

No. 254.] Friday, December 21, 1711. [Steele.

Σεμνὸς ἔρως ἀρετῆς, ὃ δὲ κυπρίδος ἄχος
ὀφέλλει.

WHEN I consider the false Impressions which are received by the Generality of the World, I am troubled at none more than a certain Levity of Thought, which many young Women of Quality have entertained, to the Hazard of their Characters, and the certain Misfortune of their Lives. The first of the following Letters may best represent the Faults I would now point at, and the Answer to it the Temper of Mind in a contrary Character.

He wrote more verse than Roscommon and poorer verse. The *Essay on Poetry*, in which he followed the critical fashion of the day, he was praised into regarding as a masterpiece. He was continually polishing it, and during his lifetime it was re-issued with frequent variations. It is polished quartz, not diamond; a short piece of about 360 lines, which has something to say of each of the chief forms of poetry, from songs to epics. Sheffield shows most natural force in writing upon plays, and here in objecting to perfect characters, he struck out the often-quoted line

A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.

When he comes to the epics he is, of course, all for Homer and Virgil.

*Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem Prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the Books you need.*

And then it is supposed that 'some Angel' had disclosed to M. Bossu, the French author of the treatise upon Epic Poetry then fashionable, the sacred mysteries of Homer. John Sheffield had a patronizing recognition for the genius of Shakespeare and Milton, and was so obliging as to revise Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* and confine the action of that play within the limits prescribed in the French gospel according to the Unities. Pope, however, had in the *Essay on Criticism* reckoned Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, among the sounder few

*Who durst assert the juster ancient Cause
And have restor'd Wit's Fundamental Laws.
Such was the Muse, whose Rules and Practice
tell,
Nature's chief Masterpiece is writing well.*

With those last words which form the second line in the *Essay on Poetry* Pope's citation has made many familiar. Addison paid young Pope a valid compliment in naming him as a critic in verse with Roscommon, and, what then passed on all hands for a valid compliment, in holding him worthy also to be named as a poet in the same breath with the Lord Chamberlain.

My dear Harriot,

'If thou art she, but oh how fallen, how changed, what an Apostate! how lost to all that's gay and agreeable! To be married I find is to be buried alive; I can't conceive it more dismal to be shut up in a Vault to converse with the Shades of my Ancestors, than to be carried down to an old Manor-House in the Country, and confined to the Conversation of a sober Husband and an awkward Chamber-maid. For Variety I suppose you may entertain yourself with Madam in her Grogam Gown, the Spouse of your Parish Vicar, who has by this time I am sure well furnished you with Receipts for making Salves and Possets, distilling Cordial Waters, making Syrups, and applying Poultrices.

'Blest Solitude! I wish thee Joy, my Dear, of thy loved Retirement, which indeed you would persuade me is very agreeable, and different enough from what I have here described: But, Child, I am afraid thy Brains are a little disordered with Romances and Novels: After six Months Marriage to hear thee talk of Love, and paint the Country Scenes so softly, is a little extravagant; one would think you lived the Lives of *Sylvan* Deities, or roved among the Walks of *Paradise*, like the first happy Pair. But pr'ythee leave these Whimsies, and come to Town in order to live and talk like other Mortals. However, as I am extremely interested in your Reputation, I would willingly give you a little good Advice at your first Appearance under the Character of a married Woman: 'Tis a little Insolence in me perhaps, to advise a Matron; but I am so afraid you'll make so silly a Figure as a fond Wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in any publick Places with your Husband, and never to saunter about *St. James's Park* together: If you presume to enter the Ring at *Hide-Park* together, you are ruined for ever; nor must you take the least notice of one another at the Play-house or Opera, unless you would be laughed at for a very loving Couple most happily paired in the Yoke of Wedlock. I would recommend the Example of an Acquaintance of ours to your Imitation; she is the most negligent and fashionable Wife in the World; she is hardly ever seen in the same Place with her Husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect Strangers: She never was heard to name him in his Absence, and takes care he shall never be the Subject of any Discourse that she has a Share in. I hope you'll propose this Lady as a Pattern, tho' I am very much afraid you'll be so silly to think *Portia*, &c. *Sabine* and *Roman* Wives much brighter Examples. I wish it may never come into your Head to imitate those antiquated Creatures so far, as to come into Publick in the Habit as well as Air of a *Roman* Matron. You make already the Entertainment at Mrs. *Modish's* Tea-Table; she says, she always thought you a discreet Person, and qualified to manage a Family with admirable Prudence: she dies to see what demure and serious Airs *Wedlock* has given you, but she says she shall never forgive your Choice of so gallant a Man as *Belamour* to transform him to a meer sober Husband; 'twas unpardonable: You see, my Dear,

'we all envy your Happiness, and no Person more
'than

Your humble Servant,
Lydia.

'Be not in pain, good Madam, for my Appearance in Town; I shall frequent no publick Places, or make any Visits where the Character of a modest Wife is ridiculous. As for your wild Raillery on Matrimony, 'tis all Hypocrisy; you, and all the handsome young Women of our Acquaintance, shew yourselves to no other Purpose than to gain a Conquest over some Man of Worth, in order to bestow your Charms and Fortune on him. There's no Indecency in the Confession, the Design is modest and honourable, and all your Affectation can't disguise it.

'I am married, and have no other Concern but to please the Man I Love; he's the End of every Care I have; if I dress, 'tis for him; if I read a Poem or a Play, 'tis to qualify myself for a Conversation agreeable to his Taste: He's almost the End of my Devotions; half my Prayers are for his Happiness. I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with Pleasure and Emotion. I am your Friend, and wish your Happiness, but am sorry to see by the Air of your Letter that there are a Set of Women who are got into the Common-Place Raillery of every Thing that is sober, decent, and proper: Matrimony and the Clergy are the Topicks of People of little Wit and no Understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the Vicar's Wife all you tax me with: She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious Woman; I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. *Modish*; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would soon make you as charming as ever you were, she would make you blush as much as if you had never been fine Ladies. The Vicar, Madam, is so kind as to visit my Husband, and his agreeable Conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy Hours when even I am shut out, and my dear Master is entertained only with his own Thoughts. These Things, dear Madam, will be lasting Satisfaction, when the fine Ladies, and the Coxcombs by whom they form themselves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous in old Age. I am,

Madam, your most humble Servant,
Mary Home.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You have no Goodness in the World, and are not in earnest in any thing you say that is serious, if you do not send me a plain Answer to this: I happened some Days past to be at the Play, where during the Time of Performance, I could not keep my Eyes off from a beautiful young Creature who sat just before me, and who I have been since informed has no Fortune. It would utterly ruin my Reputation for Discretion to marry such a one, and by what I can learn she has a Character of great Modesty, so that there is nothing to be thought on any other Way. My Mind has ever since been so wholly bent on her, that I am much in danger of doing something very extravagant without your speedy Advice to,
SIR, Your most humble Servant.

I am sorry I cannot answer this impatient Gentleman, but by another Question.

Dear Correspondent,
'Would you marry to please other People, or
'your self? T.

—◇—
No. 255.] Saturday, December 22, 1711. [Addison.

*Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.—Hor.*

THE Soul, considered abstractedly from its Passions, is of a remiss and sedentary Nature, slow in its Resolves, and languishing in its Executions. The Use therefore of the Passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon Action, to awaken the Understanding, to enforce the Will, and to make the whole Man more vigorous and attentive in the Prosecutions of his Designs. As this is the End of the Passions in general, so it is particularly of Ambition, which pushes the Soul to such Actions as are apt to procure Honour and Reputation to the Actor. But if we carry our Reflections higher, we may discover further Ends of Providence in implanting this Passion in Mankind.

It was necessary for the World, that Arts should be invented and improved, Books written and transmitted to Posterity, Nations conquered and civilized: Now since the proper and genuine Motives to these and the like great Actions, would only influence virtuous Minds; there would be but small Improvements in the World, were there not some common Principle of Action working equally with all Men. And such a Principle is Ambition or a Desire of Fame, by which [great¹] Endowments are not suffered to lie idle and useless to the Publick, and many vicious Men overreached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural Inclinations in a glorious and laudable Course of Action. For we may further observe, that Men of the greatest Abilities are most fired with Ambition: And that on the contrary, mean and narrow Minds are the least actuated by it: whether it be that [a Man's Sense of his own²] Incapacities makes [him³] despair of coming at Fame, or that [he has⁴] not enough range of Thought to look out for any Good which does not more immediately relate to [his⁵] Interest or Convenience, or that Providence, in the very Frame of [his Soul⁶], would not subject [him⁷] to such a Passion as would be useless to the World, and a Torment to [himself.⁸]

Were not this Desire of Fame very strong, the Difficulty of obtaining it, and the Danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a Man from so vain a Pursuit.

How few are there who are furnished with Abilities sufficient to recommend their Actions to the Admiration of the World, and to distinguish

¹ [all great]

² [the Sense of their own]

³ [them]

⁴ [they have]

⁵ [their]

⁶ [their Souls]

⁷ [them]

⁸ [themselves]

themselves from the rest of Mankind? Providence for the most part sets us upon a Level, and observes a kind of Proportion in its Dispensation towards us. If it renders us perfect in one Accomplishment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and seems careful rather of preserving every Person from being mean and deficient in his Qualifications, than of making any single one eminent or extraordinary.

And among those who are the most richly endowed by Nature, and accomplished by their own Industry, how few are there whose Virtues are not obscured by the Ignorance, Prejudice or Envy of their Beholders? Some Men cannot discern between a noble and a mean Action. Others are apt to attribute them to some false End or Intention; and others purposely misrepresent or put a wrong Interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this Consideration, we may observe that those are generally most unsuccessful in their Pursuit after Fame, who are most desirous of obtaining it. It is *Salust's* Remark upon *Cato*, that the less he coveted Glory, the more he acquired it.¹

Men take an ill-natur'd Pleasure in crossing our Inclinations, and disappointing us in what our Hearts are most set upon. When therefore they have discovered the passionate Desire of Fame in the Ambitious Man (as no Temper of Mind is more apt to show it self) they become sparing and reserved in their Commendations, they envy him the Satisfaction of an Applause, and look on their Praises rather as a Kindness done to his Person, than as a Tribute paid to his Merit. Others who are free from this natural Perverseness of Temper grow wary in their Praises of one, who sets too great a Value on them, lest they should raise him too high in his own Imagination, and by Consequence remove him to a greater Distance from themselves.

But further, this Desire of Fame naturally betrays the ambitious Man into such Indecencies as are a lessening to his Reputation. He is still afraid lest any of his Actions should be thrown away in private, lest his Deserts should be concealed from the Notice of the World, or receive any Disadvantage from the Reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty Boasts and Ostentations of himself, and betrays him into vain fantastick Recitals of his own Performances: His Discourse generally leans one Way, and, whatever is the Subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himself. Vanity is the natural Weakness of an ambitious Man, which exposes him to the secret Scorn and Derision of those he converses with, and ruins the Character he is so industrious to advance by it. For tho' his Actions are never so glorious, they lose their Lustre when they are drawn at large, and set to show by his own Hand; and as the World is more apt to find fault than to commend, the Boast will probably be censured when the great Action that occasioned it is forgotten.

Besides this very Desire of Fame is looked on as a Meanness [and²] Imperfection in the greatest

Character. A solid and substantial Greatness of Soul looks down with a generous Neglect on the Censures and Applauses of the Multitude, and places a Man beyond the little Noise and Strife of Tongues. Accordingly we find in our selves a secret Awe and Veneration for the Character of one who moves above us in a regular and illustrious Course of Virtue, without any regard to our good or ill Opinions of him, to our Reproaches or Commendations. As on the contrary it is usual for us, when we would take off from the Fame and Reputation of an Action, to ascribe it to Vain-Glory, and a Desire of Fame in the Actor. Nor is this common Judgment and Opinion of Mankind ill-founded: for certainly it denotes no great Bravery of Mind to be worked up to any noble Action by so selfish a Motive, and to do that out of a Desire of Fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested Love to Mankind, or by a generous Passion for the Glory of him that made us.

Thus is Fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it, since most Men have so much either of Ill-nature, or of Wariness, as not to gratify [or¹] sooth the Vanity of the Ambitious Man, and since this very Thirst after Fame naturally betrays him into such Indecencies as are a lessening to his Reputation, and is it self looked upon as a Weakness in the greatest Characters.

In the next Place, Fame is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the Subject of a following Paper. C.

No. 256.] Monday, Dec. 24, 1711. [Addison.

Φήμη γὰρ τε κακὴ πέλεται· κούφη μὲν
ἀεῖραι
'Ρεῖα μάλ', ἀργαλέη δὲ φέρειν—— Hes.

THERE are many Passions and Tempers of Mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the Merit of one rising in the Esteem of Mankind. All those who made their Entrance into the World with the same Advantages, and were once looked on as his Equals, are apt to think the Fame of his Merits a Reflection on their own Indeserts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the Scandal of some past Action, or derogate from the Worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same Level with themselves. The like Kind of Consideration often stirs up the Envy of such as were once his Superiors, who think it a Detraction from their Merit to see another get ground upon them and overtake them in the Pursuits of Glory; and will therefore endeavour to sink his Reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his Equals envy and defame him, because they now see him their Superior; and those who were once his Superiors, because they look upon him as their Equal.

But further, a Man whose extraordinary Reputation thus lifts him up to the Notice and Ob-

¹ Sallust. Bell. Catil. c. 49.

² [and an]

¹ [and]

servation of Mankind draws a Multitude of Eyes upon him that will narrowly inspect every Part of him, consider him nicely in all Views, and not be a little pleased when they have taken him in the worst and most disadvantageous Light. There are many who find a Pleasure in contradicting the common Reports of Fame, and in spreading abroad the Weaknesses of an exalted Character. They publish their ill-natur'd Discoveries with a secret Pride, and applaud themselves for the Singularity of their Judgment which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the World have overlooked, and found a Flaw in what the Generality of Mankind admires. Others there are who proclaim the Errors and Infirmities of a great Man with an inward Satisfaction and Complacency, if they discover none of the like Errors and Infirmities in themselves; for while they are exposing another's Weaknesses, they are tacitly aiming at their own Commendations, who are not subject to the like Infirmities, and are apt to be transported with a secret kind of Vanity to see themselves superior in some respects to one of a sublime and celebrated Reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the Blemishes of an extraordinary Reputation, than such as lie open to the same Censures in their own Characters, as either hoping to excuse their own Defects by the Authority of so high an Example, or raising an imaginary Applause to themselves for resembling a Person of an exalted Reputation, though in the blameable Parts of his Character. If all these secret Springs of Detraction fail, yet very often a vain Ostentation of Wit sets a Man on attacking an established Name, and sacrificing it to the Mirth and Laughter of those about him. A Satyr or a Libel on one of the common Stamp, never meets with that Reception and Approbation among its Readers, as what is aimed at a Person whose Merit places him upon an Eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous Figure among Men. Whether it be that we think it shews greater Art to expose and turn to ridicule a Man whose Character seems so improper a Subject for it, or that we are pleased by some implicit kind of Revenge to see him taken down and humbled in his Reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own Rank, who had so far raised himself above us in the Reports and Opinions of Mankind.

Thus we see how many dark and intricate Motives there are to Detraction and Defamation, and how many malicious Spies are searching into the Actions of a great Man, who is not always the best prepared for so narrow an Inspection. For we may generally observe, that our Admiration of a famous Man lessens upon our nearer Acquaintance with him; and that we seldom hear the Description of a celebrated Person, without a Catalogue of some notorious Weaknesses and Infirmities. The Reason may be, because any little Slip is more conspicuous and observable in his Conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his Character, or because it is impossible for a Man at the same time to be attentive to the more important [Part¹] of his Life, and to

¹ [Parts]

keep a watchful Eye over all the inconsiderable Circumstances of his Behaviour and Conversation; or because, as we have before observed, the same Temper of Mind which inclines us to a Desire of Fame, naturally betrays us into such Slips and Unwarinesses as are not incident to Men of a contrary Disposition.

After all it must be confess'd, that a noble and triumphant Merit often breaks through and dissipates these little Spots and Sullies in its Reputation; but if by a mistaken Pursuit after Fame, or through human Infirmity, any false Step be made in the more momentous Concerns of Life, the whole Scheme of ambitious Designs is broken and disappointed. The smaller Stains and Blemishes may die away and disappear amidst the Brightness that surrounds them; but a Blot of a deeper Nature casts a Shade on all the other Beauties, and darkens the whole Character. How difficult therefore is it to preserve a great Name, when he that has acquired it is so obnoxious to such little Weaknesses and Infirmities as are no small Diminution to it when discovered, especially when they are so industriously proclaimed, and aggravated by such as were once his Superiors or Equals; by such as would set to show their Judgment or their Wit, and by such as are guilty or innocent of the same Slips or Misconducts in their own Behaviour?

But were there none of these Dispositions in others to censure a famous Man, nor any such Miscarriages in himself, yet would he meet with no small Trouble in keeping up his Reputation in all its Height and Splendour. There must be always a noble Train of Actions to preserve his Fame in Life and Motion. For when it is once at a Stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is a very short-liv'd Passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its Object, unless it be still fed with fresh Discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual Succession of Miracles rising up to its View. And even the greatest Actions of a celebrated [Person²] labour under this Disadvantage, that however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the Opinion that is conceived of him, tho' they might raise the Reputation of another, they are a Diminution to *his*.

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the Possession of Fame, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying Considerations, can engage a Man in so desperate a Pursuit; and yet if we consider the little Happiness that attends a great Character, and the Multitude of Disquietudes to which the Desire of it subjects an ambitious Mind, one would be still the more surprised to see so many restless Candidates for Glory.

Ambition raises a secret Tumult in the Soul, it inflames the Mind, and puts it into a violent Hurry of Thought: It is still reaching after an empty imaginary Good, that has not in it the Power to abate or satisfy it. Most other Things we long for can allay the Cravings of their proper Sense,

² [Name]

and for a while set the Appetite at Rest: But Fame is a Good so wholly foreign to our Natures, that we have no Faculty in the Soul adapted to it, nor any Organ in the Body to relish it; an Object of Desire placed out of the Possibility of Fruition. It may indeed fill the Mind for a while with a giddy kind of Pleasure, but it is such a Pleasure as makes a Man restless and uneasy under it; and which does not so much satisfy the present Thirst, as it excites fresh Desires, and sets the Soul on new Enterprises. For how few ambitious Men are there, who have got as much Fame as they desired, and whose Thirst after it has not been as eager in the very Height of their Reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among Men? There is not any Circumstance in *Cæsar's* Character which gives me a greater Idea of him, than a Saying which *Cicero* tells us¹ he frequently made use of in private Conversation, *That he was satisfied with his Share of Life and Fame, Se satis vel ad Naturam, vel ad Gloriam vixisse.* Many indeed have given over their Pursuits after Fame, but that has proceeded either from the Disappointments they have met in it, or from their Experience of the little Pleasure which attends it, or from the better Informations or natural Coldness of old Age; but seldom from a full Satisfaction and Acquiescence in their present Enjoyments of it.

Nor is Fame only unsatisfying in it self, but the Desire of it lays us open to many accidental Troubles which those are free from who have no such a tender Regard for it. How often is the ambitious Man cast down and disappointed, if he receives no Praise where he expected it? Nay how often is he mortified with the very Praises he receives, if they do not rise so high as he thinks they ought, which they seldom do unless increased by Flattery, since few Men have so good an Opinion of us as we have of our selves? But if the ambitious Man can be so much grieved even with Praise it self, how will he be able to bear up under Scandal and Defamation? For the same Temper of Mind which makes him desire Fame, makes him hate Reproach. If he can be transported with the extraordinary Praises of Men, he will be as much dejected by their Censures. How little therefore is the Happiness of an ambitious Man, who gives every one a Dominion over it, who thus subjects himself to the good or ill Speeches of others, and puts it in the Power of every malicious Tongue to throw him into a Fit of Melancholy, and destroy his natural Rest and Repose of Mind? Especially when we consider that the World is more apt to censure than applaud, and himself fuller of Imperfections than Virtues.

We may further observe, that such a Man will be more grieved for the Loss of Fame, than he could have been pleased with the Enjoyment of it. For tho' the Presence of this imaginary Good cannot make us happy, the Absence of it may make us miserable: Because in the Enjoyment of an Object we only find that Share of Pleasure which it is capable of giving us, but in the Loss of it we do not proportion our Grief to the real

Value it bears, but to the Value our Fancies and Imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the Satisfaction that Fame brings along with it, and so great the Disquietudes, to which it makes us liable. The Desire of it stirs up very uneasy Motions in the Mind, and is rather inflamed than satisfied by the Presence of the Thing desired. The Enjoyment of it brings but very little Pleasure, tho' the Loss or Want of it be very sensible and afflicting; and even this little Happiness is so very precarious, that it wholly depends on the Will of others. We are not only tortured by the Reproaches which are offered us, but are disappointed by the Silence of Men when it is unexpected; and humbled even by their Praises.¹ C.

No. 257.] Tuesday, Dec. 25,² 1711. [Addison.]

—Οὐχ' εὐδαι Διὸς
'Οφθαλμός· ἐγγὺς δ' ἔστι καὶ παρὼν πόνω.
Incert. ex Stob.

THAT I might not lose myself upon a Subject of so great Extent as that of Fame, I have treated it in a particular Order and Method. I have first of all considered the Reasons why Providence may have implanted in our Mind such a Principle of Action. I have in the next Place shewn from many Considerations, first, that Fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost; Secondly, that it brings the ambitious Man very little Happiness, but subjects him to much Uneasiness and Dissatisfaction. I shall in the last Place shew, that it hinders us from obtaining an End which we have Abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with Fulness of Satisfaction. I need not tell my Reader, that I mean by this End that Happiness which is reserved for us in another World, which every one has Abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it Fulness of Joy and Pleasures for evermore.

How the Pursuit after Fame may hinder us in the Attainment of this great End, I shall leave the Reader to collect from the three following Considerations.

First, Because the strong Desire of Fame breeds several vicious Habits in the Mind.

Secondly, Because many of those Actions, which are apt to procure Fame, are not in their Nature conducive to this our ultimate Happiness.

Thirdly, Because if we should allow the same Actions to be the proper Instruments, both of acquiring Fame, and of procuring this Happiness, they would nevertheless fail in the Attainment of this last End, if they proceeded from a Desire of the first.

These three Propositions are self-evident to those who are versed in Speculations of Morality. For which Reason I shall not enlarge upon them,

¹ [I shall conclude this Subject in my next Paper.]

² This being Christmas Day, Addison has continued to it a religious strain of thought.

¹ Oratio pro M. Marcello.

but proceed to a Point of the same Nature, which may open to us a more uncommon Field of Speculation.

From what has been already observed, I think we may make a natural Conclusion, that it is the greatest Folly to seek the Praise or Approbation of any Being, besides the Supreme, and that for these two Reasons, Because no other Being can make a right Judgment of us, and esteem us according to our Merits; and because we can procure no considerable Benefit or Advantage from the Esteem and Approbation of any other Being.

In the first Place, No other Being can make a right Judgment of us, and esteem us according to our Merits. Created Beings see nothing but our Outside, and can [therefore] only frame a Judgment of us from our exterior Actions and Behaviour; but how unfit these are to give us a right Notion of each other's Perfections, may appear from several Considerations. There are many Virtues, which in their own Nature are incapable of any outward Representation: Many silent Perfections in the Soul of a good Man, which are great Ornaments to human Nature, but not able to discover themselves to the Knowledge of others; they are transacted in private, without Noise or Show, and are only visible to the great Searcher of Hearts. What Actions can express the entire Purity of Thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous Man? That secret Rest and Contentedness of Mind, which gives him a Perfect Enjoyment of his present Condition? That inward Pleasure and Complacency, which he feels in doing Good? That Delight and Satisfaction which he takes in the Prosperity and Happiness of another? These and the like Virtues are the hidden Beauties of a Soul, the secret Graces which cannot be discovered by a mortal Eye, but make the Soul lovely and precious in his Sight, from whom no Secrets are concealed. Again, there are many Virtues which want an Opportunity of exerting and shewing themselves in Actions. Every Virtue requires Time and Place, a proper Object and a fit Conjunction of Circumstances, for the due Exercise of it. A State of Poverty obscures all the Virtues of Liberality and Munificence. The Patience and Fortitude of a Martyr or Confessor lie concealed in the flourishing Times of Christianity. Some Virtues are only seen in Affliction, and some in Prosperity; some in a private, and others in a publick Capacity. But the great Sovereign of the World beholds every Perfection in its Obscurity, and not only sees what we do, but what we would do. He views our Behaviour in every Concurrence of Affairs, and sees us engaged in all the Possibilities of Action. He discovers the Martyr and Confessor without the Tryal of Flames and Tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the Reward of Actions, which they had never the Opportunity of Performing. Another Reason why Men cannot form a right Judgment of us is, because the same Actions may be aimed at different Ends, and arise from quite contrary Principles. Actions are of so mixt a Nature, and so full of Circumstances, that as Men pry into them more or less, or observe some Parts more than others, they take different Hints, and put contrary Interpretations on them; so that the

same Actions may represent a Man as hypocritical and designing to one, which make him appear a Saint or Hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the Soul through its outward Actions, often sees it through a deceitful Medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the Object: So that on this Account also, *he* is the only proper Judge of our Perfections, who does not guess at the Sincerity of our Intentions from the Goodness of our Actions, but weighs the Goodness of our Actions by the Sincerity of our Intentions.

But further; it is impossible for outward Actions to represent the Perfections of the Soul, because they can never shew the Strength of those Principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate Expressions of our Virtues, and can only shew us what Habits are in the Soul, without discovering the Degree and Perfection of such Habits. They are at best but weak Resemblances of our Intentions, faint and imperfect Copies that may acquaint us with the general Design, but can never express the Beauty and Life of the Original. But the great Judge of all the Earth knows every different State and Degree of human Improvement, from those weak Stirrings and Tendencies of the Will which have not yet formed themselves into regular Purposes and Designs, to the last entire Finishing and Consummation of a good Habit. He beholds the first imperfect Rudiments of a Virtue in the Soul, and keeps a watchful Eye over it in all its Progress, 'till it has received every Grace it is capable of, and appears in its full Beauty and Perfection. Thus we see that none but the Supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper Merits, since all others must judge of us from our outward Actions, which can never give them a just Estimate of us, since there are many Perfections of a Man which are not capable of appearing in Actions; many which, allowing no natural Incapacity of shewing themselves, want an Opportunity of doing it; or should they all meet with an Opportunity of appearing by Actions, yet those Actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong Principles; or though they plainly discovered the Principles from whence they proceeded, they could never shew the Degree, Strength and Perfection of those Principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper Judge of our Perfections, so is he the only fit Rewarder of them. This is a Consideration that comes home to our Interest, as the other adapts it self to our Ambition. And what could the most aspiring, or the most selfish Man desire more, were he to form the Notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a Knowledge as can discover the least Appearance of Perfection in him, and such a Goodness as will proportion a Reward to it.

Let the ambitious Man therefore turn all his Desire of Fame this Way; and, that he may propose to himself a Fame worthy of his Ambition, let him consider that if he employs his Abilities to the best Advantage, the Time will come when the supreme Governor of the World, the great Judge of Mankind, who sees every Degree of Perfection in others, and possesses all possible Perfection in himself, shall proclaim his Worth

before Men and Angels, and pronounce to him in the Presence of the whole Creation that best and most significant of Applauses, *Well done, thou good and faithful Servant, enter thou into thy Master's Joy.*

C.

No. 258.] Wednesday, Dec. 26, 1711. [Steele.

Divide et Impera.

PLEASURE and Recreation of one Kind or other are absolutely necessary to relieve our Minds and Bodies from too constant Attention and Labour: Where therefore publick Diversions are tolerated, it behoves Persons of Distinction, with their Power and Example, to preside over them in such a Manner as to check any thing that tends to the Corruption of Manners, or which is too mean or trivial for the Entertainment of reasonable Creatures. As to the Diversions of this Kind in this Town, we owe them to the Arts of Poetry and Musick: My own private Opinion, with Relation to such Recreations, I have heretofore given with all the Frankness imaginable; what concerns those Arts at present the Reader shall have from my Correspondents. The first of the Letters with which I acquit myself for this Day, is written by one who proposes to improve our Entertainments of Dramatick Poetry, and the other comes from three Persons, who, as soon as named, will be thought capable of advancing the present State of Musick.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am considerably obliged to you for your speedy Publication of my last in yours of the 18th Instant, and am in no small Hopes of being settled in the Post of *Comptroller of the Cries*. Of all the Objections I have hearkened after in publick Coffee-houses there is but one that seems to carry any Weight with it, viz. That such a Post would come too near the Nature of a Monopoly. Now, Sir, because I would have all Sorts of People made easy, and being willing to have more Strings than one to my Bow; in case that of *Comptroller* should fail me, I have since formed another Project, which, being grounded on the dividing a present Monopoly, I hope will give the Publick an Equivalent to their full Content. You know, Sir, it is allowed that the Business of the Stage is, as the *Latin* has it, *Fucunda et Idonea dicere Vita*. Now there being but one Dramatick Theatre licensed for the Delight and Profit of this extensive Metropolis, I do humbly propose, for the Convenience of such of its Inhabitants as are too distant from *Covent-Garden*, that another *Theatre of Ease* may be erected in some spacious Part of the City; and that the Direction thereof may be made a Franchise in Fee to me, and my Heirs for ever. And that the Town may have no Jealousy of my ever coming to an Union with the Set of Actors now in being, I do further propose to constitute for my Deputy my near Kinsman and Adventurer

Kit Crotchet,¹ whose long Experience and Improvements in those Affairs need no Recommendation. 'Twas obvious to every Spectator what a quite different Foot the Stage was upon during his Government; and had he not been bolted out of his Trap-Doors, his Garrison might have held out for ever, he having by long Pains and Perseverance arriv'd at the Art of making his Army fight without Pay or Provisions. I must confess it, with a melancholy Amazement, I see so wonderful a Genius laid aside, and the late Slaves of the Stage now become its Masters, Dunces that will be sure to suppress all Theatrical Entertainments and Activities that they are not able themselves to shine in!

Every Man that goes to a Play is not obliged to have either Wit or Understanding; and I insist upon it, that all who go there should see something which may improve them in a Way of which they are capable. In short, Sir, I would have something *done* as well as *said* on the Stage. A Man may have an active Body, though he has not a quick Conception; for the Imitation therefore of such as are, as I may so speak, corporeal Wits or nimble Fellows, I would fain ask any of the present Mismanagers, Why should not Rope-dancers, Vaulters, Tumblers, Ladder-walkers, and Posture-makers appear again on our Stage? After such a Representation, a Five-bar Gate would be leaped with a better Grace next Time any of the Audience went a Hunting. Sir, these Things cry loud for Reformation and fall properly under the Province of SPECTATOR General; but how indeed should it be otherwise, while Fellows (that for Twenty Years together were never paid but as their Master was in the Humour) now presume to pay others more than ever they had in their Lives; and in Contempt of the Practice of Persons of Condition, have the Insolence to owe no Tradesman a Farthing at the End of the Week. Sir, all I propose is the publick Good; for no one can imagine I shall ever get a private Shilling by it: Therefore I hope you will recommend this Matter in one of your this Week's Papers, and desire when my House opens you will accept the Liberty of it for the Trouble you have receiv'd from,

SIR,

P. S. I have Assurances *Your Humble Servant,* that the Trunk-maker will declare for us.

Ralph Crotchet.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'We whose Names are subscribed,² think you

¹ Christopher Rich, of whom Steele wrote in No. 12 of the *Tatler* as Divito, who 'has a perfect art in being unintelligible in discourse and uncomeatable in business. But he, having no understanding in his polite way, brought in upon us, to get in his money, ladder-dancers, rope-dancers, jugglers, and mountebanks, to strut in the place of Shakespeare's heroes and Jonson's humorists.'

² Thomas Clayton (see note on p. 32) had set Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* to music at the request of Steele and John Hughes; but its performance at his house in York Buildings was a

'the properest Person to signify what we have to offer the Town in Behalf of our selves, and the Art which we profess, *Musick*. We conceive Hopes of your Favour from the Speculations on the Mistakes which the Town run into with Regard to their Pleasure of this Kind; and believing your Method of judging is, that you consider Musick only valuable, as it is agreeable to, and heightens the Purpose of Poetry, we consent that That is not only the true Way of relishing that Pleasure, but also, that without it a Composition of Musick is the same thing as a Poem, where all the Rules of Poetical Numbers are observed, tho' the Words have no Sense or Meaning; to say it shorter, meer musical Sounds are in our Art no other than nonsense Verses are in Poetry. Musick therefore is to aggravate what is intended by Poetry; it must always have some Passion or Sentiment to express, or else Violins, Voices, or any other Organs of Sound, afford an Entertainment very little above the Rattles of Children. It was from this Opinion of the Matter, that when Mr. Clayton had finished his Studies in *Italy*, and brought over

failure. Clayton had adapted English words to Italian airs in the drama written for him by Motteux, of *Arsinoe, Queen of Cyprus*, and called it his own opera. Steele and Addison were taken by his desire to nationalize the opera, and put native music to words that were English and had literature in them. After *Camilla* at Drury Lane, produced under the superintendence of Nicolino Haym, Addison's *Rosamond* was produced, with music by Clayton and Mrs. Tofts in the part of Queen Eleanor. The music killed the piece on the third night of performance. The coming of Handel and his opera of *Rinaldo* set Mr. Clayton aside, but the friendship of Steele and Addison abided with him, and Steele seems to have had a share in his enterprises at York Buildings. Of his colleagues who join in the signing of this letter, Nicola Francesco Haym was by birth a Roman, and resident in London as a professor of music. He published two good operas of sonatas for two violins and a bass, and joined Clayton and Dieupart in the service of the opera, until Handel's success superseded them. Haym was also a man of letters, who published two quartos upon Medals, a notice of rare Italian Books, an edition of Tasso's *Gerusalemme*, and two tragedies of his own. He wrote a *History of Music* in Italian, and issued proposals for its publication in English, but had no success. Finally he turned picture collector, and was employed in that quality by Dr. Mead and Sir Robert Walpole.

Charles Dieupart, a Frenchman, was a fine performer on the violin and harpsichord. At the representation of *Arsinoe* and the other earliest operas, he played the harpsichord and Haym the violoncello. Dieupart, after the small success of the design set forth in this letter, taught the harpsichord in families of distinction, but wanted self-respect enough to save him from declining into a player at obscure ale-houses, where he executed for the pleasure of dull ears solos of Corelli with the nicety of taste that never left him. He died old and poor in 1740.

'the Opera of *Arsinoe*, that Mr. Haym and Mr. Dieupart, who had the Honour to be well known and received among the Nobility and Gentry, were zealously inclined to assist, by their Solicitations, in introducing so elegant an Entertainment as the *Italian Musick* grafted upon *English Poetry*. For this End Mr. Dieupart and Mr. Haym, according to their several Opportunities, promoted the Introduction of *Arsinoe*, and did it to the best Advantage so great a Novelty would allow. It is not proper to trouble you with Particulars of the just Complaints we all of us have to make; but so it is, that without Regard to our obliging Pains, we are all equally set aside in the present Opera. Our Application therefore to you is only to insert this Letter, in your Papers, that the Town may know we have all Three joined together to make Entertainments of Musick for the future at Mr. Clayton's House in *York-buildings*. What we promise ourselves, is, to make a Subscription of two Guineas, for eight Times; and that the Entertainment, with the Names of the Authors of the Poetry, may be printed, to be sold in the House, with an Account of the several Authors of the Vocal as well as the Instrumental Musick for each Night; the Money to be paid at the Receipt of the Tickets, at Mr. Charles Lillie's. It will, we hope, Sir, be easily allowed, that we are capable of undertaking to exhibit by our joint Force and different Qualifications all that can be done in Musick; but lest you should think so dry a thing as an Account of our Proposal should be a Matter unworthy your Paper, which generally contains something of publick Use; give us leave to say, that favouring our Design is no less than reviving an Art, which runs to ruin by the utmost Barbarism under an Affectation of Knowledge. We aim at establishing some settled Notion of what is Musick, at recovering from Neglect and Want very many Families who depend upon it, at making all Foreigners who pretend to succeed in *England* to learn the Language of it as we our selves have done, and not be so insolent as to expect a whole Nation, a refined and learned Nation, should submit to learn them. In a word, Mr. SPECTATOR, with all Deference and Humility, we hope to behave ourselves in this Undertaking in such a Manner, that all *English Men* who have any Skill in Musick may be furthered in it for their Profit or Diversion by what new Things we shall produce; never pretending to surpass others, or asserting that any Thing which is a Science is not attainable by all Men of all Nations who have proper Genius for it: We say, Sir, what we hope for is not expected will arrive to us by contemning others, but through the utmost Diligence recommending ourselves.

We are, SIR,

Your most humble Servants,

Thomas Clayton,
Nicolino Haym,
Charles Dieupart.

T.

No. 259.] Thursday, December 27, 1711. [Steele.

Quod decet honestum est, et quod honestum est decet.—Tull.

THERE are some Things which cannot come under certain Rules, but which one would think could not need them. Of this kind are outward Civilities and Salutations. These one would imagine might be regulated by every Man's Common Sense without the Help of an Instructor; but that which we call Common Sense suffers under that Word; for it sometimes implies no more than that Faculty which is common to all Men, but sometimes signifies right Reason, and what all Men should consent to. In this latter Acceptation of the Phrase, it is no great Wonder People err so much against it, since it is not every one who is possessed of it, and there are fewer, who against common Rules and Fashions, dare obey its Dictates. As to Salutations, which I was about to talk of, I observe as I strol'd about Town, there are great Enormities committed with regard to this Particular. You shall sometimes see a Man begin the Offer of a Salutation, and observe a forbidding Air, or escaping Eye, in the Person he is going to salute, and stop short in the Pole of his Neck. This in the Person who believed he could do it with a good Grace, and was refused the Opportunity, is justly resented with a Coldness the whole ensuing Season. Your great Beauties, People in much Favour, or by any Means or for any Purpose overflattered, are apt to practise this which one may call the preventing Aspect, and throw their Attention another Way, lest they should confer a Bow or a Curtsie upon a Person who might not appear to deserve that Dignity. Others you shall find so obsequious, and so very courteous, as there is no escaping their Favours of this Kind. Of this Sort may be a Man who is in the fifth or sixth Degree of Favour with a Minister; this good Creature is resolved to shew the World, that great Honours cannot at all change his Manners; he is the same civil Person he ever was; he will venture his Neck to bow out of a Coach in full Speed, at once, to shew he is full of Business; and yet is not so taken up as to forget his old Friend. With a Man, who is not so well formed for Courtship and elegant Behaviour, such a Gentleman as this seldom finds his Account in the Return of his Compliments, but he will still go on, for he is in his own Way, and must not omit; let the Neglect fall on your Side, or where it will, his Business is still to be well-bred to the End. I think I have read, in one of our *English Comedies*, a Description of a Fellow that affected knowing every Body, and for Want of Judgment in Time and Place, would bow and smile in the Face of a Judge sitting in the Court, would sit in an opposite Gallery and smile in the Minister's Face as he came up into the Pulpit, and nod as if he alluded to some Familiarities between them in another Place. But now I happen to speak of Salutation at Church, I must take notice that several of my Correspondents have importuned me to consider that Subject,

and settle the Point of Decorum in that Particular.

I do not pretend to be the best Courtier in the World, but I have often on publick Occasions thought it a very great Absurdity in the Company (during the Royal Presence) to exchange Salutations from all Parts of the Room, when certainly Common Sense should suggest, that all Regards at that Time should be engaged, and cannot be diverted to any other Object, without Disrespect to the Sovereign. But as to the Complaint of my Correspondents, it is not to be imagined what Offence some of them take at the Custom of Saluting in Places of Worship. I have a very angry Letter from a Lady, who tells me [of] one of her Acquaintance, [who,] out of meer Pride and a Pretence to be rude, takes upon her to return no Civilities done to her in Time of Divine Service, and is the most religious Woman for no other Reason but to appear a Woman of the best Quality in the Church. This absurd Custom had better be abolished than retained, if it were but to prevent Evils of no higher a Nature than this is; but I am informed of Objections much more considerable: A Dissenter of Rank and Distinction was lately prevailed upon by a Friend of his to come to one of the greatest Congregations of the Church of *England* about Town: After the Service was over, he declared he was very well satisfied with the little Ceremony which was used towards God Almighty; but at the same time he feared he should not be able to go through those required towards one another: As to this Point he was in a State of Despair, and feared he was not well-bred enough to be a Convert. There have been many Scandals of this Kind given to our Protestant Dissenters from the outward Pomp and Respect we take to our selves in our Religious Assemblies. A Quaker who came one Day into a Church, fixed his Eyes upon an old Lady with a Carpet larger than that from the Pulpit before her, expecting when she would hold forth. An Anabaptist who designs to come over himself, and all his Family, within few Months, is sensible they want Breeding enough for our Congregations, and has sent his two [eldest¹] Daughters to learn to dance, that they may not misbehave themselves at Church: It is worth considering whether, in regard to awkward People with scrupulous Consciences, a good Christian of the best Air in the World ought not rather to deny herself the Opportunity of shewing so many Graces, than keep a bashful Proselyte without the Pale of the Church.

No. 260.] Friday, December 28, 1711. [Steele.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM now in the Sixty fifth Year of my Age, and having been the greater Part of my Days a Man of Pleasure, the Decay of my

¹ [elder]

‘Faculties is a Stagnation of my Life. But how
 ‘is it, Sir, that my Appetites are increased upon
 ‘me with the Loss of Power to gratify them? I
 ‘write this, like a Criminal, to warn People to en-
 ‘ter upon what Reformation they may please to
 ‘make in themselves in their Youth, and not ex-
 ‘pect they shall be capable of it from a fond
 ‘Opinion some have often in their Mouths, that
 ‘if we do not leave our Desires they will leave us.
 ‘It is far otherwise; I am now as vain in my
 ‘Dress, and as flippant if I see a pretty Woman,
 ‘as when in my Youth I stood upon a Bench in
 ‘the Pit to survey the whole Circle of Beauties.
 ‘The Folly is so extravagant with me, and I went
 ‘on with so little Check of my Desires, or Resign-
 ‘ation of them, that I can assure you, I very often
 ‘merely to entertain my own Thoughts, sit with
 ‘my Spectacles on, writing Love-Letters to the
 ‘Beauties that have been long since in their
 ‘Graves. This is to warm my Heart with the
 ‘faint Memory of Delights which were once agree-
 ‘able to me; but how much happier would my
 ‘Life have been now, if I could have looked back
 ‘on any worthy Action done for my Country? If
 ‘I had laid out that which I profused in Luxury
 ‘and Wantonness, in Acts of Generosity or Char-
 ‘ity? I have lived a Bachelor to this Day; and
 ‘instead of a numerous Offspring, with which, in
 ‘the regular Ways of Life, I might possibly have
 ‘delighted my self, I have only to amuse my self
 ‘with the Repetition of Old Stories and Intrigues
 ‘which no one will believe I ever was concerned
 ‘in. I do not know whether you have ever
 ‘treated of it or not; but you cannot fall on a
 ‘better Subject, than that of the Art of growing
 ‘old. In such a Lecture you must propose, that
 ‘no one set his Heart upon what is transient; the
 ‘Beauty grows wrinkled while we are yet gazing
 ‘at her. The witty Man sinks into a Humourist
 ‘imperceptibly, for want of reflecting that all
 ‘Things around him are in a Flux, and continually
 ‘changing: Thus he is in the Space of ten or
 ‘fifteen Years surrounded by a new Set of People
 ‘whose Manners are as natural to them as his
 ‘Delights, Method of Thinking, and Mode of
 ‘Living, were formerly to him and his Friends.
 ‘But the Mischief is, he looks upon the same kind
 ‘of Errors which he himself was guilty of with an
 ‘Eye of Scorn, and with that sort of Ill-will which
 ‘Men entertain against each other for different
 ‘Opinions: Thus a crasie Constitution, and an
 ‘uneasie Mind is fretted with vexatious Passions
 ‘for young Mens doing foolishly what it is Folly
 ‘to do at all. Dear Sir, this is my present State
 ‘of Mind; I hate those I should laugh at, and
 ‘envy those I contemn. The Time of Youth and
 ‘vigorous Manhood passed the Way in which I
 ‘have disposed of it, is attended with these Con-
 ‘sequences; but to those who live and pass away
 ‘Life as they ought, all Parts of it are equally
 ‘pleasant; only the Memory of good and worthy
 ‘Actions is a Feast which must give a quicker
 ‘Relish to the Soul than ever it could possibly
 ‘taste in the highest Enjoyments or Jollities of
 ‘Youth. As for me, if I sit down in my great
 ‘Chair and begin to ponder, the Vagaries of a
 ‘Child are not more ridiculous than the Circum-
 ‘stances which are heaped up in my Memory.

‘Fine Gowns, Country Dances, Ends of Tunes,
 ‘interrupted Conversations, and mid-night Quar-
 ‘rels, are what must necessarily compose my
 ‘Soliloquy. I beg of you to print this, that some
 ‘Ladies of my Acquaintance, and my Years, may
 ‘be perswaded to wear warm Night-caps this cold
 ‘Season: and that my old Friend *Jack Tawdery*
 ‘may buy him a Cane, and not creep with the Air
 ‘of a Strut. I must add to all this, that if it were
 ‘not for one Pleasure, which I thought a very
 ‘mean one ’till of very late Years, I should have
 ‘no one great Satisfaction left; but if I live to
 ‘the 10th of *March, 1714*, and all my Securities
 ‘are good, I shall be worth Fifty thousand Pound.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Jack Afterday.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘You will infinitely oblige a distressed Lover, if
 ‘you will insert in your very next Paper, the fol-
 ‘lowing Letter to my Mistress. You must know,
 ‘I am not a Person apt to despair, but she has
 ‘got an odd Humour of stopping short unaccount-
 ‘ably, and, as she her self told a Confident of hers,
 ‘she has cold Fits. These Fits shall last her a
 ‘Month or six Weeks together; and as she falls
 ‘into them without Provocation, so it is to be
 ‘hoped she will return from them without the
 ‘Merit of new Services. But Life and Love will
 ‘not admit of such Intervals, therefore pray let
 ‘her be admonished as follows.

Madam,

‘I Love you, and I honour you: therefore pray
 ‘do not tell me of waiting till Decencies, till
 ‘Forms, till Humours are consulted and gratified.
 ‘If you have that happy Constitution as to be in-
 ‘dolent for ten Weeks together, you should con-
 ‘sider that all that while I burn in Impatiences
 ‘and Fevers; but still you say it will be Time
 ‘enough, tho’ I and you too grow older while we
 ‘are yet talking. Which do you think the more
 ‘reasonable, that you should alter a State of In-
 ‘difference for Happiness, and that to oblige me,
 ‘or I live in Torment, and that to lay no Manner
 ‘of Obligation upon you? While I indulge your
 ‘Insensibility I am doing nothing; if you favour
 ‘my Passion, you are bestowing bright Desires,
 ‘gay Hopes, generous Cares, noble Resolutions
 ‘and transporting Raptures upon,

Madam,

Your most devoted

humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘Here’s a Gentlewoman lodges in the same
 ‘House with me, that I never did any Injury to
 ‘in my whole Life; and she is always railing at
 ‘me to those that she knows will tell me of it.
 ‘Don’t you think she is in Love with me? or would
 ‘you have me break my Mind yet or not?

Your Servant,

T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘I am a Footman in a great Family, and am in
 ‘Love with the House-maid. We were all at
 ‘Hot-cockles last Night in the Hall these Holi-
 ‘days; when I lay down and was blinded, she
 ‘pulled off her Shoe, and hit me with the Heel

'such a Rap, as almost broke my Head to Pieces.
'Pray, Sir, was this Love or Spite? T.

No. 261.] Saturday, December 29, 1711. [Addison.

Γάμος γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν εὐκταῖον κακόν.
Frag. vet. Poet.

MY Father, whom I mentioned in my first Speculation, and whom I must always name with Honour and Gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the Subject of Marriage. I was in my younger Years engaged, partly by his Advice, and partly by my own Inclinations in the Courtship of a Person who had a great deal of Beauty, and did not at my first Approaches seem to have any Aversion to me; but as my natural Taciturnity hindered me from showing my self to the best Advantage, she by degrees began to look upon me as a very silly Fellow, and being resolved to regard Merit more than any Thing else in the Persons who made their Applications to her, she married a Captain of Dragoons who happened to be beating up for Recruits in those Parts.

This unlucky Accident has given me an Aversion to pretty Fellows ever since, and discouraged me from trying my Fortune with the Fair Sex. The Observations which I made in this Conjunction, and the repeated Advices which I received at that Time from the good old Man above-mentioned, have produced the following Essay upon Love and Marriage.

The pleasantest Part of a Man's Life is generally that which passes in Courtship, provided his Passion be sincere, and the Party beloved kind with Discretion. Love, Desire, Hope, all the pleasing Motions of the Soul rise in the Pursuit.

It is easier for an artful Man who is not in Love, to persuade his Mistress he has a Passion for her, and to succeed in his Pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest Violence. True Love has ten thousand Grievances, Impatiences and Resentments, that render a Man unamiable in the Eyes of the Person whose Affection he solicits; besides, that it sinks his Figure, gives him Fears, Apprehensions and Poorness of Spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himself.

Those Marriages generally abound most with Love and Constancy, that are preceded by a long Courtship. The Passion should strike Root, and gather Strength before Marriage be grafted on it. A long Course of Hopes and Expectations fixes the Idea in our Minds, and habituates us to a Fondness of the Person beloved.

There is Nothing of so great Importance to us, as the good Qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for Life; they do not only make our present State agreeable, but often determine our Happiness to all Eternity. Where the Choice is left to Friends, the chief Point under Consideration is an Estate: Where the Parties chuse for themselves, their Thoughts turn most upon the Person. They have both their Reasons. The first would procure many Conveniencies and Pleasures of Life to the

Party whose Interests they espouse; and at the same time may hope that the Wealth of their Friend will turn to their own Credit and Advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual Feast. A good Person does not only raise, but continue Love, and breeds a secret Pleasure and Complacency in the Beholder, when the first Heats of Desire are extinguished. It puts the Wife or Husband in Countenance both among Friends and Strangers, and generally fills the Family with a healthy and beautiful Race of Children.

I should prefer a Woman that is agreeable in my own Eye, and not deformed in that of the World, to a Celebrated Beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent Passion for her, or you have not the proper Taste of her Charms; and if you have such a Passion for her, it is odds but it [would¹] be imbittered with Fears and Jealousies.

Good-Nature and Evenness of Temper will give you an easie Companion for Life; Virtue and good Sense, an agreeable Friend; Love and Constancy, a good Wife or Husband. Where we meet one Person with all these Accomplishments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The World, notwithstanding, is more intent on Trains and Equipages, and all the showy Parts of Life; we love rather to dazzle the Multitude, than consult our proper Interest[s]; and, as I have elsewhere observed, it is one of the most unaccountable Passions of human Nature, that we are at greater Pains to appear easie and happy to others, than really to make our selves so. Of all Disparities, that in Humour makes the most unhappy Marriages, yet scarce enters into our Thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this Respect unequally yoked, and uneasie for Life, with a Person of a particular Character, might have been pleased and happy with a Person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their Kind.

Before Marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the Faults of the Person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the Person appears to you at a Distance, you will find many Blemishes and Imperfections in her Humour, upon a more intimate Acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps suspected. Here therefore Discretion and Good-nature are to shew their Strength; the first will hinder your Thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the Tenderness of Compassion and Humanity, and by degrees soften those very Imperfections into Beauties.

Marriage enlarges the Scene of our Happiness and Miseries. A Marriage of Love is pleasant; a Marriage of Interest easie; and a Marriage, where both meet, happy. A happy Marriage has in it all the Pleasures of Friendship, all the Enjoyments of Sense and Reason, and indeed, all the Sweets of Life. Nothing is a greater Mark of a degenerate and vicious Age, than the common Ridicule [which²] passes on this State of Life. It

¹ [will]

² [that]

is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with Scorn or Neglect on the Impieties of the Times, and tread the Paths of Life together in a constant uniform Course of Virtue.

No. 262.] Monday, December 31, 1711. [Steele.

Nulla venenato Littera mista Joco est.—Ovid.

I THINK myself highly obliged to the Publick for their kind Acceptance of a Paper which visits them every Morning, and has in it none of those *Seasonings* that recommend so many of the Writings which are in Vogue among us.

As, on the one Side, my Paper has not in it a single Word of News, a Reflection in Politics, nor a Stroak of Party; so on the other, there are no Fashionable Touches of Infidelity, no obscene Ideas, no Satyrs upon Priesthood, Marriage, and the like popular Topics of Ridicule; no private Scandal, nor any Thing that may tend to the Defamation of particular Persons, Families, or Societies.

There is not one of these above-mentioned Subjects that would not sell a very indifferent Paper, could I think of gratifying the Publick by such mean and base Methods. But notwithstanding I have rejected every Thing that savours of Party, every Thing that is loose and immoral, and every Thing that might create Uneasiness in the Minds of particular Persons, I find that the Demand of my Papers has encreased every Month since their first Appearance in the World. This does not perhaps reflect so much Honour upon my self, as on my Readers, who give a much greater Attention to Discourses of Virtue and Morality, than ever I expected, or indeed could hope.

When I broke loose from that great Body of Writers who have employed their Wit and Parts in propagating Vice and Irreligion, I did not question but I should be treated as an odd kind of Fellow that had a mind to appear singular in my Way of Writing: But the general Reception I have found, convinces me that the World is not so corrupt as we are apt to imagine; and that if those Men of Parts who have been employed in vitiating the Age had endeavour'd to rectify and amend it, they needed [not¹] have sacrificed their good Sense and Virtue to their Fame and Reputation. No Man is so sunk in Vice and Ignorance, but there are still some hidden Seeds of Goodness and Knowledge in him; which give him a Relish of such Reflections and Speculations as have an [Aptness²] to improve the Mind, and make the Heart better.

I have shewn in a former Paper, with how much Care I have avoided all such Thoughts as are loose, obscene or immoral; and I believe my Reader would still think the better of me, if he knew the Pains I am at in qualifying what I write after such a manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private Persons. For this Reason when I draw any faulty Character, I

consider all those Persons to whom the Malice of the World may possibly apply it, and take care to dash it with such particular Circumstances as may prevent all such ill-natured Applications. If I write any Thing on a black Man, I run over in my Mind all the eminent Persons in the Nation who are of that Complexion: When I place an imaginary Name at the Head of a Character, I examine every Syllable and Letter of it, that it may not bear any Resemblance to one that is real. I know very well the Value which every Man sets upon his Reputation, and how painful it is to be exposed to the Mirth and Derision of the Publick, and should therefore scorn to divert my Reader, at the Expence of any private Man.

As I have been thus tender of every particular Person's Reputation, so I have taken more than ordinary Care not to give Offence to those who appear in the higher Figures of Life. I would not make myself merry even with a Piece of Pasteboard that is invested with a Publick Character; for which Reason I have never glanced upon the late designed Procession of his Holiness and his Attendants,¹ notwithstanding it might have afforded Matter to many ludicrous Speculations. Among those Advantages, which the Publick may reap from this Paper, it is not the least, that it draws Mens Minds off from the Bitterness of Party, and furnishes them with Subjects of Discourse that may be treated without Warmth or Passion. This is said to have been the first Design of those Gentlemen who set on Foot the Royal Society;² and had then a very good Effect, as it turned many of the greatest Genius's of that Age to the Disquisitions of natural Knowledge, who, if they had engaged in Politicks with the same Parts and Application, might have set their Country in a Flame. The Air-Pump, the Barometer, the Quadrant, and the like Inventions were thrown out to those busie Spirits, as Tubs and Barrels are to a Whale, that he may let the Ship sail on without Disturbance, while he diverts himself with those innocent Amusements.

I have been so very scrupulous in this Particular of not hurting any Man's Reputation that I have forborn mentioning even such Authors as I could not name without Honour. This I must confess to have been a Piece of very great Self-denial: For as the Publick relishes nothing better than the Ridicule which turns upon a Writer of any Eminence, so there is nothing which a Man that has but a very ordinary Talent in Ridicule may execute with greater Ease. One might raise Laughter for a Quarter of a Year together upon the Works of a Person who has published but a

¹ Fifteen images in waxwork, prepared for a procession on the 17th of November, Queen Elizabeth's birthday, had been seized under a Secretary of State's warrant. Swift says, in his Journal to Stella, that the devil which was to have waited on the Pope was saved from burning because it was thought to resemble the Lord Treasurer.

² The Royal Society was incorporated in 1663 as the Royal Society of London 'for promoting 'Natural Knowledge.' In the same year there was an abortive insurrection in the North against the infamy of Charles II.'s government.

¹ [not to] ² [Aptness in them]

very few Volumes. For which [Reason¹] I am astonished, that those who have appeared against this Paper have made so very little of it. The Criticisms which I have hitherto published, have been made with an Intention rather to discover Beauties and Excellencies in the Writers of my own Time, than to publish any of their Faults and Imperfections. In the mean while I should take it for a very great Favour from some of my underhand Detractors, if they would break all Measures with me so far, as to give me a Pre-ference for examining their Performances with an impartial Eye: Nor shall I look upon it as any Breach of Charity to criticise the Author, so long as I keep clear of the Person.

In the mean while, 'till I am provoked to such Hostilities, I shall from time to time endeavour to do Justice to those who have distinguished themselves in the politer Parts of Learning, and to point out such Beauties in their Works as may have escaped the Observation of others.

As the first Place among our *English* Poets is due to *Milton*; and as I have drawn more Quotations out of him than from any other, I shall enter into a regular Criticism upon his *Paradise Lost*, which I shall publish every *Saturday* 'till I have given my Thoughts upon that Poem. I shall not however presume to impose upon others my own particular Judgment on this Author, but only deliver it as my private Opinion. Criticism is of a very large Extent, and every particular Master in this Art has his favourite Passages in an Author, which do not equally strike the best Judges. It will be sufficient for me if I discover many Beauties or Imperfections which others have not attended to, and I should be very glad to see any of our eminent Writers publish their Discoveries on the same Subject. In short, I would always be understood to write my Papers of Criticism in the Spirit which *Horace* has expressed in those two famous Lines;

—*Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.*

'If you have made any better Remarks of your own, communicate them with Candour; if not, make use of these I present you with.' C.

No. 263.] Tuesday, January 1, 1712. [Steele.

*Gratulor quod eum quem necesse erat diligere,
qualiscunque esset, talem habemus ut libenter
quoque diligamus.*—Trebonius apud Tull.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM the happy Father of a very towardly Son, in whom I do not only see my Life, but also my Manner of Life, renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to Society, if you would frequently resume Subjects which serve to bind these sort of Relations faster, and endear the Ties of Blood with those of Good-will, Protection, Observance, Indulgence, and Veneration.

¹ [Reasons]

'I would, methinks, have this done after an un-
'common Method, and do not think any one, who
'is not capable of writing a good Play, fit to un-
'dertake a Work wherein there will necessarily
'occur so many secret Instincts, and Biasses of
'human Nature which would pass unobserved by
'common Eyes. I thank Heaven I have no out-
'rageous Offence against my own excellent Parents
'to answer for; but when I am now and then
'alone, and look back upon my past Life, from
'my earliest Infancy to this Time, there are many
'Faults which I committed that did not appear to
'me, even till I my self became a Father. I had
'not till then a Notion of the Earnings of Heart,
'which a Man has when he sees his Child do a
'laudable Thing, or the sudden Damp which
'seizes him when he fears he will act something
'unworthy. It is not to be imagined, what a Re-
'morse touched me for a long Train of childish
'Negligencies of my Mother, when I saw my Wife
'the other Day look out of the Window, and turn
'as pale as Ashes upon seeing my younger Boy
'sliding upon the Ice. These slight Intimations
'will give you to understand, that there are num-
'berless little Crimes which Children take no
'notice of while they are doing, which upon Re-
'flection, when they shall themselves become Fa-
'thers, they will look upon with the utmost Sor-
'row and Contrition, that they did not regard,
'before those whom they offended were to be no
'more seen. How many thousand Things do I
'remember, which would have highly pleased my
'Father, and I omitted for no other Reason, but
'that I thought what he proposed the Effect of
'Humour and old Age, which I am now convinced
'had Reason and good Sense in it. I cannot now
'go into the Parlour to him, and make his Heart
'glad with an Account of a Matter which was of
'no Consequence, but that I told it, and acted in
'it. The good Man and Woman are long since
'in their Graves, who used to sit and plot the
'Welfare of us their Children, while, perhaps, we
'were sometimes laughing at the old Folks at an-
'other End of the House. The Truth of it is,
'were we merely to follow Nature in these great
'Duties of Life, tho' we have a strong Instinct
'towards the performing of them, we should be on
'both Sides very deficient. Age is so unwelcome
'to the Generality of Mankind, and Growth to-
'wards Manhood so desirable to all, that Resigna-
'tion to Decay is too difficult a Task in the Father;
'and Deference, amidst the Impulse of gay De-
'sires, appears unreasonable to the Son. There
'are so few who can grow old with a good Grace,
'and yet fewer who can come slow enough into
'the World, that a Father, were he to be actuated
'by his Desires, and a Son, were he to consult
'himself only, could neither of them behave him-
'self as he ought to the other. But when Reason
'interposes against Instinct, where it would carry
'either out of the Interests of the other, there
'arises that happiest Intercourse of good Offices
'between those dearest Relations of human Life.
'The Father, according to the Opportunities which
'are offered to him, is throwing down Blessings on
'the Son, and the Son endeavouring to appear the
'worthy Offspring of such a Father. It is after
'this manner that *Camillus* and his first-born

'dwell together. *Camillus* enjoys a pleasing and
'indolent old Age, in which Passion is subdued,
'and Reason exalted. He waits the Day of his
'Dissolution with a Resignation mixed with De-
'light, and the Son fears the Accession of his
'Father's Fortune with Diffidence, lest he should
'not enjoy or become it as well as his Predecessor.
'Add to this, that the Father knows he leaves a
'Friend to the Children of his Friends, an easie
'Landlord to his Tenants, and an agreeable Com-
'panion to his Acquaintance. He believes his
'Son's Behaviour will make him frequently re-
'membered, but never wanted. This Commerce
'is so well cemented, that without the Pomp of
'saying, *Son, be a Friend to such a one when I*
'*am gone; Camillus* knows, being in his Favour,
'is Direction enough to the grateful Youth who is
'to succeed him, without the Admonition of his
'mentioning it. These Gentlemen are honoured
'in all their Neighbourhood, and the same Effect
'which the Court has on the Manner of a King-
'dom, their Characters have on all who live within
'the Influence of them.

'My Son and I are not of Fortune to communi-
'cate our good Actions or Intentions to so many
'as these Gentlemen do; but I will be bold to
'say, my Son has, by the Applause and Appro-
'bation which his Behaviour towards me has
'gained him, occasioned that many an old Man,
'besides my self, has rejoiced. Other Men's
'Children follow the Example of mine, and I have
'the inexpressible Happiness of overhearing our
'Neighbours, as we ride by, point to their Chil-
'dren, and say, with a Voice of Joy, There they go.

'You cannot, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, pass your time
'better than insinuating the Delights which these
'Relations well regarded bestow upon each other.
'Ordinary Passions are no longer such, but mu-
'tual Love gives an Importance to the most indif-
'ferent things, and a Merit to Actions the most
'insignificant. When we look round the World,
'and observe the many Misunderstandings which
'are created by the Malice and Insinuation of the
'meanest Servants between People thus related,
'how necessary will it appear that it were incul-
'cated that Men would be upon their Guard to
'support a Constancy of Affection, and that
'grounded upon the Principles of Reason, not the
'Impulses of Instinct.

'It is from the common Prejudices which Men
'receive from their Parents, that Hatreds are kept
'alive from one Generation to another; and when
'Men act by Instinct, Hatreds will descend when
'good Offices are forgotten. For the Degeneracy
'of human Life is such, that our Anger is more
'easily transferred to our Children than our Love.
'Love always gives something to the Object it
'delights in, and Anger spoils the Person against
'whom it is moved of something laudable in him:
'From this Degeneracy therefore, and a sort of
'Self-Love, we are more prone to take up the Ill-
'will of our Parents, than to follow them in their
'Friendships.

'One would think there should need no more to
'make Men keep up this sort of Relation with the
'utmost Sanctity, than to examine their own
'Hearts. If every Father remembered his own
'Thoughts and Inclinations when he was a Son,

'and every Son remembered what he expected from
'his Father, when he himself was in a State of
'Dependance, this one Reflection would preserve
'Men from being dissolute or rigid in these several
'Capacities. The Power and Subjection between
'them, when broken, make them more emphatic-
'ally Tyrants and Rebels against each other, with
'greater Cruelty of Heart, than the Disruption of
'States and Empires can possibly produce. I
'shall end this Application to you with two Letters
'which passed between a Mother and Son very
'lately, and are as follows.

Dear FRANK,

'If the Pleasures, which I have the Grief to
'hear you pursue in Town, do not take up all
'your Time, do not deny your Mother so much
'of it, as to read seriously this Letter. You said
'before *Mr. Letacre*, that an old Woman might
'live very well in the Country upon half my Joint-
'ure, and that your Father was a fond Fool to
'give me a Rent-Charge of Eight hundred a Year
'to the Prejudice of his Son. What *Letacre* said
'to you upon that Occasion, you ought to have
'born with more Decency, as he was your Father's
'well-beloved Servant, than to have called him
'*Country-put*. In the first place, *Frank*, I must
'tell you, I will have my Rent duly paid, for I will
'make up to your Sisters for the Partiality I was
'guilty of, in making your Father do so much as he
'has done for you. I may, it seems, live upon half
'my Jointure! I lived upon much less, *Frank*, when
'I carried you from Place to Place in these Arms,
'and could neither eat, dress, or mind any thing
'for feeding and tending you a weakly Child, and
'shedding Tears when the Convulsions you were
'then troubled with returned upon you. By my
'Care you outgrew them, to throw away the
'Vigour of your Youth in the Arms of Harlots,
'and deny your Mother what is not yours to de-
'tain. Both your Sisters are crying to see the
'Passion which I smother; but if you please to go
'on thus like a Gentleman of the Town, and forget
'all Regards to your self and Family, I shall im-
'mediately enter upon your Estate for the Arrear
'due to me, and without one Tear more contemn
'you for forgetting the Fondness of your Mother,
'as much as you have the Example of your Father.
'O *Frank*, do I live to omit writing myself,

Your Affectionate Mother,

A. T.

MADAM,

'I will come down to-morrow and pay the
'Money on my Knees. Pray write so no more.
'I will take care you never shall, for I will be for
'ever hereafter,

Your most dutiful Son,

F. T.

'I will bring down new Heads for my Sisters.
'Pray let all be forgotten. T.

No. 264.] Wednesday, January 2, 1712. [Steele.

—*Secretum iter et fallentis Semita vita.*
Hor.

IT has been from Age to Age an Affectation to love the Pleasure of Solitude, amongst those who cannot possibly be supposed qualified for passing Life in that Manner. This People have taken up from reading the many agreeable things which have been writ on that Subject, for which we are beholden to excellent Persons who delighted in being retired and abstracted from the Pleasures that enchant the Generality of the World. This Way of Life is recommended indeed with great Beauty, and in such a Manner as disposes the Reader for the time to a pleasing Forgetfulness, or Negligence of the particular Hurry of Life in which he is engaged, together with a Longing for that State which he is charmed with in Description. But when we consider the World it self, and how few there are capable of a religious, learned, or philosophick Solitude, we shall be apt to change a Regard to that sort of Solitude, for being a little singular in enjoying Time after the Way a Man himself likes best in the World, without going so far as wholly to withdraw from it. I have often observed, there is not a Man breathing who does not differ from all other Men, as much in the Sentiments of his Mind, as the Features of his Face. The Felicity is, when any one is so happy as to find out and follow what is the proper Bent of this Genius, and turn all his Endeavours to exert himself according as that prompts him. Instead of this, which is an innocent Method of enjoying a Man's self, and turning out of the general Tracks wherein you have Crowds of Rivals, there are those who pursue their own Way out of a Sowness and Spirit of Contradiction: These Men do every thing which they are able to support, as if Guilt and Impunity could not go together. They choose a thing only because another dislikes it; and affect forsooth an inviolable Constancy in Matters of no manner of Moment. Thus sometimes an old Fellow shall wear this or that sort of Cut in his Cloaths with great Integrity, while all the rest of the World are degenerated into Buttons, Pockets and Loops unknown to their Ancestors. As insignificant as even this is, if it were searched to the Bottom, you perhaps would find it not sincere, but that he is in the Fashion in his Heart, and holds out from mere Obstinacy. But I am running from my intended Purpose, which was to celebrate a certain particular Manner of passing away Life, and is a Contradiction to no Man, but a Resolution to contract none of the exorbitant Desires by which others are enslaved. The best way of separating a Man's self from the World, is to give up the Desire of being known to it. After a Man has preserved his Innocence, and performed all Duties incumbent upon him, his Time spent his own Way is what makes his Life differ from that of a Slave. If they who affect Show and Pomp knew how many of their Spectators derided their trivial Taste, they would be very much less elated, and have an Inclination to

examine the Merit of all they have to do with: They would soon find out that there are many who make a Figure below what their Fortune or Merit entitles them to, out of mere Choice, and an elegant Desire of Ease and Disincumbrance. It would look like Romance to tell you in this Age of an old Man who is contented to pass for an Humourist, and one who does not understand the Figure he ought to make in the World, while he lives in a Lodging of Ten Shillings a Week with only one Servant: While he dresses himself according to the Season in Cloth or in Stuff, and has no one necessary Attention to any thing but the Bell which calls to Prayers twice a Day. I say it would look like a Fable to report that this Gentleman gives away all which is the Overplus of a great Fortune, by secret Methods to other Men. If he has not the Pomp of a numerous Train, and of Professors of Service to him, he has every Day he lives the Conscience that the Widow, the Fatherless, the Mourner, and the Stranger bless his unseen Hand in their Prayers. This Humourist gives up all the Compliments which People of his own Condition could make to him, for the Pleasures of helping the Afflicted, supplying the Needy, and befriending the Neglected. This Humourist keeps to himself much more than he wants, and gives a vast Refuse of his Superfluities to purchase Heaven, and by freeing others from the Temptations of Worldly Want, to carry a Retinue with him thither.

Of all Men who affect living in a particular Way, next to this admirable Character, I am the most enamoured of *Irus*, whose Condition will not admit of such Largesses, and perhaps would not be capable of making them, if it were. *Irus*, tho' he is now turned of Fifty, has not appeared in the World, in his real Character, since five and twenty, at which Age he ran out a small Patrimony, and spent some Time after with Rakes who had lived upon him: A Course of ten Years time, passed in all the little Alleys, By-Paths, and sometimes open Taverns and Streets of this Town, gave *Irus* a perfect Skill in judging of the Inclinations of Mankind, and acting accordingly. He seriously considered he was poor, and the general Horror which most Men have of all who are in that Condition. *Irus* judg'd very rightly, that while he could keep his Poverty a Secret, he should not feel the Weight of it; he improved this Thought into an Affectation of Closeness and Covetousness. Upon this one Principle he resolved to govern his future Life; and in the thirty sixth Year of his Age he repaired to *Long-lane*, and looked upon several Dresses which hung there deserted by their first Masters, and exposed to the Purchase of the best Bidder. At this Place he exchanged his gay Shabbiness of Cloaths fit for a much younger Man, to warm ones that would be decent for a much older one. *Irus* came out thoroughly equipped from Head to Foot, with a little oaken Cane in the Form of a substantial Man that did not mind his Dress, turned of fifty. He had at this time fifty Pounds in ready Money; and in this Habit, with this Fortune, he took his present Lodging in *St. John Street*, at the Mansion-House of a Taylor's Widow, who washes and can clear-starch his Bands. From that Time to

this, he has kept the main Stock, without Alteration under or over to the value of five Pounds. He left off all his old Acquaintance to a Man, and all his Arts of Life, except the Play of Backgammon, upon which he has more than bore his Charges. *Irus* has, ever since he came into this Neighbourhood, given all the Intimations, he skilfully could, of being a close Hunks worth Money: No body comes to visit him, he receives no Letters, and tells his Money Morning and Evening. He has, from the publick Papers, a Knowledge of what generally passes, shuns all Discourses of Money, but shrugs his Shoulder when you talk of Securities; he denies his being rich with the Air, which all do who are vain of being so: He is the Oracle of a Neighbouring Justice of Peace, who meets him at the Coffee-house; the Hopes that what he has must come to Somebody, and that he has no Heirs, have that Effect where ever he is known, that he every Day has three or four Invitations to dine at different Places, which he generally takes care to choose in such a manner, as not to seem inclined to the richer Man. All the young Men respect him, and say he is just the same Man he was when they were Boys. He uses no Artifice in the World, but makes use of Men's Designs upon him to get a Maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain Peevishness, (which he acts very well) that no one would believe could possibly enter into the Head of a poor Fellow. His Mein, his Dress, his Carriage, and his Language are such, that you would be at a loss to guess whether in the Active Part of his Life he had been a sensible Citizen, or Scholar that knew the World. These are the great Circumstances in the Life of *Irus*, and thus does he pass away his Days a Stranger to Mankind; and at his Death, the worst that will be said of him will be, that he got by every Man who had Expectations from him, more than he had to leave him.

I have an Inclination to print the following Letters; for that I have heard the Author of them has some where or other seen me, and by an excellent Faculty in Mimickry my Correspondents tell me he can assume my Air, and give my Taciturnity a Slyness which diverts more than any Thing I could say if I were present. Thus I am glad my Silence is attoned for to the good Company in Town. He has carried his Skill in Imitation so far, as to have forged a Letter from my Friend Sir ROGER in such a manner, that any one but I who am thoroughly acquainted with him, would have taken it for genuine.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Having observed in *Lilly's Grammar* how 'sweetly *Bacchus* and *Apollo* run in a Verse: I 'have (to preserve the Amity between them) 'call'd in *Bacchus* to the Aid of my Profession of 'the *Theatre*. So that while some People of 'Quality are bespeaking Plays of me to be acted 'upon such a Day, and others, Hogsheads for 'their Houses against such a Time; I am wholly 'employ'd in the agreeable Service of Wit and 'Wine: Sir, I have sent you Sir *Roger de Coverley's* Letter to me, which pray comply with in 'Favour of the *Bumper Tavern*. Be kind for

'you know a Player's utmost Pride is the Appro-
'bation of the SPECTATOR.

I am your Admirer, tho' unknown,
Richard Estcourt.¹

To Mr. *Estcourt* at his House in *Covent-Garden*.
Coverley, December the 18th 1711.

Old Comical Ones,

'The Hogsheads of Neat Port came safe, and
'have gotten thee good Reputation in these Parts;
'and I am glad to hear, that a Fellow who has
'been laying out his Money ever since he was
'born, for the meer Pleasure of Wine, has be-
'thought himself of joining Profit and Pleasure
'together. Our Sexton (poor Man) having re-
'ceived Strength from thy Wine since his fit of the
'Gout, is hugely taken with it: He says it is
'given by Nature for the Use of Families, that no

¹ Richard Estcourt, born at Tewkesbury in 1688, and educated in the Latin school there, stole from home at the age of 15 to join a travelling company of comedians at Worcester, and, to avoid detection, made his first appearance in woman's clothes as Roxana in *Alexander the Great*. He was discovered, however, pursued, brought home, carried to London, and bound prentice to an apothecary in Hatton Garden. He escaped again, wandered about England, went to Ireland, and there obtained credit as an actor; then returned to London, and appeared at Drury Lane, where his skill as a mimic enabled him to perform each part in the manner of the actor who had obtained chief credit by it. His power of mimicry made him very diverting in society, and as he had natural politeness with a sprightly wit, his company was sought and paid for at the entertainments of the great. 'Dick Estcourt' was a great favourite with the Duke of Marlborough, and when men of wit and rank joined in establishing the Beefsteak Club they made Estcourt their *Providore*, with a small gold gridiron, for badge, hung round his neck by a green ribbon. Estcourt was a writer for the stage as well as actor, and had shown his agreement with the *Spectator's* dramatic criticisms by ridiculing the Italian opera with an interlude called *Prunella*. In the Numbers of the *Spectator* for December 28 and 29 Estcourt had advertised that he would on the 1st of January open 'the 'Bumper' Tavern in James's Street, Westminster, and had laid in 'neat natural wines, fresh and in 'perfection; being bought by Brooke and Hellier, 'by whom the said Tavern will from time to time 'be supplied with the best growths that shall be 'imported; to be sold by wholesale as well as retail, 'with the utmost fidelity by his old servant, trusty 'Anthony, who has so often adorned both the the- 'atres in England and Ireland; and as he is a person 'altogether unknowing in the wine trade, it cannot 'be doubted but that he will deliver the wine in the 'same natural purity that he receives it from the 'said merchants; and on these assurances he 'hopes that all his friends and acquaintance will 'become his customers, desiring a continuance of 'their favours no longer than they shall find them- 'selves well served.' This is the venture which Steele here backs for his friend with the influence of the *Spectator*.

'Steward's Table can be without it, that it
'strengthens Digestion, excludes Surfeits, Fevers
'and Physick; which green Wines of any kind
'can't do. Pray get a pure snug Room, and I
'hope next Term to help fill your Bumper with
'our People of the Club; but you must have no
'Bells stirring when the *Spectator* comes; I for-
'bore ringing to Dinner while he was down with
'me in the Country. Thank you for the little
'Hams and *Portugal* Onions; pray keep some
'always by you. You know my Supper is only
'good *Cheshire* Cheese, best Mustard, a golden
'Pippin, attended with a Pipe of *John Sly's* Best.
'Sir *Harry* has stoln all your Songs, and tells the
'Story of the 5th of *November* to Perfection.

Yours to serve you,

Roger de Coverley.

'We've lost old *John* since you were here. T.

No. 265.] Thursday, January 3, 1712. [Addison.

*Dixerit e multis aliquis, quid virus in angues
Adjicis? et rabidae tradis ovile lupæ?*—Ovid.

ONE of the Fathers, if I am rightly informed,
has defined a Woman to be *ζῶον φιλο-
κόσμον*, an Animal that delights in Finery. I
have already treated of the Sex in two or three
Papers, conformably to this Definition, and have
in particular observed, that in all Ages they have
been more careful than the Men to adorn that
Part of the Head, which we generally call the Out-
side.

This Observation is so very notorious, that when
in ordinary Discourse we say a Man has a fine
Head, a long Head, or a good Head, we express
ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to
his Understanding; whereas when we say of a
Woman, she has a fine, a long or a good Head,
we speak only in relation to her Commode.

It is observed among Birds, that Nature has
lavished all her Ornaments upon the Male, who
very often appears in a most beautiful Head-dress:
Whether it be a Crest, a Comb, a Tuft of Feathers,
or a natural little Plume, erected like a kind of
Pinnacle on the very Top of the Head. [As Na-
ture on the contrary¹] has poured out her Charms
in the greatest Abundance upon the Female Part
of our Species, so they are very assiduous in be-
stowing upon themselves the finest Garnitures of
Art. The Peacock in all his Pride, does not dis-
play half the Colours that appear in the Garments
of a *British* Lady, when she is dressed either for
a Ball or a Birth-day.

But to return to our Female Heads. The
Ladies have been for some time in a kind of
moulting Season, with regard to that Part of their
Dress, having cast great Quantities of Ribbon,
Lace, and Cambrick, and in some measure re-
duced that Part of the human Figure to the beau-
tiful globular Form, which is natural to it. We
have for a great while expected what kind of

¹ [On the contrary as Nature]

Ornament would be substituted in the Place of
those antiquated Commodes. But our Female
Projectors were all the last Summer so taken up
with the Improvement of their Petticoats, that
they had not time to attend to any thing else;
but having at length sufficiently adorned their
lower Parts, they now begin to turn their Thoughts
upon the other Extremity, as well remembering
the old Kitchen Proverb, that if you light your
Fire at both Ends, the middle will shift for it self.

I am engaged in this Speculation by a Sight
which I lately met with at the Opera. As I was
standing in the hinder Part of the Box, I took
notice of a little Cluster of Women sitting together
in the prettiest coloured Hoods that I ever saw.
One of them was Blue, another Yellow, and an-
other Philomot;¹ the fourth was of a Pink Colour,
and the fifth of a pale Green. I looked with as
much Pleasure upon this little party-coloured
Assembly, as upon a Bed of Tulips, and did not
know at first whether it might not be an Embassy
of *Indian* Queens; but upon my going about into
the Pit, and taking them in Front, I was imme-
diately undeceived, and saw so much Beauty in
every Face, that I found them all to be *English*.
Such Eyes and Lips, Cheeks and Foreheads,
could be the Growth of no other Country. The
Complection of their Faces hindred me from ob-
serving any farther the Colour of their Hoods,
though I could easily perceive by that unspeak-
able Satisfaction which appeared in their Looks,
that their own Thoughts were wholly taken up
on those pretty Ornaments they wore upon their
Heads.

I am informed that this Fashion spreads daily,
insomuch that the Whig and Tory Ladies begin
already to hang out different Colours, and to shew
their Principles in their Head-dress. Nay if I
may believe my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB, there
is a certain old Coquet of his Acquaintance who
intends to appear very suddenly in a Rainbow
Hood, like the *Iris* in *Dryden's Virgil*, not
questioning but that among such a variety of
Colours she shall have a Charm for every Heart.

My Friend WILL., who very much values him-
self upon his great Insights into Gallantry, tells
me, that he can already guess at the Humour a
Lady is in by her Hood, as the Courtiers of
Morocco know the Disposition of their present
Emperor by the Colour of the Dress which he
puts on. When *Melesinda* wraps her Head in
Flame Colour, her Heart is set upon Execution.
When she covers it with Purple, I would not,
says he, advise her Lover to approach her; but
if she appears in White, it is Peace, and he may
hand her out of her Box with Safety.

WILL. informs me likewise, that these Hoods
may be used as Signals. Why else, says he, does
Cornelia always put on a Black Hood when her
Husband is gone into the Country?

Such are my Friend HONEYCOMB's Dreams of
Gallantry. For my own part, I impute this Di-
versity of Colours in the Hoods to the Diversity
of Complection in the Faces of my pretty Country
Women. *Ovid* in his Art of Love has given

¹ *Feuille mort*, the russet yellow of dead
leaves.

some Precepts as to this Particular, though I find they are different from those which prevail among the Moderns. He recommends a Red striped Silk to the pale Complexion; White to the Brown, and Dark to the Fair. On the contrary my Friend WILL., who pretends to be a greater Master in this Art than *Ovid*, tells me, that the palest Features look the most agreeable in white Sarsenet; that a Face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepest Scarlet, and that the darkest Complexion is not a little alleviated by a Black Hood. In short, he is for losing the Colour of the Face in that of the Hood, as a Fire burns dimly, and a Candle goes half out, in the Light of the Sun. This, says he, your *Ovid* himself has hinted, where he treats of these Matters, when he tells us that the blue Water Nymphs are dressed in Sky coloured Garments; and that *Aurora*, who always appears in the Light of the Rising Sun, is robed in Saffron.

Whether these his Observations are justly grounded I cannot tell: but I have often known him, as we have stood together behind the Ladies, praise or dispraise the Complexion of a Face which he never saw, from observing the Colour of her Hood, and has been very seldom out in these his Guesses.

As I have Nothing more at Heart than the Honour and Improvement of the Fair Sex,¹ I cannot conclude this Paper without an Exhortation to the *British* Ladies, that they would excel the Women of all other Nations as much in Virtue and good Sense, as they do in Beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as industrious to cultivate their Minds, as they are to adorn their Bodies: In the mean while I shall recommend to their most serious Consideration the Saying of an old *Greek* Poet,

Γυναϊκὶ κόσμος ὁ τρόπος, κ' οὐ χρυσία.
[C.²]

No. 266.] Friday, January 4, 1712. [Steele.]

*Id vero est, quod ego mihi puto palmarium,
Me reperisse, quomodo adolescentulus
Meretricum ingenia et mores possit noscere:
Mature ut cum cognōrit perpetuo oderit.*
Ter. Eun. Act. 5, Sc. 4.

NO Vice or Wickedness which People fall into from Indulgence to Desire[s] which are natural to all, ought to place them below the Compassion of the virtuous Part of the World; which indeed often makes me a little apt to suspect the Sincerity of their Virtue, who are too warmly provoked at other Peoples personal Sins. The unlawful Commerce of the Sexes is of all other the hardest to avoid; and yet there is no

¹ 'I will not meddle with the Spectator. Let 'him fair-sex it to the world's end.' Swift's Journal to Stella.

² [T.] corrected by an erratum in No. 268.

one which you shall hear the rigider Part of Womankind speak of with so little Mercy. It is very certain that a modest Woman cannot abhor the Breach of Chastity too much; but pray let her hate it for her self, and only pity it in others. WILL. HONEYCOMB calls these over-offended Ladies, the Outragiously Virtuous.

I do not design to fall upon Failures in general, with relation to the Gift of Chastity, but at present only enter upon that large Field, and begin with the Consideration of poor and publick Whores. The other Evening passing along near *Covent-Garden*, I was jogged on the Elbow as I turned into the Piazza, on the right Hand coming out of *James-street*, by a slim young Girl of about Seventeen, who with a pert Air asked me if I was for a Pint of Wine. I do not know but I should have indulged my Curiosity in having some Chat with her, but that I am informed the Man of the *Bumper* knows me; and it would have made a Story for him not very agreeable to some Part of my Writings, though I have in others so frequently said that I am wholly unconcerned in any Scene I am in, but meerly as a Spectator. This Impediment being in my Way, we stood [under¹] one of the Arches by Twilight; and there I could observe as exact Features as I had ever seen, the most agreeable Shape, the finest Neck and Bosom, in a Word, the whole Person of a Woman exquisitely Beautiful. She affected to allure me with a forced Wantonness in her Look and Air; but I saw it checked with Hunger and Cold: Her Eyes were wan and eager, her Dress thin and tawdry, her Mein genteel and childish. This strange Figure gave me much Anguish of Heart, and to avoid being seen with her I went away, but could not forbear giving her a Crown. The poor thing sighed, curtsied, and with a Blessing, expressed with the utmost Vehemence, turned from me. This Creature is what they call *newly come upon the Town*, but who, I suppose, falling into cruel Hands was left in the first Month from her Dishonour, and exposed to pass through the Hands and Discipline of one of those Hags of Hell whom we call Bawds. But lest I should grow too suddenly grave on this Subject, and be my self outrageously good, I shall turn to a Scene in one of *Fletcher's* Plays, where this Character is drawn, and the Oeconomy of Whoredom most admirably described. The Passage I would point to is in the third Scene of the second Act of *The Humorous Lieutenant*. *Leucippe* who is Agent for the King's Lust, and bawds at the same time for the whole Court, is very pleasantly introduced, reading her Minutes as a Person of Business, with two Maids, her Under-Secretaries, taking Instructions at a Table before her. Her Women, both those under her present Tutelage, and those which she is laying wait for, are alphabetically set down in her Book; and as she is looking over the Letter C, in a muttering Voice, as if between Soliloquy and speaking out, she says,

*Her Maidenhead will yield me; let me see now;
She is not Fifteen they say: For her Complexion*—

¹ [under in]

Cloe, Cloe, Cloe, here I have her,
 Cloe, the Daughter of a Country Gentleman;
 Her Age upon Fifteen. Now her Complexion,
 A lovely brown; here 'tis; Eyes black and roll-
 ing,
 The Body neatly built; she strikes a Lute well,
 Sings most enticingly: These Helps consider'd,
 Her Maidenhead will amount to some three
 hundred,
 Or three hundred and fifty Crowns, 'twill bear
 it handsomely.
 Her Father's poor, some little Share deducted,
 To buy him a Hunting Nag—

These Creatures are very well instructed in the Circumstances and Manners of all who are any Way related to the Fair One whom they have a Design upon. As *Cloe* is to be purchased with [350¹] Crowns, and the Father taken off with a Pad; the Merchant's Wife next to her, who abounds in Plenty, is not to have downright Money, but the mercenary Part of her Mind is engaged with a Present of Plate and a little Ambition. She is made to understand that it is a Man of Quality who dies for her. The Examination of a young Girl for Business, and the crying down her Value for being a slight Thing, together with every other Circumstance in the Scene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true Spirit of Comedy; tho' it were to be wished the Author had added a Circumstance which should make *Leucippe's* Baseness more odious.

It must not be thought a Digression from my intended Speculation, to talk of Bawds in a Discourse upon Wenches; for a Woman of the Town is not thoroughly and properly such, without having gone through the Education of one of these Houses. But the compassionate Case of very many is, that they are taken into such Hands without any the least Suspicion, previous Temptation, or Admonition to what Place they are going. The last Week I went to an Inn in the City to enquire for some Provisions which were sent by a Waggon out of the Country; and as I waited in one of the Boxes till the Chamberlain had looked over his Parcel, I heard an old and a young Voice repeating the Questions and Responses of the Church-Catechism. I thought it no Breach of good Manners to peep at a Crevice, and look in at People so well employed; but who should I see there but the most artful Procuress in the Town, examining a most beautiful Country-Girl, who had come up in the same Waggon with my Things, *Whether she was well educated, could forbear playing the Wanton with Servants and idle Fellows, of which this Town, says she, is too full:* At the same time, *Whether she knew enough of Breeding, as that if a Squire or a Gentleman, or one that was her Betters, should give her a civil Salute, she should curtsy and be humble, nevertheless.* Her innocent forsooths, yes's, and't please you's, and she would do her Endeavour, moved the good old Lady to take her out of the Hands of a Country Bumpkin her Brother, and hire her for her own Maid. I staid till I saw them all marched out to take Coach; the Brother loaded

¹ [fifty]

with a great Cheese, he prevailed upon her to take for her Civilities to [his] Sister. This poor Creature's Fate is not far off that of her's whom I spoke of above, and it is not to be doubted, but after she has been long enough a Prey to Lust she will be delivered over to Famine; the Ironical Commendation of the Industry and Charity of these antiquated Ladies[these¹] Directors of Sin, after they can no longer commit it, makes up the Beauty of the inimitable Dedication to the *Plain-Dealer*,² and is a Master-piece of Raillery on this Vice. But to understand all the Purleues of this Game the better, and to illustrate this Subject in future Discourses, I must venture my self, with my Friend WILL. into the Haunts of Beauty and Gallantry; from pampered Vice in the Habitations of the Wealthy, to distressed indigent Wickedness expelled the Harbours of the Brothel.

T.

No. 267.] Saturday, January 5, 1712. [Addison.

*Cedite Romani Scriptorum, cedite Graii.*³
 Propert.

THERE is nothing in Nature [more irksome than⁴] general Discourses, especially when they

¹ [These]

⁴ [so irksome as]

² Wycherley's *Plain-Dealer* having given offence to many ladies, was inscribed in a satirical *billet doux* dedicatory 'To My Lady B * *.'

³ 'Give place to him, Writers of Rome and Greece.' This application to Milton of a line from the last elegy (25th) in the second book of Propertius is not only an example of Addison's felicity in choice of motto for a paper, but was so bold and well-timed that it must have given a wholesome shock to the minds of many of the *Spectator's* readers. Addison was not before Steele in appreciation of Milton and diffusion of a true sense of his genius. Milton was the subject of the first piece of poetical criticism in the *Tatler*; where, in his sixth number, Steele, having said that 'all Milton's thoughts are wonderfully just and natural,' dwelt on the passage in which Adam tells his thoughts upon first falling asleep, soon after his creation. This passage he contrasts with 'the same apprehension of Annihilation' ascribed to Eve in a much lower sense by Dryden in his operatic version of *Paradise Lost*. In *Tatlers* and *Spectators* Steele and Addison had been equal contributors to the diffusion of a sense of Milton's genius. In Addison it had been strong, even when, at Oxford, in April, 1694, a young man trained in the taste of the day, he omitted Shakespeare from a rhymed 'Account of the chief English Poets,' but of Milton said:

'Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
 Whilst ev'ry verse, array'd in majesty,
 Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
 And seems above the critics' nicer laws.'

Eighteen years older than he was when he wrote that, Addison now prepares by a series of Saturday Essays,—the Saturday Paper which reached many

turn chiefly upon Words. For this Reason I shall wave the Discussion of that Point which was

subscribers only in time for Sunday reading, being always set apart in the *Spectator* for moral or religious topics,—to show that, judged also by Aristotle and the 'critics' nicer laws, Milton was even technically a greater epic poet than either Homer or Virgil. This nobody had conceded. Dryden, the best critic of the outgoing generation, had said in the Dedication of the Translations of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, published in 1692, 'As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with so much Justice, his Subject is not that of an Heroick Poem, properly so call'd: His Design is the Losing of our Happiness; his Event is not prosperous, like that of all other *Epique Works*' (Dryden's French spelling of the word Epic is suggestive. For this new critical Mode was one of the fashions that had been imported from Paris); 'His Heavenly Machines are many, and his Human Persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rymer's work out of his Hands: He has promised the World a Critique on that Author; wherein, tho' he will not allow his Poem for Heroick, I hope he will grant us, that his Thoughts are elevated, his Words sounding, and that no Man has so happily copy'd the manner of Homer; or so copiously translated his Grecisms and the Latin Elegancies of Virgil. 'Tis true he runs into a Flat of Thought, sometimes for a Hundred Lines together, but 'tis when he is got into a Track of Scripture Neither will I justify Milton for his Blank Verse, tho' I may excuse him, by the Example of *Hanabal Caro* and other *Italians* who have used it: For whatever Causes he alledges for the abolishing of Rhime (which I have not now the leisure to examine), his own particular Reason is plainly this, that Rhime was not his Talent; he had neither the Ease of doing it, nor the Graces of it.' So Dryden, who appreciated Milton better than most of his critical neighbours, wrote of him in 1692. The promise of Rymer to discuss Milton was made in 1678, when, on the last page of his little book, *The Tragedies of the Last Age considered and examin'd by the Practice of the Ancients and by the Common Sense of all Ages, in a letter to Fleetwold Shepheard, Esq.* (father of two ladies who contribute an occasional letter to the *Spectator*), he said: 'With the remaining Tragedies I shall also send you some reflections on that *Paradise Lost* of Milton's, which some are pleased to call a Poem, and assert Rhime against the slender Sophistry wherewith he attacks it.' But two years after the appearance of Dryden's *Juvenal* and *Persius* Rymer prefixed to his translation of René Rapin's *Reflections on Aristotle's Poesie* some Reflections of his own on Epic Poets. Herein he speaks under the head Epic Poetry of Chaucer, 'in whose time language was not capable of heroic character;' of Spenser, who 'wanted a true Idea, and lost himself by following an unfaithful guide,' besides using a stanza which is in no wise proper for our language;' of Sir William Davenant, who, in *Gondibert*, 'has some strokes of an extraordinary judgment,' but 'is for unbeaten tracks and new ways

started some Years since, whether *Milton's Paradise Lost* may be called an Heroick Poem? Those

'of thinking;' 'his heroes are foreigners;' of Cowley, in whose *Davideis* 'David is the least part of the Poem,' and there is want of the 'one illustrious and perfect action which properly is the subject of an Epick Poem: all failing through ignorance or negligence of the Fundamental Rules or Laws of Aristotle. But he contemptuously passes over Milton without mention.' René Rapin, that great French oracle of whom Dryden said, in the Preface to his own conversion of *Paradise Lost* into an opera, that he was 'alone sufficient, were all other critics lost, to teach anew the Art of Writing,' René Rapin in the work translated and introduced by Rymer, worshipped in Aristotle the one God of all orthodox critics. Of his Laws he said, 'There is no arriving at Perfection but by these Rules, and they certainly go astray that take a different course. . . . And if a Poem made by these Rules fails of success, the fault lies not in the Art, but in the Artist; all who have writ of this Art, have followed no other Idea but that of Aristotle.' Again as to Style, 'to say the truth, what is good on this subject is all taken from Aristotle, who is the only source whence good sense is to be drawn, when one goes about to write.' This was the critical temper Addison resolved to meet on its own ground and do battle with for the honour of that greatest of all Epic Poets to whom he fearlessly said that all the Greeks and Latins must give place. In so doing he might suggest here and there cautiously, and without bringing upon himself the discredit of much heresy,—indeed, without being much of a heretic,—that even the Divine Aristotle sometimes fell short of perfection. The conventional critics who believed they kept the gates of Fame would neither understand nor credit him. Nine years after these papers appeared, Charles Gildon, who passed for a critic of considerable mark, edited with copious annotation as '*the Laws of Poetry*' (1721), the Duke of Buckingham's 'Essay on Poetry,' Roscommon's 'Essay on Translated Verse,' and Lord Lansdowne 'on Unnatural Flights in Poetry,' and in the course of comment Gildon said that 'Mr. Addison in the *Spectators*, in his criticisms upon Milton, seems to have mistaken the matter, in endeavouring to bring that poem to the rules of the epopœia, which cannot be done. . . . It is not an Heroic Poem, but a Divine one, and indeed of a new species. It is plain that the proposition of all the heroic poems of the ancients mentions some one person as the subject of their poem. . . . But Milton begins his poem of things, and not of men.' The Gildons are all gone; and when, in the next generation after theirs, national life began, in many parts of Europe, strongly to assert itself in literature against the pedantry of the French critical lawgivers, in Germany Milton's name was inscribed on the foremost standard of the men who represented the new spirit of the age. Gottsched, who dealt French critical law from Leipzig, by passing sentence against Milton in his 'Art of Poetry' in 1737, raised in Bodmer an opponent who led the revolt

who will not give it that Title, may call it (if they please) a *Divine Poem*. It will be sufficient to its Perfection, if it has in it all the Beauties of the highest kind of Poetry; and as for those who [alledge¹] it is not an Heroick Poem, they advance no more to the Diminution of it, than if they should say *Adam* is not *Æneas*, nor *Eve* *Helen*.

I shall therefore examine it by the Rules of Epic Poetry, and see whether it falls short of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, in the Beauties which are essential to that kind of Writing. The first thing to be considered in an Epic Poem, is the Fable,² which is perfect or imperfect, according as the Action which it relates is more or less so. This Action should have three Qualifications in it. First, It should be but One Action. Secondly, It should be an entire Action; and, Thirdly, It should be a great Action.³ To consider the Action of the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Paradise Lost*, in these three several Lights. *Homer* to preserve the Unity of his Action hastens into the Midst of Things, as *Horace* has observed:⁴ Had he gone

of all that was most vigorous in German thought, and put an end to French supremacy. Bodmer, in a book published in 1740 *Vom Wunderbaren in der Poesie*, justified and exalted Milton, and brought Addison to his aid by appending to his own work a translation of these Milton papers out of the *Spectator*. Gottsched replied; Bodmer retorted. Bodmer translated *Paradise Lost*; and what was called the English or Milton party (but was, in that form, really a German national party) were at last left masters of the field. It was right that these papers of Addison should be brought in as aids during the contest. Careful as he was to conciliate opposing prejudices, he was yet first in the field, and this motto to the first of his series of Milton papers, 'Yield place to him, Writers of Greece and Rome,' is as the first trumpet note of the one herald on a field from which only a quick ear can yet distinguish among stir of all that is near, the distant tramp of an advancing host.

¹ [say]

² Aristotle, *Poetics*, III. § 1, after a full discussion of Tragedy, begins by saying, 'with respect to that species of Poetry which imitates by *Narration* . . . it is obvious, that the Fable ought to be dramatically constructed, like that of Tragedy, and that it should have for its Subject one entire and perfect action, having a beginning, a middle, and an end;' forming a complete whole, like an animal, and therein differing, Aristotle says, from History, which treats not of one Action, but of one Time, and of all the events, casually connected, which happened to one person or to many during that time.

³ *Poetics*, I. § 9. 'Epic Poetry agrees so far with Tragic as it is an imitation of great characters and actions.' Aristotle (from whose opinion, in this matter alone, his worshippers departed, right though he was) ranked a perfect tragedy above a perfect epic; for, he said, 'all the parts of the Epic poem are to be found in Tragedy, not all those of Tragedy in the Epic poem.'

⁴ *Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri, Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo,*

up to *Leda's Egg*, or begun much later, even at the Rape of *Helen*, or the Investing of *Troy*, it is manifest that the Story of the Poem would have been a Series of several Actions. He therefore opens his Poem with the Discord of his Princes, and [artfully¹] interweaves, in the several succeeding Parts of it, an Account of every Thing [material] which relates to [them²] and had passed before that fatal Dissension. After the same manner, *Æneas* makes his first Appearance in the *Tyrrhene Seas*, and within Sight of *Italy*, because the Action proposed to be celebrated was that of his settling himself in *Latium*. But because it was necessary for the Reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of *Troy*, and in the preceding Parts of his Voyage, *Virgil* makes his Hero relate it by way of Episode in the second and third Books of the *Æneid*. The Contents of both which Books come before those of the first Book in the Thread of the Story, tho' for preserving of this Unity of Action they follow them in the Disposition of the Poem. *Milton*, in imitation of these two great Poets, opens his *Paradise Lost* with an Infernal Council plotting the Fall of Man, which is the Action he proposed to celebrate; and as for those great Actions, which preceded, in point of Time, the Battle of the Angels, and the Creation of the World, (which would have entirely destroyed the Unity of his principal Action, had he related them in the same Order that they happened) he cast them into the fifth, sixth, and seventh Books, by way of Episode to this noble Poem.

Aristotle himself allows, that *Homer* has nothing to boast of as to the Unity of his Fable,³ tho' at the same time that great Critick and Philosopher endeavours to palliate this Imperfection in the *Greek Poet*, by imputing it in some measure to the very Nature of an Epic Poem. Some have been of opinion, that the *Æneid* [also labours⁴] in this Particular, and has Episodes which may be looked upon as Excrescencies rather than as Parts of the Action. On the contrary, the Poem, which we have now under our Consideration, hath no other Episodes than such as naturally arise from the Subject, and yet is filled with such a Multitude of astonishing [Incidents,⁵] that it gives us at the same time a Pleasure of the greatest Variety, and of the greatest [Simplicity; uniform in its Nature, tho' diversified in the Execution⁶].

Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit—

De Arte Poet. ll. 146-9.

¹ [with great Art]

² [the Story]

³ *Poetics*, V. § 3. In arguing the superiority of Tragic to Epic Poetry, Aristotle says, 'there is less Unity in all Epic imitation; as appears from this—that any Epic Poem will furnish matter for several Tragedies . . . The *Iliad*, for example, and the *Odyssey*, contain many such subordinate parts, each of which has a certain Magnitude and Unity of its own; yet is the construction of those Poems as perfect, and as nearly approaching to the imitation of a single action, as possible.'

⁴ [labours also]

⁵ [Circumstances]

⁶ [Simplicity.]

I must observe also, that as *Virgil*, in the Poem which was designed to celebrate the Original of the Roman Empire, has described the Birth of its great Rival, the *Carthaginian* Commonwealth: *Milton*, with the like Art, in his Poem on the *Fall of Man*, has related the Fall of those Angels who are his professed Enemies. Besides the many other Beauties in such an Episode, its running parallel with the great Action of the Poem hinders it from breaking the Unity so much as another Episode would have done, that had not so great an Affinity with the principal Subject. In short, this is the same kind of Beauty which the Criticks admire in *The Spanish Friar*, or *The Double Discovery*,¹ where the two different Plots look like Counter-parts and Copies of one another.

2 The second Qualification required in the Action of an Epic Poem, is, that it should be an *entire* Action: An Action is entire when it is complete in all its Parts; or, as *Aristotle* describes it, when it consists of a Beginning, a Middle, and an End. Nothing should go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As on the contrary, no single Step should be omitted in that just and regular Progress which it must be supposed to take from its Original to its Consummation. Thus we see the Anger of *Achilles* in its Birth, its Continuance and Effects; and *Aeneas's* Settlement in *Italy*, carried on thro' all the Oppositions in his Way to it both by Sea and Land. The Action in *Milton* excels (I think) both the former in this Particular; we see it contrived in Hell, executed upon Earth, and punished by Heaven. The Parts of it are told in the most distinct Manner, and grow out of one another in the most natural [Order²].

3. The third Qualification of an Epic Poem is its *Greatness*. The Anger of *Achilles* was of such Consequence, that it embroiled the Kings of *Greece*, destroyed the Heroes of *Troy*, and engaged all the Gods in Factions. *Aeneas's* Settlement in *Italy* produced the *Cæsars*, and gave Birth to the *Roman* Empire. *Milton's* Subject was still greater than either of the former; it does not determine the Fate of single Persons or Na-

¹ Dryden's *Spanish Friar* has been praised also by Johnson for the happy coincidence and coalition of the tragic and comic plots, and Sir Walter Scott said of it, in his edition of Dryden's Works, that 'the felicity does not consist in the ingenuity of his original conception, but in the minutely artificial strokes by which the reader is perpetually reminded of the dependence of the one part of the Play on the other. These are so frequent, and appear so very natural, that the comic plot, instead of diverting our attention from the tragic business, recalls it to our mind by constant and unaffected allusion. No great event happens in the higher region of the camp or court that has not some indirect influence upon the intrigues of Lorenzo and Elvira; and the part which the gallant is called upon to act in the revolution that winds up the tragic interest, while it is highly in character, serves to bring the catastrophe of both parts of the play under the eye of the spectator, at one and the same time.'² [Method]

tions, but of a whole Species. The united Powers of Hell are joined together for the Destruction of Mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence itself interposed. The principal Actors are Man in his greatest Perfection, and Woman in her highest Beauty. Their Enemies are the fallen Angels: The Messiah their Friend, and the Almighty their Protector. In short, every thing that is great in the whole Circle of Being, whether within the Verge of Nature, or out of it, has a proper Part assigned it in this noble Poem.

In Poetry, as in Architecture, not only the Whole, but the principal Members, and every Part of them, should be Great. I will not presume to say, that the Book of Games in the *Aeneid*, or that in the *Iliad*, are not of this Nature, nor to reprehend *Virgil's* Simile of the Top,¹ and many other of the same [kind²] in the *Iliad*, as liable to any Censure in this Particular; but I think we may say, without [derogating from³] those wonderful Performances, that there is an unquestionable Magnificence in every Part of *Paradise Lost*, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any Pagan System.

But *Aristotle*, by the Greatness of the Action, does not only mean that it should be great in its Nature, but also in its Duration, or in other Words that it should have a due Length in it, as well as what we properly call Greatness. The just Measure of this kind of Magnitude, he explains by the following Similitude.⁴ An Animal, no bigger than a Mite, cannot appear perfect to the Eye, because the Sight takes it in at once, and has only a confused Idea of the Whole, and not a distinct Idea of all its Parts; if on the contrary you should suppose an Animal of ten thousand Furlongs in length, the Eye would be so filled with a single Part of it, that it could not give the Mind an Idea of the Whole. What these Animals are to the Eye, a very short or a very long Action would be to the Memory. The first would be, as it were, lost and swallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. *Homer* and *Virgil* have shewn their principal Art in this Particular; the Action of the *Iliad*, and that of the *Aeneid*, were in themselves exceeding short, but are so beautifully extended and diversified by the [Invention⁵] of *Episodes*, and the Machinery of Gods, with the like poetical Ornaments, that they make up an agreeable Story, sufficient to employ the Memory without over-

¹ *Aeneid*, Bk. VII. ll. 378—384, thus translated by Dryden:

'And as young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty court,
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardless rout;
They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at every stroke:
Thus fares the Queen, and thus her fury blows
Amidst the crowds, and trundles as she goes.'

² [nature]

³ [offence to]

⁴ *Poetics*, II. § 4, where it is said of the magnitude of Tragedy.

⁵ [Intervention]

charging it. *Milton's* Action is enriched with such a Variety of Circumstances, that I have taken as much Pleasure in reading the Contents of his Books, as in the best invented Story I ever met with. It is possible, that the Traditions, on which the *Iliad* and *Aeneid* were built, had more Circumstances in them than the History of the *Fall of Man*, as it is related in Scripture. Besides, it was easier for *Homer* and *Virgil* to dash the Truth with Fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the Religion of their Country by it. But as for *Milton*, he had not only a very few Circumstances upon which to raise his Poem, but was also obliged to proceed with the greatest Caution in every thing that he added out of his own Invention. And, indeed, notwithstanding all the Restraints he was under, he has filled his Story with so many surprising Incidents, which bear so close an Analogy with what is delivered in Holy Writ, that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate Reader, without giving Offence to the most scrupulous.

The modern Criticks have collected from several Hints in the *Iliad* and *Aeneid* the Space of Time, which is taken up by the Action of each of those Poems; but as a great Part of *Milton's* Story was transacted in Regions that lie out of the Reach of the Sun and the Sphere of Day, it is impossible to gratify the Reader with such a Calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive; none of the Criticks, either Ancient or Modern, having laid down Rules to circumscribe the Action of an Epic Poem with any determin'd Number of Years, Days or Hours.

This Piece of Criticism on Milton's Paradise Lost shall be carried on in [the] following [Saturdays] Papers. L.

No. 268.] Monday, January 7, 1712. [Steele.

—Minus aptus acutis
Naribus Horum Hominum— Hor.

IT is not that I think I have been more witty than I ought of late, that at present I wholly forbear any Attempt towards it: I am of Opinion that I ought sometimes to lay before the World the plain Letters of my Correspondents in the artless Dress in which they hastily send them, that the Reader may see I am not Accuser and Judge my self, but that the Indictment is properly and fairly laid, before I proceed against the Criminal.

Mr. SPECTATOR,¹

'As you are *Spectator-General*, I apply myself to you in the following Case; viz. I do not wear a Sword, but I often divert my self at the

¹ This Letter was written by Mr James Heywood, many years wholesale linen-draper on Fish-street Hill, who died in 1776, at the age of 90. His 'Letters and Poems' were (including this letter at p. 100) in a second edition, in 12mo, in 1726.

'Theatre, where I frequently see a Set of Fellows pull plain People, by way of Humour [and¹] Frolick, by the Nose, upon frivolous or no Occasions. A Friend of mine the other Night applauding what a graceful Exit Mr. *Wilks* made, one of these Nose-wringers overhearing him, pinched him by the nose. I was in the Pit the other Night, (when it was very much crowded) a Gentleman leaning upon me, and very heavily, I very civilly requested him to remove his Hand; for which he pulled me by the Nose. I would not resent it in so publick a Place, because I was unwilling to create a Disturbance; but have since reflected upon it as a thing that is unmanly and disingenuous, renders the Nose-puller odious, and makes the Person pulled by the Nose look little and contemptible. This Grievance I humbly request you would endeavour to redress.

I am your Admirer, &c.

James Easy.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your Discourse of the 29th of *December* on Love and Marriage is of so useful a Kind, that I cannot forbear adding my Thoughts to yours on that Subject. Methinks it is a Misfortune, that the Marriage State, which in its own Nature is adapted to give us the compleatest Happiness this Life is capable of, should be so uncomfortable a one to so many as it daily proves. But the Mischief generally proceeds from the unwise Choice People make for themselves, and Expectation of Happiness from Things not capable of giving it. Nothing but the good Qualities of the Person beloved can be a Foundation for a Love of Judgment and Discretion; and whoever expects Happiness from any Thing but Virtue, Wisdom, Good-humour, and a Similitude of Manners, will find themselves widely mistaken. But how few are there who seek after these things, and do not rather make Riches their chief if not their only Aim? How rare is it for a Man, when he engages himself in the Thoughts of Marriage, to place his Hopes of having in such a Woman a constant, agreeable Companion? One who will divide his Cares and double his Joys? Who will manage that Share of his Estate he intrusts to her Conduct with Prudence and Frugality, govern his House with Oeconomy and Discretion, and be an Ornament to himself and Family? Where shall we find the Man who looks out for one who places her chief Happiness in the Practice of Virtue, and makes her Duty her continual Pleasure? No: Men rather seek for Money as the Complement of all their Desires; and regardless of what kind of Wives they take, they think Riches will be a Minister to all kind of Pleasures, and enable them to keep Mistresses, Horses, Hounds, to drink, feast, and game with their Companions, pay their Debts contracted by former Extravagancies, or some such vile and unworthy End; and indulge themselves in Pleasures which are a Shame and Scandal to humane Nature. Now as for the Women; how few of them are there who place the Happiness of their Marriage in the having a wise and virtuous Friend? one who will be faithful and just to all,

¹ [or]

'and constant and loving to them? who with Care
'and Diligence will look after and improve the
'Estate, and without grudging allow whatever is
'prudent and convenient? Rather, how few are
'there who do not place their Happiness in out-
'shining others in Pomp and Show? and that do
'not think within themselves when they have
'married such a rich Person, that none of their
'Acquaintance shall appear so fine in their Equip-
'age, so adorned in their Persons, or so magnifi-
'cent in their Furniture as themselves? Thus
'their Heads are filled with vain Ideas; and I
'heartily wish I could say that Equipage and
'Show were not the Chief Good of so many Wo-
'men as I fear it is.

'After this Manner do both Sexes deceive them-
'selves, and bring Reflections and Disgrace upon
'the most happy and most honourable State of
'Life; whereas if they would but correct their
'depraved Taste, moderate their Ambition, and
'place their Happiness upon proper Objects, we
'should not find Felicity in the Marriage State
'such a Wonder in the World as it now is.

'Sir, if you think these Thoughts worth insert-
'ing [among¹] your own, be pleased to give them
'a better Dress, and let them pass abroad; and
'you will oblige

Your Admirer,
A. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'As I was this Day walking in the Street, there
'happened to pass by on the other Side of the
'Way a Beauty, whose Charms were so attracting
'that it drew my Eyes wholly on that Side, inso-
'much that I neglected my own Way, and chanced
'to run my Nose directly against a Post; which
'the Lady no sooner perceived, but fell out into a
'Fit of Laughter, though at the same time she
'was sensible that her self was the Cause of my
'Misfortune, which in my Opinion was the greater
'Aggravation of her Crime. I being busy wiping
'off the Blood which trickled down my Face, had
'not Time to acquaint her with her Barbarity, as
'also with my Resolution, viz. never to look out
'of my Way for one of her Sex more: Therefore,
'that your humble Servant may be revenged, he
'desires you to insert this in one of your next Pa-
'pers, which he hopes will be a Warning to all the
'rest of the Women Gazers, as well as to poor

Anthony Gape.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I desire to know in your next, if the merry
'Game of *The Parson has lost his Cloak*, is not
'mightily in Vogue amongst the fine Ladies this
'Christmas; because I see they wear Hoods of
'all Colours, which I suppose is for that Purpose:
'If it is, and you think it proper, I will carry some
'of those Hoods with me to our Ladies in *York-*
'*shire*; because they enjoined me to bring them
'something from *London* that was very New. If
'you can tell any Thing in which I can obey their
'Commands more agreeably, be pleased to inform
'me, and you will extremely oblige

Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Oxford, Dec. 29.
'Since you appear inclined to be a Friend to

¹ [amongst]

'the Distressed, I beg you would assist me in an
'Affair under which I have suffered very much.
'The reigning Toast of this Place is *Patetia*; I
'have pursued her with the utmost Diligence this
'Twelve-month, and find nothing stands in my
'Way but one who flatters her more than I can.
'Pride is her Favourite Passion; therefore if you
'would be so far my Friend as to make a favour-
'able Mention of her in one of your Papers, I be-
'lieve I should not fail in my Addresses. The
'Scholars stand in Rows, as they did to be sure in
'your Time, at her Pew-door: and she has all the
'Devotion paid to her by a Crowd of Youth[s]
'who are unacquainted with the Sex, and have
'Inexperience added to their Passion: However,
'if it succeeds according to my Vows, you will
'make me the happiest Man in the World, and
'the most obliged amongst all

Your humble Servants.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I came [to¹] my Mistress's Toilet this Morn-
'ing, for I am admitted when her Face is stark
'naked: She frowned, and cried Pish when I
'said a thing that I stole; and I will be judged
'by you whether it was not very pretty. Madam,
'said I, you [shall²] forbear that Part of your Dress;
'it may be well in others, but you cannot place a
'Patch where it does not hide a Beauty. T.

No. 269.] Tuesday, January 8, 1712. [Addison.

—*Ævo rarissima nostro*
Simplicitas— Ovid.

I WAS this Morning surprised with a great
knocking at the Door, when my Landlady's
Daughter came up to me, and told me, that there
was a Man below desired to speak with me. Up-
on my asking her who it was, she told me it was
a very grave elderly Person, but that she did not
know his Name. I immediately went down to
him, and found him to be the Coachman of my
worthy Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY. He told
me that his Master came to Town last Night, and
would be glad to take a Turn with me in *Gray's-*
Inn Walks. As I was wondering in my self what
had brought Sir ROGER to Town, not having
lately received any Letter from him, he told me
that his Master was come up to get a Sight of
Prince Eugene,³ and that he desired I would im-
mediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the Curiosity of
the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at
it, having heard him say more than once in private
Discourse, that he looked upon Prince *Eugenio*
(for so the Knight always calls him) to be a greater
Man than *Scanderbeg*.

¹ [at]

² [should]

³ Prince Eugene was at this time in London,
and caressed by courtiers who had wished to
prevent his coming, for he was careful to mark his
friendship for the Duke of Marlborough, who was
the subject of hostile party intrigues. During his
visit he stood godfather to Steele's second son,
who was named, after him, Eugene.

I was no sooner come into *Grays-Inn Walks*, but I heard my Friend upon the Terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great Vigour, for he loves to clear his Pipes in good Air (to make use of his own Phrase) and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the Strength which he still exerts in his Morning Hems.

I was touched with a secret Joy at the Sight of the good old Man, who before he saw me was engaged in Conversation with a Beggar-Man that had asked an Alms of him. I could hear my Friend chide him for not finding out some Work; but at the same time saw him put his Hand in his Pocket and give him Six-pence.

Our Salutations were very hearty on both Sides, consisting of many kind Shakes of the Hand, and several affectionate Looks which we cast upon one another. After which the Knight told me my good Friend his Chaplain was very well, and much at my Service, and that the *Sunday* before he had made a most incomparable Sermon out of *Dr. Barrow*. I have left, says he, all my Affairs in his Hands, and being willing to lay an Obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty Marks, to be distributed among his poor Parishioners.

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the Welfare of *Will Wimble*. Upon which he put his Hand into his Fob and presented me in his Name with a Tobacco-Stopper, telling me that *Will* had been busy all the Beginning of the Winter in turning great Quantities of them; and that he [made¹] a Present of one to every Gentleman in the Country who has good Principles, and smoaks. He added, that poor *Will* was at present under great Tribulation, for that *Tom Touchy* had taken the Law of him for cutting some Hazel Sticks out of one of his Hedges.

Among other Pieces of News which the Knight brought from his Country-Seat, he informed me that *Moll White* was dead; and that about a Month after her Death the Wind was so very high, that it blew down the End of one of his Barns. But for my own part, says Sir ROGER, I do not think that the old Woman had any hand in it.

He afterwards fell into an Account of the Diversions which had passed in his House during the Holidays; for Sir ROGER, after the laudable Custom of his Ancestors, always keeps open House at *Christmas*. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat Hogs for the Season, that he had dealt about his Chines very liberally amongst his Neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of Hogs-puddings with a pack of Cards to every poor Family in the Parish. I have often thought, says Sir ROGER, it happens very well that *Christmas* should fall out in the Middle of the Winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable Time of the Year, when the poor People would suffer very much from their [Poverty and Cold,²] if they had not good Cheer, warm Fires, and *Christmas* Gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor Hearts at this season, and to see the whole Village merry in my great Hall. I allow a double Quantity of Malt to my small Beer, and set it a running for twelve Days to every one

¹ [had made]
² [Cold and Poverty]

that calls for it. I have always a Piece of cold Beef and a Mince-Pye upon the Table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my Tenants pass away a whole Evening in playing their innocent Tricks, and smutting one another. Our Friend *Will Wimble* is as merry as any of them, and shews a thousand roguish Tricks upon these Occasions.

I was very much delighted with the Reflection of my old Friend, which carried so much Goodness in it. He then launched out into the Praise of the late Act of Parliament¹ for securing the Church of *England*, and told me, with great Satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take Effect, for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to dine at his House on *Christmas* Day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his Plumb-porridge.

After having dispatched all our Country Matters, Sir ROGER made several Inquiries concerning the Club, and particularly of his old Antagonist Sir ANDREW FREEPORT. He asked me with a kind of Smile, whether Sir ANDREW had not taken Advantage of his Absence, to vent among them some of his Republican Doctrines; but soon after gathering up his Countenance into a more than ordinary Seriousness, Tell me truly, says he, don't you think Sir ANDREW had a Hand in the Pope's Procession—but without giving me time to answer him, Well, well, says he, I know you are a wary Man, and do not care to talk of publick Matters.

The Knight then asked me, if I had seen Prince *Eugenio*, and made me promise to get him a Stand in some convenient Place where he might have a full Sight of that extraordinary Man, whose Presence does so much Honour to the *British* Nation. He dwelt very long on the Praises of this Great General, and I found that, since I was with him in the Country, he had drawn many Observations together out of his reading in *Baker's Chronicle*, and other Authors, [who²] always lie in his Hall Window, which very much redound to the Honour of this Prince.

Having passed away the greatest Part of the Morning in hearing the Knight's Reflections, which were partly private, and partly political, he asked me if I would smook a Pipe with him over a Dish of Coffee at *Squire's*. As I love the old Man, I take Delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the Coffee-house, where his venerable Figure drew upon us the Eyes of the whole Room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper End of the high Table, but he called for a clean Pipe, a Paper of Tobacco, a Dish of Coffee, a Wax-Candle, and the *Supplement* with such an Air of Cheerfulness and Good-humour, that all the Boys in the Coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several Errands, insomuch that no Body else could come at a Dish of Tea, till the Knight had got all his Conveniencies about him.

L.

¹ The Act against Occasional Conformity, 10 Ann. cap. 2.

² [that]

No. 270.] Wednesday, January 9, 1712. [Steele.

*Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud,
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat*——

Hor.

I DO not know that I have been in greater Delight for these many Years, than in beholding the Boxes at the Play the last Time *The Scornful Lady*¹ was acted. So great an Assembly of Ladies placed in gradual Rows in all the Ornaments of Jewels, Silk and Colours, gave so lively and gay an Impression to the Heart, that methought the Season of the Year was vanished; and I did not think it an ill Expression of a young Fellow who stood near me, that called the Boxes Those Beds of Tulips. It was a pretty Variation of the Prospect, when any one of these fine Ladies rose up and did Honour to herself and Friend at a Distance, by curtsying; and gave Opportunity to that Friend to shew her Charms to the same Advantage in returning the Salutation. Here that Action is as proper and graceful, as it is at Church unbecoming and impertinent. By the way, I must take the Liberty to observe that I did not see any one who is usually so full of Civilities at Church, offer at any such Indecorum during any Part of the Action of the Play. Such beautiful Prospects gladden our Minds, and when considered in general, give innocent and pleasing Ideas. He that dwells upon any one Object of Beauty, may fix his Imagination to his Disquiet; but the Contemplation of a whole Assembly together, is a Defence against the Encroachment of Desire: At least to me, who have taken pains to look at Beauty abstracted from the Consideration of its being the Object of Desire; at Power, only as it sits upon another, without any Hopes of partaking any Share of it; at Wisdom and Capacity, without any Pretensions to rival or envy its Acquisitions: I say to me, who am really free from forming any Hopes by beholding the Persons of beautiful Women, or warming my self into Ambition from the Successes of other Men, this World is not only a meër Scene, but a very pleasant one. Did Mankind but know the Freedom which there is in keeping thus aloof from the World, I should have more Imitators, than the powerfulest Man in the Nation has Followers. To be no Man's Rival in Love, or Competitor in Business, is a Character which if it does not recommend you as it ought to Benevolence among those whom you live with, yet has it certainly this Effect, that you do not stand so much in need of their Approbation, as you would if you aimed at it more, in setting your Heart on the same things which the Generality doat on. By this means, and with this easy Philosophy, I am never less at a Play than when I am at the Theatre; but indeed I am seldom so well pleased with the Action as in that Place, for most Men follow Nature no longer than while they are in their Night-Gowns, and all the busy Part of the Day are in Characters which they neither become or act in

¹ Beaumont and Fletcher's.

with Pleasure to themselves or their Beholders. But to return to my Ladies: I was very well pleased to see so great a Crowd of them assembled at a Play, wherein the Heroine; as the Phrase is, is so just a Picture of the Vanity of the Sex in tormenting their Admirers. The Lady who pines for the Man whom she treats with so much Impertinence and Inconstancy, is drawn with much Art and Humour. Her Resolutions to be extremely civil, but her Vanity arising just at the Instant that she resolved to express her self kindly, are described as by one who had studied the Sex. But when my Admiration is fixed upon this excellent Character, and two or three others in the Play, I must confess I was moved with the utmost Indignation at the trivial, senseless, and unnatural Representation of the Chaplain. It is possible there may be a Pedant in Holy Orders, and we have seen one or two of them in the World; but such a Driveler as Sir Roger, so bereft of all manner of Pride, which is the Characteristick of a Pedant, is what one would not believe could come into the Head of the same Man who drew the rest of the Play. The Meeting between *Welford* and him shews a Wretch without any Notion of the Dignity of his Function; and it is out of all common Sense that he should give an Account of himself *as one sent four or five Miles in a Morning on Foot for Eggs*. It is not to be denied, but his Part and that of the Maid whom he makes Love to, are excellently well performed; but a Thing which is blameable in it self, grows still more so by the Success in the Execution of it. It is so mean a Thing to gratify a loose Age with a scandalous Representation of what is reputable among Men, not to say what is sacred, that no Beauty, no Excellence in an Author ought to atone for it; nay, such Excellence is an Aggravation of his Guilt, and an Argument that he errs against the Conviction of his own Understanding and Conscience. Wit should be tried by this Rule, and an Audience should rise against such a Scene, as throws down the Reputation of any thing which the Consideration of Religion or Decency should preserve from Contempt. But all this Evil arises from this one Corruption of Mind, that makes Men resent Offences against their Virtue, less than those against their Understanding. An Author shall write as if he thought there was not one Man of Honour or Woman of Chastity in the House, and come off with Applause: For an Insult upon all the Ten Commandments, with the little Criticks, is not so bad as the Breach of an Unity of Time or Place. Half Wits do not apprehend the Miseries that must necessarily flow from Degeneracy of Manners; nor do they know that Order is the Support of Society. Sir Roger and his Mistress are Monsters of the Poets own forming; the Sentiments in both of them are such as do not arise in Fools of their Education. We all know that a silly Scholar, instead of being below every one he meets with, is apt to be exalted above the Rank of such as are really his Superiors: His Arrogance is always founded upon particular Notions of Distinction in his own Head, accompanied with a pedantick Scorn of all Fortune and Preheminence, when compared with his Knowledge and Learn-

ing. This very one Character of Sir *Roger*, as silly as it really is, has done more towards the Disparagement of Holy Orders, and consequently of Virtue it self, than all the Wit that Author or any other could make up for in the Conduct of the longest Life after it. I do not pretend, in saying this, to give myself Airs of more Virtue than my Neighbours, but assert it from the Principles by which Mankind must always be governed. Sallies of Imagination are to be overlook'd, when they are committed out of Warmth in the Recommendation of what is Praise-worthy; but a deliberate advancing of Vice, with all the Wit in the World, is as ill an Action as any that comes before the Magistrate, and ought to be received as such by the People. T.

No. 271.] Thursday, Jan. 10, 1712. [Addison.

Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores.—Virg.

I RECEIVE a double Advantage from the Letters of my Correspondents, first as they shew me which of my Papers are most acceptable to them; and in the next place as they furnish me with Materials for new Speculations. Sometimes indeed I do not make use of the Letter it self, but form the Hints of it into Plans of my own Invention; sometimes I take the Liberty to change the Language or Thought into my own Way of Speaking and Thinking, and always (if it can be done without Prejudice to the Sense) omit the many Compliments and Applauses which are usually bestowed upon me.

Besides the two Advantages above-mentioned which I receive from the Letters that are sent me, they give me an Opportunity of lengthning out my Paper by the skilful Management of the subscribing Part at the End of them, which perhaps does not a little conduce to the Ease, both of my self and Reader.

Some will have it, that I often write to my self, and am the only punctual Correspondent I have. This Objection would indeed be material, were the Letters I communicate to the Publick stuffed with my own Commendations: and if, instead of endeavouring to divert or instruct my Readers, I admired in them the Beauty of my own Performances. But I shall leave these wise Conjecturers to their own Imaginations, and produce the three following Letters for the Entertainment of the Day.

SIR,

'I was last *Thursday* in an Assembly of Ladies, where there were Thirteen different coloured Hoods. Your *Spectator* of that Day lying upon the Table, they ordered me to read it to them, which I did with a very clear Voice, till I came to the *Greek* Verse at the End of it. I must confess I was a little startled at its popping upon me so unexpectedly. However, I covered my Confusion as well as I could, and after having mutter'd two or three hard Words to my self, laugh'd heartily, and cried, *A very good Jest, Faith*. The Ladies desired me to explain it to

'them; but I begged their pardon for that, and told them, that if it had been proper for them to hear, they may be sure the Author would not have wrapp'd it up in *Greek*. I then let drop several Expressions, as if there was something in it that was not fit to be spoken before a Company of Ladies. Upon which the Matron of the Assembly, who was dressed in a Cherry-coloured Hood, commended the Discretion of the Writer for having thrown his filthy Thoughts into *Greek*, which was likely to corrupt but few of his Readers. At the same time she declared herself very well pleased, that he had not given a decisive Opinion upon the new-fashioned Hoods; for to tell you truly, says she, I was afraid he would have made us ashamed to shew our Heads. Now, Sir, you must know, since this unlucky Accident happened to me in a Company of Ladies, among whom I passed for a most ingenious Man, I have consulted one who is well versed in the *Greek* Language, and he assures me upon his Word, that your late Quotation means no more, than that *Manners and not Dress are the Ornaments of a Woman*. If this comes to the Knowledge of my Female Admirers, I shall be very hard put to it to bring my self off handsomely. In the mean while I give you this Account, that you may take care hereafter not to betray any of your Well-wishers into the like Inconveniencies. It is in the Number of these that I beg leave to subscribe my self,

Tom Trippit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Your Readers are so well pleased with your Character of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, that there appeared a sensible Joy in every Coffee-house, upon hearing the old Knight was come to Town. I am now with a Knot of his Admirers, who make it their joint Request to you, that you would give us publick Notice of the Window or Balcony where the Knight intends to make his Appearance. He has already given great Satisfaction to several who have seen him at *Squire's* Coffee-house. If you think fit to place your short Face at Sir ROGER's Left Elbow, we shall take the Hint, and gratefully acknowledge so great a Favour.

I am, SIR,

Your most Devoted
Humble Servant,

C. D.

SIR,

'Knowing that you are very Inquisitive after every thing that is Curious in Nature, I will wait on you if you please in the Dusk of the Evening, with my *Show* upon my Back, which I carry about with me in a Box, as only consisting of a Man, a Woman, and an Horse. The two first are married, in which State the little Cavalier has so well acquitted himself, that his Lady is with Child. The big-bellied Woman, and her Husband, with their whimsical Palfry, are so very light, that when they are put together into a Scale, an ordinary Man may weigh down the whole Family. The little Man is a Bully in his Nature; but when he grows cholerick I confine him to his Box till his Wrath is over, by which Means I have hitherto prevented him from doing

'Mischief. His Horse is likewise very vicious,
'for which Reason I am forced to tie him close to
'his Manger with a Pack-thread. The Woman is
'a Coquet. She struts as much as it is possible
'for a Lady of two Foot high, and would ruin me
'in Silks, were not the Quantity that goes to a
'large Pin-Cushion sufficient to make her a Gown
'and Petticoat. She told me the other Day, that
'she heard the Ladies wore coloured Hoods, and
'ordered me to get her one of the finest Blue. I
'am forced to comply with her Demands while
'she is in her present Condition, being very will-
'ing to have more of the same Breed. I do not
'know what she may produce me, but provided it
'be a *Show* I shall be very well satisfied. Such
'Novelties should not, I think, be concealed from
'the *British Spectator*; for which Reason I hope
'you will excuse this Presumption in

Your most Dutiful,
most Obedient,
and most Humble Servant,

L.

S. T.

No. 272.] Friday, January 11, 1712. [Steele.

[—Longa est injuria, longa
Ambages— Virg.¹]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE Occasion of this Letter is of so great
'Importance, and the Circumstances of it
'such, that I know you will but think it just to in-
'sert it, in Preference of all other Matters that
'can present themselves to your Consideration.
'I need not, after I have said this, tell you that I
'am in Love. The Circumstances of my Passion
'I shall let you understand as well as a disordered
'Mind will admit. That cursed Pickthank Mrs.
'Jane! Alas, I am railing at one to you by her
'Name as familiarly as if you were acquainted
'with her as well as my self: But I will tell you
'all, as fast as the alternate Interruptions of Love
'and Anger will give me Leave. There is a most
'agreeable young Woman in the World whom I
'am passionately in Love with, and from whom I
'have for some space of Time received as great
'Marks of Favour as were fit for her to give, or
'me to desire. The successful Progress of the
'Affair of all others the most essential towards a
'Man's Happiness, gave a new Life and Spirit
'not only to my Behaviour and Discourse, but
'also a certain Grace to all my Actions in the
'Commerce of Life in all Things tho' never so re-
'mote from Love. You know the predominant
'Passion spreads its self thro' all a Man's Trans-
'actions, and exalts or depresses [him²] according
'to the Nature of such Passion. But alas, I have
'not yet begun my Story, and what is making
'Sentences and Observations when a Man is plead-
'ing for his Life? To begin then: This Lady has
'corresponded with me under the Names of Love,

¹ [Ubi visus eris nostra medicabilis arte
Fac monitis fugias otia prima meis.
Ovid. Rem. Am.]

² [it]

'she my *Belinda*, I her *Cleanthes*. Tho' I am
'thus well got into the Account of my Affair, I
'cannot keep in the Thread of it so much as to
'give you the Character of Mrs. *Jane*, whom I
'will not hide under a borrowed Name; but let
'you know that this Creature has been since I
'knew her very handsome, (tho' I will not allow
'her even she *has been* for the future) and during
'the Time of her Bloom and Beauty was so great
'a Tyrant to her Lovers, so over-valued her self
'and under-rated all her Pretenders, that they
'have deserted her to a Man; and she knows no
'Comfort but that common one to all in her Con-
'dition, the Pleasure of interrupting the Amours
'of others. It is impossible but you must have
'seen several of these Volunteers in Malice, who
'pass their whole Time in the most labourous Way
'of Life in getting Intelligence, running from
'Place to Place with new Whispers, without reap-
'ing any other Benefit but the Hopes of making
'others as unhappy as themselves. Mrs. *Jane*
'happened to be at a Place where I, with many
'others well acquainted with my Passion for
'*Belinda*, passed a *Christmas-Evening*. There
'was among the rest a young Lady so free in
'Mirth, so amiable in a just Reserve that accom-
'panied it; I wrong her to call it a Reserve, but
'there appeared in her a Mirth or Chearfulness
'which was not a Forbearance of more immoderate
'Joy, but the natural Appearance of all which
'could flow from a Mind possessed of an Habit
'of Innocence and Purity. I must have utterly
'forgot *Belinda* to have taken no Notice of one
'who was growing up to the same womanly Virtues
'which shine to Perfection in her, had I not dis-
'tinguished one who seemed to promise to the
'World the same Life and Conduct with my faith-
'ful and lovely *Belinda*. When the Company
'broke up, the fine young Thing permitted me to
'take Care of her Home. Mrs. *Jane* saw my
'particular Regard to her, and was informed of
'my attending her to her Father's House. She
'came early to *Belinda* the next Morning, and
'asked her if Mrs. *Such-a-one* had been with her?
'No. If Mr. *Such-a-one's* Lady? No. Nor
'your Cousin *Such-a-one*? No. Lord, says Mrs.
'*Jane*, what is the Friendship of Woman?—
'Nay, they may laugh at it. And did no one tell
'you any thing of the Behaviour of your Lover
'Mr. *What d'ye call* last Night? But perhaps it
'is nothing to you that he is to be married to
'young Mrs. ——— on *Tuesday* next? *Belinda*
'was here ready to die with Rage and Jealousy.
'Then Mrs. *Jane* goes on: I have a young Kinsman
'who is Clerk to a Great Conveyancer, who shall
'shew you the rough Draught of the Marriage
'Settlement. The World says her Father gives
'him Two Thousand Pounds more than he could
'have with you. I went innocently to wait on
'*Belinda* as usual, but was not admitted; I writ
'to her, and my Letter was sent back unopened.
'Poor *Betty* her Maid, who is on my Side, has
'been here just now blubbering, and told me the
'whole Matter. She says she did not think I
'could be so base; and that she is now odious to
'her Mistress for having so often spoke well of
'me, that she dare not mention me more. All our
'Hopes are placed in having these Circumstances

'fairly represented in the SPECTATOR, which
'Betty says she dare not but bring up as soon as
'it is brought in; and has promised when you
'have broke the Ice to own this was laid between
'us: And when I can come to an Hearing, the
'young Lady will support what we say by her
'Testimony, that I never saw her but that once in
'my whole Life. Dear Sir, do not omit this true Re-
'lation, nor think it too particular; for there are
'Crowds of forlorn Coquets who intermingle them-
'selves with other Ladies, and contract Familiari-
'ties out of Malice, and with no other Design but
'to blast the Hopes of Lovers, the Expectation of
'Parents, and the Benevolence of Kindred. I
'doubt not but I shall be,

SIR,

Your most obliged
humble Servant,
CLEANTHES

SIR,

Will's Coffee-house, Jan. 10.

'The other Day entering a Room adorned with
'the Fair Sex, I offered, after the usual Manner,
'to each of them a Kiss; but one, more scornful
'than the rest, turned her Cheek. I did not think
'it proper to take any Notice of it till I had asked
'your Advice.

Your humble Servant,
E. S.

The Correspondent is desir'd to say which
Cheek the Offender turned to him.

ADVERTISEMENT.

From the Parish-Vestry, January 9.

All Ladies who come to Church in the New-
fashioned Hoods, are desired to be there before
Divine Service begins, lest they divert the Atten-
tion of the Congregation.

T.

RALPH.

No. 273.] Saturday, Jan. 12, 1712. [Addison.

—Notandi sunt tibi Mores.—Hor.

HAVING examined the Action of *Paradise
Lost*, let us in the next place consider the
Actors. [This is Aristotle's Method of consider-
ing, first the Fable, and secondly¹] the Manners;
or, as we generally call them in *English*, the
Fable and the Characters.

Homer has excelled all the Heroic Poets that
ever wrote, in the Multitude and Variety of his
Characters. Every God that is admitted into this
Poem, acts a Part which would have been suit-
able to no other Deity. His Princes are as much
distinguished by their Manners, as by their Do-
minions; and even those among them, whose
Characters seem wholly made up of Courage,
differ from one another as to the particular kinds
of Courage in which they excel. In short, there
is scarce a Speech or Action in the *Iliad*, which
the Reader may not ascribe to the Person that

¹ [These are what Aristotle means by the Fable
and]

speaks or acts, without seeing his Name at the
Head of it.

Homer does not only outshine all other Poets
in the Variety, but also in the Novelty of his
Characters. He has introduced among his *Grecian*
Princes a Person who had lived thrice the Age
of Man, and conversed with *Theseus*, *Hercules*,
Polyphemus, and the first Race of Heroes. His
principal Actor is the [Son¹] of a Goddess, not to
mention the [Offspring of other Deities, who
have²] likewise a Place in his Poem, and the
venerable *Trojan* Prince, who was the Father of
so many Kings and Heroes. There is in these
several Characters of *Homer*, a certain Dignity
as well as Novelty, which adapts them in a more
peculiar manner to the Nature of an Heroic Poem.
Tho' at the same time, to give them the greater
Variety, he has described a *Vulcan*, that is a
Buffoon among his Gods, and a *Thersites* among
his Mortals.

Virgil falls infinitely short of *Homer* in the
Characters of his Poem, both as to their Variety
and Novelty. *Aeneas* is indeed a perfect Charac-
ter, but as for *Achates*, tho' he is stiled the Hero's
Friend, he does nothing in the whole Poem which
may deserve that Title. *Gyas*, *Mnestheus*, *Ser-
gestus* and *Cloanthus*, are all of them Men of the
same Stamp and Character.

—Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.

There are indeed several very Natural Incidents
in the Part of *Ascanius*; as that of *Dido* cannot
be sufficiently admired. I do not see any thing
new or particular in *Turnus*. *Pallas* and *Evander*
are [remote] Copies of *Hector* and *Priam*, as
Lausus and *Mezentius* are almost Parallels to
Pallas and *Evander*. The Characters of *Nisus*
and *Eurialus* are beautiful, but common. [We
must not forget the Parts of *Sinon*, *Camilla*, and
some few others, which are fine Improvements on
the *Greek* Poet.] In short, there is neither that
Variety nor Novelty in the Persons of the *Aeneid*,
which we meet with in those of the *Iliad*.

If we look into the Characters of *Milton*, we
shall find that he has introduced all the Variety
[his Fable³] was capable of receiving. The whole
Species of Mankind was in two Persons at the
Time to which the Subject of his Poem is confined.
We have, however, four distinct Characters in
these two Persons. We see Man and Woman in
the highest Innocence and Perfection, and in the
most abject State of Guilt and Infirmary. The
two last Characters are, indeed, very common and
obvious, but the two first are not only more mag-
nificent, but more new⁴ than any Characters either

¹ [Offspring] ² [Son of Aurora who has]

³ [that his Poem]

⁴ It was especially for the novelty of *Paradise
Lost*, that John Dennis had in 1704 exalted Milton
above the ancients. In putting forward a pro-
spectus of a large projected work upon 'the
'Grounds of Criticism in Poetry,' he gave as a
specimen of the character of his work, the sub-
stance of what would be said in the beginning of
the Criticism upon Milton. Here he gave Milton
supremacy on ground precisely opposite to that
chosen by Addison. He described him as 'one of

in *Virgil* or *Homer*, or indeed in the whole Circle of Nature.

Milton was so sensible of this Defect in the Subject of his Poem, and of the few Characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two Actors of a Shadowy and Fictitious Nature, in the Persons of *Sin* and *Death*,¹ by which means he has [wrought into²] the Body of his Fable a very beautiful and well-invented Allegory. But notwithstanding the Fineness of this Allegory may atone for it in some measure; I cannot think that Persons of such a Chymical Existence are proper Actors in an Epic Poem; because there is not that measure of Probability annexed to them, which is requisite in Writings of this kind[as I shall shew more at large hereafter].

Virgil has, indeed, admitted *Fame* as an Actress in the *Aeneid*, but the Part she acts is very short, and none of the most admired Circumstances in that Divine Work. We find in Mock-Heroic Poems, particularly in the *Dispensary* and the *Lutrin*,³ several Allegorical Persons of this Nature

'the greatest and most daring Genius's that has appear'd in the World, and who has made his country a glorious present of the most lofty, but most irregular Poem, that has been produc'd by the Mind of Man. That great Man had a desire to give the World something like an Epick Poem; but he resolv'd at the same time to break thro' the Rules of Aristotle. Not that he was ignorant of them, or contemned them. . . . Milton was the first who in the space of almost 4000 years resolv'd for his Country's Honour and his own, to present the World with an Original Poem; that is to say, a Poem that should have his own thoughts, his own images, and his own spirit. In order to this he was resolved to write a Poem, that, by virtue of its extraordinary Subject, cannot so properly be said to be against the Rules as it may be affirmed to be above them all. . . . We shall now shew for what Reasons the choice of Milton's Subject, as it set him free from the obligation which he lay under to the Poetical Laws, so it necessarily threw him upon new Thoughts, new Images, and an Original Spirit. In the next place we shall shew that his Thoughts, his Images, and by consequence too, his Spirit are actually new, and different from those of *Homer* and *Virgil*. Thirdly, we shall shew, that besides their Newness, they have vastly the Advantage of *Homer* and *Virgil*.'

¹ *Paradise Lost*, Book II.

² [interwoven in]

³ Sir Samuel Garth in his *Dispensary*, a mock-heroic poem upon a dispute, in 1696, among doctors over the setting up of a Dispensary in a room of the College of Physicians for relief of the sick poor, houses the God of Sloth within the College, and outside, among other allegories, personifies Disease as a Fury to whom the enemies of the Dispensary offer libation. Boileau in his *Lutrin*, a mock-heroic poem written in 1673 on a dispute between two chief personages of the chapter of a church in Paris, la Sainte Chapelle, as to the position of a pulpit, had with some minor allegory, chiefly personified Discord, and made her

which are very beautiful in those Compositions, and may, perhaps, be used as an Argument, that the Authors of them were of Opinion, [such¹] Characters might have a Place in an Epic Work. For my own part, I should be glad the Reader would think so, for the sake of the Poem I am now examining, and must further add, that if such empty unsubstantial Beings may be ever made use of on this Occasion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper Actions, than those of which I am now speaking.

Another Principal Actor in this Poem is the great Enemy of Mankind. The Part of *Ulysses* in *Homer's Odyssey* is very much admired by *Aristotle*,² as perplexing that Fable with very agreeable Plots and Intricacies, not only by the many Adventures in his Voyage, and the Subtility of his Behaviour, but by the various Concealments and Discoveries of his Person in several Parts of that Poem. But the Crafty Being I have now mentioned, makes a much longer Voyage than *Ulysses*, puts in practice many more Wiles and Stratagems, and hides himself under a greater Variety of Shapes and Appearances, all of which are severally detected, to the great Delight and Surprize of the Reader.

We may likewise observe with how much Art the Poet has varied several Characters of the Persons that speak to his infernal Assembly. On the contrary, how has he represented the whole Godhead exerting it self towards Man in its full Benevolence under the Three-fold Distinction of a Creator, a Redeemer and a Comforter!

Nor must we omit the Person of *Raphael*, who amidst his Tenderness and Friendship for Man, shews such a Dignity and Condescension in all his Speech and Behaviour, as are suitable to a Superior Nature. [The Angels are indeed as much diversified in *Milton*, and distinguished by their proper Parts, as the Gods are in *Homer* or *Virgil*. The Reader will find nothing ascribed to *Uriel*, *Gabriel*, *Michael*, or *Raphael*, which is not in a particular manner suitable to their respective Characters.]

There is another Circumstance in the principal Actors of the *Iliad* and *Aeneid*, which gives a [peculiar³] Beauty to those two Poems, and was therefore contrived with very great Judgment. I mean the Authors having chosen for their Heroes, Persons who were so nearly related to the People for whom they wrote. *Achilles* was a *Greek*, and *Aeneas* the remote Founder of *Rome*. By this means their Countrymen (whom they principally proposed to themselves for their Readers) were particularly attentive to all the Parts of their Story, and sympathized with their Heroes in all their Adventures. A *Roman* could not but rejoice in the Escapes, Successes and Victories of *Aeneas*, and be grieved at any Defeats, Misfortunes or Disappointments that befel him; as a

enter into the form of an old preceptor, very much as in Garth's poem the Fury Disease

'*Shrill Colon's person took,*
'*In morals loose, but most precise in look.*'

¹ [that such]

² *Poetics* II. § 17; III. § 6.

³ [particular]

Greek must have had the same Regard for *Achilles*. And it is plain, that each of those Poems have lost this great Advantage, among those Readers to whom their Heroes are as Strangers, or indifferent Persons.

Milton's Poem is admirable in this respect, since it is impossible for any of its Readers, whatever Nation, Country or People he may belong to, not to be related to the Persons who are the principal Actors in it; but what is still infinitely more to its Advantage, the principal Actors in this Poem are not only our Progenitors, but our Representatives. We have an actual Interest in every thing they do, and no less than our utmost Happiness is concerned, and lies at Stake in all their Behaviour.

I shall subjoin as a Corollary to the foregoing Remark, an admirable Observation out of *Aristotle*, which hath been very much misrepresented in the Quotations of some Modern Criticks. 'If a Man of perfect and consummate Virtue falls into a Misfortune, it raises our Pity, but not our Terror, because we do not fear that it may be our own Case, who do not resemble the Suffering Person.' But as that great Philosopher adds, 'If we see a Man of Virtue mixt with Infirmities, fall into any Misfortune, it does not only raise our Pity but our Terror; because we are afraid that the like Misfortunes may happen to ourselves, who resemble the Character of the Suffering Person.'

I shall take another Opportunity to observe, that a Person of an absolute and consummate Virtue should never be introduced in Tragedy, and shall only remark in this Place, that the foregoing Observation of *Aristotle*,¹ tho' it may be true in other Occasions, does not hold in this; because in the present Case, though the Persons who fall into Misfortune are of the most perfect and consummate Virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own Case; since we are embarked with them on the same Bottom, and must be Partakers of their Happiness or Misery.

In this, and some other very few Instances, *Aristotle's* Rules for Epic Poetry (which he had drawn from his Reflections upon *Homer*) cannot be supposed to quadrate exactly with the Heroic Poems which have been made since his Time; since it is plain his Rules would [still have been²] more perfect, could he have perused the *Aeneid* which was made some hundred Years after his Death.

In my next, I shall go through other Parts of *Milton's* Poem; and hope that what I shall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only serve as a Comment upon *Milton*, but upon *Aristotle*. L.

¹ Poetics II. § 11. But Addison misquotes the first clause. Aristotle says that when a wholly virtuous man falls from prosperity into adversity, 'this is neither terrible nor piteous, but (μιάρον) shocking. Then he adds that our pity is excited by undeserved misfortune, and our terror by some resemblance between the sufferer and ourselves.'

² [have been still]

No. 274.] Monday, January 14, 1712. [Steele.

*Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte
Qui mæchis non vultis*—— Hor.

I HAVE upon several Occasions (that have occurred since I first took into my Thoughts the present State of Fornication) weighed with my self, in behalf of guilty Females, the Impulses of Flesh and Blood, together with the Arts and Gallantries of crafty Men; and reflect with some Scorn that most Part of what we in our Youth think gay and polite, is nothing else but an Habit of indulging a Pruriency that Way. It will cost some Labour to bring People to so lively a Sense of this, as to recover the manly Modesty in the Behaviour of my Men Readers, and the bashful Grace in the Faces of my Women; but in all Cases which come into Debate, there are certain things previously to be done before we can have a true Light into the Subject Matter; therefore it will, in the first Place, be necessary to consider the impotent Wenchers and industrious Hagg, who are supplied with, and are constantly supplying new Sacrifices to the Devil of Lust. You are to know then, if you are so happy as not to know it already, that the great Havock which is made in the Habitations of Beauty and Innocence, is committed by such as can only lay waste and not enjoy the Soil. When you observe the present State of Vice and Virtue, the Offenders are such as one would think should have no Impulse to what they are pursuing; as in Business, you see sometimes Fools pretend to be Knaves, so in Pleasure, you will find old Men set up for Wenchers. This latter sort of Men are the great Basis and Fund of Iniquity in the Kind we are speaking of: You shall have an old rich Man often receive Scrawls from the several Quarters of the Town, with Descriptions of the new Wares in their Hands, if he will please to send Word when he will be waited on. This Interview is contrived, and the Innocent is brought to such Indecencies as from Time to Time banish Shame and raise Desire. With these Preparatives the Hagg break their Wards by little and little, 'till they are brought to lose all Apprehensions of what shall befall them in the Possession of younger Men. It is a common Postscript of an Hagg to a young Fellow whom she invites to a new Woman, *She has, I assure you, seen none but old Mr. Such-a-one*. It pleases the old Fellow that the Nymph is brought to him unadorned, and from his Bounty she is accommodated with enough to dress her for other Lovers. This is the most ordinary Method of bringing Beauty and Poverty into the Possession of the Town: But the particular Cases of kind Keepers, skilful Pimps, and all others who drive a separate Trade, and are not in the general Society or Commerce of Sin, will require distinct Consideration. At the same time that we are thus severe on the Abandoned, we are apt to represent the Case of others with that Mitigation as the Circumstances demand. Calling Names does no Good; to speak worse of any thing than it deserves, does only take off from the Credit of the

Accuser, and has implicitly the Force of an Apology in the Behalf of the Person accused. We shall therefore, according as the Circumstances differ, vary our Appellations of these Criminals: Those who offend only against themselves, and are not Scandals to Society, but out of Deference to the sober Part of the World, have so much Good left in them as to be ashamed, must not be huddled in the common Word due to the worst of Women; but Regard is to be had to their Circumstances when they fell, to the uneasy Perplexity under which they lived under senseless and severe Parents, to the Importunity of Poverty, to the Violence of a Passion in its Beginning well grounded, and all other Alleviations which make unhappy Women resign the Characteristick of their Sex, Modesty. To do otherwise than thus, would be to act like a Pedantick Stoick, who thinks all Crimes alike, and not like an impartial SPECTATOR, who looks upon them with all the Circumstances that diminish or enhance the Guilt. I am in Hopes, if this Subject be well pursued, Women will hereafter from their Infancy be treated with an Eye to their future State in the World; and not have their Tempers made too untractable from an improper Sourness or Pride, or too complying from Familiarity or Forwardness contracted at their own Houses. After these Hints on this Subject, I shall end this Paper with the following genuine Letter; and desire all who think they may be concerned in future Speculations on this Subject, to send in what they have to say for themselves for some Incidents in their Lives, in order to have proper Allowances made for their Conduct.

Mr. SPECTATOR, January 5, 1711.
 'The Subject of your Yesterday's Paper is of so great Importance, and the thorough handling of it may be so very useful to the Preservation of many an innocent young Creature, that I think every one is obliged to furnish you with what Lights he can, to expose the pernicious Arts and Practices of those unnatural Women called Bawds. In order to this the enclosed is sent you, which is *verbatim* the Copy of a Letter written by a Bawd of Figure in this Town to a noble Lord. I have concealed the Names of both, my Intention being not to expose the Persons but the Thing.

I am,
 SIR,
 Your humble Servant.

My Lord,
 'I having a great Esteem for your Honour, and a better Opinion of you than of any of the Quality, makes me acquaint you of an Affair that I hope will oblige you to know. I have a Niece that came to Town about a Fortnight ago. Her Parents being lately dead she came to me, expecting to find me in so good a Condition as to set her up in a Milliner's Shop. Her Father gave Fourscore Pounds with her for five Years: Her Time is out, and she is not Sixteen; as pretty a black Gentlewoman as ever you saw, a little Woman, which I know your Lordship likes: well shaped, and as fine a Complexion for Red and White as ever I saw; I doubt not

'but your Lordship will be of the same Opinion. She designs to go down about a Month hence except I can provide for her, which I cannot at present. Her Father was one with whom all he had died with him, so there is four Children left destitute; so if your Lordship thinks fit to make an Appointment where I shall wait on you with my Niece, by a Line or two, I stay for your Answer; for I have no Place fitted up since I left my House, fit to entertain your Honour. I told her she should go with me to see a Gentleman a very good Friend of mine; so I desire you to take no Notice of my Letter by reason she is ignorant of the Ways of the Town. My Lord, I desire if you meet us to come alone; for upon my Word and Honour you are the first that ever I mentioned her to. So I remain,

Your Lordship's
 Most humble Servant to Command.

'I beg of you to burn it when you've read it. T.

—◆—

No. 275.] Tuesday, January 15, 1712. [Addison.

—tribus Anticyris caput insanabile—
 Juv.

I WAS Yesterday engaged in an Assembly of Virtuoso's, where one of them produced many curious Observations which he had lately made in the Anatomy of an Human Body. Another of the Company communicated to us several wonderful Discoveries, which he had also made on the same Subject, by the Help of very fine Glasses. This gave Birth to a great Variety of uncommon Remarks, and furnished Discourse for the remaining Part of the Day.

The different Opinions which were started on this Occasion, presented to my Imagination so many new Ideas, that by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my Fancy all the last Night, and composed a very wild Extravagant Dream.

I was invited, methought, to the Dissection of a Beau's Head and of a Coquet's Heart, which were both of them laid on a Table before us. An imaginary Operator opened the first with a great deal of Nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial View, appeared like the Head of another Man; but upon applying our Glasses to it, we made a very odd Discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as Brains, were not such in reality, but an Heap of strange Materials wound up in that Shape and Texture, and packed together with wonderful Art in the several Cavities of the Skull. For, as Homer tells us, that the Blood of the Gods is not real Blood, but only something like it; so we found that the Brain of a Beau is not real Brain, but only something like it.

The Pineal Gland, which many of our Modern Philosophers suppose to be the Seat of the Soul, smelt very strong of Essence and Orange-flower Water, and was encompassed with a kind of

Horny Substance, cut into a thousand little Faces or Mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked Eye, insomuch that the Soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own Beauties.

We observed a long *Antrum* or Cavity in the *Sinciput*, that was filled with Ribbons, Lace and Embroidery, wrought together in a most curious Piece of Network, the Parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked Eye. Another of these *Antrums* or Cavities was stuffed with invisible Billet-doux, Love-Letters, pricked Dances, and other Trumpery of the same Nature. In another we found a kind of Powder, which set the whole Company a Sneezing, and by the Scent discovered it self to be right *Spanish*. The several other Cells were stored with Commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the Reader an exact Inventory.

There was a large Cavity on each side of the Head, which I must not omit. That on the right Side was filled with Fictions, Flatteries, and Falshoods, Vows, Promises, and Protestations; that on the left with Oaths and Imprecations. There issued out a *Duct* from each of these Cells, which ran into the Root of the Tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common *Duct* to the Tip of it. We discovered several little Roads or Canals running from the Ear into the Brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several Passages. One of them extended itself to a Bundle of Sonnets and little musical Instruments. Others ended in several Bladders which were filled either with Wind or Froth. But the latter Canal entered into a great Cavity of the Skull, from whence there went another Canal into the Tongue. This great Cavity was filled with a kind of Spongy Substance, which the *French* Anatomists call *Galimatias*, and the *English*, Nonsense.

The Skins of the Forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprized us, had not in them any single Blood-Vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our Glasses; from whence we concluded, that the Party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the Faculty of Blushing.

The *Os Cribriforme* was exceedingly stuffed, and in some Places damaged with Snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small Muscle which is not often discovered in Dissections, and draws the Nose upwards, when it expresses the Contempt which the Owner of it has, upon seeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not understand. I need not tell my learned Reader, this is that Muscle which performs the Motion so often mentioned by the *Latin* Poets, when they talk of a Man's cocking his Nose, or playing the Rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the Eye, saving only, that the *Musculi Amatorii*, or, as we may translate it into *English*, the *Ogling Muscles*, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas on the contrary, the *Elevator*, or the Muscle which turns the Eye towards Heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this Dissection such new Discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those Parts which are to be met with in common Heads. As for the Skull, the Face, and indeed the whole outward Shape and Figure of the Head, we could not discover any Difference from what we observe in the Heads of other Men. We were informed, that the Person to whom this Head belonged, had passed for a *Man* above five and thirty Years; during which time he Eat and Drank like other People, dressed well, talked loud, laugh frequently, and on particular Occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a Ball or an Assembly; to which one of the Company added, that a certain Knot of Ladies took him for a Wit. He was cut off in the Flower of his Age by the Blow of a Paring-Shovel, having been surprized by an eminent Citizen, as he was tending some Civilities to his Wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this Head with all its Apartments, and its several kinds of Furniture, we put up the Brain, such as it was, into its proper Place, and laid it aside under a broad Piece of Scarlet Cloth, in order to be *prepared*, and kept in a great Repository of Dissections; our Operator telling us that the Preparation would not be so difficult as that of another Brain, for that he had observed several of the little Pipes and Tubes which ran through the Brain were already filled with a kind of Mercurial Substance, which he looked upon to be true Quick-Silver.

He applied himself in the next Place to the *Coquet's Heart*, which he likewise laid open with great Dexterity. There occurred to us many Particularities in this Dissection; but being unwilling to burden my Reader's Memory too much, I shall reserve this Subject for the Speculation of another Day. L.

No. 276.] Wednesday, Jan. 16, 1712. [Steele.

Errori nomen virtus posuisset honestum.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HOPE you have Philosophy enough to be capable of bearing the Mention of your Faults. Your Papers which regard the fallen Part of the Fair Sex, are, I think, written with an Indelicacy, which makes them unworthy to be inserted in the Writings of a Moralist who knows the World. I cannot allow that you are at Liberty to observe upon the Actions of Mankind with the Freedom which you seem to resolve upon; at least if you do, you should take along with you the Distinction of Manners of the World, according to the Quality and Way of Life of the Persons concerned. A Man of Breeding speaks of even Misfortune among Ladies without giving it the most terrible Aspect it can bear: And this Tenderness towards them, is much more to be preserved when you speak of Vices. All Mankind are so far related, that Care is to be taken, in things to which all are liable, you do not mention what concerns one in Terms which shall

'disgust another. Thus to tell a rich Man of the
'Indigence of a Kinsman of his, or abruptly in-
'form a virtuous Woman of the Lapse of one who
'till then was in the same degree of Esteem with
'her self, is in a kind involving each of them
'in some Participation of those Disadvantages.
'It is therefore expected from every Writer, to
'treat his Argument in such a Manner, as is most
'proper to entertain the sort of Readers to whom
'his Discourse is directed. It is not necessary
'when you write to the Tea-table, that you should
'draw Vices which carry all the Horror of Shame
'and Contempt: If you paint an impertinent Self-
'love, an artful Glance, an assumed Complexion,
'you say all which you ought to suppose they can
'possibly be guilty of. When you talk with this
'Limitation, you behave your self so as that you
'may expect others in Conversation may second
'your Raillery; but when you do it in a Stile
'which every body else forbears in Respect to
'their Quality, they have an easy Remedy in for-
'bearing to read you, and hearing no more of
'their Faults. A Man that is now and then
'guilty of an Intemperance is not to be called a
'Drunkard; but the Rule of polite Raillery, is to
'speak of a Man's Faults as if you loved him. Of
'this Nature is what was said by *Cæsar*: When
'one was railing with an uncourtly Vehemence,
'and broke out, What must we call him who was
'taken in an Intrigue with another Man's Wife?
'*Cæsar* answered very gravely, *A careless Fel-
'low*. This was at once a Reprimand for speaking
'of a Crime which in those Days had not the
'Abhorrence attending it as it ought, as well as
'an Intimation that all intemperate Behaviour
'before Superiors loses its Aim, by accusing in a
'Method unfit for the Audience. A Word to the
'Wise. All I mean here to say to you is, That
'the most free Person of Quality can go no further
'than being [a kind¹] Woman; and you should
'never say of a Man of Figure worse, than that
'he knows the World.

*I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
Francis Courtly.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,
'I am a Woman of an unspotted Reputation,
'and know nothing I have ever done which should
'encourage such Insolence; but here was one the
'other Day, and he was dressed like a Gentleman
'too, who took the Liberty to name the Words
'Lusty Fellow in my Presence. I doubt not but
'you will resent it in Behalf of,

*SIR,
Your humble Servant,
CELIA.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,
'You lately put out a dreadful Paper, wherein
'you promise a full Account of the State of crim-
'inal Love; and call all the Fair who have trans-
'gressed in that Kind by one very rude Name
'which I do not care to repeat: But I desire to
'know of you whether I am or I am not of those?
'My Case is as follows. I am kept by an old
'Batchelour, who took me so young, that I knew

'not how he came by me: He is a Bencher of
'one of the Inns of Court, a very gay healthy old
'Man; which is a lucky thing for him, who has
'been, he tells me, a Scowrer, a Scamperer, a
'Breaker of Windows, an Invader of Constables,
'in the Days of Yore when all Dominion ended
'with the Day, and Males and Females met
'helter skelter, and the Scowrers drove before
'them all who pretended to keep up Order or Rule
'to the Interruption of Love and Honour. This
'is his way of Talk, for he is very gay when he
'visits me; but as his former Knowledge of the
'Town has alarmed him into an invincible Jeal-
'ousy, he keeps me in a pair of Slippers, neat
'Bodice, warm Petticoats, and my own Hair
'woven in Ringlets, after a Manner, he says, he
'remembers. I am not Mistress of one Farthing
'of Money, but have all Necessaries provided for
'me, under the Guard of one who procured for
'him while he had any Desires to gratify. I know
'nothing of a Wench's Life, but the Reputation
'of it: I have a natural Voice, and a pretty un-
'taught Step in Dancing. His Manner is to bring
'an old Fellow who has been his Servant from
'his Youth, and is gray-headed: This Man
'makes on the Violin a certain Jiggish Noise to
'which I dance, and when that is over I sing to
'him some loose Air, that has more Wantonness
'than Musick in it. You must have seen a strange
'window'd House near *Hide-Park*, which is so
'built that no one can look out of any of the
'Apartments; my Rooms are after that manner,
'and I never see Man, Woman or Child, but in
'Company with the two Persons above-mentioned.
'He sends me in all the Books, Pamphlets, Plays,
'Operas and Songs that come out; and his utmost
'Delight in me as a Woman, is to talk over old
'Amours in my Presence, to play with my Neck,
'say *the Time was*, give me a Kiss, and bid me
'be sure to follow the Directions of my Guardian,
'(the above-mentioned Lady) and I shall never
'want. The Truth of my Case is, I suppose, that
'I was educated for a Purpose he did not know he
'should be unfit for when I came to Years. Now,
'Sir, what I ask of you, as a Casuist, is to tell me
'how far in these Circumstances I am innocent,
'though submissive; he guilty, though impotent?

*I am,
SIR,
Your constant Reader,
PUCELLA.*

To the Man called the SPECTATOR.

Friend,
'Forasmuch as at the Birth of thy Labour, thou
'didst promise upon thy Word, that letting alone
'the Vanities that do abound, thou wouldst only
'endeavour to strengthen the crooked Morals of
'this our *Babylon*, I gave Credit to thy fair
'Speeches, and admitted one of thy Papers, every
'Day save *Sunday*, into my House; for the Edi-
'fication of my Daughter *Tabitha*, and to the end
'that *Susannah* the Wife of my Bosom might
'profit thereby. But alas, my Friend, I find that
'thou art a Liar, and that the Truth is not in
'thee; else why didst thou in a Paper which thou
'didst lately put forth, make mention of those
'vain Coverings for the Heads of our Females,

¹ [an unkind]

' which thou lovest to liken unto Tulips, and which
' are lately sprung up amongst us? Nay why
' didst thou make mention of them in such a seem-
' ing, as if thou didst approve the Invention, inso-
' much that my Daughter *Tabitha* beginneth to
' wax wanton, and to lust after these foolish Van-
' ties? Surely thou dost see with the Eyes of the
' Flesh. Verily therefore, unless thou dost speedily
' amend and leave off following thine own Imagin-
' ations, I will leave off thee.

Thy Friend as hereafter thou dost demean thyself,
T. Hezekiah Broadbrim.

No. 277.] Thursday, January 17, 1712. [Budgell.

—*fas est et ab hoste doceri.*—Virg.

I PRESUME I need not inform the Polite Part
of my Readers, that before our Correspondence
with *France* was unhappily interrupted by the
War, our Ladies had all their Fashions from
thence; which the Milliners took care to furnish
them with by means of a Jointed Baby, that came
regularly over, once a Month, habited after the
manner of the most Eminent Toasts in *Paris*.

I am credibly informed, that even in the hottest
time of the War, the Sex made several Efforts,
and raised large Contributions towards the Im-
portation of this Wooden *Madamoiselle*.

Whether the Vessel they set out was lost or
taken, or whether its Cargo was seized on by the
Officers of the Custom-house, as a piece of Contra-
band Goods, I have not yet been able to learn;
it is, however, certain their first Attempts were
without Success, to the no small Disappointment
of our whole Female World; but as their Con-
stancy and Application, in a matter of so great
Importance, can never be sufficiently commended,
I am glad to find that in Spight of all Opposition,
they have at length carried their Point, of which
I received Advice by the two following Letters.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' I am so great a Lover of whatever is *French*,
' that I lately discarded an humble Admirer, be-
' cause he neither spoke that Tongue, nor drank
' Claret. I have long bewailed, in secret, the
' Calamities of my Sex during the War, in all
' which time we have laboured under the insup-
' portable Inventions of *English* Tire-Women,
' who, tho' they sometimes copy indifferently well,
' can never compose with that *Goût* they do in
' *France*.

' I was almost in Despair of ever more seeing a
' Model from that dear Country, when last *Sun-*
' *day* I over-heard a Lady, in the next Pew to me,
' whisper another, that at the *Seven Stars* in *King-*
' *street Covent-garden*, there was a *Madamoiselle*
' compleatly dressed just come from *Paris*.

' I was in the utmost Impatience during the re-
' maining part of the Service, and as soon as ever
' it was over, having learnt the Millener's *Ad-*
' *dresse*, I went directly to her House in *King-*
' *street*, but was told that the *French* Lady was
' at a Person of Quality's in *Pall-mall*, and would

' not be back again 'till very late that Night. I
' was therefore obliged to renew my Visit very
' early this Morning, and had then a full View of
' the dear Moppet from Head to Foot.

' You cannot imagine, worthy Sir, how ridicu-
' lously I find we have all been trussed up during
' the War, and how infinitely the *French* Dress
' excels ours.

' The Mantua has no Leads in the Sleeves, and
' I hope we are not lighter than the *French* Ladies,
' so as to want that kind of Ballast; the Petticoat
' has no Whale-bone; but fits with an Air altoge-
' ther galant and *degagé*: the *Coiffeure* is inex-
' pressibly pretty, and in short, the whole Dress
' has a thousand Beauties in it, which I would not
' have as yet made too publick.

' I thought fit, however, to give this Notice,
' that you may not be surprized at my appearing
' *à la mode de Paris* on the next Birth-Night.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

Teraminta.

Within an Hour after I had read this Letter, I
received another from the Owner of the Puppet.

SIR,

' On *Saturday* last, being the 12th Instant,
' there arrived at my House in *King-street, Covent-*
' *Garden*, a *French* Baby for the Year 1712. I
' have taken the utmost Care to have her dressed
' by the most celebrated Tyre-women and Mantua-
' makers in *Paris*, and do not find that I have any
' Reason to be sorry for the Expence I have been
' at in her Cloaths and Importation: However,
' as I know no Person who is so good a Judge of
' Dress as your self, if you please to call at my
' House in your Way to the City, and take a View
' of her, I promise to amend whatever you shall
' disapprove in your next Paper, before I exhibit
' her as a Pattern to the Publick.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Admirer,
and most obedient Servant,

Betty Cross-stitch.

As I am willing to do any thing in reason for
the Service of my Country-women, and had much
rather prevent Faults than find them, I went last
Night to the House of the above-mentioned Mrs.
Cross-stitch. As soon as I enter'd, the Maid of
the Shop, who, I suppose, was prepared for my
coming, without asking me any Questions, intro-
duced me to the little Damsel, and ran away to
call her Mistress.

The Puppet was dressed in a Cherry-coloured
Gown and Petticoat, with a short working Apron
over it, which discovered her Shape to the most
Advantage. Her Hair was cut and divided very
prettily, with several Ribbons stuck up and down
in it. The Millener assured me, that her Com-
plexion was such as was worn by all the Ladies
of the best Fashion in *Paris*. Her Head was ex-
tremely high, on which Subject having long since
declared my Sentiments, I shall say nothing more
to it at present. I was also offended at a small
Patch she wore on her Breast, which I cannot
suppose is placed there with any good Design.

Her Necklace was of an immoderate Length,

being tied before in such a manner that the two Ends hung down to her Girdle; but whether these supply the Place of Kissing-Strings in our Enemy's Country, and whether our *British Ladies* have any occasion for them, I shall leave to their serious Consideration.

After having observed the Particulars of her Dress, as I was taking a view of it altogether, the Shop-maid, who is a pert Wench, told me that *Mademoiselle* had something very Curious in the tying of her Garters; but as I pay a due Respect even to a pair of Sticks when they are in Petticoats, I did not examine into that Particular.

Upon the whole I was well enough pleased with the Appearance of this gay Lady, and the more so because she was not Talkative, a Quality very rarely to be met with in the rest of her Country-women.

As I was taking my leave, the Millener farther informed me, that with the Assistance of a Watch-maker, who was her Neighbour, and the ingenious Mr. *Powell*, she had also contrived another Puppet, which by the help of several little Springs to be wound up within it, could move all its Limbs, and that she had sent it over to her Correspondent in *Paris* to be taught the various Leanings and Bendings of the Head, the Risings of the Bosom, the Curtesy and Recovery, the genteel Trip, and the agreeable Jet, as they are now practised in the Court of *France*.

She added that she hoped she might depend upon having my Encouragement as soon as it arrived; but as this was a Petition of too great Importance to be answered *extempore*, I left her without a Reply, and made the best of my way to WILL. HONEYCOMB'S Lodgings, without whose Advice I never communicate any thing to the Publick of this Nature. X.

No. 278.] Friday, January 18, 1712. [Steele.

—Sermones ego malle
Repentes per humum— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
SIR,

YOUR having done considerable Service in this great City, by rectifying the Disorders of Families, and several Wives having preferred your Advice and Directions to those of their Husbands, emboldens me to apply to you at this Time. I am a Shop-keeper, and tho' but a young Man, I find by Experience that nothing but the utmost Diligence both of Husband and Wife (among trading People) can keep Affairs in any tolerable Order. My Wife at the Beginning of our Establishment shewed her self very assisting to me in my Business as much as could lie in her Way, and I have Reason to believe 'twas with her Inclination; but of late she has got acquainted with a Schoolman, who values himself for his great Knowledge in the *Greek Tongue*. He entertains her frequently in the Shop with Discourses of the Beauties and Excellencies of that Language; and repeats to her

'several Passages out of the *Greek Poets*, wherein he tells her there is unspeakable Harmony and agreeable Sounds that all other Languages are wholly unacquainted with. He has so infatuated her with his Jargon, that instead of using her former Diligence in the Shop, she now neglects the Affairs of the House, and is wholly taken up with her Tutor in learning by Heart Scraps of *Greek*, which she vents upon all Occasions. She told me some Days ago, that whereas I use some *Latin* Inscriptions in my Shop, she advised me with a great deal of Concern to have them changed into *Greek*; it being a Language less understood, would be more conformable to the Mystery of my Profession; that our good Friend would be assisting to us in this Work; and that a certain Faculty of Gentlemen would find themselves so much obliged to me, that they would infallibly make my Fortune: In short her frequent Importunities upon this and other Impertinences of the like Nature make me very uneasy; and if your Remonstrances have no more Effect upon her than mine, I am afraid I shall be obliged to ruin my self to procure her a Settlement at *Oxford* with her Tutor, for she's already too mad for *Bedlam*. Now, Sir, you see the Danger my Family is exposed to, and the Likelihood of my Wife's becoming both troublesome and useless, unless her reading her self in your Paper may make her reflect. She is so very learned that I cannot pretend by Word of Mouth to argue with her. She laughed out at your ending a Paper in *Greek*, and said 'twas a Hint to Women of Literature, and very civil not to translate it to expose them to the Vulgar. You see how it is with,

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'If you have that Humanity and Compassion in your Nature that you take such Pains to make one think you have, you will not deny your Advice to a distressed Damsel, who intends to be determined by your Judgment in a Matter of great Importance to her. You must know then, There is an agreeable young Fellow, to whose Person, Wit, and Humour no body makes any Objection, that pretends to have been long in Love with me. To this I must add, (whether it proceeds from the Vanity of my Nature, or the seeming Sincerity of my Lover, I won't pretend to say) that I verily believe he has a real Value for me; which if true, you'll allow may justly augment his Merit for his Mistress. In short, I am so sensible of his good Qualities, and what I owe to his Passion, that I think I could sooner resolve to give up my Liberty to him than any body else, were there not an Objection to be made to his Fortunes, in regard they don't answer the utmost mine may expect, and are not sufficient to secure me from undergoing the reproachful Phrase so commonly used, That she has played the Fool. Now, tho' I am one of those few who heartily despise Equipage, Diamonds, and a Coxcomb, yet since such opposite Notions from mine prevail in the World, even amongst the best, and such as are esteemed the most prudent People, I can't find in my

'Heart to resolve upon incurring the Censure of those wise Folks, which I am conscious I shall do, if when I enter into a married State, I discover a Thought beyond that of equalling, if not advancing my Fortunes. Under this Difficulty I now labour, not being in the least determined whether I shall be governed by the vain World, and the frequent Examples I meet with, or hearken to the Voice of my Lover, and the Motions I find in my Heart in favour of him. Sir, Your Opinion and Advice in this Affair, is the only thing I know can turn the Ballance; and which I earnestly intreat I may receive soon; for 'till I have your Thoughts upon it, I am engaged not to give my Swain a final Discharge.

'Besides the particular Obligation you will lay on me, by giving this Subject Room in one of your Papers, 'tis possible it may be of use to some others of my Sex, who will be as grateful for the Favour as,

SIR,
Your Humble Servant,
Florinda.

P. S. To tell you the Truth I am Married to Him already, but pray say something to justify me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You will forgive Us Professors of Musick if We make a second Application to You, in order to promote our Design of exhibiting Entertainments of Musick in York-Buildings. It is indubitably insinuated that Our Intention is to destroy Operas in General, but we beg of you to insert this plain Explanation of our selves in your Paper. Our Purpose is only to improve our Circumstances, by improving the Art which we profess. We see it utterly destroyed at present; and as we were the Persons who introduced Operas, we think it a groundless Imputation that we should set up against the Opera in it self. What we pretend to assert is, That the Songs of different Authors injudiciously put together, and a Foreign Tone and Manner which are expected in every thing now performed among us, has put Musick it self to a stand; insomuch that the Ears of the People cannot now be entertained with any thing but what has an impertinent Gayety, without any just Spirit, or a Languishment of Notes, without any Passion or common Sense. We hope those Persons of Sense and Quality who have done us the Honour to subscribe, will not be ashamed of their Patronage towards us, and not receive Impressions that patronising us is being for or against the Opera, but truly promoting their own Diversions in a more just and elegant Manner than has been hitherto performed.

We are, SIR,
Your most humble Servants,
Thomas Clayton.
Nicolino Haym.
Charles Dieupart.¹

There will be no Performances in York-buildings till after that of the Subscription. T.

¹ See No. 258.

No. 279.] Saturday, Jan. 19, 1712. [Addison.

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.—Hor.

WE have already taken a general Survey of the Fable and Characters in *Milton's Paradise Lost*. The Parts which remain to be considered, according to *Aristotle's Method*, are the *Sentiments* and the *Language*.¹ Before I enter upon the first of these, I must advertise my Reader, that it is my Design as soon as I have finished my general Reflections on these four several Heads, to give particular Instances out of the Poem which is now before us of Beauties and Imperfections which may be observed under each of them, as also of such other Particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premise, that the Reader may not judge too hastily of this Piece of Criticism, or look upon it as Imperfect, before he has seen the whole Extent of it.

The Sentiments in an Epic Poem are the Thoughts and Behaviour which the Author ascribes to the Persons whom he introduces, and are just when they are conformable to the Characters of the several Persons. The Sentiments have likewise a relation to *Things* as well as *Persons*, and are then perfect when they are such as are adapted to the Subject. If in either of these Cases the Poet [endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminish, to raise²] Love or Hatred, Pity or Terror, or any other Passion, we ought to consider whether the Sentiments he makes use of are proper for [those³] Ends. *Homer* is censured by the Criticks for his Defect as to this Particular in several parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, tho' at the same time those, who have treated this great Poet with Candour, have attributed this Defect to the Times in which he lived.⁴

¹ It is in Part II. of the *Poetics*, when treating of Tragedy, that Aristotle lays down his main principles. Here after treating of the Fable and the Manners, he proceeds to the Diction and the Sentiments. By Fable, he says (§ 2), 'I mean the contexture of incidents, or the Plot. By Manners, I mean, whatever marks the Character of the Persons. By Sentiments, whatever they say, whether proving any thing, or delivering a general sentiment, &c.' In dividing Sentiments from Diction, he says (§ 22): The Sentiments include whatever is the Object of speech, Diction (§ 23—25) the words themselves. Concerning Sentiment, he refers his reader to the rhetoricians.

² [argues or explains, magnifies or diminishes, raises]

³ [these]

⁴ René le Bossu says in his treatise on the Epic, published in 1675, Bk. vi. ch. 3: 'What is base and ignoble at one time and in one country, is not always so in others. We are apt to smile at *Homer's* comparing Ajax to an Ass in his *Iliad*. Such a comparison now-a-days would be indecent and ridiculous; because it would be indecent and ridiculous for a person of quality to ride upon such a steed. But heretofore this Animal was

It was the Fault of the Age, and not of *Homer*, if there wants that Delicacy in some of his Sentiments which now appears in the Works of Men of a much inferior Genius. Besides, if there are Blemishes in any particular Thoughts, there is an infinite Beauty in the greatest Part of them. In short, if there are many Poets who would not have fallen into the Meanness of some of his Sentiments, there are none who could have risen up to the Greatness of others. *Virgil* has excelled all others in the Propriety of his Sentiments. *Milton* shines likewise very much in this Particular: Nor must we omit one Consideration which adds to his Honour and Reputation. *Homer* and *Virgil* introduced Persons whose Characters are commonly known among Men, and such as are to be met with either in History, or in ordinary Conversation. *Milton's* Characters, most of them, lie out of Nature, and were to be formed purely by his own Invention. It shews a greater Genius in *Shakespear* to have drawn his *Calyban*, than his *Hotspur* or *Julius Cæsar*: The one was to be supplied out of his own Imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon Tradition, History and Observation. It was much easier therefore for *Homer* to find proper Sentiments for an Assembly of *Grecian* Generals, than for *Milton* to diversify his infernal Council with proper Characters, and inspire them with a Variety of Sentiments. The Lovers of *Dido* and *Æneas* are only Copies of what has passed between other Persons. *Adam* and *Eve*, before the Fall, are a different Species from that of Mankind, who are descended from them; and none but a Poet of the most unbounded Invention, and the most exquisite Judgment, could have filled their Conversation and Behaviour with [so many apt¹] Circumstances during their State of Innocence.

Nor is it sufficient for an Epic Poem to be filled with such Thoughts as are *Natural*, unless it abound also with such as are *Sublime*. *Virgil* in this Particular falls short of *Homer*. He has not indeed so many Thoughts that are Low and Vulgar; but at the same time has not so many Thoughts that are Sublime and Noble. The Truth of it is, *Virgil* seldom rises into very astonishing Sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleases us by the Force of his own Genius; but seldom elevates and transports us where he does not fetch his Hints from *Homer*.

Milton's chief Talent, and indeed his distinguishing Excellence, lies in the Sublimity of his

'in better repute: Kings and princes did not disdain the beast so much as mere tradesmen do in our times. 'Tis just the same with many other similes which in *Homer's* time were allowable. We should now pity a Poet that should be so silly and ridiculous as to compare a Hero to a piece of Fat. Yet *Homer* does it in a comparison he makes of *Ulysses*. . . The reason is that in these Primitive Times, wherein the Sacrifices . . . were living creatures, the Blood and the Fat were the most noble, the most august, and the most holy things.'

¹ [such Beautiful]

Thoughts. There are others of the Moderns who rival him in every other part of Poetry; but in the Greatness of his Sentiments he triumphs over all the Poets both Modern and Ancient, *Homer* only excepted. It is impossible for the Imagination of Man to distend itself with greater Ideas, than those which he has laid together in his first, [second,] and sixth Book[s]. The seventh, which describes the Creation of the World, is likewise wonderfully Sublime, tho' not so apt to stir up Emotion in the Mind of the Reader, nor consequently so perfect in the Epic Way of Writing, because it is filled with less Action. Let the judicious Reader compare what *Longinus* has observed¹ on several Passages in *Homer*, and he will find Parallels for most of them in the *Paradise Lost*.

From what has been said we may infer, that as there are two kinds of Sentiments, the Natural and the Sublime, which are always to be pursued in an Heroic Poem, there are also two kinds of Thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The first are such as are affected and unnatural; the second such as are mean and vulgar. As for the first kind of Thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in *Virgil*: He has none of those [trifling²] Points and Puerilities that are so often to be met with in *Ovid*, none of the Epigrammatick Turns of *Lucan*, none of those swelling Sentiments which are so frequent in *Statius* and *Claudian*, none of those mixed Embellishments of *Tasso*. Every thing is just and natural. His Sentiments shew that he had a perfect Insight into human Nature, and that he knew every thing which was the most proper to [affect it³].

Mr. *Dryden* has in some Places, which I may hereafter take notice of, misrepresented *Virgil's* way of thinking as to this Particular, in the Translation he has given us of the *Æneid*. I do not

¹ Longinus on the Sublime, I. § 9. Of Discord, *Homer* says (Pope's tr.):

While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,

She stalks on earth. (*Iliad* iv.)

Of horses of the gods:

Far as a shepherd from some spot on high

O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye,
Through such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,

At one long leap th' immortal coursers bound.

Iliad v.

Longinus quotes also from the *Iliad* xix., the combat of the Gods, the description of *Neptune*, *Iliad* xi., and the Prayer of *Ajax*, *Iliad* xvii.

² [little]

³ [affect it. I remember but one Line in him which has been objected against, by the Criticks, as a point of Wit. It is in his ninth Book, where *Juno*, speaking of the *Trojans*, how they survived the Ruins of their City, expresses her self in the following Words;

Num capti potuere capi, num incensa cremarunt Pergama?

Were the *Trojans* taken even after they were Captives, or did *Troy* burn even when it was in Flames?

remember that *Homer* any where falls into the Faults above-mentioned, which were indeed the false Refinements of later Ages. *Milton*, it must be confest, has sometimes erred in this Respect, as I shall shew more at large in another Paper; tho' considering how all the Poets of the Age in which he writ were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did sometimes comply with the vicious Taste which still prevails so much among Modern Writers.

But since several Thoughts may be natural which are low and groveling, an Epic Poet should not only avoid such Sentiments as are unnatural or affected, but also such as are [mean¹] and vulgar. *Homer* has opened a great Field of Raillery to Men of more Delicacy than Greatness of Genius, by the Homeliness of some of his Sentiments. But, as I have before said, these are rather to be imputed to the Simplicity of the Age in which he lived, to which I may also add, of that which he described, than to any Imperfection in that Divine Poet. *Zoilus*,² among the Ancients, and Monsieur *Perrault*,³ among the Moderns, pushed their Ridicule very far upon him, on account of some such Sentiments. There is no Blemish to be observed in *Virgil* under this Head, and but [a] very few in *Milton*.

I shall give but one Instance of this Impropriety of [Thought⁴] in *Homer*, and at the same time compare it with an Instance of the same Nature, both in *Virgil* and *Milton*. Sentiments which raise Laughter, can very seldom be admitted with any Decency into an Heroic Poem, whose Business it is to excite Passions of a much nobler Nature. *Homer*, however, in his Characters of *Vulcan*⁵ and *Thersites*,⁶ in his Story of *Mars* and *Venus*,⁷ in his Behaviour of *Irus*,⁸ and in other Passages, has been observed to have lapsed into the Burlesque Character, and to have departed from that serious Air which seems essential to the Magnificence of an Epic Poem. I remember but one Laugh in the whole *Aeneid*, which rises in the fifth Book, upon *Monætes*, where he is repre-

¹ [low]

² *Zoilus*, who lived about 270 B.C., in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, made himself famous for attacks upon *Homer* and on *Plato* and *Isocrates*, taking pride in the title of *Homeromastix*. *Circe's* men turned into swine *Zoilus* ridiculed as weeping porkers. When he asked sustenance of Ptolemy he was told that *Homer* sustained many thousands, and as he claimed to be a better man than *Homer*, he ought to be able to sustain himself. The tradition is that he was at last crucified, stoned, or burnt for his heresy.

³ *Charles Perrault*, brother of *Claude Perrault* the architect and ex-physician, was himself Controller of Public Buildings under *Colbert*, and after his retirement from that office, published in 1690 his *Parallel* between the Ancients and Moderns, taking the side of the moderns in the controversy, and dealing sometimes disrespectfully with *Homer*. *Boileau* replied to him in *Critical Reflections* on *Longinus*.

⁴ [Sentiments]

⁵ *Iliad*, Bk. i., near the close. ⁶ *Iliad*, Bk. ii.

⁷ Bk. v., at close.

⁸ *Odyssey*, Bk. xviii.

sented as thrown overboard, and drying himself upon a Rock. But this Piece of Mirth is so well timed, that the severest Critick can have nothing to say against it; for it is in the Book of Games and Diversions, where the Reader's Mind may be supposed to be sufficiently relaxed for such an Entertainment. The only Piece of Pleasantry in *Paradise Lost*, is where the Evil Spirits are described as rallying the Angels upon the Success of their new invented Artillery. This Passage I look upon to be the most exceptionable in the whole Poem, as being nothing else but a String of Puns, and those too very indifferent ones.

—————*Satan beheld their Plight,*
And to his Mates thus in Derision call'd.
O Friends, why come not on those Victors
proud?
Ere-while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open Front,
And Breast, (what could we more?) propounded
terms
Of Composition, straight they chang'd their
Minds,
Flew off, and into strange Vagaries fell
As they would dance: yet for a Dance they
seem'd
Somewhat extravagant, and wild; perhaps
For Joy of offer'd Peace; but I suppose
If our Proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick Result.
To whom thus Belial in like gamesome Mood:
Leader, the Terms we sent were Terms of
Weight,
Of hard Contents, and full of force urg'd home;
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need, from Head to Foot, well understand;
Not understood, this Gift they have besides,
They shew us when our Foes walk not upright.
Thus they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing¹————— L.

No. 280.] Monday, January 21, 1712. [Steele.

Principibus Placuisse viris non ultima laus est.
 Hor.

THE Desire of Pleasing makes a Man agreeable or unwelcome to those with whom he converses, according to the Motive from which that Inclination appears to flow. If your Concern for pleasing others arises from innate Benevolence, it never fails of Success; if from a Vanity to excel, its Disappointment is no less certain. What we call an agreeable Man, is he who is endowed with [the²] natural Bent to do acceptable things from a Delight he takes in them meerly as such; and the Affectation of that Character is what constitutes a Fop. Under these Leaders one may draw up all those who make any Manner of Figure, except in dumb Show. A rational and select Conversation

¹ *Paradise Lost*, Bk. vi. l. 609, &c. *Milton* meant that the devils should be shown as scoffers, and their scoffs as mean.

² [that]

is composed of Persons, who have the Talent of Pleasing with Delicacy of Sentiments flowing from habitual Chastity of Thought; but mixed Company is frequently made up of Pretenders to Mirth, and is usually pestered with constrained, obscene, and painful Witticisms. Now and then you meet with a Man so exactly formed for Pleasing, that it is no matter what he is doing or saying, that is to say, that there need no Manner of Importance in it, to make him gain upon every Body who hears or beholds him. This Felicity is not the Gift of Nature only, but must be attended with happy Circumstances, which add a Dignity to the familiar Behaviour which distinguishes him whom we call an agreeable Man. It is from this that every Body loves and esteems *Polycarpus*. He is in the Vigour of his Age and the Gayety of Life, but has passed through very conspicuous Scenes in it; though no Soldier, he has shared the Danger, and acted with great Gallantry and Generosity on a decisive Day of Battle. To have those Qualities which only make other Men conspicuous in the World as it were supernumerary to him, is a Circumstance which gives Weight to his most indifferent Actions; for as a known Credit is ready Cash to a Trader, so is acknowledged Merit immediate Distinction, and serves in the Place of Equipage to a Gentleman. This renders *Polycarpus* graceful in Mirth, important in Business, and regarded with Love in every ordinary Occurrence. But not to dwell upon Characters which have such particular Recommendations to our Hearts, let us turn our Thoughts rather to the Methods of Pleasing which must carry Men through the World who cannot pretend to such Advantages. Falling in with the particular Humour or Manner of one above you, abstracted from the general Rules of good Behaviour, is the Life of a Slave. A Parasite differs in nothing from the meanest Servant, but that the Footman hires himself for bodily Labour, subjected to go and come at the Will of his Master, but the other gives up his very Soul: He is prostituted to speak, and professes to think after the Mode of him whom he courts. This Servitude to a Patron, in an honest Nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his Livery; therefore we will speak of those Methods only which are worthy and ingenuous.

The happy Talent of Pleasing either those above you or below you, seems to be wholly owing to the Opinion they have of your Sincerity. This Quality is to attend the agreeable Man in all the Actions of his Life; and I think there need no more be said in Honour of it, than that it is what forces the Approbation even of your Opponents. The guilty Man has an Honour for the Judge who with Justice pronounces against him the Sentence of Death it self. The Author of the Sentence at the Head of this Paper, was an excellent Judge of human Life, and passed his own in Company the most agreeable that ever was in the World. *Augustus* lived amongst his Friends as if he had his Fortune to make in his own Court: Candour and Affability, accompanied with as much Power as ever Mortal was vested with, were what made him in the utmost Manner agreeable among a Set of admirable Men, who had Thoughts too high

for Ambition, and Views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the Disposal of an Empire, without the Pleasures of their mutual Conversation. A certain Unanimity of Taste and Judgment, which is natural to all of the same Order in the Species, was the Band of this Society; and the Emperor assumed no Figure in it but what he thought was his Due from his private Talents and Qualifications, as they contributed to advance the Pleasures and Sentiments of the Company.

Cunning People, Hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous, or half wise, are incapable of tasting the refined Pleasure of such an equal Company as could wholly exclude the Regard of Fortune in their Conversations. *Horace*, in the Discourse from whence I take the Hint of the present Speculation, lays down excellent Rules for Conduct in Conversation with Men of Power; but he speaks it with an Air of one who had no Need of such an Application for any thing which related to himself. It shews he understood what it was to be a skilful Courtier, by just Admonitions against Importunity, and shewing how forcible it was to speak Modestly of your own Wants. There is indeed something so shameless in taking all Opportunities to speak of your own Affairs, that he who is guilty of it towards him upon whom he depends, fares like the Beggar who exposes his Sores, which instead of moving Compassion makes the Man he begs of turn away from the Object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I remember about sixteen Years ago an honest Fellow, who so justly understood how disagreeable the Mention or Appearance of his Wants would make him, that I have often reflected upon him as a Counterpart of *Irus*, whom I have formerly mentioned. This Man, whom I have missed for some Years in my Walks, and have heard was someway employed about the Army, made it a Maxim, That good Wigs, delicate Linen, and a chearful Air, were to a poor Dependent the same that working Tools are to a poor Artificer. It was no small Entertainment to me, who knew his Circumstances, to see him, who had fasted two Days, attribute the Thinness they told him of to the Violence of some Gallantries he had lately been guilty of. The skilful Dissembler carried this on with the utmost Address; and if any suspected his Affairs were narrow, it was attributed to indulging himself in some fashionable Vice rather than an irreproachable Poverty, which saved his Credit with those on whom he depended.

The main Art is to be as little troublesome as you can, and make all you hope for come rather as a Favour from your Patron than Claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the Method of Pleasing so as to succeed in the World, when there are Crowds who have, in City, Town, Court, and Country, arrived at considerable Acquisitions, and yet seem incapable of acting in any constant Tenour of Life, but have gone on from one successful Error to another: Therefore I think I may shorten this Enquiry after the Method of Pleasing; and as the old Beau said to his Son, once for all, *Pray, Jack, be a fine Gentleman*, so may I, to my Reader, abridge my Instructions, and finish the Art of Pleasing in a Word, *Be rich*. T.

No. 281.] Tuesday, January 22, 1712. [Addison.

Pectoribus inlians spirantia consulit exta.
Virg.

HAVING already given an Account of the Dissection of a *Beau's Head*, with the several Discoveries made on that Occasion; I shall here, according to my Promise, enter upon the Dissection of a *Coquet's Heart*, and communicate to the Public such Particularities as we observed in that curious Piece of Anatomy.

I should perhaps have waved this Undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my Promise by several of my unknown Correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an Example of the *Coquet*, as I have already done of the *Beau*. It is therefore in Compliance with the Request of Friends, that I have looked over the Minutes of my former Dream, in order to give the Publick an exact Relation to it, which I shall enter upon without further Preface.

Our Operator, before he engaged in this Visionary Dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his Art more difficult than to lay open the Heart of a *Coquet*, by reason of the many Labyrinths and Recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the Heart of any other Animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the *Pericardium*, or outward Case of the Heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our Glasses discern'd in it Millions of little Scars, which seem'd to have been occasioned by the Points of innumerable Darts and Arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward Coat; though we could not discover the smallest Orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward Substance.

Every Smatterer in Anatomy knows that this *Pericardium*, or Case of the Heart, contains in it a thin reddish Liquor, supposed to be bred from the Vapours which exhale out of the Heart, and, being stopt here, are condensed into this watry Substance. Upon examining this Liquor, we found that it had in it all the Qualities of that Spirit which is made use of in the Thermometer, to shew the Change of Weather.

Nor must I here omit an Experiment one of the Company assured us he himself had made with this Liquor, which he found in great Quantity about the Heart of a *Coquet* whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small Tube made after the manner of a Weather Glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the Variations of the Atmosphere, it shewed him the Qualities of those Persons who entered the Room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the Approach of a Plume of Feathers, an embroidered Coat, or a Pair of fringed Gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped Perriwig, a clumsy Pair of Shoes, or an unfashionable Coat came into his House: Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his Laughing aloud when he stood by it, the Liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk

again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this Invention whenever he had a Man of Sense or a Coxcomb in his Room.

Having cleared away the *Pericardium*, or the Case and Liquor above-mentioned, we came to the Heart itself. The outward Surface of it was extremely slippery, and the *Mucro*, or Point, so very cold withal, that, upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the Fingers like a smooth Piece of Ice.

The Fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other Hearts; insomuch that the whole Heart was wound up together in a Gordian Knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal Motions, whilst it was employed in its Vital Function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that, upon examining all the Vessels which came into it or issued out of it, we could not discover any Communication that it had with the Tongue.

We could not but take Notice likewise, that several of those little Nerves in the Heart which are affected by the Sentiments of Love, Hatred, and other Passions, did not descend to this before us from the Brain, but from the Muscles which lie about the Eye.

Upon weighing the Heart in my Hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when upon looking into the Inside of it, I saw Multitudes of Cells and Cavities running one within another, as our Historians describe the Apartments of *Rosalmond's Bower*. Several of these little Hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of Trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular Account of, and shall therefore only take Notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it and applying our Microscopes to it, appeared to be a Flame-coloured Hood.

We were informed that the Lady of this Heart, when living, received the Addresses of several who made Love to her, and did not only give each of them Encouragement, but made every one she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an Eye of Kindness; for which Reason we expected to have seen the Impression of Multitudes of Faces among the several Plaits and Foldings of the Heart; but to our great Surprise not a single Print of this nature discovered it self till we came into the very Core and Center of it. We there observed a little Figure, which, upon applying our Glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastick manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the Face before, but could not possibly recollect either the Place or Time; when, at length, one of the Company, who had examined this Figure more nicely than the rest, shew'd us plainly by the Make of its Face, and the several Turns of its Features, that the little Idol which was thus lodged in the very Middle of the Heart was the deceased Beau, whose Head I gave some Account of in my last *Tuesday's Paper*.

As soon as we had finished our Dissection, we resolved to make an Experiment of the Heart, not being able to determine among our selves the

Nature of its Substance, which differ'd in so many Particulars from that of the Heart in other Females. Accordingly we laid it into a Pan of burning Coals, when we observed in it a certain Salamandrine Quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of Fire and Flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange *Phænomenon*, and standing round the Heart in a Circle, it gave a most prodigious Sigh or rather Crack, and dispersed all at once in Smoke and Vapour. This imaginary Noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a Cannon, produced such a violent Shake in my Brain, that it dissipated the Fumes of Sleep, and left me in an Instant broad awake. L.

No. 282.] Wednesday, Jan. 23, 1712. [Steele.

[—*Spes incerta futuri.*—Virg.¹]

IT is a lamentable thing that every Man is full of Complaints, and constantly uttering Sentences against the Fickleness of Fortune, when People generally bring upon themselves all the Calamities they fall into, and are constantly heaping up Matter for their own Sorrow and Disappointment. That which produces the greatest Part of the [Delusions²] of Mankind, is a false Hope which People indulge with so sanguine a Flattery to themselves, that their Hearts are bent upon fantastical Advantages which they had no Reason to believe should ever have arrived to them. By this unjust Measure of calculating their Happiness, they often mourn with real Affliction for imaginary Losses. When I am talking of this unhappy way of accounting for our selves, I cannot but reflect upon a particular Set of People, who, in their own Favour, resolve every thing that is possible into what is probable, and then reckon on that Probability as on what must certainly happen. WILL. HONEYCOMB, upon my observing his looking on a Lady with some particular Attention, gave me an Account of the great Distresses which had laid waste that her very fine Face, and had given an Air of Melancholy to a very agreeable Person. That Lady, and a couple of Sisters of hers, were, said WILL., fourteen Years ago, the greatest Fortunes about Town; but without having any Loss by bad Tenants, by bad Securities, or any Damage by Sea or Land, are reduced to very narrow Circumstances. They were at that time the most inaccessible haughty Beauties in Town; and their Pretensions to take upon them at that unmerciful rate, was rais'd upon the following Scheme, according to which all their Lovers were answered.

'Our Father is a youngish Man, but then our Mother is somewhat older, and not likely to have any Children: His Estate, being 800*l.* *per Annum*, at 20 Years Purchase, is worth 16,000*l.* Our Uncle who is above 50, has 400*l.* *per Annum*,

¹ [Et nulli rei nisi Pœnitentiæ natus.]

² [Pollutions]

'which at the foresaid Rate, is 8000*l.* There's a Widow Aunt, who has 10,000*l.* at her own Disposal left by her Husband, and an old Maiden Aunt who has 6000*l.* Then our Father's Mother has 900*l.* *per Annum*, which is worth 18,000*l.* and 1000*l.* each of us has of her own, which can't be taken from us. These summ'd up together stand thus.

Father's 800—16,000	This equally divided between us three amounts to 20,000 <i>l.</i> each; and Allowance being given for Enlargement upon common Fame, we may lawfully pass for 30,000 <i>l.</i> Fortunes.
Uncle's 400— 8000	
Aunts { 10,000 } { 6000 } —16,000	
Grandmother 900—18,000	
Own 1000 each— 3000	
Total 61,000	

In Prospect of this, and the Knowledge of her own personal Merit, every one was contemptible in their Eyes, and they refus'd those Offers which had been frequently made 'em. But *mark the End*: The Mother dies, the Father is married again, and has a Son, on him was entail'd the Father's, Uncle's, and Grand-mother's Estate. This cut off 43,000*l.* The Maiden Aunt married a tall Irishman, and with her went the 6000. The Widow died, and left but enough to pay her Debts and bury her; so that there remained for these three Girls but their own 1000*l.* They had [by] this time passed their Prime, and got on the wrong side of Thirty; and must pass the Remainder of their Days, upbraiding Mankind that they mind nothing but Money, and bewailing that Virtue, Sense and Modesty are had at present in no manner of Estimation.

I mention this Case of Ladies before any other, because it is the most irreparable: For tho' Youth is the Time less capable of Reflection, it is in that Sex the only Season in which they can advance their Fortunes. But if we turn our Thoughts to the Men, we see such Crowds of Unhappy from no other Reason, but an ill-grounded Hope, that it is hard to say which they rather deserve, our Pity or Contempt. It is not unpleasant to see a Fellow after grown old in Attendance, and after having passed half a Life in Servitude, call himself the unhappiest of all Men, and pretend to be disappointed because a Courtier broke his Word. He that promises himself any thing but what may naturally arise from his own Property or Labour, and goes beyond the Desire of possessing above two Parts in three even of that, lays up for himself an encreasing Heap of Afflictions and Disappointments. There are but two Means in the World of gaining by other Men, and these are by being either agreeable or considerable. The Generality of Mankind do all things for their own sakes; and when you hope any thing from Persons above you, if you cannot say, I can be thus agreeable or thus serviceable, it is ridiculous to pretend to the Dignity of being unfortunate when they leave you; you were injudicious, in hoping for any other than to be neglected, for such as can come within these Descriptions of being capable to please or serve your Patron, when his Humour or Interests call for their Capacity either way.

It would not methinks be an useless Comparison between the Condition of a Man who shuns all the Pleasures of Life, and of one who makes it his Business to pursue them. Hope in the Recluse makes his Austerities comfortable, while the luxurious Man gains nothing but Uneasiness from his Enjoyments. What is the Difference in the Happiness of him who is macerated by Abstinence, and his who is surfeited with Excess? He who resigns the World, has no Temptation to Envy, Hatred, Malice, Anger, but is in constant Possession of a serene Mind; he who follows the Pleasures of it, which are in their very Nature disappointing, is in constant Search of Care, Solitude, Remorse, and Confusion.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *January the 14th, 1712.*

'I am a young Woman and have my Fortune to make; for which Reason I come constantly to Church to hear Divine Service, and make Conquests: But one great Hindrance in this my Design, is, that our Clerk, who was once a Gardener, has this *Christmas* so over-deckt the Church with Greens, that he has quite spoilt my Prospect, insomuch that I have scarce seen the young Baronet I dress at these three Weeks, though we have both been very constant at our Devotions, and don't sit above three Pews off. The Church, as it is now equipt, looks more like a Green-house than a Place of Worship: The middle Isle is a very pretty shady Walk, and the Pews look like so many Arbours of each Side of it. The Pulpit itself has such Clusters of Ivy, Holly, and Rosemary about it, that a light Fellow in our Pew took occasion to say, that the Congregation heard the Word out of a Bush, like *Moses*. Sir *Anthony Love's* Pew in particular is so well hedged, that all my Batteries have no Effect. I am obliged to shoot at random among the Boughs, without taking any manner of Aim. Mr. SPECTATOR, unless you'll give Orders for removing these Greens, I shall grow a very awkward Creature at Church, and soon have little else to do there but to say my Prayers. I am in haste,

Dear SIR,

Your most Obedient Servant,

T.

Jenny Simper.

No. 283.] Thursday, January 24, 1712. [Budgell.

*Magister artis et largitor ingeni
Venter— Pers.*

LUCIAN¹ rallies the Philosophers in his Time, who could not agree whether they should admit *Riches* into the number of *real Goods*; the Professors of the Severer Sects threw them quite out, while others as resolutely inserted them.

I am apt to believe, that as the World grew more Polite, the rigid Doctrines of the first were wholly discarded; and I do not find any one so hardy at present, as to deny that there are very

¹ In his Auction of Philosophers.

great Advantages in the Enjoyment of a plentiful Fortune. Indeed the best and wisest of Men, tho' they may possibly despise a good Part of those things which the World calls Pleasures, can, I think, hardly be insensible of that Weight and Dignity which a moderate Share of Wealth adds to their Characters, Councils, and Actions.

We find it is a General Complaint in Professions and Trades, that the richest Members of them are chiefly encouraged, and this is falsly imputed to the Ill-nature of Mankind, who are ever bestowing their Favours on such as least want them. Whereas if we fairly consider their Proceedings in this Case, we shall find them founded on undoubted Reason: Since supposing both equal in their natural Integrity, I ought, in common Prudence, to fear foul Play from an Indigent Person, rather than from one whose Circumstances seem to have placed him above the bare Temptation of Money.

This Reason also makes the Commonwealth regard her richest Subjects, as those who are most concerned for her Quiet and Interest, and consequently fittest to be intrusted with her highest Employments. On the contrary, *Cataline's* Saying to those Men of desperate Fortunes, who applied themselves to him, and of whom he afterwards composed his Army, that *they had nothing to hope for but a Civil War*, was too true not to make the Impressions he desired.

I believe I need not fear but that what I have said in Praise of Money, will be more than sufficient with most of my Readers to excuse the Subject of my present Paper, which I intend as an Essay on *The Ways to raise a Man's Fortune*, or, *The Art of growing Rich*.

The first and most infallible Method towards the attaining of this End, is *Thrift*: All Men are not equally qualified for getting Money, but it is in the Power of every one alike to practise this Virtue, and I believe there are very few Persons, who, if they please to reflect on their past Lives, will not find that had they saved all those Little Sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been Masters of a competent Fortune. *Diligence* justly claims the next Place to *Thrift*: I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following *Italian Proverbs*,

Never do that by Proxy which you can do yourself.

Never defer that 'till To-morrow which you can do To-day.

Never neglect small Matters and Expences.

A third Instrument of growing Rich, is *Method in Business*, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by Persons of the meanest Capacities.

The famous *De Wit*, one of the greatest Statesmen of the Age in which he lived, being asked by a Friend, How he was able to dispatch that Multitude of Affairs in which he was engaged? reply'd, That his whole Art consisted in doing *one thing at once*. If, says he, I have any necessary Dispatches to make, I think of nothing else 'till those are finished; If any Domestick Affairs re-

quire my Attention, I give myself up wholly to them 'till they are set in Order.

In short, we often see Men of dull and phlegmatick Tempers, arriving to great Estates, by making a regular and orderly Disposition of their Business, and that without it the greatest Parts and most lively Imaginations rather puzzle their Affairs, than bring them to an happy Issue.

From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a Maxim, that every Man of good common Sense may, if he pleases, in his particular Station of Life, most certainly be Rich. The Reason why we sometimes see that Men of the greatest Capacities are not so, is either because they despise Wealth in Comparison of something else; or at least are not content to be getting an Estate, unless they may do it their own way, and at the same time enjoy all the Pleasures and Gratifications of Life.

But besides these ordinary Forms of growing Rich, it must be allowed that there is Room for Genius, as well in this as in all other Circumstances of Life.

Tho' the Ways of getting Money were long since very numerous; and tho' so many new ones have been found out of late Years, there is certainly still remaining so large a Field for Invention, that a Man of an indifferent Head might easily sit down and draw up such a Plan for the Conduct and support of his Life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily see Methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious Men, which demonstrate the Power of Invention in this Particular.

It is reported of *Scaramouch*, the first famous Italian Comedian, that being at *Paris* and in great Want, he bethought himself of constantly plying near the Door of a noted Perfumer in that City, and when any one came out who had been buying Snuff, never failed to desire a Taste of them: when he had by this Means got together a Quantity made up of several different Sorts, he sold it again at a lower Rate to the same Perfumer, who finding out the Trick, called it *Tabac de mille fleures*, or *Snuff of a thousand Flowers*. The Story farther tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable Subsistence, 'till making too much haste to grow Rich, he one Day took such an unreasonable Pinch out of the Box of a Swiss Officer, as engaged him in a Quarrel, and obliged him to quit this Ingenious Way of Life.

Nor can I in this Place omit doing Justice to a Youth of my own Country, who, tho' he is scarce yet twelve Years old, has with great Industry and Application attained to the Art of beating the Grenadiers March on his Chin. I am credibly informed that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his Mother, but that he is laying up Money every Day, with a Design, if the War continues, to purchase a Drum at least, if not a Colours.

I shall conclude these Instances with the Device of the famous *Rabelais*, when he was at a great Distance from *Paris*, and without Money to bear his Expences thither. This ingenious Author being thus sharp set, got together a convenient Quantity of Brick-Dust, and having disposed of it into several Papers, writ upon one *Poyson for*

Monsieur, upon a second, *Poyson for the Dauphin*, and on a third, *Poyson for the King*. Having made this Provision for the Royal Family of *France*, he laid his Papers so that his Landlord, who was an Inquisitive Man, and a good Subject, might get a Sight of them.

The Plot succeeded as he desired: The Host gave immediate Intelligence to the Secretary of State. The Secretary presently sent down a Special Messenger, who brought up the Traitor to Court, and provided him at the King's Expence with proper Accommodations on the Road. As soon as he appeared he was known to be the Celebrated *Rabelais*, and his Powder upon Examination being found very Innocent, the Jest was only laught at; for which a less eminent *Drole* would have been sent to the Gallies.

Trade and Commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand Ways, out of which would arise such Branches as have not yet been touched. The famous *Doily* is still fresh in every one's Memory, who raised a Fortune by finding out Materials for such Stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that had not he discovered this frugal Method of gratifying our Pride, we should hardly have been [able¹] to carry on the last War.

I regard Trade not only as highly advantageous to the Commonwealth in general; but as the most natural and likely Method of making a Man's Fortune, having observed, since my being a *Spectator* in the World, greater Estates got about *Change*, than at *Whitehall* or *St. James's*. I believe I may also add, that the first Acquisitions are generally attended with more Satisfaction, and as good a Conscience.

I must not however close this Essay, without observing that what has been said is only intended for Persons in the common ways of Thriving, and is not designed for those Men who from low Beginnings push themselves up to the Top of States, and the most considerable Figures in Life. My Maxim of *Saving* is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for *Thrift* to disappoint the Ends of *Ambition*; it being almost impossible that the Mind should [be²] intent upon Trifles, while it is at the same time forming some great Design.

I may therefore compare these Men to a great Poet, who, as *Longinus* says, while he is full of the most magnificent Ideas, is not always at leisure to mind the little Beauties and Niceties of his Art.

I would however have all my Readers take great care how they mistake themselves for uncommon *Genius's*, and Men above Rule, since it is very easy for them to be deceived in this Particular. X.

¹ [able so well]

² [descend to and be]

No. 284.] Friday, January 25, 1712. [Steele.

[*Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria Ludo.*
Virg.¹]

AN unaffected Behaviour is without question a very great Charm; but under the Notion of being unconstrained and disengaged, People take upon them to be unconcerned in any Duty of Life. A general Negligence is what they assume upon all Occasions, and set up for an Aversion to all manner of Business and Attention. *I am the carelessst Creature in the World, I have certainly the worst Memory of any Man living*, are frequent Expressions in the Mouth of a Pretender of this sort. It is a professed Maxim with these People never to *think*; there is something so solemn in Reflexion, they, forsooth, can never give themselves Time for such a way of employing themselves. It happens often that this sort of Man is heavy enough in his Nature to be a good Proficient in such Matters as are attainable by Industry; but alas! he has such an ardent Desire to be what he is not, to be too volatile, to have the Faults of a Person of Spirit, that he professes himself the most unfit Man living for any manner of Application. When this Humour enters into the Head of a Female, she gently professes Sickness upon all Occasions, and acts all things with an indisposed Air: She is offended, but her Mind is too lazy to raise her to Anger, therefore she lives only as actuated by a violent Spleen and gentle Scorn. She has hardly Curiosity to listen to Scandal of her Acquaintance, and has never Attention enough to hear them commended. This Affectation in both Sexes makes them vain of being useless, and take a certain Pride in their Insignificancy.

Opposite to this Folly is another no less unreasonable, and that is the Impertinence of being always in a Hurry. There are those who visit Ladies, and beg Pardon afore they are well seated in their Chairs, that they just called in, but are obliged to attend Business of Importance elsewhere the very next Moment: Thus they run from Place to Place, professing that they are obliged to be still in another Company than that which they are in. These Persons who are just a going somewhere else should never be detained; [let²] all the World allow that Business is to be minded, and their Affairs will be at an end. Their Vanity is to be importuned, and Compliance with their Multiplicity of Affairs would effectually dispatch 'em. The Travelling Ladies, who have half the Town to see in an Afternoon, may be pardoned for being in constant Hurry; but it is inexcusable in Men to come where they have no Business, to profess they absent themselves where they have. It has been remarked by some nice Observers and Criticks, that there is nothing discovers the true Temper of a Person so much as his Letters. I have by me two Epistles, which are written by two People of the different Humours above-men-

tioned. It is wonderful that a Man cannot observe upon himself when he sits down to write, but that he will gravely commit himself to Paper the same Man that he is in the Freedom of Conversation. I have hardly seen a Line from any of these Gentlemen, but spoke them as absent from what they were doing, as they profess they are when they come into Company. For the Folly is, that they have perswaded themselves they really are busy. Thus their whole Time is spent in suspense of the present Moment to the next, and then from the next to the succeeding, which to the End of Life is to pass away with Pretence to many things, and Execution of nothing.

SIR,

'The Post is just going out, and I have many other Letters of very great Importance to write this Evening, but I could not omit making my Compliments to you for your Civilities to me when I was last in Town. It is my Misfortune to be so full of Business, that I cannot tell you a Thousand Things which I have to say to you. I must desire you to communicate the Contents of this to no one living; but believe me to be, with the greatest Fidelity,

SIR,

Your most Obedient,
Humble Servant,
Stephen Courier.

Madam,

'I hate Writing, of all Things in the World; however, though I have drunk the Waters, and am told I ought not to use my Eyes so much, I cannot forbear writing to you, to tell you I have been to the last Degree hipped since I saw you. How could you entertain such a Thought, as that I should hear of that silly Fellow with Patience? Take my Word for it, there is nothing in it; and you may believe it when so lazy a Creature as I am undergo the Pains to assure you of it by taking Pen, Ink, and Paper in my Hand. Forgive this, you know I shall not often offend in this Kind. I am very much

Your Servant,
Bridget Eitherdown.

The Fellow is of your Country, pr'ythee send me Word however whether he has so great an Estate.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Jan. 24, 1712.

'I am Clerk of the Parish from whence Mrs. *Simper* sends her Complaint, in your Yesterday's *Spectator*. I must beg of you to publish this as a publick Admonition to the aforesaid Mrs. *Simper*, otherwise all my honest Care in the Disposition of the Greens in the Church will have no Effect: I shall therefore with your Leave lay before you the whole Matter. I was formerly, as she charges me, for several Years a Gardener in the County of *Kent*: But I must absolutely deny, that 'tis out of any Affection I retain for my old Employment that I have placed my Greens so liberally about the Church, but out of a particular Spleen I conceived against Mrs. *Simper* (and others of the same Sisterhood) some time ago. As to herself, I had one Day set the *Hundredth Psalm*, and was singing the first Line

¹ [*Strenua nos exercet inertia.*—Hor.]

² [but]

'in order to put the Congregation into the Tune, 'she was all the while curtsying to Sir Anthony 'in so affected and indecent a manner, that the 'Indignation I conceived at it made me forget my 'self so far, as from the Tune of that *Psalm* to 'wander into *Southwell* Tune, and from thence 'into *Windsor* Tune, still unable to recover my 'self till I had with the utmost Confusion set a 'new one. Nay, I have often seen her rise up 'and smile and curtsy to one at the lower End of 'the Church in the midst of a *Gloria Patri*; and 'when I have spoke the Assent to a Prayer with 'a long *Amen* uttered with decent Gravity, she 'has been rolling her Eyes around about in such a 'Manner, as plainly shewed, however she was 'moved, it was not towards an Heavenly Object. 'In fine, she extended her Conquests so far over 'the Males, and raised such Envy in the Females, 'that what between Love of those and the Jeal- 'ousy of these, I was almost the only Person that 'looked in the Prayer-Book all Church-time. I 'had several Projects in my Head to put a Stop 'to this growing Mischief; but as I have long 'lived in *Kent*, and there often heard how the '*Kentish* Men evaded the Conqueror, by carrying 'green Boughs over their Heads, it put me in 'mind of practising this Device against Mrs. '*Simper*. I find I have preserved many a young 'Man from her Eye-shot by this Means; there- 'fore humbly pray the Boughs may be fixed, till 'she shall give Security for her peaceable Inten- 'tions.

Your Humble Servant,
Francis Sternhold.

T.

No. 285.] Saturday, January 26, 1712. [Addison.

*Ne, quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros,
Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,
Migret in Obscuras humili sermone tabernas:
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet.*
Hor.

HAVING already treated of the Fable, the Characters, and Sentiments in the *Paradise Lost*, we are in the last Place to consider the Language; and as the Learned World is very much divided upon *Milton* as to this Point, I hope they will excuse me if I appear particular in any of my Opinions, and encline to those who judge the most advantageously of the Author.

It is requisite that the Language of an Heroic Poem should be both Perspicuous and Sublime.¹ In proportion as either of these two Qualities are wanting, the Language is imperfect. Perspicuity is the first and most necessary Qualification; in- somuch that a good-natur'd Reader sometimes overlooks a little Slip even in the Grammar or *Syntax*, where it is impossible for him to mistake the Poet's Sense. Of this Kind is that Passage in *Milton*, wherein he speaks of *Satan*.

¹ Aristotle, *Poetics*, ii. § 26. 'The excellence of 'Diction consists in being perspicuous without 'being mean.'

—God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valu'd he nor shunn'd.

And that in which he describes *Adam* and *Eve*.

*Adam the goodliest Man of Men since born
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters Eve.*

It is plain, that in the former of these Passages according to the natural *Syntax*, the Divine Persons mentioned in the first Line are represented as created Beings; and that, in the other, *Adam* and *Eve* are confounded with their Sons and Daughters. Such little Blemishes as these, when the Thought is great and natural, we should, with *Horace*,¹ impute to a pardonable Inadvertency, or to the Weakness of human Nature, which cannot attend to each minute Particular, and give the last Finishing to every Circumstance in so long a Work. The Ancient Criticks therefore, who were acted by a Spirit of Candour, rather than that of Cavilling, invented certain Figures of Speech, on purpose to palliate little Errors of this nature in the Writings of those Authors who had so many greater Beauties to atone for them.

If Clearness and Perspicuity were only to be consulted, the Poet would have nothing else to do but to cloath his Thoughts in the most plain and natural Expressions. But since it often happens that the most obvious Phrases, and those which are used in ordinary Conversation, become too familiar to the Ear, and contract a kind of Meanness by passing through the Mouths of the Vulgar, a Poet should take particular Care to guard himself against Idiomatick Ways of Speaking. *Ovid* and *Lucan* have many Poornesses of Expression upon this Account, as taking up with the first Phrases that offered, without putting themselves to the Trouble of looking after such as would not only have been natural, but also elevated and sublime. *Milton* has but few Failings in this Kind, of which, however, you may [meet with some Instances, as²] in the following Passages.

*Embrios and Idiots, Eremites and Fryars,
White, Black, and Grey, with all their Trumpery,
Here Pilgrims roam—*

*—A while discourse they hold,
No fear lest Dinner cool; when thus began
Our Author—*

*Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
The Evil on him brought by me, will curse
My Head, ill fare our Ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam—*

The Great Masters in Composition, knew very well that many an elegant Phræse becomes im- proper for a Poet or an Orator, when it has been debased by common Use. For this Reason the Works of Ancient Authors, which are written in dead Languages, have a great Advantage over those which are written in Languages that are now

¹ Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit, Aut humana parum cavit natura.

De Ar. Poet., ll. 351-3.

² [see an Instance or two]

spoken. Were there any mean Phrases or Idioms in *Virgil* and *Homer*, they would not shock the Ear of the most delicate Modern Reader, so much as they would have done that of an old *Greek* or *Roman*, because we never hear them pronounced in our Streets, or in ordinary Conversation.

It is not therefore sufficient, that the Language of an Epic Poem be Perspicuous, unless it be also Sublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common Forms and ordinary Phrases of Speech. The Judgment of a Poet very much discovers it self in shunning the common Roads of Expression, without falling into such ways of Speech as may seem stiff and unnatural; he must not swell into a false Sublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other Extream. Among the *Greeks*, *Æschylus*, and sometimes *Sophocles*, were guilty of this Fault; among the *Latins*, *Claudian* and *Stattius*; and among our own Countrymen, *Shakespear* and *Lee*. In these Authors the Affectation of Greatness often hurts the Perspicuity of the Stile, as in many others the Endeavour after Perspicuity prejudices its Greatness.

Aristotle has observed, that the Idiomatick Stile may be avoided, and the Sublime formed, by the following Methods.¹ First, by the Use of Metaphors [Such are those of *Milton*.²]

Imparadised in one another's Arms.
—And in his Hand a Reed
Stood waving tipt with Fire.—
The grassie Clods now calv'd, —
[Spangled with Eyes —]

In these and innumerable other Instances, the Metaphors are very bold but just; I must however observe that the Metaphors are not [so] thick sown in *Milton*, which always savours too much of Wit; that they never clash with one another, which, as *Aristotle* observes, turns a Sentence into a kind of an Enigma or Riddle;³ and that he seldom has recourse to them where the proper and natural Words will do as well.

Another way of raising the Language, and giving it a Poetical Turn, is to make use of the Idioms of other Tongues. *Virgil* is full of the *Greek* Forms of Speech, which the Criticks call *Hellenisms*, as *Horace* in his Odes abounds with them much more than *Virgil*. I need not mention the several Dialects which *Homer* has made

¹ Poetics, ii. § 26.

² [like those in *Milton*.]

³ 'That language is elevated and remote from the vulgar idiom which employs unusual words: by unusual, I mean *foreign*, *metaphorical*, *extended*—all, in short, that are not common words. Yet, should a poet compose his Diction entirely of such words, the result would be either an enigma or a barbarous jargon: an enigma if composed of metaphors, a barbarous jargon if composed of foreign words. For the essence of an enigma consists in putting together things apparently inconsistent and impossible, and at the same time saying nothing but what is true. Now this cannot be effected by the mere arrangement of words; by the metaphorical use of them it may.'

use of for this end. *Milton*, in conformity with the Practice of the Ancient Poets, and with *Aristotle's* Rule, has infused a great many *Latinisms*, as well as *Græcisms*, and sometimes *Hebraisms*, into the Language of his Poem; as towards the Beginning of it.

Nor did they not perceive the evil Plight
In which they were, or the fierce Pains not feel.
Yet to their Gen'ral's Voice they soon obey'd.—
——Who shall tempt with wand'ring Feet
The dark unbottom'd Infinite Abyss,
And through the palpable Obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy Flight
Upporn with indefatigable Wings
Over the vast Abrupt!

[——So both ascend
In the Visions of God——

Book 2.]

Under this Head may be reckon'd the placing the Adjective after the Substantive, the Transposition of Words, the turning the Adjective into a Substantive, with several other Foreign Modes of Speech which this Poet has naturalized to give his Verse the greater Sound, and throw it out of Prose.

The third Method mentioned by *Aristotle* is what agrees with the Genius of the *Greek* Language more than with that of any other Tongue, and is therefore more used by *Homer* than by any other Poet. I mean the lengthning of a Phrase by the Addition of Words, which may either be inserted or omitted, as also by the extending or contracting of particular Words by the Insertion or Omission of certain Syllables. *Milton* has put in practice this Method of raising his Language, as far as the Nature of our Tongue will permit, as in the Passage above-mentioned, *Eremit*, [for] what is *Hermit*, in common Discourse. If you observe the Measure of his Verse, he has with great Judgment suppressed a Syllable in several Words, and shortned those of two Syllables into one, by which Method, besides the above-mentioned Advantage, he has given a greater Variety to his Numbers. But this Practice is more particularly remarkable in the Names of Persons and of Countries, as *Beëlzebub*, *Hessebon*, and in many other Particulars, wherein he has either changed the Name, or made use of that which is not the most commonly known, that he might the better depart from the Language of the Vulgar.

The same Reason recommended to him several old Words, which also makes his Poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater Air of Antiquity.

I must likewise take notice, that there are in *Milton* several Words of his own coining, as *Cerberean*, *miscreated*, *Hell-doom'd*, *Embryon* Atoms, and many others. If the Reader is offended at this Liberty in our *English* Poet, I would recommend him to a Discourse in *Plutarch*,¹ which shews us how frequently *Homer* has made use of the same Liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned Helps, and by the Choice of the noblest Words and Phrases

¹ On Life and Poetry of *Homer*, wrongly ascribed to *Plutarch*, Bk. I. § 16.