish does it cast upon Wit and Learning in the general Account of the World? And in how disadvantageous a Light does it expose them to the busy Class of Man-

¹ Where it is explained that Adam meaning Man; Seth, placed; and Enosh, Misery: the mystic inference is that Man was placed in Misery.

'kind, that there should be so many Instances of Persons who have so conducted their Lives in spite of these transcendent Advantages, as neither to be happy in themselves, nor useful to their Friends; when every Body sees it was entirely in their own Power to be eminent in both these Characters? For my part, I think there is no Reflection more astonishing, than to consider one of these Gentlemen spending a fair Fortune, running in every Body's Debt without the least Apprehension of a future Reckoning, and at last leaving not only his own Children, but possibly those of other People, by his Means, in starving Circumstances; while a Fellow, whom one would scarce suspect to have a humane Soul, shall perhaps raise a vast Estate out of Nothing, and be the Founder of a Family capable of being very considerable in their Country, and doing many illustrious Services to it. That this Observation is just, Experience has put beyond all Dispute. But though the Fact be so evident and glaring, yet the Causes of it are still in the Dark; which makes me persuade my self, that it would be no unacceptable Piece of Entertainment to the Town, to inquire into the hidden Sources of so unaccountable an Evil.

I am,

SIR,

Your most Humble Servant.

What this Correspondent wonders at, has been Matter of Admiration ever since there was any such thing as humane Life. *Horace* reflects upon this Inconsistency very agreeably in the Character of *Tigellius*, whom he makes a mighty Pretender to Oeconomy, and tells you, you might one Day hear him speak the most philosophick Things imaginable concerning being contented with a little, and his Contempt of every thing but mere Necessaries, and in Half a Week after spend a thousand Pound. When he says this of him with Relation to Expence, he describes him as unequal to himself in every other Circumstance of Life. And indeed, if we consider lavish Men carefully, we shall find it always proceeds from a certain Incapacity of possessing themselves, and finding Enjoyment in their own Minds. Mr. *Dryden* has expressed this very excellently in the Character of *Zimri*.¹

*A Man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong,
Was every Thing by Starts, and Nothing long;
But in the Course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymist, Fidler, Statesman, and Buffoon.
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking,
Besides ten thousand Freaks that died in thinking;
Blest Madman, who could every Hour employ
In something new to wish or to enjoy!
In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art,
Nothing went unrewarded but Desert.*

This loose State of the Soul hurries the Ex-

¹ i. e. The Duke of Buckingham, in Part I. of *Absalom and Achitophel*.

travagant from one Pursuit to another; and the Reason that his Expences are greater than another's, is, that his Wants are also more numerous. But what makes so many go on in this Way to their Lives End, is, that they certainly do not know how contemptible they are in the Eyes of the rest of Mankind, or rather, that indeed they are not so contemptible as they deserve. *Tully* says, it is the greatest of Wickedness to lessen your paternal Estate. And if a Man would thoroughly consider how much worse than Banishment it must be to his Child, to ride by the Estate which should have been his had it not been for his Father's Injustice to him, he would be smitten with the Reflection more deeply than can be understood by any but one who is a Father. Sure there can be nothing more afflicting than to think it had been happier for his Son to have been born of any other Man living than himself.

It is not perhaps much thought of, but it is certainly a very important Lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary Life, and to be able to relish your Being without the Transport of some Passion or Gratification of some Appetite. For want of this Capacity, the World is filled with Whetters, Tipplers, Cutters, Sippers, and all the numerous Train of those who, for want of Thinking, are forced to be ever exercising their Feeling or Tasting. It would be hard on this Occasion to mention the harmless Smokers of Tobacco and Takers of Snuff.

The slower Part of Mankind, whom my Correspondent wonders should get Estates, are the more immediately formed for that Pursuit: They can expect distant things without Impatience, because they are not carried out of their Way either by violent Passion or keen Appetite to any thing. To Men addicted to Delight[s], Business is an Interruption; to such as are cold to Delights, Business is an Entertainment. For which Reason it was said to one who commended a dull Man for his Application, *No Thanks to him; if he had no Business, he would have nothing to do.*

T.

No. 223.] Thursday, Nov. 15, 1711. [Addison.

*O suavis Anima! qualem te dicam bonam
Antehac fuisse, tales cum sint reliquæ!*
Phæd.

WHEN I reflect upon the various Fate of those Multitudes of Ancient Writers who flourished in *Greece* and *Italy*, I consider Time as an Immense Ocean, in which many noble Authors are entirely swallowed up, many very much shattered and damaged, some quite disjointed and broken into pieces, while some have wholly escaped the Common Wreck; but the Number of the last is very small.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

Among the mutilated Poets of Antiquity, there is none whose Fragments are so beautiful as those of *Sappho*. They give us a Taste of her Way of

Writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary Character we find of her, in the Remarks of those great Criticks who were conversant with her Works when they were entire. One may see by what is left of them, that she followed Nature in all her Thoughts, without descending to those little Points, Conceits, and Turns of Wit with which many of our modern Lyricks are so miserably infected. Her Soul seems to have been made up of Love and Poetry: She felt the Passion in all its Warmth, and described it in all its Symptoms. She is called by ancient Authors the Tenth Muse; and by *Plutarch* is compared to *Cacus* the Son of *Vulcan*, who breathed out nothing but Flame. I do not know, by the Character that is given of her Works, whether it is not for the Benefit of Mankind that they are lost. They were filled with such bewitching Tenderness and Rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a Reading.

An Inconstant Lover, called *Phaon*, occasioned great Calamities to this Poetical Lady. She fell desperately in Love with him, and took a Voyage into *Sicily* in Pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that Island, and on this Occasion, she is supposed to have made the Hymn to *Venus*, with a Translation of which I shall present my Reader. Her Hymn was ineffectual for the procuring that Happiness which she prayed for in it. *Phaon* was still obdurate, and *Sappho* so transported with the Violence of her Passion, that she was resolved to get rid of it at any Price.

There was a Promontory in *Acarmania* called [*Leucrate*¹] on the Top of which was a little Temple dedicated to *Apollo*. In this Temple it was usual for despairing Lovers to make their Vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the Top of the Precipice into the Sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This Place was therefore called, *The Lover's Leap*; and whether or no the Fright they had been in, or the Resolution that could push them to so dreadful a Remedy, or the Bruises which they often received in their Fall, banished all the tender Sentiments of Love, and gave their Spirits another Turn; those who had taken this Leap were observed never to relapse into that Passion. *Sappho* tried the Cure, but perished in the Experiment.

After having given this short Account of *Sappho* so far as it regards the following Ode, I shall subjoin the Translation of it as it was sent me by a Friend, whose admirable Pastorals and *Winter-Piece* have been already so well received.² The

¹ [Leucas]

² Ambrose Philips, whose Winter Piece appeared in No. 12 of the *Tatler*, and whose six Pastorals preceded those of Pope. Philips's Pastorals had appeared in 1709 in a sixth volume of a Poetical Miscellany issued by Jacob Tonson. The first four volumes of that Miscellany had been edited by Dryden, the fifth was collected after Dryden's death, and the sixth was notable for opening with the Pastorals of Ambrose Philips and closing with those of young Pope which Tonson had volunteered to print, thereby, said Wycherley, furnishing a

Reader will find in it that Pathetick Simplicity which is so peculiar to him, and so suitable to the Ode he has here Translated. This Ode in the Greek (besides those Beauties observed by Madam Dacier) has several harmonious Turns in the Words, which are not lost in the *English*. I must farther add, that the Translation has preserved every Image and Sentiment of *Sappho*, notwithstanding it has all the Ease and Spirit of an Original. In a Word, if the Ladies have a mind to know the Manner of Writing practised by the so much celebrated *Sappho*, they may here see it in its genuine and natural Beauty, without any foreign or affected Ornaments.

An HYMN to VENUS.

I.

O Venus, Beauty of the Skies,
To whom a Thousand Temples rise,
Gayly false in gentle Smiles,
Full of Love perplexing Wiles;
O Goddess! from my Heart remove
The wasting Cares and Pains of Love.

II.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A Song in soft Distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful Vow,
O gentle Goddess! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright, immortal Guest,
In all thy radiant Charms confest.

III.

Thou once didst leave Almighty Jove,
And all the Golden Roofs above:
The Carr thy wanton Sparrows drew;
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew,
As to my Bower they wing'd their Way:
I saw their quiv'ring Pinions play.

IV.

The Birds dismiss (while you remain)
Bore back their empty Carr again:
Then You, with Looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature smil'd,

Jacob's ladder by which Pope mounted to immortality. In a letter to his friend Mr Henry Cromwell, Pope said, generously putting himself out of account, that there were no better eclogues in our language than those of Philips; but when afterwards Tickell in the *Guardian*, criticising Pastoral Poets from Theocritus downwards, exalted Philips and passed over Pope, the slighted poet took his revenge by sending to Steele an amusing one paper more upon Pastorals. This was ironical exaltation of the worst he could find in Philips over the best bits of his own work, which Steele inserted (it is No. 40 of the *Guardian*). Hereupon Philips, it is said, stuck up a rod in Button's Coffee House, which he said was to be used on Pope when next he met him. Pope retained his wrath, and celebrated Philips afterwards under the character of Macer, saying of this *Spectator* time,

When simple Macer, now of high renown,
First sought a Poet's fortune in the town,
'Twas all the ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele.

And ask'd what new Complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my Aid?

V.

What Phrenzy in my Bosom rag'd,
And by what Care to be asswag'd?
What gentle Youth I could allure,
Whom in my artful Toiles secure?
Who does thy tender Heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me Who?

VI.

Tho' now he Shuns thy longing Arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted Charms:
Tho' now thy Off'rings he despise,
He soon to thee shall Sacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy Victim in his turn.

VII.

Celestial Visitant, once more
Thy needful Presence I implore!
In Pity come and ease my Grief,
Bring my distemper'd Soul Relief;
Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,
And give me All my Heart desires.

Madam Dacier observes, there is something very pretty in that Circumstance of this Ode, wherein *Venus* is described as sending away her Chariot upon her Arrival at *Sappho's* Lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient Visit which she intended to make her. This Ode was preserved by an eminent *Greek* Critick,¹ who inserted it intire in his Works, as a Pattern of Perfection in the Structure of it.

Longinus has quoted another Ode of this great Poetess, which is likewise admirable in its Kind, and has been translated by the same Hand with the foregoing one. I shall oblige my Reader with it in another Paper. In the mean while, I cannot but wonder, that these two finished Pieces have never been attempted before by any of our Countrymen. But the Truth of it is, the Compositions of the Ancients, which have not in them any of those unnatural Witticisms that are the Delight of ordinary Readers, are extremely difficult to render into another Tongue, so as the Beauties of the Original may not appear weak and faded in the Translation. C.

No. 224.] Friday, November 16, 1711. [Hughes.

—Fulgente trahit constrictos Gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generosis— Hor. Sat. 6.

IF we look abroad upon the great Multitudes of Mankind, and endeavour to trace out the Principles of Action in every Individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable that Ambition runs through the whole Species, and that every Man in Proportion to the Vigour of his Complexion is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with Men, who by the natural Bent of their Inclinations, and without the Discipline of Philosophy, aspire not to the Heights

¹ Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

of Power and Grandeur; who never set their Hearts upon a numerous Train of Clients and Dependancies, nor other gay Appendages of Greatness; who are contented with a Competency, and will not molest their Tranquillity to gain an Abundance: But it is not therefore to be concluded that such a Man is not Ambitious; his Desires may have cut out another Channel, and determined him to other Pursuits; the Motive however may be still the same; and in these Cases likewise the Man may be equally pushed on with the Desire of Distinction.

Though the pure Consciousness of worthy Actions, abstracted from the Views of popular Applause, be to a generous Mind an ample Reward, yet the Desire of Distinction was doubtless implanted in our Natures as an additional Incentive to exert our selves in virtuous Excellence.

This Passion indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble Purposes; so that we may account for many of the Excellencies and Follies of Life upon the same innate Principle, to wit, the Desire of being remarkable: For this, as it has been differently cultivated by Education, Study and Converse, will bring forth suitable Effects as it falls in with an [ingenuous¹] Disposition, or a corrupt Mind; it does accordingly express itself in Acts of Magnanimity or selfish Cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak Understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the Mind, or adorning the Outside, it renders the Man eminently Praise-worthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined only to one Passion or Pursuit; for as the same Humours, in Constitutions otherwise different, affect the Body after different Manners, so the same aspiring Principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one Object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted, but that there is as great Desire of Glory in a Ring of Wrestlers or Cudgel-Players, as in any other more refined Competition for Superiority. No Man that could avoid it, would ever suffer his Head to be broken but out of a Principle of Honour. This is the secret Spring that pushes them forward; and the Superiority which they gain above the undistinguish'd many, does more than repair those Wounds they have received in the Combat. 'Tis Mr. Waller's Opinion, that *Julius Cæsar*, had he not been Master of the *Roman* Empire, would in all Probability have made an excellent Wrestler.

*Great Julius on the Mountains bred,
A Flock perhaps or Herd had led;
He that the World subdued, had been
But the best Wrestler on the Green.²*

That he subdued the World, was owing to the Accidents of Art and Knowledge; had he not met with those Advantages, the same Sparks of Emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some Enterprize of a lower Nature. Since therefore no Man's Lot is so unalterably fixed in this Life, but that a thousand Accidents may either forward or

disappoint his Advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive Speculation, to consider a great Man as divested of all the adventitious Circumstances of Fortune, and to bring him down in one's Imagination to that low Station of Life, the Nature of which bears some distant Resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercising in Miniature those Talents of Nature, which being drawn out by Education to their full Length, enable him for the Discharge of some important Employment. On the other Hand, one may raise uneducated Merit to such a Pitch of Greatness as may seem equal to the possible Extent of his improved Capacity.

Thus Nature furnishes a Man with a general Appetite of Glory, Education determines it to this or that particular Object. The Desire of Distinction is not, I think, in any Instance more observable than in the Variety of Outsides and new Appearances, which the modish Part of the World are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable; for any thing glaring and particular, either in Behaviour or Apparel, is known to have this good Effect, that it catches the Eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the Person so adorned without due Notice and Observation. It has likewise, upon this Account, been frequently resented as a very great Slight, to leave any Gentleman out of a Lampoon or Satyr, who has as much Right to be there as his Neighbour, because it supposes the Person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate Fondness for Distinction are owing various frolicsome and irregular Practices, as sallying out into Nocturnal Exploits, breaking of Windows, singing of Catches, beating the Watch, getting Drunk twice a Day, killing a great Number of Horses; with many other Enterprizes of the like fiery Nature: For certainly many a Man is more Rakish and Extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their Approbation.

One very Common, and at the same time the most absurd Ambition that ever shewed it self in Humane Nature, is that which comes upon a Man with Experience and old Age, the Season when it might be expected he should be wisest; and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening Circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly Ferments of youthful Blood: I mean the Passion for getting Money, exclusive of the Character of the Provident Father, the Affectionate Husband, or the Generous Friend. It may be remarked, for the Comfort of honest Poverty, that this Desire reigns most in those who have but few good Qualities to recommend them. This is a Weed that will grow in a barren Soil. Humanity, Good Nature, and the Advantages of a Liberal Education, are incompatible with Avarice. 'Tis strange to see how suddenly this abject Passion kills all the noble Sentiments and generous Ambitions that adorn Humane Nature; it renders the Man who is over-run with it a peevish and cruel Master, a severe Parent, an unsociable Husband, a distant and mistrustful Friend. But it is more to the present Purpose to consider it as an absurd Passion of the Heart,

¹ [ingenious]

² In the Poem 'To Zelinda.'

rather than as a vicious Affection of the Mind. As there are frequent Instances to be met with of a proud Humility, so this Passion, contrary to most others, affects Applause, by avoiding all Show and Appearance; for this Reason it will not sometimes endure even the common Decencies of Apparel. *A covetous Man will call himself poor, that you may sooth his Vanity by contradicting him.* Love and the Desire of Glory, as they are the most natural, so they are capable of being refined into the most delicate and rational Passions. 'Tis true, the wise Man who strikes out of the secret Paths of a private Life, for Honour and Dignity, allured by the Splendour of a Court, and the unfelt Weight of publick Employment, whether he succeeds in his Attempts or no, usually comes near enough to this painted Greatness to discern the Dawbing; he is then desirous of extricating himself out of the Hurry of Life, that he may pass away the Remainder of his Days in Tranquillity and Retirement.

It may be thought then but common Prudence in a Man not to change a better State for a worse, nor ever to quit that which he knows he shall take up again with Pleasure; and yet if human Life be not a little moved with the gentle Gales of Hopes and Fears, there may be some Danger of its stagnating in an unmanly Indolence and Security. It is a known Story of *Domitian*, that after he had possessed himself of the *Roman* Empire, his Desires turn'd upon catching Flies. Active and Masculine Spirits in the Vigour of Youth neither can nor ought to remain at Rest: If they debar themselves from aiming at a noble Object, their Desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject Passion. Thus if you cut off the top Branches of a Tree, and will not suffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore cease to grow, but will quickly shoot out at the Bottom. The Man indeed who goes into the World only with the narrow Views of Self-Interest, who catches at the Applause of an idle Multitude, as he can find no solid Contentment at the End of his Journey, so he deserves to meet with Disappointments in his Way; but he who is actuated by a noble Principle, whose Mind is so far enlarged as to take in the Prospect of his Country's Good, who is enamoured with that Praise which is one of the fair Attendants of Virtue, and values not those Acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial Testimony of his own Mind; who repines not at the low Station which Providence has at present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself by justifiable Means to a more rising and advantageous Ground; such a Man is warmed with a generous Emulation; it is a virtuous Movement in him to wish and to endeavour that his Power of doing Good may be equal to his Will.

The Man who is fitted out by Nature, and sent into the World with great Abilities, is capable of doing great Good or Mischief in it. It ought therefore to be the Care of Education to infuse into the untainted Youth early Notices of Justice and Honour, that so the possible Advantages of good Parts may not take an evil Turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy Purposes. It is

the Business of Religion and Philosophy not so much to extinguish our Passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable well-chosen Objects: When these have pointed out to us which Course we may lawfully steer, 'tis no Harm to set out all our Sail; if the Storms and Tempests of Adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the Haven where we would be, it will however prove no small Consolation to us in these Circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our Course, nor fallen into Calamities of our own procuring.

Religion therefore (were we to consider it no farther than as it interposes in the Affairs of this Life) is highly valuable, and worthy of great Veneration; as it settles the various Pretensions, and otherwise interfering Interests of mortal Men, and thereby consults the Harmony and Order of the great Community; as it gives a Man room to play his Part, and exert his Abilities; as it animates to Actions truly laudable in themselves, in their Effects beneficial to Society; as it inspires rational Ambitions, correct Love, and elegant Desires. Z.

No. 225.] Saturday, November 17, 1711. [Addison.

Nullum numen abest si sit Prudentia— Juv.

I HAVE often thought if the Minds of Men were laid open, we should see but little Difference between that of the Wise Man and that of the Fool. There are infinite *Reveries*, numberless Extravagancies, and a perpetual Train of Vanities which pass through both. The great Difference is that the first knows how to pick and cull his Thoughts for Conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in Words. This sort of Discretion, however, has no Place in private Conversation between intimate Friends. On such Occasions the wisest Men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the Talking with a Friend is nothing else but *thinking aloud*.

Tully has therefore very justly exposed a Precept delivered by some Ancient Writers, That a Man should live with his Enemy in such a manner, as might leave him room to become his Friend; and with his Friend in such a manner, that if he became his Enemy, it should not be in his Power to hurt him. The first Part of this Rule, which regards our Behaviour towards an Enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter Part of it which regards our Behaviour towards a Friend, savours more of Cunning than of Discretion, and would cut a Man off from the greatest Pleasures of Life, which are the Freedoms of Conversation with a Bosom Friend. Besides, that when a Friend is turned into an Enemy, and (as the Son of *Sirach* calls him) a Bewrayer of Secrets, the World is just enough to accuse the Perfidiousness of the Friend, rather than the Indiscretion of the Person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only shew it self in Words, but in all the Circumstances of Action; and is like an Under-Agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary Concerns of Life.

There are many more shining Qualities in the Mind of Man, but there is none so useful as Discretion; it is this indeed which gives a Value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper Times and Places, and turns them to the Advantage of the Person who is possessed of them. Without it Learning is Pedantry, and Wit Impertinence; Virtue itself looks like Weakness; the best Parts only qualify a Man to be more sprightly in Errors, and active to his own Prejudice.

Nor does Discretion only make a Man the Master of his own Parts, but of other Mens. The discreet Man finds out the Talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper Uses. Accordingly if we look into particular Communities and Divisions of Men, we may observe that it is the discreet Man, not the Witty, nor the Learned, nor the Brave, who guides the Conversation, and gives Measures to the Society. A Man with great Talents, but void of Discretion, is like *Polyphemus* in the Fable, Strong and Blind, endued with an irresistible Force, which for want of Sight is of no Use to him.

Though a Man has all other Perfections, and wants Discretion, he will be of no great Consequence in the World; but if he has this single Talent in Perfection, and but a common Share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular Station of Life.

At the same time that I think Discretion the most useful Talent a Man can be Master of, I look upon Cunning to be the Accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous Minds. Discretion points out the noblest Ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable Methods of attaining them: Cunning has only private selfish Aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended Views, and, like a well-formed Eye, commands a whole Horizon: Cunning is a Kind of Short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest Objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater Authority to the Person who possesses it: Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its Force, and makes a Man incapable of bringing about even those Events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain Man. Discretion is the Perfection of Reason, and a Guide to us in all the Duties of Life; Cunning is a kind of Instinct, that only looks out after our immediate Interest and Welfare. Discretion is only found in Men of strong Sense and good Understandings: Cunning is often to be met with in Brutes themselves, and in Persons who are but the fewest Removes from them. In short Cunning is only the Mimick of Discretion, and may pass upon weak Men, in the same manner as Vivacity is often mistaken for Wit, and Gravity for Wisdom.

The Cast of Mind which is natural to a discreet Man, makes him look forward into Futurity, and consider what will be his Condition Millions of Ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the Misery or Happiness which are reserv'd for him in another World, lose nothing of their Reality by being placed at so great Distance from him. The Objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that

those Pleasures and Pains which lie hid in Eternity, approach nearer to him every Moment, and will be present with him in their full Weight and Measure, as much as those Pains and Pleasures which he feels at this very Instant. For this Reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper Happiness of his Nature, and the ultimate Design of his Being. He carries his Thoughts to the End of every Action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate Effects of it. He supersedes every little Prospect of Gain and Advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his Views of an Hereafter. In a word, his Hopes are full of Immortality, his Schemes are large and glorious, and his Conduct suitable to one who knows his true Interest, and how to pursue it by proper Methods.

I have, in this Essay upon Discretion, considered it both as an Accomplishment and as a Virtue, and have therefore described it in its full Extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly Affairs, but as it regards our whole Existence; not only as it is the Guide of a mortal Creature, but as it is in general the Director of a reasonable Being. It is in this Light that Discretion is represented by the Wise Man, who sometimes mentions it under the Name of Discretion, and sometimes under that of Wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter Part of this Paper) the greatest Wisdom, but at the same time in the Power of every one to attain. Its Advantages are infinite, but its Acquisition easy; or to speak of her in the Words of the Apocryphal Writer whom I quoted in my last Saturday's Paper, *Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. He that seeketh her early, shall have no great Travel: for he shall find her sitting at his Doors. To think therefore upon her is Perfection of Wisdom, and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without Care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, sheweth her self favourably unto them in the Ways, and meeteth them in every Thought.*¹ C.

No. 226.] Monday, November 19,² 1711. [Steele.

[—*Mutum est pictura poema.*—Hor.³]

I HAVE very often lamented and hinted my Sorrow in several Speculations, that the Art of Painting is made so little Use of to the Improvement of our Manners. When we consider that it places the Action of the Person represented

¹ Wisdom vi. 12—16.

² Swift to Stella, Nov. 18, 1711. 'Do you ever read the SPECTATORS? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no coffee-houses. They say abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in small volumes; I'll bring them over with me.'

³ [—*Pictura Poesis erit.*—Hor.]

in the most agreeable Aspect imaginable, that it does not only express the Passion or Concern as it sits upon him who is drawn, but has under those Features the Height of the Painter's Imagination. What strong Images of Virtue and Humanity might we not expect would be instilled into the Mind from the Labours of the Pencil? This is a Poetry which would be understood with much less Capacity, and less Expence of Time, than what is taught by Writings; but the Use of it is generally perverted, and that admirable Skill prostituted to the basest and most unworthy Ends. Who is the better Man for beholding the most beautiful *Venus*, the best wrought *Bacchanal*, the Images of sleeping *Cupids*, languishing Nymphs, or any of the Representations of Gods, Goddesses, Demy-gods, Satyrs, *Polyphemes*, Sphinxes, or Fauns? But if the Virtues and Vices, which are sometimes pretended to be represented under such Draughts, were given us by the Painter in the Characters of real Life, and the Persons of Men and Women whose Actions have rendered them laudable or infamous; we should not see a good History-Piece without receiving an instructive Lecture. There needs no other Proof of this Truth, than the Testimony of every reasonable Creature who has seen the Cartons in Her Majesty's Gallery at *Hampton-Court*: These are Representations of no less Actions than those of our Blessed Saviour and his Apostles. As I now sit and recollect the warm Images which the admirable *Raphael* has raised, it is impossible even from the faint Traces in one's Memory of what one has not seen these two Years, to be unmoved at the Horror and Reverence which appear in the whole Assembly when the mercenary Man fell down dead; at the Amazement of the Man born blind, when he first receives Sight; or at the graceless Indignation of the Sorcerer, when he is struck blind. The Lame, when they first find Strength in their Feet, stand doubtful of their new Vigour. The heavenly Apostles appear acting these great Things, with a deep Sense of the Infirmities which they relieve, but no Value of themselves who administer to their Weakness. They know themselves to be but Instruments; and the generous Distress they are painted in when divine Honours are offered to them, is a Representation in the most exquisite Degree of the Beauty of Holiness. When *St. Paul* is preaching to the *Athenians*, with what wonderful Art are almost all the different Tempers of Mankind represented in that elegant Audience? You see one credulous of all that is said, another wrapt up in deep Suspence, another saying there is some Reason in what he says, another angry that the Apostle destroys a favourite Opinion which he is unwilling to give up, another wholly convinced and holding out his Hands in Rapture; while the Generality attend, and wait for the Opinion of those who are of leading Characters in the Assembly. I will not pretend so much as to mention that Chart on which is drawn the Appearance of our Blessed Lord after his Resurrection. Present Authority, late Suffering, Humility and Majesty, Despotick Command, and [Divine¹] Love, are at

¹ [Brotherly]

once seated in his celestial Aspect. The Figures of the Eleven Apostles are all in the same Passion of Admiration, but discover it differently according to their Characters. *Peter* receives his Master's Orders on his Knees with an Admiration mixed with a more particular Attention: The two next with a more open Ecstasy, though still constrained by the Awe of [the Divine²] Presence: The beloved Disciple, whom I take to be the Right of the two first Figures, has in his Countenance Wonder drowned in Love; and the last Personage, whose Back is towards the Spectator[s], and his Side towards the Presence, one would fancy to be *St. Thomas*, as abashed by the Conscience of his former Diffidence; which perplexed Concern it is possible *Raphael* thought too hard a Task to draw but by this Acknowledgment of the Difficulty to describe it.

The whole Work is an Exercise of the highest Piety in the Painter; and all the Touches of a religious Mind are expressed in a Manner much more forcible than can possibly be performed by the most moving Eloquence. These invaluable Pieces are very justly in the Hands of the greatest and most pious Sovereign in the World; and cannot be the frequent Object of every one at their own Leisure: But as an Engraver is to the Painter what a Printer is to an Author, it is worthy Her Majesty's Name, that she has encouraged that noble Artist, *Monsieur Dorigny*,² to publish these Works of *Raphael*. We have of this Gentleman a Piece of the Transfiguration, which, I think, is held a Work second to none in the World.

Methinks it would be ridiculous in our People of Condition, after their large Bounties to Foreigners of no Name or Merit, should they overlook this Occasion of having, for a trifling Subscription, a Work which it is impossible for a Man of Sense to behold, without being warmed with the noblest Sentiments that can be inspired by Love, Admiration, Compassion, Contempt of this World, and Expectation of a better.

It is certainly the greatest Honour we can do our Country, to distinguish Strangers of Merit who apply to us with Modesty and Diffidence, which generally accompanies Merit. No Opportunity of this Kind ought to be neglected; and a modest Behaviour should alarm us to examine whether we do not lose something excellent under that Disadvantage in the Possessor of that

¹ [celestial]

² Michel Dorigny, painter and engraver, native of St. Quentin, pupil and son-in-law of Simon Vouet, whose style he adopted, was Professor in the Paris Academy of Painting, and died at the age of 48, in 1665. His son and Vouet's grandson, Nicola Dorigny, in aid of whose undertaking Steele wrote this paper in the *Spectator*, had been invited from Rome by several of the nobility, to produce, with licence from the Queen, engravings from Raphael's Cartoons, at Hampton Court. He offered eight plates 19 inches high, and from 25 to 30 inches long, for four guineas subscription, although, he said in his Prospectus, the five prints of Alexander's Battles after Lebrun were often sold for twenty guineas.

Quality. My Skill in Paintings, where one is not directed by the Passion of the Pictures, is so inconsiderable, that I am in very great Perplexity when I offer to speak of any Performances of Painters of Landskips, Buildings, or single Figures. This makes me at a loss how to mention the Pieces which Mr. *Boul* exposes to Sale by Auction on *Wednesday* next in *Shandois-street*: But having heard him commended by those who have bought of him heretofore for great Integrity in his Dealing, and overheard him himself (tho' a laudable Painter) say, nothing of his own was fit to come into the Room with those he had to sell, I fear'd I should lose an Occasion of serving a Man of Worth, in omitting to speak of his Auction.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There is arrived from Italy a Painter who acknowledges himself the greatest Person of the Age in that Art, and is willing to be as renowned in this Island as he declares he is in Foreign Parts.

The Doctor paints the Poor for nothing. T.

No. 227.] Tuesday, Nov. 20, 1711. [Addison.

ὦ μοι ἐγὼ τί πάθω; τί δ' δύσσοος; οὐχ ὑπακούεις;
 Τὰν βαίταν ἀποδὸς εἰς κύματα τῆνα ἀλευ-
 μαι
 Ὡπερ τὼς Δύννωσ σκοπιάζεται Ὀλπις ὁ
 γριπεύς.
 Κῆκα μὴ ποθάνω, τό γε μὰν τεδὸν ἀδὺ τέ-
 τυκται.—Theoc.

IN my last *Thursday's* Paper I made mention of a Place called *The Lover's Leap*, which I find has raised a great Curiosity among several of my Correspondents. I there told them that this Leap was used to be taken from a Promontory of *Leucas*. This *Leucas* was formerly a Part of *Acarmania*, being [joined to¹] it by a narrow Neck of Land, which the Sea has by length of Time overflowed and washed away; so that at present *Leucas* is divided from the Continent, and is a little Island in the *Ionian* Sea. The Promontory of this Island, from whence the Lover took his Leap, was formerly called *Leucate*. If the Reader has a mind to know both the Island and the Promontory by their modern Titles, he will find in his Map the ancient Island of *Leucas* under the Name of *St. Mauro*, and the ancient Promontory of *Leucate* under the Name of *The Cape of St. Mauro*.

Since I am engaged thus far in Antiquity, I must observe that *Theocritus* in the Motto prefixed to my Paper, describes one of his despairing Shepherds addressing himself to his Mistress after the following manner, *Alas! What will become of me! Wretch that I am! Will you not hear me? I'll throw off my Cloaths, and*

¹ [divided from]

take a Leap into that Part of the Sea which is so much frequented by Olphis the Fisherman. And tho' I should escape with my Life, I know you will be pleased with it. I shall leave it with the Criticks to determine whether the Place, which this Shepherd so particularly points out, was not the above-mentioned *Leucate*, or at least some other Lover's Leap, which was supposed to have had the same Effect. I cannot believe, as all the Interpreters do, that the Shepherd means nothing farther here than that he would drown himself, since he represents the Issue of his Leap as doubtful, by adding, That if he should escape with [Life,²] he knows his Mistress would be pleased with it; which is, according to our Interpretation, the she would rejoice any way to get rid of a Lover who was so troublesome to her.

After this short Preface, I shall present my Reader with some Letters which I have received upon this Subject. The first is sent me by a Physician.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Lover's Leap, which you mention in your '223d Paper, was generally, I believe, a very effectual Cure for Love, and not only for Love, but for all other Evils. In short, Sir, I am afraid it was such a Leap as that which *Hero* took to get rid of her Passion for *Leander*. A Man is in no Danger of breaking his Heart, who breaks his Neck to prevent it. I know very well the Wonders which ancient Authors relate concerning this Leap; and in particular, that very many Persons who tried it, escaped not only with their Lives but their Limbs. If by this Means they got rid of their Love, tho' it may in part be ascribed to the Reasons you give for it; why may not we suppose that the cold Bath into which they plunged themselves, had also some Share in their Cure? A Leap into the Sea or into any Creek of Salt Waters, very often gives a new Motion to the Spirits, and a new Turn to the Blood; for which Reason we prescribe it in Distempers which no other Medicine will reach. I could produce a Quotation out of a very venerable Author, in which the Frenzy produced by Love, is compared to that which is produced by the Biting of a mad Dog. But as this Comparison is a little too coarse for your Paper, and might look as if it were cited to ridicule the Author who has made use of it; I shall only hint at it, and desire you to consider whether, if the Frenzy produced by these two different Causes be of the same Nature, it may not very properly be cured by the same Means.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

and Well-wisher,

ESCULAPIUS.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Woman crossed in Love. My Story is very long and melancholy. To give you the heads of it: A young Gentleman, after having made his Applications to me for three Years together, and filled my Head with a thousand Dreams of Happiness, some few Days since mar-

² [his Life,]

'ried another. Pray tell me in what Part of the
'World your Promontory lies, which you call *The*
'*Lover's Leap*, and whether one may go to it by
'Land? But, alas, I am afraid it has lost its Vir-
'tue, and that a Woman of our Times would find
'no more Relief in taking such a Leap, than in
'singing an Hymn to *Venus*. So that I must cry
'out with *Dido* in *Dryden's Virgil*,

Ah! cruel Heaven, that made no Cure for Love!

Your disconsolate Servant,
ATHENAIS.

MISTER SPICATUR,

'My Heart is so full of Loves and Passions for
'Mrs. *Gwinifrid*, and she is so pettish and over-
'run with Cholers against me, that if I had the
'good Happiness to have my Dwelling (which is
'placed by my Creat-Cranfather upon the Pottom
'of an Hill) no farther Distance but twenty Mile
'from the *Lofer's Leap*, I would indeed indeafour
'to preak my Neck upon it on Purpose. Now, good
'Mister SPICATUR of *Crete Prittain*, you must
'know it there is in *Caernarvanshire* a fery pig
'Mountain, the Clory of all *Wales*, which is named
'*Penmainmaure*, and you must also know, it iss
'no great Journey on Foot from me; but the
'Road is stony and bad for Shooes. Now, there
'is upon the Forehead of this Mountain a very
'high Rock, (like a Parish Steeple) that cometh a
'huge deal over the Sea; so when I am in my
'Melancholies, and I do throw myself from it, I
'do desire my fery good Friend to tell me in his
'*Spictatur*, if I shall be cure of my grefous Loves;
'for there is the Sea clear as Glass, and as creen
'as the Leek: Then likewise if I be drown, and
'preak my Neck, if Mrs. *Gwinifrid* will not lose
'me afterwards. Pray be speedy in your Answers,
'for I am in crete Haste, and it is my Tesires to
'do my Pusiness without Loss of Time. I remain
'with cordial Affections, your ever lofing Friend,
Davyth ap Shenkyn.

P. S. 'My Law-suits have brought me to
'*London*, but I have lost my Causes; and so have
'made my Resolutions to go down and leap before
'the Frosts begin; for I am apt to take Colds.

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better Expedient against
Love than sober Advice, and I am of Opinion,
that *Hudibras* and *Don Quixote* may be as ef-
fectual to cure the Extravagancies of this Passion,
as any of the old Philosophers. I shall therefore
publish, very speedily, the Translation of a little
Greek Manuscript, which is sent me by a learned
Friend. It appears to have been a Piece of those
Records which were kept in the little Temple of
Apollo, that stood upon the Promontory of *Leu-*
cate. The Reader will find it to be a Summary
Account of several Persons who tried the *Lover's*
Leap, and of the Success they found in it. As
there seem to be in it some Anachronisms and
Deviations from the ancient Orthography, I am
not wholly satisfied myself that it is authentick,
and not rather the Production of one of those
Grecian Sophisters, who have imposed upon the
World several spurious Works of this Nature. I
speak this by way of Precaution, because I know
there are several Writers, of uncommon Erudition,
who would not fail to expose my Ignorance, if they

caught me tripping in a Matter of so great Mo-
ment.¹ C.

No. 228.] Wednesday, November 21, 1711. [Steele.

Percunctatorem fugito, nam Garrulus idem est.
Hor.

THERE is a Creature who has all the Organs
of Speech, a tolerable good Capacity for
conceiving what is said to it, together with a pretty
proper Behaviour in all the Occurrences of com-
mon Life; but naturally very vacant of Thought
in it self, and therefore forced to apply it self to
foreign Assistances. Of this Make is that Man
who is very inquisitive. You may often observe,
that tho' he speaks as good Sense as any Man up-
on any thing with which he is well acquainted, he
cannot trust to the Range of his own Fancy to
entertain himself upon that Foundation, but goes
on to still new Enquiries. Thus, tho' you know
he is fit for the most polite Conversation, you shall
see him very well contented to sit by a Jockey,
giving an Account of the many Revolutions in his
Horse's Health, what Potion he made him take,
how that agreed with him, how afterwards he
came to his Stomach and his Exercise, or any the
like Impertinence; and be as well pleased as if
you talked to him on the most important Truths.
This Humour is far from making a Man unhappy,
tho' it may subject him to Raillery; for he gen-
erally falls in with a Person who seems to be born
for him, which is your talkative Fellow. It is so
ordered, that there is a secret Bent, as natural
as the Meeting of different Sexes, in these two
Characters, to supply each other's Wants. I had
the Honour the other Day to sit in a publick
Room, and saw an inquisitive Man look with an
Air of Satisfaction upon the Approach of one of
these Talkers. The Man of ready Utterance sat
down by him, and rubbing his Head, leaning on
his Arm, and making an uneasy Countenance, he
began; 'There is no manner of News To-day. I
'cannot tell what is the Matter with me, but I
'slept very ill last Night; whether I caught Cold

¹ The following Advertisement appeared in Nos.
227—234, 237, 247 and 248, with the word 'cer-
tainly' before 'be ready' after the first insertion:

There is now Printing by Subscription
two Volumes of the SPECTATORS on a large Cha-
racter in Octavo; the Price of the two Vols. well
Bound and Gilt two Guineas. Those who are in-
clined to Subscribe, are desired to make their first
Payments to Jacob Tonson, Bookseller in the
Strand, the Books being so near finished, that they
will be ready for the Subscribers at or before
Christmas next.

The Third and Fourth Volumes of the LUCU-
BRATIONS of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., are ready to
be delivered at the same Place.

N. B. The Author desires that such Gentlemen
who have not received their Books for which they
have Subscribed, would be pleased to signify the
same to Mr. Tonson.

'or no, I know not, but I fancy I do not wear
'Shoes thick enough for the Weather, and I have
'coughed all this Week: It must be so, for the
'Custom of washing my Head Winter and Sum-
'mer with cold Water, prevents any Injury from
'the Season entering that Way; so it must come
'in at my Feet; But I take no notice of it: as it
'comes so it goes. Most of our Evils proceed
'from too much Tenderness; and our Faces are
'naturally as little able to resist the Cold as other
'Parts. The *Indian* answered very well to an
'*European*, who asked him how he could go
'naked; I am all Face.

I observed this Discourse was as welcome to
my general Enquirer as any other of more Conse-
quence could have been; but some Body calling
our Talker to another Part of the Room, the En-
quirer told the next Man who sat by him, that Mr.
such a one, who was just gone from him, used to
wash his Head in cold Water every Morning; and
so repeated almost *verbatim* all that had been
said to him. The Truth is, the Inquisitive are the
Funnels of Conversation; they do not take in any
thing for their own Use, but merely to pass it to
another: They are the Channels through which
all the Good and Evil that is spoken in Town are
conveyed. Such as are offended at them, or
think they suffer by their Behaviour, may them-
selves mend that Inconvenience; for they are
not a malicious People, and if you will supply
them, you may contradict any thing they have
said before by their own Mouths. A farther Ac-
count of a thing is one of the gratefullest Goods
that can arrive to them; and it is seldom that
they are more particular than to say, The Town
will have it, or I have it from a good Hand: So
that there is room for the Town to know the Matter
more particularly, and for a better Hand to con-
tradict what was said by a good one.

I have not known this Humour more ridiculous
than in a Father, who has been earnestly solicitous
to have an Account how his Son has passed his
leisure Hours; if it be in a Way thoroughly in-
significant, there cannot be a greater Joy than an
Enquirer discovers in seeing him follow so hope-
fully his own Steps: But this Humour among
Men is most pleasant when they are saying some-
thing which is not wholly proper for a third Person
to hear, and yet is in itself indifferent. The other
Day there came in a well-dressed young Fellow,
and two Gentlemen of this Species immediately
fell a whispering his Pedigree. I could overhear,
by Breaks, She was his Aunt; then an Answer,
Ay, she was of the Mother's Side: Then again in
a little lower Voice, His Father wore generally a
darker Wig; Answer, Not much. But this Gen-
tleman wears higher Heels to his Shoes.

As the Inquisitive, in my Opinion, are such
merely from a Vacancy in their own Imaginations,
there is nothing, methinks, so dangerous as to
communicate Secrets to them; for the same Tem-
per of Enquiry makes them as impertinently com-
municative: But no Man, though he converses
with them, need put himself in their Power, for
they will be contented with Matters of less Moment
as well. When there is Fuel enough, no matter
what it is——Thus the Ends of Sentences in
the News Papers, as, *This wants Confirmation,*

*This occasions many Speculations, and Time will
discover the Event,* are read by them, and con-
sidered not as mere Expletives.

One may see now and then this Humour ac-
companied with an insatiable Desire of knowing
what passes, without turning it to any Use in the
world but merely their own Entertainment. A
Mind which is gratified this Way is adapted to
Humour and Pleasantry, and formed for an un-
concerned Character in the World; and, like my
self, to be a mere Spectator. This Curiosity,
without Malice or Self-interest, lays up in the
Imagination a Magazine of Circumstances which
cannot but entertain when they are produced in
Conversation. If one were to know, from the Man
of the first Quality to the meanest Servant, the
different Intrigues, Sentiments, Pleasures, and
Interests of Mankind, would it not be the most
pleasing Entertainment imaginable to enjoy so
constant a Farce, as the observing Mankind much
more different from themselves in their secret
Thoughts and publick Actions, than in their
Night-caps and long Periwigs?

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Plutarch tells us, that *Caius Gracchus*, the
Roman, was frequently hurried by his Passion
into so loud and tumultuous a way of Speaking,
and so strained his Voice as not to be able to
proceed. To remedy this Excess, he had an in-
genious Servant, by Name *Licinius*, always
attended him with a Pitch-pipe, or Instrument to
regulate the Voice; who, whenever he heard
his Master begin to be high, immediately touched
a soft Note; at which, 'tis said, *Caius* would
presently abate and grow calm.

Upon recollecting this Story, I have frequently
wondered that this useful Instrument should have
been so long discontinued; especially since we find
that this good Office of *Licinius* has preserved
his Memory for many hundred Years, which,
methinks, should have encouraged some one to
have revived it, if not for the publick Good, yet
for his own Credit. It may be objected, that
our loud Talkers are so fond of their own Noise,
that they would not take it well to be check'd by
their Servants: But granting this to be true,
surely any of their Hearers have a very good
Title to play a soft Note in their own Defence.
To be short, no *Licinius* appearing and the
Noise increasing, I was resolved to give this late
long Vacation to the Good of my Country; and
I have at length, by the Assistance of an inge-
nious Artist, (who works to the Royal Society) al-
most compleated my Design, and shall be ready
in a short Time to furnish the Publick with what
Number of these Instruments they please, either
to lodge at Coffee-houses, or carry for their own
private Use. In the mean time I shall pay that
Respect to several Gentleman, who I know will
be in Danger of offending against this Instru-
ment, to give them notice of it by private Letters,
in which I shall only write, *Get a Licinius*.

I should now trouble you no longer, but that
I must not conclude without desiring you to ac-
cept one of these Pipes, which shall be left for
you with *Buckley*; and which I hope will be
serviceable to you, since as you are silent your-

'self you are most open to the Insults of the
'Noisy.

I am, SIR, &c. W. B.

'I had almost forgot to inform you, that as an
'Improvement in this Instrument, there will be a
'particular Note, which I call a Hush-Note; and
'this is to be made use of against a long Story,
'Swearing, Obsceneness, and the like.

No. 229.] *Thursday, Nov. 22, 1711.* [Addison.

*Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.—Hor.*

AMONG the many famous Pieces of Antiquity which are still to be seen at *Rome*, there is the Trunk of a Statue¹ which has lost the Arms, Legs, and Head; but discovers such an exquisite Workmanship in what remains of it, that *Michael Angelo* declared he had learned his whole Art from it. Indeed he studied it so attentively, that he made most of his Statues, and even his Pictures in that *Gusto*, to make use of the *Italian* Phrase; for which Reason this maimed Statue is still called *Michael Angelo's School*.

A Fragment of *Sappho*, which I design for the Subject of this Paper,² is in as great Reputation among the Poets and Criticks, as the mutilated Figure above-mentioned is among the Statuaries and Painters. Several of our Countrymen, and *Mr. Dryden* in particular, seem very often to have copied after it in their Dramatick Writings, and in their Poems upon Love.

Whatever might have been the Occasion of this Ode, the English Reader will enter into the Beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the Person of a Lover sitting by his Mistress. I shall set to View three different Copies of this beautiful Original: The first is a Translation by *Catullus*, the second by *Monsieur Boileau*, and the last by a Gentleman whose Translation of the *Hymn to Venus* has been so deservedly admired.

Ad LESBIAM.

*Ille mî par esse deo videtur,
Ille, si fas est, superare divos,
Qui sedens adversus identidem te,
Spectat, et audit.
Dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
Eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,
Lesbia, adspexi, nihil est super mî
Quod loquar amens.
Lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
Flamma dimanat, sonitu suoapte
Tinniunt aures, gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte.*

My learned Reader will know very well the Reason why one of these Verses is printed in

¹ The Belvidere Torso.

² The other translation by *Ambrose Philips*. See note to No. 223.

Roman Letter;¹ and if he compares this Translation with the Original, will find that the three first Stanzas are rendred almost Word for Word, and not only with the same Elegance, but with the same short Turn of Expression which is so remarkable in the *Greek*, and so peculiar to the *Sapphick* Ode. I cannot imagine for what Reason *Madam Dacier* has told us, that this Ode of *Sappho* is preserved entire in *Longinus*, since it is manifest to any one who looks into that Author's Quotation of it, that there must at least have been another Stanza, which is not transmitted to us.

The second Translation of this Fragment which I shall here cite, is that of *Monsieur Boileau*.

*Heureux! qui près de toi, pour toi seule soupire:
Qui jouit du plaisir de t'entendre parler:
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui sourire.
Les Dieux, dans son bonheur, peuvent-ils l'égaler?*

*Je sens de veine en veine une subtile flamme
Courir par tout mon corps, si-tost que je te vois:
Et dans les doux transports, où s'égare mon
ame,*

Je ne sçaurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.

*Un nuage confus se répand sur ma vuë,
Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de douces lan-
gueurs;*

*Et pâle, sans haleine, interdite, esperduë,
Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs.*

The Reader will see that this is rather an Imitation than a Translation. The Circumstances do not lie so thick together, and follow one another with that Vehemence and Emotion as in the Original. In short, *Monsieur Boileau* has given us all the Poetry, but not all the Passion of this famous Fragment. I shall, in the last Place, present my Reader with the *English* Translation.

I.

*Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.*

II.

*'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest,
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast;
For while I gaz'd, in Transport tost,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost:*

III.

*My Bosom glow'd; the subtle Flame
Ran quick through all my vital Frame;
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung;
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.*

IV.

*In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd;
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd;
My feeble Pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.*

Instead of giving any Character of this last Translation, I shall desire my learned Reader to look into the Criticisms which *Longinus* has made upon the Original. By that means he will know to which of the Translations he ought to give the

¹ Wanting in copies then known, it is here supplied by conjecture.

Preference. I shall only add, that this Translation is written in the very Spirit of *Sappho*, and as near the *Greek* as the Genius of our Language will possibly suffer.

Longinus has observed, that this Description of Love in *Sappho* is an exact Copy of Nature, and that all the Circumstances which follow one another in such an Hurry of Sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the Phrenzies of Love.

I wonder, that not one of the Criticks or Editors, through whose Hands this Ode has passed, has taken Occasion from it to mention a Circumstance related by *Plutarch*. That Author in the famous Story of *Antiochus*, who fell in Love with *Stratonice*, his Mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his Passion) pretended to be confined to his Bed by Sickness, tells us, that *Erasistratus*, the Physician, found out the Nature of his Distemper by those Symptoms of Love which he had learnt from *Sappho's* Writings.¹ *Stratonice* was in the Room of the Love-sick Prince, when these Symptoms discovered themselves to his Physician; and it is probable, that they were not very different from those which *Sappho* here describes in a Lover sitting by his Mistress. This Story of *Antiochus* is so well known, that I need not add the Sequel of it, which has no Relation to my present Subject. C.

No. 230.] Friday, Nov. 23, 1711. [Steele.

Homines ad Deos nullâ re propius accedunt, quam salutem Hominibus dando.—Tull.

HUMAN Nature appears a very deformed, or a very beautiful Object, according to the different Lights in which it is viewed. When we see Men of inflamed Passions, or of wicked Designs, tearing one another to pieces by open Violence, or undermining each other by secret Treachery; when we observe base and narrow Ends pursued by ignominious and dishonest Means; when we behold Men mixed in Society as if it were for the Destruction of it; we are even ashamed of our Species, and out of Humour with our own Being: But in another Light, when we behold them mild, good, and benevolent, full of a generous Regard for the publick Prosperity, compassionating [each²] other's Distresses, and relieving each other's Wants, we can hardly believe they are Creatures of the same Kind. In this View they appear Gods to each other, in the Exercise of the noblest Power, that

¹ In *Plutarch's* Life of *Demetrius*. 'When others entered *Antiochus* was entirely unaffected. But when *Stratonice* came in, as she often did, he shewed all the symptoms described by *Sappho*, the faltering voice, the burning blush, the languid eye, the sudden sweat, the tumultuous pulse; and at length, the passion overcoming his spirits, a swoon and mortal paleness.'

² [of each]

of doing Good; and the greatest Compliment we have ever been able to make to our own Being, has been by calling this Disposition of Mind Humanity. We cannot but observe a Pleasure arising in our own Breast upon the seeing or hearing of a generous Action, even when we are wholly disinterested in it. I cannot give a more proper Instance of this, than by a Letter from *Pliny*, in which he recommends a Friend in the most handsome manner, and, methinks, it would be a great Pleasure to know the Success of this Epistle, though each Party concerned in it has been so many hundred Years in his Grave.

To MAXIMUS.

'What I should gladly do for any Friend of yours, I think I may now with Confidence request for a Friend of mine. *Arrianus Maturius* is the most considerable Man of his Country; when I call him so, I do not speak with Relation to his Fortune, though that is very plentiful, but to his Integrity, Justice, Gravity, and Prudence; his Advice is useful to me in Business, and his Judgment in Matters of Learning: His Fidelity, Truth, and good Understanding, are very great; besides this, he loves me as you do, than which I cannot say any thing that signifies a warmer Affection. He has nothing that's aspiring; and though he might rise to the highest Order of Nobility, he keeps himself in an inferior Rank; yet I think myself bound to use my Endeavours to serve and promote him; and would therefore find the Means of adding something to his Honours while he neither expects nor knows it, nay, though he should refuse it. Something, in short, I would have for him that may be honourable, but not troublesome; and I entreat that you will procure him the first thing of this kind that offers, by which you will not only oblige me, but him also; for though he does not covet it, I know he will be as grateful in acknowledging your Favour as if he had asked it.¹

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Reflections in some of your Papers on the servile manner of Education now in Use, have given Birth to an Ambition, which, unless you discountenance it, will, I doubt, engage me in a very difficult, tho' not ungrateful Adventure. I am about to undertake, for the sake of the *British* Youth, to instruct them in such a manner, that the most dangerous Page in *Virgil* or *Homer* may be read by them with much Pleasure, and with perfect Safety to their Persons.

'Could I prevail so far as to be honoured with the Protection of some few of them, (for I am not Hero enough to rescue many) my Design is to retire with them to an agreeable Solitude; though within the Neighbourhood of a City, for the Convenience of their being instructed in Musick, Dancing, Drawing, Designing, or any other such Accomplishments, which it is conceived may make as proper Diversions for them, and almost as pleasant, as the little sordid

¹ *Pliny*, Jun., Epist. Bk. II. Ep. 2. Thus far the paper is by *John Hughes*.

'Games which dirty School-boys are so much delighted with. It may easily be imagined, how such a pretty Society, conversing with none beneath themselves, and sometimes admitted as perhaps not unentertaining Parties amongst better Company, commended and caressed for their little Performances, and turned by such Conversations to a certain Gallantry of Soul, might be brought early acquainted with some of the most polite *English* Writers. This having given them some tolerable Taste of Books, they would make themselves Masters of the *Latin* Tongue by Methods far easier than those in *Lilly*, with as little Difficulty or Reluctance as young Ladies learn to speak *French*, or to sing *Italian* Operas. When they had advanced thus far, it would be time to form their Taste something more exactly: One that had any true Relish of fine Writing, might, with great Pleasure both to himself and them, run over together with them the best *Roman* Historians, Poets, and Orators, and point out their more remarkable Beauties; give them a short Scheme of Chronology, a little View of Geography, Medals, Astronomy, or what else might best feed the busy inquisitive Humour so natural to that Age. Such of them as had the least Spark of Genius, when it was once awakened by the shining Thoughts and great Sentiments of those admired Writers, could not, I believe, be easily withheld from attempting that more difficult Sister Language, whose exalted Beauties they would have heard so often celebrated as the Pride and Wonder of the whole Learned World. In the mean while, it would be requisite to exercise their Style in Writing any light Pieces that ask more of Fancy than of Judgment: and that frequently in their Native Language, which every one methinks should be most concerned to cultivate, especially Letters, in which a Gentleman must have so frequent Occasions to distinguish himself. A Set of genteel good-natured Youths fallen into such a Manner of Life, would form almost a little Academy, and doubtless prove no such contemptible Companions, as might not often tempt a wiser Man to mingle himself in their Diversions, and draw them into such serious Sports as might prove nothing less instructing than the gravest Lessons. I doubt not but it might be made some of their Favourite Plays, to contend which of them should recite a beautiful Part of a Poem or Oration most gracefully, or sometimes to join in acting a Scene of *Terence*, *Sophocles*, or our own *Shakespear*. The Cause of *Milo* might again be pleaded before more favourable Judges, *Cæsar* a second time be taught to tremble, and another Race of *Athenians* be afresh enraged at the Ambition of another *Philip*. Amidst these noble Amusements, we could hope to see the early Dawnings of their Imagination daily brighten into Sense, their Innocence improve into Virtue, and their unexperienced Good-nature directed to a generous Love of their Country.

T.

I am, &c.

No. 231.] Saturday, November 24, 1711. [Addison.

O Pudor! O Pietas! ——— Mart.

LOOKING over the Letters which I have lately received from my Correspondents, I met with the following one, which is written with such a Spirit of Politeness, that I could not but be very much pleased with it my self, and question not but it will be as acceptable to the Reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR,¹

'You, who are no Stranger to Publick Assemblies, cannot but have observed the Awe they often strike on such as are obliged to exert any Talent before them. This is a sort of elegant Distress, to which ingenuous Minds are the most liable, and may therefore deserve some remarks in your Paper. Many a brave Fellow, who has put his Enemy to Flight in the Field, has been in the utmost Disorder upon making a Speech before a Body of his Friends at home: One would think there was some kind of Fascination in the Eyes of a large Circle of People, when darting altogether upon one Person. I have seen a new Actor in a Tragedy so bound up by it as to be scarce able to speak or move, and have expected he would have died above three Acts before the Dagger or Cup of Poison were brought in. It would not be amiss, if such an one were at first introduced as a Ghost or a Statue, till he recovered his Spirits, and grew fit for some living Part.

'As this sudden Desertion of one's self shews a Diffidence, which is not displeasing, it implies at the same time the greatest Respect to an Audience that can be. It is a sort of mute Eloquence, which pleads for their Favour much better than Words could do; and we find their Generosity naturally moved to support those who are in so much Perplexity to entertain them. I was extremely pleased with a late Instance of this Kind at the Opera of *Almahide*, in the Encouragement given to a young Singer,² whose more than ordinary Concern on her first Appearance, recommended her no less than her agreeable Voice, and just Performance. Meer Bashfulness without Merit is awkward; and Merit without Modesty, insolent. But modest Merit has a double Claim to Acceptance, and generally meets with as many Patrons as Beholders.

I am, &c.

It is impossible that a Person should exert himself to Advantage in an Assembly, whether it be his Part either to sing or speak, who lies under too great Oppressions of Modesty. I remember, upon talking with a Friend of mine concerning the Force of Pronunciation, our Discourse led us into the Enumeration of the several Organs of Speech which an Orator ought to have in Perfection, as the Tongue, the Teeth [the Lips,] the Nose, the Palate, and the Wind-pipe. Upon which, says my Friend, you have omitted the most material Organ of them all, and that is the Forehead.

¹ This letter is by John Hughes.² Mrs. Barbier.

But notwithstanding an Excess of Modesty obstructs the Tongue, and renders it unfit for its Offices, a due Proportion of it is thought so requisite to an Orator, that Rhetoricians have recommended it to their Disciples as a Particular in their Art. *Cicero* tells us that he never liked an Orator who did not appear in some little Confusion at the Beginning of his Speech, and confesses that he himself never entered upon an Oration without Trembling and Concern. It is indeed a kind of Deference which is due to a great Assembly, and seldom fails to raise a Benevolence in the Audience towards the Person who speaks. My Correspondent has taken notice that the bravest Men often appear timorous on these Occasions, as indeed we may observe, that there is generally no Creature more impudent than a Coward.

—*Lingua melior, sed frigida bello*
Dextera—

A bold Tongue and a feeble Arm are the Qualifications of *Drances* in *Virgil*; as *Homer*, to express a Man both timorous and sawcy, makes use of a kind of Point, which is very rarely to be met with in his Writings; namely, that he had the Eyes of a Dog, but the Heart of a Deer.¹

A just and reasonable Modesty does not only recommend Eloquence, but sets off every great Talent which a Man can be possessed of. It heightens all the Virtues which it accompanies like the Shades in Paintings, it raises and rounds every Figure, and makes the Colours more beautiful, though not so glaring as they would be without it.

Modesty is not only an Ornament, but also a Guard to Virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate Feeling in the Soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw her self from every thing that has Danger in it. It is such an exquisite Sensibility, as warns her to shun the first Appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the Place or Time of what I am going to mention; but I have read somewhere in the History of Ancient Greece, that the Women of the Country were seized with an unaccountable Melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The Senate, after having tried many Expedients to prevent this Self-Murder, which was so frequent among them, published an Edict, That if any Woman whatever should lay violent Hands upon her self, her Corps should be exposed naked in the Street, and dragged about the City in the most publick Manner. This Edict immediately put a Stop to the Practice which was before so common. We may see in this Instance the Strength of Female Modesty, which was able to overcome the Violence even of Madness and Despair. The Fear of Shame in the Fair Sex, was in those Days more prevalent than that of Death.

If Modesty has so great an Influence over our Actions, and is in many Cases so impregnable a Fence to Virtue; what can more undermine Morality than that Politeness which reigns among the unthinking Part of Mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenuous Part of our Beha-

viour; which recommends Impudence as good Breeding, and keeps a Man always in Countenance, not because he is Innocent, but because he is Shameless?

Seneca thought Modesty so great a Check to Vice, that he prescribes to us the Practice of it in Secret, and advises us to raise it in ourselves upon imaginary Occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves; for this is the Meaning of his Precept, that when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest Solitudes, we should fancy that *Cato* stands before us, and sees every thing we do. In short, if you banish Modesty out of the World, she carries away with her half the Virtue that is in it.

After these Reflections on Modesty, as it is a Virtue; I must observe, that there is a vicious Modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those Persons very often discover, who value themselves most upon a well-bred Confidence. This happens when a Man is ashamed to act up to his Reason, and would not upon any Consideration be surprized in the Practice of those Duties, for the Performance of which he was sent into the World. Many an impudent Libertine would blush to be caught in a serious Discourse, and would scarce be able to show his Head, after having disclosed a religious Thought. Decency of Behaviour, all outward Show of Virtue, and Abhorrence of Vice, are carefully avoided by this Set of Shame-faced People, as what would disparage their Gayety of Temper, and infallibly bring them to Dishonour. This is such a Poorness of Spirit, such a despicable Cowardice, such a degenerate abject State of Mind, as one would think Human Nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent Instances of it in ordinary Conversation.

There is another Kind of vicious Modesty which makes a Man ashamed of his Person, his Birth, his Profession, his Poverty, or the like Misfortunes, which it was not in his Choice to prevent, and is not in his Power to rectify. If a Man appears ridiculous by any of the afore-mentioned Circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of Countenance for them. They should rather give him Occasion to exert a noble Spirit, and to palliate those Imperfections which are not in his Power, by those Perfections which are; or to use a very witty Allusion of an eminent Author, he should imitate *Cæsar*, who, because his Head was bald, cover'd that Defect with Laurels. C.

—◆—

No. 232.] Monday, November 26, 1711. [Hughes?]

Nihil largiundo gloriam adeptus est.—Sallust.

MY wise and good Friend, Sir *Andrew Freeport*, divides himself almost equally between the Town and the Country: His Time in Town is given up to the Publick, and the Management of his private Fortune; and after every three or four Days spent in this Manner, he retires for as many to his Seat within a few Miles of the

¹ *Iliad*, i. 225.

¹ Or Henry Martyn?

Town, to the Enjoyment of himself, his Family, and his Friend. Thus Business and Pleasure, or rather, in Sir *Andrew*, Labour and Rest, recommend each other. They take their Turns with so quick a Vicissitude, that neither becomes a Habit, or takes Possession of the whole Man; nor is it possible he should be surfeited with either. I often see him at our Club in good Humour, and yet sometimes too with an Air of Care in his Looks: But in his Country Retreat he is always unbent, and such a Companion as I could desire; and therefore I seldom fail to make one with him when he is pleased to invite me.

The other Day, as soon as we were got into his Chariot, two or three Beggars on each Side hung upon the Doors, and solicited our Charity with the usual Rhetorick of a sick Wife or Husband at home, three or four helpless little Children all starving with Cold and Hunger. We were forced to part with some Money to get rid of their Importunity; and then we proceeded on our Journey with the Blessings and Acclamations of these People.

'Well then, says Sir *Andrew*, we go off with the Prayers and good Wishes of the Beggars, and perhaps too our Healths will be drunk at the next Ale-house: So all we shall be able to value ourselves upon, is, that we have promoted the Trade of the Victualler and the Excises of the Government. But how few Ounces of Wooll do we see upon the Backs of those poor Creatures? And when they shall next fall in our Way, they will hardly be better dress'd; they must always live in Rags to look like Objects of Compassion. If their Families too are such as they are represented, 'tis certain they cannot be better clothed, and must be a great deal worse fed: One would think Potatoes should be all their Bread, and their Drink the pure Element; and then what goodly Customers are the Farmers like to have for their Wooll, Corn and Cattle? Such Customers, and such a Consumption, cannot choose but advance the landed Interest, and hold up the Rents of the Gentlemen.

'But of all Men living, we Merchants, who live by Buying and Selling, ought never to encourage Beggars. The Goods which we export are indeed the Product of the Lands, but much the greatest Part of their Value is the Labour of the People: but how much of these Peoples Labour shall we export whilst we hire them to sit still? The very Alms they receive from us, are the Wages of Idleness. I have often thought that no Man should be permitted to take Relief from the Parish, or to ask it in the Street, till he has first purchased as much as possible of his own Livelihood by the Labour of his own Hands; and then the Publick ought only to be taxed to make good the Deficiency. If this Rule was strictly observed, we should see every where such a Multitude of new Labourers, as would in all probability reduce the Prices of all our Manufactures. It is the very Life of Merchandise to buy cheap and sell dear. The Merchant ought to make his Out-set as cheap as possible, that he may find the greater Profit upon his Returns; and nothing will enable him to do this like the Reduction of the Price of Labour upon all our

Manufactures. This too would be the ready Way to increase the Number of our Foreign Markets: The Abatement of the Price of the Manufacture would pay for the Carriage of it to more distant Countries; and this Consequence would be equally beneficial both to the Landed and Trading Interests. As so great an Addition of labouring Hands would produce this happy Consequence both to the Merchant and the Gentleman; our Liberality to common Beggars, and every other Obstruction to the Increase of Labourers, must be equally pernicious to both.

Sir *Andrew* then went on to affirm, That the Reduction of the Prices of our Manufactures by the Addition of so many new Hands, would be no Inconvenience to any Man: But observing I was something startled at the Assertion, he made a short Pause, and then resumed the Discourse. 'It may seem, says he, a Paradox, that the Price of Labour should be reduced without an Abatement of Wages, or that Wages can be abated without any Inconvenience to the Labourer, and yet nothing is more certain than that both those Things may happen. The Wages of the Labourers make the greatest Part of the Price of every Thing that is useful; and if in Proportion with the Wages the Prices of all other Things should be abated, every Labourer with less Wages would be still able to purchase as many Necessaries of Life; where then would be the Inconvenience? But the Price of Labour may be reduced by the Addition of more Hands to a Manufacture, and yet the Wages of Persons remain as high as ever. The admirable Sir *William Petty*¹ has given Examples of this in some of his Writings: One of them, as I remember, is that of a Watch, which I shall endeavour to explain so as shall suit my present Purpose. It is certain that a single Watch could not be made so cheap in Proportion by one only Man, as a hundred Watches by a hundred; for as there is vast Variety in the Work, no one Person could equally suit himself to all the Parts of it; the Manufacture would be tedious, and at last but clumsily performed: But if an hundred Watches were to be made by a hundred Men, the Cases may be assigned to one, the Dials to another, the Wheels to another, the Springs to another, and every other Part to a proper Artist; as there would be no need of perplexing any one Person with too much Variety, every one would be able to perform his single Part with greater Skill and Expedition; and the hundred Watches would be finished in one fourth Part of the Time of the first one, and every one of them at one fourth Part of the Cost, tho' the Wages of every Man were equal. The Reduction of the Price of the Manufacture would increase the Demand of it, all the same Hands would be still employed and as well paid. The same Rule will hold in the Clothing, the Shipping, and all the other Trades whatsoever. And thus an Addition of Hands to our Manufactures will only reduce the Price of them; the Labourer will still have as much Wages, and will

¹ Surveyor-general of Ireland to Charles II. See his Discourse of Taxes (1689).

'consequently be enabled to purchase more Conveniencies of Life; so that every Interest in the Nation would receive a Benefit from the Increase of our Working People.

'Besides, I see no Occasion for this Charity to common Beggars, since every Beggar is an Inhabitant of a Parish, and every Parish is taxed to the Maintenance of their own Poor.¹ For my own part, I cannot be mightily pleased with the Laws which have done this, which have provided better to feed than employ the Poor. We have a Tradition from our Forefathers, that after the first of those Laws was made, they were insulted with that famous Song;

*Hang Sorrow, and cast away Care,
The Parish is bound to find us, &c.*

'And if we will be so good-natured as to maintain them without Work, they can do no less in Return than sing us *The Merry Beggars*.

'What then? Am I against all Acts of Charity? God forbid! I know of no Virtue in the Gospel that is in more pathetic Expressions recommended to our Practice. *I was hungry and [ye²] gave me no Meat, thirsty and ye gave me no Drink, naked and ye clothed me not, a Stranger and ye took me not in, sick and in prison and ye visited me not.* Our Blessed Saviour treats the Exercise or Neglect of Charity towards a poor Man, as the Performance or Breach of this Duty towards himself. I shall endeavour to obey the Will of my Lord and Master: And therefore if an industrious Man shall submit to the hardest Labour and coarsest Fare, rather than endure the Shame of taking Relief from the Parish, or asking it in the Street, this is the Hungry, the Thirsty the Naked; and I ought to believe, if any Man is come hither for Shelter against Persecution or Oppression, this is the Stranger, and I ought to take him in. If any Countryman of our own is fallen into the Hands of Infidels, and lives in a State of miserable Captivity, this is the Man in Prison, and I should contribute to his Ransom. I ought to give to an Hospital of Invalids, to recover as many useful Subjects as I can; but I shall bestow none of my Bounties upon an Alms-house of idle People; and for the same Reason I should not think it a Reproach to me if I had withheld my Charity from those common Beggars. But we prescribe better Rules than we are able to practise; we are ashamed not to give into the mistaken Customs of our Country: But at the same time, I cannot but think it a Reproach worse than that of common Swearing, that the Idle and the Abandoned are suffered in the Name of Heaven and all that is

¹ Our idle poor till the time of Henry VIII. lived upon alms. After the dissolution of the monasteries experiments were made for their care, and by a statute 43 Eliz. overseers were appointed and Parishes charged to maintain their helpless poor and find work for the sturdy. In Queen Anne's time the Poor Law had been made more intricate and troublesome by the legislation on the subject that had been attempted after the Restoration.

² [you] throughout, and in first reprint.

'sacred, to extort from Christian and tender Minds a Supply to a profligate Way of Life, that is always to be supported, but never relieved. [Z.¹]

No. 233.] Tuesday, Nov. 27, 1711. [Addison.

—*Tanquam hæc sint nostri medicina furoris,
Aut Deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat.*
Virg.

I SHALL, in this Paper, discharge myself of the Promise I have made to the Publick, by obliging them with a Translation of the little Greek Manuscript, which is said to have been a Piece of those Records that were preserved in the Temple of *Apollo*, upon the Promontory of *Leucate*: It is a short History of the Lover's Leap, and is inscribed, *An Account of Persons Male and Female, who offered up their Vows in the Temple of the Pythian Apollo, in the Forty sixth Olympiad, and leaped from the Promontory of Leucate into the Ionian Sea, in order to cure themselves of the Passion of Love.*

This Account is very dry in many Parts, as only mentioning the Name of the Lover who leaped, the Person he leaped for, and relating, in short, that he was either cured, or killed, or maimed by the Fall. It indeed gives the Names of so many who died by it, that it would have looked like a Bill of Mortality, had I translated it at full length; I have therefore made an Abridgment of it, and only extracted such particular Passages as have something extraordinary, either in the Case, or in the Cure, or in the Fate of the Person who is mentioned in it. After this short Preface take the Account as follows.

Battus, the Son of *Menalcas* the Sicilian, leaped for *Bombyca* the Musician: Got rid of his Passion with the Loss of his Right Leg and Arm, which were broken in the Fall.

Melissa, in Love with *Daphnis*, very much bruised, but escaped with Life.

Cynisca, the Wife of *Æschines*, being in Love with *Lycus*; and *Æschines* her Husband being in Love with *Eurilla*; (which had made this married Couple very uneasy to one another for several Years) both the Husband and the Wife took the Leap by Consent; they both of them escaped, and have lived very happily together ever since.

Larissa, a Virgin of *Thessaly*, deserted by *Plexippus*, after a Courtship of three Years; she stood upon the Brow of the Promontory for some time, and after having thrown down a Ring, a Bracelet, and a little Picture, with other Presents which she had received from *Plexippus*, she threw her self into the Sea, and was taken up alive.

N. B. *Larissa*, before she leaped, made an Offering of a Silver *Cupid* in the Temple of *Apollo*.

Simætha, in Love with *Daphnis* the Myndian, perished in the Fall.

Charixus, the Brother of *Sappho*, in Love with *Rhodope* the Courtesan, having spent his whole Estate upon her, was advised by his Sister to leap

¹ [X.]

in the Beginning of his Amour, but would not hearken to her till he was reduced to his last Talent; being forsaken by *Rhodope*, at length resolved to take the Leap. Perished in it.

Aridæus, a beautiful Youth of *Epirus*, in Love with *Praxinoë*, the Wife of *Thespis*, escaped without Damage, saving only that two of his Fore-Teeth were struck out and his Nose a little flatted.

Cleora, a Widow of *Ephesus*, being inconsolable for the Death of her Husband, was resolved to take this Leap in order to get rid of her Passion for his Memory; but being arrived at the Promontory, she there met with *Dimmachus* the *Miletian*, and after a short Conversation with him, laid aside the Thoughts of her Leap, and married him in the Temple of *Apollo*.

N. B. Her Widow's Weeds are still to be seen hanging up in the Western Corner of the Temple.

Olphis, the Fisherman, having received a Box on the Ear from *Thestylis* the Day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped, and escaped with Life.

Atalanta, an old Maid, whose Cruelty had several Years before driven two or three despairing Lovers to this Leap; being now in the fifty fifth Year of her Age, and in Love with an Officer of *Sparta*, broke her Neck in the Fall.

Hipparchus being passionately fond of his own Wife who was enamoured of *Bathyllus*, leaped, and died of his Fall; upon which his Wife married her Gallant.

Tettyx, the Dancing-Master, in Love with *Olympia* an *Athenian* Matron, threw himself from the Rock with great Agility, but was crippled in the Fall.

Diagoras, the Usurer, in Love with his Cook-Maid; he peeped several times over the Precipice, but his Heart misgiving him, he went back, and married her that Evening.

Cinædus, after having entered his own Name in the *Pythian* Records, being asked the Name of the Person whom he leaped for, and being ashamed to discover it, he was set aside, and not suffered to leap.

Eunica, a Maid of *Paphos*, aged Nineteen, in Love with *Eurybates*. Hurt in the Fall, but recovered.

N. B. This was her second Time of Leaping.

Hesperus, a young Man of *Tarentum*, in Love with his Master's Daughter. Drowned, the Boats not coming in soon enough to his Relief.

Sappho, the *Lesbian*, in Love with *Phaon*, arrived at the Temple of *Apollo*, habited like a Bride in Garments as white as Snow. She wore a Garland of Myrtle on her Head, and carried in her Hand the little Musical Instrument of her own Invention. After having sung an Hymn to *Apollo*, she hung up her Garland on one Side of his Altar, and her Harp on the other. She then tuck'd up her Vestments, like a *Spartan* Virgin, and amidst thousands of Spectators, who were anxious for her Safety, and offered up Vows for her Deliverance, [marched¹] directly forwards to the utmost Summit of the Promontory, where after having repeated a Stanza of her own Verses, which we

¹ [she marched]

could not hear, she threw herself off the Rock with such an Intrepidity as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous Leap. Many who were present related, that they saw her fall into the Sea, from whence she never rose again; tho' there were others who affirmed, that she never came to the Bottom of her Leap, but that she was changed into a Swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the Air under that Shape. But whether or no the Whiteness and Fluttering of her Garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might not really be metamorphosed into that musical and melancholy Bird, is still a Doubt among the *Lesbians*.

Alcæus, the famous *Lyrick* Poet, who had for some time been passionately in Love with *Sappho*, arrived at the Promontory of *Leucate* that very Evening, in order to take the Leap upon her Account; but hearing that *Sappho* had been there before him, and that her Body could be no where found, he very generously lamented her Fall, and is said to have written his hundred and twenty fifth Ode upon that Occasion.

Leaped in this Olympiad [250¹]

Males 124

Females 126

Cured [120²]

Males 51

Females 69

C.

No. 234.] Wednesday, Nov. 28, 1711. [Steele.

[*Vellem in amicitia erraremus.*—Hor.³]

YOU very often hear People, after a Story has been told with some entertaining Circumstances, tell it over again with Particulars that destroy the Jest, but give Light into the Truth of the Narration. This sort of Veracity, though it is impertinent, has something amiable in it, because it proceeds from the Love of Truth, even in frivolous Occasions. If such honest Amendments do not promise an agreeable Companion, they do a sincere Friend; for which Reason one should allow them so much of our Time, if we fall into their Company, as to set us right in Matters that can do us no manner of Harm, whether the Facts be one Way or the other. Lies which are told out of Arrogance and Ostentation a Man should detect in his own Defence, because he should not be triumphed over; Lies which are told out of Malice he should expose, both for his own sake and that of the rest of Mankind, because every Man should rise against a common Enemy: But the officious Liar many have argued is to be excused, because it does some Man good, and no Man hurt. The Man who made more than ordinary speed from a Fight in which the *Athenians* were beaten, and told them they had obtained a complete Victory, and put the whole City into the

¹ [350], and in first reprint.

² [150], corrected by an Erratum.

³ [*Splendide mendax.*—Hor.]

utmost Joy and Exultation, was check'd by the Magistrates for his Falshood; but excused himself by saying, O *Athenians!* am I your Enemy because I gave you two happy Days? This Fellow did to a whole People what an Acquaintance of mine does every Day he lives in some eminent Degree to particular Persons. He is ever lying People into good Humour, and, as *Plato* said, it was allowable in Physicians to lie to their Patients to keep up their Spirits, I am half doubtful whether my Friend's Behaviour is not as excusable. His Manner is to express himself surprised at the Cheerful Countenance of a Man whom he observes diffident of himself; and generally by that means makes his Lie a Truth. He will, as if he did not know any [thing^r] of the Circumstance, ask one whom he knows at Variance with another, what is the meaning that Mr. such a one, naming his Adversary, does not applaud him with that Heartiness which formerly he has heard him? He said indeed, (continues he) I would rather have that Man for my Friend than any Man in *England*; but for an Enemy—This melts the Person he talks to, who expected nothing but downright Raillery from that Side. According as he sees his Practices succeeded, he goes to the opposite Party, and tells him, he cannot imagine how it happens that some People know one another so little; you spoke with so much Coldness of a Gentleman who said more Good of you, than, let me tell you, any Man living deserves. The Success of one of these Incidents was, that the next time that one of the Adversaries spied the other, he hems after him in the publick Street, and they must crack a Bottle at the next Tavern, that used to turn out of the other's Way to avoid one another's Eyeshot. He will tell one Beauty she was commended by another, nay, he will say she gave the Woman he speaks to, the Preference in a Particular for which she her self is admired. The pleasantest Confusion imaginable is made through the whole Town by my Friend's indirect Offices; you shall have a Visit returned after half a Year's Absence, and mutual Railing at each other every Day of that Time. They meet with a thousand Lamentations for so long a Separation, each Party naming herself for the greater Delinquent, if the other can possibly be so good as to forgive her, which she has no Reason in the World, but from the Knowledge of her Goodness, to hope for. Very often a whole Train of Railers of each Side tire their Horses in setting Matters right which they have said during the War between the Parties; and a whole Circle of Acquaintance are put into a thousand pleasing Passions and Sentiments, instead of the Pangs of Anger, Envy, Detraction, and Malice.

The worst Evil I ever observed this Man's Falsehood occasion, has been that he turned Detraction into Flattery. He is well skilled in the Manners of the World, and by over-looking what Men really are, he grounds his Artifices upon what they have a Mind to be. Upon this Foundation, if two distant Friends are brought together, and the Cement seems to be weak, he never rests till he finds new Appearances to take

off all Remains of Ill-will, and that by new Misunderstandings they are thoroughly reconciled.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR, Devonshire, Nov. 14, 1711.

'There arriv'd in this Neighbourhood two Days ago one of your gay Gentlemen of the Town, who being attended at his Entry with a Servant of his own, besides a Countryman he had taken up for a Guide, excited the Curiosity of the Village to learn whence and what he might be. The Countryman (to whom they applied as most easy of Access) knew little more than that the Gentleman came from *London* to travel and see Fashions, and was, as he heard say, a Free-thinker: What Religion that might be, he could not tell; and for his own Part, if they had not told him the Man was a Free-thinker, he should have guessed, by his way of talking, he was little better than a Heathen; excepting only that he had been a good Gentleman to him, and made him drunk twice in one Day, over and above what they had bargained for.

'I do not look upon the Simplicity of this, and several odd Inquiries with which I shall not trouble you to be wondered at, much less can I think that our Youths of fine Wit, and enlarged Understandings, have any Reason to laugh. There is no Necessity that every Squire in *Great Britain* should know what the Word Free-thinker stands for; but it were much to be wished, that they who value themselves upon that conceited Title were a little better instructed in what it ought to stand for; and that they would not persuade themselves a Man is really and truly a Free-thinker in any tolerable Sense, meerly by virtue of his being an Atheist, or an Infidel of any other Distinction. It may be doubted, with good Reason, whether there ever was in Nature a more abject, slavish, and bigotted Generation than the Tribe of *Beaux Esprits*, at present so prevailing in this Island. Their Pretension to be Free-thinkers, is no other than Rakes have to be Free-livers, and Savages to be Free-men, that is, they can think whatever they have a Mind to, and give themselves up to whatever Conceit the Extravagancy of their Inclination, or their Fancy, shall suggest; they can think as wildly as they talk and act, and will not endure that their Wit should be controuled by such formal Things as Decency and common Sense: Deduction, Coherence, Consistency, and all the Rules of Reason they accordingly disdain, as too precise and mechanical for Men of a liberal Education.

'This, as far as I could ever learn from their Writings, or my own Observation, is a true Account of the *British* Free-thinker. Our Visitant here, who gave occasion to this Paper, has brought with him a new System of common Sense, the Particulars of which I am not yet acquainted with, but will lose no Opportunity of informing my self whether it contain any [thing^r] worth Mr. SPECTATOR's Notice. In the mean time, Sir, I cannot but think it would be for the

[think]

[think]

'good of Mankind, if you would take this Subject into your own Consideration, and convince the hopeful Youth of our Nation, that Licentiousness is not Freedom; or, if such a Paradox will not be understood, that a Prejudice towards Atheism is not Impartiality.

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant,
PHILONOUS.

No. 235.] Thursday, November 29, 1711. [Addison.

—————Populares
Vincentum strepitus————— Hor.

THERE is nothing which lies more within the Province of a Spectator than publick Shows and Diversions; and as among these there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant Entertainments that are exhibited in our Theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take Notice of every thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined Assemblies.

It is observed, that of late Years there has been a certain Person in the upper Gallery of the Play-house, who when he is pleased with any Thing that is acted upon the Stage, expresses his Approbation by a loud Knock upon the Benches or the Wainscot, which may be heard over the whole Theatre. This Person is commonly known by the Name of the *Trunk-maker in the upper Gallery*. Whether it be, that the Blow he gives on these Occasions resembles that which is often heard in the Shops of such Artizans, or that he was supposed to have been a real Trunk-maker, who after the finishing of his Day's Work used to unbend his Mind at these publick Diversions with his Hammer in his Hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a Spirit which haunts the upper Gallery, and from Time to Time makes those strange Noises; and the rather, because he is observed to be louder than ordinary every Time the Ghost of *Hamlet* appears. Others have reported, that it is a dumb Man, who has chosen this Way of uttering himself when he is transported with any Thing he sees or hears. Others will have it to be the Play-house Thunderer, that exerts himself after this Manner in the upper Gallery, when he has nothing to do upon the Roof.

But having made it my Business to get the best Information I could in a Matter of this Moment, I find that the Trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black Man, whom no body knows. He generally leans forward on a huge Oaken Plant with great Attention to every thing that passes upon the Stage. He is never seen to smile; but upon hearing any thing that pleases him, he takes up his Staff with both Hands, and lays it upon the next Piece of Timber that stands in his Way with exceeding Vehemence: After which, he composes himself in his former Posture, till such Time as something new sets him again at Work.

It has been observed, his Blow is so well timed, that the most judicious Critick could never except against it. As soon as any shining Thought is

expressed in the Poet, or any uncommon Grace appears in the Actor, he smites the Bench or Wainscot. If the Audience does not concur with him, he smites a second Time, and if the Audience is not yet awaked, looks round him with great Wrath, and repeats the Blow a third Time, which never fails to produce the Clap. He sometimes lets the Audience begin the Clap of themselves, and at the Conclusion of their Applause ratifies it with a single Thwack.

He is of so great Use to the Play-house, that it is said a former Director of it, upon his not being able to pay his Attendance by reason of Sickness, kept one in Pay to officiate for him till such time as he recovered; but the Person so employed, tho' he laid about him with incredible Violence, did it in such wrong Places, that the Audience soon found out that it was not their old Friend the Trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himself with Vigour this Season. He sometimes plies at the Opera; and upon *Nicolini's* first Appearance, was said to have demolished three Benches in the Fury of his Applause. He has broken half a dozen Oaken Plants upon *Dogget*,¹ and seldom goes away from a Tragedy of *Shakespeare*, without leaving the Wainscot extremely shattered.

The Players do not only connive at his obstreperous Approbation, but very cheerfully repair at their own Cost whatever Damages he makes. They had once a Thought of erecting a kind of Wooden Anvil for his Use that should be made of a very sounding Plank, in order to render his Stroaks more deep and mellow; but as this might not have been distinguished from the Musick of a Kettle-Drum, the Project was laid aside.

In the mean while, I cannot but take notice of the great Use it is to an Audience, that a Person should thus preside over their Heads like the Director of a Consort, in order to awaken their Attention, and beat time to their Applauses; or, to raise my Simile, I have sometimes fancied the Trunk-maker in the upper Gallery to be like *Virgil's* Ruler of the Wind, seated upon the Top of a Mountain, who, when he struck his Sceptre upon the Side of it, roused an Hurricane, and set the whole Cavern in an Uproar.²

It is certain, the Trunk-maker has saved many a good Play, and brought many a graceful Actor into Reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of. It is very visible, as the Audience is not a little abashed, if they find themselves betrayed into a Clap, when their Friend in the upper Gallery does not come into it; so the Actors do not value themselves upon the Clap, but regard it as a meer *Brutum fulmen*, or empty Noise, when it has not the Sound of the Oaken Plant in it. I know it has been given out by those who are Enemies to the Trunk-maker, that he has sometimes been bribed to be in the Interest of a

¹ Thomas Doggett, an excellent comic actor, who was for many years joint-manager with Wilkes and Cibber, died in 1721, and bequeathed the Coat and Badge that are rowed for by Thames Watermen every first of August, from London Bridge to Chelsea.

² Æneid I. 85.

bad Poet, or a vicious Player; but this is a Surmise which has no Foundation: his Stroaks are always just, and his Admonitions seasonable; he does not deal about his Blows at Random, but always hits the right Nail upon the Head. [The¹] inexpressible Force wherewith he lays them on, sufficiently shows the Evidence and Strength of his Conviction. His Zeal for a good Author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every Fence and Partition, every Board and Plank, that stands within the Expression of his Applause.

As I do not care for terminating my Thoughts in barren Speculations, or in Reports of pure Matter of Fact, without drawing something from them for the Advantage of my Countrymen, I shall take the Liberty to make an humble Proposal, that whenever the Trunk-maker shall depart this Life, or whenever he shall have lost the Spring of his Arm by Sickness, old Age, Infirmity, or the like, some able-bodied Critick should be advanced to this Post, and have a competent Salary settled on him for Life, to be furnished with Bamboos for Operas, Crabtree-Cudgels for Comedies, and Oaken Plants for Tragedy, at the publick Expence. And to the End that this Place should be always disposed of according to Merit, I would have none preferred to it, who has not given convincing Proofs both of a sound Judgment and a strong Arm, and who could not, upon Occasion, either knock down an Ox, or write a Comment upon *Horace's* Art of Poetry. In short, I would have him a due Composition of *Hercules* and *Apollo*, and so rightly qualified for this important Office, that the *Trunk-maker* may not be missed by our Posterity. C.

No. 236.] Friday, November 30, 1711. [Steele.

—Dare Jura maritis.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
 YOU have not spoken in so direct a manner upon the Subject of Marriage as that important Case deserves. It would not be improper to observe upon the Peculiarity in the Youth of *Great Britain*, of railing and laughing at that Institution; and when they fall into it, from a profligate Habit of Mind, being insensible of the [Satisfaction¹] in that Way of Life, and treating their Wives with the most barbarous Disrespect. Particular Circumstances and Cast of Temper, must teach a Man the Probability of mighty Uneasinesses in that State, (for unquestionably some there are whose very Dispositions are strangely averse to conjugal Friendship;) but no one, I believe, is by his own natural Complexion prompted to teaze and torment another for no Reason but being nearly allied to him: And can there be any thing more base, or serve to sink a Man so much below his own distinguishing Characteristick, (I mean Reason) than returning Evil for Good in so open a Manner, as that of treating an helpless Creature with Unkindness, who

¹ [That]

² [Satisfactions]

has had so good an Opinion of him as to believe what he said relating to one of the greatest Concerns of Life, by delivering her Happiness in this World to his Care and Protection? Must not that Man be abandoned even to all manner of Humanity, who can deceive a Woman with Appearances of Affection and Kindness, for no other End but to torment her with more Ease and Authority? Is any Thing more unlike a Gentleman, than when his Honour is engaged for the performing his Promises, because nothing but that can oblige him to it, to become afterwards false to his Word, and be alone the Occasion of Misery to one whose Happiness he but lately pretended was dearer to him than his own? Ought such a one to be trusted in his common Affairs? or treated but as one whose Honesty consisted only in his Incapacity of being otherwise?

There is one Cause of this Usage no less absurd than common, which takes place among the more unthinking Men; and that is the Desire to appear to their Friends free and at Liberty, and without those Trammels they have so much ridiculed. [To avoid¹] this they fly into the other Extream, and grow Tyrants that they may seem Masters. Because an uncontrollable Command of their own Actions is a certain Sign of entire Dominion, they won't so much as recede from the Government even in one Muscle of their Faces. A kind Look they believe would be fawning, and a civil Answer yielding the Superiority. To this must we attribute an Austerity they betray in every Action: What but this can put a Man out of Humour in his Wife's Company, tho' he is so distinguishingly pleasant every where else? The Bitterness of his Replies, and the Severity of his Frowns to the tenderest of Wives, clearly demonstrate, that an ill-grounded Fear of being thought too submissive, is at the Bottom of this, as I am willing to call it, affected Moroseness; but if it be such only, put on to convince his Acquaintance of his entire Dominion, let him take Care of the Consequence, which will be certain, and worse than the present Evil; his seeming Indifference will by Degrees grow into real Contempt, and if it do not wholly alienate the Affections of his Wife for ever from him, make both him and her more miserable than if it really did so.

However inconsistent it may appear, to be thought a well-bred Person has no small Share in this clownish Behaviour: A Discourse therefore relating to good Breeding towards a loving and a tender Wife, would be of great Use to this Sort of Gentlemen. Could you but once convince them, that to be civil at least is not beneath the Character of a Gentleman, nor even tender Affection towards one who would make it reciprocal, betrays any Softness or Effeminacy that the most masculine Disposition need be ashamed of; could you satisfy them of the Gen-

¹ [For this Reason should they appear the least like what they were so much used to laugh at, they would become the Jest of themselves, and the Object of that Raillery they formerly bestowed on others. To avoid]

erosity of voluntary Civility, and the Greatness of Soul that is conspicuous in Benevolence without immediate Obligations; could you recommend to People's Practice the Saying of the Gentleman quoted in one of your Speculations, *That he thought it incumbent upon him to make the Inclinations of a Woman of Merit go along with her Duty*: Could you, I say, persuade these Men of the Beauty and Reasonableness of this Sort of Behaviour, I have so much Charity for some of them at least, to believe you would convince them of a Thing they are only ashamed to allow: Besides, you would recommend that State in its truest, and consequently its most agreeable Colours; and the Gentlemen who have for any Time been such professed Enemies to it, when Occasion should serve, would return you their Thanks for assisting their Interest in prevailing over their Prejudices. Marriage in general would by this Means be a more easy and comfortable Condition; the Husband would be no where so well satisfied as in his own Parlour, nor the Wife so pleasant as in the Company of her Husband: A Desire of being agreeable in the Lover would be increased in the Husband, and the Mistress be more amiable by becoming the Wife. Besides all which, I am apt to believe we should find the Race of Men grow wiser as their Progenitors grew kinder, and the Affection of the Parents would be conspicuous in the Wisdom of their Children; in short, Men would in general be much better humoured than they are, did not they so frequently exercise the worst Turns of their Temper where they ought to exert the best.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I am a Woman who left the Admiration of this whole Town, to throw myself ([for¹] Love of Wealth) into the Arms of a Fool. When I married him, I could have had any one of several Men of Sense who languished for me; but my Case is just. I believed my superior Understanding would form him into a tractable Creature. But, alas, my Spouse has Cunning and Suspicion, the inseparable Companions of little Minds; and every Attempt I make to divert, by putting on an agreeable Air, a sudden Cheerfulness, or kind Behaviour, he looks upon as the first Act towards an Insurrection against his undeserved Dominion over me. Let every one who is still to chuse, and hopes to govern a Fool, remember

TRISTISSA.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *St. Martins, November 25.*

This is to complain of an evil Practice which I think very well deserves a Redress, though you have not as yet taken any Notice of it: If you mention it in your Paper, it may perhaps have a very good Effect. What I mean is the Disturbance some People give to others at Church, by their Repetition of the Prayers after the Minister, and that not only in the Prayers, but also the Absolution and the Commandments fare no better, which are in a particular Manner the Priest's Office: This I have known done in so

audible a manner, that sometimes their Voices have been as loud as his. As little as you would think it, this is frequently done by People seemingly devout. This irreligious Inadvertency is a Thing extremely offensive: But I do not recommend it as a Thing I give you Liberty to ridicule, but hope it may be amended by the bare Mention.

T. *SIR, Your very humble Servant, T. S.*

No. 237.] *Saturday, Dec. 1, 1711.* [Addison.

Visu carentem magna pars veri latet.
Senec. in *Œdip.*

IT is very reasonable to believe, that Part of the Pleasure which happy Minds shall enjoy in a future State, will arise from an enlarged Contemplation of the Divine Wisdom in the Government of the World, and a Discovery of the secret and amazing Steps of Providence, from the Beginning to the End of Time. Nothing seems to be an Entertainment more adapted to the Nature of Man, if we consider that Curiosity is one of the strongest and most lasting Appetites implanted in us, and that Admiration is one of our most pleasing Passions; and what a perpetual Succession of Enjoyments will be afforded to both these, in a Scene so large and various as shall then be laid open to our View in the Society of superior Spirits, who perhaps will join with us in so delightful a Prospect!

It is not impossible, on the contrary, that Part of the Punishment of such as are excluded from Bliss, may consist not only in their being denied this Privilege, but in having their Appetites at the same time vastly increased, without any Satisfaction afforded to them. In these, the vain Pursuit of Knowledge shall, perhaps, add to their Infelicity, and bewilder them into Labyrinths of Error, Darkness, Distraction and Uncertainty of every thing but their own evil State. *Milton* has thus represented the fallen Angels reasoning together in a kind of Respite from their Torments, and creating to themselves a new Disquiet amidst their very Amusements; he could not properly have described the Sports of condemned Spirits, without that Cast of Horror and Melancholy he has so judiciously mingled with them.

*Others apart sate on a Hill retired,
In Thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixt Fate, Freewill, Foreknowledge absolute,
And found no End in wandring Mazes lost.¹*

In our present Condition, which is a middle State, our Minds are, as it were, chequered with Truth and Falshood; and as our Faculties are narrow, and our Views imperfect, it is impossible but our Curiosity must meet with many Repulses. The Business of Mankind in this Life being rather to act than to know, their Portion of Knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

¹ [by], and in first reprint.

¹ *Paradise Lost*, B. II. v. 557—561.

From hence it is, that the Reason of the Inquisitive has so long been exercised with Difficulties, in accounting for the promiscuous Distribution of Good and Evil to the Virtuous and the Wicked in this World. From hence come all those pathetic Complaints of so many tragical Events, which happen to the Wise and the Good; and of such surprising Prosperity, which is often the Lot¹ of the Guilty and the Foolish; that Reason is sometimes puzzled, and at a loss what to pronounce upon so mysterious a Dispensation.

Plato expresses his Abhorrence of some Fables of the Poets, which seem to reflect on the Gods as the Authors of Injustice; and lays it down as a Principle, That whatever is permitted to befall a just Man, whether Poverty, Sickness, or any of those Things which seem to be Evils, shall either in Life or Death conduce to his Good. My Reader will observe how agreeable this Maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater Authority. *Seneca* has written a Discourse purposely on this Subject,² in which he takes Pains, after the Doctrine of the *Stoicks*, to shew that Adversity is not in itself an Evil; and mentions a noble Saying of *Demetrius*, That *nothing would be more unhappy than a Man who had never known Affliction*. He compares Prosperity to the Indulgence of a fond Mother to a Child, which often proves his Ruin; but the Affection of the Divine Being to that of a wise Father who would have his Sons exercised with Labour, Disappointment, and Pain, that they may gather Strength, and improve their Fortitude. On this Occasion the Philosopher rises into the celebrated Sentiment, That there is not on Earth a Spectator more worthy the Regard of a Creator intent on his Works than a brave Man superior to his Sufferings; to which he adds, That it must be a Pleasure to *Jupiter* himself to look down from Heaven, and see *Cato* amidst the Ruins of his Country preserving his Integrity.

This Thought will appear yet more reasonable, if we consider human Life as a State of Probation, and Adversity as the Post of Honour in it, assigned often to the best and most select Spirits.

But what I would chiefly insist on here, is, that we are not at present in a proper Situation to judge of the Counsels by which Providence acts, since but little arrives at our Knowledge, and even that little we discern imperfectly; or according to the elegant Figure in Holy Writ, *We see but in part, and as in a Glass darkly*. [It is to be considered, that Providence³] in its Oeconomy regards the whole System of Time and Things together, [so that] we cannot discover the beautiful Connection between Incidents which lie widely separated in Time, and by losing so many Links of the Chain, our Reasonings become broken and imperfect. Thus those Parts in the moral World which have not an absolute, may yet have a relative Beauty, in respect of some other Parts concealed from us, but open to his Eye before whom *Past, Present, and To come*, are set together in one Point of View: and those Events, the Permission of which

seems now to accuse his Goodness, may in the Consummation of Things both magnify his Goodness, and exalt his Wisdom. And this is enough to check our Presumption, since it is in vain to apply our Measures of Regularity to Matters of which we know neither the Antecedents nor the Consequents, the Beginning nor the End.

I shall relieve my Reader from this abstracted Thought, by relating here a *Jewish* Tradition concerning *Moses*,¹ which seems to be a kind of Parable, illustrating what I have last mentioned. That great Prophet, it is said, was called up by a Voice from Heaven to the top of a Mountain; where, in a Conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him some Questions concerning his Administration of the Universe. In the midst of this Divine [Colloquy²] he was commanded to look down on the Plain below. At the Foot of the Mountain there issued out a clear Spring of Water, at which a Soldier alighted from his Horse to drink. He was no sooner gone than a little Boy came to the same Place, and finding a Purse of Gold which the Soldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old Man, weary with Age and Travelling, and having quenched his Thirst, sat down to rest himself by the Side of the Spring. The Soldier missing his Purse returns to search for it, and demands it of the old Man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to Heaven in witness of his Innocence. The Soldier not believing his Protestations, kills him. *Moses* fell on his Face with Horror and Amazement, when the Divine Voice thus prevented his Expostulation: 'Be not surprised, *Moses*, nor ask why the Judge of the whole Earth has suffer'd this Thing to come to pass: The Child 'is the Occasion that the Blood of the old Man is spilt; but know, that the old Man whom thou 'saw'st, was the Murderer of that Child's Father.'

3

No. 238.] Monday, December 3, 1711. [Steele.

Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris Aures;
Respue quod non es—— Persius, Sat. 4.

AMONG all the Diseases of the Mind, there is not one more epidemical or more pernicious than the Love of Flattery. For as where the Juices of the Body are prepared to receive a malignant Influence, there the Disease rages with most Violence; so in this Distemper of the Mind, where there is ever a Propensity and Inclination to suck in the Poison, it cannot be but that the whole Order of reasonable Action must be overturn'd, for, like Musick, it

¹ Henry More's Divine Dialogues.

² [Conference]

³ No letter appended to original issue or reissue. Printed in Addison's Works, 1720. The paper has been claimed for John Hughes in the Preface to his Poems (1735).

¹ In Saturday's Spectator, for 'reward' read 'lot.' Erratum in No. 238.

² De Constantia Sapientis.

³ [Since Providence therefore], and in 1st rep.

—*So softens and disarms the Mind,
That not one Arrow can Resistance find.*

First we flatter ourselves, and then the Flattery of others is sure of Success. It awakens our Self-Love within, a Party which is ever ready to revolt from our better Judgment, and join the Enemy without. Hence it is, that the Profusion of Favours we so often see poured upon the Parasite, are represented to us, by our Self-Love, as Justice done to Man, who so agreeably reconciles us to our selves. When we are overcome by such soft Insinuations and ensnaring Compliances, we gladly recompense the Artifices that are made use of to blind our Reason, and which triumph over the Weaknesses of our Temper and Inclinations.

But were every Man perswaded from how mean and low a Principle this Passion is derived, there can be no doubt but the Person who should attempt to gratify it, would then be as contemptible as he is now successful. 'Tis the Desire of some Quality we are not possessed of, or Inclination to be something we are not, which are the Causes of our giving ourselves up to that Man, who bestows upon us the Characters and Qualities of others; which perhaps suit us as ill and were as little design'd for our wearing, as their Cloaths. Instead of going out of our own complectional Nature into that of others, 'twere a better and more laudable Industry to improve our own, and instead of a miserable Copy become a good Original; for there is no Temper, no Disposition so rude and untractable, but may in its own peculiar Cast and Turn be brought to some agreeable Use in Conversation, or in the Affairs of Life. A Person of a rougher Deportment, and less tied up to the usual Ceremonies of Behaviour, will, like *Manly* in the Play,¹ please by the Grace which Nature gives to every Action wherein she is complied with; the Brisk and Lively will not want their Admirers, and even a more reserved and melancholy Temper may at some times be agreeable.

When there is not Vanity enough awake in a Man to undo him, the Flatterer stirs up that dormant Weakness, and inspires him with Merit enough to be a Coxcomb. But if Flattery be the most sordid Act that can be complied with, the Art of Praising justly is as commendable: For 'tis laudable to praise well; as Poets at one and the same time give Immortality, and receive it themselves for a Reward: Both are pleased, the one whilst he receives the Recompence of Merit, the other whilst he shews he knows how to discern it; but above all, that Man is happy in this Art, who, like a skilful Painter, retains the Features and Complection, but still softens the Picture into the most agreeable Likeness.

There can hardly, I believe, be imagin'd a more desirable Pleasure, than that of Praise unmix'd with any Possibility of Flattery. Such was that which *Germanicus* enjoyed, when, the Night before a Battle, desirous of some sincere Mark of the Esteem of his Legions for him, he is described by *Tacitus* listening in a Disguise to the Discourse of a Soldier, and wrapt up in the Fruition of his Glory, whilst with an undesigned Sin-

¹ Wycherley's Plain Dealer.

cerity they praised his noble and majestick Mien, his Affability, his Valour, Conduct, and Success in War. How must a Man have his Heart full-blown with Joy in such an Article of Glory as this? What a Spur and Encouragement still to proceed in those Steps which had already brought him to so pure a Taste of the greatest of mortal Enjoyments?

It sometimes happens, that even Enemies and envious Persons bestow the sincerest Marks of Esteem when they least design it. Such afford a greater Pleasure, as extorted by Merit, and freed from all Suspicion of Favour or Flattery. Thus it is with *Malvolio*; he has Wit, Learning, and Discernment, but temper'd with an Allay of Envy, Self-Love and Detraction: *Malvolio* turns pale at the Mirth and good Humour of the Company, if it center not in his Person; he grows jealous and displeas'd when he ceases to be the only Person admired, and looks upon the Commendations paid to another as a Detraction from his Merit, and an Attempt to lessen the Superiority he affects; but by this very Method, he bestows such Praise as can never be suspected of Flattery. His Uneasiness and Distastes are so many sure and certain Signs of another's Title to that Glory he desires, and has the Mortification to find himself not possessed of.

A good Name is fitly compared to a precious Ointment,¹ and when we are praised with Skill and Decency, 'tis indeed the most agreeable Perfume, but if too strongly admitted into a Brain of a less vigorous and happy Texture, 'twill, like too strong an Odour, overcome the Senses, and prove pernicious to those Nerves 'twas intended to refresh. A generous Mind is of all others the most sensible of Praise and Dispraise; and a noble Spirit is as much invigorated with its due Proportion of Honour and Applause, as 'tis depressed by Neglect and Contempt: But 'tis only Persons far above the common Level who are thus affected with either of these Extrems; as in a Thermometer, 'tis only the purest and most sublimated Spirit that is either contracted or dilated by the Benignity or Inclemency of the Season.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Translations which you have lately given us from the *Greek*, in some of your last Papers, have been the Occasion of my looking into some of those Authors; among whom I chanced on a Collection of Letters which pass under the Name of *Aristænetus*. Of all the Remains of Antiquity, I believe there can be Nothing produc'd of an Air so gallant and polite; each Letter contains a little Novel or Adventure, which is told with all the Beauties of Language and heightened with a Luxuriance of Wit. There are several of them translated,² but with such wide Deviations from

¹ Eccles. vii. 1.

² In a volume of translated 'Letters on Wit, Politicks' and Morality,' edited by Abel Boyer, in 1701. The letters ascribed to Aristænetus of Nice in Bithynia, who died A. D. 358, but which were written after the fifth century, were afterwards translated as 'Letters of Love and Gallantry, written in Greek by Aristænetus.' This volume, 12mo (1715), was dedicated to Eustace Budgell, who is

‘the Original, and in a Style so far differing from
‘the Authors, that the Translator seems rather to
‘have taken Hints for the expressing his own
‘Sense and Thoughts, than to have endeavoured
‘to render those of *Aristænetus*. In the following
‘Translation, I have kept as near the Meaning of
‘the *Greek* as I could, and have only added a few
‘Words to make the Sentences in *English* fit to-
‘gether a little better than they would otherwise
‘have done. The Story seems to be taken from
‘that of *Pygmalion* and the Statue in *Ovid*: Some
‘of the Thoughts are of the same Turn, and the
‘whole is written in a kind of Poetical Prose.

Philopanax to Chromation.

“Never was Man more overcome with so fan-
“tastical a Passion as mine. I have painted a
“beautiful Woman, and am despairing, dying for
“the Picture. My own Skill has undone me;
“’tis not the Dart of *Venus*, but my own Pencil
“has thus wounded me. Ah me! with what
“Anxiety am I necessitated to adore my own
“Idol? How miserable am I, whilst every one
“must as much pity the Painter as he praises the
“Picture, and own my Torment more than equal
“to my Art. But why do I thus complain? Have
“there not been more unhappy and unnatural
“Passions than mine? Yes, I have seen the Re-
“presentations of *Phædra*, *Narcissus*, and *Pa-
“siphæe*. *Phædra* was unhappy in her Love;
“that of *Pasiphæe* was monstrous; and whilst the
“other caught at his beloved Likeness, he de-
“stroyed the watery Image, which ever eluded
“his Embraces. The Fountain represented *Nar-
“cissus* to himself, and the Picture both that and
“him, thirsting after his adored Image. But I
“am yet less unhappy, I enjoy her Presence con-
“tinually, and if I touch her, I destroy not the
“beauteous Form, but she looks pleased, and a
“sweet Smile sits in the charming Space which
“divides her Lips. One would swear that Voice
“and Speech were issuing out, and that one’s
“Ears felt the melodious Sound. How often have
“I, deceived by a Lover’s Credulity, hearkned
“if she had not something to whisper me? and
“when frustrated of my Hopes, how often have I
“taken my Revenge in Kisses from her Cheeks
“and Eyes, and softly wooed her to my Embrace,
“whilst she (as to me it seem’d) only withheld her
“Tongue the more to inflame me. But, Madman
“that I am, shall I be thus taken with the Re-
“presentation only of a beauteous Face, and flow-
“ing Hair, and thus waste myself and melt to
“Tears for a Shadow? Ah, sure ’tis something
“more, ’tis a Reality! for see her Beauties shine
“out with new Lustre, and she seems to upbraid
“me with such unkind Reproaches. Oh may I
“have a living Mistress of this Form, that when
“I shall compare the Work of Nature with that of
“Art, I may be still at a loss which to choose, and
“be long perplex’d with the pleasing Uncertainty.
T.

named in the Preface as the author of the Spec-
tator papers signed X.

No. 239.] Tuesday, December 4, 1711. [Addison.

—————*Bella, horrida bella!*—Virg.

I HAVE sometimes amused myself with con-
sidering the several Methods of managing a
Debate which have obtained in the World.

The first Races of Mankind used to dispute, as
our ordinary People do now-a-days, in a kind of
wild Logick, uncultivated by Rules of Art.

Socrates introduced a catechetical Method of
Arguing. He would ask his Adversary Question
upon Question, till he had convinced him out of
his own Mouth that his Opinions were wrong.
This Way of Debating drives an Enemy up into a
Corner, seizes all the Passes through which he can
make an Escape, and forces him to surrender at
Discretion.

Aristotle changed this Method of Attack, and
invented a great Variety of little Weapons, call’d
Syllogisms. As in the *Socratick* Way of Dispute
you agree to every thing which your Opponent
advances, in the *Aristotelick* you are still denying
and contradicting some Part or other of what he
says. *Socrates* conquers you by Stratagem, *Aris-
totle* by Force: The one takes the Town by Sap,
the other Sword in Hand.

The Universities of *Europe*, for many Years,
carried on their Debates by Syllogism, insomuch
that we see the Knowledge of several Centuries
laid out into Objections and Answers, and all the
good Sense of the Age cut and minced into almost
an Infinitude of Distinctions.

When our Universities found that there was no
End of Wrangling this Way, they invented a kind
of Argument, which is not reducible to any Mood
or Figure in *Aristotle*. It was called the *Argu-
mentum Basilinum* (others write it *Bacilinum* or
Baculinum) which is pretty well express’d in our
English Word *Club-Law*. When they were not
able to confute their Antagonist, they knock’d him
down. It was their Method in these polemical
Debates, first to discharge their Syllogisms, and
afterwards to betake themselves to their Clubs,
till such Time as they had one Way or other con-
founded their Gainsayers. There is in *Oxford* a
narrow [Defile,¹] (to make use of a military Term)
where the Partizans used to encounter, for which
Reason it still retains the Name of *Logic-Lane*.
I have heard an old Gentleman, a Physician, make
his Boasts, that when he was a young Fellow he
marched several Times at the Head of a Troop of
Scotists,² and cudgel’d a Body of *Smiglesians*³

¹ [Defilé]

² The followers of the famous scholastic philo-
sopher, Duns Scotus (who taught at Oxford and
died in 1308), were Realists, and the Scotists were
as Realists opposed to the Nominalists, who, as
followers of Thomas Aquinas, were called Thom-
ists. Abuse, in later time, of the followers of
Duns gave its present sense to the word Dunce.

³ The followers of Martin Smiglecius, a Polish
Jesuit, who taught Philosophy for four years and
Theology for ten years at Vilna, in Lithuania, and
died at Kalisch in 1618. Besides theological works
he published a book of Disputations upon Logic.

half the length of *High-street*, 'till they had dispersed themselves for Shelter into their respective Garrisons.

This Humour, I find, went very far in *Erasmus's* Time. For that Author tells us,¹ That upon the Revival of *Greek* Letters, most of the Universities in *Europe* were divided into *Greeks* and *Trojans*. The latter were those who bore a mortal Enmity to the Language of the *Grecians*, in-somuch that if they met with any who understood it, they did not fail to treat him as a Foe. *Erasmus* himself had, it seems, the Misfortune to fall into the Hands of a Party of *Trojans*, who laid him on with so many Blows and Buffets that he never forgot their Hostilities to his dying Day.

There is a way of managing an Argument not much unlike the former, which is made use of by States and Communities, when they draw up a hundred thousand Disputants on each Side, and convince one another by Dint of Sword. A certain Grand Monarch² was so sensible of his Strength in this way of Reasoning, that he writ upon his Great Guns—*Ratio ultima Regum, The Logick of Kings*; but, God be thanked, he is now pretty well baffled at his own Weapons. When one has to do with a Philosopher of this kind, one should remember the old Gentleman's Saying, who had been engaged in an Argument with one of the *Roman* Emperors.³ Upon his Friend's telling him, That he wonder'd he would give up the Question, when he had visibly the Better of the Dispute; *I am never ashani'd*, says he, *to be confuted by one who is Master of fifty Legions*.

I shall but just mention another kind of Reasoning, which may be called arguing by Poll; and another which is of equal Force, in which Wagers are made use of as Arguments, according to the celebrated Line in *Hudibras*.⁴

But the most notable way of managing a Controversy, is that which we may call *Arguing by Torture*. This is a Method of Reasoning which has been made use of with the poor Refugees, and which was so fashionable in our Country during the Reign of Queen *Mary*, that in a Passage of an Author quoted by Monsieur *Bayle*,⁵ it is said the Price of Wood was raised in *England*, by reason of the Executions that were made in *Smithfield*. These Disputants convince their Adversaries with a *Sorites*,⁶ commonly called a Pile of Faggots. The Rack is also a kind of Syllogism which has been used with good Effect, and has made Multitudes of Converts. Men were formerly disputed out of their Doubts, reconciled to Truth by Force of Reason, and won over to Opinions by the Candour, Sense and Ingenuity of those who had the Right on their Side; but this Method of Conviction operated too slowly. Pain

was found to be much more enlightning than Reason. Every Scruple was looked upon as Obstinacy, and not to be removed but by several Engines invented for that Purpose. In a Word, the Application of Whips, Racks, Gibbets, Gallies, Dungeons, Fire and Faggot, in a Dispute, may be look'd upon as Popish Refinements upon the old Heathen Logick.

There is another way of Reasoning which seldom fails, tho' it be of a quite different Nature to that I have last mentioned. I mean, convincing a Man by ready Money, or as it is ordinarily called, bribing a Man to an Opinion. This Method has often proved successful, when all the others have been made use of to no purpose. A Man who is furnished with Arguments from the Mint, will convince his Antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from Reason and Philosophy. Gold is a wonderful Clearer of the Understanding; it dissipates every Doubt and Scruple in an Instant; accommodates itself to the meanest Capacities; silences the Loud and Clamorous, and brings over the most Obstinate and Inflexible. *Philip* of *Macedon* was a Man of most invincible Reason this Way. He refuted by it all the Wisdom of *Athens*, confounded their Statesmen, struck their Orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their Liberties.

Having here touched upon the several Methods of Disputing, as they have prevailed in different Ages of the World, I shall very suddenly give my Reader an Account of the whole Art of Cavilling; which shall be a full and satisfactory Answer to all such Papers and Pamphlets as have yet appeared against the SPECTATOR. C.

No. 240.] Wednesday, Dec. 5, 1711. [Steele.

—*Aliter not fit, Avite, liber.*—Mart.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM of one of the most genteel Trades in the City, and understand thus much of liberal Education, as to have an ardent Ambition of being useful to Mankind, and to think That the chief End of Being as to this Life. I had these good Impressions given me from the handsome Behaviour of a learned, generous, and wealthy Man towards me when I first began the World. Some Dissatisfaction between me and my Parents made me enter into it with less Relish of Business than I ought; and to turn off this Uneasiness I gave myself to criminal Pleasures, some Excesses, and a general loose Conduct. I know not what the excellent Man above-mentioned saw in me, but he descended from the Superiority of his Wisdom and Merit, to throw himself frequently into my Company. This made me soon hope that I had something in me worth cultivating, and his Conversation made me sensible of Satisfaction in a regular Way, which I had never before imagined. When he was grown familiar with me, he opened himself like a good Angel, and told me, he had long laboured to ripen me into a Preparation to receive his Friendship and Advice, both which I

¹ Erasm. Epist.

² Louis XIV.

³ Adrian, cited in Bacon's Apophthegms.

⁴ Hudibras, Pt. II. c. 1, v. 297. See note to No. 145.

⁵ And. Ammonius in Bayle's Life of him, but the saying was of the reign of Henry VIII.

⁶ A Sorites, in Logic,—from *σωρός*, a heap—is a pile of syllogisms so compacted that the conclusion of one serves as a premiss to the next.

'should daily command, and the Use of any Part
'of his Fortune, to apply the Measures he should
'propose to me, for the Improvement of my own.
'I assure you, I cannot recollect the Goodness
'and Confusion of the good Man when he spoke
'to this Purpose to me, without melting into
'Tears; but in a word, Sir, I must hasten to tell
'you, that my Heart burns with Gratitude to-
'wards him, and he is so happy a Man, that it
'can never be in my Power to return him his Fa-
'vours in Kind, but I am sure I have made him
'the most agreeable Satisfaction I could possibly,
'[in being ready to serve others to my utmost
'Ability,] as far as is consistent with the Prudence
'he prescribes to me. Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, I
'do not owe to him only the good Will and Es-
'teem of my own Relations, (who are People of
'Distinction) the present Ease and Plenty of my
'Circumstances, but also the Government of my
'Passions, and Regulation of my Desires. I
'doubt not, Sir, but in your Imagination such
'Virtues as these of my worthy Friend, bear as
'great a Figure as Actions which are more glit-
'tering in the common Estimation. What I would
'ask of you, is to give us a whole *Spectator* upon
'Heroick Virtue in common Life, which may incite
'Men to the same generous Inclinations, as have
'by this admirable Person been shewn to, and
'rais'd in,

SIR, Your most humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Country Gentleman, of a good plenti-
'ful Estate, and live as the rest of my Neighbours
'with great Hospitality. I have been ever reck-
'oned among the Ladies the best Company in
'the World, and have Access as a sort of Favour-
'ite. I never came in Publick but I saluted
'them, tho' in great Assemblies, all round, where
'it was seen how genteelly I avoided hampering
'my Spurs in their Petticoats, while I moved
'amongst them; and on the other side how
'prettily they curtsied and received me, standing
'in proper Rows, and advancing as fast as they
'saw their Elders, or their Betters, dispatch'd by
'me. But so it is, Mr. SPECTATOR, that all our
'good Breeding is of late lost by the unhappy
'Arrival of a Courtier, or Town Gentleman, who
'came lately among us: This Person where-ever he
'came into a Room made a profound Bow, and
'fell back, then recovered with a soft Air, and
'made a Bow to the next, and so to one or two
'more, and then took the Gross of the Room, by
'passing by them in a continued Bow till he ar-
'rived at the Person he thought proper par-
'ticularly to entertain. This he did with so good
'a Grace and Assurance, that it is taken for the
'present Fashion; and there is no young Gentle-
'woman within several Miles of this Place has
'been kissed ever since his first Appearance
'among us. We Country Gentlemen cannot be-
'gin again and learn these fine and reserved Airs;
'and our Conversation is at a Stand, till we have
'your Judgment for or against Kissing, by way
'of Civility or Salutation; which is impatiently
'expected by your Friends of both Sexes, but by
'none so much as

Your humble Servant, Rustick Sprightly.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

December 3, 1711.

'I was the other Night at *Philaster*,¹ where I
'expected to hear your famous Trunk-maker, but
'was happily disappointed of his Company, and
'saw another Person who had the like Ambition
'to distinguish himself in a noisy manner, partly
'by Vociferation or talking loud, and partly by
'his bodily Agility. This was a very lusty Fel-
'low, but withal a sort of Beau, who getting into
'one of the Side-boxes on the Stage before the
'Curtain drew, was disposed to shew the whole
'Audience his Activity by leaping over the Spikes;
'he pass'd from thence to one of the entering
'Doors, where he took Snuff with a tolerable
'good Grace, display'd his fine Cloaths, made two
'or three feint Passes at the Curtain with his Cane,
'then faced about and appear'd at t'other Door:
'Here he affected to survey the whole House,
'bow'd and smil'd at random, and then shew'd
'his Teeth, which were some of them indeed very
'white: After this he retired behind the Curtain,
'and oblig'd us with several Views of his Person
'from every Opening.

'During the Time of Acting, he appear'd fre-
'quently in the Prince's Apartment, made one at
'the Hunting-match, and was very forward in the
'Rebellion. If there were no Injunctions to the
'contrary, yet this Practice must be confess'd to
'diminish the Pleasure of the Audience, and for
'that Reason presumptuous and unwarrantable:
'But since her Majesty's late Command has made
'it criminal,² you have Authority to take Notice
'of it.

SIR, Your humble Servant,
Charles Easy.

T.

No. 241.] Thursday, December 6, 1711. [Addison.

—Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incommitata videtur
Ire viam— Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THOUGH you have considered virtuous Love
'in most of its Distresses, I do not remem-
'ber that you have given us any Dissertation
'upon the Absence of Lovers, or laid down any
'Methods how they should support themselves
'under those long Separations which they are
'sometimes forced to undergo. I am at present
'in this unhappy Circumstance, having parted
'with the best of Husbands, who is abroad in the
'Service of his Country, and may not possibly re-
'turn for some Years. His warm and generous
'Affection while we were together, with the Ten-
'derness which he expressed to me at parting,
'make his Absence almost insupportable. I think
'of him every Moment of the Day, and meet him

¹ Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Philaster' had been acted on the preceding Friday, Nov. 30. The Hunt is in the Fourth Act, the Rebellion in the Fifth.

² At this time there had been added to the playbills the line 'By her Majesty's Command no Person is to be admitted behind the Scenes.'

'every Night in my Dreams. Every thing I see
'puts me in mind of him. I apply myself with
'more than ordinary Diligence to the Care of his
'Family and his Estate; but this, instead of re-
'lieving me, gives me but so many Occasions of
'wishing for his Return. I frequent the Rooms
'where I used to converse with him, and not meet-
'ing him there, sit down in his Chair, and fall a
'weeping. I love to read the Books he delighted
'in, and to converse with the Persons whom he
'esteemed. I visit his Picture a hundred times a
'Day, and place myself over-against it whole
'Hours together. I pass a great part of my
'Time in the Walks where I used to lean upon
'his Arm, and recollect in my Mind the Dis-
'courses which have there passed between us: I
'look over the several Prospects and Points of
'View which we used to survey together, fix my
'Eye upon the Objects which he has made me
'take notice of, and call to mind a thousand
'[agreeable] Remarks which he has made on those
'Occasions. I write to him by every Conveyance,
'and contrary to other People, am always in good
'Humour when an East-Wind blows, because it
'seldom fails of bringing me a Letter from him.
'Let me entreat you, Sir, to give me your Advice
'upon this Occasion, and to let me know how I
'may relieve my self in this my Widowhood.

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant,
ASTERIA.

Absence is what the Poets call Death in Love,
and has given Occasion to abundance of beautiful
Complaints in those Authors who have treated of
this Passion in Verse. *Ovid's* Epistles are full of
them. *Otway's Monimia* talks very tenderly
upon this Subject.¹

———*It was not kind*
To leave me like a Turtle, here alone,
To droop and mourn the Absence of my Mate.
When thou art from me, every Place is desert:
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.
Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blest,
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

The Consolations of Lovers on these Occasions
are very extraordinary. Besides those mentioned
by *Asteria*, there are many other Motives of
Comfort, which are made use of by absent Lovers.

I remember in one of *Scudery's* Romances, a
Couple of honourable Lovers agreed at their part-
ing to set aside one half Hour in the Day to think
of each other during a tedious Absence. The
Romance tells us, that they both of them punc-
tually observed the Time thus agreed upon; and
that whatever Company or Business they were
engaged in, they left it abruptly as soon as the
Clock warned them to retire. The Romance
further adds, That the Lovers expected the Re-
turn of this stated Hour with as much Impatience,
as if it had been a real Assignation, and enjoyed
an imaginary Happiness that was almost as
pleasing to them as what they would have found
from a real Meeting. It was an inexpressible
Satisfaction to these divided Lovers, to be assured
that each was at the same time employ'd in the

same kind of Contemplation, and making equal
Returns of Tenderness and Affection.

If I may be allowed to mention a more serious
Expedient for the alleviating of Absence, I shall
take notice of one which I have known two Per-
sons practise, who joined Religion to that Ele-
gance of Sentiments with which the Passion of
Love generally inspires its Votaries. This was,
at the Return of such an Hour, to offer up a cer-
tain Prayer for each other, which they had agreed
upon before their Parting. The Husband, who
is a Man that makes a Figure in the polite World,
as well as in his own Family, has often told me,
that he could not have supported an Absence of
three Years without this Expedient.

[*Strada*, in one of his Prolusions,¹] gives an
Account of a chimerical Correspondence between
two Friends by the Help of a certain Loadstone,
which had such Virtue in it, that if it touched two
several Needles, when one of the Needles so
touched [began²] to move, the other, tho' at
never so great a Distance, moved at the same
Time, and in the same Manner. He tells us, that
the two Friends, being each of them possessed of
one of these Needles, made a kind of a Dial-plate,
inscribing it with the four and twenty Letters, in
the same manner as the Hours of the Day are
marked upon the ordinary Dial-plate. They then
fixed one of the Needles on each of these Plates
in such a manner, that it could move round with-
out Impediment, so as to touch any of the four
and twenty Letters. Upon their Separating from
one another into distant Countries, they agreed
to withdraw themselves punctually into their
Closets at a certain Hour of the Day, and to con-
verse with one another by means of this their In-
vention. Accordingly when they were some hun-
dred Miles asunder, each of them shut himself up
in his Closet at the Time appointed, and immedi-
ately cast his Eye upon his Dial-plate. If he had
a mind to write any thing to his Friend, he di-
rected his Needle to every Letter that formed the
Words which he had occasion for, making a little
Pause at the end of every Word or Sentence, to
avoid Confusion. The Friend, in the mean while,
saw his own sympathetick Needle moving of itself
to every Letter which that of his Correspondent
pointed at. By this means they talked together
across a whole Continent, and conveyed their
Thoughts to one another in an Instant over Cities
or Mountains, Seas or Desarts.

If Monsieur *Scudery*, or any other Writer of
Romance, had introduced a Necromancer, who is
generally in the Train of a Knight-Errant, making
a Present to two Lovers of a Couple of those
above-mentioned Needles, the Reader would not
have been a little pleased to have seen them cor-
responding with one another when they were
guarded by Spies and Watches, or separated by
Castles and Adventures.

In the mean while, if ever this Invention should
be revived or put in practice, I would propose,
that upon the Lover's Dial-plate there should be
written not only the four and twenty Letters, but

¹ [In one of *Strada's* Prolusions he] Lib. II.
Prol. 6.

² [begun], and in first reprint.

¹ Orphan, Act II.

several entire Words which have always a Place in passionate Epistles, as *Flames, Darts, Die, Language, Absence, Cupid, Heart, Eyes, Hang, Drown*, and the like. This would very much abridge the Lover's Pains in this way of writing a Letter, as it would enable him to express the most useful and significant Words with a single Touch of the Needle. C.

No. 242.] Friday, December 7, 1711. [Steele.

*Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum*——— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
YOUR Speculations do not so generally prevail over Mens Manners as I could wish. A former Paper of yours¹ concerning the Misbehaviour of People, who are necessarily in each other's Company in travelling, ought to have been a lasting Admonition against Transgressions of that Kind: But I had the Fate of your Quaker, in meeting with a rude Fellow in a Stage-Coach, who entertained two or three Women of us (for there was no Man besides himself) with Language as indecent as was ever heard upon the Water. The impertinent Observations which the Coxcomb made upon our Shame and Confusion were such, that it is an unspeakable Grief to reflect upon them. As much as you have declaimed against Duelling, I hope you will do us the Justice to declare, that if the Brute has Courage enough to send to the Place where he saw us all alight together to get rid of him, there is not one of us but has a Lover who shall avenge the Insult. It would certainly be worth your Consideration, to look into the frequent Misfortunes of this kind, to which the Modest and Innocent are exposed, by the licentious Behaviour of such as are as much Strangers to good Breeding as to Virtue. Could we avoid hearing what we do not approve, as easily as we can seeing what is disagreeable, there were some Consolation; but since [in a Box at a Play,²] in an Assembly of Ladies, or even in a Pew at Church, it is in the Power of a gross Coxcomb to utter what a Woman cannot avoid hearing, how miserable is her Condition who comes within the Power of such Impertinents? And how necessary is it to repeat Invectives against such a Behaviour? If the Licentious had not utterly forgot what it is to be modest, they would know that offended Modesty labours under one of the greatest Sufferings to which human Life can be exposed. If one of these Brutes could reflect thus much, tho' they want Shame, they would be moved, by their Pity, to abhor an impudent Behaviour in the Presence of the Chaste and Innocent. If you will oblige us with a *Spectator* on this Subject, and procure it to be pasted against every Stage-Coach in *Great-Britain*, as the Law of the Journey, you will highly oblige the whole Sex, for which you have professed so

¹ No. 132.

² [at a Box in a Play,]

great an Esteem; and in particular, the two Ladies my late Fellow-Sufferers, and,
SIR, Your most humble Servant,
Rebecca Ridinghood.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
The Matter which I am now going to send you, is an unhappy Story in low Life, and will recommend it self, so that you must excuse the Manner of expressing it. A poor idle drunken Weaver in *Spittle-Fields* has a faithful laborious Wife, who by her Frugality and Industry had laid by her as much Money as purchased her a Ticket in the present Lottery. She had hid this very privately in the Bottom of a Trunk, and had given her Number to a Friend and Confident, who had promised to keep the Secret, and bring her News of the Success. The poor Adventurer was one Day gone abroad, when her careless Husband, suspecting she had saved some Money, searches every Corner, till at length he finds this same Ticket; which he immediately carries abroad, sells, and squanders away the Money without the Wife's suspecting any thing of the Matter. A Day or two after this, this Friend, who was a Woman, comes and brings the Wife word, that she had a Benefit of Five Hundred Pounds. The poor Creature overjoyed, flies up Stairs to her Husband, who was then at Work, and desires him to leave his Loom for that Evening, and come and drink with a Friend of his and hers below. The Man received this chearful Invitation as bad Husbands sometimes do, and after a cross Word or two told her he wou'dn't come. His Wife with Tenderness renewed her Importunity, and at length said to him, My Love! I have within these few Months, unknown to you, scraped together as much Money as has bought us a Ticket in the Lottery, and now here is Mrs. *Quick* [come¹] to tell me, that 'tis come up this Morning a Five hundred Pound Prize. The Husband replies immediately, You lye, you Slut, you have no Ticket, for I have sold it. The poor Woman upon this Faints away in a Fit, recovers, and is now run distracted. As she had no Design to defraud her Husband, but was willing only to participate in his good Fortune, every one pities her, but thinks her Husband's Punishment but just. This, Sir, is Matter of Fact, and would, if the Persons and Circumstances were greater, in a well-wrought Play be called *Beautiful Distress*. I have only sketched it out with Chalk, and know a good Hand can make a moving Picture with worse Materials.

SIR, &c.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
I am what the World calls a warm Fellow, and by good Success in Trade I have raised myself to a Capacity of making some Figure in the World; but no matter for that. I have now under my Guardianship a couple of Nieces, who will certainly make me run mad; which you will not wonder at, when I tell you they are Female Virtuosos, and during the three Years and a half that I have had them under my Care, they never in the least inclined their Thoughts towards any

¹ [comes], and in first reprint.

'one single Part of the Character of a notable Woman. Whilst they should have been considering the proper Ingredients for a Sack-posset, you should hear a Dispute concerning the [magnetick¹] Virtue of the Loadstone, or perhaps the Pressure of the Atmosphere: Their Language is peculiar to themselves, and they scorn to express themselves on the meanest Trifle with Words that are not of a *Latin* Derivation. But this were supportable still, would they suffer me to enjoy an uninterrupted Ignorance; but, unless I fall in with their abstracted Idea of Things (as they call them) I must not expect to smook one Pipe in Quiet. In a late Fit of the Gout I complained of the Pain of that Distemper when my Niece *Kitty* begged Leave to assure me, that whatever I might think, several great Philosophers, both ancient and modern, were of Opinion, that both Pleasure and Pain were imaginary [Distinctions²], and that there was no such thing as either in *rerum Natura*. I have often heard them affirm that the Fire was not hot; and one Day when I, with the Authority of an old Fellow, desired one of them to put my blue Cloak on my Knees; she answered, Sir, I will reach the Cloak; but take notice, I do not do it as allowing your Description; for it might as well be called Yellow as Blue; for Colour is nothing but the various Inflections of the Rays of the Sun. Miss *Molly* told me one Day; That to say Snow was white, is allowing a vulgar Error; for as it contains a great Quantity of nitrous Particles, it [might more reasonably³] be supposed to be black. In short, the young Husseys would persuade me, that to believe one's Eyes is a sure way to be deceived; and have often advised me, by no means, to trust any thing so fallible as my Senses. What I have to beg of you now is, to turn one Speculation to the due Regulation of Female Literature, so far at least, as to make it consistent with the Quiet of such whose Fate it is to be liable to its Insults; and to tell us the Difference between a Gentleman that should make Cheesecakes and raise Paste, and a Lady that reads *Locke*, and understands the Mathematicks. In which you will extreamly oblige

Your hearty Friend and humble Servant,
T. Abraham Thrifty.

No. 243.] Saturday, December 8, 1711. [Addison.

Formam quidem ipsam, Marce fili, et tanquam faciem Honesti vides: quæ si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret Sapientia.—Tull. Offic.

I DO not remember to have read any Discourse written expressly upon the Beauty and Loveliness of Virtue, without considering it as a Duty, and as the Means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I design therefore this Speculation as an Essay upon that Subject, in which I shall consider Virtue no further than as it is in it self of

¹ [magnetical], and in first reprint.

² [Distractions], and in first reprint.

³ [may more seasonably], and in first reprint.

an amiable Nature, after having premised, that I understand by the Word Virtue such a general Notion as is affixed to it by the Writers of Morality, and which by devout Men generally goes under the Name of Religion, and by Men of the World under the Name of Honour.

Hypocrisy it self does great Honour, or rather Justice, to Religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an Ornament to human Nature. The Hypocrite would not be at so much Pains to put on the Appearance of Virtue, if he did not know it was the most proper and effectual means to gain the Love and Esteem of Mankind.

We learn from *Hierocles*, it was a common Saying among the Heathens, that the Wise Man hates no body, but only loves the Virtuous.

Tully has a very beautiful Gradation of Thoughts to shew how amiable Virtue is. We love a virtuous Man, says he, who lives in the remotest Parts of the Earth, though we are altogether out of the Reach of his Virtue, and can receive from it no Manner of Benefit; nay, one who died several Ages ago, raises a secret Fondness and Benevolence for him in our Minds, when we read his Story: Nay, what is still more, one who has been the Enemy of our Country, provided his Wars were regulated by Justice and Humanity, as in the Instance of *Pyrrhus* whom *Tully* mentions on this Occasion in Opposition to *Hannibal*. Such is the natural Beauty and Loveliness of Virtue.

Stoicism, which was the Pedantry of Virtue, ascribes all good Qualifications, of what kind soever, to the virtuous Man. Accordingly [*Cato*,¹] in the Character *Tully* has left of him, carried Matters so far, that he would not allow any one but a virtuous Man to be handsome. This indeed looks more like a Philosophical Rant than the real Opinion of a Wise Man; yet this was what *Cato* very seriously maintained. In short, the Stoics thought they could not sufficiently represent the Excellence of Virtue, if they did not comprehend in the Notion of it all possible Perfection[s]; and therefore did not only suppose, that it was transcendently beautiful in it self, but that it made the very Body amiable, and banished every kind of Deformity from the Person in whom it resided.

It is a common Observation, that the most abandoned to all Sense of Goodness, are apt to wish those who are related to them of a different Character; and it is very observable, that none are more struck with the Charms of Virtue in the fair Sex, than those who by their very Admiration of it are carried to a Desire of ruining it.

A virtuous Mind in a fair Body is indeed a fine Picture in a good Light, and therefore it is no Wonder that it makes the beautiful Sex all over Charms.

As Virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely Nature, there are some particular kinds of it which are more so than others, and these are such as dispose us to do Good to Mankind. Temperance and Abstinence, Faith and Devotion, are in themselves perhaps as laudable as any other Virtues; but those which make a Man popular and beloved, are Justice, Charity, Munificence, and, in short, all the good Qualities that render us beneficial to

¹ [we find that *Cato*,]

each other. For which Reason even an extravagant Man, who has nothing else to recommend him but a false Generosity, is often more beloved and esteemed than a Person of a much more finished Character, who is defective in this Particular.

The two great Ornaments of Virtue, which shew her in the most advantageous Views, and make her altogether lovely, are Cheerfulness and Good-Nature. These generally go together, as a Man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous Mind, to keep out Melancholy from the many serious Thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural Hatred of Vice from souring into Severity and Censoriousness.

If Virtue is of this amiable Nature, what can we think of those who can look upon it with an Eye of Hatred and Ill-will, or can suffer their Aversion for a Party to blot out all the Merit of the Person who is engaged in it. A Man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no Virtue but on his own Side, and that there are not Men as honest as himself who may differ from him in Political Principles. Men may oppose one another in some Particulars, but ought not to carry their Hatred to those Qualities which are of so amiable a Nature in themselves, and have nothing to do with the Points in Dispute. Men of Virtue, though of different Interests, ought to consider themselves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious Part of Mankind, who embark with them in the same civil Concerns. We should bear the same Love towards a Man of Honour, who is a living Antagonist, which *Tully* tells us in the forementioned Passage every one naturally does to an Enemy that is dead. In short, we should esteem Virtue though in a Foe, and abhor Vice though in a Friend.

I speak this with an Eye to those cruel Treatments which Men of all Sides are apt to give the Characters of those who do not agree with them. How many Persons of undoubted Probity, and exemplary Virtue, on either Side, are blackned and defamed? How many Men of Honour exposed to publick Obloquy and Reproach? Those therefore who are either the Instruments or Abettors in such Infernal Dealings, ought to be looked upon as Persons who make use of Religion to promote their Cause, not of their Cause to promote Religion.

C.

No. 244.] Monday, December 10, 1711. [Steele.

— *Judex et callidus audis.*—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Covent-Garden, Dec. 7.

I CANNOT, without a double Injustice, forbear expressing to you the Satisfaction which a whole Clan of Virtuosi have received from those Hints which you have lately given the Town on the Cartons of the inimitable *Raphael*.¹ It should be methinks the Business

¹ In No. 226. Signor Dorigny's scheme was advertised in Nos. 205, 206, 207, 208, and 210.

of a SPECTATOR to improve the Pleasures of Sight, and there cannot be a more immediate Way to it than recommending the Study and Observation of excellent Drawings and Pictures. When I first went to view those of *Raphael* which you have celebrated, I must confess I was but barely pleased; the next time I liked them better, but at last as I grew better acquainted with them, I fell deeply in love with them, like wise Speeches they sunk deep into my Heart; for you know, Mr. SPECTATOR, that a Man of Wit may extremely affect one for the Present, but if he has not Discretion, his Merit soon vanishes away, while a Wise Man that has not so great a Stock of Wit, shall nevertheless give you a far greater and more lasting Satisfaction: Just so it is in a Picture that is smartly touched but not well studied; one may call it a witty Picture, tho' the Painter in the mean time may be in Danger of being called a Fool. On the other hand, a Picture that is thoroughly understood in the Whole, and well performed in the Particulars, that is begun on the Foundation of Geometry, carried on by the Rules of Perspective, Architecture, and Anatomy, and perfected by a good Harmony, a just and natural Colouring, and such Passions and Expressions of the Mind as are almost peculiar to *Raphael*; this is what you may justly style a wise Picture, and which seldom fails to strike us Dumb, till we can assemble all our Faculties to make but a tolerable Judgment upon it. Other Pictures are made for the Eyes only, as Rattles are made for Childrens Ears; and certainly that Picture that only pleases the Eye, without representing some well-chosen Part of Nature or other, does but shew what fine Colours are to be sold at the Colour-shop, and mocks the Works of the Creator. If the best Imitator of Nature is not to be esteemed the best Painter, but he that makes the greatest Show and Glare of Colours; it will necessarily follow, that he who can array himself in the most gaudy Draperies is best drest, and he that can speak loudest the best Orator. Every Man when he looks on a Picture should examine it according to that share of Reason he is Master of, or he will be in Danger of making a wrong Judgment. If Men as they walk abroad would make more frequent Observations on those Beauties of Nature which every Moment present themselves to their View, they would be better Judges when they saw her well imitated at home: This would help to correct those Errors which most Pretenders fall into, who are over hasty in their Judgments, and will not stay to let Reason come in for a share in the Decision. 'Tis for want of this that Men mistake in this Case, and in common Life, a wild extravagant Pencil for one that is truly bold and great, an impudent Fellow for a Man of true Courage and Bravery, hasty and unreasonable Actions for Enterprizes of Spirit and Resolution, gaudy Colouring for that which is truly beautiful, a false and insinuating Discourse for simple Truth elegantly recommended. The Parallel will hold through all the Parts of Life and Painting too; and the Virtuosi above-mentioned will be glad to see you draw it with your Terms of Art. As the

'Shadows in Picture represent the serious or
'melancholy, so the Lights do the bright and
'lively Thoughts: As there should be but one
'forcible Light in a Picture which should catch
'the Eye and fall on the Hero, so there should be
'but one Object of our Love, even the Author of
'Nature. These and the like Reflections well im-
'proved, might very much contribute to open the
'Beauty of that Art, and prevent young People
'from being poisoned by the ill Gusto of an ex-
'travagant Workman that should be imposed
'upon us.

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Though I am a Woman, yet I am one of those
'who confess themselves highly pleased with a
'Speculation you obliged the World with some
'time ago,¹ from an old *Greek* Poet you call
'*Simonides*, in relation to the several Natures
'and Distinctions of our own Sex. I could not
'but admire how justly the Characters of Women
'in this Age, fall in with the Times of *Simonides*,
'there being no one of those Sorts I have not at
'some time or other of my Life met with a Sam-
'ple of. But, Sir, the Subject of this present
'Address, are a Set of Women comprehended, I
'think, in the Ninth Specie of that Speculation,
'called the Apes; the Description of whom I find
'to be, "That they are such as are both ugly and
'ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful them-
'selves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule
'every thing that appears so in others." Now,
'Sir, this Sect, as I have been told, is very fre-
'quent in the great Town where you live; but as
'my Circumstance of Life obliges me to reside
'altogether in the Country, though not many
'Miles from *London*, I can't have met with a
'great Number of 'em, nor indeed is it a desirable
'Acquaintance, as I have lately found by Experi-
'ence. You must know, Sir, that at the Begin-
'ning of this Summer a Family of these Apes
'came and settled for the Season not far from the
'Place where I live. As they were Strangers in
'the Country, they were visited by the Ladies
'about 'em, of whom I was, with an Humanity
'usual in those that pass most of their Time in
'Solitude. The Apes lived with us very agree-
'ably our own Way till towards the End of the
'Summer, when they began to bethink themselves
'of returning to Town; then it was, Mr. SPEC-
'TATOR, that they began to set themselves about
'the proper and distinguishing Business of their
'Character; and, as 'tis said of evil Spirits, that
'they are apt to carry away a Piece of the House
'they are about to leave, the Apes, without Re-
'gard to common Mercy, Civility, or Gratitude,
'thought fit to mimick and fall foul on the Faces,
'Dress, and Behaviour of their innocent Neigh-
'bours, bestowing abominable Censures and dis-
'graceful Appellations, commonly called Nick-
'names, on all of them; and in short, like true
'fine Ladies, made their honest Plainness and Sin-
'cerity Matter of Ridicule. I could not but ac-
'quaint you with these Grievances, as well at the
'Desire of all the Parties injur'd, as from my own

'Inclination. I hope, Sir, if you can't propose
'entirely to reform this Evil, you will take such
'Notice of it in some of your future Speculations,
'as may put the deserving Part of our Sex on
'their Guard against these Creatures; and at
'the same time the Apes may be sensible, that
'this sort of Mirth is so far from an innocent Di-
'version, that it is in the highest Degree that
'Vice which is said to comprehend all others.¹

I am, SIR, Your humble Servant,

T.

Constantia Field.

No. 245.] Tuesday, Dec. 11, 1711. [Addison.

Ficta Voluptatis causâ sint proxima Veris.

Hor.

THERE is nothing which one regards so much
with an Eye of Mirth and Pity as Innocence,
when it has in it a Dash of Folly. At the same
time that one esteems the Virtue, one is tempted
to laugh at the Simplicity which accompanies it.
When a Man is made up wholly of the Dove,
without the least Grain of the Serpent in his
Composition, he becomes ridiculous in many Cir-
cumstances of Life, and very often discredits his
best Actions. The *Cordeliers* tell a Story of
their Founder *St Francis*, that as he passed the
Streets in the Dusk of the Evening, he discovered
a young Fellow with a Maid in a Corner; upon
which the good Man, say they, lifted up his
Hands to Heaven with a secret Thanksgiving,
that there was still so much Christian Charity in
the World. The Innocence of the Saint made
him mistake the Kiss of a Lover for a Salute of
Charity. I am heartily concerned when I see a
virtuous Man without a competent Knowledge of
the World; and if there be any Use in these my
Papers, it is this, that without presenting Vice
under any false alluring Notions, they give my
Reader an Insight into the Ways of Men, and
represent human Nature in all its changeable
Colours. The Man who has not been engaged in
any of the Follies of the World, or, as *Shakespear*
expresses it, *hackney'd in the Ways of Men*, may
here find a Picture of its Follies and Extrava-
gancies. The Virtuous and the Innocent may
know in Speculation what they could never arrive
at by Practice, and by this Means avoid the Snares
of the Crafty, the Corruptions of the Vicious, and
the Reasonings of the Prejudiced. Their Minds
may be opened without being vitiated.

It is with an Eye to my following Correspond-
ent, Mr. *Timothy Doodle*, who seems a very
well-meaning Man, that I have written this short
Preface, to which I shall subjoin a Letter from
the said Mr. *Doodle*.

SIR,

'I could heartily wish that you would let us
'know your Opinion upon several innocent Diver-
'sions which are in use among us, and which are
'very proper to pass away a Winter Night for

¹ No. 209.

¹ Ingratitude. *Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dixeris.*

‘those who do not care to throw away their Time at an Opera, or at the Play-house. I would gladly know in particular, what Notion you have of Hot-Cockles; as also whether you think that Questions and Commands, Mottoes, Similes, and Cross-Purposes have not more Mirth and Wit in them, than those publick Diversions which are grown so very fashionable among us. If you would recommend to our Wives and Daughters, who read your Papers with a great deal of Pleasure, some of those Sports and Pastimes that may be practised within Doors, and by the Fire-side, we who are Masters of Families should be hugely obliged to you. I need not tell you that I would have these Sports and Pastimes not only merry but innocent, for which Reason I have not mentioned either Whisk or Lanterloo, nor indeed so much as One and Thirty. After having communicated to you my Request upon this Subject, I will be so free as to tell you how my Wife and I pass away these tedious Winter Evenings with a great deal of Pleasure. Tho’ she be young and handsome, and good-humoured to a Miracle, she does not care for gadding abroad like others of her Sex. There is a very friendly Man, a Colonel in the Army, whom I am mightily obliged to for his Civilities, that comes to see me almost every Night; for he is not one of those giddy young Fellows that cannot live out of a Play-house. When we are together, we very often make a Party at Blind-Man’s Buff, which is a Sport that I like the better, because there is a good deal of Exercise in it. The Colonel and I are blinded by Turns, and you would laugh your Heart out to see what Pains my Dear takes to hoodwink us, so that it is impossible for us to see the least Glimpse of Light. The poor Colonel sometimes hits his Nose against a Post, and makes us die with laughing. I have generally the good Luck not to hurt myself, but am very often above half an Hour before I can catch either of them; for you must know we hide ourselves up and down in Corners, that we may have the more Sport. I only give you this Hint as a Sample of such Innocent Diversions as I would have you recommend; and am,

Most esteemed SIR, your ever loving Friend,
Timothy Doodle.

The following Letter was occasioned by my last *Thursday’s* Paper upon the Absence of Lovers, and the Methods therein mentioned of making such Absence supportable.

SIR,

‘Among the several Ways of Consolation which absent Lovers make use of while their Souls are in that State of Departure, which you say is Death in Love, there are some very material ones that have escaped your Notice. Among these, the first and most received is a crooked Shilling, which has administered great Comfort to our Forefathers, and is still made use of on this Occasion with very good Effect in most Parts of Her Majesty’s Dominions. There are some, I know, who think a Crown-Piece cut into two equal Parts, and preserved by the distant Lovers, is of more sovereign Virtue than the former. But since Opinions are divided in

‘this Particular, why may not the same Persons make use of both? The Figure of a Heart, whether cut in Stone or cast in Metal, whether bleeding upon an Altar, stuck with Darts, or held in the Hand of a *Cupid*, has always been looked upon as Talismanick in Distresses of this Nature. I am acquainted with many a brave Fellow, who carries his Mistress in the Lid of his Snuff-box, and by that Expedient has supported himself under the Absence of a whole Campaign. For my own Part, I have tried all these Remedies, but never found so much Benefit from any as from a Ring, in which my Mistress’s Hair is platted together very artificially in a kind of True-Lover’s Knot. As I have received great Benefit from this Secret, I think myself obliged to communicate it to the Publick, for the Good of my Fellow-Subjects. I desire you will add this Letter as an Appendix to your Consolations upon Absence, and am,

Your very humble Servant, T. B.

I shall conclude this Paper with a Letter from an University Gentleman, occasioned by my last *Tuesday’s* Paper, wherein I gave some Account of the great Feuds which happened formerly in those learned Bodies, between the modern *Greeks* and *Trojans*.

SIR,

‘This will give you to understand, that there is at present in the Society, whereof I am a Member, a very considerable Body of *Trojans*, who, upon a proper Occasion, would not fail to declare ourselves. In the mean while we do all we can to annoy our Enemies by Stratagem, and are resolved by the first Opportunity to attack Mr. *Joshua Barnes*,¹ whom we look upon as the *Achilles* of the opposite Party. As for myself, I have had the Reputation ever since I came from School, of being a trusty *Trojan*, and am resolved never to give Quarter to the smallest Particle of *Greek*, where-ever I chance to meet it. It is for this Reason I take it very ill of you, that you sometimes hang out *Greek* Colours at the Head of your Paper, and sometimes give a Word of the Enemy even in the Body of it. When I meet with any thing of this nature, I throw down your Speculations upon the Table, with that Form of Words which we make use of when we declare War upon an Author.

*Græcum est, non potest legi.*²

¹ Professor of Greek at Cambridge, who edited Homer, Euripides, Anacreon, &c., and wrote in Greek verse a History of Esther. He died in 1714.

² ‘It is Greek. It cannot be read.’ This passed into a proverb from Franciscus Accursius, a famous Jurisconsult and son of another Accursius, who was called the Idol of the Jurisconsults. Franciscus Accursius was a learned man of the 13th century, who, in expounding Justinian, whenever he came to one of Justinian’s quotations from Homer, said *Græcum est, nec potest legi*. Afterwards, in the first days of the revival of Greek studies in Europe, it was often said, as reported by Claude d’Espence, for example, that to

'I give you this Hint, that you may for the future
'abstain from any such Hostilities at your Peril.
C. *Troilus.*

No. 246.] Wednesday, Dec. 12, 1711. [Steele.

— Οὐκ ἄρα σοί γε πατήρ ἦν ἱππότα
Πηλεὺς,
Οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ, γλαυκὴ δὲ σ' ἔτικτε
θάλασσα,
Πέτραι τ' ἠλίβατοι, ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν
ἀπηνής.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS your Paper is Part of the Equipage of the
'Tea-Table, I conjure you to print what I
'now write to you; for I have no other Way to
'communicate what I have to say to the fair Sex
'on the most important Circumstance of Life, even
'the Care of Children. I do not understand that
'you profess your Paper is always to consist of
'Matters which are only to entertain the Learned
'and Polite, but that it may agree with your De-
'sign to publish some which may tend to the In-
'formation of Mankind in general; and when it
'does so, you do more than writing Wit and Hu-
'mour. Give me leave then to tell you, that of all
'the Abuses that ever you have as yet endeavoured
'to reform, certainly not one wanted so much your
'Assistance as the Abuse in [nursing¹] Children.
'It is unmerciful to see, that a Woman endowed
'with all the Perfections and Blessings of Nature,
'can, as soon as she is delivered, turn off her in-
'nocent, tender, and helpless Infant, and give it
'up to a Woman that is (ten thousand to one)
'neither in Health nor good Condition, neither
'sound in Mind nor Body, that has neither Honour
'nor Reputation, neither Love nor Pity for the
'poor Babe, but more Regard for the Money than
'for the whole Child, and never will take further
'Care of it than what by all the Encouragement
'of Money and Presents she is forced to; like
'*Aesop's* Earth, which would not nurse the Plant
'of another Ground, altho' never so much im-
'proved, by reason that Plant was not of its own
'Production. And since another's Child is no
'more natural to a Nurse than a Plant to a strange
'and different Ground, how can it be supposed
'that the Child should thrive? and if it thrives,
'must it not imbibe the gross Humours and Qual-
'ities of the Nurse, like a Plant in a different
'Ground, or like a Graft upon a different Stock?
'Do not we observe, that a Lamb sucking a Goat
'changes very much its Nature, nay even its Skin
'and Wooll into the Goat Kind? The Power of
'a Nurse over a Child, by infusing into it, with
'her Milk, her Qualities and Disposition, is suffi-
'ciently and daily observed: Hence came that
'old Saying concerning an ill-natured and mali-
'cious Fellow, that he had imbibed his Malice

know anything of Greek made a man suspected,
to know anything of Hebrew almost made him a
heretic. ¹ [nursing of], and in first reprint.

'with his Nurse's Milk, or that some Brute or
'other had been his Nurse. Hence *Romulus* and
'*Remus* were said to have been nursed by a
'Wolf, *Telephus* the Son of *Hercules* by a Hind,
'*Pelias* the Son of *Neptune* by a Mare, and
'*Aegisthus* by a Goat; not that they had actually
'suck'd such Creatures, as some Simpletons have
'imagin'd, but that their Nurses had been of such
'a Nature and Temper, and infused such into
'them.

'Many Instances may be produced from good
'Authorities and daily Experience, that Children
'actually suck in the several Passions and de-
'praved Inclinations of their Nurses, as Anger,
'Malice, Fear, Melancholy, Sadness, Desire, and
'Aversion. This *Diodorus*, *lib. 2*, witnesses,
'when he speaks, saying, That *Nero* the Em-
'peror's Nurse had been very much addicted to
'Drinking; which Habit *Nero* received from his
'Nurse, and was so very particular in this, that
'the People took so much notice of it, as instead
'of *Tiberius Nero*, they call'd him *Biberius*
'*Mero*. The same *Diodorus* also relates of *Ca-*
'*ligula*, Predecessor to *Nero*, that his Nurse used
'to moisten the Nipples of her Breast frequently
'with Blood, to make *Caligula* take the better
'Hold of them; which, says *Diodorus*, was the
'Cause that made him so blood-thirsty and cruel
'all his Life-time after, that he not only com-
'mitted frequent Murder by his own Hand, but
'likewise wished that all human Kind wore but
'one Neck, that he might have the Pleasure to
'cut it off. Such like Degeneracies astonish the
'Parents, [who] not knowing after whom the
'Child can take, [see¹] one to incline to Stealing,
'another to Drinking, Cruelty, Stupidity; yet all
'these are not minded. Nay it is easy to demon-
'strate, that a Child, although it be born from the
'best of Parents, may be corrupted by an ill-tem-
'pered Nurse. How many Children do we see
'daily brought into Fits, Consumptions, Rickets,
'&c., merely by sucking their Nurses when in a
'Passion or Fury? But indeed almost any Dis-
'order of the Nurse is a Disorder to the Child,
'and few Nurses can be found in this Town but
'what labour under some Distemper or other.
'The first Question that is generally asked a young
'Woman that wants to be a Nurse, [Why²] she
'should be a Nurse to other People's Children; is
'answered, by her having an ill Husband, and
'that she must make Shift to live. I think now
'this very Answer is enough to give any Body a
'Shock if duly considered; for an ill Husband
'may, or ten to one if he does not, bring home to
'his Wife an ill Distemper, or at least Vexation
'and Disturbance. Besides as she takes the Child
'out of meer Necessity, her Food will be accord-
'ingly, or else very coarse at best; whence pro-
'ceeds an ill-concocted and coarse Food for the
'Child; for as the Blood, so is the Milk; and
'hence I am very well assured proceeds the Scurvy,
'the Evil, and many other Distempers. I beg of
'you, for the Sake of the many poor Infants that
'may and will be saved, by weighing this Case
'seriously, to exhort the People with the utmost
'Vehemence to let the Children suck their own

¹ [seeing], and in 1st r. ² [is, why], and in 1st r.

[Mothers,¹] both for the Benefit of Mother and Child. For the general Argument, that a Mother is weakned by giving suck to her Children, is vain and simple; I will maintain that the Mother grows stronger by it, and will have her Health better than she would have otherwise: She will find it the greatest Cure and Preservative for the Vapours and future Miscarriages, much beyond any other Remedy whatsoever: Her Children will be like Giants, whereas otherwise they are but living Shadows and like unripe Fruit; and certainly if a Woman is strong enough to bring forth a Child, she is beyond all Doubt strong enough to nurse it afterwards. It grieves me to observe and consider how many poor Children are daily ruin'd by careless Nurses; and yet how tender ought they to be of a poor Infant, since the least Hurt or Blow, especially upon the Head, may make it senseless, stupid, or otherwise miserable for ever?

But I cannot well leave this Subject as yet; for it seems to me very unnatural, that a Woman that has fed a Child as Part of her self for nine Months, should have no Desire to nurse it farther, when brought to Light and before her Eyes, and when by its Cry it implores her Assistance and the Office of a Mother. Do not the very cruellest of Brutes tend their young ones with all the Care and Delight imaginable? For how can she be call'd a Mother that will not nurse her young ones? The Earth is called the Mother of all Things, not because she produces, but because she maintains and nurses what she produces. The Generation of the Infant is the Effect of Desire, but the Care of it argues Virtue and Choice. I am not ignorant but that there are some Cases of Necessity where a Mother cannot give Suck, and then out of two Evils the least must be chosen; but there are so very few, that I am sure in a Thousand there is hardly one real Instance; for if a Woman does but know that her Husband can spare about three or six Shillings a Week extraordinary, (altho' this is but seldom considered) she certainly, with the Assistance of her Gossips, will soon perswade the good Man to send the Child to Nurse, and easily impose upon him by pretending Indisposition. This Cruelty is supported by Fashion, and Nature gives Place to Custom.

T. *SIR,*
Your humble Servant.

No. 247.] Thursday, December 13, 1711. [Addison.

Τῶν δ' ἀκάματος ῥέει αὐδὴ
Ἐκ στομάτων ἠδεῖα Hes.

WE are told by some antient Authors, that *Socrates* was instructed in Eloquence by a Woman, whose Name, if I am not mistaken, was *Aspasia*. I have indeed very often looked upon that Art as the most proper for the Female Sex, and I think the Universities would do well to con-

¹ [Mother,]

sider whether they should not fill the Rhetorick Chairs with She Professors.

It has been said in the Praise of some Men, that they could Talk whole Hours together upon any Thing; but it must be owned to the Honour of the other Sex, that there are many among them who can Talk whole Hours together upon Nothing. I have known a Woman branch out into a long Extempore Dissertation upon the Edging of a Petticoat, and chide her Servant for breaking a China Cup, in all the Figures of Rhetorick.

Were Women admitted to plead in Courts of Judicature, I am perswaded they would carry the Eloquence of the Bar to greater Heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be present at those Debates which frequently arise among the Ladies [of the¹] *British Fishery*.

The first Kind therefore of Female Orators which I shall take notice of, are those who are employed in stirring up the Passions, a Part of Rhetorick in which *Socrates* his Wife had perhaps made a greater Proficiency than his above-mentioned Teacher.

The second Kind of Female Orators are those who deal in Invectives, and who are commonly known by the Name of the Censorious. The Imagination and Elocution of this Set of Rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a Fluency of Invention, and Copiousness of Expression, will they enlarge upon every little Slip in the Behaviour of another? With how many different Circumstances, and with what Variety of Phrases, will they tell over the same Story? I have known an old Lady make an unhappy Marriage the Subject of a Month's Conversation. She blamed the Bride in one Place; pitied her in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and in short, wore out a Pair of Coach-Horses in expressing her Concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the Subject on this Side, she made a Visit to the new-married Pair, praised the Wife for the prudent Choice she had made, told her the unreasonable Reflections which some malicious People had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The Censure and Approbation of this Kind of Women are therefore only to be consider'd as Helps to Discourse.

A third Kind of Female Orators may be comprehended under the Word *Gossips*. *Mrs. Fiddle Faddle* is perfectly accomplished in this Sort of Eloquence; she launches out into Descriptions of Christenings, runs Divisions upon an Head-dress, knows every Dish of Meat that is served up in her Neighbourhood, and entertains her Company a whole Afternoon together with the Wit of her little Boy, before he is able to speak.

The Coquet may be looked upon as a fourth Kind of Female Orator. To give her self the larger Field for Discourse, she hates and loves in the same Breath, talks to her Lap-dog or Parrot, is uneasy in all kinds of Weather, and in every Part of the Room: She has false Quarrels and feigned Obligations to all the Men of her Acquaintance; sighs when she is not sad, and

¹ [that belong to our]

Laughs when she is not Merry. The Coquet is in particular a great Mistress of that Part of Oratory which is called Action, and indeed seems to speak for no other Purpose, but as it gives her an Opportunity of stirring a Limb, or varying a Feature, of glancing her Eyes, or playing with her Fan.

As for News-mongers, Politicians, Mimicks, Story-Tellers, with other Characters of that nature, which give Birth to Loquacity, they are as commonly found among the Men as the Women; for which Reason I shall pass them over in Silence.

I have often been puzzled to assign a Cause why Women should have this Talent of a ready Utterance in so much greater Perfection than Men. I have sometimes fancied that they have not a retentive Power, or the Faculty of suppressing their Thoughts, as Men have, but that they are necessitated to speak every Thing they think, and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong Argument to the *Cartesians*, for the supporting of their [Doctrine,¹] that the Soul always thinks. But as several are of Opinion that the Fair Sex are not altogether Strangers to the Art of Dissembling and concealing their Thoughts, I have been forced to relinquish that Opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to seek after some better Reason. In order to it, a Friend of mine, who is an excellent Anatomist, has promised me by the first Opportunity to dissect a Woman's Tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain Juices which render it so wonderfully voluble [or²] flip-pant, or whether the Fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant Thread, or whether there are not in it some particular Muscles which dart it up and down by such sudden Glances and Vibrations; or whether in the last Place, there may not be certain undiscovered Channels running from the Head and the Heart, to this little Instrument of Loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual Affluence of animal Spirits. Nor must I omit the Reason which *Hudibras* has given, why those who can talk on Trifles speak with the greatest Fluency; namely, that the Tongue is like a Race-Horse, which runs the faster the lesser Weight it carries.

Which of these Reasons soever may be looked upon as the most probable, I think the *Irishman's* Thought was very natural, who after some Hours Conversation with a Female Orator, told her, that he believed her Tongue was very glad when she was asleep, for that it had not a Moment's Rest all the while she was awake.

That excellent old Ballad of *The Wanton Wife of Bath* has the following remarkable Lines.

*I think, quoth Thomas, Womens Tongues
Of Aspen Leaves are made.*

And *Ovid*, though in the Description of a very barbarous Circumstance, tells us, That when the Tongue of a beautiful Female was cut out, and thrown upon the Ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that Posture.

—*Comprensam forcipe linguam
Abstulit ense fero. Radix micat ultima lingua.*

*Ipsa jacet, terræque tremens immurmurat atræ;
Utque salire solet mutilatæ cauda colubræ
Palpitat:—¹*

If a tongue would be talking without a Mouth, what could it have done when it had all its Organs of Speech, and Accomplices of Sound about it? I might here mention the Story of the Pippin-Woman, had not I some Reason to look upon it as fabulous.

I must confess I am so wonderfully charmed with the Musick of this little Instrument, that I would by no Means discourage it. All that I aim at by this Dissertation is, to cure it of several disagreeable Notes, and in particular of those little Jarrings and Dissonances which arise from Anger, Censoriousness, Gossiping and Coquetry. In short, I would always have it tuned by Good-Nature, Truth, Discretion and Sincerity. C.

No. 248.] Friday, December 14, 1711. [Steele.

*Hoc maximè Officii est, ut quisque maximè opis
indigeat, ita ei potissimum opitulari.—Tull.*

THERE are none who deserve Superiority over others in the Esteem of Mankind, who do not make it their Endeavour to be beneficial to Society; and who upon all Occasions which their Circumstances of Life can administer, do not take a certain unfeigned Pleasure in conferring Benefits of one kind or other. Those whose great Talents and high Birth have placed them in conspicuous Stations of Life, are indispensably obliged to exert some noble Inclinations for the Service of the World, or else such Advantages become Misfortunes, and Shade and Privacy are a more eligible Portion. Where Opportunities and Inclinations are given to the same Person, we sometimes see sublime Instances of Virtue, which so dazzle our Imaginations, that we look with Scorn on all which in lower Scenes of Life we may our selves be able to practise. But this is a vicious Way of Thinking; and it bears some Spice of romantick Madness, for a Man to imagine that he must grow ambitious, or seek Adventures, to be able to do great Actions. It is in every Man's Power in the World who is above meer Poverty, not only to do Things worthy but heroick. The great Foundation of civil Virtue is Self-Denial; and there is no one above the Necessities of Life, but has Opportunities of exercising that noble Quality, and doing as much as his Circumstances will bear for the Ease and Convenience of other Men; and he who does more than ordinarily Men practise upon such Occasions as occur in his Life, deserves the Value of his Friends as if he had done Enterprizes which are usually attended with the highest Glory. Men of publick Spirit differ rather in their Circumstances than their Virtue; and the Man who does all he can in a low Station, is more [a²] Hero than he who omits any worthy Action he is able to accomplish in a great one. It is not many

¹ [Opinion,]

² [and]

¹ Met. l. 6, v. 556.

² [an]

Years ago since *Lapirius*, in Wrong of his elder Brother, came to a great Estate by Gift of his Father, by reason of the dissolute Behaviour of the First-born. Shame and Contrition reformed the Life of the disinherited Youth, and he became as remarkable for his good Qualities as formerly for his Errors. *Lapirius*, who observed his Brother's Amendment, sent him on a New-Years Day in the Morning the following Letter:

Honoured Brother,

'I enclose to you the Deeds whereby my Father gave me this House and Land: Had he lived till now, he would not have bestowed it in that Manner; he took it from the Man you were, and I restore it to the Man you are. I am,

SIR,

*Your affectionate Brother,
and humble Servant, P. T.*

As great and exalted Spirits undertake the Pursuit of hazardous Actions for the Good of others, at the same Time gratifying their Passion for Glory; so do worthy Minds in the domestick Way of Life deny themselves many Advantages, to satisfy a generous Benevolence which they bear to their Friends oppressed with Distresses and Calamities. Such Natures one may call Stores of Providence, which are actuated by a secret Celestial Influence to undervalue the ordinary Gratifications of Wealth, to give Comfort to an Heart loaded with Affliction, to save a falling Family, to preserve a Branch of Trade in their Neighbourhood, and give Work to the Industrious, preserve the Portion of the helpless Infant, and raise the Head of the mourning Father. People whose Hearts are wholly bent towards Pleasure, or intent upon Gain, never hear of the noble Occurrences among Men of Industry and Humanity. It would look like a City Romance, to tell them of the generous Merchant who the other Day sent this Billet to an eminent Trader under Difficulties to support himself, in whose Fall many hundreds besides himself had perished; but because I think there is more Spirit and true Gallantry in it than in any Letter I have ever read from *Strephon* to *Phyllis*, I shall insert it even in the mercantile honest Stile in which it was sent.

SIR,

'I Have heard of the Casualties which have involved you in extreme Distress at this Time; and knowing you to be a Man of great Good-Nature, Industry and Probity, have resolved to stand by you. Be of good Cheer, the Bearer brings with him five thousand Pounds, and has my Order to answer your drawing as much more on my Account. I did this in Haste, for fear I should come too late for your Relief; but you may value your self with me to the Sum of fifty thousand Pounds; for I can very cheerfully run the Hazard of being so much less rich than I am now, to save an honest Man whom I love.

Your Friend and Servant, [W. S.]

I think there is somewhere in *Montaigne* Mention made of a Family-book, wherein all the Oc-

¹ [W. P.] corrected by an Erratum in No. 152 to W. S.

currences that happened from one Generation of that House to another were recorded. Were there such a Method in the Families, which are concerned in this Generosity, it would be an hard Task for the greatest in *Europe* to give, in their own, an Instance of a Benefit better placed, or conferred with a more graceful Air. It has been heretofore urged, how barbarous and inhuman is any unjust Step made to the Disadvantage of a Trader; and by how much such an Act towards him is detestable, by so much an Act of Kindness towards him is laudable. I remember to have heard a Bencher of the *Temple* tell a Story of a Tradition in their House, where they had formerly a Custom of chusing Kings for such a Season, and allowing him his Expences at the Charge of the Society: One of our Kings, said my Friend, carried his Royal Inclination a little too far, and there was a Committee ordered to look into the Management of his Treasury. Among other Things it appeared, that his Majesty walking *incog.* in the Cloister, had overheard a poor Man say to another, Such a small Sum would make me the happiest Man in the World. The King out of his Royal Compassion privately inquired into his Character, and finding him a proper Object of Charity, sent him the Money. When the Committee read their Report, the House passed his Account with a Plaudite without further Examination, upon the Recital of this Article in them,

l. s. d.

T. *For making a Man happy* 10: 00: 00

No. 249.] *Saturday, December 15, 1711.* [Addison.

Γέλως ἄκαιρος ἐν βροτοῖς δεινὸν κακόν.
Frag. Vet. Poet.

WHEN I make Choice of a Subject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my Reflections on it without any Order or Method, so that they may appear rather in the Looseness and Freedom of an Essay, than in the Regularity of a Set Discourse. It is after this Manner that I shall consider Laughter and Ridicule in my present Paper.

Man is the merriest Species of the Creation, all above and below him are Serious. He sees things in a different Light from other Beings, and finds his Mirth [a]rising from Objects that perhaps cause something like Pity or Displeasure in higher Natures. Laughter is indeed a very good Counterpoise to the Spleen; and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving Joy from what is no real Good to us, since we can receive Grief from what is no real Evil.

I have in my Forty-seventh Paper raised a Speculation on the Notion of a Modern Philosopher,¹ who describes the first Motive of Laughter to be a secret Comparison which we make between our selves, and the Persons we laugh at; or, in other Words, that Satisfaction which we receive from the Opinion of some Pre-eminence in our

¹ Hobbes.

selves, when we see the Absurdities of another or when we reflect on any past Absurdities of our own. This seems to hold in most Cases, and we may observe that the vainest Part of Mankind are the most addicted to this Passion.

I have read a Sermon of a Conventual in the Church of *Rome*, on those Words of the Wise Man, *I said of Laughter, it is mad; and of Mirth, what does it?* Upon which he laid it down as a Point of Doctrine, that Laughter was the Effect of Original Sin, and that *Adam* could not laugh before the Fall.

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the Mind, weakens the Faculties, and causes a kind of Remissness and Dissolution in all the Powers of the Soul: And thus far it may be looked upon as a Weakness in the Composition of Human Nature. But if we consider the frequent Reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the Gloom which is apt to depress the Mind and damp our Spirits, with transient unexpected Gleams of Joy, one would take care not to grow too Wise for so great a Pleasure of Life.

The Talent of turning Men into Ridicule, and exposing to Laughter those one converses with, is the Qualification of little ungenerous Tempers. A young Man with this Cast of Mind cuts himself off from all manner of Improvement. Every one has his Flaws and Weaknesses; nay, the greatest Blemishes are often found in the most shining Characters; but what an absurd Thing is it to pass over all the valuable Parts of a Man, and fix our Attention on his Infirmities? to observe his Imperfections more than his Virtues; and to make use of him for the Sport of others, rather than for our own Improvement?

We therefore very often find, that Persons the most accomplished in Ridicule are those who are very shrewd at hitting a Blot, without exerting any thing masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent Criticks who never writ a good Line, there are many admirable Buffoons that animadvert upon every single Defect in another, without ever discovering the least Beauty of their own. By this Means, these unlucky little Wits often gain Reputation in the Esteem of Vulgar Minds, and raise themselves above Persons of much more laudable Characters.

If the Talent of Ridicule were employed to laugh Men out of Vice and Folly, it might be of some Use to the World; but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh Men out of Virtue and good Sense, by attacking every thing that is Solemn and Serious, Decent and Praiseworthy in Human Life.

We may observe, that in the First Ages of the World, when the great Souls and Master-pieces of Human Nature were produced, Men shined by a noble Simplicity of Behaviour, and were Strangers to those little Embellishments which are so fashionable in our present Conversation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the Ancients in Poetry, Painting, Oratory, History, Architecture, and all the noble Arts and Sciences which depend more upon Genius than Experience, we exceed them as much in Doggerel, Humour, Burlesque, and all the trivial Arts of Ridicule. We meet with more

Raillery among the Moderns, but more Good Sense among the Ancients.

The two great Branches of Ridicule in Writing are Comedy and Burlesque. The first ridicules Persons by drawing them in their proper Characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds; the first represents mean Persons in the Accoutrements of Heroes, the other describes great Persons acting and speaking like the basest among the People. *Don Quixote* is an Instance of the first, and *Lucian's* Gods of the second. It is a Dispute among the Criticks, whether Burlesque Poetry runs best in Heroick Verse, like that of the *Dispensary*;¹ or in Doggerel, like that of *Hudibras*. I think where the low Character is to be raised, the Heroick is the proper Measure; but when an Hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in Doggerel.

If *Hudibras* had been set out with as much Wit and Humour in Heroick Verse as he is in Doggerel, he would have made a much more agreeable Figure than he does; though the generality of his Readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double Rhimes, that I do not expect many will be of my Opinion in this Particular.

I shall conclude this Essay upon Laughter with observing that the Metaphor of Laughing, applied to Fields and Meadows when they are in Flower, or to Trees when they are in Blossom, runs through all Languages; which I have not observed of any other Metaphor, excepting that of Fire and Burning when they are applied to Love. This shews that we naturally regard Laughter, as what is in it self both amiable and beautiful. For this Reason likewise *Venus* has gained the Title of [*Φιλομείδης*,] the Laughter-loving Dame, as *Waller* has Translated it, and is represented by *Horace* as the Goddess who delights in Laughter. *Milton*, in a joyous Assembly of imaginary Persons,² has given us a very Poetical Figure of Laughter. His whole Band of Mirth is so finely described, that I shall [set³] down [the Passage] at length.

*But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by Men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a Birth,
With two Sister Graces more,
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Fest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's Cheek,
And love to live in Dimple sleek:*

¹ Sir Samuel Garth, poet and physician, who was alive at this time (died in 1719), satirized a squabble among the doctors in his poem of the *Dispensary*.

*The piercing Caustics ply their spiteful Pow'r;
Emetics ranch, and keen Cathartics scour,
The deadly Drugs in double Doses fly;
And Pestles peal a martial Symphony.*

² L'Allegro.

³ [set it]

*Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his Sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastick Toe:
And in thy right Hand lead with thee
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved Pleasures free.*

C.

No. 250.] Monday, December 17, 1711. [

*Disce docendus adhuc, quæ censet amicus, ut si
Cæcus iter monstrare velit; tamen aspice si quid
Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur.*

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU see the Nature of my Request by the Latin Motto which I address to you. I am very sensible I ought not to use many Words to you, who are one of but few; but the following Piece, as it relates to Speculation in Propriety of Speech, being a Curiosity in its Kind, begs your Patience. It was found in a Poetical Virtuoso's Closet among his Rarities; and since the several Treatises of Thumbs, Ears, and Noses, have obliged the World, this of Eyes is at your Service.

The first Eye of Consequence (under the invisible Author of all) is the visible Luminary of the Universe. This glorious Spectator is said never to open his Eyes at his Rising in a Morning, without having a whole Kingdom of Adorers in Persian Silk waiting at his Levée. Millions of Creatures derive their Sight from this Original, who, besides his being the great Director of Opticks, is the surest Test whether Eyes be of the same Species with that of an Eagle, or that of an Owl: The one he emboldens with a manly Assurance to look, speak, act or plead before the Faces of a numerous Assembly; the other he dazzles out of Countenance into a sheepish Dejectedness. The Sun-Proof Eye dares lead up a Dance in a full Court; and without blinking at the Lustre of Beauty, can distribute an Eye of proper Complaisance to a Room crowded with Company, each of which deserves particular Regard; while the other sneaks from Conversation, like a fearful Debtor, who never dares [to] look out, but when he can see no body, and no body him.

The next Instance of Opticks is the famous Argus, who (to speak in the Language of Cambridge) was one of an Hundred; and being used as a Spy in the Affairs of Jealousy, was obliged to have all his Eyes about him. We have no Account of the particular Colours, Casts and Turns of this Body of Eyes; but as he was Pimp for his Mistress Juno, 'tis probable he used all the modern Leers, sly Glances, and other ocular Activities to serve his Purpose. Some look upon him as the then King at Arms to the Heathenish Deities; and make no more of his Eyes than as so many Spangles of his Herald's Coat.

The next upon the Optick List is old Janus who stood in a double-sighted Capacity, like a Person placed betwixt two opposite Looking-Glasses, and so took a sort of retrospective Cast at one View. Copies of this double-faced Way are not yet out of Fashion with many Professions, and the ingenious Artists pretend to keep up this Species by double-headed Canes and Spoons;¹ but there is no Mark of this Faculty, except in the emblematical Way of a wise General having an Eye to both Front and Rear, or a pious Man taking a Review and Prospect of his past and future State at the same Time.

I must own, that the Names, Colours, Qualities, and Turns of Eyes vary almost in every Head; for, not to mention the common Appellations of the Black, the Blue, the White, the Gray, and the like; the most remarkable are those that borrow their Title[s] from Animals, by Vertue of some particular Quality or Resemblance they bear to the Eyes of the respective Creature[s]; as that of a greedy rapacious Aspect takes its Name from the Cat, that of a sharp piercing Nature from the Hawk, those of an amorous roguish Look derive their Title even from the Sheep, and we say such a[n] one has a Sheep's Eye, not so much to denote the Innocence as the simple Slyness of the Cast: Nor is this metaphorical Inoculation a modern Invention, for we find Homer taking the Freedom to place the Eye of an Ox, Bull, or Cow in one of his principal Goddesses, by that frequent Expression of

Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη——²

Now as to the peculiar Qualities of the Eye, that fine Part of our Constitution seems as much the Receptacle and Seat of our Passions, Appetites and Inclinations as the Mind it self; and at least it is the outward Portal to introduce them to the House within, or rather the common Thorough-fare to let our Affections pass in and out. Love, Anger, Pride, and Avarice, all visibly move in those little Orbs. I know a young Lady that can't see a certain Gentleman pass by without shewing a secret Desire of seeing him again by a Dance in her Eye-balls; nay, she can't for the Heart of her help looking Half a Street's Length after any Man in a gay Dress. You can't behold a covetous Spirit walk by a Goldsmith's Shop without casting a wishful Eye at the Heaps upon the Counter. Does not a haughty Person shew the Temper of his Soul in the supercilious Rowl of his Eye? and how frequently in the Height of Passion does that moving Picture in our Head start and stare, gather a Redness and quick Flashes of Lightning, and make all its Humours sparkle with Fire, as Virgil finely describes it.

—Ardentis ab ore

Scintillæ absistunt: oculis micat acribus ignis.³

¹ Apostle spoons and others with fancy heads upon their handles.

² The ox-eyed, venerable Juno.

³ Æn. 12, v. 101.

'As for the various Turns of [the] Eye-sight, such as the voluntary or involuntary, the half or the whole Leer, I shall not enter into a very particular Account of them; but let me observe, that oblique Vision, when natural, was anciently the Mark of Bewitchery and magical Fascination, and to this Day 'tis a malignant ill Look; but when 'tis forced and affected it carries a wanton Design, and in Play-houses, and other publick Places, this ocular Intimation is often an Assignment for bad Practices: But this Irregularity in Vision, together with such Enormities as Tipping the Wink, the Circumspective Rowl, the Side-peep through a thin Hood or Fan, must be put in the Class of Heteropticks, as all wrong Notions of Religion are ranked under the general Name of Heterodox. All the pernicious Applications of Sight are more immediately under the Direction of a SPECTATOR; and I hope you will arm your Readers against the Mischiefs which are daily done by killing Eyes, in which you will highly oblige your wounded unknown Friend,

T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You professed in several Papers your particular Endeavours in the Province of SPECTATOR, to correct the Offences committed by Starers, who disturb whole Assemblies without any Regard to Time, Place or Modesty. You complained also, that a Starer is not usually a Person to be convinced by Reason of the Thing, nor so easily rebuked, as to amend by Admonitions. I thought therefore fit to acquaint you with a convenient Mechanical Way, which may easily prevent or correct Staring, by an Optical Contrivance of new Perspective-Glasses, short and commodious like Opera Glasses, fit for short-sighted People as well as others, these Glasses making the Objects appear, either as they are seen by the naked Eye, or more distinct, though somewhat less than Life, or bigger and nearer. A Person may, by the Help of this Invention, take a View of another without the Impertinence of Staring; at the same Time it shall not be possible to know whom or what he is looking at. One may look towards his Right or Left Hand, when he is supposed to look forwards: This is set forth at large in the printed Proposals for the Sale of these Glasses, to be had at Mr. Dillon's in Long-Acre, next Door to the White-Hart. Now, Sir, as your Spectator has occasioned the Publishing of this Invention for the Benefit of modest Spectators, the Inventor desires your Admonitions concerning the decent Use of it; and hopes, by your Recommendation, that for the future Beauty may be beheld without the Torture and Confusion which it suffers from the Insolence of Starers. By this means you will relieve the Innocent from an Insult which there is no Law to punish, tho' it is a greater Offence than many which are within the Cognizance of Justice.

'I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Abraham Spy.

Q.

No. 251.] Tuesday, December 18, 1711. [Addison.

—————*Linguae centum sunt, oraque centum,*
Ferrea Vox.————— Virg.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a Foreigner, and frights a Country Squire, than the *Cries of London*. My good Friend Sir ROGER often declares, that he cannot get them out of his Head or go to Sleep for them, the first Week that he is in Town. On the contrary, WILL. HONEYCOMB calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the Sounds of Larks and Nightingales, with all the Musick of the Fields and Woods. I have lately received a Letter from some very odd Fellow upon this Subject, which I shall leave with my Reader, without saying any thing further of it.

SIR,

'I am a Man of all Business, and would willingly turn my Head to any thing for an honest Livelihood. I have invented several Projects for raising many Millions of Money without burthening the Subject, but I cannot get the Parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a Crack, and a Projector; so that despairing to enrich either my self or my Country by this Publick-spiritedness, I would make some Proposals to you relating to a Design which I have very much at Heart, and which may procure me [a¹] handsome Subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

'The Post I would aim at, is to be Comptroller-General of the *London Cries*, which are at present under no manner of Rules or Discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this Place, as being a Man of very strong Lungs, of great Insight into all the Branches of our *British Trades* and *Manufactures*, and of a competent Skill in Musick.

'The Cries of *London* may be divided into Vocal and Instrumental. As for the latter they are at present under a very great Disorder. A Freeman of *London* has the Privilege of disturbing a whole Street for an Hour together, with the Twanking of a Brass-Kettle or a Frying-Pan. The Watchman's Thump at Midnight startles us in our Beds, as much as the Breaking in of a Thief. The Sowgelder's Horn has indeed something musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the Liberties. I would therefore propose, that no Instrument of this Nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the Ears of her Majesty's liege Subjects.

'Vocal Cries are of a much larger Extent, and indeed so full of Incongruities and Barbarisms, that we appear a distracted City to Foreigners, who do not comprehend the Meaning of such enormous Outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above *Ela*, and in Sounds so [exceeding²] shrill, that it often sets our Teeth [on³] Edge.

¹ [an]² [exceedingly]³ [an]

'The Chimney-sweeper is [confined¹] to no certain Pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest Base, and sometimes in the sharpest Treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest Note of the Gamut. The same Observation might be made on the Retailers of Small-coal, not to mention broken Glasses or Brick-dust. In these therefore, and the like Cases, it should be my Care to sweeten and mellow the Voices of these itinerant Tradesmen, before they make their Appearance in our Streets; as also to accommodate their Cries to their respective Wares; and to take care in particular, that those may not make the most Noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the Venders of Card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old Proverb of *Much Cry but little Wool*.

'Some of these last mentioned Musicians are so very loud in the Sale of these trifling Manufactures, that an honest Splenetick Gentleman of my Acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the Street where he lived: But what was the Effect of this Contract? Why, the whole Tribe of Card-match-makers which frequent that Quarter, passed by his Door the very next Day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

'It is another great Imperfection in our *London* Cries, that there is no just Time nor Measure observed in them. Our News should indeed be published in a very quick Time, because it is a Commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same Precipitation as *Fire*: Yet this is generally the Case. A Bloody Battle alarms the Town from one End to another in an Instant. Every Motion of the *French* is Published in so great a Hurry, that one would think the Enemy were at our Gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some Distinction made between the spreading of a Victory, a March, or an Incampment, a *Dutch*, a *Portugall* or a *Spanish* Mail. Nor must I omit under this Head, those excessive Alarms with which several boisterous Rusticks infest our Streets in Turnip Season; and which are more inexcusable, because these are Wares which are in no Danger of Cooling upon their Hands.

'There are others who affect a very slow Time, and are, in my Opinion, much more tuneable than the former; the Cooper in particular swells his last Note in an hollow Voice, that is not without its Harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable Melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn Air with which the Public are very often asked, if they have any Chairs to mend? Your own Memory may suggest to you many other lamentable Ditties of the same Na-

ture, in which the Musick is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

'I am always pleased with that particular Time of the Year which is proper for the pickling of Dill and Cucumbers; but alas, this Cry, like the Song of the [Nightingale²], is not heard above two Months. It would therefore be worth while to consider, whether the same Air might not in some Cases be adapted to other Words.

'It might likewise deserve our most serious Consideration, how far, in a well-regulated City, those Humourists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional Cries of their Forefathers, have invented particular Songs and Tunes of their own: Such as was, not many Years since, the Pastry-man, commonly known by the Name of the Colly-Molly-Puff; and such as is at this Day the Vender of Powder and Wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the Name of *Powder-Watt*.

'I must not here omit one particular Absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous Generation, and which renders their Cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the Publick; I mean, that idle Accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of Crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected Singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is, that People know the Wares they deal in rather by their Tunes than by their Words; insomuch that I have sometimes seen a Country Boy run out to buy Apples of a Bellows-mender, and Gingerbread from a Grinder of Knives and Scissars. Nay so strangely infatuated are some very eminent Artists of this particular Grace in a Cry, that none but their Acquaintance are able to guess at their Profession; for who else can know, that *Work if I had it*, should be the Signification of a Corn-Cutter?

'Forasmuch therefore as Persons of this Rank are seldom Men of Genius or Capacity, I think it would be very proper, that some Man of good Sense and sound Judgment should preside over these Publick Cries, who should permit none to lift up their Voices in our Streets, that have not tuneable Throats, and are not only able to overcome the Noise of the Croud, and the Rattling of Coaches, but also to vend their respective Merchandizes in apt Phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable Sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend my self as a Person rightly qualified for this Post; and if I meet with fitting Encouragement, shall communicate some other Projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the Emolument of the Public.

I am,

SIR, &c.,
Ralph Crotchet.

¹ [contained]

² [Nightingales]

TO THE
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

My LORD,
AS it is natural to have a Fondness for what has cost us so much Time and Attention to produce, I hope Your Grace will forgive an endea-

¹ John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, was at this time 62 years old, and past the zenith of his fame. He was born at Ashe, in Devonshire, in 1650, the son of Sir Winston Churchill, an adherent of Charles I. At the age of twelve John Churchill was placed as page in the household of the Duke of York. He first distinguished himself as a soldier in the defence of Tangier against the Moors. Between 1672 and 1677 he served in the auxiliary force sent by our King Charles II. to his master, Louis XIV. In 1672, after the siege of Maestricht, Churchill was praised by Louis at the head of his army, and made Lieutenant-colonel. Continuing in the service of the Duke of York, Churchill, about 1680, married Sarah Jennings, favourite of the Princess Anne. In 1682 Charles II. made Churchill a Baron, and three years afterwards he was made Brigadier-general when sent to France to announce the accession of James II. On his return he was made Baron Churchill of Sandridge. He helped to suppress Monmouth's insurrection, but before the Revolution committed himself secretly to the cause of the Prince of Orange; was made, therefore, by William III., Earl of Marlborough and Privy Councillor. After some military service he was for a short time imprisoned in the Tower on suspicion of treasonous correspondence with the exiled king. In 1697 he was restored to favour, and on the breaking out of the War of the Spanish Succession in 1701 he was chief commander of the Forces in the United Provinces. In this war his victories made him the most famous captain of the age. In December, 1702, he was made Duke, with a pension of five thousand a year. In the campaign of 1704 Marlborough planned very privately, and executed on his own responsibility, the boldest and most distant march that had ever been attempted in our continental wars. France, allied with Bavaria, was ready to force the way to Vienna, but Marlborough, quitting the Hague, carried his army to the Danube, where he took by storm a strong entrenched camp of the enemy upon the Schellenberg, and cruelly laid waste the towns and villages of the Bavarians, who never had taken arms; but, as he said, 'we are now going to burn and destroy the Elector's country, to oblige him to hearken to terms.' On the 13th of August, the army of Marlborough having been joined by the army under Prince Eugène, battle was

your to preserve this Work from Oblivion, by affixing to it Your memorable Name.

I shall not here presume to mention the illustrious Passages of Your Life, which are celebrated by the whole Age, and have been the Subject of the most sublime Pens; but if I could convey You to Posterity in your private Character, and describe the Stature, the Behaviour and Aspect of the Duke of *Marlborough*, I question not but it would

given to the French and Bavarians under Marshal Tallard, who had his head-quarters at the village of Plentheim, or Blenheim. At the cost of eleven thousand killed and wounded in the armies of Marlborough and Eugène, and fourteen thousand killed and wounded on the other side, a decisive victory was secured, Tallard himself being made prisoner, and 26 battalions and 12 squadrons capitulating as prisoners of war. 121 of the enemy's standards and 179 colours were brought home and hung up in Westminster Hall. Austria was saved, and Louis XIV. utterly humbled at the time when he had expected confidently to make himself master of the destinies of Europe. For this service Marlborough was made by the Emperor a Prince of the Empire, and his 'Most Illustrious Cousin' as the Prince of Mindelsheim. At home he was rewarded with the manor of Woodstock, upon which was built for him the Palace of Blenheim, and his pension of £5000 from the Post-office was annexed to his title. There followed other victories, of which the series was closed with that of Malplaquet, in 1709, for which a national thanksgiving was appointed. Then came a change over the face of home politics. England was weary of the war, which Marlborough was accused of prolonging for the sake of the enormous wealth he drew officially from perquisites out of the different forms of expenditure upon the army. The Tories gathered strength, and in the beginning of 1712 a commission on a charge of taking money from contractors for bread, and 2½ per cent. from the pay of foreign troops, having reported against him, Marlborough was dismissed from all his employments. Sarah, his duchess, had also been ousted from the Queen's favour, and they quitted England for a time, Marlborough writing, 'Provided that my destiny does not involve any prejudice to the public, I shall be very content with it; and shall account myself happy in a retreat in which I may be able wisely to reflect on the vicissitudes of this world.' It was during this season of his unpopularity that Steele and Addison dedicated to the Duke of Marlborough the fourth volume of the *Spectator*.

fill the Reader with more agreeable Images, and give him a more delightful Entertainment than what can be found in the following, or any other Book.

One cannot indeed without Offence, to Your self, observe, that You excel the rest of Mankind in the least, as well as the greatest Endowments. Nor were it a Circumstance to be mentioned, if the Graces and Attractions of Your Person were not the only Preheminence You have above others, which is left, almost, unobserved by greater Writers.

Yet how pleasing would it be to those who shall read the surprising Revolutions in your Story, to be made acquainted with your ordinary Life and Deportment? How pleasing would it be to hear that the same Man who had carried Fire and Sword into the Countries of all that had opposed the Cause of Liberty, and struck a Terrour into the Armies of *France*, had, in the midst of His high Station, a Behaviour as gentle as is usual in the first Steps towards Greatness? And if it were possible to express that easie Grandeur, which did at once perswade and command; it would appear as clearly to those to come, as it does to his Contemporaries, that all the great Events which were brought to pass under the Conduct of so well-govern'd a Spirit, were the Blessings of Heaven upon Wisdom and Valour: and all which seem adverse fell out by divine Permission, which we are not to search into.

You have pass'd that Year of Life wherein the

most able and fortunate Captain, before Your Time, declared he had lived enough both to Nature and to Glory;¹ and Your Grace may make that Reflection with much more Justice. He spoke it after he had arrived at Empire, by an Usurpation upon those whom he had enslaved; but the Prince of *Mindleheim* may rejoice in a Sovereignty which was the Gift of Him whose Dominions he had preserved.

Glory established upon the uninterrupted Success of honourable Designs and Actions is not subject to Diminution; nor can any Attempts prevail against it, but in the Proportion which the narrow Circuit of Rumour bears to the unlimited Extent of Fame.

We may congratulate Your Grace not only upon your high Atchievements, but likewise upon the happy Expiration of Your Command, by which your Glory is put out of the Power of Fortune: And when your Person shall be so too, that the Author and Disposer of all things may place You in that higher Mansion of Bliss and Immortality which is prepared for good Princes, Lawgivers, and Heroes, when HE in HIS due Time removes them from the Envy of Mankind, is the hearty Prayer of,

My LORD,
Your Grace's
Most Obedient,
Most Devoted
Humble Servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

No. 252.] Wednesday, December 19, 1711. [Steele.

[*Erranti, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti.*
Virg.¹]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM very sorry to find by your Discourse upon the Eye, that you have not thoroughly studied the Nature and Force of that Part of a beauteous Face. Had you ever been in Love, you would have said ten thousand things, which it seems did not occur to you: Do but reflect upon the Nonsense it makes Men talk, the Flames which it is said to kindle, the Transport it raises, the Dejection it causes in the bravest Men; and if you do believe those things are expressed to an Extravagance, yet you will own, that the Influence of it is very great which moves Men to that Extravagance. Certain it is, that the whole Strength of the Mind is sometimes seated there; that a kind Look imparts all, that a Year's Discourse could give you, in one Moment. What matters it what she says to you, see how she looks, is the Language of all who know what Love is. When the Mind is thus summed up and expressed in a Glance, did you never observe a sudden Joy arise in the Countenance of a Lover? Did you never see the At-

¹ [*Nescio quis Teneros oculus mihi fascinat Agnos.*—Virg.]

tendance of Years paid, over-paid in an Instant? You a SPECTATOR, and not know that the Intelligence of Affection is carried on by the Eye only; that Good-breeding has made the Tongue falsify the Heart, and act a Part of continual Constraint, while Nature has preserved the Eyes to her self, that she may not be disguised or misrepresented. The poor Bride can give her Hand, and say, *I do*, with a languishing Air, to the Man she is obliged by cruel Parents to take for mercenary Reasons, but at the same Time she cannot look as if she loved; her Eye is full of Sorrow, and Reluctance sits in a Tear, while the Offering of the Sacrifice is performed in what we call the Marriage Ceremony. Do you never go to Plays? Cannot you distinguish between the Eyes of those who go to see, from those who come to be seen? I am a Woman turned of Thirty, and am on the Observation a little; therefore if you or your Correspondent had consulted me in your Discourse on the Eye, I could have told you that the Eye of *Leonora* is slyly watchful while it looks negligent: she looks round her without the Help of the Glasses you speak of, and yet seems to be employed on Objects directly before her. This Eye is what affects Chance-medley, and on a sudden, as if it attended to another thing, turns all its Charms against an Ogler. The Eye of *Lusitania* is an Instrument of premeditated Murder; but the Design being visible, destroys the Execution of it; and with much more Beauty

¹ Julius Cæsar.

' than that of *Leonora*, it is not half so mischievous.
' There is a brave Soldier's Daughter in Town, that
' by her Eye has been the Death of more than ever
' her Father made fly before him. A beautiful
' Eye makes Silence eloquent, a kind Eye makes
' Contradiction an Assent, an enraged Eye makes
' Beauty deformed. This little Member gives
' Life to every other Part about us, and I believe
' the Story of *Argus* implies no more than that
' the Eye is in every Part, that is to say, every
' other Part would be mutilated, were not its Force
' represented more by the Eye than even by it
' self. But this is *Heathen Greek* to those who
' have not conversed by Glances. This, Sir, is a
' Language in which there can be no Deceit, nor
' can a Skilful Observer be imposed upon by Looks
' even among Politicians and Courtiers. If you
' do me the Honour to print this among your
' Speculations, I shall in my next make you a Pre-
' sent of Secret History, by Translating all the
' Looks of the next Assembly of Ladies and Gen-
' tlemen into Words, to adorn some future Paper.
' I am,

SIR,
Your faithful Friend,
Mary Heartfree.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

' I have a Sot of a Husband that lives a very
' scandalous Life, and wastes away his Body and
' Fortune in Debaucheries; and is immoveable to
' all the Arguments I can urge to him. I would
' gladly know whether in some Cases a Cudgel
' may not be allowed as a good Figure of Speech,
' and whether it may not be lawfully used by a
' Female Orator.

Your humble Servant,
Barbara Crabtree.

Mr. SPECTATOR,¹

' Though I am a Practitioner in the Law of
' some standing, and have heard many eminent
' Pleaders in my Time, as well as other eloquent
' Speakers of both Universities, yet I agree with
' you, that Women are better qualified to succeed
' in Oratory than the Men, and believe this is to
' be resolved into natural Causes. You have men-
' tioned only the Volubility of their Tongue; but
' what do you think of the silent Flattery of their
' pretty Faces, and the Perswasion which even an
' insipid Discourse carries with it when flowing
' from beautiful Lips, to which it would be cruel to
' deny any thing? It is certain too, that they are
' possessed of some Springs of Rhetorick which
' Men want, such as Tears, fainting Fits, and the
' like, which I have seen employed upon Occasion
' with good Success. You must know I am a plain
' Man and love my Money; yet I have a Spouse
' who is so great an Orator in this Way, that she
' draws from me what Sum she pleases. Every
' Room in my House is furnished with Trophies
' of her Eloquence, rich Cabinets, Piles of China,
' Japan Screens, and costly Jars; and if you were
' to come into my great Parlour, you would fancy
' your self in an *India* Ware-house: Besides this
' she keeps a Squirrel, and I am doubly taxed to
' pay for the China he breaks. She is seized with
' periodical Fits about the Time of the Subscrip-

¹ This letter is by John Hughes.

' tions to a new Opera, and is drowned in Tears
' after having seen any Woman there in finer
' Cloaths than herself: These are Arts of Per-
' swasion purely Feminine, and which a tender
' Heart cannot resist. What I would therefore
' desire of you, is, to prevail with your Friend
' who has promised to dissect a Female Tongue,
' that he would at the same time give us the
' Anatomy of a Female Eye, and explain the
' Springs and Sluices which feed it with such ready
' Supplies of Moisture; and likewise shew by
' what means, if possible, they may be stopped at
' a reasonable Expence: Or, indeed, since there
' is something so moving in the very Image of
' weeping Beauty, it would be worthy his Art to
' provide, that these eloquent Drops may no more
' be lavished on Trifles, or employed as Servants
' to their wayward Wills; but reserved for serious
' Occasions in Life, to adorn generous Pity, true
' Penitence, or real Sorrow.

T.

I am, &c.

No. 253.] Thursday, Dec. 20, 1711. [Addison.

*Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper.*

Hor.

THERE is nothing which more denotes a
great Mind, than the Abhorrence of Envy
and Detraction. This Passion reigns more among
bad Poets, than among any other Set of Men.

As there are none more ambitious of Fame,
than those who are conversant in Poetry, it is very
natural for such as have not succeeded in it to de-
preciate the Works of those who have. For since
they cannot raise themselves to the Reputation of
their Fellow-Writers, they must endeavour to
sink it to their own Pitch, if they would still keep
themselves upon a Level with them.

The greatest Wits that ever were produced in
one Age, lived together in so good an Under-
standing, and celebrated one another with so
much Generosity, that each of them receives an
additional Lustre from his Contemporaries, and
is more famous for having lived with Men of so
extraordinary a Genius, than if he had himself
been the [sole Wonder¹] of the Age. I need not
tell my Reader, that I here point at the Reign of
Augustus, and I believe he will be of my Opinion,
that neither *Virgil* nor *Horace* would have
gained so great a Reputation in the World, had
they not been the Friends and Admirers of each
other. Indeed all the great Writers of that Age,
for whom singly we have so great an Esteem,
stand up together as Vouchers for one another's
Reputation. But at the same time that *Virgil*
was celebrated by *Gallus*, *Propertius*, *Horace*,
Varius, *Tucca* and *Ovid*, we know that *Bavius*
and *Mævius* were his declared Foes and Ca-
lumniators.

In our own Country a Man seldom sets up for
a Poet, without attacking the Reputation of all
his Brothers in the Art. The Ignorance of the

¹ [single Product]

Moderns, the Scribblers of the Age, the Decay of Poetry, are the Topicks of Detraction, with which he makes his Entrance into the World: But how much more noble is the Fame that is built on Candour and Ingenuity, according to those beautiful Lines of Sir John Denham, in his Poem on Fletcher's Works!

*But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other Mens Dispraise:
Nor is thy Fame on lesser Ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster Title the foul Guilt
Of Eastern Kings, who, to secure their Reign,
Must have their Brothers, Sons, and Kindred
slain.*

I am sorry to find that an Author, who is very justly esteemed among the best Judges, has admitted some Stroaks of this Nature into a very fine Poem; I mean *The Art of Criticism*, which was publish'd some Months since, and is a Master-piece in its kind.¹ The Observations follow one

¹ At the time when this paper was written Pope was in his twenty-fourth year. He wrote to express his gratitude to Addison and also to Steele. In his letter to Addison he said, 'Though it be the highest satisfaction to find myself commended by a Writer whom all the world commends, yet I am not more obliged to you for that than for your candour and frankness in acquainting me with the error I have been guilty of in speaking too freely of my brother moderns.' The only moderns of whom he spoke slightly were men of whom after-time has ratified his opinion: John Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, and Luke Milbourne. When, not long afterwards, Dennis attacked with his criticism Addison's Cato, to which Pope had contributed the Prologue, Pope made this the occasion of a bitter satire on Dennis, called *The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris* (a well-known quack who professed the cure of lunatics) upon the Frenzy of J. D. Addison then, through Steele, wrote to Pope's publisher of this manner of treating Mr. Dennis, that he 'could not be privy' to it, and 'was sorry to hear of it.' In 1715, when Pope issued to subscribers the first volume of Homer, Tickell's translation of the first book of the Iliad appeared in the same week, and had particular praise at Button's from Addison, Tickell's friend and patron. Pope was now indignant, and expressed his irritation in the famous satire first printed in 1723, and, finally, with the name of Addison transformed to Atticus, embodied in the Epistle to Arbuthnot published in 1735. Here, while seeing in Addison a man

*Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to live, converse, and write with ease,*

he said that should he, jealous of his own supremacy, 'damn with faint praise,' as one

*Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint the fault and hesitate dislike,
Who when two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of both, but likes the worse the best:
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sits attentive to his own applause;*

another like those in *Horace's Art of Poetry*, without that methodical Regularity which would have been requisite in a Prose Author. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the Reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that Elegance and Perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a Light, and illustrated with such apt Allusions, that they have in them all the Graces of Novelty, and make the Reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their Truth and Solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so very well enlarged upon in the Preface to his Works, that Wit and fine Writing doth not consist so much in advancing Things that are new, as in giving Things that are known an agreeable Turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter Ages of the World, to make Observations in Criticism, Morality, or in any Art or Science, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us, but to represent the common Sense of Mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon Lights. If a Reader examines *Horace's Art of Poetry*, he will find but very few Precepts in it, which he may not meet with in *Aristotle*, and which were not commonly known by all the Poets of the *Augustan* Age. His Way of expressing and applying them, not his Invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this Reason I think there is nothing in the World so tiresome as the Works of those Criticks who write in a positive Dogmatick Way, without either Language, Genius, or Imagination. If the Reader would see how the best of the *Latin* Criticks writ, he may find their Manner very beautifully described in the Characters of *Horace*, *Petronius*, *Quintilian*, and *Longinus*, as they are drawn in the Essay of which I am now speaking.

Since I have mentioned *Longinus*, who in his Reflections has given us the same kind of Sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them; I cannot but take notice, that our *English* Author has after the same manner exemplified several of his Precepts in the very Precepts themselves. I shall produce two or three Instances of this Kind. Speaking of the insipid Smoothness which some Readers are so much in Love with, he has the following Verses.

*These Equal Syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the Ear the open Vowels tire,
While Expletives their feeble Aid do join,
And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line.*

The gaping of the Vowels in the second Line,

*While wits and templars every sentence raise:
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:
Who would not laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Addison were he?*

But in this *Spectator* paper young Pope's *Essay on Criticism* certainly was not damned with faint praise by the man most able to give it a firm standing in the world.

the Expletive *do* in the third, and the ten Monosyllables in the fourth, give such a Beauty to this Passage, as would have been very much admired in an Ancient Poet. The Reader may observe the following Lines in the same View.

*A needless Alexandrine ends the Song,
That like a wounded Snake, drags its slow Length
along.*

And afterwards,

*'Tis not enough no Harshness gives Offence,
The Sound must seem an Eccho to the Sense.
Soft is the Strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth Stream in smoother Numbers
flows;*

*But when loud Surges lash the sounding Shore,
The hoarse rough Verse shou'd like the Torrent
roar.*

*When Ajax strives some Rock's vast Weight to
throw,*

*The Line too labours, and the Words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the Plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending Corn, and skims along
the Main.*

The beautiful Distich upon *Ajax* in the foregoing Lines, puts me in mind of a Description in *Homer's* *Odyssey*, which none of the Criticks have taken notice of.¹ It is where *Sisyphus* is represented lifting his Stone up the Hill, which is no sooner carried to the Top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the Bottom. This double Motion of the Stone is admirably described in the Numbers of these Verses; As in the four first it is heaved up by several *Spondees* intermixed with proper Breathing places, and at last trundles down in a continual Line of *Dactyls*.

Καὶ μὴν Σίσυφον εἰσεῖδον, κρατέρ' ἄλγε'
ἔχοντα,
Λᾶαν βαστάζοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρησιν.
Ἦτοι ὁ μὲν σκηριπτόμενος χερσίν τε ποσίν
τε,
Λᾶαν ἄνω ὤθεσκε ποτὶ λόφον, ἀλλ' ὅτε
μέλλοι
Ἄκρον ὑπερβαλέειν, τότ' ἀποστρέψασκε
Κραταίς,
Αὐτίς ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας
ἀναιδής.—

It would be endless to quote Verses out of *Virgil* which have this particular Kind of Beauty in the Numbers; but I may take an Occasion in a future Paper to shew several of them which have escaped the Observation of others.

I cannot conclude this Paper without taking notice that we have three Poems in our Tongue, which are of the same Nature, and each of them a Master-piece in its Kind; the Essay on Trans-

lated Verse,¹ the Essay on the Art of Poetry,² and the Essay upon Criticism. C.

¹ Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, author of the 'Essay on Translated Verse,' was nephew and godson to Wentworth, Earl of Strafford. He was born in Ireland, in 1633, educated at the Protestant University of Caen, and was there when his father died. He travelled in Italy, came to England at the Restoration, held one or two court offices, gambled, took a wife, and endeavoured to introduce into England the principles of criticism with which he had found the polite world occupied in France. He planned a society for refining our language and fixing its standard. During the troubles of King James's reign he was about to leave the kingdom, when his departure was delayed by gout, of which he died in 1684. A foremost English representative of the chief literary movement of his time, he translated into blank verse Horace's Art of Poetry, and besides a few minor translations and some short pieces of original verse, which earned from Pope the credit that

in all Charles's days

Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays,

he wrote in heroic couplets an 'Essay on Translated Verse' that was admired by Dryden, Addison, and Pope, and was in highest honour wherever the French influence upon our literature made itself felt. Roscommon believed in the superior energy of English wit, and wrote himself with care and frequent vigour in the turning of his couplets. It is from this poem that we get the often quoted lines,

*Inmodest words admit of no Defence;
For Want of Decency is Want of Sense.*

² The other piece with which Addison ranks Pope's Essay on Criticism, was by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who was living when the *Spectator* first appeared. He died, aged 72, in the year 1721. John Sheffield, by the death of his father, succeeded at the age of nine to the title of Earl of Mulgrave. In the reign of Charles II. he served by sea and land, and was, as well as Marlborough, in the French service. In the reign of James II. he was admitted into the Privy Council, made Lord Chamberlain, and, though still Protestant, attended the King to mass. He acquiesced in the Revolution, but remained out of office and disliked King William, who in 1694 made him Marquis of Normanby. Afterwards he was received into the Cabinet Council, with a pension of £3000. Queen Anne, to whom Walpole says he had made love before her marriage, highly favoured him. Before her coronation she made him Lord Privy Seal, next year he was made first Duke of Normanby, and then of Buckinghamshire, to exclude any latent claimant to the title, which had been extinct since the miserable death of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the author of the *Rehearsal*. When the *Spectator* appeared John Sheffield had just built Buckingham House—now a royal palace—on ground granted by the Crown, and taken office as Lord Chamberlain.

¹ *Odyssey* Bk. XI. In Tickell's edition of Addison's works the latter part of this sentence is omitted; the same observation having been made by Dionysius of Halicarnassus.