

which our Tongue would afford him, has carried our Language to a greater Height than any of the *English* Poets have ever done before or after him, and made the Sublimity of his Stile equal to that of his Sentiments.

I have been the more particular in these Observations on *Milton's* Stile, because it is that Part of him in which he appears the most singular. The Remarks I have here made upon the Practice of other Poets, with my Observations out of *Aristotle*, will perhaps alleviate the Prejudice which some have taken to his Poem upon this Account; tho' after all, I must confess that I think his Stile, tho' admirable in general, is in some places too much stiffened and obscured by the frequent Use of those Methods, which *Aristotle* has prescribed for the raising of it.

This Redundancy of those several Ways of Speech, which *Aristotle* calls *foreign Language*, and with which *Milton* has so very much enriched, and in some Places darkned the Language of his Poem, was the more proper for his use, because his Poem is written in Blank Verse. Rhyme, without any other Assistance, throws the Language off from Prose, and very often makes an indifferent Phrase pass unregarded; but where the Verse is not built upon Rhymes, there Pomp of Sound, and Energy of Expression, are indispensably necessary to support the Stile, and keep it from falling into the Flatness of Prose.

Those who have not a Taste for this Elevation of Stile, and are apt to ridicule a Poet when he departs from the common Forms of Expression, would do well to see how *Aristotle* has treated an Ancient Author called *Euclid*,¹ for his insipid Mirth upon this Occasion. Mr. *Dryden* used to call [these²] sort of Men his Prose-Criticks.

¹ *Poetics*, II. § 26. 'A judicious intermixture is requisite. . . It is without reason, therefore, that some critics have censured these modes of speech, and ridiculed the poet for the use of them; as old *Euclid* did, objecting that versification would be an easy business, if it were permitted to lengthen words at pleasure, and then giving a burlesque example of that sort of diction. . . In the employment of all the species of unusual words, moderation is necessary: for metaphors, foreign words, or any of the others improperly used, and with a design to be ridiculous, would produce the same effect. But how great a difference is made by a proper and temperate use of such words may be seen in heroic verse. Let any one put common words in the place of the metaphorical, the foreign, and others of the same kind, and he will be convinced of the truth of what I say.' He then gives two or three examples of the effect of changing poetical for common words. As, that (in plays now lost) 'the same Iambic verse occurs in *Æschylus* and *Euripides*; but by means of a single alteration—the substitution of a foreign for a common and usual word—one of these verses appears beautiful, the other ordinary. For *Æschylus* in his *Philoctetes* says, "The poisonous wound that eats my flesh." But *Euripides* for (ἐσθίει) "eats" says (θουαται) "banquets on."² [this]

I should, under this Head of the Language, consider *Milton's* Numbers, in which he has made use of several Elisions, which are not customary among other *English* Poets, as may be particularly observed in his cutting off the Letter *Y*, when it precedes a Vowel.¹ This, and some other Innovations in the Measure of his Verse, has varied his Numbers in such a manner, as

¹ This is not particularly observed. On the very first page of P. L. we have a line with the final *y* twice sounded before a vowel,

Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song.

Again a few lines later,

*That to the height of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence.*

Ten lines farther we read of the Serpent

Stirr'd up with envy and revenge.

We have only an apparent elision of *y* a few lines later in his aspiring

To set himself in glory above his peers,

for the line would be ruined were the *y* to be omitted by a reader. The extreme shortness of the two unaccented syllables, *y* and *a*, gives them the quantity of one in the metre, and allows by the turn of voice a suggestion of exuberance, heightening the force of the word glory. Three lines lower *Milton* has no elision of the *y* before a vowel in the line,

Against the throne and monarchy of God.

Nor eight lines after that in the words 'day and night.' There is elision of *y* in the line,

*That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall.*

But none a few lines lower down in

Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.

When the *y* stands by itself, unaccented, immediately after an accented syllable, and precedes a vowel that is part of another unaccented syllable standing immediately before an accented one, *Milton* accepts the consequence, and does not attempt to give it the force of a distinct syllable. But *Addison's* vague notion that it was *Milton's* custom to cut off the final *y* when it precedes a vowel, and that for the sake of being uncommon, came of inaccurate observation. For the reasons just given, the *y* of the word glory runs into the succeeding syllable, and most assuredly is not cut off, when we read of

the excess

*Of Glory obscur'd: as when the sun, new ris'n,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,*

but the *y* in 'misty' stands as a full syllable because the word air is accented. So again in

*Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution, since denounc'd
The day of his offence.*

The *y* of 'tardy' is a syllable because the vowel following it is accented; the *y* also of 'day' remains, because, although an unaccented vowel follows, it is itself part of an accented syllable.

makes them incapable of satiating the Ear, and cloying the Reader, which the same uniform Measure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual Returns of Rhime never fail to do in long Narrative Poems. I shall close these Reflections upon the Language of *Paradise Lost*, with observing that *Milton* has copied after *Homer* rather than *Virgil* in the length of his Periods, the Copiousness of his Phrases, and the running of his Verses into one another. L.

No. 286.] Monday, January 28, 1712. [Steele.

Nomina Honesta prætenduntur vitiis.—Tacit.

Mr. SPECTATOR, York, Jan. 18, 1712.

I PRETEND not to inform a Gentleman of so just a Taste, whenever he pleases to use it; but it may not be amiss to inform your Readers, that there is a false Delicacy as well as a true one. True Delicacy, as I take it, consists in Exactness of Judgment and Dignity of Sentiment, or if you will, Purity of Affection, as this is opposed to Corruption and Grossness. There are Pedants in Breeding as well as in Learning. The Eye that cannot bear the Light is not delicate but sore. A good Constitution appears in the Soundness and Vigour of the Parts, not in the Squeamishness of the Stomach; And a false Delicacy is Affectation, not Politeness. What then can be the Standard of Delicacy but Truth and Virtue? Virtue, which, as the Satyrists long since observed, is real Honour; whereas the other Distinctions among Mankind are merely titular. Judging by that Rule, in my Opinion, and in that of many of your virtuous Female Readers, you are so far from deserving Mr. *Courtly's* Accusation, that you seem too gentle, and to allow too many Excuses for an enormous Crime, which is the Reproach of the Age, and is in all its Branches and Degrees expressly forbidden by that Religion we pretend to profess; and whose Laws, in a Nation that calls it self Christian, one would think should take Place of those Rules which Men of corrupt Minds, and those of weak Understandings follow. I know not any thing more pernicious to good Manners, than the giving fair Names to foul Actions; for this confounds Vice and Virtue, and takes off that natural Horrour we have to Evil. An innocent Creature, who would start at the Name of Strumpet, may think it pretty to be called a Mistress, especially if her Seducer has taken care to inform her, that a Union of Hearts is the principal Matter in the Sight of Heaven, and that the Business at Church is a meer idle Ceremony. Who knows not that the Difference between obscene and modest Words expressing the same Action, consists only in the accessory Idea, for there is nothing immodest in Letters and Syllables. Fornication and Adultery are modest Words: because they express an Evil Action as criminal, and so as to excite Horrour and Aversion: Whereas Words representing the Pleasure rather than the Sin, are for this Reason indecent

and dishonest. Your Papers would be chargeable with something worse than Indelicacy, they would be Immoral, did you treat the detestable Sins of Uncleanliness in the same manner as you rally an impertinent Self-love and an artful Glance; as those Laws would be very unjust, that should chastise Murder and Petty Larceny with the same Punishment. Even Delicacy requires that the Pity shewn to distressed indigent Wickedness, first betrayed into, and then expelled the Harbours of the Brothel, should be changed to Detestation, when we consider pampered Vice in the Habitations of the Wealthy. The most free Person of Quality, in Mr. *Courtly's* Phrase, that is, to speak properly, a Woman of Figure who has forgot her Birth and Breeding, dishonoured her Relations and her self, abandoned her Virtue and Reputation, together with the natural Modesty of her Sex, and risked her very Soul, is so far from deserving to be treated with no worse Character than that of a kind Woman, (which is doubtless Mr. *Courtly's* Meaning, if he has any,) that one can scarce be too severe on her, in as much as she sins against greater Restraints, is less exposed, and liable to fewer Temptations, than Beauty in Poverty and Distress. It is hoped therefore, Sir, that you will not lay aside your generous Design of exposing that monstrous Wickedness of the Town, whereby a Multitude of Innocents are sacrificed in a more barbarous Manner than those who were offered to *Moloch*. The Unchaste are provoked to see their Vice exposed, and the Chaste cannot rake into such Filth without Danger of Defilement; but a meer SPECTATOR may look into the Bottom, and come off without partaking in the Guilt. The doing so will convince us you pursue publick Good, and not meerly your own Advantage: But if your Zeal slackens, how can one help thinking that Mr. *Courtly's* Letter is but a Feint to get off from a Subject, in which either your own, or the private and base Ends of others to whom you are partial, or those [of] whom you are afraid, would not endure a Reformation?

I am, Sir, your humble Servant and Admirer, so long as you tread in the Paths of Truth, Virtue, and Honour.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Trin. Coll. Cantab. Jan. 12, 1711-12.

It is my Fortune to have a Chamber-Fellow, with whom, tho' I agree very well in many Sentiments, yet there is one in which we are as contrary as Light and Darkness. We are both in Love: his Mistress is a lovely Fair, and mine a lovely Brown. Now as the Praise of our Mistresses Beauty employs much of our Time, we have frequent Quarrels in entering upon that Subject, while each says all he can to defend his Choice. For my own part, I have racked my Fancy to the utmost; and sometimes, with the greatest Warmth of Imagination, have told him, That Night was made before Day, and many more fine Things, tho' without any effect: Nay, last Night I could not forbear saying with more Heat than Judgment, that the Devil ought to be painted white. Now my Desire is, Sir, that you would

'be pleased to give us in Black and White your
'Opinion in the Matter of Dispute between us;
'which will either furnish me with fresh and pre-
'vailing Arguments to maintain my own Taste,
'or make me with less Repining allow that of my
'Chamber-Fellow. I know very well that I have
'*Jack Cleveland*¹ and *Bond's Horace* on my Side;
'but then he has such a Band of Rhymers and
'Romance-Writers, with which he opposes me,
'and is so continually chiming to the Tune of
'Golden Tresses, yellow Locks, Milk, Marble,
'Ivory, Silver, Swan, Snow, Daisies, Doves, and
'the Lord knows what; which he is always
'sounding with so much Vehemence in my Ears,
'that he often puts me into a brown Study how to
'answer him; and I find that I am in a fair Way
'to be quite confounded, without your timely As-
'sistance afforded to,

SIR,
Your humble Servant,
Philobruno.

[T.²]

No. 287.] Tuesday, January 29, 1712. [Addison.

Ω φιλτάτη γῆ μήτερ, ὡς σεμνὸν σφόδρ' εἶ
Τοῖς νοῦν ἔχουσι κτῆμα—— Menand.

I LOOK upon it as a peculiar Happiness, that
were I to choose of what Religion I would be,
and under what Government I would live, I
should most certainly give the Preference to that
Form of Religion and Government which is estab-
lished in my own Country. In this Point I think
I am determined by Reason and Conviction; but
if I shall be told that I am acted by Prejudice, I
am sure it is an honest Prejudice, it is a Prejudice
that arises from the Love of my Country, and
therefore such an one as I will always indulge. I
have in several Papers endeavoured to express my
Duty and Esteem for the Church of *England*, and
design this as an Essay upon the Civil Part of our
Constitution, having often entertained my self with
Reflections on this Subject, which I have not met
with in other Writers.

That Form of Government appears to me the
most reasonable, which is most conformable to the
Equality that we find in human Nature, provided
it be consistent with publick Peace and Tranquillity.
This is what may properly be called Liberty,
which exempts one Man from Subjection to an-
other so far as the Order and Oeconomy of Go-
vernment will permit.

Liberty should reach every Individual of a Peo-
ple, as they all share one common Nature; if it
only spreads among particular Branches, there
had better be none at all, since such a Liberty
only aggravates the Misfortune of those who are

¹ Cleveland celebrates brown beauties in his
poem of 'the Senses Festival.' John Bond, who
published Commentaries on Horace and Persius,
Antony à Wood calls 'a polite and rare critic
'whose labours have advanced the Commonwealth
'of Learning very much.'

² [Z.]

depriv'd of it, by setting before them a disagree-
able Subject of Comparison.

This Liberty is best preserved, where the Legis-
lative Power is lodged in several Persons, espe-
cially if those Persons are of different Ranks and
Interests; for where they are of the same Rank,
and consequently have an Interest to manage
peculiar to that Rank, it differs but little from a
Despotical Government in a single Person. But
the greatest Security a People can have for their
Liberty, is when the Legislative Power is in the
Hands of Persons so happily distinguished, that
by providing for the particular Interests of their
several Ranks, they are providing for the whole
Body of the People; or in other Words, when
there is no Part of the People that has not a com-
mon Interest with at least one Part of the Legis-
lators.

If there be but one Body of Legislators, it is no
better than a Tyranny; if there are only two,
there will want a casting Voice, and one of them
must at length be swallowed up by Disputes and
Contentions that will necessarily arise between
them. Four would have the same Inconvenience as
two, and a greater Number would cause too much
Confusion. I could never read a Passage in *Poly-
bius*, and another in *Cicero*, to this Purpose, with-
out a secret Pleasure in applying it to the *English*
Constitution, which it suits much better than the
Roman. Both these great Authors give the Pre-
eminence to a mixt Government, consisting of
three Branches, the Regal, the Noble, and the
Popular. They had doubtless in their Thoughts
the Constitution of the *Roman* Commonwealth,
in which the Consul represented the King, the
Senate the Nobles, and the Tribunes the People.
This Division of the three Powers in the *Roman*
Constitution was by no means so distinct and
natural, as it is in the *English* Form of Govern-
ment. Among several Objections that might be
made to it, I think the Chief are those that affect
the Consular Power, which had only the Orna-
ments without the Force of the Regal Authority.
Their Number had not a casting Voice in it; for
which Reason, if one did not chance to be employ-
ed Abroad, while the other sat at Home, the Pub-
lick Business was sometimes at a Stand, while
the Consuls pulled two different Ways in it. Be-
sides, I do not find that the Consuls had ever a
Negative Voice in the passing of a Law, or Decree
of Senate, so that indeed they were rather the
chief Body of the Nobility, or the first Ministers
of State, than a distinct Branch of the Sovereignty,
in which none can be looked upon as a Part, who
are not a Part of the Legislature. Had the Con-
suls been invested with the Regal Authority to as
great a Degree as our Monarchs, there would
never have been any Occasions for a Dictatorship,
which had in it the Power of all the three Orders,
and ended in the Subversion of the whole Consti-
tution.

Such an History as that of *Suetonius*, which
gives us a Succession of Absolute Princes, is to me
an unanswerable Argument against Despotick
Power. Where the Prince is a Man of Wisdom
and Virtue, it is indeed happy for his People that
he is absolute; but since in the common Run of
Mankind, for one that is Wise and Good you find

ten of a contrary Character, it is very dangerous for a Nation to stand to its Chance, or to have its publick Happiness or Misery depend on the Virtues or Vices of a single Person. Look into the [History¹] I have mentioned, or into any Series of Absolute Princes, how many Tyrants must you read through, before you come to an Emperor that is supportable. But this is not all; an honest private Man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an absolute Prince. Give a Man Power of doing what he pleases with Impunity, you extinguish his Fear, and consequently overturn in him one of the great Pillars of Morality. This too we find confirmed by Matter of Fact. How many hopeful Heirs apparent to grand Empires, when in the Possession of them, have become such Monsters of Lust and Cruelty as are a Reproach to Human Nature.

Some tell us we ought to make our Governments on Earth like that in Heaven, which, say they, is altogether Monarchical and Unlimited. Was Man like his Creator in Goodness and Justice, I should be for following this great Model; but where Goodness and Justice are not essential to the Ruler, I would by no means put myself into his Hands to be disposed of according to his particular Will and Pleasure.

It is odd to consider the Connection between Despotick Government and Barbarity, and how the making of one Person more than Man, makes the rest less. About nine Parts of the World in ten are in the lowest State of Slavery, and consequently sunk into the most gross and brutal Ignorance. *European* Slavery is indeed a State of Liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three Divisions of the World; and therefore it is no Wonder that those who grovel under it have many Tracks of Light among them, of which the others are wholly destitute.

Riches and Plenty are the natural Fruits of Liberty, and where these abound, Learning and all the Liberal Arts will immediately lift up their Heads and flourish. As a Man must have no slavish Fears and Apprehensions hanging upon his Mind, [who²] will indulge the Flights of Fancy or Speculation, and push his Researches into all the abstruse Corners of Truth, so it is necessary for him to have about him a Competency of all the Conveniencies of Life.

The first thing every one looks after, is to provide himself with Necessaries. This Point will engross our Thoughts 'till it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our Hands, we look out for Pleasures and Amusements; and among a great Number of idle People, there will be many whose Pleasures will lie in Reading and Contemplation. These are the two great Sources of Knowledge, and as Men grow wise they naturally love to communicate their Discoveries; and others seeing the Happiness of such a Learned Life, and improving by their Conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, till a Nation is filled with Races of wise and understanding Persons. Ease and Plenty are therefore the great Cherishers of Knowledge: and as most of the Despotick Governments of the World have neither of them,

they are naturally over-run with Ignorance and Barbarity. In *Europe*, indeed, notwithstanding several of its Princes are absolute, there are Men famous for Knowledge and Learning; but the Reason is because the Subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the Prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full Tyranny like the Princes of the Eastern Nations, lest his Subjects should be invited to new-mould their Constitution, having so many Prospects of Liberty within their View. But in all Despotick Governments, tho' a particular Prince may favour Arts and Letters, there is a natural Degeneracy of Mankind, as you may observe from *Augustus's* Reign, how the *Romans* lost themselves by Degrees till they fell to an Equality with the most barbarous Nations that surrounded them. Look upon *Greece* under its free States, and you would think its Inhabitants lived in different Climates, and under different Heavens, from those at present; so different are the Genius's which are formed under *Turkish* Slavery and *Grecian* Liberty.

Besides Poverty and Want, there are other Reasons that debase the Minds of Men, who live under Slavery, though I look on this as the Principal. This natural Tendency of Despotick Power to Ignorance and Barbarity, tho' not insisted upon by others, is, I think, an unanswerable Argument against that Form of Government, as it shews how repugnant it is to the Good of Mankind, and the Perfection of human Nature, which ought to be the great Ends of all Civil Institutions. L.

No. 288.] Wednesday, January 30, 1712. [Steele.

—Pavor est utrique molestus.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

WHEN you spoke of the Jilts and Coquets, you then promised to be very impartial, and not to spare even your own Sex, should any of their secret or open Faults come under your Cognizance; which has given me Encouragement to describe a certain Species of Mankind under the Denomination of *Male Jilts*. They are Gentlemen who do not design to marry, yet, that they may appear to have some Sense of Gallantry, think they must pay their *Devoirs* to one particular Fair; in order to which they single out from amongst the Herd of Females her to whom they design to make their fruitless Addresses. This done, they first take every Opportunity of being in her Company, and then never fail upon all Occasions to be particular to her, laying themselves at her Feet, protesting the Reality of their Passion with a thousand Oaths, solliciting a Return, and saying as many fine Things as their Stock of Wit will allow; and if they are not deficient that way, generally speak so as to admit of a double Interpretation; which the credulous Fair is apt to turn to her own Advantage, since it frequently happens to be a raw, innocent, young Creature, who thinks all the World as sincere as her self, and so her unwary Heart becomes an easy Prey to those deceitful Monsters, who no sooner perceive it, but immediately they

¹ [Historian]

² [that]

'grow cool, and shun her whom they before
'seemed so much to admire, and proceed to act
'the same common-place Villany towards another.
'A Coxcomb flushed with many of these infamous
'Victories shall say he is sorry for the poor Fools,
'protest and vow he never thought of Matrimony,
'and wonder talking civilly can be so strangely
'misinterpreted. Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, you
'that are a professed Friend to Love, will, I hope,
'observe upon those who abuse that noble Passion,
'and raise it in innocent Minds by a deceitful
'Affectation of it, after which they desert the
'Enamoured. Pray bestow a little of your Coun-
'sel to those fond believing Females who already
'have or are in Danger of broken Hearts; in
'which you will oblige a great Part of this Town,
'but in a particular Manner,

SIR, *Your (yet Heart-whole) Admirer,
and devoted humble Servant,
Melainia.*

Melainia's Complaint is occasioned by so general a Folly, that it is wonderful one could so long overlook it. But this false Gallantry proceeds from an Impotence of Mind, which makes those who are guilty of it incapable of pursuing what they themselves approve. Many a Man wishes a Woman his Wife whom he dares not take for such. Tho' no one has Power over his Inclinations or Fortunes, he is a Slave to common Fame. For this Reason I think *Melainia* gives them too soft a Name in that of Male Coquets. I know not why Irresolution of Mind should not be more contemptible than Impotence of Body; and these frivolous Admirers would be but tenderly used, in being only included in the same Term with the Insufficient another Way. They whom my Correspondent calls Male Coquets, shall hereafter be called *Fribblers*. A *Fribbler* is one who professes Rapture and Admiration for the Woman to whom he addresses, and dreads nothing so much as her Consent. His Heart can flutter by the Force of Imagination, but cannot fix from the Force of Judgment. It is not uncommon for the Parents of young Women of moderate Fortune to wink at the Addresses of *Fribblers*, and expose their Children to the ambiguous Behaviour which *Melainia* complains of, till by the Fondness to one they are to lose, they become incapable of Love towards others, and by Consequence in their future Marriage lead a joyless or a miserable Life. As therefore I shall in the Speculations which regard Love be as severe as I ought on Jilts and Libertine Women, so will I be as little merciful to insignificant and mischievous Men. In order to this, all Visitants who frequent Families wherein there are young Females, are forthwith required to declare themselves, or absent from Places where their Presence banishes such as would pass their Time more to the Advantage of those whom they visit. It is a Matter of too great Moment to be dallied with; and I shall expect from all my young People a satisfactory Account of Appearances. *Strephon* has from the Publication hereof seven Days to explain the Riddle he presented to *Eudamia*; and *Chloris* an Hour after this comes to her Hand, to declare whether she will have *Philotas*, whom a Woman of no less Merit than

her self, and of superior Fortune, languishes to call her own.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,¹

'Since so many Dealers turn Authors, and write
'quaint Advertisements in praise of their Wares,
'one who from an Author turn'd Dealer may be
'allowed for the Advancement of Trade to turn
'Author again. I will not however set up like
'some of 'em, for selling cheaper than the most
'able honest Tradesman can; nor do I send this
'to be better known for Choice and Cheapness of
'China and Japan Wares, Tea, Fans, Muslins,
'Pictures, Arrack, and other *Indian* Goods.
'Placed as I am in *Leadenhall-street*, near the
'*India-Company*, and the Centre of that Trade,
'Thanks to my fair Customers, my Warehouse is
'graced as well as the Benefit Days of my Plays
'and Operas; and the foreign Goods I sell seem
'no less acceptable than the foreign Books I
'translated, *Rabelais* and *Don Quixote*: This the
'Criticks allow me, and while they like my Wares
'they may dispraise my Writing. But as 'tis not
'so well known yet that I frequently cross the
'Seas of late, and speaking *Dutch* and *French*,
'besides other Languages, I have the Conveni-
'ency of buying and importing rich Brocades,
'*Dutch* Atlases, with Gold and Silver, or with-
'out, and other foreign Silks of the newest Modes
'and best Fabricks, fine *Flanders* Lace, Linnens,
'and Pictures, at the best Hand: This my new
'way of Trade I have fallen into I cannot better
'publish than by an Application to you. My
'Wares are fit only for such as your Readers; and
'I would beg of you to print this Address in your
'Paper, that those whose Minds you adorn may
'take the Ornaments for their Persons and Houses
'from me. This, Sir, if I may presume to beg it,
'will be the greater Favour, as I have lately re-
'ceived rich Silks and fine Lace to a considerable
'Value, which will be sold cheap for a quick Return,
'and as I have also a large Stock of other Goods.
'*Indian* Silks were formerly a great Branch of our
'Trade; and since we must not sell 'em, we must
'seek Amends by dealing in others. This I hope
'will plead for one who would lessen the Number
'of Teazers of the Muses, and who, suiting his
'Spirit to his Circumstances, humbles the Poet to
'exalt the Citizen. Like a true Tradesman, I
'hardly ever look into any Books but those of Ac-
'compts. To say the Truth, I cannot, I think,
'give you a better Idea of my being a downright
'Man of Traffick, than by acknowledging I oftener
'read the Advertisements, than the Matter of even
'your Paper. I am under a great Temptation to

¹ Peter Anthony Motteux, the writer of this letter, was born in Normandy, and came as a refugee to England at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Here he wrote about 14 plays, translated Bayle's Dictionary, Montaigne's Essays, and *Don Quixote*, and established himself also as a trader in Leadenhall Street. He had a wife and a fine young family when (at the age of 56, and six years after the date of this letter) he was found dead in a house of ill fame near Temple Bar under circumstances that caused a reward of fifty pounds to be offered for the discovery of his murderer.

'take this Opportunity of admonishing other
'Writers to follow my Example, and trouble the
'Town no more; but as it is my present Business
'to increase the Number of Buyers rather than
'Sellers, I hasten to tell you that I am,

SIR, Your most humble
and most obedient Servant,

T. Peter Motteux.

No. 289.] Thursday, January 31, 1712. [Addison.

*Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare
longam.*—Hor.

UPON taking my Seat in a Coffee-house I often draw the Eyes of the whole Room upon me, when in the hottest Seasons of News, and at a time that perhaps the Dutch Mail is just come in, they hear me ask the Coffee-man for his last Week's Bill of Mortality: I find that I have been sometimes taken on this occasion for a Parish Sexton, sometimes for an Undertaker, and sometimes for a Doctor of Physick. In this, however, I am guided by the Spirit of a Philosopher, as I take occasion from hence to reflect upon the regular Encrease and Diminution of Mankind, and consider the several various Ways through which we pass from Life to Eternity. I am very well pleased with these Weekly Admonitions, that bring into my Mind such Thoughts as ought to be the daily Entertainment of every reasonable Creature; and can consider, with Pleasure to my self, by which of those Deliverances, or, as we commonly call them, Distempers, I may possibly make my Escape out of this World of Sorrows, into that Condition of Existence, wherein I hope to be Happier than it is possible for me at present to conceive.

But this is not all the Use I make of the above-mentioned Weekly Paper. A Bill of Mortality¹ is in my Opinion an unanswerable Argument for a Providence. How can we, without supposing our selves under the constant Care of a Supreme Being, give any possible Account for that nice Proportion, which we find in every great City, between the Deaths and Births of its Inhabitants, and between the Number of Males and that of Females, who are brought into the World? What else could adjust in so exact a manner the Recruits of every Nation to its Losses, and divide these new Supplies of People into such equal Bodies of both Sexes? Chance could never hold the Balance with so steady a Hand. Were we not counted out by an intelligent Supervisor, we should sometimes be over-charged with Multitudes, and at others waste away into a Desert: We should be sometimes a *populus virorum*, as *Florus* elegantly expresses it, a Generation of Males, and at others a Species of Women. We may extend this Consideration to every Species

¹ Bills of Mortality, containing the weekly number of Christenings and Deaths, with the cause of Death, were first compiled by the London Company of Parish Clerks (for 109 parishes) after the Plague in 1592. They did not give the age at death till 1728.

of living Creatures, and consider the whole animal World as an huge Army made up of innumerable Corps, if I may use that Term, whose Quotas have been kept entire near five thousand Years, in so wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a single Species lost during this long Tract of Time. Could we have general Bills of Mortality of every kind of Animal, or particular ones of every Species in each Continent and Island, I could almost say in every Wood, Marsh or Mountain, what astonishing Instances would they be of that Providence which watches over all its Works?

I have heard of a great Man in the Romish Church, who upon reading those Words in the 9th Chapter of *Genesis*, *And all the Days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty Years, and he died; and all the Days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve Years, and he died; and all the Days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty nine Years, and he died;* immediately shut himself up in a Convent, and retired from the World, as not thinking any thing in this Life worth pursuing, which had not regard to another.

The Truth of it is, there is nothing in History which is so improving to the Reader, as those Accounts which we meet with of the Deaths of eminent Persons, and of their Behaviour in that dreadful Season. I may also add, that there are no Parts in History which affect and please the Reader in so sensible a manner. The Reason I take to be this, because there is no other single Circumstance in the Story of any Person, which can possibly be the Case of every one who reads it. A Battle or a Triumph are Conjunctions in which not one Man in a Million is likely to be engaged; but when we see a Person at the Point of Death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does, because we are sure that some time or other we shall our selves be in the same melancholy Circumstances. The General, the Statesman, or the Philosopher, are perhaps Characters which we may never act in; but the dying Man is one whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble.

It is, perhaps, for the same kind of Reason that few Books, [written¹] in *English*, have been so much perused as Dr. *Sherlock's* Discourse upon Death; though at the same time I must own, that he who has not perused this Excellent Piece, has not perhaps read one of the strongest Persuasives to a Religious Life that ever was written in any Language.

The Consideration, with which I shall close this Essay upon Death, is one of the most ancient and most beaten Morals that has been recommended to Mankind. But its being so very common, and so universally received, though it takes away from it the Grace of Novelty, adds very much to the Weight of it, as it shews that it falls in with the general Sense of Mankind. In short, I would have every one consider, that he is in this Life nothing more than a Passenger, and that he is not to set up his Rest here, but to keep an attentive Eye upon that State of Being to which he approaches every Moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent. This single Consider-

¹ [which have been written]

ation would be sufficient to extinguish the Bitterness of Hatred, the Thirst of Avarice, and the Cruelty of Ambition.

I am very much pleased with the Passage of *Antiphanes* a very ancient Poet, who lived near an hundred Years before *Socrates*, which represents the Life of Man under this View, as I have here translated it Word for Word. *Be not grieved, says he, above measure for thy deceased Friends [They¹] are not dead, but have only finished that Journey which it is necessary for every one of us to take: We ourselves must go to that great Place of Reception in which they are all of them assembled, and in this general Rendezvous of Mankind, live together in another State of Being.*

I think I have, in a former Paper, taken notice of those beautiful Metaphors in Scripture, where Life is termed a Pilgrimage, and those who pass through it are called Strangers and Sojourners upon Earth. I shall conclude this with a Story, which I have somewhere read in the Travels of *Sir John Chardin*; ² that Gentleman after having told us, that the Inns which receive the Caravans in *Persia*, and the Eastern Countries, are called by the Name of *Caravansaries*, gives us a Relation to the following Purpose.

A *Dervise*, travelling through *Tartary*, being arrived at the Town of *Balk*, went into the King's Palace by Mistake, as thinking it to be a publick Inn or Caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he enter'd into a long Gallery, where he laid down his Wallet, and spread his Carpet, in order to repose himself upon it after the Manner of the Eastern Nations. He had not been long in this Posture before he was discovered by some of the Guards, who asked him what was his Business in that Place? The *Dervise* told them he intended to take up his Night's Lodging in that Caravansary. The Guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the House he was in was not a Caravansary, but the King's Palace. It happened that the King himself passed through the Gallery during this Debate, and smiling at the Mistake of the *Dervise*, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a Palace from a Caravansary? Sir, says the *Dervise*, give me leave to ask your Majesty a Question or two. Who were the Persons that lodged in this House when it was first built? The King replied, *His Ancestors*. And who, says the *Dervise*, was the last Person that lodged here? The King replied, *His Father*. And who is it, says the *Dervise*, that lodges here at present? The King told him, *that it was he himself*. And who, says the *Dervise*, will be here after you? The King answered, *The young Prince his Son*. 'Ah Sir, said the *Dervise*, a House that changes its Inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual Succession of Guests, is not a Palace but 'a Caravansary.' L.

¹ [; for they]

² Sir John Chardin was a jeweller's son, born at Paris, who came to England and was knighted by Charles II. He travelled into Persia and the East Indies, and his account of his voyages was translated into English, German, and Flemish. He was living when this paper appeared, but died in the following year, at the age of 70.

No. 290.] Friday, February 1, 1712. [Steele.

[*Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.*
Hor.¹]

THE Players, who know I am very much their Friend, take all Opportunities to express a Gratitude to me for being so. They could not have a better Occasion of Obliging me, than one which they lately took hold of. They desired my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB to bring me to the Reading of a new Tragedy; it is called *The distressed Mother*.² I must confess, tho' some Days are passed since I enjoyed that Entertainment, the Passions of the several Characters dwell strongly upon my Imagination; and I congratulate to the Age, that they are at last to see Truth and humane Life represented in the Incidents which concern Heroes and Heroines. The Stile of the Play is such as becomes those of the first Education, and the Sentiments worthy those of the highest Figure. It was a most exquisite Pleasure to me, to observe real Tears drop from the Eyes of those who had long made it their Profession to dissemble Affliction; and the Player, who read, frequently throw down the Book, till he had given vent to the Humanity which rose in him at some irresistible Touches of the imagined Sorrow. We have seldom had any Female Distress on the Stage, which did not, upon cool Examination, appear to flow from the Weakness rather than the Misfortune of the Person represented: But in this Tragedy you are not entertained with the ungoverned Passions of such as are enamoured of each other merely as they are Men and Women, but their Regards are founded upon high Conceptions of each other's Virtue and Merit; and the Character which gives Name to the Play, is one who has behaved her self with heroic Virtue in the most important Circumstances of a Female Life, those of a Wife, a Widow, and a Mother. If there be those whose Minds have been too attentive upon the Affairs of Life, to have any Notion of the Passion of Love in such Extremes as are known only to particular Tempers, yet, in the above-mentioned Considerations, the Sorrow of the Heroine will move even the Generality of Mankind. Domestick Virtues concern all the World, and there is no one living who is not interested that *Andromache* should be an imitable Character. The generous Affection to the Memory of her deceased Husband, that tender Care for her Son, which is ever heightened with the Consideration of his Father, and these Regards preserved in spite of being tempted with the Possession of the highest Greatness, are what cannot but be venerable even to such an Audience as at present frequents the *English Theatre*. My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB commended several tender things that were said, and told me they were very genteel; but whisper'd me, that he feared the Piece was not busy enough for the

¹ [*Spirat Tragicum satis, et feliciter Audet.*
Hor.]

² This is a third blast of the Trumpet on behalf of Ambrose Philips, who had now been adapting Racine's *Andromaque*.

present Taste. To supply this, he recommended to the Players to be very careful in their Scenes, and above all Things, that every Part should be perfectly new dressed. I was very glad to find that they did not neglect my Friend's Admonition, because there are a great many in his Class of Criticism who may be gained by it; but indeed the Truth is, that as to the Work it self, it is every where Nature. The Persons are of the highest Quality in Life, even that of Princes; but their Quality is not represented by the Poet with Direction that Guards and Waiters should follow them in every Scene, but their Grandeur appears in Greatness of Sentiment[s], flowing from Minds worthy their Condition. To make a Character truly Great, this Author understands that it should have its Foundation in superior Thoughts and Maxims of Conduct. It is very certain, that many an honest Woman would make no Difficulty, tho' she had been the Wife of *Hector*, for the sake of a Kingdom, to marry the Enemy of her Husband's Family and Country; and indeed who can deny but she might be still an honest Woman, but no Heroine? That may be defensible, nay laudable in one Character, which would be in the highest Degree exceptionable in another. When *Cato Uticensis* killed himself, *Cottius* a Roman of ordinary Quality and Character did the same thing; upon which one said, smiling, '*Cottius* might have lived, tho' *Cæsar* has seized the *Roman Liberty*.' *Cottius*'s Condition might have been the same, let things at the upper End of the World pass as they would. What is further very extraordinary in this Work, is, that the Persons are all of them laudable, and their Misfortunes arise rather from unguarded Virtue than Propensity to Vice. The Town has an Opportunity of doing itself Justice in supporting the Representation of Passion, Sorrow, Indignation, even Despair itself, within the Rules of Decency, Honour and Good-breeding; and since there is no one can flatter himself his Life will be always fortunate, they may here see Sorrow as they would wish to bear it whenever it arrives.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am appointed to act a Part in the new Tragedy called *The Distressed Mother*: It is the celebrated Grief of *Orestes* which I am to personate; but I shall not act it as I ought, for I shall feel it too intimately to be able to utter it. I was last Night repeating a Paragraph to myself, which I took to be an Expression of Rage, and in the middle of the Sentence there was a Stroke of Self-pity which quite unmanned me. Be pleased, Sir, to print this Letter, that when I am oppressed in this manner at such an Interval, a certain Part of the Audience may not think I am out; and I hope with this Allowance to do it to Satisfaction.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

George Powell.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'As I was walking t'other Day in the *Park*, I saw a Gentleman with a very short Face; I desire to know whether it was you. Pray inform

'me as soon as you can, lest I become the most heroick *Hecatissa*'s Rival.

Your humble Servant to command,
SOPHIA.

Dear Madam,

'It is not me you are in love with, for I was very ill and kept my Chamber all that Day.

Your most humble Servant,

T.

The SPECTATOR.

No. 291.] Saturday, February 2, 1712. [Addison.

—*Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut Incuria fudit,
Aut Humana parum cavit Natura*— Hor.

I HAVE now considered *Milton's Paradise Lost* under those four great Heads of the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language; and have shewn that he excels, in general, under each of these Heads. I hope that I have made several Discoveries which may appear new, even to those who are versed in Critical Learning. Were I indeed to chuse my Readers, by whose Judgment I would stand or fall, they should not be such as are acquainted only with the *French* and *Italian* Criticks, but also with the Ancient and Moderns who have written in either of the learned Languages. Above all, I would have them well versed in the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, without which a Man very often fancies that he understands a Critick, when in Reality he does not comprehend his Meaning.

It is in Criticism, as in all other Sciences and Speculations; one who brings with him any implicit Notions and Observations which he has made in his reading of the Poets, will find his own Reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps several little Hints that had passed in his Mind, perfected and improved in the Works of a good Critick; whereas one who has not these previous Lights is very often an utter Stranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong Interpretation upon it.

Nor is it sufficient, that a Man who sets up for a Judge in Criticism, should have perused the Authors above mentioned, unless he has also a clear and Logical Head. Without this Talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidst his own Blunders, mistakes the Sense of those he would confute, or if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his Thoughts to another with Clearness and Perspicuity. *Aristotle*, who was the best Critick, was also one of the best Logicians that ever appeared in the World.

Mr. *Lock's* Essay on Human Understanding¹ would be thought a very odd Book for a Man to make himself Master of, who would get a Reputation by Critical Writings; though at the same time it is very certain, that an Author who has not learned the Art of distinguishing between Words and Things, and of ranging his Thoughts, and setting them in proper Lights, whatever Notions

¹ First published in 1690.

he may have, will lose himself in Confusion and Obscurity. I might further observe, that there is not a *Greek* or *Latin* Critick who has not shewn, even in the Style of his Criticisms, that he was a Master of all the Elegance and Delicacy of his Native Tongue.

The Truth of it is, there is nothing more absurd, than for a Man to set up for a Critick, without a good Insight into all the Parts of Learning; whereas many of those who have endeavoured to signalize themselves by Works of this Nature among our *English* Writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned Particulars, but plainly discover, by the Phrases which they make use of, and by their confused way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the most common and ordinary Systems of Arts and Sciences. A few general Rules extracted out of the *French* Authors,¹ with a certain Cant of Words, has some-

¹ Dryden accounted among critics 'the greatest of his age' to be Boileau and Rapin. Boileau was the great master of French criticism. René Rapin, born at Tours in 1621, taught Belles Lettres with extraordinary success among his own order of Jesuits, wrote famous critical works, was one of the best Latin poets of his time, and died at Paris in 1687. His Whole Critical Works were translated by Dr. Basil Kennett in two volumes, which appeared in 1705. The preface of their publisher said of Rapin that 'he has long dictated in this part of letters. He is acknowledged as 'the great arbitrator between the merits of the best writers; and during the course of almost thirty years there have been few appeals from his sentence.' (See also a note on p. 74.) René le Bossu, the great French authority on Epic Poetry, born in 1631, was a regular canon of St. Geneviève, and taught the Humanities in several religious houses of his order. He died, subprior of the Abbey of St. Jean de Chartres, in 1680. He wrote, besides his Treatise upon Epic Poetry, a parallel between the philosophies of Aristotle and Descartes, which appeared a few months earlier (in 1674) with less success. Another authority was Father Bouhours, of whom see note on p. 102. Another was Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle, called by Voltaire the most universal genius of his age. He was born at Rouen in 1657, looking so delicate that he was baptized in a hurry, and at 16 was unequal to the exertion of a game at billiards, being caused by any unusual exercise to spit blood, though he lived to the age of a hundred, less one month and two days. He was taught by the Jesuits, went to the bar to please his father, pleaded a cause, lost it, and gave up the profession to devote his time wholly to literature and philosophy. He went to Paris, wrote plays and the 'Dialogues of the Dead,' living then with his uncle, Thomas Corneille. A discourse on the Eclogue prefixed to his pastoral poems made him an authority in this manner of composition. It was translated by Motteux for addition to the English translation of Bossu on the Epic, which had also appended to it an Essay on Satire by another of these French critics, André Dacier. Dacier, born at Castres in 1651, was educated at Saumur under Taneguy le Févre,

times set up an Illiterate heavy Writer for a most judicious and formidable Critick.

One great Mark, by which you may discover a Critick who has neither Taste nor Learning, is this, that he seldom ventures to praise any Passage in an Author which has not been before received and applauded by the Publick, and that his Criticism turns wholly upon little Faults and Errors. This part of a Critick is so very easie to succeed in, that we find every ordinary Reader, upon the publishing of a new Poem, has Wit and Ill-nature enough to turn several Passages of it into Ridicule, and very often in the right Place. This Mr. *Dryden* has very agreeably remarked in those two celebrated Lines,

*Errors, like Straws, upon the Surface flow;
He who would search for Pearls must dive below.*¹

A true Critick ought to dwell rather upon Excellencies than Imperfections, to discover the concealed Beauties of a Writer, and communicate to the World such things as are worth their Observation. The most exquisite Words and finest Strokes of an Author are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable to a Man who wants a Relish for polite Learning; and they are these, which a sower undistinguishing Critick generally attacks with the greatest Violence. *Tully* observes, that it is very easie to brand or fix a Mark upon what he calls *Verbum ardens*,² or, as it may be rendered into *English*, a glowing bold Expression, and to turn it into Ridicule by a cold ill-natured Criticism. A little Wit is equally capable of exposing a Beauty, and of aggravating a Fault; and though such a Treatment of an Author naturally produces Indignation in the Mind of an understanding Reader, it has however its Effect among the Generality of those whose Hands it falls into, the Rabble of Mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at with any Mixture of Wit, is ridiculous in it self.

Such a Mirth as this is always unseasonable in a Critick, as it rather prejudices the Reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a Beauty, as well as a Blemish, the Subject of Derision. A Man, who cannot write with Wit on a proper Subject, is dull and stupid, but one who shews it in an improper Place, is as impertinent and absurd. Besides, a Man who has the Gift of Ridicule is

who was at the same time making a scholar of his own daughter Anne. Dacier and the young lady became warmly attached to one another, married, united in abjuring Protestantism, and were for forty years, in the happiest concord, man and wife and fellow-scholars. Dacier and his wife, as well as Fontenelle, were alive when the *Spectator* was appearing; his wife dying, aged 69, in 1720, the husband, aged 71, in 1722. André Dacier translated and annotated the Poetics of Aristotle in 1692, and that critical work was regarded as his best performance.

¹ Annus Mirabilis, st. 39.

² Ad Brutum. Orator. Towards the beginning: 'Facile est enim verbum aliquod ardens (ut ita dicam) notare, idque restinctis jam animorum incendiis, irridere.'

apt to find Fault with any thing that gives him an Opportunity of exerting his beloved Talent, and very often censures a Passage, not because there is any Fault in it, but because he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of Pleasantry are very unfair and disingenuous in Works of Criticism, in which the greatest Masters, both Ancient and Modern, have always appeared with a serious and instructive Air.

As I intend in my next Paper to shew the Defects in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, I thought fit to premise these few Particulars, to the End that the Reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful Work, and that I shall just point at the Imperfections, without endeavouring to enflame them with Ridicule. I must also observe with *Longinus*,¹ that the Productions of a great Genius, with many Lapses and Inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the Works of an inferior kind of Author, which are scrupulously exact and conformable to all the Rules of correct Writing.

I shall conclude my Paper with a Story out of *Boccalini*,² which sufficiently shews us the Opinion that judicious Author entertained of the sort of Criticks I have been here mentioning. A famous Critick, says he, having gathered together all the Faults of an eminent Poet, made a Present of them to *Apollo*, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the Author a suitable Return for the Trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a Sack of Wheat, as it had been just threshed out of the Sheaf. He then bid him pick out the Chaff from among the Corn, and lay it aside by it self. The Critick applied himself to the Task with great Industry and Pleasure, and after having made the due Separation, was presented by *Apollo* with the Chaff for his Pains.³ L.

¹ On the Sublime, § 36.

² Trajan Boccalini, born at Rome in 1554, was a satirical writer famous in Italy for his fine criticism and bold satire. Cardinals Borghese and Cajetan were his patrons. His 'Ragguagli di Parnasso' and 'la Secretaria di Parnasso,' in which Apollo heard the complaints of the world, and dispensed justice in his court on Parnassus, were received with delight. Afterwards, in his 'Pietra di Parangone,' he satirized the Court of Spain, and, fearing consequences, retired to Venice, where in 1613 he was attacked in his bed by four ruffians, who beat him to death with sand-bags. Boccalini's *Ragguagli di Parnasso* has been translated into English, in 1622, as 'News from Parnassus.' Also, in 1656, as 'Advertisements from Parnassus,' by H. Carey, Earl of Monmouth. This translation was reprinted in 1669 and 1674, and again in 1706 by John Hughes, one of the contributors to the *Spectator*.

³ To this number of the *Spectator*, and to several numbers since that for January 8, in which it first appeared, is added an advertisement that,

The First and Second Volumes of the SPECTATOR in 8vo are now ready to be delivered to the subscribers by J. Tonson, at Shakespeare's Head, over-against Catherine Street in the Strand.

No. 292.] Monday, February 4, 1712.

*Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo Vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.*

Tibull. L. 4.

AS no one can be said to enjoy Health, who is only not sick, without he feel within himself a lightsome and invigorating Principle, which will not suffer him to remain idle, but still spurs him on to Action: so in the Practice of every Virtue, there is some additional Grace required, to give a Claim of excelling in this or that particular Action. A Diamond may want polishing, though the Value be still intrinsically the same; and the same Good may be done with different Degrees of Lustre. No man should be contented with himself that he barely does well, but he should perform every thing in the best and most becoming Manner that he is able.

Tully tells us he wrote his Book of *Offices*, because there was no Time of Life in which some correspondent Duty might not be practised; nor is there a Duty without a certain Decency accompanying it, by which every Virtue 'tis join'd to will seem to be doubled. Another may do the same thing, and yet the Action want that Air and Beauty which distinguish it from others; like that inimitable Sun-shine *Titian* is said to have diffused over his Landshapes; which denotes them his, and has been always unequalled by any other Person.

There is no one Action in which this Quality I am speaking of will be more sensibly perceived, than in granting a Request or doing an Office of Kindness. *Mummius*, by his Way of consenting to a Benefaction, shall make it lose its Name; while *Carus* doubles the Kindness and the Obligation: From the first the desired Request drops indeed at last, but from so doubtful a Brow, that the Obligated has almost as much Reason to resent the Manner of bestowing it, as to be thankful for the Favour it self. *Carus* invites with a pleasing Air, to give him an Opportunity of doing an Act of Humanity, meets the Petition half Way, and consents to a Request with a Countenance which proclaims the Satisfaction of his Mind in assisting the Distressed.

The Decency then that is to be observed in Liberality, seems to consist in its being performed with such Cheerfulness, as may express the God-like Pleasure is to be met with in obliging one's Fellow-Creatures; that may shew Good-nature and Benevolence overflowed, and do not, as in some Men, run upon the Tilt, and taste of the Sediments of a grutching uncommunicative Disposition.

Since I have intimated that the greatest Decorum is to be preserved in the bestowing our good Offices, I will illustrate it a little by an Example drawn from private Life, which carries with it such a Profusion of Liberality, that it can be exceeded by nothing but the Humanity and Good-nature which accompanies it. It is a Letter of *Pliny's*,¹ which I shall here translate, because the

¹ Bk. vi. ep. 32.

Action will best appear in its first Dress of Thought, without any foreign or ambitious Ornaments.

PLINY to QUINTILIAN.

'Tho' I am fully acquainted with the Contentment and just Moderation of your Mind, and the Conformity the Education you have given your Daughter bears to your own Character; yet since she is suddenly to be married to a Person of Distinction, whose Figure in the World makes it necessary for her to be at a more than ordinary Expence in Cloaths and Equipage suitable to her Husband's Quality; by which, tho' her intrinsic Worth be not augmented, yet will it receive both Ornament and Lustre: And knowing your Estate to be as moderate as the Riches of your Mind are abundant, I must challenge to my self some part of the Burthen; and as a Parent of your Child, I present her with Twelve hundred and fifty Crowns towards these Expences; which Sum had been much larger, had I not feared the Smallness of it would be the greatest Inducement with you to accept of it. Farewell.

Thus should a Benefaction be done with a good Grace, and shine in the strongest Point of Light; it should not only answer all the Hopes and Exigencies of the Receiver, but even out-run his Wishes: 'Tis this happy manner of Behaviour which adds new Charms to it, and softens those Gifts of Art and Nature, which otherwise would be rather distasteful than agreeable. Without it, Valour would degenerate into Brutality, Learning into Pedantry, and the genteel Demeanour into Affectation. Even Religion its self, unless Decency be the Handmaid which waits upon her, is apt to make People appear guilty of Sourness and ill Humour: But this shews Virtue in her first original Form, adds a Comeliness to Religion, and gives its Professors the justest Title to the Beauty of Holiness. A Man fully instructed in this Art, may assume a thousand Shapes, and please in all: He may do a thousand Actions shall become none other but himself; not that the Things themselves are different, but the Manner of doing them.

If you examine each Feature by its self, *Aglaura* and *Calliclea* are equally handsome; but take them in the Whole, and you cannot suffer the Comparison: Tho' one is full of numberless nameless Graces, the other of as many nameless Faults.

The Comeliness of Person, and Decency of Behaviour, add infinite Weight to what is pronounced by any one. 'Tis the want of this that often makes the Rebukes and Advice of old rigid Persons of no Effect, and leave a Displeasure in the Minds of those they are directed to: But Youth and Beauty, if accompanied with a graceful and becoming Severity, is of mighty Force to raise, even in the most Profligate, a Sense of Shame. In *Milton*, the Devil is never described ashamed but once, and that at the Rebuke of a beauteous Angel.

*So spake the Cherub, and his grave Rebuke,
Severe in youthful Beauty, added Grace
Invincible: Abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful Goodness is, and saw*

*Virtue in her own Shape how lovely! saw, and
pin'd
His Loss.¹*

The Care of doing nothing unbecoming has accompanied the greatest Minds to their last Moments. They avoided even an indecent Posture in the very Article of Death. Thus *Cæsar* gathered his Robe about him, that he might not fall in a manner unbecoming of himself; and the greatest Concern that appeared in the Behaviour of *Lucretia*, when she stabbed her self, was, that her Body should lie in an Attitude worthy the Mind which had inhabited it.

—*Ne non procumbat honeste
Extrema hæc etiam cura, cadentis erat.²*

'Twas her last Thought, How decently to fall.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Woman without a Fortune; but of a very high Mind: That is, Good Sir, I am to the last degree Proud and Vain. I am ever railing at the Rich, for doing Things, which, upon Search into my Heart, I find I am only angry because I cannot do the same my self. I wear the hooped Petticoat, and am all in Callicoes when the finest are in Silks. It is a dreadful thing to be poor and proud; therefore if you please, a Lecture on that Subject for the Satisfaction of

Your Uneasy Humble Servant,

Z. JEZEBEL.

No. 293.] Tuesday, February 5, 1712. [Addison.

Πᾶσι γὰρ εὐφρονοῦσι συμμαχεῖ τύχη.
Frag. Vet. Po.

THE famous *Gratian*,³ in his little Book wherein he lays down Maxims for a Man's advancing himself at Court, advises his Reader to associate himself with the Fortunate, and to shun the Company of the Unfortunate; which, notwithstanding the Baseness of the Precept to an honest Mind, may have something useful in it for those who push their Interest in the World. It is certain a great Part of what we call good or ill Fortune, rises out of right or wrong Measures, and Schemes of Life. When I hear a Man complain of his being unfortunate in all his Undertakings, I shrewdly suspect him for a very weak Man in his Affairs. In Conformity with this way of thinking, Cardinal *Richelieu* used to say, that Unfortunate and Imprudent were but two Words for the same Thing. As the Cardinal himself had a great Share both of Prudence and Good-For-

¹ Par. L., Bk. iv. ll. 844-9.

² Ovid. Fast., iii. 833.

³ Balthasar Gracian, a Spanish Jesuit, who died in 1658, rector of the Jesuits' College of Tarragona, wrote many books in Spanish on Politics and Society, among others the one here referred to on the Courtier; which was known to Addison, doubtless, through the French translation by Amelot de la Houssaye.

tune, his famous Antagonist, the Count *d'Oliveres*, was disgraced at the Court of *Madrid*, because it was alledged against him that he had never any Success in his Undertakings. This, says an Eminent Author, was *indirectly* accusing him of Imprudence.

Cicero recommended *Pompey* to the *Romans* for their General upon three Accounts, as he was a Man of Courage, Conduct, and Good-Fortune. It was perhaps, for the Reason above-mentioned, namely, that a Series of Good-Fortune supposes a prudent Management in the Person whom it befalls, that not only *Sylla* the Dictator, but several of the *Roman* Emperors, as is still to be seen upon their Medals, among their other Titles, gave themselves that of *Felix* or Fortunate. The Heathens, indeed, seem to have valued a Man more for his Good-Fortune than for any other Quality, which I think is very natural for those who have not a strong Belief of another World. For how can I conceive a Man crowned with many distinguishing Blessings, that has not some extraordinary Fund of Merit and Perfection in him, which lies open to the Supreme Eye, tho' perhaps it is not discovered by my Observation? What is the Reason *Homer's* and *Virgil's* Heroes do not form a Resolution, or strike a Blow, without the Conduct and Direction of some Deity? Doubtless, because the Poets esteemed it the greatest Honour to be favoured by the Gods, and thought the best Way of praising a Man was to recount those Favours which naturally implied an extraordinary Merit in the Person on whom they descended.

Those who believe a future State of Rewards and Punishments act very absurdly, if they form their Opinions of a Man's Merit from his Successes. But certainly, if I thought the whole Circle of our Being was concluded between our Births and Deaths, I should think a Man's Good-Fortune the Measure and Standard of his real Merit, since Providence would have no Opportunity of rewarding his Virtue and Perfections, but in the present Life. A Virtuous Unbeliever, who lies under the Pressure of Misfortunes, has reason to cry out, as they say *Brutus* did a little before his Death, *O Virtue, I have worshipped thee as a Substantial Good, but I find thou art an empty Name.*

But to return to our first Point. Tho' Prudence does undoubtedly in a great measure produce our good or ill Fortune in the World, it is certain there are many unforeseen Accidents and Occurrences, which very often pervert the finest Schemes that can be laid by Human Wisdom. The Race is not always to the Swift, nor the Battle to the Strong. Nothing less than infinite Wisdom can have an absolute Command over Fortune; the highest Degree of it which Man can possess, is by no means equal to fortuitous Events, and to such Contingencies as may rise in the Prosecution of our Affairs. Nay, it very often happens, that Prudence, which has always in it a great Mixture of Caution, hinders a Man from being so fortunate as he might possibly have been without it. A Person who only aims at what is likely to succeed, and follows closely the Dictates of Human Prudence, never meets with those great and unfore-

seen Successes, which are often the effect of a Sanguine Temper, or a more happy Rashness; and this perhaps may be the Reason, that according to the common Observation, Fortune, like other Females, delights rather in favouring the young than the old.

Upon the whole, since Man is so short-sighted a Creature, and the Accidents which may happen to him so various, I cannot but be of Dr. *Tillotson's* Opinion in another Case, that were there any Doubt of a Providence, yet it certainly would be very desirable there should be such a Being of infinite Wisdom and Goodness, on whose Direction we might rely in the Conduct of Human Life.

It is a great Presumption to ascribe our Successes to our own Management, and not to esteem our selves upon any Blessing, rather as it is the Bounty of Heaven, than the Acquisition of our own Prudence. I am very well pleased with a Medal which was struck by Queen *Elizabeth*, a little after the Defeat of the Invincible Armada, to perpetuate the Memory of that extraordinary Event. It is well known how the King of *Spain*, and others, who were the Enemies of that great Princess, to derogate from her Glory, ascribed the Ruin of their Fleet rather to the Violence of Storms and Tempests, than to the Bravery of the *English*. Queen *Elizabeth*, instead of looking upon this as a Diminution of her Honour, valued herself upon such a signal Favour of Providence, and accordingly [in¹] the Reverse of the Medal above mentioned, [has represented] a Fleet beaten by a Tempest, and falling foul upon one another, with that Religious Inscription, *Afflavit Deus et dissipantur. He blew with his Wind, and they were scattered.*

It is remarked of a famous *Grecian* General, whose Name I cannot at present recollect,² and who had been a particular Favourite of Fortune, that upon recounting his Victories among his Friends, he added at the End of several great Actions, *And in this Fortune had no Share.* After which it is observed in History, that he never prospered in any thing he undertook.

As Arrogance, and a Conceitedness of our own Abilities, are very shocking and offensive to Men of Sense and Virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble Mind, and by several of his Dispensations seems purposely to shew us, that our own Schemes or Prudence have no Share in our Advancement[s].

Since on this Subject I have already admitted several Quotations which have occurred to my Memory upon writing this Paper, I will conclude it with a little *Persian* Fable. A Drop of Water fell out of a Cloud into the Sea, and finding it self lost in such an Immensity of fluid Matter, broke out into the following Reflection: 'Alas! 'What an [insignificant³] Creature am I in this pro-

¹ Corrected by an erratum to [you see in], but in reprint altered by the addition of [has represented]

² Timotheus the Athenian.

³ Altered by an erratum to [inconsiderable] to avoid the repetition 'insignificant,' and 'insignificancy;' but in the reprint the second word was changed.

'digious Ocean of Waters; my Existence is of no Concern¹ to the Universe, I am reduced to a Kind of Nothing, and am less than the least of the Works of God.' It so happened, that an Oyster, which lay in the Neighbourhood of this Drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this [its²] humble Soliloquy. The Drop, says the Fable, lay a great while hardning in the Shell, 'till by Degrees it was ripen'd into a Pearl, which falling into the Hands of a Diver, after a long Series of Adventures, is at present that famous Pearl which is fixed on the Top of the Persian Diadem. L.

No. 294.] Wednesday, February 6, 1712. [Steele.

Difficile est plurimum virtutem revereri qui semper secunda fortuna sit usus.—Tull. ad Herennium.

INSOLENCE is the Crime of all others which every Man is most apt to rail at; and yet is there one Respect in which almost all Men living are guilty of it, and that is in the Case of laying a greater Value upon the Gifts of Fortune than we ought. It is here in *England* come into our very Language, as a Propriety of Distinction, to say, when we would speak of Persons to their Advantage, they are People of Condition. There is no doubt but the proper Use of Riches implies that a Man should exert all the good Qualities imaginable; and if we mean by a Man of Condition or Quality, one who, according to the Wealth he is Master of, shews himself just, beneficent, and charitable, that Term ought very deservedly to be had in the highest Veneration; but when Wealth is used only as it is the Support of Pomp and Luxury, to be rich is very far from being a Recommendation to Honour and Respect. It is indeed the greatest Insolence imaginable, in a Creature who would feel the Extrems of Thirst and Hunger, if he did not prevent his Appetites before they call upon him, to be so forgetful of the common Necessity of Human Nature, as never to cast an Eye upon the Poor and Needy. The Fellow who escaped from a Ship which struck upon a Rock in the West, and join'd with the Country People to destroy his Brother Sailors and make her a Wreck, was thought a most execrable Creature; but does not every Man who enjoys the Possession of what he naturally wants, and is unmindful of the unsupplied Distress of other Men, betray the same Temper of Mind? When a Man looks about him, and with regard to Riches and Poverty beholds some drawn in Pomp and Equipage, and they and their very Servants with an Air of Scorn and Triumph overlooking the Multitude that pass by them; and, in the same Street, a Creature of the same Make crying out in the Name of all that is Good and Sacred to behold his Misery, and give him some Supply against Hunger and Nakedness, who would believe these two Beings were of the same Species? But so it is, that the Consideration of Fortune has

¹ [significancy]

² [his]

taken up all our Minds, and, as I have often complained, Poverty and Riches stand in our Imaginations in the Places of Guilt and Innocence. But in all Seasons there will be some Instances of Persons who have Souls too large to be taken with popular Prejudices, and while the rest of Mankind are contending for Superiority in Power and Wealth, have their Thoughts bent upon the Necessities of those below them. The Charity-Schools which have been erected of late Years, are the greatest Instances of publick Spirit the Age has produced: But indeed when we consider how long this Sort of Beneficence has been on Foot, it is rather from the good Management of those Institutions, than from the Number or Value of the Benefactions to them, that they make so great a Figure. One would think it impossible, that in the Space of fourteen Years there should not have been five thousand Pounds bestowed in Gifts this Way, nor sixteen hundred Children, including Males and Females, put out to Methods of Industry. It is not allowed me to speak of Luxury and Folly with the severe Spirit they deserve; I shall only therefore say, I shall very readily compound with any Lady in a Hoop-Petticoat, if she gives the Price of one half Yard of the Silk towards Cloathing, Feeding and Instructing an Innocent helpless Creature of her own Sex in one of these Schools. The Consciousness of such an Action will give her Features a nobler Life on this illustrious Day,¹ than all the Jewels that can hang in her Hair, or can be clustered at her Bosom. It would be uncourtly to speak in harsher Words to the Fair, but to Men one may take a little more Freedom. It is monstrous how a Man can live with so little Reflection, as to fancy he is not in a Condition very unjust and disproportioned to the rest of Mankind, while he enjoys Wealth, and exerts no Benevolence or Bounty to others. As for this particular Occasion of these Schools, there cannot any offer more worthy a generous Mind. Would you do an handsome thing without Return? do it for an Infant that is not sensible of the Obligation: Would you do it for publick Good? do it for one who will be an honest Artificer: Would you do it for the Sake of Heaven? give it to one who shall be instructed in the Worship of him for whose Sake you gave it. It is methinks a most laudable Institution this, if it were of no other Expectation than that of producing a Race of good and useful Servants, who will have more than a liberal, a religious Education. What would not a Man do, in common Prudence, to lay out in Purchase of one about him, who would add to all his Orders he gave the Weight of the Commandments to enforce an Obedience to them? for one who would consider his Master as his Father, his Friend, and Benefactor, upon the easy Terms, and in Expectation of no other Return but moderate Wages and gentle Usage? It is the common Vice of Children to run too much among the Servants; from such as are educated in these Places they would see nothing but Lowliness in the Servant, which would not be disingenuous in the Child. All the ill Offices and defamatory

¹ Queen Anne's birthday. She was born Feb. 6, 1665, and died Aug. 1, 1714, aged 49.

Whispers which take their Birth from Domesticks, would be prevented, if this Charity could be made universal; and a good Man might have a Knowledge of the whole Life of the Persons he designs to take into his House for his own Service, or that of his Family or Children, long before they were admitted. This would create endearing Dependancies: and the Obligation would have a paternal Air in the Master, who would be relieved from much Care and Anxiety from the Gratitude and Diligence of an humble Friend attending him as his Servant. I fall into this Discourse from a Letter sent to me, to give me Notice that Fifty Boys would be Cloathed, and take their Seats (at the Charge of some generous Benefactors) in St. Bride's Church on Sunday next. I wish I could promise to my self any thing which my Correspondent seems to expect from a Publication of it in this Paper; for there can be nothing added to what so many excellent and learned Men have said on this Occasion: But that there may be something here which would move a generous Mind, like that of him who writ to me, I shall transcribe an handsome Paragraph of Dr. Snape's Sermon on these Charities, which my Correspondent enclosed with his Letter.

*The wise Providence has amply compensated the Disadvantages of the Poor and Indigent, in wanting many of the Conveniencies of this Life, by a more abundant Provision for their Happiness in the next. Had they been higher born, or more richly endowed, they would have wanted this Manner of Education, of which those only enjoy the Benefit, who are low enough to submit to it; where they have such Advantages without Money, and without Price, as the Rich cannot purchase with it. The Learning which is given, is generally more edifying to them, than that which is sold to others: Thus do they become more exalted in Goodness, by being depressed in Fortune, and their Poverty is, in Reality, their Preferment.*¹

T.

No. 295.] Thursday, February 7, 1712. [Addison.

*Prodigia non sentit pereuntem fœmina censum:
At velut exhaustâ redivivus pullulet arcâ
Nummus, et è pleno semper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputat quanti sibi gaudia con-
stent.—Juv.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM turned of my great Climacteric, and am naturally a Man of a meek Temper. About a dozen Years ago I was married, for my Sins, to a young Woman of a good Family, and of an

¹ From January 24 there occasionally appears the advertisement.

Just Published.

A very neat Pocket Edition of the SPECTATOR, in two volumes 12 mo. Printed for S. Buckley, at the Dolphin, in Little Britain, and J. Tonson, at Shakespear's Head, over-against Catherine-Street in the Strand.

high Spirit; but could not bring her to close with me, before I had entered into a Treaty with her longer than that of the Grand Alliance. Among other Articles, it was therein stipulated, that she should have 400*l.* a Year for *Pin-money*, which I obliged my self to pay Quarterly into the hands of one who had acted as her Plenipotentiary in that Affair. I have ever since religiously observed my part in this solemn Agreement. Now, Sir, so it is, that the Lady has had several Children since I married her; to which, if I should credit our malicious Neighbours, her *Pin-money* has not a little contributed. The Education of these my Children, who, contrary to my Expectation, are born to me every Year, streightens me so much, that I have begged their Mother to free me from the Obligation of the above-mentioned *Pin-money*, that it may go towards making a Provision for her Family. This Proposal makes her noble Blood swell in her Veins, insomuch that finding me a little tardy in her last Quarter's Payment, she threatens me every Day to arrest me; and proceeds so far as to tell me, that if I do not do her Justice, I shall die in a Jail. To this she adds, when her Passion will let her argue calmly, that she has several Play-Debts on her Hand, which must be discharged very suddenly, and that she cannot lose her Money as becomes a Woman of her Fashion, if she makes me any Abatements in this Article. I hope, Sir, you will take an Occasion from hence to give your Opinion upon a Subject which you have not yet touched, and inform us if there are any Precedents for this Usage among our Ancestors; or whether you find any mention of *Pin-money* in *Grotius*, *Puffendorf*, or any other of the Civilians.

I am ever

the humblest of your Admirers,
Josiah Fribble, Esq.

As there is no Man living who is a more professed Advocate for the Fair Sex than my self, so there is none that would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient Rights and Privileges; but as the Doctrine of *Pin-money* is of a very late Date, unknown to our Great Grandmothers, and not yet received by many of our Modern Ladies, I think it is for the Interest of both Sexes to keep it from spreading.

Mr. Fribble may not, perhaps, be much mistaken where he intimates, that the supplying a Man's Wife with *Pin-money*, is furnishing her with Arms against himself, and in a manner becoming accessory to his own Dishonour. We may indeed, generally observe, that in proportion as a Woman is more or less Beautiful, and her Husband advanced in Years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of *Pins*, and upon a Treaty of Marriage, rises or falls in her Demands accordingly. It must likewise be owned, that high Quality in a Mistress does very much inflame this Article in the Marriage Reckoning.

But where the Age and Circumstances of both Parties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the insisting upon *Pin-money* is very extraordinary; and yet we find several Matches broken off upon this very Head. What would a

Foreigner, or one who is a Stranger to this Practice, think of a Lover that forsakes his Mistress, because he is not willing to keep her in *Pins*; but what would he think of the Mistress, should he be informed that she asks five or six hundred Pounds a Year for this use? Should a Man unacquainted with our Customs be told the Sums which are allowed in *Great Britain*, under the Title of *Pin-money*, what a prodigious Consumption of *Pins* would he think there was in this Island? *A Pin a Day*, says our frugal Proverb, *is a Groat a Year*, so that according to this Calculation, my Friend *Fribble's* Wife must every Year make use of Eight Millions six hundred and forty thousand *new Pins*.

I am not ignorant that our *British Ladies* allege they comprehend under this general Term several other Conveniencies of Life; I could therefore wish, for the Honour of my Countrywomen, that they had rather called it *Needle-Money*, which might have implied something of Good-housewifry, and not have given the malicious World occasion to think, that Dress and Trifles have always the uppermost Place in a Woman's Thoughts.

I know several of my fair Reasoners urge, in defence of this Practice, that it is but a necessary Provision they make for themselves, in case their Husband proves a Churl or a Miser; so that they consider this Allowance as a kind of Alimony, which they may lay their Claim to, without actually separating from their Husbands. But with Submission, I think a Woman who will give up herself to a Man in Marriage, where there is the least Room for such an Apprehension, and trust her Person to one whom she will not rely on for the common Necessaries of Life, may very properly be accused (in the Phrase of an homely Proverb) of being *Penny wise and Pound foolish*.

It is observed of over-cautious Generals, that they never engage in a Battel without securing a Retreat, in case the Event should not answer their Expectations; on the other hand, the greatest Conquerors have burnt their Ships, or broke down the Bridges behind them, as being determined either to succeed or die in the Engagement. In the same manner I should very much suspect a Woman who takes such Precautions for her Retreat, and contrives Methods how she may live happily, without the Affection of one to whom she joins herself for Life. Separate Purses between Man and Wife are, in my Opinion, as unnatural as separate Beds. A Marriage cannot be happy, where the Pleasures, Inclinations, and Interests of both Parties are not the same. There is no greater Incitement to Love in the Mind of Man, than the Sense of a Person's depending upon him for her Ease and Happiness; as a Woman uses all her Endeavours to please the Person whom she looks upon as her Honour, her Comfort, and her Support.

For this Reason I am not very much surprized at the Behaviour of a rough Country Squire, who, being not a little shocked at the Proceeding of a young Widow that would not recede from her Demands of *Pin-money*, was so enraged at her mercenary Temper, that he told her in great Wrath, 'As much as she thought him her Slave, he would

'shew all the World he did not care a Pin for her. Upon which he flew out of the Room, and never saw her more.

Socrates, in *Plato's Alcibiades*, says, he was informed by one, who had travelled through *Persia*, that as he passed over a great Tract of Lands, and enquired what the Name of the Place was, they told him it was the *Queen's Girdle*; to which he adds, that another wide Field which lay by it, was called the *Queen's Veil*; and that in the same Manner there was a large Portion of Ground set aside for every part of Her Majesty's Dress. These Lands might not be improperly called the *Queen of Persia's Pin-money*.

I remember my Friend Sir ROGER, who I dare say never read this Passage in *Plato*, told me some time since, that upon his courting the Perverse Widow (of whom I have given an Account in former Papers) he had disposed of an hundred Acres in a Diamond-Ring, which he would have presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it; and that upon her Wedding-Day she should have carried on her Head fifty of the tallest Oaks upon his Estate. He further informed me that he would have given her a Cole-pit to keep her in clean Linnen, that he would have allowed her the Profits of a Windmill for her Fans, and have presented her once in three Years with the Sheering of his Sheep [for her¹] Under-Petticoats. To which the Knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine Cloaths himself, there should not have been a Woman in the Country better dressed than my Lady *Coverley*. Sir ROGER perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his Devices, appear something odd and singular, but if the Humour of *Pin-money* prevails, I think it would be very proper for every Gentleman of an Estate to mark out so many Acres of it under the Title of *The Pins*. L.

No. 296.] Friday, February 8, 1712. [Steele.

—Nugis addere pondus.—Hor.

Dear SPEC.
'H A V I N G lately conversed much with the Fair Sex on the Subject of your Speculations, (which since their Appearance in Publick, have been the chief Exercise of the Female loquacious Faculty) I found the fair Ones possess'd with a Dissatisfaction at your prefixing *Greek* Motto's to the Frontispiece of your late Papers; and, as a Man of Gallantry, I thought it a Duty incumbent on me to impart it to you, in Hopes of a Reformation, which is only to be effected by a Restoration of the *Latin* to the usual Dignity in your Papers, which of late, the *Greek*, to the great Displeasure of your Female Readers, has usurp'd; for tho' the *Latin* has the Recommendation of being as unintelligible to them as the *Greek*, yet being written of the same Character with their Mother-Tongue, by the Assistance of a Spelling-Book it's legible; which

¹ [to keep her in]

'Quality the *Greek* wants: And since the Introduction of Operas into this Nation, the Ladies are so charmed with Sounds abstracted from their Ideas, that they adore and honour the Sound of *Latin* as it is old *Italian*. I am a Solicitor for the Fair Sex, and therefore think my self in that Character more likely to be prevalent in this Request, than if I should subscribe myself by my proper Name.

J. M.

I desire you may insert this in one of your Speculations, to shew my Zeal for removing the Dissatisfaction of the Fair Sex, and restoring you to their Favour.

SIR,

'I was some time since in Company with a young Officer, who entertained us with the Conquest he had made over a Female Neighbour of his; when a Gentleman who stood by, as I suppose, envying the Captain's good Fortune, asked him what Reason he had to believe the Lady admired him? Why, says he, my Lodgings are opposite to hers, and she is continually at her Window either at Work, Reading, taking Snuff, or putting her self in some toying Posture on purpose to draw my Eyes that Way. The Confession of this vain Soldier made me reflect on some of my own Actions; for you must know, Sir, I am often at a Window which fronts the Apartments of several Gentlemen, who I doubt not have the same Opinion of me. I must own I love to look at them all, one for being well dressed, a second for his fine Eye, and one particular one, because he is the least Man I ever saw; but there is something so easie and pleasant in the Manner of my little Man, that I observe he is a Favourite of all his Acquaintance. I could go on to tell you of many others that I believe think I have encouraged them from my Window: But pray let me have your Opinion of the Use of the Window in a beautiful Lady: and how often she may look out at the same Man, without being supposed to have a Mind to jump out to him.

Yours,
Aurelia Careless.

Twice.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have for some Time made Love to a Lady, who received it with all the kind Returns I ought to expect. But without any Provocation, that I know of, she has of late shunned me with the utmost Abhorrence, insomuch that she went out of Church last *Sunday* in the midst of Divine Service, upon my coming into the same Pew. Pray, Sir, what must I do in this Business?

Your Servant,
Euphues.

Let her alone Ten Days.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *York, Jan. 20, 1711-12.*

'We have in this Town a sort of People who pretend to Wit and write Lampoons: I have lately been the Subject of one of them. The Scribler had not Genius enough in Verse to turn my Age, as indeed I am an old Maid, into Railery, for affecting a youthier Turn than is con-

'sistent with my Time of Day; and therefore he makes the Title to his Madrigal, The Character of Mrs. *Judith Lovebane*, born in the Year [1680.] What I desire of you is, That you disallow that a Coxcomb who pretends to write Verse, should put the most malicious Thing he can say in Prose. This I humbly conceive will disable our Country Wits, who indeed take a great deal of Pains to say any thing in Rhyme, tho' they say it very ill.

I am, SIR,

Your Humble Servant,
Susanna Lovebane.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'We are several of us, Gentlemen and Ladies, who Board in the same House, and after Dinner one of our Company (an agreeable Man enough otherwise) stands up and reads your Paper to us all. We are the civillest People in the World to one another, and therefore I am forced to this way of desiring our Reader, when he is doing this Office, not to stand afore the Fire. This will be a general Good to our Family this cold Weather. He will, I know, take it to be our common Request when he comes to these Words, Pray, Sir, sit down; which I desire you to insert, and you will particularly oblige

Your Daily Reader,
Charity Frost.

SIR,

'I am a great Lover of Dancing, but cannot perform so well as some others; however, by my Out-of-the-Way Capers, and some original Grimaces, I don't fail to divert the Company, particularly the Ladies, who laugh immoderately all the Time. Some, who pretend to be my Friends, tell me they do it in Derision, and would advise me to leave it off, withal that I make my self ridiculous. I don't know what to do in this Affair, but I am resolved not to give over upon any Account, 'till I have the Opinion of the SPECTATOR.

Your humble Servant,
John Trott.

If Mr. Trott is not awkward out of Time, he has a Right to Dance let who will Laugh: But if he has no Ear he will interrupt others; and I am of Opinion he should sit still. Given under my Hand this Fifth of *February, 1711-12.*

T.

The SPECTATOR.

No. 297.] *Saturday, February 9, 1712. [Addison.*

— *velut si*
Egregio inspersos reprehendas corpore naevos.—Hor.

AFTER what I have said in my last *Saturday's* Paper, I shall enter on the Subject of this without further Preface, and remark the several Defects which appear in the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language of *Milton's Paradise Lost*; not doubting but the Reader will pardon me, if I alledge at the same time whatever may be said for the Extenuation of such Defects. The first Imperfection which I

shall observe in the Fable is that the Event of it is unhappy.

The Fable of every Poem is, according to *Aristotle's* Division, either *Simple* or *Implex*.¹ It is called Simple when there is no change of Fortune in it: Implex, when the Fortune of the chief Actor changes from Bad to Good, or from Good to Bad. The Implex Fable is thought the most perfect; I suppose, because it is more proper to stir up the Passions of the Reader, and to surprize him with a greater Variety of Accidents.

The Implex Fable is therefore of two kinds: In the first the chief Actor makes his Way through a long Series of Dangers and Difficulties, till he arrives at Honour and Prosperity, as we see in the [Story of *Ulysses*.²] In the second, the chief Actor in the Poem falls from some eminent Pitch of Honour and Prosperity, into Misery and Disgrace. Thus we see *Adam* and *Eve* sinking from a State of Innocence and Happiness, into the most abject Condition of Sin and Sorrow.

The most taking Tragedies among the Ancients were built on this last sort of Implex Fable, particularly the Tragedy of *Ædipus*, which proceeds upon a Story, if we may believe *Aristotle*, the most proper for Tragedy that could be invented by the Wit of Man.³ I have taken some Pains in a former Paper to shew, that this kind of Implex Fable, wherein the Event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an Audience than that of the first kind; notwithstanding many excellent Pieces among the Ancients, as well as most of those which have been written of late Years in our own Country, are raised upon contrary Plans. I must however own, that I think this kind of Fable, which is the most perfect in Tragedy, is not so proper for an Heroic Poem.

Milton seems to have been sensible of this Imperfection in his Fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by several Expedients; particularly by the Mortification which the great Adversary of Mankind meets with upon his Return to the Assembly of Infernal Spirits, as it is described in [a⁴] beautiful Passage of the Tenth Book; and likewise by the Vision wherein *Adam* at the close of the Poem sees his Off-spring triumphing over his great Enemy, and himself restored to a happier *Paradise* than that from which he fell.

There is another Objection against *Milton's* Fable, which is indeed almost the same with the former, tho' placed in a different Light, namely, That the Hero in the *Paradise Lost* is unsuccessful, and by no means a Match for his Enemies. This gave Occasion to Mr. *Dryden's* Reflection, that the Devil was in reality *Milton's* Hero.⁵ I think I have obviated this Objection in my first

¹ Poetics, cap. x. Addison got his affected word 'implex' by reading Aristotle through the translation and notes of André Dacier. Implex was the word used by the French, but the natural English translation of Aristotle's ἀπλοῖ and πεπλεγμένοι is into simple and complicated.

² [Stories of *Achilles*, *Ulysses*, and *Æneas*.]

³ Poetics, cap. xi.

⁴ [that]

⁵ Dedication of the *Æneid*; where, after speaking of small claimants of the honours of the Epic,

Paper. The *Paradise Lost* is an Epic [or a] Narrative Poem, [and] he that looks for an Hero in it, searches for that which *Milton* never intended; [but¹] if he will needs fix the Name of an Hero upon any Person in it, 'tis certainly the *Messiah* who is the Hero, both in the Principal Action, and in the [chief Episodes.²] Paganism could not furnish out a real Action for a Fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, and therefore an Heathen could not form a higher Notion of a Poem than one of that kind, which they call an Heroic. Whether *Milton's* is not of a [sublim³] Nature I will not presume to determine: It is sufficient that I shew there is in the *Paradise Lost* all the Greatness of Plan, Regularity of Design, and masterly Beauties which we discover in *Homer* and *Virgil*.

I must in the next Place observe, that *Milton* has interwoven in the Texture of his Fable some Particulars which do not seem to have Probability enough for an Epic Poem, particularly in the Actions which he ascribes to *Sin* and *Death*, and the Picture which he draws of the *Limbo of Vanity*, with other Passages in the second Book. Such Allegories rather savour of the Spirit of *Spenser* and *Ariosto*, than of *Homer* and *Virgil*.

In the Structure of his Poem he has likewise admitted of too many Digressions. It is finely observed by *Aristotle*, that the Author of an Heroic Poem should seldom speak himself, but throw as much of his Work as he can into the Mouths of those who are his Principal Actors.⁴ *Aristotle* has given no reason for this Precept; but I presume it is because the Mind of the Reader is more awed and elevated when he hears *Æneas* or *Achilles* speak, than when *Virgil* or *Homer* talk in their own Persons. Besides that assuming the Character of an eminent Man is apt to fire the Imagination, and raise the Ideas of the Author. *Tully* tells us,⁵ mentioning his Dialogue of Old Age, in which *Cato* is the chief Speaker, that upon a Review of it he was agreeably imposed upon, and fancied that it was *Cato*, and not he himself, who uttered his Thoughts on that Subject.

he says, 'Spenser has a better plea for his "Fairy Queen" had his action been finished, or been 'one; and Milton if the Devil had not been his hero, 'instead of Adam; if the giant had not foiled the 'knight, and driven him out of his stronghold, to 'wander through the world with his lady-errant; 'and if there had not been more machining persons than human in his poem.'

¹ [or] ² [Episode] ³ [greater]

⁴ Poetics, cap. xxv. The reason he gives is that when the Poet speaks in his own person 'he is 'not then the Imitator.' Other Poets than *Homer*, *Aristotle* adds, 'ambitious to figure through-out themselves, imitate but little and seldom. 'Homer, after a few preparatory lines, immediately introduces a man or woman or some other 'character, for all have their character.' Of *Lucan*, as an example of the contrary practice, *Hobbes* said in his 'Discourse concerning the Virtues of an Heroic Poem,' 'No Heroic Poem 'raises such admiration of the Poet, as his hath 'done, though not so great admiration of the persons he introduceth.'

⁵ Letters to Atticus, Bk. xiii., Ep. 44.

If the Reader would be at the Pains to see how the Story of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* is delivered by those Persons who act in it, he will be surprized to find how little in either of these Poems proceeds from the Authors. *Milton* has, in the general disposition of his Fable, very finely observed this great Rule; insomuch that there is scarce a third Part of it which comes from the Poet; the rest is spoken either by *Adam* and *Eve*, or by some Good or Evil Spirit who is engaged either in their Destruction or Defence.

From what has been here observed it appears, that Digressions are by no means to be allowed of in an Epic Poem. If the Poet, even in the ordinary course of his Narration, should speak as little as possible, he should certainly never let his Narration sleep for the sake of any Reflections of his own. I have often observed, with a secret Admiration, that the longest Reflection in the *Æneid* is in that Passage of the Tenth Book, where *Turnus* is represented as dressing himself in the Spoils of *Pallas*, whom he had slain. *Virgil* here lets his Fable stand still for the sake of the following Remark. *How is the Mind of Man ignorant of Futurity, and unable to bear prosperous Fortune with Moderation? The Time will come when Turnus shall wish that he had left the Body of Pallas untouched, and curse the Day on which he dressed himself in these Spoils.* As the great Event of the *Æneid*, and the Death of *Turnus*, whom *Æneas* slew because he saw him adorned with the Spoils of *Pallas*, turns upon this Incident, *Virgil* went out of his way to make this Reflection upon it, without which so small a Circumstance might possibly have slipped out of his Reader's Memory. *Lucan*, who was an Injudicious Poet, lets drop his Story very frequently for the sake of his unnecessary Digressions, or his *Diverticula*, as *Scaliger* calls them.¹ If he gives us an Account of the Prodigies which preceded the Civil War, he declaims upon the Occasion, and shews how much happier it would be for Man, if he did not feel his Evil Fortune before it comes to pass; and suffer not only by its real Weight, but by the Apprehension of it. *Milton's* Complaint [for²] his Blindness, his Panegyrick on Marriage, his Reflections on *Adam* and *Eve's* going naked, of the Angels eating, and several other Passages in his Poem, are liable to the same Exception, tho' I must confess there is so great a Beauty in these very Digressions, that I would not wish them out of his Poem.

I have, in a former Paper, spoken of the Characters of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, and declared my Opinion, as to the Allegorical Persons who are introduced in it.

If we look into the Sentiments, I think they are sometimes defective under the following Heads: First, as there are several of them too much pointed, and some that degenerate even into Puns. Of this last kind I am afraid is that in the First Book, where speaking of the Pigmies, he calls them,

—————The small Infantry
Warr'd on by Cranes —————

¹ Poetices, Lib. iii. cap. 25.

² [of]

Another Blemish [that¹] appears in some of his Thoughts, is his frequent Allusion to Heathen Fables, which are not certainly of a Piece with the Divine Subject, of which he treats. I do not find fault with these Allusions, where the Poet himself represents them as fabulous, as he does in some Places, but where he mentions them as Truths and Matters of Fact. The Limits of my Paper will not give me leave to be particular in Instances of this kind; the Reader will easily remark them in his Perusal of the Poem.

A third fault in his Sentiments, is an unnecessary Ostentation of Learning, which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain that both *Homer* and *Virgil* were Masters of all the Learning of their Times, but it shews it self in their Works after an indirect and concealed manner. *Milton* seems ambitious of letting us know, by his Excursions on Free-Will and Predestination, and his many Glances upon History, Astronomy, Geography, and the like, as well as by the Terms and Phrases he sometimes makes use of, that he was acquainted with the whole Circle of Arts and Sciences.

If, in the last place, we consider the Language of this great Poet, we must allow what I have hinted in a former Paper, that it is often too much laboured, and sometimes obscured by old Words, Transpositions, and Foreign Idioms. *Seneca's* Objection to the Style of a great Author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in eâ placidum nihil lenè*, is what many Criticks make to *Milton*: As I cannot wholly refuse it, so I have already apologized for it in another Paper; to which I may further add, that *Milton's* Sentiments and Ideas were so wonderfully Sublime, that it would have been impossible for him to have represented them in their full Strength and Beauty, without having recourse to these Foreign Assistances. Our Language sunk under him, and was unequal to that Greatness of Soul, which furnished him with such glorious Conceptions.

A second Fault in his Language is, that he often affects a kind of Jingle in his Words, as in the following Passages, and many others:

And brought into the World a World of Woe.
———*Begirt th' Almighty throne*
Beseeching or besieging———
This tempted our attempt———
At one slight bound high overleapt all bound.

I know there are Figures for this kind of Speech, that some of the greatest Ancients have been guilty of it, and that *Aristotle* himself has given it a place in his Rhetorick among the Beauties of that Art.² But as it is in its self poor and

¹ [which]

² Rhetoric, iii. ch. 11, where he cites such verbal jokes as, You wish him *πέρσαι* (i. e. to side with Persia—to ruin him), and the saying of *Isocrates* concerning Athens, that its sovereignty (*ἀρχή*) was to the city a beginning (*ἀρχή*) of evils. As this closes Addison's comparison of *Milton's* practice with *Aristotle's* doctrine (the following papers being expressions of his personal appreciation of

trifling, it is I think at present universally exploded by all the Masters of Polite Writing.

The last Fault which I shall take notice of in *Milton's* Style, is the frequent use of what the Learned call *Technical Words*, or 'Terms of Art. It is one of the great Beauties of Poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abstruse [of¹] it self in such easy Language as may be understood by ordinary Readers: Besides, that the Knowledge of a Poet should rather seem born with him, or inspired, than drawn from Books and Systems. I have often wondered how Mr. *Dryden* could translate a Passage out of *Virgil* after the following manner.

*Tack to the Larboard, and stand off to Sea.
Veer Star-board Sea and Land.—*

Milton makes use of *Larboard* in the same manner. When he is upon Building he mentions *Doric Pillars, Pilasters, Cornice, Freeze, Architrave*. When he talks of Heavenly Bodies, you meet with *Eccliptic* and *Eccentric*, the *trepidation*, *Stars dropping from the Zenith*, *Rays culminating from the Equator*. To which might be added many Instances of the like kind in several other Arts and Sciences.

I shall in my next [Papers²] give an Account of the many particular Beauties in *Milton*, which would have been too long to insert under those general Heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this Piece of Criticism. L.

the several books of *Paradise Lost*), we may note here that *Milton* would have been quite ready to have his work tried by the test Addison has been applying. In his letter to Samuel Hartlib, sketching his ideal of a good Education, he assigns to advanced pupils logic and then 'rhetoric taught out of the rules of Plato, Aristotle, Phalereus, Cicero, Hermogenes, Longinus. To which poetry would be made subsequent, or, indeed, rather precedent, as being less subtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate. I mean not here the prosody of a verse, which they could not but have hit on before among the rudiments of grammar; but that sublime art which in Aristotle's Poetics, in Horace, and the Italian commentaries of Castelvetro, Tasso, Mazzoni, and others, teaches what the laws are of a true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric, what decorum is, which is the grand masterpiece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-writers be; and show them what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things.'

¹ [in]

² [Saturday's Paper]

No. 298.] Monday, February 11, 1712. [Steele.

Nusquam Tuta fides— Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR, London, Feb. 9, 1711-12.

I AM a Virgin, and in no Case despicable; but yet such as I am I must remain, or else become, 'tis to be feared, less happy: for I find not the least good Effect from the just Correction you some time since gave, that too free, that looser Part of our Sex which spoils the Men; the same Connivance at the Vices, the same easie Admittance of Addresses, the same vitiated Relish of the Conversation of the greatest of Rakes (or in a more fashionable Way of expressing one's self, of such as have seen the World most) still abounds, increases, multiplies.

The humble Petition therefore of many of the most strictly virtuous, and of my self, is, That you'll once more exert your Authority, and that according to your late Promise, your full, your impartial Authority, on this sillier Branch of our Kind: For why should they be the uncontrollable Mistresses of our Fate? Why should they with Impunity indulge the Males in Licentiousness whilst single, and we have the dismal Hazard and Plague of reforming them when married? Strike home, Sir, then, and spare not, or all our maiden Hopes, our gilded Hopes of nuptial Felicity are frustrated, are vanished, and you your self, as well as Mr. *Courtly*, will, by smoothing over immodest Practices with the Gloss of soft and harmless Names, for ever forfeit our Esteem. Nor think that I'm herein more severe than need be: If I have not reason more than enough, do you and the World judge from this ensuing Account, which, I think, will prove the Evil to be universal.

You must know then, that since your Reprehension of this Female Degeneracy came out, I've had a Tender of Respects from no less than five Persons, of tolerable Figure too as Times go: But the Misfortune is, that four of the five are professed Followers of the Mode. They would face me down, that all Women of good Sense ever were, and ever will be, Latitudinarians in Wedlock; and always did, and will, give and take what they profanely term Conjugal Liberty of Conscience.

The two first of them, a Captain and a Merchant, to strengthen their Argument, pretend to repeat after a Couple, a Brace of Ladies of Quality and Wit, That *Venus* was always kind to *Mars*; and what Soul that has the least spark of Generosity, can deny a Man of Bravery any thing? And how pitiful a Trader that, whom no Woman but his own Wife will have Correspondence and Dealings with? Thus these; whilst the third, the Country Squire, confessed, That indeed he was surprized into good Breeding, and entered into the Knowledge of the World unawares. That dining t'other Day at a Gentleman's House, the Person who entertained was obliged to leave him with his Wife and Nieces; where they spoke with so much Contempt of an

'absent Gentleman for being slow at a Hint, that he had resolved never to be drowsy, unmannerly, or stupid for the future at a Friend's House; and on a hunting Morning, not to pursue the Game either with the Husband abroad, or with the Wife at home.

'The next that came was a Tradesman, [no¹] less full of the Age than the former; for he had the Gallantry to tell me, that at a late Junket which he was invited to, the Motion being made, and the Question being put, 'twas by Maid, Wife and Widow resolved *nemine contradicente*, That a young sprightly Journeyman is absolutely necessary in their Way of Business: To which they had the Assent and Concurrence of the Husbands present. I dropped him a Curtsy, and gave him to understand that was his Audience of Leave.

'I am reckoned pretty, and have had very many Advances besides these; but have been very averse to hear any of them, from my Observation on these above-mentioned, 'till I hoped some Good from the Character of my present Admirer, a Clergyman. But I find even amongst them there are indirect Practices in relation to Love, and our Treaty is at present a little in Suspence, 'till some Circumstances are cleared. There is a Charge against him among the Women, and the Case is this: It is alledged, That a certain endowed Female would have appropriated her self to and consolidated her self with a Church, which my Divine now enjoys; (or, which is the same thing, did prostitute her self to her Friend's doing this for her): That my Ecclesiastick, to obtain the one, did engage himself to take off the other that lay on Hand; but that on his Success in the Spiritual, he again renounced the Carnal.

'I put this closely to him, and taxed him with Disingenuity. He to clear himself made the subsequent Defence, and that in the most solemn Manner possible: That he was applied to and instigated to accept of a Benefice: That a conditional Offer thereof was indeed made him at first, but with Disdain by him rejected: That when nothing (as they easily perceived) of this Nature could bring him to their Purpose, Assurance of his being entirely unengaged before-hand, and safe from all their After-Expectations (the only Stratagem left to draw him in) was given him: That pursuant to this the Donation it self was without Delay, before several reputable Witnesses, tendered to him *gratis*, with the open Profession of not the least Reserve, or most minute Condition; but that yet immediately after Induction, his insidious Introducer (or her crafty Procurer, which you will) industriously spread the Report, which had reached my Ears, not only in the Neighbourhood of that said Church, but in *London*, in the University, in mine and his own County, and where-ever else it might probably obviate his Application to any other Woman, and so confine him to this alone: And, in a Word, That as he never did make any previous Offer of his Service, or the least Step to her Affection; so on his Discovery of these

² [nor]

'Designs thus laid to trick him, he could not but afterwards, in Justice to himself, vindicate both his Innocence and Freedom by keeping his proper Distance.

'This is his Apology, and I think I shall be satisfied with it. But I cannot conclude my tedious Epistle, without recommending to you not only to resume your former Chastisement, but to add to your Criminals the Simoniacal Ladies, who seduce the sacred Order into the Difficulty of either breaking a mercenary Troth made to them whom they ought not to deceive, or by breaking or keeping it offending against him whom they cannot deceive. Your Assistance and Labours of this sort would be of great Benefit, and your speedy Thoughts on this Subject would be very seasonable to,

SIR, Your most obedient Servant,

T. Chastity Loveworth.

No. 299.] Tuesday, February 12, 1712. [Addison.]

Malo Venusinam, quam te, Cornelia, Mater Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus affers Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.

Tolle tuum precor Annibalem victumque Syphacem

In castris, et cum totâ Carthagine migra.—Juv.

IT is observed, that a Man improves more by reading the Story of a Person eminent for Prudence and Virtue, than by the finest Rules and Precepts of Morality. In the same manner a Representation of those Calamities and Misfortunes which a weak Man suffers from wrong Measures, and ill-concerted Schemes of Life, is apt to make a deeper Impression upon our Minds, than the wisest Maxims and Instructions that can be given us, for avoiding the like Follies and Indiscretions on our own private Conduct. It is for this Reason that I lay before my Reader the following Letter, and leave it with him to make his own use of it, without adding any Reflections of my own upon the Subject Matter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Having carefully perused a Letter sent you by *Josiah Fribble*, Esq., with your subsequent Discourse upon *Pin-Money*, I do presume to trouble you with an Account of my own Case, which I look upon to be no less deplorable than that of *Squire Fribble*. I am a Person of no Extraction, having begun the World with a small parcel of Rusty Iron, and was for some Years commonly known by the Name of *Jack Anvil*.¹ I have naturally a very happy Genius for getting Money, insomuch that by the Age of Five and twenty I had scraped together Four thousand two hundred Pounds Five Shillings, and a few odd Pence. I then launched out into considerable Business, and became a bold Trader both by Sea and Land, which in a few Years raised me a

¹ This has been said to refer to a Sir Ambrose Crowley, who changed his name to Crawley.

'very [great¹] Fortune. For these my Good
 'Services I was Knighted in the thirty fifth Year
 'of my Age, and lived with great Dignity among
 'my City-Neighbours by the Name of Sir *John*
 '*Anvil*. Being in my Temper very Ambitious, I
 'was now bent upon making a Family, and ac-
 'cordingly resolved that my Descendants should
 'have a Dash of Good Blood in their Veins. In
 'order to this, I made Love to the Lady *Mary*
 '*Oddly*, an Indigent young Woman of Quality.
 'To cut short the Marriage Treaty, I threw her a
 '*Charte Blanche*, as our News Papers call it, de-
 'siring her to write upon it her own Terms. She
 'was very concise in her Demands, insisting only
 'that the Disposal of my Fortune, and the Regu-
 'lation of my Family, should be entirely in her
 'Hands. Her Father and Brothers appeared ex-
 'ceedingly averse to this Match, and would not
 'see me for some time; but at present are so well
 'reconciled, that they Dine with me almost every
 'Day, and have borrowed considerable Sums of
 'me; which my Lady *Mary* very often twits me
 'with, when she would shew me how kind her
 'Relations are to me. She had no Portion, as I
 'told you before, but what she wanted in Fortune,
 'she makes up in Spirit. She at first changed my
 'Name to Sir *John Anvil*, and at present writes
 'her self *Mary Enville*. I have had some Children
 'by her, whom she has Christened with the Surnames
 'of her Family, in order, as she tells me, to wear
 'out the Homeliness of their Parentage by the
 'Father's Side. Our eldest Son is the Honourable
 '*Oddly Enville*, Esq., and our eldest Daughter
 '*Harriot Enville*. Upon her first coming into
 'my Family, she turned off a parcel of very care-
 'ful Servants, who had been long with me, and
 'introduced in their stead a couple of Black-a-
 'moors, and three or four very genteel Fellows in
 'Laced Liveries, besides her *French* woman, who
 'is perpetually making a Noise in the House in a
 'Language which no body understands, except
 'my Lady *Mary*. She next set her self to reform
 'every Room of my House, having glazed all my
 'Chimney-pieces with Looking-glass, and planted
 'every Corner with such heaps of *China*, that I
 'am obliged to move about my own House with
 'the greatest Caution and Circumspection, for
 'fear of hurting some of our Brittle Furniture.
 'She makes an Illumination once a Week with
 'Wax-Candles in one of the largest Rooms, in
 'order, as she phrases it, to see Company. At
 'which time she always desires me to be Abroad,
 'or to confine my self to the Cock-loft, that I may
 'not disgrace her among her Visitants of Quality.
 'Her Footmen, as I told you before, are such
 'Beaus that I do not much care for asking them
 'Questions; when I do, they answer me with a
 'sawcy Frown, and say that every thing, which I
 'find Fault with, was done by my Lady *Mary's*
 'Order. She tells me that she intends they shall
 'wear Swords with their next Liveries, having
 'lately observed the Footmen of two or three
 'Persons of Quality hanging behind the Coach
 'with Swords by their Sides. As soon as the first
 'Honey-Moon was over, I represented to her the

¹ [considerable] corrected by an erratum in No. 301.

'Unreasonableness of those daily Innovations
 'which she made in my Family, but she told me
 'I was no longer to consider my self as Sir *John*
 '*Anvil*, but as her Husband; and added, with a
 'Frown, that I did not seem to know who she
 'was. I was surprized to be treated thus, after
 'such Familiarities as had passed between us.
 'But she has since given me to know, that what-
 'ever Freedoms she may sometimes indulge me
 'in, she expects in general to be treated with the
 'Respect that is due to her Birth and Quality.
 'Our Children have been trained up from their
 'Infancy with so many Accounts of their Mother's
 'Family, that they know the Stories of all the
 'great Men and Women it has produced. Their
 'Mother tells them, that such an one commanded
 'in such a Sea Engagement, that their Great
 'Grandfather had a Horse shot under him at
 '*Edge-hill*, that their Uncle was at the Siege of
 '*Buda*, and that her Mother danced in a Ball at
 'Court with the Duke of *Monmouth*; with
 'abundance of Fiddle-faddle of the same Nature.
 'I was, the other Day, a little out of Countenance
 'at a Question of my little Daughter *Harriot*,
 'who asked me, with a great deal of Innocence,
 'why I never told them of the Generals and Ad-
 'mirals that had been in *my* Family. As for my
 'Eldest Son *Oddly*, he has been so spirited up by
 'his Mother, that if he does not mend his Manners
 'I shall go near to disinherit him. He drew his
 'Sword upon me before he was nine years old,
 'and told me, that he expected to be used like a
 'Gentleman; upon my offering to correct him for
 'his Insolence, my Lady *Mary* stept in between
 'us, and told me, that I ought to consider there
 'was some Difference between his Mother and
 'mine. She is perpetually finding out the Fea-
 'tures of her own Relations in every one of my
 'Children, tho' by the way, I have a little Chub-
 'faced Boy as like me as he can stare, if I durst
 'say so; but what most angers me, when she
 'sees me playing with any of them upon my Knee,
 'she has begged me more than once to converse
 'with the Children as little as possibly, that they
 'may not learn any of my awkward Tricks.
 'You must farther know, since I am opening
 'my Heart to you, that she thinks her self my
 'Superior in Sense, as much as she is in Quality,
 'and therefore treats me like a plain well-mean-
 'ing Man, who does not know the World. She
 'dictates to me in my own Business, sets me right
 'in Point of Trade, and if I disagree with her
 'about any of my Ships at Sea, wonders that I
 'will dispute with her, when I know very well
 'that her Great Grandfather was a Flag Officer.
 'To compleat my Sufferings, she has teased me
 'for this Quarter of [a²] Year last past, to remove
 'into one of the Squares at the other End of the
 'Town, promising for my Encouragement, that I
 'shall have as good a Cock-loft as any Gentleman
 'in the Square; to which the Honourable *Oddly*
 '*Enville*, Esq., always adds, like a Jack-a-napes
 'as he is, that he hopes 'twill be as near the Court
 'as possible.
 'In short, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, I am so much out
 'of my natural Element, that to recover my old

² [an]

'Way of Life I would be content to begin the
'World again, and be plain *Jack Anvil*; but
'alas! I am in for Life, and am bound to sub-
'scribe my self, with great Sorrow of Heart,

Your humble Servant,
L. John Enville, *Knt.*

No. 300.] *Wednesday, February 13, 1712.* [Steele.

—*Diversum vitio vitium prope majus.*—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
'WHEN you talk of the Subject of Love, and
'the Relations arising from it, methinks
'you should take Care to leave no Fault unob-
'served which concerns the State of Marriage.
'The great Vexation that I have observed in it,
'is, that the wedded Couple seem to want Oppor-
'tunities of being often enough alone together,
'and are forced to quarrel and be fond before
'Company. Mr. *Hotspur* and his Lady, in a
'Room full of their Friends, are ever saying
'something so smart to each other, and that but
'just within Rules, that the whole Company stand
'in the utmost Anxiety and Suspence for fear of
'their falling into Extremities which they could
'not be present at. On the other Side, *Tom Fad-*
'*dle* and his pretty Spouse where-ever they come
'are billing at such a Rate, as they think must do
'our Hearts good who behold 'em. Cannot you
'possibly propose a Mean between being Wasps
'and Doves in Publick? I should think if you ad-
'vised to hate or love sincerely it would be better:
'For if they would be so discreet as to hate from
'the very Bottom of their Hearts, their Aversion
'would be too strong for little Gibes every Mo-
'ment; and if they loved with that calm and
'noble Value which dwells in the Heart, with a
'Warmth like that of Life-Blood, they would not
'be so impatient of their Passion as to fall into
'observable Fondness. This Method, in each
'Case, would save Appearances; but as those who
'offend on the fond Side are by much the fewer,
'I would have you begin with them, and go on to
'take Notice of a most impertinent Licence mar-
'ried Women take, not only to be very loving to
'their Spouses in Publick, but also make nau-
'seous Allusions to private Familiarities, and the
'like. *Lucina* is a Lady of the greatest Discre-
'tion, you must know, in the World; and withal
'very much a Physician: Upon the Strength of
'these two Qualities there is nothing she will not
'speak of before us Virgins; and she every Day
'talks with a very grave Air in such a Manner, as
'is very improper so much as to be hinted at but
'to obviate the greatest Extremity. Those whom
'they call good Bodies, notable People, hearty
'Neighbours, and the purest goodest Company in
'the World, are the great Offenders in this Kind.
'Here I think I have laid before you an open
'Field for Plesantry; and hope you will shew
'these People that at least they are not witty:
'In which you will save from many a Blush a
'daily Sufferer, who is very much

Your most humble Servant,
Susanna Loveworth.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'In yours of *Wednesday* the 30th past, you and
'your Correspondent are very severe on a sort of
'Men, whom you call Male Coquets; but without
'any other Reason, in my Apprehension, than
'that of paying a shallow Compliment to the fair
'Sex, by accusing some Men of imaginary Faults,
'that the Women may not seem to be the more
'faulty Sex; though at the same time you suppose
'there are some so weak as to be imposed upon
'by fine Things and false Addresses. I can't per-
'suade my self that your Design is to debar the
'Sexes the Benefit of each other's Conversation
'within the Rules of Honour; nor will you, I dare
'say, recommend to 'em, or encourage the com-
'mon Tea-Table Talk, much less that of Politicks
'and Matters of State: And if these are forbidden
'Subjects of Discourse, then, as long as there are
'any Women in the World who take a Pleasure in
'hearing themselves praised, and can bear the
'Sight of a Man prostrate at their Feet, so long I
'shall make no Wonder that there are those of the
'other Sex who will pay them those impertinent
'Humiliations. We should have few People such
'Fools as to practise Flattery, if all were so wise
'as to despise it. I don't deny but you would do
'a meritorious Act, if you could prevent all In-
'positions on the Simplicity of young Women;
'but I must confess I don't apprehend you have
'laid the Fault on the proper Person, and if I
'trouble you with my Thoughts upon it I promise
'my self your Pardon. Such of the Sex as are
'raw and innocent, and most exposed to these
'Attacks, have, or their Parents are much to blame
'if they have not, one to advise and guard 'em,
'and are obliged themselves to take Care of 'em:
'but if these, who ought to hinder Men from all
'Opportunities of this sort of Conversation, instead
'of that encourage and promote it, the Suspicion
'is very just that there are some private Reasons
'for it; and I'll leave it to you to determine on
'which Side a Part is then acted. Some Women
'there are who are arrived at Years of Discretion,
'I mean are got out of the Hands of their Parents
'and Governours, and are set up for themselves,
'who yet are liable to these Attempts; but if these
'are prevailed upon, you must excuse me if I lay
'the Fault upon them, that their Wisdom is not
'grown with their Years. My Client, Mr. *Stre-*
'*phon*, whom you summoned to declare himself,
'gives you Thanks however for your Warning,
'and begs the Favour only to enlarge his Time for
'a Week, or to the last Day of the Term, and
'then he'll appear *gratis*, and pray no Day over.

Yours,
Philanthropos.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I was last Night to visit a Lady who I much
'esteem, and always took for my Friend; but met
'with so very different a Reception from what I
'expected, that I cannot help applying my self to
'you on this Occasion. In the room of that Civi-
'ty and Familiarity I used to be treated with by
'her, an affected Strangeness in her Looks, and
'Coldness in her Behaviour, plainly told me I was
'not the welcome Guest which the Regard and
'Tenderness she has often expressed for me gave

'me Reason to flatter my self to think I was.
'Sir, this is certainly a great Fault, and I assure
'you a very common one; therefore I hope you
'will think it a fit Subject for some Part of a
'*Spectator*. Be pleased to acquaint us how we
'must behave our selves towards this valetudinary
'Friendship, subject to so many Heats and Colds,
'and you will oblige,

SIR, Your humble Servant,
Miranda.

SIR,

'I cannot forbear acknowledging the Delight
'your late *Spectators* on *Saturdays* have given
'me; for it is writ in the honest Spirit of Criticism,
'and called to my Mind the following four Lines
'I had read long since in a Prologue to a Play
'called *Julius Cæsar*,¹ which has deserved a better
'Fate. The Verses are addressed to the little
'Criticks.

*Shew your small Talent, and let that suffice ye;
But grow not vain upon it, I advise ye.
For every Fop can find out Faults in Plays:
You'll ne'er arrive at Knowing when to praise.*

T. Yours, D. G.

No. 301.] Thursday, February 14, 1712. [Budgell.

*Possint ut Juvenes visere fervidi
Muldo non sine risu,
Dilapsam in cineres facem.—Hor*

WE are generally so much pleased with any little Accomplishments, either of Body or Mind, which have once made us remarkable in the World, that we endeavour to persuade our selves it is not in the Power of Time to rob us of them. We are eternally pursuing the same Methods which first procured us the Applauses of Mankind. It is from this Notion that an Author writes on, tho' he is come to Dotage; without ever considering that his Memory is impaired, and that he has lost that Life, and those Spirits, which formerly raised his Fancy, and fired his Imagination. The same Folly hinders a Man from submitting his Behaviour to his Age, and makes *Clodius*, who was a celebrated Dancer at five and twenty, still love to hobble in a Minuet, tho' he is past Threescore. It is this, in a Word, which fills the Town with elderly Fops, and superannuated Coquets.

Canidia, a Lady of this latter Species, passed by me Yesterday in her Coach. *Canidia* was an haughty Beauty of the last Age, and was followed by Crowds of Adorers, whose Passions only pleased her, as they gave her Opportunities of playing the Tyrant. She then contracted that awful Cast of the Eye and forbidding Frown, which she has not yet laid aside, and has still all the Insolence of Beauty without its Charms. If

¹ By William Alexander, Earl of Stirling (who died in 1640); one of his four 'Monarchicke Tragedies.' He received a grant of Nova Scotia to colonize, and was secretary of state for Scotland.

she now attracts the Eyes of any Beholders, it is only by being remarkably ridiculous; even her own Sex laugh at her Affectation; and the Men, who always enjoy an ill-natured Pleasure in seeing an imperious Beauty humbled and neglected, regard her with the same Satisfaction that a free Nation sees a Tyrant in Disgrace.

WILL. HONEYCOMB, who is a great Admirer of the Gallantries in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, lately communicated to me a Letter written by a Wit of that Age to his Mistress, who it seems was a Lady of *Canidia's* Humour; and tho' I do not always approve of my Friend WILL'S Taste, I liked this Letter so well, that I took a Copy of it, with which I shall here present my Reader.

To CLOE.

MADAM,

'Since my waking Thoughts have never been
'able to influence you in my Favour, I am re-
'solved to try whether my Dreams can make any
'Impression on you. To this end I shall give you
'an Account of a very odd one which my Fancy
'presented to me last Night, within a few Hours
'after I left you.

'Methought I was unaccountably conveyed
'into the most delicious Place mine Eyes ever
'beheld, it was a large Valley divided by a River
'of the purest Water I had ever seen. The
'Ground on each Side of it rose by an easie
'Ascent, and was covered with Flowers of an in-
'finite Variety, which as they were reflected in the
'Water doubled the Beauties of the Place, or rather
'formed an Imaginary Scene more beautiful than
'the real. On each Side of the River was a
'Range of lofty Trees, whose Boughs were loaden
'with almost as many Birds as Leaves. Every
'Tree was full of Harmony.

'I had not gone far in this pleasant Valley, when
'I perceived that it was terminated by a most mag-
'nificent Temple. The Structure was ancient,
'and regular. On the Top of it was figured the
'God *Saturn*, in the same Shape and Dress that
'the Poets usually represent *Time*.

'As I was advancing to satisfy my Curiosity by
'a nearer View, I was stopped by an Object far
'more beautiful than any I had before discovered
'in the whole Place. I fancy, Madam, you will
'easily guess that this could hardly be any thing
'but your self; in reality it was so; you lay ex-
'tended on the Flowers by the side of the River,
'so that your Hands which were thrown in a negli-
'gent Posture, almost touched the Water. Your
'Eyes were closed; but if your Sleep deprived
'me of the Satisfaction of seeing them, it left me
'at leisure to contemplate several other Charms,
'which disappear when your Eyes are open. I
'could not but admire the Tranquility you slept
'in, especially when I considered the Uneasiness
'you produce in so many others.

'While I was wholly taken up in these Reflec-
'tions, the Doors of the Temple flew open, with a
'very great Noise; and lifting up my Eyes, I saw
'two Figures, in human Shape, coming into the
'Valley. Upon a nearer Survey, I found them
'to be YOUTH and LOVE. The first was encircled
'with a kind of Purple Light, that spread a Glory
'over all the Place; the other held a flaming

'Torch in his Hand. I could observe, that all the way as they came towards us, the Colours of the Flowers appeared more lively, the Trees shot out in Blossoms, the Birds threw themselves into Pairs, and Serenaded them as they passed: The whole Face of Nature glowed with new Beauties. They were no sooner arrived at the Place where you lay, when they seated themselves on each Side of you. On their Approach, methought I saw a new Bloom arise in your Face, and new Charms diffuse themselves over your whole Person. You appeared more than Mortal; but, to my great Surprise, continued fast asleep, tho' the two Deities made several gentle Efforts to awaken you.

'After a short Time, YOUTH (displaying a Pair of Wings, which I had not before taken notice of) flew off. LOVE still remained, and holding the Torch which he had in his Hand before your Face, you still appeared as beautiful as ever. The glaring of the Light in your Eyes at length awakened you; when, to my great Surprise, instead of acknowledging the Favour of the Deity, you frowned upon him, and struck the Torch out of his Hand into the River. The God after having regarded you with a Look that spoke at [once¹] his Pity and Displeasure, flew away. Immediately a kind of Gloom overspread the whole Place. At the same time I saw an hideous Spectre enter at one end of the Valley. His Eyes were sunk into his Head, his Face was pale and withered, and his Skin puckered up in Wrinkles. As he walked on the sides of the Bank the River froze, the Flowers faded, the Trees shed their Blossoms, the Birds dropped from off the Boughs, and fell dead at his Feet. By these Marks I knew him to be OLD-AGE. You were seized with the utmost Horror and Amazement at his Approach. You endeavoured to have fled, but the Phantome caught you in his Arms. You may easily guess at the Change you suffered in this Embrace. For my own Part, though I am still too full of the [frightful²] Idea, I will not shock you with a Description of it. I was so startled at the Sight that my Sleep immediately left me, and I found my self awake, at leisure to consider of a Dream which seems too extraordinary to be without a Meaning. I am, Madam, with the greatest Passion,

Your most Obedient,
most Humble Servant, &c.

X.

No. 302.] Friday, February 13, 1712. [Steele.

—Lachrymæque decoræ,
Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore Virtus.
Vir. Æn. 5.

I READ what I give for the Entertainment of this Day with a great deal of Pleasure, and publish it just as it came to my Hands. I shall be very glad to find there are many guessed at for *Emilia*.

¹ [the same time]

² [dreadful]

Mr. SPECTATOR,¹

'If this Paper has the good Fortune to be honoured with a Place in your Writings, I shall be the more pleased, because the Character of *Emilia* is not an imaginary but a real one. I have industriously obscured the whole by the Addition of one or two Circumstances of no Consequence, that the Person it is drawn from might still be concealed; and that the Writer of it might not be in the least suspected, and for [other²] Reasons, I chuse not to give it the Form of a Letter: But if, besides the Faults of the Composition, there be any thing in it more proper for a Correspondent than the SPECTATOR himself to write, I submit it to your better Judgment, to receive any other Model you think fit.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant.

There is nothing which gives one so pleasing a Prospect of human Nature, as the Contemplation of Wisdom and Beauty: The latter is the peculiar Portion of that Sex which is therefore called Fair; but the happy Concurrence of both these Excellencies in the same Person, is a Character too celestial to be frequently met with. Beauty is an over-weening self-sufficient thing, careless of providing it self any more substantial Ornaments; nay so little does it consult its own Interests, that it too often defeats it self by betraying that Innocence which renders it lovely and desirable. As therefore Virtue makes a beautiful Woman appear more beautiful, so Beauty makes a virtuous Woman really more virtuous. Whilst I am considering these two Perfections gloriously united in one Person, I cannot help representing to my Mind the Image of *Emilia*.

Who ever beheld the charming *Emilia*, without feeling in his Breast at once the Glow of Love and the Tenderness of virtuous Friendship? The unstudied Graces of her Behaviour, and the pleasing Accents of her Tongue, insensibly draw you on to wish for a nearer Enjoyment of them; but even her Smiles carry in them a silent Reproof to the Impulses of licentious Love. Thus, tho' the Attractives of her Beauty play almost irresistibly upon you and create Desire, you immediately stand corrected not by the Severity but the Decency of her Virtue. That Sweetness and Good-humour which is so visible in her Face, naturally diffuses it self into every Word and Action: A Man must be a Savage, who at the Sight of *Emilia*, is not more inclined to do her Good than gratifie himself. Her Person, as it is thus studiously embellished by Nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated Graces, is a fit Lodging for a Mind so fair and lovely; there dwell rational Piety, modest Hope, and chearful Resignation.

¹ The character of *Emilia* in this paper was by Dr. Bromer, a clergyman. The lady is said to have been 'the mother of Mr. Ascham, of Conington, in Cambridgeshire, and grandmother of Lady 'Hatton.' The letter has been claimed also for John Hughes (Letters of John Hughes, &c., vol. iii. p. 8), and *Emilia* identified with Anne, Countess of Coventry.

² [some other]

Many of the prevailing Passions of Mankind do undeservedly pass under the Name of Religion; which is thus made to express itself in Action, according to the Nature of the Constitution in which it resides: So that were we to make a Judgment from Appearances, one would imagine Religion in some is little better than Sullenness and Reserve, in many Fear, in others the Despondings of a melancholly Complexion, in others the Formality of insignificant unaffecting Observances, in others Severity, in others Ostentation. In *Emilia* it is a Principle founded in Reason and enlivened with Hope; it does not break forth into irregular Fits and Sallies of Devotion, but is an uniform and consistent Tenour of Action; It is strict without Severity, compassionate without Weakness; it is the Perfection of that good Humour which proceeds from the Understanding, not the Effect of an easy Constitution.

By a generous Sympathy in Nature, we feel our selves disposed to mourn when any of our Fellow-Creatures are afflicted; but injured Innocence and Beauty in Distress, is an Object that carries in it something inexpressibly moving: It softens the most manly Heart with the tenderest Sensations of Love and Compassion, till at length it confesses its Humanity, and flows out into Tears.

Were I to relate that part of *Emilia's* Life which has given her an Opportunity of exerting the Heroism of Christianity, it would make too sad, too tender a Story: But when I consider her alone in the midst of her Distresses, looking beyond this gloomy Vale of Affliction and Sorrow into the Joys of Heaven and Immortality, and when I see her in Conversation thoughtless and easie as if she were the most happy Creature in the World, I am transported with Admiration. Surely never did such a Philosophic Soul inhabit such a beauteous Form! For Beauty is often made a Privilege against Thought and Reflection; it laughs at Wisdom, and will not abide the Gravity of its Instructions.

Were I able to represent *Emilia's* Virtues in their proper Colours and their due Proportions, Love or Flattery might perhaps be thought to have drawn the Picture larger than Life; but as this is but an imperfect Draught of so excellent a Character, and as I cannot, will not hope to have any Interest in her Person, all that I can say of her is but impartial Praise extorted from me by the prevailing Brightness of her Virtues. So rare a Pattern of Female Excellence ought not to be concealed, but should be set out to the View and Imitation of the World; for how amiable does Virtue appear thus as it were made visible to us in so fair an Example!

Honorias Disposition is of a very different Turn: Her Thoughts are wholly bent upon Conquest and arbitrary Power. That she has some Wit and Beauty no Body denies, and therefore has the Esteem of all her Acquaintance as a Woman of an agreeable Person and Conversation; but (whatever her Husband may think of it) that is not sufficient for *Honorias*: She waves that Title to Respect as a mean Acquisition, and demands Veneration in the Right of an Idol; for this Reason her natural Desire of Life is contin-

ually checked with an inconsistent Fear of Wrinkles and old Age.

Emilia cannot be supposed ignorant of her personal Charms, tho' she seems to be so; but she will not hold her Happiness upon so precarious a Tenure, whilst her Mind is adorned with Beauties of a more exalted and lasting Nature. When in the full Bloom of Youth and Beauty we saw her surrounded with a Crowd of Adorers, she took no Pleasure in Slaughter and Destruction, gave no false deluding Hopes which might encrease the Torments of her disappointed Lovers; but having for some Time given to the Decency of a Virgin Coyness, and examined the Merit of their several Pretensions, she at length gratified her own, by resigning herself to the ardent Passion of *Bromius*. *Bromius* was then Master of many good Qualities and a moderate Fortune, which was soon after unexpectedly encreased to a plentiful Estate. This for a good while proved his Misfortune, as it furnished his unexperienced Age with the Opportunities of Evil Company and a sensual Life. He might have longer wandered in the Labyrinths of Vice and Folly, had not *Emilia's* prudent Conduct won him over to the Government of his Reason. Her Ingenuity has been constantly employed in humanizing his Passions and refining his Pleasures. She shewed him by her own Example, that Virtue is consistent with decent Freedoms and good Humour, or rather, that it cannot subsist without 'em. Her good Sense readily instructed her, that a silent Example and an easie unrepining Behaviour, will always be more perswasive than the Severity of Lectures and Admonitions; and that there is so much Pride interwoven into the Make of human Nature, that an obstinate Man must only take the Hint from another, and then be left to advise and correct himself. Thus by an artful Train of Management and unseen Perswasions, having at first brought him not to dislike, and at length to be pleased with that which otherwise he would not have bore to hear of, she then knew how to press and secure this Advantage, by approving it as his Thoughts, and seconding it as his Proposal. By this Means she has gained an Interest in some of his leading Passions, and made them necessary to his Reformation.

There is another Particular of *Emilia's* Conduct which I can't forbear mentioning: To some perhaps it may at first Sight appear but a trifling inconsiderable Circumstance; but for my Part, I think it highly worthy of Observation, and to be recommended to the Consideration of the fair Sex. I have often thought wrapping Gowns and dirty Linnen, with all that huddled Oeconomy of Dress which passes under the general Name of a Mob, the Bane of conjugal Love, and one of the readiest Means imaginable to alienate the Affection of an Husband, especially a fond one. I have heard some Ladies, who have been surprized by Company in such a Deshabille, apologize for it after this Manner; *Truly I am ashamed to be caught in this Pickle; but my Husband and I were sitting all alone by our selves, and I did not expect to see such good Company*—This by the way is a fine Compliment to the good Man, which 'tis ten to one but he returns in dogged Answers

and a churlish Behaviour, without knowing what it is that puts him out of Humour.

Emilia's Observation teaches her, that as little Inadvertencies and Neglects cast a Blemish upon a great Character; so the Neglect of Apparel, even among the most intimate Friends, does insensibly lessen their Regards to each other, by creating a Familiarity too low and contemptible. She understands the Importance of those Things which the Generality account Trifles; and considers every thing as a Matter of Consequence, that has the least Tendency towards keeping up or abating the Affection of her Husband; him she esteems as a fit Object to employ her Ingenuity in pleasing, because he is to be pleased for Life.

By the Help of these, and a thousand other nameless Arts, which 'tis easier for her to practise than for another to express, by the Obstinacy of her Goodness and unprovoked Submission, in spite of all her Afflictions and ill Usage, *Bromius* is become a Man of Sense and a kind Husband, and *Emilia* a happy Wife.

Ye guardian Angels to whose Care Heaven has entrusted its dear *Emilia*, guide her still forward in the Paths of Virtue, defend her from the Insolence and Wrongs of this undiscerning World; at length when we must no more converse with such Purity on Earth, lead her gently hence innocent and unreprouable to a better Place, where by an easie Transition from what she now is, she may shine forth an Angel of Light. T.

No. 303.] Saturday, February 16, 1712. [Addison.

—*volet hæc sub luce videri,*
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.
Hor.

I HAVE seen in the Works of a Modern Philosopher, a Map of the Spots in the Sun. My last Paper of the Faults and Blemishes in *Milton's Paradise Lost*, may be considered as a Piece of the same Nature. To pursue the Allusion: As it is observed, that among the bright Parts of the Luminous Body above mentioned, there are some which glow more intensely, and dart a stronger Light than others; so, notwithstanding I have already shewn *Milton's* Poem to be very beautiful in general, I shall now proceed to take Notice of such Beauties as appear to me more exquisite than the rest. *Milton* has proposed the Subject of his Poem in the following Verses.

*Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought Death into the World and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
Sing Heavenly Muse—*

These Lines are perhaps as plain, simple and unadorned as any of the whole Poem, in which Particular the Author has conformed himself to the Example of *Homer* and the Precept of *Horace*.

His Invocation to a Work which turns in a great

measure upon the Creation of the World, is very properly made to the Muse who inspired *Moses* in those Books from whence our Author drew his Subject, and to the Holy Spirit who is therein represented as operating after a particular manner in the first Production of Nature. This whole Exordium rises very happily into noble Language and Sentiment, as I think the Transition to the Fable is exquisitely beautiful and natural.

The Nine Days Astonishment, in which the Angels lay entranced after their dreadful Overthrow and Fall from Heaven, before they could recover either the use of Thought or Speech, is a noble Circumstance, and very finely imagined. The Division of Hell into Seas of Fire, and into firm Ground impregnated with the same furious Element, with that particular Circumstance of the Exclusion of *Hope* from those Infernal Regions, are Instances of the same great and fruitful Invention.

The Thoughts in the first Speech and Description of *Satan*, who is one of the Principal Actors in this Poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full Idea of him. His Pride, Envy and Revenge, Obstinacy, Despair and Impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In short, his first Speech is a Complication of all those Passions which discover themselves separately in several other of his Speeches in the Poem. The whole part of this great Enemy of Mankind is filled with such Incidents as are very apt to raise and terrifie the Reader's Imagination. Of this nature, in the Book now before us, is his being the first that awakens out of the general Trance, with his Posture on the burning Lake, his rising from it, and the Description of his Shield and Spear.

*Thus Satan talking to his nearest Mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts beside
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood—
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward slope their pointing Spires, and
rowl'd
In Billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air
That felt unusual weight—*

—*His pondrous Shield
Ethereal temper, massie, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his Shoulders like the Moon, whose orb
Thro' Optick Glass the Tuscan Artist views
At Ev'ning, from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new Lands,
Rivers, or Mountains, on her spotted Globe.
His Spear (to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian Hills to be the Mast
Of some great Anniral, were but a wand)
He walk'd with, to support uneasie Steps
Over the burning Marl—*

To which we may add his Call to the fallen Angels that lay plunged and stupified in the Sea of Fire.

*He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded—*

But there is no single Passage in the whole Poem worked up to a greater Sublimity, than that wherein his Person is described in those celebrated Lines :

———*He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a Tower, &c.*

His Sentiments are every way answerable to his Character, and suitable to a created Being of the most exalted and most depraved Nature. Such is that in which he takes Possession of his Place of Torments.

———*Hail Horrors! hail
Infernal World! and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor, one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.*

And Afterwards,

———*Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice
To reign is worth Ambition, tho' in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.*

Amidst those Impieties which this Enraged Spirit utters in other places of the Poem, the Author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with absurdity, and incapable of shocking a Religious Reader; his Words, as the Poet himself describes them, bearing only a *Semblance of Worth, not Substance*. He is likewise with great Art described as owning his Adversary to be Almighty. Whatever perverse Interpretation he puts on the Justice, Mercy, and other Attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confesses his Omnipotence, that being the Perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only Consideration which could support his Pride under the Shame of his Defeat.

Nor must I here omit that beautiful Circumstance of his bursting out in Tears, upon his Survey of those innumerable Spirits whom he had involved in the same Guilt and Ruin with himself.

———*He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his Peers: Attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of Scorn
Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth*———

The Catalogue of Evil Spirits has abundance of Learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of Poetry, which rises in a great measure from [its¹] describing the Places where they were worshipped, by those beautiful Marks of Rivers so frequent among the Ancient Poets. The Author had doubtless in this place *Homer's* Catalogue of Ships, and *Virgil's* List of Warriors, in his View. The Characters of *Moloch* and *Belial* prepare the Reader's Mind for their respective Speeches and Behaviour in the second and sixth Book. The Account of *Thammuz* is finely Romantick, and suitable to what we read among the Ancients of the Worship which was paid to that Idol.

¹ [his]

[———*Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual Wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian Damsels to lament his fate,
In am'rous Ditties all a Summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native Rock
Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with Blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the Love tale
Infected Zion's Daughters with like Heat,
Whose wanton Passions in the sacred Porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led
His Eye survey'd the dark Idolatries
Of alienated Judah.*———

The Reader will pardon me if I insert as a Note on this beautiful Passage, the Account given us by the late ingenious Mr. *Maundrell*¹ of this Ancient Piece of Worship, and probably the first Occasion of such a Superstition. 'We came to a fair large River—doubtless the Ancient River *Adonis*, so famous for the Idolatrous Rites performed here in Lamentation of *Adonis*. We had the Fortune to see what may be supposed to be the Occasion of that Opinion which *Lucian* relates, concerning this River, viz. That this Stream, at certain Seasons of the Year, especially about the Feast of *Adonis*, is of a bloody Colour; which the Heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of Sympathy in the River for the Death of *Adonis*, who was killed by a wild Boar in the Mountains, out of which this Stream rises. Something like this we saw actually come to pass; for the Water was stain'd to a surprizing Redness; and, as we observ'd in Travelling, had discolour'd the Sea a great way into a reddish Hue, occasion'd doubtless by a sort of Minium, or red Earth, washed into the River by the Violence of the Rain, and not by any Stain from *Adonis's* Blood.]

The Passage in the Catalogue, explaining the manner how Spirits transform themselves by Contractions or Enlargement of their Dimensions, is introduced with great Judgment, to make way for several surprizing Accidents in the Sequel of the Poem. There follows one, at the very End of the first Book, which is what the *French* Criticks call *Marvellous*, but at the same time *probable* by reason of the Passage last mentioned. As soon as the Infernal Palace is finished, we are told the Multitude and Rabble of Spirits immediately shrunk themselves into a small Compass, that

¹ A Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem at Easter, A.D. 1697. By Henry Maundrell, M.A. It was published at Oxford in 1703, and was in a new edition in 1707. It reached a seventh edition in 1749. Maundrell was a Fellow of Exeter College, which he left to take the appointment of chaplain to the English factory at Aleppo. The brief account of his journey is in the form of a diary, and the passage quoted is under the date, March 15, when they were two days' journey from Tripoli. The stream he identifies with the *Adonis* was called, he says, by the Turks *Ibrahim Pasha*. It is near *Gibyle*, called by the Greeks *Byblus*, a place once famous for the birth and temple of *Adonis*. The extract from *Paradise Lost* and the passage from *Maundrell* were interpolated in the first reprint of the *Spectator*.

there might be Room for such a numberless Assembly in this capacious Hall. But it is the Poet's Refinement upon this Thought which I most admire, and which is indeed very noble in its self. For he tells us, that notwithstanding the vulgar, among the fallen Spirits, contracted their Forms, those of the first Rank and Dignity still preserved their natural Dimensions.

*Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest Forms
Reduc'd their Shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without Number, still amidst the Hall
Of that Infernal Court. But far within,
And in their own Dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphick Lords and Cherubim,
In close recess and secret conclave sate,
A thousand Demy-Gods on Golden Seats,
Frequent and full*

The Character of *Mammon*, and the Description of the *Pandæmonium*, are full of Beauties.

There are several other Strokes in the first Book wonderfully poetical, and Instances of that Sublime Genius so peculiar to the Author. Such is the Description of *Azazel's* Stature, and of the Infernal Standard, which he unfurls; as also of that ghastly Light, by which the Fiends appear to one another in their Place of Torments.

*The Seat of Desolation, void of Light,
Save what the glimm'ring of those livid Flames
Casts pale and dreadful*

The Shout of the whole Host of fallen Angels when drawn up in Battel Array:

*The universal Host up sent
A Shout that tore Hell's Concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.*

The Review, which the Leader makes of his Infernal Army:

*He thro' the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole Battalion views, their Order due,
Their Visages and Stature as of Gods.
Their Number last he sums; and now his Heart
Distends with Pride, and hard'ning in his
strength
Glories*

The Flash of Light which appear'd upon the drawing of their Swords:

*He spake: and to confirm his words outflew
Millions of flaming Swords, drawn from the
thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden Blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell*

The sudden Production of the *Pandæmonium*:

*Anon out of the Earth a Fabrick huge
Rose like an Exhalation, with the Sound
Of dulcet Symphonies and Voices sweet.*

The Artificial Illuminations made in it:

*From the arched Roof
Pendent by subtle Magick, many a Row
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Crescets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded Light
As from a Sky*

There are also several noble Similes and Allusions in the First Book of *Paradise Lost*. And here I must observe, that when *Milton* alludes either to Things or Persons, he never quits his Simile till it rises to some very great Idea, which is often foreign to the Occasion that gave Birth to it. The Resemblance does not, perhaps, last above a Line or two, but the Poet runs on with the Hint till he has raised out of it some glorious Image or Sentiment, proper to inflame the Mind of the Reader, and to give it that sublime kind of Entertainment, which is suitable to the Nature of an Heroick Poem. Those who are acquainted with *Homer's* and *Virgil's* way of Writing, cannot but be pleased with this kind of Structure in *Milton's* Similitudes. I am the more particular on this Head, because ignorant Readers, who have formed their Taste upon the quaint Similes, and little Turns of Wit, which are so much in Vogue among Modern Poets, cannot relish these Beauties which are of a much higher Nature, and are therefore apt to censure *Milton's* Comparisons in which they do not see any surprizing Points of Likeness. Monsieur *Perrault* was a Man of this viciated Relish, and for that very Reason has endeavoured to turn into Ridicule several of *Homer's* Similitudes, which he calls *Comparaisons a longue queue, Long-tail'd Comparisons*.¹ I shall conclude this Paper on the First Book of *Milton* with the Answer which Monsieur *Boileau* makes to *Perrault* on this Occasion; 'Comparisons, says he, in Odes and Epic Poems, are not introduced only to illustrate and embellish the Discourse, but to amuse and relax the Mind of the Reader, by frequently disengaging him from too painful an Attention to the Principal Subject, and by leading him into other agreeable Images. *Homer*, says he, excelled in this Particular, whose Comparisons abound with such Images of Nature as are proper to relieve and diversifie his Subjects. He continually instructs the Reader, and makes him take notice, even in Objects which are every Day before our Eyes, of such Circumstances as we should not otherwise have observed. To

¹ See note to No. 279. Charles Perrault made himself a lasting name by his Fairy Tales, a charming embodiment of French nursery traditions. The four volumes of his *Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes*, published in 1692-6, included the good general idea of human progress, but worked it out badly, dealing irreverently with Plato as well as Homer and Pindar, and exalting among the moderns not only Molière and Corneille, but also Chapelain, Scudéri, and Quinault, whom he called 'the greatest lyrical and dramatic poet that France ever had.' The battle had begun with a debate in the Academy; Racine having ironically complimented Perrault on the ingenuity with which he had elevated little men above the ancients in his poem (published 1687), *le Siècle de Louis le Grand*. Fontenelle touched the matter lightly, as Perrault's ally, in his *Digression sur les Anciens et les Modernes*, but afterwards drew back, saying, 'I do not belong to the party which claims me for its chief.' The leaders on the respective sides, unequally matched, were Perrault and Boileau.

this he adds, as a Maxim universally acknowledged, 'That it is not necessary in Poetry for the 'Points of the Comparison to correspond with one 'another exactly, but that a general Resemblance 'is sufficient, and that too much Nicety in this 'Particular favours of the Rhetorician and Epi- 'grammatist.

In short, if we look into the Conduct of *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Milton*, as the great Fable is the Soul of each Poem, so to give their Works an agreeable Variety, their Episodes are so many short Fables, and their Similes so many short Episodes; to which you may add, if you please, that their Metaphors are so many short Similes. If the Reader considers the Comparisons in the first Book of *Milton*, of the Sun in an Eclipse, of the Sleeping *Leviathan*, of the Bees swarming about their Hive, of the Fairy Dance, in the view wherein I have here placed them, he will easily discover the great Beauties that are in each of those Passages.

L.

No. 304.] Monday, February 18, 1712. [Steele.

Vulnus alit venis et cæco carpitur igni.—Virg.

THE Circumstances of my Correspondent, whose Letter I now insert, are so frequent, that I cannot want Compassion so much as to forbear laying it before the Town. There is something so mean and inhuman in a direct *Smithfield* Bargain for Children, that if this Lover carries his Point, and observes the Rules he pretends to follow, I do not only wish him Success, but also that it may animate others to follow his Example. I know not one Motive relating to this Life which would produce so many honourable and worthy Actions, as the Hopes of obtaining a Woman of Merit: There would ten thousand Ways of Industry and honest Ambition be pursued by young Men, who believed that the Persons admired had Value enough for their Passion to attend the Event of their good Fortune in all their Applications, in order to make their Circumstances fall in with the Duties they owe to themselves, their Families, and their Country; All these Relations a Man should think of who intends to go into the State of Marriage, and expects to make it a State of Pleasure and Satisfaction.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have for some Years indulged a Passion for 'a young Lady of Age and Quality suitable to 'my own, but very much superior in Fortune. It 'is the Fashion with Parents (how justly I leave 'you to judge) to make all Regards give way to 'the Article of Wealth. From this one Consider- 'ation it is that I have concealed the ardent Love 'I have for her; but I am beholden to the Force 'of my Love for many Advantages which I reaped 'from it towards the better Conduct of my Life. 'A certain Complacency to all the World, a strong 'Desire to oblige where-ever it lay in my Power, 'and a circumspect Behaviour in all my Words

'and Actions, have rendered me more particularly 'acceptable to all my Friends and Acquaintance. 'Love has had the same good Effect upon my 'Fortune; and I have encreased in Riches in pro- 'portion to my Advancement in those Arts which 'make a man agreeable and amiable. There is a 'certain Sympathy which will tell my Mistress 'from these Circumstances, that it is I who writ 'this for her Reading, if you will please to insert 'it. There is not a downright Enmity, but a 'great Coldness between our Parents; so that if 'either of us declared any kind Sentiment for each 'other, her Friends would be very backward to 'lay an Obligation upon our Family, and mine to 'receive it from hers. Under these delicate Cir- 'cumstances it is no easie Matter to act with 'Safety. I have no Reason to fancy my Mistress 'has any Regard for me, but from a very disin- 'terested Value which I have for her. If from 'any Hint in any future Paper of yours she gives 'me the least Encouragement, I doubt not but I 'shall surmount all other Difficulties; and inspired 'by so noble a Motive for the Care of my Fortune, 'as the Belief she is to be concerned in it, I will 'not despair of receiving her one Day from her 'Father's own Hand.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,
Clytander.

To his Worship the SPECTATOR,

The humble Petition of *Anthony Title-Page*, Sta- tioner, in the Centre of *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*,
Sheweth,

That your Petitioner and his Fore-Fathers have been Sellers of Books for Time immemorial; That your Petitioner's Ancestor, *Crouchback Title-Page*, was the first of that Vocation in *Britain*; who keeping his Station (in fair Weather) at the Corner of *Lothbury*, was by way of Eminency called *the Stationer*, a Name which from him all succeeding Booksellers have affected to bear: That the Station of your Petitioner and his Father has been in the Place of his present Settlement ever since that Square has been built: That your Petitioner has formerly had the Honour of your Worship's Custom, and hopes you never had Reason to complain of your Penny-worths; that particularly he sold you your first *Lilly's Grammar*, and at the same Time a *Wit's Commonwealth* almost as good as new: Moreover, that your first rudimental Essays in Spectatorship were made in your Petitioner's Shop, where you often practised for Hours together, sometimes on his Books upon the Rails, sometimes on the little Hieroglyphicks either gilt, silvered, or plain, which the *Egyptian* Woman on the other Side of the Shop had wrought in Ginger-bread, and sometimes on the *English* Youth, who in sundry Places there were exercising themselves in the traditional Sports of the Field.

From these Considerations it is, that your Petitioner is encouraged to apply himself to you, and to proceed humbly to acquaint your Worship, That he has certain Intelligence that you receive great Numbers of defamatory Letters designed by their Authors to be published, which you throw aside and totally neglect: Your Petitioner there-

fore prays, that you will please to bestow on him those Refuse Letters, and he hopes by printing them to get a more plentiful Provision for his Family; or at the worst, he may be allowed to sell them by the Pound Weight to his good Customers the Pastry-Cooks of *London* and *Westminster*.

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.

To the SPECTATOR,

The humble Petition of *Bartholomew Ladylove*, of *Round-Court* in the Parish of *St. Martins in the Fields*, in Behalf of himself and Neighbours,

Sheweth,

That your Petitioners have with great Industry and Application arrived at the most exact Art of Invitation or Entreaty: That by a beseeching Air and perswasive Address, they have for many Years last past peaceably drawn in every tenth Passenger, whether they intended or not to call at their Shops, to come in and buy; and from that Softness of Behaviour, have arrived among Tradesmen at the gentle Appellation of *the Fawners*.

That there have of late set up amongst us certain Persons of *Monmouth-street* and *Long-lane*, who by the Strength of their Arms, and Loudness of their Throats, draw off the Regard of all Passengers from your said Petitioners; from which Violence they are distinguished by the Name of *the Worriers*.

That while your Petitioners stand ready to receive Passengers with a submissive Bow, and repeat with a gentle Voice, *Ladies, what do you want? pray look in here*; the Worriers reach out their Hands at Pistol-shot, and seize the Customers at Arms Length.

That while the Fawners strain and relax the Muscles of their Faces in making Distinction between a Spinster in a coloured Scarf and an Handmaid in a Straw-Hat, the Worriers use the same Roughness to both, and prevail upon the Easiness of the Passengers, to the Impoverishment of your Petitioners.

Your Petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that the Worriers may not be permitted to inhabit the politer Parts of the Town; and that *Round-Court* may remain a Receptacle for Buyers of a more soft Education.

And your Petitioners, &c.

The Petition of the New-Exchange, concerning the Arts of Buying and Selling, and particularly valuing Goods by the Complexion of the Seller, will be considered on another Occasion. T.

No. 305.] Tuesday, February 19, 1712. [Addison.

*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget*— Virg.

OUR late News-Papers being full of the Project now on foot in the Court of *France*, for Establishing a Political Academy, and I my self having received Letters from several Virtuoso's

among my Foreign Correspondents, which give some Light into that Affair, I intend to make it the Subject of this Day's Speculation. A general Account of this Project may be met with in the *Daily Courant* of last *Friday* in the following Words, translated from the Gazette of *Amsterdam*.

Paris, February 12. 'Tis confirmed that the King has resolved to establish a new Academy for Politicks, of which the Marquis *de Torcy*, Minister and Secretary of State, is to be Protector. Six Academicians are to be chosen, endowed with proper Talents, for beginning to form this Academy, into which no Person is to be admitted under Twenty-five Years of Age: They must likewise each have an Estate of Two thousand Livres a Year, either in Possession, or to come to 'em by Inheritance. The King will allow to each a Pension of a Thousand Livres. They are likewise to have able Masters to teach 'em the necessary Sciences, and to instruct them in all the Treaties of Peace, Alliance, and others, which have been made in several Ages past. These Members are to meet twice a Week at the *Louvre*. From this Seminary are to be chosen Secretaries to Ambassies, who by degrees may advance to higher Employments.

Cardinal *Richelieu's* Politicks made *France* the Terror of *Europe*. The Statesman who have appeared in the Nation of late Years, have on the contrary rendered it either the Pity or Contempt of its Neighbours. The Cardinal erected that famous Academy which has carried all the Parts of Polite Learning to the greatest Height. His chief Design in that Institution was to divert the Men of Genius from meddling with Politicks, a Province in which he did not care to have any one else interfere with him. On the contrary, the Marquis *de Torcy* seems resolved to make several young Men in *France* as Wise as himself, and is therefore taken up at present in establishing a Nursery of Statesman.

Some private Letters add, that there will also be erected a Seminary of Petticoat Politicians, who are to be brought up at the Feet of *Madam de Maintenon*, and to be dispatched into Foreign Courts upon any Emergencies of State; but as the News of this last Project has not been yet confirmed, I shall take no farther Notice of it.

Several of my Readers may doubtless remember that upon the Conclusion of the last War, which had been carried on so successfully by the Enemy, their Generals were many of them transformed into Ambassadors; but the Conduct of those who have commanded in the present War, has, it seems, brought so little Honour and Advantage to their great Monarch, that he is resolved to trust his Affairs no longer in the Hands of those Military Gentlemen.

The Regulations of this new Academy very much deserve our Attention. The Students are to have in Possession, or Reversion, an Estate of two thousand *French Livres per Annum*, which, as the present Exchange runs, will amount to at least one hundred and twenty six Pounds *English*. This, with the Royal Allowance of a Thousand Livres, will enable them to find themselves in

Coffee and Snuff; not to mention News-Papers, Pen and Ink, Wax and Wafers, with the like Necessaries for Politicians.

A Man must be at least Five and Twenty before he can be initiated into the Mysteries of this Academy, tho' there is no Question but many grave Persons of a much more advanced Age, who have been constant Readers of the *Paris Gazette*, will be glad to begin the World a-new, and enter themselves upon this List of Politicians.

The Society of these hopeful young Gentlemen is to be under the Direction of six Professors, who, it seems, are to be Speculative Statesmen, and drawn out of the Body of the Royal Academy. These six wise Masters, according to my private Letters, are to have the following Parts allotted them.

The first is to instruct the Students in *State Legerdemain*, as how to take off the Impression of a Seal, to split a Wafer, to open a Letter, to fold it up again, with other the like ingenious Feats of Dexterity and Art. When the Students have accomplished themselves in this Part of their Profession, they are to be delivered into the Hands of their second Instructor, who is a kind of *Posture-Master*.

This Artist is to teach them how to nod judiciously, to shrug up their Shoulders in a dubious Case, to connive with either Eye, and in a Word, the whole Practice of *Political Grimace*.

The Third is a sort of *Language-Master*, who is to instruct them in the Style proper for a Foreign Minister in his ordinary Discourse. And to the End that this College of Statesmen may be thoroughly practised in the Political Style, they are to make use of it in their common Conversations, before they are employed either in Foreign or Domestick Affairs. If one of them asks another, what a-clock it is, the other is to answer him indirectly, and, if possible, to turn off the Question. If he is desired to change a *Louis d'or*, he must beg Time to consider of it. If it be enquired of him, whether the King is at *Versailles* or *Marly*, he must answer in a Whisper. If he be asked the News of the late *Gazette*, or the Subject of a Proclamation, he is to reply, that he has not yet read it: Or if he does not care for explaining himself so far, he needs only draw his Brow up in Wrinkles, or elevate the Left Shoulder.

The Fourth Professor is to teach the whole Art of Political Characters and Hieroglyphics; and to the End that they may be perfect also in this Practice, they are not to send a Note to one another (tho' it be but to borrow a *Tacitus* or a *Machiavil*) which is not written in Cypher.

Their Fifth Professor, it is thought, will be chosen out of the Society of Jesuits, and is to be well read in the Controversies of probable Doctrines, mental Reservation, and the Rights of Princes. This Learned Man is to instruct them in the Grammar, Syntax, and construing Part of *Treaty-Latin*; how to distinguish between the Spirit and the Letter, and likewise demonstrate how the same Form of Words may lay an Obligation upon any Prince in *Europe*, different from that which it lays upon his Most Christian Majesty. He is likewise to teach them the Art of

finding Flaws, Loop-holes, and Evasions, in the most solemn Compacts, and particularly a great *Rabbinical Secret*, revived of late Years by the Fraternity of Jesuits, namely, that contradictory Interpretations of the same Article may both of them be true and valid.

When our Statesmen are sufficiently improved by these several Instructors, they are to receive their last Polishing from one who is to act among them as *Master of the Ceremonies*. This Gentleman is to give them Lectures upon those important Points of the *Elbow Chair*, and the *Stair Head*, to instruct them in the different Situations of the Right-Hand, and to furnish them with Bows and Inclinations of all Sizes, Measures and Proportions. In short, this Professor is to give the Society their *Stiffening*, and infuse into their Manners that beautiful Political Starch, which may qualifie them for Levees, Conferences, Visits, and make them shine in what vulgar Minds are apt to look upon as Trifles.

I have not yet heard any further Particulars, which are to be observed in this Society of unfledged Statesmen; but I must confess, had I a Son of five and twenty, that should take it into his Head at that Age to set up for a Politician, I think I should go near to disinherit him for a Block-head. Besides, I should be apprehensive lest the same Arts which are to enable him to negotiate between Potentates might a little infect his ordinary behaviour between Man and Man. There is no Question but these young *Machiavils* will, in a little time, turn their College upside-down with Plots and Stratagems, and lay as many Schemes to Circumvent one another in a Frég or a Sallad, as they may hereafter put in Practice to over-reach a Neighbouring Prince or State.

We are told, that the *Spartans*, tho' they punished Theft in their young Men when it was discovered, looked upon it as Honourable if it succeeded. Provided the Conveyance was clean and unsuspected, a Youth might afterwards boast of it. This, say the Historians, was to keep them sharp, and to hinder them from being imposed upon, either in their publick or private Negotiations. Whether any such Relaxations of Morality, such little *jeux d'esprit*, ought not to be allowed in this intended Seminary of Politicians, I shall leave to the Wisdom of their Founder.

In the mean time we have fair Warning given us by this doughty Body of Statesmen: and as *Sylla* saw many *Marius's* in *Cesar*, so I think we may discover many *Torcy's* in this College of *Academicians*. Whatever we think of our selves, I am afraid neither our *Smyrna* or *St. James's* will be a Match for it. Our Coffee-houses are, indeed, very good Institutions, but whether or no these our *British* Schools of Politicks may furnish out as able Envoys and Secretaries as an Academy that is set apart for that Purpose, will deserve our serious Consideration, especially if we remember that our Country is more famous for producing Men of Integrity than Statesmen; and that on the contrary, *French Truth* and *British Policy* make a Conspicuous Figure in NOTHING, as the Earl of *Rochester* has very well observed in his admirable Poem upon that Barren Subject. L.

No. 306.] Wednesday, February 20, 1712. [Steele.

—*Quæ forma, ut se tibi semper
Imputet?*— Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,¹

I WRITE this to communicate to you a Misfortune which frequently happens, and therefore deserves a consolatory Discourse on the Subject. I was within this Half-Year in the Possession of as much Beauty and as many Lovers as any young Lady in *England*. But my Admirers have left me, and I cannot complain of their Behaviour. I have within that Time had the Small-Pox; and this Face, which (according to many amorous Epistles which I have by me) was the Seat of all that is beautiful in Woman, is now disfigured with Scars. It goes to the very Soul of me to speak what I really think of my Face; and tho' I think I did not over-rate my Beauty while I had it, it has extremely advanc'd in its value with me now it is lost. There is one Circumstance which makes my Case very particular; the ugliest Fellow that ever pretended to me, was and is most in my Favour, and he treats me at present the most unreasonably. If you could make him return an Obligation which he owes me, in liking a Person that is not amiable;—But there is, I fear, no Possibility of making Passion move by the Rules of Reason and Gratitude. But say what you can to one who has survived her self, and knows not how to act in a new Being. My Lovers are at the Feet of my Rivals, my Rivals are every Day bewailing me, and I cannot enjoy what I am, by reason of the distracting Reflection upon what I was. Consider the Woman I was did not die of old Age, but I was taken off in the Prime of my Youth, and according to the Course of Nature may have Forty Years After-Life to come. I have nothing of my self left which I like, but that

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

When *Lewis of France* had lost the Battle of *Ramelies*, the Addresses to him at that time were full of his Fortitude, and they turned his Misfortune to his Glory; in that, during his Prosperity, he could never have manifested his heroick Constancy under Distresses, and so the World had lost the most eminent Part of his Character. *Parthenissa's* Condition gives her the same Opportunity; and to resign Conquests is a Task as difficult in a Beauty as an Hero. In the very Entrance upon this Work she must burn all her Love-Letters; or since she is so candid as not to call her Lovers who follow her no longer Unfaith-

¹ Mr. John Duncombe ascribed this letter to his relative, John Hughes, and said that by *Parthenissa* was meant a Miss Rotherham, afterwards married to the Rev. Mr. Wyatt, master of Felsted School, in Essex. The name of *Parthenissa* is from the heroine of a romance by Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery.

ful, it would be a very good beginning of a new Life from that of a Beauty, to send them back to those who writ them, with this honest Inscription, *Articles of a Marriage Treaty broken off by the Small-Pox*. I have known but one Instance, where a Matter of this Kind went on after a like Misfortune, where the Lady, who was a Woman of Spirit, writ this Billet to her Lover.

SIR,

If you flattered me before I had this terrible Malady, pray come and see me now: But if you sincerely liked me, stay away; for I am not the same

Corinna.

The Lover thought there was something so sprightly in her Behaviour, that he answered,

Madam,

I am not obliged, since you are not the same Woman, to let you know whether I flattered you or not; but I assure you, I do not, when I tell you I now like you above all your Sex, and hope you will bear what may befall me when we are both one, as well as you do what happens to your self now you are single; therefore I am ready to take such a Spirit for my Companion as soon as you please.

Amilcar.

If *Parthenissa* can now possess her own Mind, and think as little of her Beauty as she ought to have done when she had it, there will be no great Diminution of her Charms; and if she was formerly affected too much with them, an easie Behaviour will more than make up for the Loss of them. Take the whole Sex together, and you find those who have the strongest Possession of Men's Hearts are not eminent for their Beauty: You see it often happen that those who engage Men to the greatest Violence, are such as those who are Strangers to them would take to be remarkably defective for that End. The fondest Lover I know, said to me one Day in a Crowd of Women at an Entertainment of Musick, You have often heard me talk of my Beloved: That Woman there, continued he, smiling when he had fixed my Eye, is her very Picture. The Lady he shewed me was by much the least remarkable for Beauty of any in the whole Assembly; but having my Curiosity extremely raised, I could not keep my Eyes off of her. Her Eyes at last met mine, and with a sudden Surprize she looked round her to see who near her was remarkably handsome that I was gazing at. This little Act explain'd the Secret: She did not understand herself for the Object of Love, and therefore she was so. The Lover is a very honest plain Man; and what charmed him was a Person that goes along with him in the Cares and Joys of Life, not taken up with her self, but sincerely attentive with a ready and chearful Mind, to accompany him in either.

I can tell *Parthenissa* for her Comfort, That the Beauties, generally speaking, are the most impertinent and disagreeable of Women. An apparent Desire of Admiration, a Reflection upon their own Merit, and a precious Behaviour in their general Conduct, are almost inseparable

Accidents in Beauties. All you obtain of them is granted to Importunity and Sollicitation for what did not deserve so much of your Time, and you recover from the Possession of it, as out of a Dream.

You are ashamed of the Vagaries of Fancy which so strangely mis-led you, and your Admiration of a Beauty, merely as such, is inconsistent with a tolerable Reflection upon your self: The chearful good-humoured Creatures, into whose Heads it never entred that they could make any Man unhappy, are the Persons formed for making Men happy. There's Miss *Liddy* can dance a Jigg, raise Paste, write a good Hand, keep an Account, give a reasonable Answer, and do as she is bid; while her elder Sister *Madam Martha* is out of Humour, has the Spleen, learns by Reports of People of higher Quality new Ways of being uneasie and displeas'd. And this happens for no Reason in the World, but that poor *Liddy* knows she has no such thing as a certain Negligence *that is so becoming*, that there is not I know not what in *her Air*: And that if she talks like a Fool, there is no one will say, Well! I know not what it is, but *every Thing pleases when she speaks it*.

Ask any of the Husbands of your great Beauties, and they'll tell you that they hate their Wives Nine Hours of every Day they pass together. There is such a Particularity for ever affected by them, that they are incumbered with their Charms in all they say or do. They pray at publick Devotions as they are Beauties. They converse on ordinary Occasions as they are Beauties. Ask *Belinda* what it is a Clock, and she is at a stand whether so great a Beauty should answer you. In a Word, I think, instead of offering to administer Consolation to *Parthenissa*, I should congratulate her Metamorphosis; and however she thinks she was not in the least insolent in the Prosperity of her Charms, she was enough so to find she may make her self a much more agreeable Creature in her present Adversity. The Endeavour to please is highly promoted by a Consciousness that the Approbation of the Person you would be agreeable to, is a Favour you do not deserve; for in this Case Assurance of Success is the most certain way to Disappointment. Good-Nature will always supply the Absence of Beauty, but Beauty cannot long supply the Absence of Good-Nature.

P. S.

Madam,

February 18.

'I have yours of this Day, wherein you twice bid me not to disoblige you, but you must explain yourself further before I know what to do.

Your most obedient Servant,

T.

The SPECTATOR.

No. 307.] Thursday, February 21, 1712. [Budgell.

—*Versate diu quid ferre recusent*
Quid valeant humeri— Hor.

I AM so well pleased with the following Letter, that I am in hopes it will not be a disagreeable Present to the Publick.

SIR,

'Though I believe none of your Readers more admire your agreeable manner of working up Trifles than my self, yet as your Speculations are now swelling into Volumes, and will in all Probability pass down to future Ages, methinks I would have no single Subject in them, wherein the general Good of Mankind is concern'd, left unfinished.

'I have a long time expected with great Impatience that you would enlarge upon the ordinary Mistakes which are committed in the Education of our Children. I the more easily flattered my self that you would one time or other resume this Consideration, because you tell us that your 168th Paper was only composed of a few broken Hints; but finding myself hitherto disappointed, I have ventur'd to send you my own Thoughts on this Subject.

'I remember *Pericles* in his famous Oration at the Funeral of those *Athenian* young Men who perished in the *Samian* Expedition, has a Thought very much celebrated by several Ancient Criticks, namely, That the Loss which the Commonwealth suffered by the Destruction of its Youth, was like the Loss which the Year would suffer by the Destruction of the Spring. The Prejudice which the Publick sustains from a wrong Education of Children, is an Evil of the same Nature, as it in a manner starves Posterity, and defrauds our Country of those Persons who, with due Care, might make an eminent Figure in their respective Posts of Life.

'I have seen a Book written by *Juan Huartes*,¹ a Spanish Physician, entitled *Examen de Ingenios*, wherein he lays it down as one of his first Positions, that Nothing but Nature can qualifie a Man for Learning; and that without a proper Temperament for the particular Art or Science which he studies, his utmost Pains and Application, assisted by the ablest Masters, will be to no purpose.

'He illustrates this by the Example of *Tully's* Son *Marcus*.

'*Cicero*, in order to accomplish his Son in that sort of Learning which he designed him for, sent him to *Athens*, the most celebrated Academy at that time in the World, and where a vast Course, out of the most Polite Nations, could not but furnish a young Gentleman with a Multitude of great Examples, and Accidents that might in-

¹ Juan Huarte was born in French Navarre, and obtained much credit in the sixteenth century for the book here cited. It was translated into Latin and French. The best edition is of Cologne, 1610.

'sensibly have instructed him in his designed Studies: He placed him under the Care of *Cra-tippus*, who was one of the greatest Philosophers of the Age, and, as if all the Books which were at that time written had not been sufficient for his Use, he composed others on purpose for him: Notwithstanding all this, History informs us, that *Marcus* proved a meer Blockhead, and that Nature, (who it seems was even with the Son for her Prodigality to the Father) rendered him incapable of improving by all the Rules of Eloquence, the Precepts of Philosophy, his own Endeavours, and the most refined Conversation in *Athens*. This Author therefore proposes, that there should be certain Tryers or Examiners appointed by the State to inspect the Genius of every particular Boy, and to allot him the Part that is most suitable to his natural Talents.

'*Plato* in one of his Dialogues tells us, that *Socrates*, who was the Son of a Midwife, used to say, that as his Mother, tho' she was very skilful in her Profession, could not deliver a Woman, unless she was first with Child; so neither could he himself raise Knowledge out of a Mind, where Nature had not planted it.

'Accordingly the Method this Philosopher took, of instructing his Scholars by several Interrogatories or Questions, was only helping the Birth, and bringing their own Thoughts to Light.

'The *Spanish* Doctor above mentioned, as his Speculations grow more refined, asserts that every kind of Wit has a particular Science corresponding to it, and in which alone it can be truly Excellent. As to those Genius's, which may seem to have an equal Aptitude for several things, he regards them as so many unfinished Pieces of Nature wrought off in haste.

'There are, indeed, but very few to whom Nature has been so unkind, that they are not capable of shining in some Science or other. There is a certain Byass towards Knowledge in every Mind, which may be strengthened and improved by proper Applications.

'The Story of *Clavius*¹ is very well known; he was entered in a College of Jesuits, and after having been tryed at several Parts of Learning, was upon the Point of being dismissed as an hopeless Blockhead, till one of the Fathers took it into his Head to make an assay of his Parts in Geometry, which it seems hit his Genius so luckily that he afterwards became one of the greatest Mathematicians of the Age. It is commonly thought that the Sagacity of these Fathers, in discovering the Talent of a young Student,

¹ Christopher Clavius, a native of Bamberg, died in 1612, aged 75, at Rome, whither he had been sent by the Jesuits, and where he was regarded as the Euclid of his age. It was Clavius whom Pope Gregory XIII. employed in 1581 to effect the reform in the Roman Calendar promulgated in 1582, when the 5th of October became throughout Catholic countries the 15th of the New Style, an improvement that was not admitted into Protestant England until 1752. Clavius wrote an Arithmetic and Commentaries on Euclid, and justified his reform of the Calendar against the criticism of Scaliger.

'has not a little contributed to the Figure which their Order has made in the World.

'How different from this manner of Education is that which prevails in our own Country? Where nothing is more usual than to see forty or fifty Boys of several Ages, Tempers and Inclinations, ranged together in the same Class, employed upon the same Authors, and enjoined the same Tasks? Whatever their natural Genius may be, they are all to be made Poets, Historians, and Orators alike. They are all obliged to have the same Capacity, to bring in the same Tale of Verse, and to furnish out the same Portion of Prose. Every Boy is bound to have as good a Memory as the Captain of the Form. To be brief, instead of adapting Studies to the particular Genius of a Youth, we expect from the young Man, that he should adapt his Genius to his Studies. This, I must confess, is not so much to be imputed to the Instructor, as to the Parent, who will never be brought to believe, that his Son is not capable of performing as much as his Neighbour's, and that he may not make him whatever he has a Mind to.

'If the present Age is more laudable than those which have gone before it in any single Particular, it is in that generous Care which several well-disposed Persons have taken in the Education of poor Children; and as in these Charity-Schools there is no Place left for the overweening Fondness of a Parent, the Directors of them would make them beneficial to the Publick, if they considered the Precept which I have been thus long inculcating. They might easily, by well examining the Parts of those under their Inspection, make a just Distribution of them into proper Classes and Divisions, and allot to them this or that particular Study, as their Genius qualifies them for Professions, Trades, Handicrafts, or Service by Sea or Land.

'How is this kind of Regulation wanting in the three great Professions!

'*Dr. South* complaining of Persons who took upon them Holy Orders, tho' altogether unqualified for the Sacred Function, says somewhere, that many a Man runs his Head against a Pulpit, who might have done his Country excellent Service at a Plough-tail.

'In like manner many a Lawyer, who makes but an indifferent Figure at the Bar, might have made a very elegant Waterman, and have shined at the *Temple* Stairs, tho' he can get no Business in the House.

'I have known a Corn-cutter, who with a right Education would have been an excellent Physician.

'To descend lower, are not our Streets filled with sagacious Draymen, and Politicians in Liveries? We have several Taylors of six Foot high, and meet with many a broad pair of Shoulders that are thrown away upon a Barber, when perhaps at the same time we see a pigmy Porter reeling under a Burthen, who might have managed a Needle with much Dexterity, or have snapped his Fingers with great Ease to himself, and Advantage to the Publick.

'The *Spartans*, tho' they acted with the Spirit which I am here speaking of, carried it much far-

'ther than what I propose : Among them it was not
'lawful for the Father himself to bring up his
'Children after his own Fancy. As soon as they
'were seven Years old they were all listed in
'several Companies, and disciplined by the
'Publick. The old Men were Spectators of their
'Performances, who often raised Quarrels among
'them, and set them at Strife with one another,
'that by those early Discoveries they might see
'how their several Talents lay, and without any
'regard to their Quality, dispose of them accord-
'ingly for the Service of the Commonwealth. By
'this Means *Sparta* soon became the Mistress of
'*Greece*, and famous through the whole World for
'her Civil and Military Discipline.

'If you think this Letter deserves a place among
'your Speculations, I may perhaps trouble you
'with some other Thoughts on the same Subject.
X. *I am, &c.*

No. 308.] *Friday, February 22, 1712.* [Steele.]

—*Jam proterva*
Fronte petet Lalage maritum.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
'I GIVE you this Trouble in order to propose
'my self to you as an Assistant in the weighty
'Cares which you have thought fit to undergo for
'the publick Good. I am a very great Lover of
'Women, that is to say honestly, and as it is
'natural to study what one likes, I have industri-
'ously applied my self to understand them. The
'present Circumstance relating to them, is, that
'I think there wants under you, as SPECTATOR,
'a Person to be distinguished and vested in the
'Power and Quality of a Censor on Marriages. I
'lodge at the *Temple*, and know, by seeing Wo-
'men come hither, and afterwards observing them
'conducted by their Council to Judges Chambers,
'that there is a Custom in Case of making Con-
'veyance of a Wife's Estate, that she is carried to
'a Judge's Apartment and left alone with him, to
'be examined in private whether she has not been
'frightened or sweetned by her Spouse into the
'Act she is going to do, or whether it is of her own
'free Will. Now if this be a Method founded upon
'Reason and Equity, why should there not be also
'a proper Officer for examining such as are entring
'into the State of Matrimony, whether they are
'forced by Parents on one Side, or moved by In-
'terest only on the other, to come together, and
'bring forth such awkward Heirs as are the Pro-
'duct of half Love and constrained Compliances?
'There is no Body, though I say it my self, would
'be fitter for this Office than I am : For I am an
'ugly Fellow of great Wit and Sagacity. My
'Father was an hail Country-Squire, my Mother
'a witty Beauty of no Fortune : The Match was
'made by Consent of my Mother's Parents against
'her own : and I am the Child of a Rape on the
'Wedding-Night : so that I am as healthy and as
'homely as my Father, but as sprightly and
'agreeable as my Mother. It would be of great
'Ease to you if you would use me under you, that
'Matches might be better regulated for the future,
'and we might have no more Children of Squab-

'bles. I shall not reveal all my Pretensions till I
'receive your Answer ; and am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,
Mules Palfrey.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am one of those unfortunate Men within the
'City-Walls, who am married to a Woman of
'Quality, but her Temper is something different
'from that of *Lady Anvil*. My Lady's whole
'Time and Thoughts are spent in keeping up to
'the Mode both in Apparel and Furniture. All
'the Goods in my House have been changed three
'times in seven Years. I have had seven Children
'by her ; and by our Marriage Articles she was to
'have her Apartment new furnished as often as
'she lay in. Nothing in our House is useful but
'that which is fashionable ; my Pewter holds out
'generally half a Year, my Plate a full Twelve-
'month ; Chairs are not fit to sit in that were made
'two Years since, nor Beds fit for any thing but to
'sleep in that have stood up above that Time. My
'Dear is of Opinion that an old-fashioned Grate
'consumes Coals, but gives no Heat : If she drinks
'out of Glasses of last Year, she cannot distinguish
'Wine from Small-Beer. Oh dear Sir you may
'guess all the rest.

Yours.

'P. S. I could bear even all this, if I were not
'obliged also to eat *fashionably*. I have a plain
'Stomach, and have a constant Loathing of what-
'ever comes to my own Table ; for which Reason
'I dine at the *Chop-House* three Days a Week :
'Where the good Company wonders they never
'see you of late. I am sure by your unprejudiced
'Discourses you love Broth better than Soup.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Will's, Feb. 19.

'You may believe you are a Person as much
'talked of as any Man in Town. I am one of
'your best Friends in this House, and have laid a
'Wager you are so candid a Man and so honest a
'Fellow, that you will print this Letter, tho' it is
'in Recommendation of a new Paper called *The*
'*Historian*.¹ I have read it carefully, and find it
'written with Skill, good Sense, Modesty, and
'Fire. You must allow the Town is kinder to you
'than you deserve ; and I doubt not but you have
'so much Sense of the World, Change of Humour,
'and instability of all humane Things, as to un-
'derstand, that the only Way to preserve Favour,
'is to communicate it to others with Good-Nature
'and Judgment. You are so generally read, that
'what you speak of will be read. This with Men
'of Sense and Taste is all that is wanting to re-
'commend *The Historian*.

I am, SIR,

Your daily Advocate,
Reader Gentle.

¹ Steele's papers had many imitations, as the
Historian, here named ; the *Rhapsody*, *Observer*,
Moderator, *Growler*, *Censor*, *Hermit*, *Sur-
prize*, *Silent Monitor*, *Inquisitor*, *Pilgrim*, *Re-
storer*, *Instructor*, *Grumbler*, &c. There was
also in 1712 a *Rambler*, anticipating the name of
Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* of 1750-2.

I was very much surprised this Morning, that any one should find out my Lodging, and know it so well, as to come directly to my Closet-Door, and knock at it, to give me the following Letter. When I came out I opened it, and saw by a very strong Pair of Shoes and a warm Coat the Bearer had on, that he walked all the Way to bring it me, tho' dated from *York*. My Misfortune is that I cannot talk, and I found the Messenger had so much of me, that he could think better than speak. He had, I observed, a polite Discerning hid under a shrewd Rusticity: He delivered the Paper with a *Yorkshire* Tone and a Town Leer.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Privilege you have indulged *John Trot* has proved of very bad Consequence to our illustrious Assembly, which, besides the many excellent Maxims it is founded upon, is remarkable for the extraordinary Decorum always observed in it. One Instance of which is that the *Carders*, (who are always of the first Quality) never begin to play till the *French-Dances* are finished, and the *Country-Dances* begin: But *John Trot* having now got your Commission in his Pocket, (which every one here has a profound Respect for) has the Assurance to set up for a Minuit-Dancer. Not only so, but he has brought down upon us the whole Body of the *Trots*, which are very numerous, with their Auxiliaries the *Hobblers* and the *Skippers*, by which Means the Time is so much wasted, that unless we break all Rules of Government, it must redound to the utter Subversion of the *Brag-Table*, the discreet Members of which value Time as *Fribble's* Wife does her Pin-Money. We are pretty well assured that your Indulgence to *Trot* was only in relation to *Country-Dances*; however we have deferred the issuing an Order of Council upon the Premises, hoping to get you to join with us, that *Trot*, nor any of his Clan, presume for the future to dance any but *Country-Dances*, unless a *Horn-Pipe* upon a *Festival-Day*. If you will do this you will oblige a great many Ladies, and particularly

Your most humble Servant,

York, Feb. 16.

Eliz. Sweepstakes.

I never mean any other than that Mr. *Trott* should confine himself to *Country-Dances*. And I further direct, that he shall take out none but his own Relations according to their Nearness of Blood, but any Gentlewoman may take out him.

London, Feb. 21.

The SPECTATOR.

T.

No. 309.] Saturday, February 23, 1712. [Addison.

*Di, quibus imperium est animarum, umbraeque
silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late;
Sit mihi fas audita loqui! sit numine vestro
Pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.*—Virg.

I HAVE before observed in general, that the Persons whom *Milton* introduces into his Poem always discover such Sentiments and Behaviour, as are in a peculiar manner conformable

to their respective Characters. Every Circumstance in their Speeches and Actions is with great Justness and Delicacy adapted to the Persons who speak and act. As the Poet very much excels in this Consistency of his Characters, I shall beg Leave to consider several Passages of the Second Book in this Light. That superior Greatness and Mock-Majesty, which is ascribed to the Prince of the fallen Angels, is admirably preserved in the Beginning of this Book. His opening and closing the Debate; his taking on himself that great Enterprize at the Thought of which the whole Infernal Assembly trembled; his encountering the hideous Phantom who guarded the Gates of Hell, and appeared to him in all his Terrors, are Instances of that proud and daring Mind which could not brook Submission even to Omnipotence.

*Satan was now at hand, and from his Seat
The Monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode,
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd*—

The same Boldness and Intrepidity of Behaviour discovers it self in the several Adventures which he meets with during his Passage through the Regions of unformed Matter, and particularly in his Address to those tremendous Powers who are described as presiding over it.

The Part of *Moloch* is likewise in all its Circumstances full of that Fire and Fury which distinguish this Spirit from the rest of the fallen Angels. He is described in the first Book as besmeared with the Blood of Human Sacrifices, and delighted with the Tears of Parents and the Cries of Children. In the Second Book he is marked out as the fiercest Spirit that fought in Heaven: and if we consider the Figure which he makes in the Sixth Book, where the Battle of the Angels is described, we find it every way answerable to the same furious enraged Character.

—*Where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce Ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloc, furious King, who him defy'd,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy one of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing.*—

It may be worth while to observe, that *Milton* has represented this violent impetuous Spirit, who is hurried only by such precipitate Passions, as the first that rises in that Assembly, to give his Opinion upon their present Posture of Affairs. Accordingly he declares himself abruptly for War, and appears incensed at his Companions, for losing so much Time as even to deliberate upon it. All his Sentiments are Rash, Audacious and Desperate. Such is that of arming themselves with their Tortures, and turning their Punishments upon him who inflicted them.

—*No, let us rather chuse,
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er Heavens high tow'rs to force resistless way,*

*Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when to meet the Noise
Of his almighty Engine he shall hear
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his throne it self
Mixt with Tartarean Sulphur, and strange
Fire,
His own invented Torments—*

His preferring Annihilation to Shame or Misery, is also highly suitable to his Character; as the Comfort he draws from their disturbing the Peace of Heaven, that if it be not Victory it is Revenge, is a Sentiment truly Diabolical, and becoming the Bitterness of this implacable Spirit.

Belial is described in the first Book, as the Idol of the Lewd and Luxurious. He is in the Second Book, pursuant to that Description, characterised as timorous and slothful; and if we look in the Sixth Book, we find him celebrated in the Battel of Angels for nothing but that scoffing Speech which he makes to *Satan*, on their supposed Advantage over the Enemy. As his Appearance is uniform, and of a Piece, in these three several Views, we find his Sentiments in the Infernal Assembly every way conformable to his Character. Such are his Apprehensions of a second Battel, his Horrors of Annihilation, his preferring to be miserable rather than *not to be*. I need not observe, that the Contrast of Thought in this Speech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable Variety to the Debate.

Mammon's Character is so fully drawn in the First Book, that the Poet adds nothing to it in the Second. We were before told, that he was the first who taught Mankind to ransack the Earth for Gold and Silver, and that he was the Architect of *Pandæmonium*, or the Infernal Place, where the Evil Spirits were to meet in Council. His Speech in this Book is every way suitable to so depraved a Character. How proper is that Reflection, of their being unable to taste the Happiness of Heaven were they actually there, in the Mouth of one, who while he was in Heaven, is said to have had his Mind dazled with the outward Poms and Glories of the Place, and to have been more intent on the Riches of the Pavement, than on the Beatifick Vision. I shall also leave the Reader to judge how agreeable the following Sentiments are to the same Character.

*—This deep World
Of Darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick cloud and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling
Sire
Chuse to reside, his Glory unobscured,
And with the Majesty of Darkness round
Covers his Throne; from whence deep Thunders
roar
Mustering their Rage, and Heav'n resembles
Hell?
As he our Darkness, cannot we his Light
Imitate when we please? This desert Soil
Wants not her hidden Lustre, Gems and Gold;
Nor want we Skill or Art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew
more?*

Beelzebub, who is reckoned the second in Dig-

nity that fell, and is, in the First Book, the second that awakens out of the Trance, and confers with *Satan* upon the Situation of their Affairs, maintains his Rank in the Book now before us. There is a wonderful Majesty described in his rising up to speak. He acts as a kind of Moderator between the two opposite Parties, and proposes a third Undertaking, which the whole Assembly gives into. The Motion he makes of detaching one of their Body in search of a new World is grounded upon a Project devised by *Satan*, and cursorily proposed by him in the following Lines of the first Book.

*Space may produce new Worlds, whereof so rise
There went a Fame in Heav'n, that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A Generation, whom his choice Regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heav'n:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first Eruption, thither or elsewhere:
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
Celestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyss
Long under Darkness cover. But these Thoughts
Full Counsel must mature: —*

It is on this Project that *Beelzebub* grounds his Proposal.

*—What if we find
Some easier Enterprize? There is a Place
(If ancient and prophetick Fame in Heav'n
Err not) another World, the happy Seat
Of some new Race call'd MAN, about this Time
To be created like to us, though less
In Power and Excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; so was his Will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
That shook Heav'n's whole Circumference, con-
firm'd.*

The Reader may observe how just it was not to omit in the First Book the Project upon which the whole Poem turns: As also that the Prince of the fallen Angels was the only proper Person to give it Birth, and that the next to him in Dignity was the fittest to second and support it.

There is besides, I think, something wonderfully Beautiful, and very apt to affect the Reader's Imagination in this ancient Prophecy or Report in Heaven, concerning the Creation of Man. Nothing could shew more the Dignity of the Species, than this Tradition which ran of them before their Existence. They are represented to have been the Talk of Heaven, before they were created. *Virgil*, in compliment to the Roman Commonwealth, makes the Heroes of it appear in their State of Pre-existence; but *Milton* does a far greater Honour to Mankind in general, as he gives us a Glimpse of them even before they are in Being.

The rising of this great Assembly is described in a very Sublime and Poetical Manner.

*Their rising all at once was as the Sound
Of Thunder heard remote—*

The Diversions of the fallen Angels, with the particular Account of their Place of Habitation, are described with great Pregnancy of Thought, and Copiousness of Invention. The Diversions

are every way suitable to Beings who had nothing left them but Strength and Knowledge misapplied, Such are their Contentions at the Race, and in Feats of Arms, with their Entertainment in the following Lines.

*Others with vast Typhæan rage more fell
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air
In Whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild Up-
roar.*

Their Musick is employed in celebrating their own criminal Exploits, and their Discourse in sounding the unfathomable Depths of Fate, Free-will and Fore-knowledge.

The several Circumstances in the Description of Hell are finely imagined; as the four Rivers which disgorge themselves into the Sea of Fire, the Extrems of Cold and Heat, and the River of Oblivion. The monstrous Animals produced in that Infernal World are represented by a single Line, which gives us a more horrid Idea of them, than a much longer Description would have done.

*————— Nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious Things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or Fear conceiv'd,
Gorgon's, and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire.*

This Episode of the fallen Spirits, and their Place of Habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the Mind of the Reader from its Attention to the Debate. An ordinary Poet would indeed have spun out so many Circumstances to a great Length, and by that means have weakned, instead of illustrated, the principal Fable.

The Flight of Satan to the Gates of Hell is finely imaged.

I have already declared my Opinion of the Allegory concerning *Sin* and *Death*, which is however a very finished Piece in its kind, when it is not considered as a Part of an Epic Poem. The Genealogy of the several Persons is contrived with great Delicacy. *Sin* is the Daughter of *Satan*, and *Death* the Offspring of *Sin*. The incestuous Mixture between *Sin* and *Death* produces those Monsters and Hell-hounds which from time to time enter into their Mother, and tear the Bowels of her who gave them Birth. These are the Terrors of an evil Conscience, and the proper Fruits of *Sin*, which naturally rise from the Apprehensions of *Death*. This last beautiful Moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the Speech of *Sin*, where complaining of this her dreadful Issue, she adds,

*Before mine Eyes in Opposition sits
Grim Death my Son and Foe, who sets them 'on,
And me his Parent would full soon devour
For want of other Prey, but that he knows
His End with mine involv'd*—————

I need not mention to the Reader the beautiful Circumstance in the last Part of this Quotation. He will likewise observe how naturally the three Persons concerned in this Allegory are tempted by one common Interest to enter into a Confederacy together, and how properly *Sin* is made the Portress of Hell, and the only Being that can open the Gates to that World of Tortures.

The descriptive Part of this Allegory is likewise very strong, and full of Sublime Ideas. The Figure of *Death*, [the Regal Crown upon his Head,] his Menace of *Satan*, his advancing to the Combat, the Outcry at his Birth, are Circumstances too noble to be past over in Silence, and extremely suitable to this *King of Terrors*. I need not mention the Justness of Thought which is observed in the Generation of these several Symbolical Persons; that *Sin* was produced upon the first Revolt of *Satan*, that *Death* appear'd soon after he was cast into Hell, and that the Terrors of Conscience were conceived at the Gate of this Place of Torments. The Description of the Gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of *Milton's Spirit*.

*————— On a sudden open fly
With impetuous Recoil and jarring Sound
Th' infernal Doors, and on their Hinges grate
Harsh Thunder, that the lowest Bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her Pow'r; the Gates wide open stood,
That with extended Wings a banner'd Host
Under spread Ensigns marching might pass
through
With Horse and Chariots rank'd in loose Array;
So wide they stood, and like a Furnace Mouth
Cast forth redounding Smoak and ruddy Flame.*

In *Satan's* Voyage through the *Chaos* there are several Imaginary Persons described, as residing in that immense Waste of Matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the Taste of those Criticks who are pleased with nothing in a Poet which has not Life and Manners ascribed to it; but for my own Part, I am pleased most with those Passages in this Description which carry in them a greater Measure of Probability, and are such as might possibly have happened. Of this kind is his first mounting in the Smoke that rises from the Infernal Pit, his falling into a Cloud of Nitre, and the like combustible Materials, that by their Explosion still hurried him forward in his Voyage; his springing upward like a Pyramid of Fire, with his laborious Passage through that Confusion of Elements which the Poet calls

The Womb of Nature, and perhaps her Grave.

The Glimmering Light which shot into the *Chaos* from the utmost Verge of the Creation, with the distant discovery of the Earth that hung close by the Moon, are wonderfully Beautiful and Poetical. L.

No. 310.] Monday, February 25, 1712. [Steele.

Connubio Jungam stabili————— Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a certain young Woman that love a certain young Man very heartily; and my Father and Mother were for it a great while, but now they say I can do better, but I think I cannot. They bid me love him, and I cannot unlove him. What must I do? speak quickly.

Biddy Dow-bake.

Dear SPEC,

Feb. 19, 1712.

I have lov'd a Lady entirely for this Year and Half, tho' for a great Part of the Time (which has contributed not a little to my Pain) I have been debarred the Liberty of conversing with her. The Grounds of our Difference was this; that when we had enquired into each other's Circumstances, we found that at our first setting out into the World, we should owe five hundred Pounds more than her Fortune would pay off. My Estate is seven hundred Pounds a Year, besides the benefit of Tin-Mines. Now, dear SPEC, upon this State of the Case, and the Lady's positive Declaration that there is still no other Objection, I beg you'll not fail to insert this, with your Opinion as soon as possible, whether this ought to be esteemed a just Cause or Impediment why we should not be join'd, and you will for ever oblige

Yours sincerely,
Dick Lovesick.

P. S. Sir, if I marry this Lady by the Assistance of your Opinion, you may expect a Favour for it.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I have the misfortune to be one of those unhappy Men who are distinguished by the Name of discarded Lovers; but I am the less mortified at my Disgrace, because the young Lady is one of those Creatures who set up for Negligence of Men, are forsooth the most rigidly Virtuous in the World, and yet their Nicety will permit them, at the Command of Parents, to go to Bed to the most utter Stranger that can be proposed to them. As to me myself, I was introduced by the Father of my Mistress; but find I owe my being at first received to a Comparison of my Estate with that of a former Lover, and that I am now in like manner turned off, to give Way to an humble Servant still richer than I am. What makes this Treatment the more extravagant is, that the young Lady is in the Management of this way of Fraud, and obeys her Father's Orders on these Occasions without any Manner of Reluctance, and does it with the same Air that one of your Men of the World would signify the Necessity of Affairs for turning another out of Office. When I came home last Night I found this Letter from my Mistress.

SIR,

"I hope you will not think it is any manner of Disrespect to your Person or Merit, that the intended Nuptials between us are interrupted. My Father says he has a much better Offer for me than you can make, and has ordered me to break off the Treaty between us. If it had proceeded, I should have behaved my self with all suitable Regard to you, but as it is, I beg we may be Strangers for the Future. Adieu.

LYDIA.

"This great Indifference on this Subject, and the mercenary Motives for making Alliances, is what I think lies naturally before you, and I beg of you to give me your Thoughts upon it. My Answer to Lydia was as follows, which I hope you will approve; for you are to know the Wo-

man's Family affect a wonderful Ease on these Occasions, tho' they expect it should be painfully received on the Man's Side.

MADAM,

"I have received yours, and knew the Prudence of your House so well, that I always took Care to be ready to obey your Commands, tho' they should be to see you no more. Pray give my Service to all the good Family.

Adieu,

"The Opera Subscription is full. Clitophon.

Memorandum. *The Censor of Marriage to consider this Letter, and report the common Usages on such Treaties, with how many Pounds or Acres are generally esteemed sufficient Reason for preferring a new to an old Pretender; with his Opinion what is proper to be determined in such Cases for the future.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

"There is an elderly Person, lately left off Business and settled in our Town, in order, as he thinks, to retire from the World; but he has brought with him such an Inclination to Tale-bearing, that he disturbs both himself and all our Neighbourhood. Notwithstanding this Frailty, the honest Gentleman is so happy as to have no Enemy: At the same time he has not one Friend who will venture to acquaint him with his Weakness. It is not to be doubted but if this Failing were set in a proper Light, he would quickly perceive the Indecency and evil Consequences of it. Now, Sir, this being an Infirmary which I hope may be corrected, and knowing that he pays much Deference to you, I beg that when you are at Leisure to give us a Speculation on Gossiping, you would think of my Neighbour: You will hereby oblige several who will be glad to find a Reformation in their gray-hair'd Friend: And how becoming will it be for him, instead of pouring forth Words at all Adventures to set a Watch before the Door of his Mouth, to refrain his Tongue, to check its Impetuosity, and guard against the Sallies of that little, pert, forward, busie Person; which, under a sober Conduct, might prove a useful Member of a Society. In Compliance with whose Intimations, I have taken the Liberty to make this Address to you.

I am, SIR,

Your most obscure Servant
Philanthropos.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Feb. 16, 1712.

"This is to Petition you in Behalf of my self and many more of your gentle Readers, that at any time when you have private Reasons against letting us know what you think your self, you would be pleased to pardon us such Letters of your Correspondents as seem to be of no use but to the Printer.

"It is further our humble Request, that you would substitute Advertisements in the Place of such Epistles; and that in order hereunto Mr. Buckley may be authorized to take up of your zealous Friend Mr. Charles Lillie, any Quantity of Words he shall from time to time have occasion for.

'The many useful parts of Knowledge which
'may be communicated to the Publick this Way,
'will, we hope, be a Consideration in favour of
'your Petitioners.

And your Petitioners, &c.

Note, That particular Regard be had to this
Petition; and the Papers marked Letter R may
be carefully examined for the future.¹ T.

No. 311.] Tuesday, February 26, 1712. [Addison.

*Nec Veneris pharetris macer est; aut lampade
feruet:*

Inde faces ardent, veniunt a dote sagittæ.—Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM amazed that among all the Variety of
Characters, with which you have enriched
your Speculations, you have never given us a
Picture of those audacious young Fellows among
us, who commonly go by the Name of *Fortune-
Stealers*. You must know, Sir, I am one who
live in a continual Apprehension of this sort of
People that lye in wait, Day and Night, for our
Children, and may be considered as a kind of
Kidnappers within the Law. I am the Father of
a Young Heiress, whom I begin to look upon as
Marriageable, and who has looked upon her self
as such for above these Six Years. She is now
in the Eighteenth Year of her Age. The For-
tune-hunters have already cast their Eyes upon
her, and take care to plant themselves in her
View whenever she appears in any Publick As-
sembly. I have my self caught a young Jacka-
napes with a pair of Silver Fringed Gloves, in
the very Fact. You must know, Sir, I have
kept her as a Prisoner of State ever since she
was in her Teens. Her Chamber Windows are
cross-barred, she is not permitted to go out of
the House but with her Keeper, who is a stay'd
Relation of my own; I have likewise forbid her
the use of Pen and Ink for this Twelve-Month
last past, and do not suffer a Ban-box to be car-
ried into her Room before it has been searched.
Notwithstanding these Precautions, I am at my
Wits End for fear of any sudden Surprise. There
were, two or three Nights ago, some Fiddles
heard in the Street, which I am afraid portend
me no Good; not to mention a tall *Irish-Man*,
that has been seen walking before my House
more than once this Winter. My Kinswoman
likewise informs me, that the Girl has talked to
her twice or thrice of a Gentleman in a Fair Wig,
and that she loves to go to Church more than
ever she did in her Life. She gave me the slip
about a Week ago, upon which my whole House
was in Alarm. I immediately dispatched a Hue
and Cry after her to the Change, to her Mantua-
maker, and to the young Ladies that Visit her;
but after above an Hour's search she returned of

¹ R. is one of Steele's signatures, but he had
not used it since No. 134 for August 3, 1711, every
paper of his since that date having been marked
with a T.

herself, having been taking a Walk, as she told
me, by *Rosamond's Pond*. I have hereupon
turned off her Woman, doubled her Guards, and
given new Instructions to my Relation, who, to
give her her due, keeps a watchful Eye over all
her Motions. This, Sir, keeps me in a perpetual
Anxiety, and makes me very often watch when
my Daughter sleeps, as I am afraid she is even
with me in her turn. Now, Sir, what I would
desire of you is, to represent to this fluttering
Tribe of young Fellows, who are for making
their Fortunes by these indirect Means, that
stealing a Man's Daughter for the sake of her
Portion, is but a kind of Tolerated Robbery;
and that they make but a poor Amends to the
Father, whom they plunder after this Manner,
by going to bed with his Child. Dear Sir, be
speedy in your Thoughts on this Subject, that,
if possible, they may appear before the Disband-
ing of the Army.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,
Tim. Watchwell.

Themistocles, the great *Athenian* General, be-
ing asked whether he would chuse to marry his
Daughter to an indigent Man of Merit, or to a
worthless Man of an Estate, replied, That he
should prefer a Man without an Estate, to an
Estate without a Man. The worst of it is, our
Modern Fortune-Hunters are those who turn their
Heads that way, because they are good for no-
thing else. If a young Fellow finds he can make
nothing of *Cook* and *Littleton*, he provides him-
self with a Ladder of Ropes, and by that means
very often enters upon the Premises.

The same Art of Scaling has likewise been
practised with good Success by many military
Engineers. Stratagems of this nature make Parts
and Industry superfluous, and cut short the way
to Riches.

Nor is Vanity a less Motive than Idleness to
this kind of Mercenary Pursuit. A Fop who ad-
mires his Person in a Glass, soon enters into a
Resolution of making his Fortune by it, not ques-
tioning but every Woman that falls in his way will
do him as much Justice as he does himself. When
an Heiress sees a Man throwing particular Graces
into his Ogle, or talking loud within her Hearing,
she ought to look to her self; but if withal she ob-
serves a pair of Red-Heels, a Patch, or any other
Particularity in his Dress, she cannot take too
much care of her Person. These are Baits not to
be trifled with, Charms that have done a world of
Execution, and made their way into Hearts which
have been thought impregnable. The Force of a
Man with these Qualifications is so well known,
that I am credibly informed there are several Fe-
male Undertakers about the Change, who upon
the Arrival of a likely Man out of a neighbouring
Kingdom, will furnish him with proper Dress from
Head to Foot, to be paid for at a double Price on
the Day of Marriage.

We must however distinguish between Fortune-
Hunters and Fortune-Stealers. The first are those
assiduous Gentlemen who employ their whole
Lives in the Chace, without ever coming at the
Quarry. *Suffenus* has combed and powdered at

the Ladies for thirty Years together, and taken his Stand in a Side Box, 'till he has grown wrinkled under their Eyes. He is now laying the same Snares for the present Generation of Beauties, which he practised on their Mothers. *Cottilus*, after having made his Applications to more than you meet with in Mr. *Cowley's* Ballad of Mistresses, was at last smitten with a City Lady of 20,000*l.* Sterling: but died of old Age before he could bring Matters to bear. Nor must I here omit my worthy Friend Mr. HONEYCOMB, who has often told us in the Club, that for twenty years successively, upon the death of a Childless rich Man, he immediately drew on his Boots, called for his Horse, and made up to the Widow. When he is rallied upon his ill Success, WILL. with his usual Gaiety tells us, that he always found [her¹] Pre-engaged.

Widows are indeed the great Game of your Fortune-Hunters. There is scarce a young Fellow in the Town of six Foot high, that has not passed in Review before one or other of these wealthy Relicts. *Hudibras's* Cupid, who

— took his Stand
Upon a Widow's Jointure Land,²

is daily employed in throwing Darts, and kindling Flames. But as for Widows, they are such a Subtle Generation of People, that they may be left to their own Conduct; or if they make a false Step in it, they are answerable for it to no Body but themselves. The young innocent Creatures who have no Knowledge and Experience of the World, are those whose Safety I would principally consult in this Speculation. The stealing of such an one should, in my Opinion, be as punishable as a Rape. Where there is no Judgment there is no Choice; and why the inveigling a Woman before she is come to Years of Discretion, should not be as Criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten Years old, I am at a Loss to comprehend. L.

No. 312.] Wednesday, February 27, 1712. [Steele.

*Quod huic Officium, quæ laus, quod Decus erit
tanti, quod adipisci cum colore Corporis velit,
qui dolorem summum malum sibi persuaserit?
Quam porro quis ignominiam, quam turpitudinem
non pertulerit, ut effugiat dolorem, si
id summum malum esse decrevit?—Tull. de
Dolore tolerando.*

IT is a very melancholy Reflection, that Men are usually so weak, that it is absolutely necessary for them to know Sorrow and Pain to be in their right Senses. Prosperous People (for Happy there are none) are hurried away with a fond Sense of their present Condition, and thoughtless of the Mutability of Fortune: Fortune is a Term which we must use in such Discourses as these, for what is wrought by the unseen Hand of the Disposer of all Things. But methinks the

Disposition of a Mind which is truly great, is that which makes Misfortunes and Sorrows little when they befall our selves, great and lamentable when they befall other Men. The most unpardonable Malefactor in the World going to his Death and bearing it with Composure, would win the Pity of those who should behold him; and this not because his Calamity is deplorable, but because he seems himself not to deplore it: We suffer for him who is less sensible of his own Misery, and are inclined to despise him who sinks under the Weight of his Distresses. On the other hand, without any Touch of Envy, a temperate and well-govern'd Mind looks down on such as are exalted with Success, with a certain Shame for the Imbecility of human Nature, that can so far forget how liable it is to Calamity, as to grow giddy with only the Suspence of Sorrow, which is the Portion of all Men. He therefore who turns his Face from the unhappy Man, who will not look again when his Eye is cast upon modest Sorrow, who shuns Affliction like a Contagion, does but pamper himself up for a Sacrifice, and contract in himself a greater Aptitude to Misery by attempting to escape it. A Gentleman where I happened to be last Night, fell into a Discourse which I thought shewed a good Discerning in him: He took Notice that whenever Men have looked into their Heart for the Idea of true Excellency in human Nature, they have found it to consist in Suffering after a right Manner and with a good Grace. Heroes are always drawn bearing Sorrows, struggling with Adversities, undergoing all kinds of Hardships, and having in the Service of Mankind a kind of Appetite to Difficulties and Dangers. The Gentleman went on to observe, that it is from this secret Sense of the high Merit which there is in Patience under Calamities, that the Writers of Romances, when they attempt to furnish out Characters of the highest Excellence, ransack Nature for things terrible; they raise a new Creation of Monsters, Dragons, and Giants: Where the Danger ends, the Hero ceases; when he won an Empire, or gained his Mistress, the rest of his Story is not worth relating. My Friend carried his Discourse so far as to say, that it was for higher Beings than Men to join Happiness and Greatness in the same Idea; but that in our Condition we have no Conception of superlative Excellence, or Heroism, but as it is surrounded with a Shade of Distress.

It is certainly the proper Education we should give our selves, to be prepared for the ill Events and Accidents we are to meet with in a Life sentenced to be a Scene of Sorrow: But instead of this Expectation, we soften our selves with Prospects of constant Delight, and destroy in our Minds the Seeds of Fortitude and Virtue, which should support us in Hours of Anguish. The constant Pursuit of Pleasure has in it something insolent and improper for our Being. There is a pretty sober Liveliness in the Ode of *Horace* to *Delius*, where he tells him, loud Mirth, or immoderate Sorrow, Inequality of Behaviour either in Prosperity or Adversity, are alike ungraceful in Man that is born to die. Moderation in both Circumstances is peculiar to generous Minds: Men of that Sort ever taste the Gratifications of

¹ [them]

² *Hudibras*, Part I., Canto 3, ll. 310-11.

Health, and all other Advantages of Life, as if they were liable to part with them, and when bereft of them, resign them with a Greatness of Mind which shews they know their Value and Duration. The Contempt of Pleasure is a certain Preparatory for the Contempt of Pain: Without this, the Mind is as it were taken suddenly by any unforeseen Event; but he that has always, during Health and Prosperity, been abstinent in his Satisfactions, enjoys, in the worst of Difficulties, the Reflection, that his Anguish is not aggravated with the Comparison of past Pleasures which upbraid his present Condition. *Tully* tells us a Story after *Pompey*, which gives us a good Taste of the pleasant Manner the Men of Wit and Philosophy had in old Times of alleviating the Distresses of Life by the Force of Reason and Philosophy. *Pompey*, when he came to *Rhodes*, had a Curiosity to visit the famous Philosopher *Possidonius*; but finding him in his sick Bed, he bewailed the Misfortune that he should not hear a Discourse from him: But you may, answered *Possidonius*; and immediately entered into the Point of Stoical Philosophy, which says Pain is not an Evil. During the Discourse, upon every Puncture he felt from his Distemper, he smiled and cried out, Pain, Pain, be as impertinent and troublesome as you please, I shall never own that thou art an Evil.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Having seen in several of your Papers, a Concern for the Honour of the Clergy, and their doing every thing as becomes their Character, and particularly performing the publick Service with a due Zeal and Devotion; I am the more encouraged to lay before them, by your Means, several Expressions used by some of them in their Prayers before Sermon, which I am not well satisfied in: As their giving some Titles and Epithets to great Men, which are indeed due to them in their several Ranks and Stations, but not properly used, I think, in our Prayers. Is it not Contradiction to say, Illustrious, Right Reverend, and Right Honourable poor Sinners? These Distinctions are suited only to our State here, and have no place in Heaven: We see they are omitted in the Liturgy; which I think the Clergy should take for their Pattern in their own Forms of [Devotion.]¹ There is another Ex-

¹ [Devotion. Another Expression which I take to be improper, is this, the whole Race of Mankind, when they pray for all Men; for Race signifies Lineage or Descent; and if the Race of Mankind may be used for the present generation, (though I think not very fitly) the whole Race takes in all from the Beginning to the End of the World. I don't remember to have met with that Expression in their sense anywhere but in the old Version of *Psal.* 14, which those Men, I suppose, have but little Esteem for. And some, when they have prayed for all Schools and Nurserys of good Learning and True Religion, especially the two Universities, add these Words, Grant that from them and all other Places dedicated to thy Worship and Service, may come forth such Persons. But what do they mean by all other Places? It

pression which I would not mention, but that I have heard it several times before a learned Congregation, to bring in the last Petition of the Prayer in these Words, *O let not the Lord be angry and I will speak but this once*; as if there was no Difference between *Abraham's* interceding for *Sodom*, for which he had no Warrant as we can find, and our asking those Things which we are required to pray for; they would therefore have much more Reason to fear his Anger if they did not make such Petitions to him. There is another pretty Fancy: When a young Man has a Mind to let us know who gave him his Scarf, he speaks a Parenthesis to the Almighty, Bless, as I am in Duty bound to pray, the right honourable the Countess; is not that as much as to say, Bless her, for thou knowest I am her Chaplain?

Your humble Servant,

T. J. O.

No. 313.] Thursday, February 28, 1712. [Budgell.

*Exigite ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
Ut si quis cerâ vultum facit*——— Juv.

I SHALL give the following Letter no other Recommendation, than by telling my Readers that it comes from the same Hand with that of last Thursday.

SIR,

I send you, according to my Promise, some farther Thoughts on the Education of Youth, in which I intend to discuss that famous Question, *Whether the Education at a publick School, or under a private Tutor, is to be preferr'd?*

As some of the greatest Men in most Ages have been of very different Opinions in this Matter, I shall give a short Account of what I think may be best urged on both sides, and afterwards leave every Person to determine for himself.

It is certain from *Suetonius*, that the Romans thought the Education of their Children a business properly belonging to the Parents themselves; and *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Marcus Cato*, tells us, that as soon as his Son was capable of Learning, *Cato* would suffer no Body to teach him but himself, tho' he had a Servant named *Chilo*, who was an excellent Grammarian, and who taught a great many other Youths.

On the contrary, the Greeks seemed more inclined to Publick Schools and Seminaries.

A private Education promises in the first place Virtue and Good-Breeding; a publick School Manly Assurance, and an early Knowledge in the Ways of the World.

Mr. *Locke* in his celebrated Treatise of Education,² confesses that there are Inconveniencies

seems to me that this is either a Tautology, as being the same with all Schools and Nurserys before expressed, or else it runs too far; for there are general Places dedicated to the Divine Service which cannot properly be intended here.]

² *Some Thoughts concerning Education*, § 70.

'to be feared on both sides; *If, says he, I keep my Son at Home, he is in danger of becoming my young Master; If I send him Abroad, it is scarce possible to keep him from the reigning Contagion of Rudeness and Vice. He will perhaps be more Innocent at Home, but more ignorant of the World, and more sheepish when he comes Abroad.* However, as this learned Author asserts, That Virtue is much more difficult to be attained than Knowledge of the World; and that Vice is a more stubborn, as well as a more dangerous Fault than Sheepishness, he is altogether for a private Education; and the more so, because he does not see why a Youth, with right Management, might not attain the same Assurance in his Father's House, as at a publick School. To this end he advises Parents to accustom their Sons to whatever strange Faces come to the House; to take them with them when they Visit their Neighbours, and to engage them in Conversation with Men of Parts and Breeding.

'It may be objected to this Method, that Conversation is not the only thing necessary, but that unless it be a Conversation with such as are in some measure their Equals in Parts and Years, there can be no room for Emulation, Contention, and several of the most lively Passions of the Mind; which, without being sometimes moved by these means, may possibly contract a Dulness and Insensibility.

'One of the greatest Writers our Nation ever produced observes, That a Boy who forms Parties, and makes himself Popular in a School or a College, would act the same Part with equal ease in a Senate or a Privy Council; and Mr. *Osborn* speaking like a Man versed in the Ways of the World, affirms, that the well laying and carrying on of a design to rob an Orchard, trains up a Youth insensibly to Caution, Secrecy and Circumspection, and fits him for Matters of greater Importance.

'In short, a private Education seems the most natural Method for the forming of a virtuous Man; a Publick Education for making a Man of Business. The first would furnish out a good Subject for *Plato's* Republick, the latter a Member for a Community over-run with Artifice and Corruption.

'It must however be confessed, that a Person at the head of a publick School has sometimes so many Boys under his Direction, that it is impossible he should extend a due proportion of his Care to each of them. This is, however, in reality, the Fault of the Age, in which we often see twenty Parents, who tho' each expects his Son should be made a Scholar, are not contented altogether to make it worth while for any Man of a liberal Education to take upon him the Care of their Instruction.

'In our great Schools indeed this Fault has been of late Years rectified, so that we have at present not only Ingenious Men for the chief Masters, but such as have proper Ushers and Assistants under them; I must nevertheless own,

The references to Suetonius and Plutarch's Life of Cato are from the preceding section.

'that for want of the same Encouragement in the Country, we have many a promising Genius spoiled and abused in those Seminaries.

'I am the more inclined to this Opinion, having my self experienced the Usage of two Rural Masters, each of them very unfit for the Trust they took upon them to discharge. The first imposed much more upon me than my Parts, tho' none of the weakest, could endure; and used me barbarously for not performing Impossibilities. The latter was of quite another Temper; and a Boy, who would run upon his Errands, wash his Coffee-pot, or ring the Bell, might have as little Conversation with any of the Classicks as he thought fit. I have known a Lad at this Place excused his Exercise for assisting the Cook-maid; and remember a Neighbouring Gentleman's Son was among us five Years, most of which time he employed in airing and watering our Master's grey Pad. I scorned to Compound for my Faults, by doing any of these Elegant Offices, and was accordingly the best Scholar, and the worst used of any Boy in the School.

'I shall conclude this Discourse with an Advantage mentioned by *Quintilian*, as accompanying a Publick way of Education, which I have not yet taken notice of; namely, That we very often contract such Friendships at School, as are a Service to us all the following Part of our Lives.

'I shall give you, under this Head, a Story very well known to several Persons, and which you may depend upon as a real Truth.

'Every one, who is acquainted with *Westminster-School*, knows that there is a Curtain which used to be drawn a-cross the Room, to separate the upper School from the lower. A Youth happened, by some Mischance, to tear the above-mentioned Curtain: The Severity of the Master^r was too well known for the Criminal to expect any Pardon for such a Fault; so that the Boy, who was of a meek Temper, was terrified to Death at the Thoughts of his Appearance, when his Friend, who sat next to him, bad him be of good Cheer, for that he would take the Fault on himself. He kept his word accordingly. As soon as they were grown up to be Men the Civil War broke out, in which our two Friends took the opposite Sides, one of them followed the Parliament, the other the Royal Party.

'As their Tempers were different, the Youth, who had torn the Curtain, endeavoured to raise himself on the Civil List, and the other, who had born the Blame of it, on the Military: The first succeeded so well, that he was in a short time made a Judge under the Protector. The other was engaged in the unhappy Enterprize of *Penraddock* and *Groves* in the West. I suppose, Sir, I need not acquaint you with the Event of that Undertaking. Every one knows that the Royal Party was routed, and all the Heads of them, among whom was the Curtain Champion, imprisoned at *Exeter*. It happened to be his Friend's Lot at that time to go the Western Circuit: The Tryal of the Rebels, as they were then called, was very short, and nothing now re-

^r Richard Busby; appointed in 1640.

‘mained but to pass Sentence on them; when the
‘Judge hearing the Name of his old Friend, and
‘observing his Face more attentively, which he
‘had not seen for many Years, asked him, if he
‘was not formerly a *Westminster-Scholar*; by
‘the Answer, he was soon convinced that it was
‘his former generous Friend; and, without say-
‘ing any thing more at that time, made the best
‘of his Way to *London*, where employing all his
‘Power and Interest with the Protector, he saved
‘his Friend from the Fate of his unhappy Asso-
‘ciates.

‘The Gentleman, whose Life was thus pre-
‘serv’d by the Gratitude of his School-Fellow,
‘was afterwards the Father of a Son, whom he
‘lived to see promoted in the Church, and who
‘still deservedly fills one of the highest Stations
‘in it.¹ X.

No. 314.] Friday, February 29, 1712. [Steele.

*Tandem desine Matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.*—Hor. Od. 23.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Feb. 7, 1711-12.
‘I AM a young Man about eighteen Years of
‘Age, and have been in Love with a young
‘Woman of the same Age about this half Year. I
‘go to see her six Days in the Week, but never
‘could have the Happiness of being with her
‘alone. If any of her Friends are at home, she
‘will see me in their Company; but if they be
‘not in the Way, she flies to her Chamber. I can
‘discover no Signs of her Aversion; but either a
‘Fear of falling into the Toils of Matrimony, or a
‘childish Timidity, deprives us of an Interview
‘apart, and drives us upon the Difficulty of lan-
‘guishing out our Lives in fruitless Expectation.
‘Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, if you think us ripe for
‘Oeconomy, perswade the dear Creature, that to
‘pine away into Barrenness and Deformity under
‘a Mother’s Shade, is not so honourable, nor does
‘she appear so amiable, as she would in full
‘Bloom. [*There is a great deal left out before he
‘concludes.*]

Mr. SPECTATOR,
Your humble Servant,
Bob Harmless.

If this Gentleman be really no more than Eigh-
‘teen, I must do him the Justice to say he is the
‘most knowing Infant I have yet met with. He
‘does not, I fear, yet understand, that all he thinks
‘of is another Woman; therefore, till he has given
‘a further Account of himself, the young Lady is
‘hereby directed to keep close to her Mother.

The SPECTATOR.

I cannot comply with the Request in Mr. *Trott’s*
‘Letter; but let it go just as it came to my Hands,
‘for being so familiar with the old Gentleman, as

¹ The allusion is to Colonel Wake, father of
Dr. William Wake, who was Bishop of Lincoln
when this paper was written, and became in 1716
Archbishop of Canterbury. The trials of Pen-
ruddock and his friends were in 1655.

rough as he is to him. Since Mr. *Trott* has an
‘Ambition to make him his Father-in-Law, he
‘ought to treat him with more Respect; besides,
‘his Style to me might have been more distant than
‘he has thought fit to afford me: Moreover, his
‘Mistress shall continue in her Confinement, till he
‘has found out which Word in his Letter is not
‘wrichtly spelt.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘I shall ever own my self your obliged humble
‘Servant for the Advice you gave me concerning
‘my Dancing; which unluckily came too late:
‘For, as I said, I would not leave off Capering
‘till I had your Opinion of the Matter; was at
‘our famous Assembly the Day before I received
‘your Papers, and there was observed by an old
‘Gentleman, who was informed I had a Respect
‘for his Daughter; told me I was an insignificant
‘little Fellow, and said that for the future he
‘would take Care of his Child; so that he did not
‘doubt but to crosse my amorous Inclinations.
‘The Lady is confined to her Chamber, and for
‘my Part, am ready to hang my self with the
‘Thoughts that I have danced my self out of Fa-
‘vour with her Father. I hope you will pardon
‘the Trouble I give; but shall take it for a mighty
‘Favour, if you will give me a little more of your
‘Advice to put me in a write Way to cheat the
‘old Dragon and obtain my Mistress. I am once
‘more,

SIR,
York, Feb. 23, Your obliged humble Servant.
1711-12. John Trott.

‘Let me desire you to make what Alterations
‘you please, and insert this as soon as possible.
‘Pardon Mistake by Haste.

I never do pardon Mistakes by Haste.

The SPECTATOR.

SIR, Feb. 27, 1711-12.
‘Pray be so kind as to let me know what you
‘esteem to be the chief Qualification of a good
‘Poet, especially of one who writes Plays; and
‘you will very much oblige,
SIR, Your very humble Servant,
N. B.

To be a very well-bred Man.

The SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
‘You are to know that I am naturally Brave,
‘and love Fighting as well as any Man in Eng-
‘land. This gallant Temper of mine makes me
‘extremely delighted with Battles on the Stage. I
‘give you this Trouble to complain to you, that
‘*Nicolini* refused to gratifie me in that Part of the
‘Opera for which I have most Taste. I observe
‘it’s become a Custom, that whenever any Gen-
‘tlemen are particularly pleased with a Song, at
‘their crying out *Encore* or *Altro Volto*, the Per-
‘former is so obliging as to sing it over again. I
‘was at the Opera the last time *Hydaspes* was
‘performed. At that Part of it where the Heroe
‘engages with the Lion, the graceful Manner with
‘which he put that terrible Monster to Death
‘gave me so great a Pleasure, and at the same
‘time so just a Sense of that Gentleman’s Intre-

‘pidity and Conduct, that I could not forbear desiring a Repetition of it, by crying out *Altro Volto* in a very audible Voice; and my Friends flatter me, that I pronounced those Words with a tolerable good Accent, considering that was but the third Opera I had ever seen in my Life. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there was so little Regard had to me, that the Lion was carried off, and went to Bed, without being killed any more that Night. Now, Sir, pray consider that I did not understand a Word of what Mr. *Nicolini* said to this cruel Creature; besides, I have no Ear for Musick; so that during the long Dispute between ‘em, the whole Entertainment I had was from my Eye; Why then have not I as much Right to have a graceful Action repeated as another has a pleasing Sound, since he only hears as I only see, and we neither of us know that there is any reasonable thing a doing? Pray, Sir, settle the Business of this Claim in the Audience, and let us know when we may cry *Altro Volto, Anglicè, again, again*, for the Future. I am an *Englishman*, and expect some Reason or other to be given me, and perhaps an ordinary one may serve; but I expect your Answer.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Toby Rentfree.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Nov. 29.

‘You must give me Leave, amongst the rest of your Female Correspondents, to address you about an Affair which has already given you many a Speculation; and which, I know, I need not tell you have had a very happy Influence over the adult Part of our Sex: But as many of us are either too old to learn, or too obstinate in the Pursuit of the Vanities which have been bred up with us from our Infancy, and all of us quitting the Stage whilst you are prompting us to act our Part well; you ought, methinks, rather to turn your Instructions for the Benefit of that Part of our Sex, who are yet in their native Innocence, and ignorant of the Vices and that Variety of Unhappinesses that reign amongst us.

‘I must tell you, Mr SPECTATOR, that it is as much a Part of your Office to oversee the Education of the female Part of the Nation, as well as of the Male; and to convince the World you are not partial, pray proceed to detect the Male Administration of Governesses as successfully as you have exposed that of Pedagogues; and rescue our Sex from the Prejudice and Tyranny of Education as well as that of your own, who without your seasonable Interposition are like to improve upon the Vices that are now in vogue.

‘I who know the Dignity of your Post, as SPECTATOR, and the Authority a skilful Eye ought to bear in the Female World, could not forbear consulting you, and beg your Advice in so critical a Point, as is that of the Education of young Gentlewomen. Having already provided myself with a very convenient House in a good Air, I’m not without Hope but that you will promote this generous Design. I must farther tell you, Sir, that all who shall be committed to my Conduct, beside the usual Accomplishments of the Needle, Dancing, and the *French* Tongue, shall not fail

‘to be your constant Readers. It is therefore my humble Petition, that you will entertain the Town on this important Subject, and so far oblige a Stranger, as to raise a Curiosity and Enquiry in my Behalf, by publishing the following Advertisement.

I am, SIR,

Your constant Admirer,

M. W.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Boarding-School for young Gentlewomen, which was formerly kept on Mile-End-Green, being laid down, there is now one set up almost opposite to it at the two Golden-Balls, and much more convenient in every Respect; where, beside the common Instructions given to young Gentlewomen, they will be taught the whole Art of Paistrey and Preserving, with whatever may render them accomplished. Those who please to make Tryal of the Vigilance and Ability of the Persons concerned may enquire at the two Golden-Balls on Mile-End-Green near Stepney, where they will receive further Satisfaction.

This is to give Notice, that the SPECTATOR has taken upon him to be Visitant of all Boarding-Schools, where young Women are educated; and designs to proceed in the said Office after the same Manner that the Visitants of Colleges do in the two famous Universities of this Land.

All Lovers who write to the SPECTATOR, are desired to forbear one Expression which is in most of the Letters to him, either out of Laziness, or want of Invention, and is true of not above two thousand Women in the whole World; viz. She has in her all that is valuable in Woman.

T.

No. 315.] Saturday, March 1, 1712. [Addison.

*Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit*——— Hor.

HORACE advises a Poet to consider thoroughly the Nature and Force of his Genius.¹ *Milton* seems to have known perfectly well, wherein his Strength lay, and has therefore chosen a Subject entirely conformable to those Talents, of which he was Master. As his Genius was wonderfully turned to the Sublime, his Subject is the noblest that could have entered into the Thoughts of Man. Every thing that is truly great and astonishing, has a place in it. The whole System of the intellectual World; the *Chaos*, and the Creation; Heaven, Earth and Hell; enter into the Constitution of his Poem.

Having in the First and Second Books represented the Infernal World with all its Horrors, the Thread of his Fable naturally leads him into the opposite Regions of Bliss and Glory.

If *Milton's* Majesty forsakes him any where, it is in those Parts of his Poem, where the Divine Persons are introduced as Speakers. One may, I think, observe that the Author proceeds with a

¹ De Arte Poetica, ll. 38—40.

kind of Fear and Trembling, whilst he describes the Sentiments of the Almighty. He dares not give his Imagination its full Play, but chuses to confine himself to such Thoughts as are drawn from the Books of the most Orthodox Divines, and to such Expressions as may be met with in Scripture. The Beauties, therefore, which we are to look for in these Speeches, are not of a Poetical Nature, nor so proper to fill the Mind with Sentiments of Grandeur, as with Thoughts of Devotion. The Passions, which they are designed to raise, are a Divine Love and Religious Fear. The Particular Beauty of the Speeches in the Third Book, consists in that Shortness and Perspicuity of Style, in which the Poet has couched the greatest Mysteries of Christianity, and drawn together, in a regular Scheme, the whole Dispensation of Providence, with respect to Man. He has represented all the abstruse Doctrines of Predestination, Free-Will and Grace, as also the great Points of Incarnation and Redemption, (which naturally grow up in a Poem that treats of the Fall of Man) with great Energy of Expression, and in a clearer and stronger Light than I ever met with in any other Writer. As these Points are dry in themselves to the generality of Readers, the concise and clear manner in which he has treated them, is very much to be admired, as is likewise that particular Art which he has made use of in the interspersing of all those Graces of Poetry, which the Subject was capable of receiving.

The Survey of the whole Creation, and of every thing that is transacted in it, is a Prospect worthy of Omniscience; and as much above that, in which *Virgil* has drawn his *Jupiter*, as the Christian Idea of the Supreme Being is more Rational and Sublime than that of the Heathens. The particular Objects on which he is described to have cast his Eye, are represented in the most beautiful and lively Manner.

*Now had th' Almighty Father from above,
(From the pure Empyrean where he sits
High thron'd above all height) bent down his Eye,
His own Works and their Works at once to view.
About him all the Sanctities of Heav'n
Stood thick as Stars, and from his Sight receiv'd
Beatitude past ut'rance: On his right
The radiant Image of his Glory sat,
His only Son. On earth he first beheld
Our two first Parents, yet the only two
Of Mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of Joy and Love;
Uninterrupted Joy, unrival'd Love
In blissful Solitude. He then survey'd
Hell and the Gulph between, and Satan there
Coasting the Wall of Heaven on this side Night,
In the dun air sublime; and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament;
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Whercin past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.*

Satan's Approach to the Confines of the Creation, is finely imaged in the beginning of the Speech, which immediately follows. The Effects

of this Speech in the blessed Spirits, and in the Divine Person to whom it was addressed, cannot but fill the Mind of the Reader with a secret Pleasure and Complacency.

*Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect
Sense of new Joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious, in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd, and in his face
Divine Compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure Grace.*

I need not point out the Beauty of that Circumstance, wherein the whole Host of Angels are represented as standing Mute; nor shew how proper the Occasion was to produce such a Silence in Heaven. The Close of this Divine Colloquy, with the Hymn of Angels that follows upon it, are so wonderfully Beautiful and Poetical, that I should not forbear inserting the whole Passage, if the Bounds of my Paper would give me leave.

*No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitudes of Angels with a shout
(Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest Voices) ut'ring Joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd
Th' eternal regions; &c. &c.—*

Satan's Walk upon the Outside of the Universe, which, at a Distance, appeared to him of a globular Form, but, upon his nearer Approach, looked like an unbounded Plain, is natural and noble: As his Roaming upon the Frontiers of the Creation between that Mass of Matter, which was wrought into a World, and that shapeless unformed Heap of Materials, which still lay in Chaos and Confusion, strikes the Imagination with something astonishingly great and wild. I have before spoken of the *Limbo of Vanity*, which the Poet places upon this outermost Surface of the Universe, and shall here explain my self more at large on that, and other Parts of the Poem, which are of the same Shadowy Nature.

Aristotle observes,¹ that the Fable of an Epic Poem should abound in Circumstances that are both credible and astonishing; or as the *French* Criticks chuse to phrase it, the Fable should be filled with the Probable and the Marvellous. This Rule is as fine and just as any in *Aristotle's* whole Art of Poetry.

If the Fable is only Probable, it differs nothing from a true History; if it is only Marvellous, it is no better than a Romance. The great Secret therefore of Heroic Poetry is to relate such Circumstances, as may produce in the Reader at the same time both Belief and Astonishment. This is brought to pass in a well-chosen Fable, by the Account of such things as have really happened, or at least of such things as have happened according to the received Opinions of Mankind. *Mil-*

¹ *Poetics*, iii. 4. 'The surprising is necessary 'in tragedy; but the Epic Poem goes farther, and 'admits even the improbable and incredible, from 'which the highest degree of the surprising results, because there the action is not seen.'

ton's Fable is a Masterpiece of this Nature; as the War in Heaven, the Condition of the fallen Angels, the State of Innocence, and Temptation of the Serpent, and the Fall of Man, though they are very astonishing in themselves, are not only credible, but actual Points of Faith.

The next Method of reconciling Miracles with Credibility, is by a happy Invention of the Poet; as in particular, when he introduces Agents of a superior Nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary course of things. *Ulysses's* Ship being turned into a Rock, and *Aeneas's* Fleet into a Shoal of Water Nymphs; though they are very surprising Accidents, are nevertheless probable, when we are told that they were the Gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of Machinery which fills the Poems both of *Homer* and *Virgil* with such Circumstances as are wonderful, but not impossible, and so frequently produce in the Reader the most pleasing Passion that can rise in the Mind of Man, which is Admiration. If there be any Instance in the *Aeneid* liable to Exception upon this Account, it is in the Beginning of the Third Book, where *Aeneas* is represented as tearing up the Myrtle that dropped Blood. To qualifie this wonderful Circumstance, *Polydorus* tells a Story from the Root of the Myrtle, that the barbarous Inhabitants of the Country having pierced him with Spears and Arrows, the Wood which was left in his Body took Root in his Wounds, and gave Birth to that bleeding Tree. This Circumstance seems to have the Marvellous without the Probable, because it is represented as proceeding from Natural Causes, without the Interposition of any God, or other Supernatural Power capable of producing it. The Spears and Arrows grow of themselves, without so much as the Modern Help of an Enchantment. If we look into the Fiction of *Milton's* Fable, though we find it full of surprizing Incidents, they are generally suited to our Notions of the Things and Persons described, and tempered with a due Measure of Probability. I must only make an Exception to the *Limbo of Vanity*, with his Episode of *Sin* and *Death*, and some of the imaginary Persons in his *Chaos*. These Passages are astonishing, but not credible; the Reader cannot so far impose upon himself as to see a Possibility in them; they are the Description of Dreams and Shadows, not of Things or Persons. I know that many Criticks look upon the Stories of *Circe*, *Polypheme*, the *Sirens*, nay the whole *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, to be Allegories; but allowing this to be true, they are Fables, which considering the Opinions of Mankind that prevailed in the Age of the Poet, might possibly have been according to the Letter. The Persons are such as might have acted what is ascribed to them, as the Circumstances in which they are represented, might possibly have been Truths and Realities. This Appearance of Probability is so absolutely requisite in the greater kinds of Poetry, that *Aristotle* observes the Ancient Tragick Writers made use of the Names of such great Men as had actually lived in the World, tho' the Tragedy proceeded upon Adventures they were never engaged in, on purpose to make the Subject more Credible. In a Word, besides the

hidden Meaning of an Epic Allegory, the plain literal Sense ought to appear Probable. The Story should be such as an ordinary Reader may acquiesce in, whatever Natural, Moral, or Political Truth may be discovered in it by Men of greater Penetration.

Satan, after having long wandered upon the Surface, or outmost Wall of the Universe, discovers at last a wide Gap in it, which led into the Creation, and is described as the Opening through which the Angels pass to and fro into the lower World, upon their Errands to Mankind. His Sitting upon the Brink of this Passage, and taking a Survey of the whole Face of Nature that appeared to him new and fresh in all its Beauties, with the Simile illustrating this Circumstance, fills the Mind of the Reader with as surprizing and glorious an Idea as any that arises in the whole Poem. He looks down into that vast Hollow of the Universe with the Eye, or (as *Milton* calls it in his first Book) with the Kenn of an Angel. He surveys all the Wonders in this immense Amphitheatre that lye between both the Poles of Heaven, and takes in at one View the whole Round of the Creation.

His Flight between the several Worlds that shined on every side of him, with the particular Description of the Sun, are set forth in all the Wantonness of a luxuriant Imagination. His Shape, Speech and Behaviour upon his transforming himself into an Angel of Light, are touched with exquisite Beauty. The Poet's Thought of directing *Satan* to the Sun, which in the vulgar Opinion of Mankind is the most conspicuous Part of the Creation, and the placing in it an Angel, is a Circumstance very finely contrived, and the more adjusted to a Poetical Probability, as it was a received Doctrine among the most famous Philosophers, that every Orb had its *Intelligence*; and as an Apostle in Sacred Writ is said to have seen such an Angel in the Sun. In the Answer which this Angel returns to the disguised evil Spirit, there is such a becoming Majesty as is altogether suitable to a Superior Being. The Part of it in which he represents himself as present at the Creation, is very noble in it self, and not only proper where it is introduced, but requisite to prepare the Reader for what follows in the Seventh Book.

*I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,
This World's material Mould, came to a Heap:
Confusion heard his Voice, and wild Uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast Infinitude confin'd,
Till at his second Bidding Darkness fled,
Light shon, &c.*

In the following Part of the Speech he points out the Earth with such Circumstances, that the Reader can scarce forbear fancying himself employed on the same distant View of it.

*Look downward on the Globe whose hither Side
With Light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines;
That place is Earth, the Seat of Man, that Light
His Day, &c.*

I must not conclude my Reflections upon this Third Book of *Paradise Lost*, without taking Notice of that celebrated Complaint of *Milton*