

with which it opens, and which certainly deserves all the Praises that have been given it; tho' as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked upon as an Excrescence, than as an essential Part of the Poem. The same Observation might be applied to that beautiful Digression upon Hypocrisie, in the same Book. L.

No. 316.] Monday, March 3, 1712. [John Hughes.

Libertas; quæ sera tamen respexit Inertem.
Virg. Ecl. 1.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IF you ever read a Letter which is sent with the more Pleasure for the Reality of its Complaints, this may have Reason to hope for a favourable Acceptance; and if Time be the most irretrievable Loss, the Regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the most justifiable. The regaining of my Liberty from a long State of Indolence and Inactivity, and the Desire of resisting the further Encroachments of Idleness, make me apply to you; and the Uneasiness with which I recollect the past Years, and the Apprehensions with which I expect the Future, soon determined me to it.

Idleness is so general a Distemper that I cannot but imagine a Speculation on this Subject will be of universal Use. There is hardly any one Person without some Allay of it; and thousands besides my self spend more Time in an idle Uncertainty which to begin first of two Affairs, that would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The Occasion of this seems to be the Want of some necessary Employment, to put the Spirits in Motion, and awaken them out of their Lethargy. If I had less Leisure, I should have more; for I should then find my Time distinguished into Portions, some for Business, and others for the indulging of Pleasures: But now one Face of Indolence overspreads the whole, and I have no Land-mark to direct my self by. Were one's Time a little straitned by Business, like Water inclosed in its Banks, it would have some determined Course; but unless it be put into some Channel it has no Current, but becomes a Deluge without either Use or Motion.

When *Scanderbeg* Prince of *Epirus* was dead, the *Turks*, who had but too often felt the Force of his Arm in the Battels he had won from them, imagined that by wearing a piece of his Bones near their Heart, they should be animated with a Vigour and Force like to that which inspired him when living. As I am like to be but of little use whilst I live, I am resolved to do what Good I can after my Decease; and have accordingly ordered my Bones to be disposed of in this Manner for the Good of my Countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a Degree of Fire. All Fox-hunters upon wearing me, would in a short Time be brought to endure their Beds in a Morning, and perhaps even quit them with Regret at Ten: Instead of hurrying away to teaze a poor Animal, and run away from their own Thoughts, a Chair or a Chariot would be thought

the most desirable Means of performing a Remove from one Place to another. I should be a Cure for the unnatural Desire of *John Trott* for Dancing, and a Specifick to lessen the Inclination *Mrs. Fidget* has to Motion, and cause her always to give her Approbation to the present Place she is in. In fine, no *Egyptian Mummy* was ever half so useful in Physick, as I should be to these feaverish Constitutions, to repress the violent Sallies of Youth, and give each Action its proper Weight and Repose.

I can stifle any violent Inclination, and oppose a Torrent of Anger, or the Sollicitations of Revenge, with Success. But Indolence is a Stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the Foundation of every Virtue. A Vice of a more lively Nature were a more desirable Tyrant than this Rust of the Mind, which gives a Tincture of its Nature to every Action of ones Life. It were as little Hazard to be lost in a Storm, as to lye thus perpetually becalmed: And it is to no Purpose to have within one the Seeds of a thousand good Qualities, if we want the Vigour and Resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all Persons back to an Equality; and this Image of it, this Slumber of the Mind, leaves no Difference between the greatest Genius and the meanest Understanding: A Faculty of doing things remarkably praise-worthy thus concealed, is of no more use to the Owner, than a Heap of Gold to the Man who dares not use it.

To-Morrow is still the fatal Time when all is to be rectified: To-Morrow comes, it goes, and still I please my self with the Shadow, whilst I lose the Reality; unmindful that the present Time alone is ours, the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live (as Parents in their Children) in the Actions it has produced.

The Time we live ought not to be computed by the Numbers of Years, but by the Use has been made of it; thus 'tis not the Extent of Ground, but the yearly Rent which gives the Value to the Estate. Wretched and thoughtless Creatures, in the only Place where Covetousness were a Virtue we turn Prodigals! Nothing lies upon our Hands with such Uneasiness, nor has there been so many Devices for any one Thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly and to no purpose. A Shilling shall be hoarded up with Care, whilst that which is above the Price of an Estate, is flung away with Disregard and Contempt. There is nothing now-a-days so much avoided, as a sollicitous Improvement of every part of Time; 'tis a Report must be shunned as one tenders the Name of a Wit and a fine Genius, and as one fears the Dreadful Character of a laborious Plodder: But notwithstanding this, the greatest Wits any Age has produced thought far otherwise; for who can think either *Socrates* or *Demosthenes* lost any Reputation, by their continual Pains both in overcoming the Defects and improving the Gifts of Nature. All are acquainted with the Labour and Assiduity with which *Tully* acquired his Eloquence. *Seneca* in his Letters to *Lucilius*¹ assures him, there was not a Day in which he did not either write something,

¹ Ep. 2.

'or read and epitomize some good Author; and I remember *Pliny* in one of his Letters, where he gives an Account of the various Methods he used to fill up every Vacancy of Time, after several Employments which he enumerates; sometimes, says he, I hunt; but even then I carry with me a Pocket-Book, that whilst my Servants are busied in disposing of the Nets and other Matters I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in my Studies; and that if I miss of my Game, I may at the least bring home some of my own Thoughts with me, and not have the Mortification of having caught nothing all Day.¹

'Thus, Sir, you see how many Examples I recall to Mind, and what Arguments I use with my self, to regain my Liberty: But as I am afraid 'tis no Ordinary Perswasion that will be of Service, I shall expect your Thoughts on this Subject, with the greatest Impatience, especially since the Good will not be confined to me alone, but will be of Universal Use. For there is no Hopes of Amendment where Men are pleased with their Ruin, and whilst they think Laziness is a desirable Character: Whether it be that they like the State it self, or that they think it gives them a new Lustre when they do exert themselves, seemingly to be able to do that without Labour and Application, which others attain to but with the greatest Diligence.

I am, SIR,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

Samuel Slack.

Clytander to Cleone.

Madam,

'Permission to love you is all I desire, to conquer all the Difficulties those about you place in my Way, to surmount and acquire all those Qualifications you expect in him who pretends to the Honour of being,

Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

Z.

Clytander.

No. 317.] Tuesday, March 4, 1712. [Addison.

— fruges consumere nati.—Hor.

AUGUSTUS, a few Moments before his Death, asked his Friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his Part well; and upon receiving such an Answer as was due to his extraordinary Merit, *Let me then, says he, go off the Stage with your Applause*; using the Expression with which the Roman Actors made their Exit at the Conclusion of a Dramatick Piece. I could wish that Men, while they are in Health, would consider well the Nature of the Part they are engaged in, and what Figure it will make in the Minds of those they leave behind them: Whether it was worth coming into the World for; whether it be suitable to a reasonable Being; in short, whether it appears Graceful in this Life, or will turn to an Advantage in the next. Let the Sycophant, or Buffoon, the Satyrist, or the Good

¹ Ep. I. 6.

Companion, consider with himself, when his Body shall be laid in the Grave, and his Soul pass into another State of Existence, how much it will rebound to his Praise to have it said of him, that no Man in *England* eat better, that he had an admirable Talent at turning his Friends into Ridicule, that no Body out-did him at an Ill-natured Jest, or that he never went to Bed before he had dispatched his third Bottle. These are, however, very common Funeral Orations, and Elogiums on deceased Persons who have acted among Mankind with some Figure and Reputation.

But if we look into the Bulk of our Species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a Moment after their Disappearance. They leave behind them no Traces of their Existence, but are forgotten as tho' they had never been. They are neither wanted by the Poor, regretted by the Rich, [n]or celebrated by the Learned. They are neither missed in the Commonwealth, nor lamented by private Persons. Their Actions are of no Significancy to Mankind, and might have been performed by Creatures of much less Dignity, than those who are distinguished by the Faculty of Reason. An eminent *French* Author speaks somewhere to the following Purpose: I have often seen from my Chamber-window two noble Creatures, both of them of an erect Countenance and endowed with Reason. These two intellectual Beings are employed from Morning to Night, in rubbing two smooth Stones one upon another; that is, as the Vulgar phrase it, in polishing Marble.

My Friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were sitting in the Club last Night, gave us an Account of a sober Citizen, who died a few Days since. This honest Man being of greater Consequence in his own Thoughts, than in the Eye of the World, had for some Years past kept a Journal of his Life. Sir ANDREW shewed us one Week of it. [Since¹] the Occurrences set down in it mark out such a Road of Action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my Reader with a faithful Copy of it; after having first inform'd him, that the Deceased Person had in his Youth been bred to Trade, but finding himself not so well turned for Business, he had for several Years last past lived altogether upon a moderate Annuity.

MONDAY, Eight a-Clock. I put on my Cloaths and walked into the Parlour.

Nine a-Clock ditto. Tied my Knee-strings, and washed my Hands.

Hours Ten, Eleven and Twelve. Smoked three Pipes of *Virginia*. Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant*. Things go ill in the North. Mr. *Nisby's* Opinion thereupon.

One a-Clock in the Afternoon. Chid *Ralph* for mislaying my Tobacco-Box.

Two a-Clock. Sate down to Dinner. Mem. Too many Plumbs, and no Sewet.

From Three to Four. Took my Afternoon's Nap.

From Four to Six. Walked into the Fields. Wind, S. S. E.

¹ [As]

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. Nisby's Opinion about the Peace.

Ten a-Clock. Went to Bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, *Eight a-Clock.* Rose as usual.

Nine a-Clock. Washed Hands and Face, shaved, put on my double-soled Shoes.

Ten, Eleven, Twelve. Took a Walk to *Islington.*

One. Took a Pot of Mother *Cob's* Mild.

Between Two and Three. Return'd, dined on a Knuckle of Veal and Bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From Four to Six. Coffee-house. Read the News. A Dish of Twist. Grand Vizier strangled.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. Nisby's Account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken Sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *Eight a-Clock.* Tongue of my Shooe-Buckle broke. Hands but not Face.

Nine. Paid off the Butcher's Bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the last Leg of Mutton.

Ten, Eleven. At the Coffee-house. More Work in the North. Stranger in a black Wigg asked me how Stocks went.

From Twelve to One. Walked in the Fields. Wind to the South.

From One to Two. Smoaked a Pipe and an half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a Pewter Dish. *Mem.* Cook-maid in Love, and grown careless.

From Four to Six. At the Coffee-house. Advice from *Smyrna*, that the Grand Vizier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six a-Clock in the Evening. Was half an Hour in the Club before any Body else came. Mr. Nisby of Opinion that the Grand Vizier was not strangled the Sixth Instant.

Ten at Night. Went to Bed. Slept without waking till Nine next Morning.

THURSDAY, *Nine a-Clock.* Staid within till Two a-Clock for Sir *Timothy*; who did not bring me my Annuity according to his Promise.

Two in the Afternoon. Sate down to Dinner. Loss of Appetite. Small Beer sour. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my Nap.

Four and Five. Gave *Ralph* a box on the Ear. Turned off my Cookmaid. Sent a Message to Sir *Timothy*. *Mem.* I did not go to the Club to-night. Went to Bed at Nine a-Clock.

FRIDAY, Passed the Morning in Meditation upon Sir *Timothy*, who was with me a Quarter before Twelve.

Twelve a-Clock. Bought a new Head to my Cane, and a Tongue to my Buckle. Drank a Glass of Purl to recover Appetite.

Two and Three. Dined, and Slept well.

From Four to Six. Went to the Coffee-house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoaked several Pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced Coffee is bad for the Head.

Six a-Clock. At the Club as Steward. Sate late.

Twelve a-Clock. Went to Bed, dreamt that I drank Small Beer with the Grand Vizier.

SATURDAY. Waked at Eleven, walked in the Fields. Wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a Shower.

One in the Afternoon. Returned home, and dried my self.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me. First Course Marrow-bones, Second Ox-Cheek, with a Bottle of *Brooks* and *Hellier*.

Three a-Clock. Overslept my self.

Six. Went to the Club. Like to have faln into a Gutter. Grand Vizier certainly Dead.

etc.

I question not but the Reader will be surprized to find the above-mentioned Journalist taking so much care of a Life that was filled with such inconsiderable Actions, and received so very small Improvements; and yet, if we look into the Behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their Hours are taken up in those three Important Articles of Eating, Drinking and Sleeping. I do not suppose that a Man loses his Time, who is not engaged in publick Affairs, or in an Illustrious Course of Action. On the Contrary, I believe our Hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such Transactions as make no Figure in the World, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the Attention of Mankind. One may become wiser and better by several Methods of Employing one's Self in Secrecy and Silence, and do what is laudable without Noise, or Ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my Readers, the keeping a Journal of their Lives for one Week, and setting down punctually their whole Series of Employments during that Space of Time. This Kind of Self-Examination would give them a true State of themselves, and incline them to consider seriously what they are about. One Day would rectifie the Omissions of another, and make a Man weigh all those indifferent Actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.

L.

No. 318.] Wednesday, March 5, 1712. [Steele.

[—non omnia possumus omnes.—Virg.¹]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

A CERTAIN Vice which you have lately attacked, has not yet been considered by you as growing so deep in the Heart of Man, that the Affectation outlives the Practice of it. You must have observed that Men who have been bred in Arms preserve to the most extreme and feeble old Age a certain Daring in their Aspect: In like manner, they who have pass'd their Time in Gallantry and Adventure, keep up, as well as they can, the Appearance of it, and carry

¹ [Rideat et pulset Lasciva decentius Ætas.—Hor.]

' a petulant Inclination to their last Moments.
 ' Let this serve for a Preface to a Relation I am
 ' going to give you of an old Beau in Town, that
 ' has not only been amorous, and a Follower of
 ' Women in general, but also, in Spite of the Ad-
 ' monition of grey Hairs, been from his sixty-
 ' third Year to his present seventieth, in an actual
 ' Pursuit of a young Lady, the Wife of his Friend,
 ' and a Man of Merit. The gay old *Escalus* has
 ' Wit, good Health, and is perfectly well bred ;
 ' but from the Fashion and Manners of the Court
 ' when he was in his Bloom, has such a natural
 ' Tendency to amorous Adventure, that he thought
 ' it would be an endless Reproach to him to make
 ' no use of a Familiarity he was allowed at a
 ' Gentleman's House, whose good Humour and
 ' Confidence exposed his Wife to the Addresses of
 ' any who should take it in their Head to do him
 ' the good Office. It is not impossible that *Esca-*
 ' *lus* might also resent that the Husband was par-
 ' ticularly negligent of him ; and tho' he gave
 ' many Intimations of a Passion towards the Wife,
 ' the Husband either did not see them, or put him
 ' to the Contempt of over-looking them. In the
 ' mean time *Isabella*, for so we shall call our
 ' Heroine, saw his Passion, and rejoiced in it as a
 ' Foundation for much Diversion, and an Oppor-
 ' tunity of indulging her self in the dear Delight
 ' of being admired, addressed to, and flattered,
 ' with no ill Consequence to her Reputation. This
 ' Lady is of a free and disengaged Behaviour,
 ' ever in good Humour, such as is the Image of
 ' Innocence with those who are innocent, and an
 ' Encouragement to Vice with those who are
 ' abandoned. From this Kind of Carriage, and an
 ' apparent Approbation of his Gallantry, *Escalus*
 ' had frequent Opportunities of laying amorous
 ' Epistles in her Way, of fixing his Eyes atten-
 ' tively upon her Action, of performing a thou-
 ' sand little Offices which are neglected by the Un-
 ' concerned, but are so many Approaches towards
 ' Happiness with the Enamoured. It was now, as
 ' is above hinted, almost the End of the seventh
 ' Year of his Passion, when *Escalus* from general
 ' Terms, and the ambiguous Respect which crimi-
 ' nal Lovers retain in their Addresses, began to
 ' bewail that his Passion grew too violent for him
 ' to answer any longer for his Behaviour towards
 ' her ; and that he hoped she would have Con-
 ' sideration for his long and patient Respect, to
 ' excuse the Motions of a Heart now no longer
 ' under the Direction of the unhappy Owner of it.
 ' Such for some Months had been the Language
 ' of *Escalus* both in his Talk and his Letters to
 ' *Isabella* ; who returned all the Profusion of
 ' kind Things which had been the Collection of
 ' fifty Years with *I must not hear you ; you will*
 ' *make me forget that you are a Gentleman, I*
 ' *would not willingly lose you as a Friend ;* and
 ' the like Expressions, which the Skilful interpret
 ' to their own Advantage, as well knowing that a
 ' feeble Denial is a modest Assent. I should have
 ' told you, that *Isabella*, during the whole Pro-
 ' gress of this Amour, communicated it to her
 ' Husband ; and that an Account of *Escalus's*
 ' Love was their usual Entertainment after half a
 ' Day's Absence : *Isabella* therefore, upon her
 ' Lover's late more open Assaults, with a Smile

' told her Husband she could hold out no longer,
 ' but that his Fate was now come to a Crisis.
 ' After she had explained her self a little farther,
 ' with her Husband's Approbation she proceeded
 ' in the following Manner. The next Time that
 ' *Escalus* was alone with her, and repeated his
 ' Importunity, the crafty *Isabella* looked on her
 ' Fan with an Air of great Attention, as consider-
 ' ing of what Importance such a Secret was to
 ' her ; and upon the Repetition of a warm Ex-
 ' pression, she looked at him with an Eye of
 ' Fondness, and told him he was past that Time
 ' of Life which could make her fear he would
 ' boast of a Lady's Favour ; then turned away
 ' her Head with a very well-acted Confusion,
 ' which favoured the Escape of the aged *Escalus*.
 ' This Adventure was Matter of great Pleasantry
 ' to *Isabella* and her Spouse ; and they had en-
 ' joyed it two Days before *Escalus* could recollect
 ' himself enough to form the following Letter.

MADAM,

" What happened the other Day, gives me a
 " lively Image of the Inconsistency of human
 " Passions and Inclinations. We pursue what we
 " are denied, and place our Affections on what is
 " absent, tho' we neglected it when present. As
 " long as you refused my Love, your Refusal did
 " so strongly excite my Passion, that I had not
 " once the Leisure to think of recalling my Rea-
 " son to aid me against the Design upon your
 " Virtue. But when that Virtue began to com-
 " ply in my Favour, my Reason made an Effort
 " over my Love, and let me see the Baseness of
 " my Behaviour in attempting a Woman of Hon-
 " our. I own to you, it was not without the most
 " violent Struggle that I gained this Victory over
 " my self ; nay, I will confess my Shame, and ac-
 " knowledge I could not have prevailed but by
 " Flight. However, Madam, I beg that you will
 " believe a Moment's Weakness has not destroyed
 " the Esteem I had for you, which was confirmed
 " by so many Years of Obstinate Virtue. You
 " have Reason to rejoice that this did not happen
 " within the Observation of one of the young Fel-
 " lows, who would have exposed your Weakness,
 " and gloried in his own British Inclinations.

I am, Madam,

Your most devoted Humble Servant.

' *Isabella*, with the Help of her Husband, re-
 ' turned the following Answer.

SIR,

" I cannot but account my self a very happy
 " Woman, in having a Man for a Lover that can
 " write so well, and give so good a Turn to a Dis-
 " appointment. Another Excellence you have
 " above all other Pretenders I ever heard of ; on
 " Occasions where the most reasonable Men lose
 " all their Reason, you have yours most power-
 " ful. We are each of us to thank our Genius,
 " that the Passion of one abated in Proportion as
 " that of the other grew violent. Does it not yet
 " come into your Head, to imagine that I knew
 " my Compliance was the greatest Cruelty I could
 " be guilty of towards you ? In Return for your
 " long and faithful Passion, I must let you know
 " that you are old enough to become a little more

“Gravity; but if you will leave me and coquet it
“any where else, may your Mistress yield.

T.

ISABELLA.

No. 319.] Thursday, March 6, 1712. [Budgell.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Hor.

I HAVE endeavoured, in the Course of my Papers, to do Justice to the Age, and have taken care as much as possible to keep my self a Neuter between both Sexes. I have neither spared the Ladies out of Complaisance, nor the Men out of Partiality; but notwithstanding the great Integrity with which I have acted in this Particular, I find my self taxed with an Inclination to favour my own half of the Species. Whether it be that the Women afford a more fruitful Field for Speculation, or whether they run more in my Head than the Men, I cannot tell, but I shall set down the Charge as it is laid against me in the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘I always make one among a Company of young Females, who peruse your Speculations every Morning. I am at present Commissioned, by our whole Assembly, to let you know, that we fear you are a little enclined to be partial towards your own Sex. We must however acknowledge, with all due Gratitude, that in some Cases you have given us our Revenge on the Men, and done us Justice. We could not easily have forgiven you several Strokes in the Dissection of the *Coquet's Heart*, if you had not, much about the same time, made a Sacrifice to us of a *Beau's Scull*.

‘You may, however, Sir, please to remember, that long since you attacked our Hoods and Commodities in such manner, as, to use your own Expression, made very many of us ashamed to shew our Heads. We must, therefore, beg leave to represent to you, that we are in Hopes, if you would please to make a due Enquiry, the Men in all Ages would be found to have been little less whimsical in adorning that Part, than our selves. The different Forms of their Wiggs, together with the various Cocks of their Hats, all flatter us in this Opinion.

‘I had an humble Servant last Summer, who the first time he declared himself, was in a Full-bottom'd Wigg; but the Day after, to my no small Surprize, he accosted me in a thin Natural one. I received him, at this our second Interview, as a perfect Stranger, but was extremely confounded, when his Speech discovered who he was. I resolved, therefore, to fix his Face in my Memory for the future; but as I was walking in the Park the same Evening, he appeared to me in one of those Wiggs that I think you call a *Night-cap*, which had altered him more effectually than before. He afterwards played a Couple of Black Riding Wiggs upon me, with the same Success; and, in short, assumed a new Face almost every Day in the first Month of his Courtship.

‘I observed afterwards, that the Variety of Cocks into which he moulded his Hat, had not a little contributed to his Impositions upon me.

‘Yet, as if all these ways were not sufficient to distinguish their Heads, you must, doubtless, Sir, have observed, that great Numbers of young Fellows have, for several Months last past, taken upon them to wear Feathers.

‘We hope, therefore, that these may, with as much Justice, be called *Indian Princes*, as you have styled a Woman in a coloured Hood an *Indian Queen*; and that you will, in due time, take these airy Gentlemen into Consideration.

‘We the more earnestly beg that you would put a Stop to this Practice, since it has already lost us one of the most agreeable Members of our Society, who after having refused several good Estates, and two Titles, was lured from us last Week by a *mixed Feather*.

‘I am ordered to present you the Respects of our whole Company, and am,

SIR, Your very humble Servant,
DORINDA.

Note, *The Person wearing the Feather, tho' our Friend took him for an Officer in the Guards, has proved to be [an arrant Linnen-Drapeer.]*¹

I am not now at leisure to give my Opinion upon the Hat and Feather; however to wipe off the present Imputation, and gratifie my Female Correspondent, I shall here print a Letter which I lately received from a Man of Mode, who seems to have a very extraordinary Genius in his way.

SIR,

‘I presume I need not inform you, that among Men of Dress it is a common Phrase to say *Mr. Such an one has struck a bold Stroke*; by which we understand, that he is the first Man who has had Courage enough to lead up a Fashion. Accordingly, when our Taylors take Measure of us, they always demand *whether we will have a plain Suit, or strike a bold Stroke*. I think I may without Vanity say, that I have struck some of the boldest and most successful Strokes of any Man in *Great Britain*. I was the first that struck the Long Pocket about two Years since: I was likewise the Author of the Frosted Button, which when I saw the Town came readily into, being resolved to strike while the Iron was hot, I produced much about the same time the Scallop Flap, the knotted Cravat, and made a fair Push for the Silver-clocked Stocking.

‘A few Months after I brought up the *modish Jacket*, or the Coat with close Sleeves. I struck this at first in a plain *Doily*; but that failing, I struck it a second time in blue Camlet; and repeated the Stroke in several kinds of Cloth, till at last it took effect. There are two or three young Fellows at the other End of the Town, who have always their Eye upon me, and answer me Stroke for Stroke. I was once so unwary as to mention my Fancy in relation to the new-fashioned *Surtout* before one of these Gentlemen, who was disingenuous enough to steal my

¹ [only an Ensign in the Train Bands.]

'Thought, and by that means prevented my intended Stroke.

'I have a Design this Spring to make very considerable Innovations in the Wastcoat, and have already begun with a *Coup d'essai* upon the Sleeves, which has succeeded very well.

'I must further inform you, if you will promise to encourage or at least to connive at me, that it is my Design to strike such a Stroke the Beginning of the next Month, as shall surprise the whole Town.

'I do not think it prudent to acquaint you with all the Particulars of my intended Dress; but will only tell you, as a Sample of it, that I shall very speedily appear at *White's* in a *Cherry-coloured Hat*. I took this Hint from the Ladies Hoods, which I look upon as the boldest Stroke that Sex has struck for these hundred Years last past.

I am, SIR,

Your most Obedient, most Humble Servant.

Will. Sprightly.

[I have not Time at present to make any Reflections on this Letter, but must not however omit that having shewn it to WILL. HONEYCOMB, he desires to be acquainted with the Gentleman who writ it.]

No. 320.] Friday, March 7, 1712. [Steele.

[*non pronuba Juno,
Non Hymenæus adest, non illi Gratia lecto,
Eumenides stravere torum* — Ovid.¹]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have given many Hints in your Papers to the Disadvantage of Persons of your own Sex, who lay Plots upon Women. Among other hard Words you have published the Term *Male-Coquets*, and been very severe upon such as give themselves the Liberty of a little Dalliance of Heart, and playing fast and loose, between Love and Indifference, till perhaps an easie young Girl is reduced to Sighs, Dreams and Tears; and languishes away her Life for a careless Coxcomb, who looks astonished, and wonders at such an Effect from what in him was all but common Civility. Thus you have treated the Men who are irresolute in Marriage; but if you design to be impartial, pray be so honest as to print the Information I now give you, of a certain Set of Women who never Coquet for the Matter, but with an high Hand marry whom they please to whom they please. As for my Part, I should not have concerned my self with them, but that I understand I am pitched upon by them, to be married, against my Will, to one I never saw in my Life. It has been my Misfortune, Sir, very innocently, to rejoice in a plentiful Fortune, of which I am Master, to bespeak a fine Chariot, to give Direction for two or three handsome Snuff-Boxes, and as many Suits of fine Cloaths; but before any of these were ready, I heard Reports

¹ [*Hæ sunt qui tenui sudant in Cyclade.*—Hor.]

'of my being to be married to two or three different young Women. Upon my taking Notice of it to a young Gentleman who is often in my Company he told me smiling, I was in the Inquisition. You may believe I was not a little startled at what he meant, and more so when he asked me if I had bespoke any thing of late that was fine. I told him several; upon which he produced a Description of my Person from the Tradesmen whom I had employed, and told me that they had certainly informed against me. Mr. SPECTATOR, Whatever the World may think of me, I am more Coxcomb than Fool, and I grew very inquisitive upon this Head, not a little pleased with the Novelty. My Friend told me there were a certain Set of Women of Fashion whereof the Number of Six made a Committee, who sat thrice a Week, under the Title of the Inquisition on Maids and Batchelors. It seems, whenever there comes such an unthinking gay Thing as my self to Town, he must want all Manner of Necessaries, or be put into the Inquisition by the first Tradesman he employs. They have constant Intelligence with Cane-Shops, Perfumers, Toymen, Coach-makers, and China-houses. From these several Places, these Undertakers for Marriages have as constant and regular Correspondence, as the Funeral-men have with Vintners and Apothecaries. All Batchelors are under their immediate Inspection, and my Friend produced to me a Report given into their Board, wherein an old Unkle of mine, who came to Town with me, and my self, were inserted, and we stood thus; the Unkle smoaky, rotten, poor; the Nephew raw, but no Fool, sound at present, very rich. My Information did not end here, but my Friend's Advices are so good, that he could shew me a Copy of the Letter sent to the young Lady who is to have me; which I enclose to you.

Madam,

'This is to let you know, that you are to be Married to a Beau that comes out on *Thursday* Six in the Evening. Be at the Park. You cannot but know a Virgin Fop; they have a Mind to look saucy, but are out of Countenance. The Board has denied him to several good Families. I wish you Joy.

Corinna.

What makes my Correspondent's Case the more deplorable, is, that as I find by the Report from my Censor of Marriages, the Friend he speaks of is employed by the Inquisition to take him in, as the Phrase is. After all that is told him, he has Information only of one Woman that is laid for him, and that the wrong one; for the Lady-Commissioners have devoted him to another than the Person against whom they have employed their Agent his Friend to alarm him. The Plot is laid so well about this young Gentleman, that he has no Friend to retire to, no Place to appear in, or Part of the Kingdom to fly into, but he must fall into the Notice, and be subject to the Power of the Inquisition. They have their Emissaries and Substitutes in all Parts of this united Kingdom. The first Step they usually take, is to find from a Correspondence, by their Messengers and Whis-

perers with some Domestick of the Batchelor (who is to be hunted into the Toils they have laid for him) what are his Manners, his Familiarities, his good Qualities or Vices; not as the Good in him is a Recommendation, or the Ill a Diminution, but as they affect or contribute to the main Enquiry, What Estate he has in him? When this Point is well reported to the Board, they can take in a wild roaring Fox-hunter, as easily as a soft, gentle young Fop of the Town. The Way is to make all Places uneasy to him, but the Scenes in which they have allotted him to act. His Brother Huntsmen, Bottle Companions, his Fraternity of Fops, shall be brought into the Conspiracy against him. Then this Matter is not laid in so bare-faced a Manner before him, as to have it intimated Mrs. Such-a-one would make him a very proper Wife; but by the Force of their Correspondence they shall make it (as Mr. Waller said of the Marriage of the Dwarfs) as impracticable to have any Woman besides her they design him, as it would have been in *Adam* to have refused *Eve*. The Man named by the Commission for Mrs. Such-a-one, shall neither be in Fashion, nor dare ever to appear in Company, should he attempt to evade their Determination.

The Female Sex wholly govern domestick Life; and by this Means, when they think fit, they can sow Dissentions between the dearest Friends, nay make Father and Son irreconcilable Enemies, in spite of all the Ties of Gratitude on one Part, and the Duty of Protection to be paid on the other. The Ladies of the Inquisition understand this perfectly well; and where Love is not a Motive to a Man's chusing one whom they allot, they can, with very much Art, insinuate Stories to the Disadvantage of his Honesty or Courage, till the Creature is too much dispirited to bear up against a general ill Reception, which he every where meets with, and in due time falls into their appointed Wedlock for Shelter. I have a long Letter bearing Date the fourth Instant, which gives me a large Account of the Policies of this Court; and find there is now before them a very refractory Person who has escaped all their Machinations for two Years last past: But they have prevented two successive Matches which were of his own Inclination, the one, by a Report that his Mistress was to be married, and the very Day appointed, Wedding-Clothes bought, and all things ready for her being given to another; the second time, by insinuating to all his Mistress's Friends and Acquaintance, that he had been false to several other Women, and the like. The poor Man is now reduced to profess he designs to lead a single Life; but the Inquisition gives out to all his Acquaintance, that nothing is intended but the Gentleman's own Welfare and Happiness. When this is urged, he talks still more humbly, and protests he aims only at a Life without Pain or Reproach; Pleasure, Honour or Riches, are things for which he has no taste. But notwithstanding all this and what else he may defend himself with, as that the Lady is too old or too young, of a suitable Humour, or the quite contrary, and that it is impossible they can ever do other than wrangle from *June* to *January*, Every Body tells him all this is Spleen, and he must have a Wife; while all the Members

of the Inquisition are unanimous in a certain Woman for him, and they think they all together are better able to judge, than he or any other private Person whatsoever.

SIR, Temple, March 3, 1711.

Your Speculation this Day on the Subject of Idleness, has employed me, ever since I read it, in sorrowful Reflections on my having loitered away the Term (or rather the Vacation) of ten Years in this Place, and unhappily suffered a good Chamber and Study to lie idle as long. My Books (except those I have taken to sleep upon) have been totally neglected, and my Lord *Coke* and other venerable Authors were never so slighted in their Lives. I spent most of the Day at a Neighbouring Coffee-House, where we have what I may call a lazy Club. We generally come in Night-Gowns, with our Stockings about our Heels, and sometimes but one on. Our Salutation at Entrance is a Yawn and a Stretch, and then without more Ceremony we take our Place at the Lolling Table; where our Discourse is, what I fear you would not read out, therefore shall not insert. But I assure you, Sir, I heartily lament this Loss of Time, and am now resolved (if possible, with double Diligence) to retrieve it, being effectually awakened by the Arguments of Mr. *Slack* out of the Senseless Stupidity that has so long possessed me. And to demonstrate that Penitence accompanies my Confession, and Constancy my Resolutions, I have locked my Door for a Year, and desire you would let my Companions know I am not within. I am with great Respect,

SIR, Your most obedient Servant,

T.

N. B.

No. 321.¹] Saturday, March 8, 1712. [Addison.

Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunt.
Hor.

THOSE, who know how many Volumes have been written on the Poems of *Homer* and *Virgil*, will easily pardon the Length of my Discourse upon *Milton*. The *Paradise Lost* is looked upon, by the best Judges, as the greatest Production, or at least the noblest Work of Genius in our Language, and therefore deserves to be set before an *English* Reader in its full Beauty. For this Reason, tho' I have endeavoured to give a general Idea of its Graces and Imperfections in my Six First Papers, I thought my self obliged to bestow one upon every Book in particular. The Three first Books I have already dispatched, and am now entering upon the Fourth. I need not

¹ From this date to the end of the series the Saturday papers upon *Milton* exceed the usual length of a Spectator essay. That they may not occupy more than the single leaf of the original issue, they are printed in smaller type; the columns also, when necessary, encroach on the bottom margin of the paper, and there are few advertisements inserted.

acquaint my Reader that there are Multitudes of Beauties in this great Author, especially in the Descriptive Parts of his Poem, which I have not touched upon, it being my Intention to point out those only, which appear to me the most exquisite, or those which are not so obvious to ordinary Readers. Every one that has read the Criticks who have written upon the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*, knows very well, that though they agree in their Opinions of the great Beauties in those Poems, they have nevertheless each of them discovered several Master-Strokes, which have escaped the Observation of the rest. In the same manner, I question not, but any Writer who shall treat of this Subject after me, may find several Beauties in *Milton*, which I have not taken notice of. I must likewise observe, that as the greatest Masters of Critical Learning differ among one another, as to some particular Points in an Epic Poem, I have not bound my self scrupulously to the Rules which any one of them has laid down upon that Art, but have taken the Liberty sometimes to join with one, and sometimes with another, and sometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the Reason of the thing was on my side.

We may consider the Beauties of the Fourth Book under three Heads. In the first are those Pictures of Still-Life, which we meet with in the Description of *Eden*, *Paradise*, *Adam's Bower*, &c. In the next are the Machines, which comprehend the Speeches and Behaviour of the good and bad Angels. In the last is the Conduct of *Adam* and *Eve*, who are the Principal Actors in the Poem.

In the Description of *Paradise*, the Poet has observed *Aristotle's* Rule of lavishing all the Ornaments of Diction on the weak unactive Parts of the Fable, which are not supported by the Beauty of Sentiments and Characters.¹ Accordingly the Reader may observe, that the Expressions are more florid and elaborate in these Descriptions, than in most other Parts of the Poem. I must further add, that tho' the *Drawings* of Gardens, Rivers, Rainbows, and the like dead Pieces of Nature, are justly censured in an Heroic Poem, when they run out into an unnecessary length; the Description of *Paradise* would have been faulty, had not the Poet been very particular in it, not only as it is the Scene of the Principal Action, but as it is requisite to give us an Idea of that Happiness from which our first Parents fell. The Plan of it is wonderfully Beautiful, and formed upon the short Sketch which we have of it in Holy Writ. *Milton's* Exuberance of Imagination has poured forth such a Redundancy of Ornaments on this Seat of Happiness and Innocence, that it would be endless to point out each Particular.

I must not quit this Head, without further observing, that there is scarce a Speech of *Adam* or

¹ At the end of the third Book of the Poetics. 'The diction should be most laboured in the idle parts of the poem; those in which neither manners nor sentiments prevail; for the manners and the sentiments are only obscured by too splendid a diction.'

Eve in the whole Poem, wherein the Sentiments and Allusions are not taken from this their delightful Habitation. The Reader, during their whole Course of Action, always finds himself in the Walks of *Paradise*. In short, as the Criticks have remarked, that in those Poems, wherein Shepherds are Actors, the Thoughts ought always to take a Tincture from the Woods, Fields and Rivers, so we may observe, that our first Parents seldom lose Sight of their happy Station in any thing they speak or do; and, if the Reader will give me leave to use the Expression, that their Thoughts are always *Paradisiacal*.

We are in the next place to consider the Machines of the Fourth Book. *Satan* being now within Prospect of *Eden*, and looking round upon the Glories of the Creation, is filled with Sentiments different from those which he discovered whilst he was in Hell. The Place inspires him with Thoughts more adapted to it: He reflects upon the happy Condition from which he fell, and breaks forth into a Speech that is softned with several transient Touches of Remorse and Self-accusation: But at length he confirms himself in Impenitence, and in his Design of drawing Man into his own State of Guilt and Misery. This Conflict of Passions is raised with a great deal of Art, as the opening of his Speech to the Sun is very bold and noble.

*O thou that with surpassing Glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God
Of this new World; at whose Sight all the
Stars
Hide their diminish'd Heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly Voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my Remembrance from what
State
I fell, how glorious once above thy Sphere.*

This Speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to *Satan* in the whole Poem. The Evil Spirit afterwards proceeds to make his Discoveries concerning our first Parents, and to learn after what manner they may be best attacked. His bounding over the Walls of *Paradise*; his sitting in the Shape of a Cormorant upon the Tree of Life, which stood in the Center of it, and overtopped all the other Trees of the Garden, his alighting among the Herd of Animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about *Adam* and *Eve*, together with his transforming himself into different Shapes, in order to hear their Conversation, are Circumstances that give an agreeable Surprize to the Reader, and are devised with great Art, to connect that Series of Adventures in which the Poet has engaged [this¹] Artificer of Fraud.

The Thought of *Satan's* Transformation into a Cormorant, and placing himself on the Tree of Life, seems raised upon that Passage in the *Iliad*, where two Deities are described, as perching on the Top of an Oak in the shape of Vulturs.

His planting himself at the Ear of *Eve* under the [form²] of a Toad, in order to produce vain Dreams and Imaginations, is a Circumstance of

¹ [this great]

² [shape]

the same Nature; as his starting up in his own Form is wonderfully fine, both in the Literal Description, and in the Moral which is concealed under it. His Answer upon his being discovered, and demanded to give an Account of himself, [is¹] conformable to the Pride and Intrepidity of his Character.

*Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with Scorn,
Know ye not Me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where you durst not soar;
Not to know Me argues your selves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; —*

Zephon's Rebuke, with the Influence it had on Satan, is exquisitely Graceful and Moral. Satan is afterwards led away to Gabriel, the chief of the Guardian Angels, who kept watch in Paradise. His disdainful Behaviour on this Occasion is so remarkable a Beauty, that the most ordinary Reader cannot but take Notice of it. Gabriel's discovering his Approach at a Distance, is drawn with great strength and liveliness of Imagination.

*O Friends, I hear the tread of nimble Feet
Hasting this Way, and now by glimps discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;
And with them comes a third of Regal Port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanor seems the Prince of Hell;
Not likely to part hence without contest:
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.*

The Conference between Gabriel and Satan abounds with Sentiments proper for the Occasion, and suitable to the Persons of the two Speakers. Satan cloathing himself with Terror when he prepares for the Combat is truly sublime, and at least equal to Homer's Description of Discord celebrated by Longinus, or to that of Fame in Virgil, who are both represented with their Feet standing upon the Earth, and their Heads reaching above the Clouds.

*While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned Horns
Their Phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported Spears, &c.*

*—On th' other side Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might dilated stood
Like Teneriff, or Atlas, unremov'd.
His Stature reach'd the Sky, and on his Crest
Sat horror plum'd; —*

I must here take [notice,²] that Milton is every where full of Hints and sometimes literal Translations, taken from the greatest of the Greek and Latin Poets. But this I may reserve for a Discourse by it self, because I would not break the Thread of these Speculations, that are designed for English Readers, with such Reflections as would be of no use but to the Learned.

I must however observe in this Place, that the breaking off the Combat between Gabriel and Satan, by the hanging out of the Golden Scales in Heaven, is a Refinement upon Homer's Thought, who tells us, that before the Battle between Hector and Achilles, Jupiter weighed the

Event of it in a pair of Scales. The Reader may see the whole Passage in the 22nd Iliad.

Virgil, before the last decisive Combat, describes Jupiter in the same manner, as weighing the Fates of Turnus and Aeneas. Milton, though he fetched this beautiful Circumstance from the Iliad and Aeneid, does not only insert it as a Poetical Embellishment, like the Authors above-mentioned; but makes an artful use of it for the proper carrying on of his Fable, and for the breaking off the Combat between the two Warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. [To this we may further add, that Milton is the more justified in this Passage, as we find the same noble Allegory in Holy Writ, where a wicked Prince, some few Hours before he was assaulted and slain, is said to have been weighed in the Scales, and to have been found wanting.]

I must here take Notice under the Head of the Machines, that Uriel's gliding down to the Earth upon a Sunbeam, with the Poet's Device to make him descend, as well in his return to the Sun, as in his coming from it, is a Prettiness that might have been admired in a little fanciful Poet, but seems below the Genius of Milton. The Description of the Host of armed Angels walking their nightly Round in Paradise, is of another Spirit.

*So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazling the Moon; —*

as that Account of the Hymns which our first Parents used to hear them sing in these their Midnight Walks, is altogether Divine, and inexpressibly amusing to the Imagination.

We are, in the last place, to consider the Parts which Adam and Eve act in the Fourth Book. The Description of them as they first appeared to Satan, is exquisitely drawn, and sufficient to make the fallen Angel gaze upon them with all that Astonishment, and those Emotions of Envy, in which he is represented.

*Two of far nobler Shape erect and tall,
God-like erect! with native honour clad
In naked Majesty, seem'd lords of all;
And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shon,
Truth, Wisdom, Sanctitude severe and pure;
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd:
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd
Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his Shoulders broad.
She, as a Veil, down to her slender waste
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dis-shevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.
So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the Sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met.*

There is a fine Spirit of Poetry in the Lines which follow, wherein they are described as sitting on a Bed of Flowers by the side of a Fountain, amidst a mixed Assembly of Animals.

¹ [are]

² [notice by the way,]

The Speeches of these two first Lovers flow equally from Passion and Sincerity. The Professions they make to one another are full of Warmth; but at the same time founded on Truth. In a Word, they are the Gallantries of *Paradise*:

—When Adam first of Men —
Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,
Dearer thy self than all; —
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful Task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these
flow'rs;
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom,
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my Guide
And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier Lot, enjoying thee
Præeminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thy self canst no where find, &c.

The remaining part of *Eve's* Speech, in which she gives an Account of her self upon her first Creation, and the manner in which she was brought to *Adam*, is I think as beautiful a Passage as any in *Milton*, or perhaps in any other Poet whatsoever. These Passages are all worked off with so much Art, that they are capable of pleasing the most delicate Reader, without offending the most severe.

That Day I oft remember, when from Sleep, &c.

A Poet of less Judgment and Invention than this great Author, would have found it very difficult to have filled [these¹] tender Parts of the Poem with Sentiments proper for a State of Innocence; to have described the Warmth of Love, and the Professions of it, without Artifice or Hyperbole; to have made the Man speak the most endearing things, without descending from his natural Dignity, and the Woman receiving them without departing from the Modesty of her Character; in a Word, to adjust the Prerogatives of Wisdom and

¹ [those]

Beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper Force and Loveliness. This mutual Subordination of the two Sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole Poem, as particularly in the Speech of *Eve* I have before mentioned, and upon the Conclusion of it in the following Lines.

So spake our general Mother, and with eyes
Of Conjugal attraction unreprieved,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing Gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smil'd with superior Love. —

The Poet adds, that the Devil turned away with Envy at the sight of so much Happiness.

We have another View of our first Parents in their Evening Discourses, which is full of pleasing Images and Sentiments suitable to their Condition and Characters. The Speech of *Eve*, in particular, is dressed up in such a soft and natural Turn of Words and Sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired.

I shall close my Reflections upon this Book, with observing the Masterly Transition which the Poet makes to their Evening Worship in the following Lines.

Thus at their shady Lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open Sky, ador'd
The God that made both [Sky,] Air, Earth and
Heaven,
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent Globe,
And Starry Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day, &c.

Most of the Modern Heroick Poets have imitated the Ancients, in beginning a Speech without premising, that the Person said thus or thus; but as it is easie to imitate the Ancients in the Omission of two or three Words, it requires Judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the Speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine Instance of this Kind out of *Homer*, in the Twenty Third Chapter of *Longinus*.

L.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS EARL OF WHARTON.¹

My LORD,
 THE Author of the *Spectator* having prefixed before each of his Volumes the Name of some great Person to whom he has particular Obligations, lays his Claim to your Lordship's Patronage upon the same Account. I must confess, my Lord, had not I already receiv'd great Instances of your Favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a Work of this Nature to your Perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted with the Characters of Men, and all the Parts of human Life, that it is impossible for the least Misrepresentation of them to escape your Notice. It is Your Lordship's particular Distinction that you are Master of the whole Compass of Business, and have signalized Your Self in all the different Scenes of it. We admire some for the Dignity, others for the Popularity of their Behaviour; some for their Clearness of Judgment, others for their Happiness of Expression; some for the laying of Schemes, and others for the putting of them in Execution: It is Your Lordship only who enjoys these several

Talents united, and that too in as great Perfection as others possess them singly. Your Enemies acknowledge this great Extent in your Lordship's Character, at the same time that they use their utmost Industry and Invention to derogate from it. But it is for Your Honour that those who are now Your Enemies were always so. You have acted in so much Consistency with Your Self, and promoted the Interests of your Country in so uniform a Manner, that even those who would misrepresent your Generous Designs for the Publick Good, cannot but approve the Steadiness and Intrepidity with which You pursue them. It is a most sensible Pleasure to me that I have this Opportunity of professing my self one of your great Admirers, and, in a very particular Manner,

My LORD,
 Your Lordship's
 Most Obliged,
 And most Obedient,
 Humble Servant,
 THE SPECTATOR.

No. 322.] Monday, March 10, 1712. [Steele.

— *Ad humum mærore gravi deducit et angit.*
 Hor.

IT is often said, after a Man has heard a Story with extraordinary Circumstances, It is a very

¹ This is the Thomas, Earl of Wharton, who in 1708 became Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and took Addison for his Chief Secretary. He was the son of Philip, Baron Wharton, a firm Presbyterian, sometimes called the good Lord Wharton, to distinguish him from his son and grandson. Philip Wharton had been an opponent of Stuart encroachments, a friend of Algernon Sidney, and one of the first men to welcome William III. to England. He died, very old, in 1694. His son Thomas did not inherit the religious temper of his father, and even a dedication could hardly have ventured to compliment him on his private morals. But he was an active politician, was with his father in the secret of the landing of the Prince of Orange, and was made by William Comptroller of the Household. Thwarted in his desire to become a Secretary of State, he made himself formidable as a bold, sarcastic speaker and by the strength of his parliamentary interest. He is said to have returned at one time thirty members, and to have spent eighty thousand pounds upon the maintenance of his political position. He was apt, by his manners, to make friends of the young

good one if it be true: But as for the following Relation, I should be glad were I sure it were false. It is told with such Simplicity, and there are so many artless Touches of Distress in it, that I fear it comes too much from the Heart.

men of influence. He spent money freely also on the turf, and upon his seat of Winchenden, in Wilts. Queen Anne, on her accession, struck his name with her own hand from the list of Privy Councillors, but he won his way not only to restoration of that rank, but also in December, 1706, at the age of 67, to his title of Viscount Winchenden and Earl of Wharton. In November, 1708, he became Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, with Addison for secretary. He took over with him also Clayton the musician, and kept a gay court, easily accessible, except to Roman Catholics, whom he would not admit to his presence, and against whom he enforced the utmost rigour of the penal code. He had himself conformed to the Church of England. Swift accused him, as Lord-lieutenant, of shameless depravity of manners, of injustice, greed, and gross venality. This Lord Wharton died in 1715, and was succeeded by his son Philip, whom George I., in 1718, made Duke of Wharton for his father's vigorous support of the Hanoverian succession. His character was much worse than that of his father, the energetic politician and the man of cultivated taste and ready wit to whom Steele and Addison here dedicated the Fifth Volume of the *Spectator*.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Some Years ago it happened that I lived in the
'same House with a young Gentleman of Merit ;
'with whose good Qualities I was so much taken,
'as to make it my Endeavour to shew as many as
'I was able in my self. Familiar Converse im-
'proved general Civilities into an unfeigned Pas-
'sion on both Sides. He watched an Opportunity
'to declare himself to me ; and I, who could not
'expect a Man of so great an Estate as his, re-
'ceived his Addresses in such Terms, as gave
'him no reason to believe I was displeas'd by
'them, tho' I did nothing to make him think me
'more easy than was decent. His Father was a
'very hard worldly Man, and proud ; so that there
'was no reason to believe he would easily be
'brought to think there was any thing in any
'Woman's Person or Character that could bal-
'ance the Disadvantage of an unequal Fortune.
'In the mean time the Son continued his Applica-
'tion to me, and omitted no Occasion of demon-
'strating the most disinterested Passion imaginable
'to me ; and in plain direct Terms offer'd to
'marry me privately, and keep it so till he
'should be so happy as to gain his Father's Ap-
'probation, or become possessed of his Estate. I
'passionately loved him, and you will believe I
'did not deny such a one what was my Interest
'also to grant. However I was not so young, as
'not to take the Precaution of carrying with me
'a faithful Servant, who had been also my Mother's
'Maid, to be present at the Ceremony. When
'that was over I demanded a Certificate, signed
'by the Minister, my Husband, and the Servant
'I just now spoke of. After our Nuptials, we
'conversed together very familiarly in the same
'House ; but the Restraints we were generally
'under, and the Interviews we had, being stolen
'and interrupted, made our Behaviour to each
'other have rather the impatient Fondness which
'is visible in Lovers, than the regular and grati-
'fied Affection which is to be observed in Man
'and Wife. This Observation made the Father
'very anxious for his Son, and press him to a
'Match he had in his Eye for him. To relieve
'my Husband from this Importunity, and conceal
'the Secret of our Marriage, which I had reason
'to know would not be long in my power in Town,
'it was resolv'd that I should retire into a remote
'Place in the Country, and converse under feigned
'Names by Letter. We long continued this
'Way of Commerce ; and I with my Needle, a
'few Books, and reading over and over my Hus-
'band's Letters, pass'd my Time in a resigned
'Expectation of better Days. Be pleas'd to take
'notice, that within four Months after I left my
'Husband I was deliver'd of a Daughter, who
'died within few Hours after her Birth. This
'Accident, and the retired Manner of Life I led,
'gave criminal Hopes to a neighbouring Brute of
'a Country Gentleman, whose Folly was the
'Source of all my Affliction. This Rustick is one
'of those rich Clowns, who supply the Want of all
'manner of Breeding by the Neglect of it, and
'with noisy Mirth, half Understanding, and am-
'ple Fortune, force themselves upon Persons and
'Things, without any Sense of Time and Place.
'The poor ignorant People where I lay conceal'd,

'and now pass'd for a Widow, wonder'd I could
'be so shy and strange, as they call'd it, to the
'Squire ; and were brib'd by him to admit him
'whenever he thought fit. I happen'd to be sit-
'ting in a little Parlour which belong'd to my
'own Part of the House, and musing over one of
'the fondest of my Husband's Letters, in which I
'always kept the Certificate of my Marriage,
'when this rude Fellow came in, and with the
'nauseous Familiarity of such unbred Brutes,
'snatch'd the Papers out of my Hand. I was
'immediately under so great a Concern, that I
'threw my self at his Feet, and begg'd of him to
'return them. He with the same odious Pretence
'to Freedom and Gaiety, swore he would read
'them. I grew more importunate, he more curi-
'ous, till at last, with an Indignation arising from
'a Passion I then first discover'd in him, he
'threw the Papers into the Fire, swearing that
'since he was not to read them, the Man who
'writ them should never be so happy as to have
'me read them over again. It is insignificant to
'tell you my Tears and Reproaches made the
'boisterous Calf leave the Room ashamed and out
'of Countenance, when I had leisure to ruminat
'on this Accident with more than ordinary Sor-
'row : However, such was then my Confidence
'in my Husband, that I writ to him the Misfor-
'tune, and desired another Paper of the same
'kind. He deferred writing two or three Posts,
'and at last answer'd me in general, That he
'could not then send me what I ask'd for, but
'when he could find a proper Conveyance, I
'should be sure to have it. From this time his
'Letters were more cold every Day than the other,
'and as he grew indifferent I grew jealous.
'This has at last brought me to Town, where I
'find both the Witnesses of my Marriage dead,
'and that my Husband, after three Months Co-
'habitation, has buried a young Lady whom he
'married in Obedience to his Father. In a word,
'he shuns and disowns me. Should I come to the
'House and confront him, the Father would join
'in supporting him against me, though he believ'd
'my Story ; should I talk it to the World, what
'Reparation can I expect for an Injury I cannot
'make out ? I believe he means to bring me,
'through Necessity, to resign my Pretensions to
'him for some Provision for my Life ; but I will
'die first. Pray bid him remember what he said,
'and how he was charm'd when he laugh'd at
'the heedless Discovery I often made of my self ;
'let him remember how awkward I was in my
'dissembled Indifference towards him before Com-
'pany ; ask him how I, who could never conceal
'my Love for him, at his own Request, can part
'with him for ever ? Oh, Mr. SPECTATOR, sensi-
'ble Spirits know no Indifference in Marriage ;
'what then do you think is my piercing Affliction ?
'—— I leave you to represent my Distress your
'own way, in which I desire you to be speedy, if
'you have Compassion for Innocence expos'd to
'Infamy.

Octavia.

T.

No. 323.] Tuesday, March 11, 1712. [Addison.

—Modo Vir, modo Fœmina¹— Virg.

THE Journal with which I presented my Reader on Tuesday last, has brought me in several Letters, with Accounts of many private Lives cast into that Form. I have the *Rake's Journal*, the *Sot's Journal*, the *Whoremaster's Journal*, and among several others a very curious Piece, entituled, *The Journal of a Mohock*. By these Instances I find that the Intention of my last Tuesday's Paper has been mistaken by many of my Readers. I did not design so much to expose Vice as Idleness, and aimed at those Persons who pass away their Time rather in Trifle and Impertinence, than in Crimes and Immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my Journal only holds up Folly to the Light, and shews the Disagreeableness of such Actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from Creatures endow'd with Reason.

My following Correspondent, who calls her self *Clarinda*, is such a Journalist as I require: She seems by her Letter to be placed in a modish State of Indifference between Vice and Virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper Pains taken with her. Had her Journal been filled with Gallantries, or such Occurrences as had shewn her wholly divested of her natural Innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the Generality of Readers, I should not have published it; but as it is only the Picture of a Life filled with a fashionable kind of Gaiety and Laziness, I shall set down five Days of it, as I have received it from the Hand of my fair Correspondent.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You having set your Readers an Exercise in 'one of your last Week's Papers, I have perform'd 'mine according to your Orders, and herewith 'send it you enclosed. You must know, Mr. 'SPECTATOR, that I am a Maiden Lady of a good 'Fortune, who have had several Matches offered 'me for these ten Years last past, and have at 'present warm Applications made to me by a very 'pretty Fellow. As I am at my own Disposal, I 'come up to Town every Winter, and pass my 'Time in it after the manner you will find in the 'following Journal, which I begun to write upon 'the very Day after your *Spectator* upon that 'Subject.

TUESDAY Night. Could not go to sleep till one in the Morning for thinking of my Journal.

WEDNESDAY. From Eight 'till Ten, Drank two Dishes of Chocolate in Bed, and fell asleep after 'em.

From Ten to Eleven. Eat a Slice of Bread

¹ A quotation from memory of Virgil's 'Et juvenis quondam nunc fœmina.' Æn. vi. 448.

and Butter, drank a Dish of Bohea, read the *Spectator*.

From Eleven to One. At my Toilet, try'd a new Head. Gave Orders for *Veny* to be combed and washed. Mem. I look best in Blue.

From One till Half an Hour after Two. Drove to the Change. Cheapnd a Couple of Fans.

Till Four. At Dinner. Mem. Mr. *Froth* passed by in his new Liveries.

From Four to Six. Dressed, paid a Visit to old Lady *Blithe* and her Sister, having before heard they were gone out of Town that Day.

From Six to Eleven. At Basset. Mem. Never set again upon the Ace of Diamonds.

THURSDAY. From Eleven at Night to Eight in the Morning. Dream'd that I punted to Mr. *Froth*.

From Eight to Ten. Chocolate. Read two Acts in *Aurenzebe*¹ abed.

From Ten to Eleven. Tea-Table. Sent to borrow Lady *Faddle's Cupid* for *Veny*. Read the Play-Bills. Received a Letter from Mr. *Froth*. Mem. locked it up in my strong Box.

Rest of the Morning. *Fontange*, the Tire-woman, her Account of my Lady *Blithe's* Wash. Broke a Tooth in my little Tortoise-shell Comb. Sent *Frank* to know how my Lady *Hectick* rested after her Monky's leaping out at Window. Looked pale. *Fontange* tells me my Glass is not true. Dressed by Three.

From Three to Four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From Four to Eleven. Saw Company. Mr. *Froth's* Opinion of *Milton*. His Account of the *Mohocks*. His Fancy for a Pin-cushion. Picture in the Lid of his Snuff-box. Old Lady *Faddle* promises me her Woman to cut my Hair. Lost five Guineas at Crimp.

Twelve a-Clock at Night. Went to Bed.

FRIDAY. Eight in the Morning. Abed. Read over all Mr. *Froth's* Letters. *Cupid* and *Veny*.

Ten a-Clock. Stay'd within all day, not at home.

From Ten to Twelve. In Conference with my Mantua-Maker. Sorted a Suit of Ribbands. Broke my Blue China Cup.

From Twelve to One. Shut my self up in my Chamber, practised Lady *Betty Modely's* Skuttle.

One in the Afternoon. Called for my flowered Handkerchief. Worked half a Violet-Leaf in it. Eyes aked and Head out of Order. Threw by my Work, and read over the remaining Part of *Aurenzebe*.

From Three to Four. Dined.

From Four to Twelve. Changed my Mind, dressed, went abroad, and play'd at Crimp till Midnight. Found Mrs. *Spitely* at home. Conversation: Mrs. *Brilliant's* Necklace false Stones. Old Lady *Loveday* going to be married to a young Fellow that is not worth a Groat. Miss *Prue* gone into the Country. *Tom Townley* has red Hair. Mem. Mrs. *Spitely* whispered in my Ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. *Froth*, I am sure it is not true.

¹ Dryden's.

Between Twelve and One. Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my Feet, and called me *Indamora*.¹

SATURDAY. Rose at Eight a-Clock in the Morning. Sate down to my Toilet.

From Eight to Nine. Shifted a Patch for Half an Hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left Eye-brow.

From Nine to Twelve. Drank my Tea, and dressed.

From Twelve to Two. At Chappel. A great deal of good Company. *Mem.* The third Air in the new Opera. Lady *Blithe* dressed frightfully.

From Three to Four. Dined. Miss *Kitty* called upon me to go to the Opera before I was risen from Table.

From Dinner to Six. Drank Tea. Turned off a Footman for being rude to *Veny*.

Six a-Clock. Went to the Opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second Act. Mr. Froth talked to a Gentleman in a black Wig. Powed to a Lady in the front Box. Mr. Froth and his Friend clapp'd *Nicolini* in the third Act. Mr. Froth cried out *Ancora*. Mr. Froth led me to my Chair. I think he squeezed my Hand.

Eleven at Night. Went to Bed. Melancholy Dreams. Methought *Nicolini* said he was Mr. Froth.

SUNDAY. Indisposed.

MONDAY. *Eight a-Clock.* Waked by Miss *Kitty*. *Aurenzebe* lay upon the Chair by me. *Kitty* repeated without Book the Eight best Lines in the Play. Went in our Mobbs to the dumb Man,² according to Appointment. Told me that my Lover's Name began with a *G*. *Mem.* The Conjuror was within a Letter of Mr. Froth's Name, &c.

'Upon looking back into this my Journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my Time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your Speculation upon that Subject. I scarce find a single Action in these five Days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the Violet-Leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first Day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and *Veny*, I did not think they took up so much of my Time and Thoughts, as I find they do upon my Journal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it; and if Mr. Froth does not bring Matters to a Conclusion very suddenly, I will not let my Life run away in a Dream.

Your humble Servant,
Clarinda.

To resume one of the Morals of my first Paper, and to confirm *Clarinda* in her good Inclinations,

¹ The heroine of *Aurengzebe*.

² Duncan Campbell, said to be deaf and dumb, and to tell fortunes by second sight. In 1732 there appeared 'Secret Memoirs of the late Mr. D. Campbell. . . . written by himself. . . with an Appendix by way of vindicating Mr. C. against the groundless aspersion cast upon him, that he but pretended to be deaf and dumb.'

I would have her consider what a pretty Figure she would make among Posterity, were the History of her whole Life published like these five Days of it. I shall conclude my Paper with an Epitaph written by an uncertain Author¹ on Sir Philip Sidney's Sister, a Lady who seems to have been of a Temper very much different from that of *Clarinda*. The last Thought of it is so very noble, that I dare say my Reader will pardon me the Quotation.

On the Countess Dowager of *Pembroke*.

Underneath this Marble Hearse
Lies the Subject of all Verse,
Sidney's Sister, Pembroke's Mother:
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw a Dart at thee. L.

No. 324.] Wednesday, March 12, 1712. [Steele.

[*O curvæ in terris animæ, et cælestium inanes.*
Pers.²]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE Materials you have collected together towards a general History of Clubs, make so bright a Part of your Speculations, that I think it is but a Justice we all owe the learned World to furnish you with such Assistances as may promote that useful Work. For this Reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect Informations of a Set of Men (if you will allow them a place in that Species of Being) who have lately erected themselves into a Nocturnal Fraternity, under the Title of the *Mohock Club*, a Name borrowed it seems from a sort of *Cannibals* in *India*, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the Nations about them. The President is styled *Emperor of the Mohocks*; and his Arms are a *Turkish Crescent*, which his Imperial Majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his Forehead. Agreeable to their Name, the avowed design of their Institution is Mischief; and upon this Foundation all their Rules and Orders are framed. An outrageous Ambition of doing all possible hurt to their Fellow-Creatures, is the great Cement of their Assembly, and the only Qualification required in the Members. In order to exert this Principle in its full Strength and Perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is, beyond the Possibility of attending to any Motions of Reason and Humanity; then make a general Sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the Streets through which they patrol. Some are knock'd down, others stabb'd, others cut and carbonado'd. To put the Watch to a total Rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive Militia, is reckon'd a *Coup d'éclat*. The particular Talents by which

¹ Ben Jonson.

² [*Sævis inter se convenit Ursis.*—Juv.]

'these *Misanthropes* are distinguished from one another, consist in the various kinds of Barbarities which they execute upon their Prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy Dexterity in tipping the Lion upon them; which is performed by squeezing the Nose flat to the Face, and boring out the Eyes with their Fingers: Others are called the Dancing-Masters, and teach their Scholars to cut Capers by running Swords thro' their Legs; a new Invention, whether originally *French* I cannot tell: A third sort are the Tumblers, whose office it is to set Women on their Heads, and commit certain Indecencies, or rather Barbarities, on the Limbs which they expose. But these I forbear to mention, because they can't but be very shocking to the Reader as well as the SPECTATOR. In this manner they carry on a War against Mankind; and by the standing Maxims of their Policy, are to enter into no Alliances but one, and that is Offensive and Defensive with all Bawdy-Houses in general, of which they have declared themselves Protectors and Guarantees.¹

'I must own, Sir, these are only broken incoherent Memoirs of this wonderful Society, but they are the best I have been yet able to procure; for being but of late Establishment, it is not ripe for a just History; And to be serious, the chief Design of this Trouble is to hinder it from ever being so. You have been pleas'd, out of a concern for the good of your Countrymen, to act under the Character of SPECTATOR, not only the Part of a Looker-on, but an Overseer of their Actions; and whenever such Enormities as this infest the Town, we immediately fly to you for Redress. I have reason to believe, that some thoughtless Youngsters, out of a false Notion of Bravery, and an immoderate Fondness to be distinguished for Fellows of Fire, are insensibly hurry'd into this senseless scandalous Project: Such will probably stand corrected by your Reasons, especially if you inform them, that it is not Courage for half a score Fellows, mad with Wine and Lust, to set upon two or three soberer than themselves; and that the Manners of *Indian Savages* are no becoming Accomplishments to an *English* fine Gentleman. Such of them as have been Bullies and Scowlers of a long standing, and are grown Veterans in this kind of Service, are, I fear, too hardned to receive any Impressions from your Admonitions. But I beg you would recommend to their Perusal your ninth Speculation: They may there be taught to take warning from the Club of Duellists; and be put in mind, that the common Fate of those Men of Honour was to be hang'd.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

March the 10th, 1711-12.

Philanthropos.

¹ Gay tells also in his *Trivia* that the Mohocks rolled women in hogsheads down Snow hill. Swift wrote of the Mohocks, at this time, in his Journal to Stella, 'Grub-street papers about them fly like lightning, and a list printed of near eighty put into several prisons, and all a lie, and I begin to think there is no truth, or very little, in

The following Letter is of a quite contrary nature; but I add it here, that the Reader may observe at the same View, how amiable Ignorance may be when it is shewn in its Simplicities, and how detestable in Barbarities. It is written by an honest Countryman to his Mistress, and came to the Hands of a Lady of good Sense wrapped about a Thread-Paper, who has long kept it by her as an Image of artless Love.

To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.

'Lovely, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. Margaret Clark, I pray you let Affection excuse Presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the Sight of your sweet Countenance and comely Body, sometimes when I had occasion to buy Treacle or Liquorish Powder at the Apothecary's Shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming Desire to become your Servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own Man, and may match where I please; for my Father is taken away, and now I am come to my Living, which is Ten Yard Land, and a House; and there is never a Yard of Land in our Field but it is as well worth ten Pound a Year, as a Thief is worth a Halter; and all my Brothers and Sisters are provided for: Besides I have good Household-stuff, though I say it, both Brass and Pewter, Linnens and Woollens; and though my House be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you think well of this Motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new Cloaths is made and Hay Harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good — The rest is torn off;¹ and Posterity must be contented to know, that Mrs. Margaret Clark was very pretty, but are left in the dark as to the Name of her Lover. T.

No. 325.] Thursday, March 13, 1712. [Budgell.]

— *Quid frustra Simulacra fugacia captas?
Quod petis, est nusquam: quod amas avertere,
perdes.*

*Ista repercussæ quam cernis imaginis umbra est,
Nil habet ista sui; tecum venitque, manetque,
Tecum discedet si tu discedere possis.*—Ovid.

WILL. HONEYCOMB diverted us last Night with an Account of a young Fellow's first discovering his Passion to his Mistress. The young Lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable Opinion of him, and

'the whole story.' On the 18th of March an attempt was made to put the Mohocks down by Royal Proclamation.

¹ This Letter is said to have been really sent to one who married Mr. Cole, a Northampton attorney, by a neighbouring freeholder named Gabriel Bullock, and shown to Steele by his friend the antiquary, Browne Willis. See also No. 328. p. 477.

was still in hopes that he would some time or other make his Advances. As he was one day talking with her in Company of her two Sisters, the Conversation happening to turn upon Love, each of the young Ladies was by way of Raillery, recommending a Wife to him; when, to the no small Surprize of her who languished for him in secret, he told them with a more than ordinary Seriousness, that his Heart had been long engaged to one whose Name he thought himself obliged in Honour to conceal; but that he could shew her Picture in the Lid of his Snuff-box. The young Lady, who found herself the most sensibly touched by this Confession, took the first Opportunity that offered of snatching his Box out of his Hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it, but finding her resolved to look into the Lid, begged her, that if she should happen to know the Person, she would not reveal her Name. Upon carrying it to the Window, she was very agreeably surprized to find there was nothing within the Lid but a little Looking-Glass, in which, after she had view'd her own Face with more Pleasure than she had ever done before, she returned the Box with a Smile, telling him, she could not but admire at his Choice.

WILL. fancying that his Story took, immediately fell into a Dissertation on the Usefulness of Looking-Glasses; and applying himself to me, asked, if there were any Looking-Glasses in the Times of the Greeks and Romans; for that he had often observed in the Translations of Poems out of those Languages, that People generally talked of seeing themselves in Wells, Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers: Nay, says he, I remember Mr. Dryden in his *Ovid* tells us of a swingeing Fellow, called *Polypheme*, that made use of the Sea for his Looking-Glass, and could never dress himself to Advantage but in a Calm.

My Friend WILL. to shew us the whole Compass of his Learning upon this Subject, further informed us, that there were still several Nations in the World so very barbarous as not to have any Looking-Glasses among them; and that he had lately read a Voyage to the *South-Sea*, in which it is said, that the Ladies of *Chili* always dress their Heads over a Bason of Water.

I am the more particular in my Account of WILL.'s last Night's Lecture on these natural Mirrors, as it seems to bear some Relation to the following Letter, which I received the Day before.

SIR,

I have read your last *Saturday's* Observations on the Fourth Book of *Milton* with great Satisfaction, and am particularly pleased with the hidden Moral, which you have taken notice of in several Parts of the Poem. The Design of this Letter is to desire your Thoughts, whether there may not also be some Moral couched under that Place in the same Book where the Poet lets us know, that the first Woman immediately after her Creation ran to a Looking-Glass, and became so enamoured of her own Face, that she had never removed to view any of the other Works of Nature, had not she been led off to a Man. If you think fit to set down the whole Passage from

Milton, your Readers will be able to judge for themselves, and the Quotation will not a little contribute to the filling up of your Paper.

Your humble Servant,
R. T.

The last Consideration urged by my Querist is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it. The Passage he alludes to, is part of *Eve's* Speech to *Adam*, and one of the most beautiful Passages in the whole Poem.

*That Day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found my self repos'd
Under a shade of flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and
how.*

*Not distant far from thence a murmuring Sound
Of Waters issu'd from a Cave, and spread
Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' Expanse of Heav'n: I thither went
With unexperienc'd Thought, and laid me down
On the green Bank, to look into the clear
Smooth Lake, that to me seem'd another Sky.*

*As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A Shape within the watry Gleam appear'd
Bending to look on me; I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering Looks
Of Sympathy and Love; there I had fix'd
Mine Eyes till now, and pined with vain Desire,
Had not a Voice thus warn'd me, What thou
seest,*

*What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thy self,
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no Shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft Embraces, he
Whose Image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd
Mother of Human Race. What could I do,
But follow streight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a Platan, yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watry Image: back I turn'd,
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou
art,*

*His Flesh, his Bone; to give thee Being, I lent
Out of my Side to thee, nearest my Heart,
Substantial Life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual Solace dear.
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half!—With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine, I yielded, and from that time see
How Beauty is excell'd by manly Grace,
And Wisdom, which alone is truly fair.*

So spake our general Mother, ————— X.

No. 326.] Friday, March 14, 1712. [Steele.

*Inclusam Danaen turris ahenea
Robustæque fores, et vigilum canum
Tristes exubiæ, munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris;
Si non*

Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR Correspondent's Letter relating to Fortune-Hunters, and your subsequent Discourse upon it, have given me Encouragement to send you a State of my Case, by which you will see, that the Matter complained of is a common Grievance both to City and Country.

I am a Country Gentleman of between five and six thousand a Year. It is my Misfortune to have a very fine Park and an only Daughter; upon which account I have been so plagu'd with Deer-Stealers and Fops, that for these four Years past I have scarce enjoy'd a Moment's Rest. I look upon my self to be in a State of War, and am forc'd to keep as constant watch in my Seat, as a Governour would do that commanded a Town on the Frontier of an Enemy's Country. I have indeed pretty well secur'd my Park, having for this purpose provided my self of four Keepers, who are Left-handed, and handle a Quarter-Staff beyond any other Fellow in the Country. And for the Guard of my House, besides a Band of Pensioner-Matrons and an old Maiden Relation, whom I keep on constant Duty, I have Blunderbusses always charged, and Fox-Gins planted in private Places about my Garden, of which I have given frequent Notice in the Neighbourhood; yet so it is, that in spite of all my Care, I shall every now and then have a saucy Rascal ride by reconnoitring (as I think you call it) under my Windows, as sprucely drest as if he were going to a Ball. I am aware of this way of attacking a Mistress on Horseback, having heard that it is a common Practice in Spain; and have therefore taken care to remove my Daughter from the Road-side of the House, and to lodge her next the Garden. But to cut short my Story; what can a Man do after all? I durst not stand for Member of Parliament last Election, for fear of some ill Consequence from my being off of my Post. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to promote a Project I have set on foot; and upon which I have writ to some of my Friends; and that is, that care may be taken to secure our Daughters by Law, as well as our Deer; and that some honest Gentleman of a publick Spirit, would move for Leave to bring in a Bill For the better preserving of the Female Game.

I am,

SIR,

Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Mile-End-Green, March 6, 1711-12.

Here is a young Man walks by our Door every Day about the Dusk of the Evening. He looks up at my Window, as if to see me; and if I steal towards it to peep at him, he turns another way, and looks frightened at finding what he was

looking for. The Air is very cold; and pray let him know that if he knocks at the Door, he will be carry'd to the Parlour Fire; and I will come down soon after, and give him an Opportunity to break his Mind.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,
Mary Comfitt.

If I observe he cannot speak, I'll give him time to recover himself, and ask him how he does.

Dear SIR,

I beg you to print this without Delay, and by the first Opportunity give us the natural Causes of Longing in Women; or put me out of Fear that my Wife will one time or other be deliver'd of something as monstrous as any thing that has yet appeared to the World; for they say the Child is to bear a Resemblance of what was desir'd by the Mother. I have been marry'd upwards of six Years, have had four Children, and my Wife is now big with the fifth. The Expences she has put me to in procuring what she has longed for during her Pregnancy with them, would not only have handsomely defray'd the Charges of the Month, but of their Education too; her Fancy being so exorbitant for the first Year or two, as not to confine it self to the usual Objects of Eatables and Drinkables, but running out after Equipage and Furniture, and the like Extravagancies. To trouble you only with a few of them: When she was with Child of Tom, my eldest Son, she came home one day just fainting, and told me she had been visiting a Relation, whose Husband had made her a Present of a Chariot and a stately pair of Horses; and that she was positive she could not breathe a Week longer, unless she took the Air in the Fellow to it of her own within that time: This, rather than lose an Heir, I readily comply'd with. Then the Furniture of her best Room must be instantly changed, or she should mark the Child with some of the frightful Figures in the old-fashion'd Tapestry. Well, the Upholsterer was called, and her Longing sav'd that bout. When she went with Molly, she had fix'd her Mind upon a new Set of Plate, and as much China as would have furnished an India Shop: These also I cheerfully granted, for fear of being Father to an Indian Pagod. Hitherto I found her Demands rose upon every Concession; and had she gone on, I had been ruined: But by good Fortune, with her third, which was Peggy, the Height of her Imagination came down to the Corner of a Venison Pasty, and brought her once even upon her Knees to gnaw off the Ears of a Pig from the Spit. The Gratifications of her Palate were easily preferred to those of her Vanity; and sometimes a Partridge or a Quail, a Wheat-Ear or the Pestle of a Lark, were cheerfully purchased; nay, I could be contented tho' I were to feed her with green Pease in April, or Cherries in May. But with the Babe she now goes, she is turned Girl again, and fallen to eating of Chalk, pretending 'twill make the Child's Skin white; and nothing will serve her but I must bear her Company, to prevent its having a Shade of my Brown: In this however I have

'ventur'd to deny her. No longer ago than yesterday, as we were coming to Town, she saw a parcel of Crows so heartily at Break-fast upon a piece of Horse-flesh, that she had an invincible Desire to partake with them, and (to my infinite Surprise) begged the Coachmen to cut her off a Slice as if 'twere for himself, which the Fellow did; and as soon as she came home she fell to it with such an Appetite, that she seemed rather to devour than eat it. What her next Sally will be, I cannot guess: but in the mean time my Request to you is, that if there be any way to come at these wild unaccountable Rovings of Imagination by Reason and Argument, you'd speedily afford us your Assistance. This exceeds the Grievance of Pin-Money, and I think in every Settlement there ought to be a Clause inserted, that the Father should be answerable for the Longings of his Daughter. But I shall impatiently expect your Thoughts in this Matter and am

SIR,

Your most Obliged, and
most Faithful Humble Servant,

T. B.

'Let me know whether you think the next Child will love Horses as much as Molly does China-Ware.

T.

No. 327.] Saturday, March 15, 1712. [Addison.

—Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.—Virg.

WE were told in the foregoing Book how the evil Spirit practised upon *Eve* as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with Thoughts of Vanity, Pride, and Ambition. The Author, who shews a wonderful Art throughout his whole Poem, in preparing the Reader for the several Occurrences that arise in it, founds upon the above-mention'd Circumstance, the first Part of the fifth Book. *Adam* upon his awaking finds *Eve* still asleep, with an unusual Discomposure in her Looks. The Posture in which he regards her, is describ'd with a Tenderness not to be express'd, as the Whisper with which he awakens her, is the softest that ever was convey'd to a Lover's Ear.

*His wonder was, to find unawaken'd Eve
With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek,
As through unquiet Rest: he on his side
Leaning half-rai'd, with Looks of cordial Love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar Graces: then, with Voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her Hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake
My Fairest, my Espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best Gift, my ever-new Delight!
Awake: the Morning shines, and the fresh Field
Calls us, we lose the Prime, to mark how spring
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
What drops the Myrrh, and what the balmy
Reed,*

How Nature paints her Colours, how the Bee

Sits on the Bloom, extracting liquid Sweets.

*Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled
Eye*

On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:

*O Sole, in whom my Thoughts find all Repose,
My Glory, my Perfection! glad I see
Thy Face, and Morn return'd—*

I cannot but take notice that *Milton*, in the Conferences between *Adam* and *Eve*, had his Eye very frequently upon the Book of *Canticles*, in which there is a noble Spirit of Eastern Poetry; and very often not unlike what we meet with in *Homer*, who is generally placed near the Age of *Solomon*. I think there is no question but the Poet in the preceding Speech remember'd those two Passages which are spoken on the like occasion, and fill'd with the same pleasing Images of Nature.

*My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up,
my Love, my Fair one, and come away; for lo
the Winter is past, the Rain is over and gone,
the Flowers appear on the Earth, the Time of
the singing of Birds is come, and the Voice of
the Turtle is heard in our Land. The Fig-tree
putteth forth her green Figs, and the Vines with
the tender Grape give a good Smell. Arise my
Love, my Fair-one and come away.*

*Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the
Field; let us get up early to the Vineyards, let
us see if the Vine flourish, whether the tender
Grape appear, and the Pomegranates bud forth.*

His preferring the Garden of *Eden*, to that

—Where the Sapiient King
Held Dalliance with his fair Egyptian Spouse,
shews that the Poet had this delightful Scene in his mind.

Eve's Dream is full of those high Conceits engendring Pride, which, we are told, the Devil endeavour'd to instill into her. Of this kind is that Part of it where she fancies herself awaken'd by *Adam* in the following beautiful Lines.

*Why sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant Time,
The cool, the silent, save where Silence yields
To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd Song; now*

*reigns
Full orb'd the Moon, and with more [pleasing¹]
Light*

*Shadowy sets off the Face of things; In vain,
If none regard. Heav'n wakes with all his Eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's Desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with Ravishment,
Attracted by thy Beauty still to gaze!*

An injudicious Poet would have made *Adam* talk thro' the whole Work in such Sentiments as these: But Flattery and Falshood are not the Courtship of *Milton's Adam*, and could not be heard by *Eve* in her State of Innocence, excepting only in a Dream produc'd on purpose to taint her Imagination. Other vain Sentiments of the same kind in this Relation of her Dream, will be

¹ [pleasant]

obvious to every Reader. Tho' the Catastrophe of the Poem is finely presag'd on this Occasion, the Particulars of it are so artfully shadow'd, that they do not anticipate the Story which follows in the ninth Book. I shall only add, that tho' the Vision it self is founded upon Truth, the Circumstances of it are full of that Wildness and Inconsistency which are natural to a Dream. *Adam*, conformable to his superior Character for Wisdom, instructs and comforts *Eve* upon this occasion.

*So cheer'd he his fair Spouse, and she was cheer'd,
But silently a gentle Tear let fall
From either Eye, and wiped them with her hair;
Two other precious Drops, that ready stood
Each in their chrystal Sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious Sign of sweet Remorse
And pious Awe, that fear'd to have offended.*

The Morning Hymn is written in Imitation of one of those Psalms, where, in the overflowings of Gratitude and Praise, the Psalmist calls not only upon the Angels, but upon the most conspicuous Parts of the inanimate Creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the Mind with glorious Ideas of God's Works, and awaken that Divine Enthusiasm, which is so natural to Devotion. But if this calling upon the dead Parts of Nature, is at all times a proper kind of Worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first Parents, who had the Creation fresh upon their Minds, and had not seen the various Dispensations of Providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many Topicks of Praise which might afford Matter to the Devotions of their Posterity. I need not remark the beautiful Spirit of Poetry, which runs through this whole Hymn, nor the Holiness of that Resolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned those Speeches which are assigned to the Persons in this Poem, I proceed to the Description which the Poet [gives¹] of *Raphael*. His Departure from before the Throne, and the Flight thro' the Choirs of Angels, is finely imaged. As *Milton* every where fills his Poem with Circumstances that are marvellous and astonishing, he describes the Gate of Heaven as framed after such a manner, that it open'd of it self upon the Approach of the Angel who was to pass through it.

*'Till at the Gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the Gate self-open'd wide,
On golden Hinges turning, as by Work
Divine, the Sovereign Architect had framed.*

The Poet here seems to have regarded two or three Passages in the 18th *Iliad*, as that in particular, where speaking of *Vulcan*, *Homer* says, that he had made twenty *Tripodes* running on Golden Wheels; which, upon occasion, might go of themselves to the Assembly of the Gods, and, when there was no more Use for them, return again after the same manner. *Scaliger* has rallied *Homer* very severely upon this Point, as *M. Dacier* has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether in this particular of *Homer*

the Marvellous does not lose sight of the Probable. As the miraculous Workmanship of *Milton's* Gates is not so extraordinary as this of the *Tripodes*, so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had not he been supported in it by a Passage in the Scripture, which speaks of Wheels in Heaven that had Life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still, in conformity with the Cherubims, whom they accompanied.

There is no question but *Milton* had this Circumstance in his Thoughts, because in the following Book he describes the Chariot of the *Messiah* with living Wheels, according to the Plan in *Ezekiel's* Vision.

*—Forth rush'd with Whirlwind sound
The Chariot of paternal Deity
Flashing thick flames, Wheel within Wheel un-
drawn,
Itself instinct with Spirit—*

I question not but *Bossu*, and the two *Daciers*, who are for vindicating every thing that is censured in *Homer*, by something parallel in Holy Writ, would have been very well pleased had they thought of confronting *Vulcan's Tripodes* with *Ezekiel's* Wheels.

Raphael's Descent to the Earth, with the Figure of his Person, is represented in very lively Colours. Several of the *French*, *Italian* and *English* Poets have given a Loose to their Imaginations in the Description of Angels: But I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the Notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in *Milton*. After having set him forth in all his Heavenly Plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the Earth, the Poet concludes his Description with a Circumstance, which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest Strength of Fancy.

*—Like Maia's Son he stood,
And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly Fragrance
fill'd
The Circuit wide.*

Raphael's Reception by the Guardian Angels; his passing through the Wilderness of Sweets; his distant Appearance to *Adam*, have all the Graces that Poetry is capable of bestowing. The Author afterwards gives us a particular Description of *Eve* in her Domestick Employments.

*So saying, with dispatchful Looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable Thoughts intent,
What Choice to chuse for Delicacy best,
What order, so contriv'd, as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after Taste, upheld with kindest Change;
Bestirs her then, &c.—*

Though in this, and other Parts of the same Book, the Subject is only the Housewifery of our first Parent, it is set off with so many pleasing Images and strong Expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable Parts in this Divine Work.

The natural Majesty of *Adam*, and at the same time his submissive Behaviour to the Superior Being, who had vouchsafed to be his Guest; the solemn Hail which the Angel bestows upon the

¹ [gives us]

Mother of Mankind, with the Figure of *Eve* ministring at the Table, are Circumstances which deserve to be admired.

Raphael's Behaviour is every way suitable to the Dignity of his Nature, and to that Character of a sociable Spirit, with which the Author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received Instructions to converse with *Adam*, as one Friend converses with another, and to warn him of the Enemy, who was contriving his Destruction: Accordingly he is represented as sitting down at Table with *Adam*, and eating of the Fruits of *Paradise*. The Occasion naturally leads him to his Discourse on the Food of Angels. After having thus entered into Conversation with Man upon more indifferent Subjects, he warns him of his Obedience, and makes natural Transition to the History of that fallen Angel, who was employ'd in the Circumvention of our first Parents.

Had I followed *Monsieur Bossu's* Method in my first Paper of *Milton*, I should have dated the Action of *Paradise Lost* from the Beginning of *Raphael's* Speech in this Book, as he supposes the Action of the *Æneid* to begin in the second Book of that Poem. I could allege many Reasons for my drawing the Action of the *Æneid* rather from its immediate Beginning in the first Book, than from its remote Beginning in the second; and shew why I have considered the sacking of *Troy* as an *Episode*, according to the common Acceptation of that Word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining Piece of Criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first Paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Whichever of the Notions be true, the Unity of *Milton's* Action is preserved according to either of them; whether we consider the Fall of Man in its immediate Beginning, as proceeding from the Resolutions taken in the infernal Council, or in its more remote Beginning, as proceeding from the first Revolt of the Angels in Heaven. The Occasion which *Milton* assigns for this Revolt, as it is founded on Hints in Holy Writ, and on the Opinion of some great Writers, so it was the most proper that the Poet could have made use of.

The Revolt in Heaven is described with great Force of Imagination and a fine Variety of Circumstances. The learned Reader cannot but be pleased with the Poet's Imitation of *Homer* in the last of the following Lines.

*At length into the Limits of the North
They came, and Satan took his Royal Seat
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Tow'rs
From Diamond Quarries hewn, and Rocks of
Gold,
The Palace of great Lucifer, (so call
That Structure in the Dialect of Men
Interpreted)*

Homer mentions Persons and Things, which he tells us in the Language of the Gods are call'd by different Names from those they go by in the Language of Men. *Milton* has imitated him with his usual Judgment in this particular Place, wherein he has likewise the Authority of Scripture to justify him. The Part of *Abdiel*, who was the only Spirit that in this infinite Host of Angels

preserved his Allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble Moral of religious Singularity. The Zeal of the Seraphim breaks forth in a becoming Warmth of Sentiments and Expressions, as the Character which is given us of him denotes that generous Scorn and Intrepidity which attends Heroic Virtue. The Author doubtless designed it as a Pattern to those who live among Mankind in their present State of Degeneracy and Corruption.

*So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, uneduc'd, unterrify'd;
His Loyalty he kept, his Love, his Zeal:
Nor Number, nor Example with him wrought
To swerve from Truth, or change his constant
Mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he
pass'd,
Long way through [hostile] Scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of Violence fear'd ought;
And, with retorted Scorn, his Back he turn'd
On those proud Tow'rs to swift Destruction
doom'd.* L.

No. 328.¹ Monday, March 17, 1712. [Steele.]

Delectata illa urbanitate tam stulta.
Petron. Arb.

THAT useful Part of Learning which consists in Emendations, Knowledge of different Readings, and the like, is what in all Ages Persons extremely wise and learned have had in great Veneration. For this reason I cannot but rejoice at the following Epistle, which lets us into the true Author of the Letter to Mrs. Margaret Clark, part of which I did myself the Honour to publish in a former Paper. I must confess I do not naturally affect critical Learning; but finding myself not so much regarded as I am apt to flatter myself I may deserve from some professed Patrons of Learning, I could not but do myself the Justice to shew I am not a Stranger to such Erudition as they smile upon, if I were duly encouraged. However this only to let the World see what I could do; and shall not give my Reader any more of this kind, if he will forgive the Ostentation I shew at present.

SIR,

March 13, 1712.

'Upon reading your Paper of yesterday,² I took 'the Pains to look out a Copy I had formerly 'taken, and remembered to be very like your last

¹ This paper is No. 328 in the original issue, but Steele omitted it from the reprint and gave in its place the paper by Addison which here stands next to it marked with the same number, 328. The paper of Addison's had formed no part of the original issue. Of the original No. 328 Steele inserted a censure at the end of No. 330.

² See No. 324.

' Letter: Comparing them, I found they were the
' very same, and have, underwritten, sent you that
' Part of it which you say was torn off. I hope
' you will insert it, that Posterity may know 'twas
' Gabriel Bullock that made Love in that natural
' Stile of which you seem to be fond. But, to let
' you see I have other Manuscripts in the same
' Way, I have sent you Enclosed three Copies,
' faithfully taken by my own Hand from the Ori-
' ginals, which were writ by a Yorkshire gentle-
' man of a good estate to Madam Mary, and an
' Uncle of hers, a Knight very well known by the
' most ancient Gentry in that and several other
' Counties of Great Britain. I have exactly fol-
' lowed the Form and Spelling. I have been
' credibly informed that Mr. William Bullock, the
' famous Comedian, is the descendant of this
' Gabriel, who begot Mr. William Bullock's great
' grandfather on the Body of the above-mentioned
' Mrs. Margaret Clark. But neither Speed, nor
' Baker, nor Selden, taking notice of it, I will not
' pretend to be positive; but desire that the letter
' may be reprinted, and what is here recovered
' may be in *Italic*.

I am, SIR,

Your daily Reader.

*To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret
Clark.*

' Lovely, and oh that I could write loving Mrs.
' Margaret Clark, I pray you let Affection excuse
' Presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy
' the Sight of your sweet Countenance and comely
' Body, sometimes when I had occasion to buy
' Treacle or Liquorish Power at the apothecary's
' shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can
' no more keep close my flaming Desire to become
' your Servant. And I am the more bold now to
' write to your sweet self, because I am now my
' own Man, and may match were I please; for my
' Father is taken away; and now I am come to
' my Living, which is ten yard Land, and a House;
' and there is never a Yard Land¹ in our Field but
' is as well worth ten Pound a Year, as a Thief's
' worth a Halter; and all my Brothers and Sisters
' are provided for: besides I have good Household
' Stuff, though I say it, both Brass and Pewter,
' Linnens and Woollens; and though my House
' be thatched, yet if you and I match, it shall go
' hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you
' shall think well of this Motion, I will wait upon
' you as soon as my new Cloaths is made, and
' Hay-Harvest is in. I could, though I say it,
' have good Matches in our Town; but my Mother
' (*God's Peace be with her*) charged me upon her
' Death-Bed to marry a Gentlewoman, one who
' had been well trained up in Sowing and Cookery.
' I do not think but that if you and I can agree to
' marry, and lay our Means together, I shall be
' made grand Fury-man e'er two or three Years
' come about, and that will be a great Credit to
' us. If I could have got a Messenger for Six-
' pence, I would have sent one on Purpose, and
' some Trifle or other for a Token of my Love;

¹ In some counties 20, in some 24, and in others
30 acres of Land.

' but I hope there is nothing lost for that neither.
' So hoping you will take this Letter in good Part,
' and answer it with what Care and Speed you
' can, I rest and remain,

Yours, if my own, MR. GABRIEL BULLOCK,
now my father is dead.

Swepston, Leicestershire.

' When the Coal Carts come, I shall send
' oftener; and may come in one of them my self.

For sir William to go to london at westminster,
remember a parlement.

' Sir

' William, i hope that you are well. i write to
' let you know that i am in troubel abbut a lady
' you nease; and I do desire that you will be my
' frend; for when i did com to see her at your hall,
' i was mighty Abused. i would fain a see you at
' topecliff, and thay would not let me go to you;
' but i desire that you will be our frends, for it is
' no dishonor neither for you nor she, for God did
' make us all. i wish that i might see you, for
' thay say that you are a good man: and many
' doth wounder at it, but madam norton is abused
' and ceated two i beleive. i might a had many a
' lady, but i con have none but her with a good
' consons, for there is a God that know our harts.
' if you and madam norton will come to York,
' there i shill meet you if God be willing and if you
' pleased. so be not angterie till you know the
' trutes of things.

I give my to me lady, and to Mr.
George Nelson. Aysenby, and to madam norton,
March, the 19th; 1706.

This is for madam mary norton disforth Lady she
went to York.

' Madam Mary. Deare loving sweet lady, i
' hope you are well. Do not go to london, for they
' will put you in the nunnery; and heed not Mrs.
' Lucy what she saith to you, for she will ly and
' ceat you. go from to another Place, and we will
' gate wed so with speed. mind what i write to
' you, for if they gate you to london they will keep
' you there; and so let us gate wed, and we will
' both go. so if you go to london, you rueing
' your self. so heed not what none of them saith
' to you. let us gate wed, and we shall lie to
' gader any time. i will do any thing for you to
' my poore. i hope the devill will faile them all,
' for a hellish Company there be. from there
' cursed trick and mischiefus ways good lord bless
' and deliver both you and me.

I think to be at york the 24 day.

This is for madam mary norton to go to london
for a lady that belongs to dishforth.

' Madam Mary, i hope you are well. i am
' soary that you went away from York. deare
' loving sweet lady, i writt to let you know that i
' do remain faithful; and if can let me know
' where i can meet you, i will wed you, and I will
' do any thing to my poor; for you are a good
' woman, and will be a loving Misteris. i am in
' troubel for you, so if you will come to york i will
' wed you. so with speed come, and i will have
' none but you. so, sweet love, heed not what to

'say to me, and with speed come: heed not what
'none of them say to you; your Maid makes you
'believe ought.

'So deare love think of Mr. george Nillson with
'speed; i sent you 2 or 3 letters before.

'I gave misteris elcock some nots, and thay put
'me in pruson all the night for me pains, and non
'new whear i was, and i did gat cold.

'But it is for mrs. Lucy to go a good way from
'home, for in york and round about she is known;
'to writ any more her deeds, the same will tell hor
'soul is black within, hor corkis stinks of hell.

R. March 19th, 1706.

No. 328.] Monday, March 17, 1712. [Addison.

Nullum me a labore reclinat otium.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'AS I believe this is the first Complaint that
'ever was made to you of this nature, so
'you are the first Person I ever could prevail upon
'my self to lay it before. When I tell you I have
'a healthy vigorous Constitution, a plentiful Estate,
'no inordinate Desires, and am married to a
'virtuous lovely Woman, who neither wants Wit
'nor Good-Nature, and by whom I have a numer-
'ous Offspring to perpetuate my Family, you will
'naturally conclude me a happy Man. But, not-
'withstanding these promising Appearances, I am
'so far from it, that the prospect of being ruin'd
'and undone, by a sort of Extravagance which of
'late Years is in a less degree crept into every
'fashionable Family, deprives me of all the Com-
'forts of my Life, and renders me the most anxious
'miserable Man on Earth. My Wife, who was
'the only Child and darling Care of an indulgent
'Mother, employ'd her early Years in learning all
'those Accomplishments we generally understand
'by good Breeding and polite Education. She
'sings, dances, plays on the Lute and Harpsicord,
'paints prettily, is a perfect Mistress of the
'French Tongue, and has made a considerable
'Progress in Italian. She is besides excellently
'skill'd in all domestick Sciences, as Preserving,
'Pickling, Pastry, making Wines of Fruits of our
'own Growth, Embroydering, and Needleworks
'of every Kind. Hitherto you will be apt to think
'there is very little Cause of Complaint; but sus-
'pend your Opinion till I have further explain'd
'myself, and then I make no question you will
'come over to mine. You are not to imagine I
'find fault that she either possesses or takes de-
'light in the Exercise of those Qualifications I
'just now mention'd; 'tis the immoderate Fond-
'ness she has to them that I lament, and that
'what is only design'd for the innocent Amuse-
'ment and Recreation of Life, is become the
'whole Business and Study of her's. The six
'Months we are in Town (for the Year is equally
'divided between that and the Country) from al-
'most Break of Day till Noon, the whole Morn-
'ing is laid out in practising with her several Mas-
'ters; and to make up the Losses occasion'd by

'her Absence in Summer, every Day in the Week
'their Attendance is requir'd; and as they all are
'People eminent in their Professions, their Skill
'and Time must be recompens'd accordingly: So
'how far these Articles extend, I leave you to
'judge. Limning, one would think, is no ex-
'pensive Diversion, but as she manages the Mat-
'ter, 'tis a very considerable Addition to her Dis-
'bursements; Which you will easily believe, when
'you know she paints Fans for all her Female Ac-
'quaintance, and draws all her Relations Pictures
'in Miniature; the first must be mounted by no
'body but Colmar, and the other set by no body
'but Charles Mather. What follows, is still
'much worse than the former; for, as I told you,
'she is a great Artist at her Needle, 'tis incredible
'what Sums she expends in Embroidery; For be-
'sides what is appropriated to her personal Use,
'as Mantua's, Petticoats, Stomachers, Handker-
'chiefs, Purses, Pin-cushions, and Working
'Aprons, she keeps four French Protestants con-
'tinually employ'd in making divers Pieces of
'superfluous Furniture, as Quilts, Toilets, Hang-
'ings for Closets, Beds, Window-Curtains, easy
'Chairs, and Tabourets: Nor have I any hopes
'of ever reclaiming her from this Extravagance,
'while she obstinately persists in thinking it a
'notable piece of good Housewifry, because they
'are made at home, and she has had some share
'in the Performance. There would be no end of
'relating to you the Particulars of the annual
'Charge, in furnishing her Store-Room with a
'Profusion of Pickles and Preserves; for she is
'not contented with having every thing, unless it
'be done every way, in which she consults an
'Hereditary Book of Receipts; for her female
'Ancestors have been always fam'd for good
'Housewifry, one of whom is made immortal, by
'giving her Name to an Eye-Water and two sorts
'of Puddings. I cannot undertake to recite all
'her medicinal Preparations, as Salves, Cere-
'cloths, Powders, Confects, Cordials, Ratafia,
'Persico, Orange-flower, and Cherry-Brandy, to-
'gether with innumerable sorts of Simple Waters.
'But there is nothing I lay so much to Heart, as
'that detestable Catalogue of counterfeit Wines,
'which derive their Names from the Fruits, Herbs,
'or Trees of whose Juices they are chiefly com-
'pounded: They are loathsome to the Taste, and
'pernicious to the Health; and as they seldom
'survive the Year, and then are thrown away,
'under a false Pretence of Frugality, I may af-
'firm they stand me in more than if I entertain'd
'all our Visitors with the best Burgundy and
'Champaign. Coffee, Chocolate, Green, Im-
'perial, Peco, and Bohea-Tea seem to be Trifles;
'but when the proper Appurtenances of the Tea-
'Table are added, they swell the Account higher
'than one would imagine. I cannot conclude
'without doing her Justice in one Article; where
'her Frugality is so remarkable, I must not deny
'her the Merit of it, and that is in relation to her
'Children, who are all confin'd, both Boys and
'Girls, to one large Room in the remotest Part of
'the House, with Bolts on the Doors and Bars to
'the Windows, under the Care and Tuition of an
'old Woman, who had been dry Nurse to her
'Grandmother. This is their Residence all the

'Year round; and as they are never allow'd to appear, she prudently thinks it needless to be at any Expence in Apparel or Learning. Her eldest Daughter to this day would have neither read nor writ, if it had not been for the Butler, who being the Son of a Country Attorney, has taught her such a Hand as is generally used for engrossing Bills in *Chancery*. By this time I have sufficiently tired your Patience with my domestick Grievances; which I hope you will agree could not well be contain'd in a narrower Compass, when you consider what a Paradox I undertook to maintain in the Beginning of my Epistle, and which manifestly appears to be but too melancholy a Truth. And now I heartily wish the Relation I have given of my Misfortunes may be of Use and Benefit to the Publick. By the Example I have set before them, the truly virtuous Wives may learn to avoid those Errors which have so unhappily mis-led mine, and which are visibly these three. First, in mistaking the proper Objects of her Esteem, and fixing her Affections upon such things as are only the Trappings and Decorations of her Sex. Secondly, In not distinguishing what becomes the different Stages of Life. And, Lastly, The Abuse and Corruption of some excellent Qualities, which, if circumscrib'd within just Bounds, would have been the Blessing and Prosperity of her Family, but by a vicious Extreme are like to be the Bane and Destruction of it. L.

No. 329.] Tuesday, March 18, 1712. [Addison.

Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.
Hor.

MY Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY told me t'other Night, that he had been reading my Paper upon *Westminster-Abby*, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious Fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another Paper upon *the Tombs*, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read History. I could not at first imagine how this came into the Knight's Head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last Summer upon *Baker's Chronicle*, which he has quoted several times in his Disputes with Sir ANDREW FREEPORT since his last coming to Town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next Morning, that we might go together to the *Abby*.

I found the Knight under his Butler's Hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner Dressed, than he called for a Glass of the Widow *Trueby's Water*, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended me to a Dram of it at the same time, with so much Heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the Knight observing that I [had] made several wry Faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the World against the Stone or Gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the Virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of Good-will. Sir ROGER told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a Man whilst he staid in Town, to keep off Infection, and that he got together a Quantity of it upon the first News of the Sickness being at *Dantzick*: When of a sudden turning short to one of his Servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call [a¹] Hackney-Coach, and take care it was an elderly Man that drove it.

He then resumed his Discourse upon Mrs. *Trueby's Water*, telling me that the Widow *Trueby* was one who did more good than all the Doctors and Apothecaries in the County: That she distilled every Poppy that grew within five Miles of her; that she distributed her Water *gratis* among all Sorts of People; to which the Knight added, that she had a very great Jointure, and that the whole Country would fain have it a Match between him and her; and truly, says Sir ROGER, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

His Discourse was broken off by his Man's telling him he had called a Coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his Eye upon the Wheels, he asked the Coachman if his Axeltree was good; upon the Fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest Man, and went in without further Ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir ROGER popping out his Head, called the Coach-man down from his Box, and upon his presenting himself at the Window, asked him if he smoaked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good Tobacconist's, and take in a Roll of their best *Virginia*. Nothing material happen'd in the remaining part of our Journey, till we were set down at the West-end of the *Abby*.

As we went up the Body of the Church, the Knight pointed at the Trophies upon one of the new Monuments, and cry'd out, A brave Man, I warrant him! Passing afterwards by Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*, he flung his Hand that way, and cry'd Sir *Cloudsly Shovel!* a very gallant Man! As we stood before *Busby's Tomb*, the Knight utter'd himself again after the same Manner, Dr. *Busby*, a great Man! he whipp'd my Grandfather; a very great Man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a Blockhead; a very great Man!

We were immediately conducted into the little Chappel on the right hand. Sir ROGER planting himself at our Historian's Elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the Account he gave us of the Lord who had cut off the King of *Morocco's Head*. Among several other Figures, he was very well pleased to see the Statesman *Cecil* upon his Knees; and, concluding them all to be great Men, was conducted to the Figure which represents that Martyr to good Housewifery, who died by the prick of a Needle. Upon our Interpreter's telling us, that she was a Maid of Honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, the Knight was

¹ [an]

very inquisitive into her Name and Family; and after having regarded her Finger for some time, I wonder, says he, that Sir *Richard Baker* has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.

We were then convey'd to the two Coronation-Chairs, where my old Friend, after having heard that the Stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from *Scotland*, was called *Jacob's Pillar*, sat himself down in the Chair; and looking like the Figure of an old *Gothick* King, asked our Interpreter, What Authority they had to say, that *Jacob* had ever been in *Scotland*? The Fellow, instead of returning him an Answer, told him, that he hoped his Honour would pay his Forfeit. I could observe Sir *ROGER* a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our Guide not insisting upon his Demand, the Knight soon recovered his good Humour, and whispered in my Ear, that if *WILL. WIMBLE* were with us, and saw those two Chairs, it would go hard but he would get a Tobacco-Stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir *ROGER*, in the next Place, laid his Hand upon *Edward* the Third's Sword, and leaning upon the Pommel of it, gave us the whole History of the *Black Prince*; concluding, that in Sir *Richard Baker's* Opinion, *Edward* the Third was one of the greatest Princes that ever sate upon the *English* Throne.

We were then shewn *Edward* the Confessor's Tomb; upon which Sir *ROGER* acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the Evil; and afterwards *Henry* the Fourth's, upon which he shook his Head, and told us there was fine Reading in the Casualties in that Reign.

Our Conductor then pointed to that Monument where there is the Figure of one of our *English* Kings without an Head; and upon giving us to know, that the Head, which was of beaten Silver, had been stolen away several Years since: Some Whig, I'll warrant you, says Sir *ROGER*; you ought to lock up your Kings better; they will carry off the Body too, if you don't take care.

THE glorious Names of *Henry* the Fifth and Queen *Elizabeth* gave the Knight great Opportunities of shining, and of doing Justice to Sir *Richard Baker*, who, as our Knight observed with some Surprise, had a great many Kings in him, whose Monuments he had not seen in the Abby.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight shew such an honest Passion for the Glory of his Country, and such a respectful Gratitude to the Memory of its Princes.

I must not omit, that the Benevolence of my good old Friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our Interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary Man; for which reason he shook him by the Hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his Lodgings in *Norfolk-Buildings*, and talk over these Matters with him: more at leisure.

L.

No. 330.] *Wednesday, March 19, 1712.* [Steele.

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia—— Juv.

THE following Letters, written by two very considerate Correspondents, both under twenty Years of Age, are very good Arguments of the Necessity of taking into Consideration the many Incidents which affect the Education of Youth.

SIR,

'I have long expected, that in the Course of your Observations upon the several Parts of human Life, you would one time or other fall upon a Subject, which, since you have not, I take the liberty to recommend to you. What I mean, is the Patronage of young modest Men to such as are able to countenance and introduce them into the World. For want of such Assistancess, a Youth of Merit languishes in Obscurity or Poverty, when his Circumstances are low, and runs into Riot and Excess when his Fortunes are plentiful. I cannot make my self better understood; than by sending you an History of my self, which I shall desire you to insert in your Paper, it being the only Way I have of expressing my Gratitude for the highest Obligations imaginable.

'I am the Son of a Merchant of the City of *London*, who, by many Losses, was reduced from a very luxuriant Trade and Credit to very narrow Circumstances, in Comparison to that his former Abundance. This took away the Vigour of his Mind, and all manner of Attention to a Fortune, which he now thought desperate; insomuch that he died without a Will, having before buried my Mother in the midst of his other Misfortunes. I was sixteen Years of Age when I lost my Father; and an Estate of £200 a Year came into my Possession, without Friend or Guardian to instruct me in the Management or Enjoyment of it. The natural Consequence of this was, (though I wanted no Director, and soon had Fellows who found me out for a smart young Gentleman, and led me into all the Debaucheries of which I was capable) that my Companions and I could not well be supplied without my running in Debt, which I did very frankly, till I was arrested, and conveyed with a Guard strong enough for the most desperate Assassine, to a Bayliff's House, where I lay four Days, surrounded with very merry, but not very agreeable Company. As soon as I had extricated my self from this shameful Confinement, I reflected upon it with so much Horror, that I deserted all my old Acquaintance, and took Chambers in an Inn of Court, with a Resolution to study the Law with all possible Application. But I trifled away a whole Year in looking over a thousand Intricacies, without Friend to apply to in any Case of Doubt; so that I only lived there among Men, as little Children are sent to School before they are capable of Improvement, only to be out of harm's way. In the midst of this State of Suspence, not knowing how to dispose of my self, I was sought for by a Relation of

'mine, who, upon observing a good Inclination in me, used me with great Familiarity, and carried me to his Seat in the Country. When I came there, he introduced me to all the good Company in the County; and the great Obligation I have to him for this kind Notice and Residence with him ever since, has made so strong an Impression upon me, that he has an Authority of a Father over me, founded upon the Love of a Brother. I have a good Study of Books, a good Stable of Horses always at my command; and tho' I am not now quite eighteen Years of Age, familiar Converse on his Part, and a strong Inclination to exert my self on mine, have had an effect upon me that makes me acceptable wherever I go. Thus, Mr. SPECTATOR, by this Gentleman's Favour and Patronage, it is my own fault if I am not wiser and richer every day I live. I speak this as well by subscribing the initial Letters of my Name to thank him, as to incite others to an Imitation of his Virtue. It would be a worthy Work to shew what great Charities are to be done without Expence, and how many noble Actions are lost, out of Inadvertency in Persons capable of performing them, if they were put in mind of it. If a Gentleman of Figure in a County would make his Family a Pattern of Sobriety, good Sense, and Breeding, and would kindly endeavour to influence the Education and growing Prospects of the younger Gentry about him, I am apt to believe it would save him a great deal of stale Beer on a publick Occasion, and render him the Leader of his Country from their Gratitude to him, instead of being a Slave to their Riots and Tumults in order to be made their Representative. The same thing might be recommended to all who have made any Progress in any Parts of Knowledge, or arrived at any Degree in a Profession; others may gain Preferments and Fortunes from their Patrons, but I have, I hope, receiv'd from mine good Habits and Virtues. I repeat to you, Sir, my Request to print this, in return for all the Evil an helpless Orphan shall ever escape, and all the Good he shall receive in this Life; both which are wholly owing to this Gentleman's Favour to,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,
S. P.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty Pleasure in Learning. I have been at the *Latin* School four Years. I don't know I ever play'd [truant,¹] or neglected any Task my Master set me in my Life. I think on what I read in School as I go home at noon and night, and so intently, that I have often gone half a mile out of my way, not minding whither I went. Our Maid tells me, she often hears me talk *Latin* in my sleep. And I dream two or three Nights in the Week I am reading *Juvenal* and *Homer*. My Master seems as well pleased with my Performances as any Boy's in the same Class. I think, if I know my own Mind, I would chuse rather to be a Scholar,

¹ [at truant]

'than a Prince without Learning. I have a very [good¹] affectionate Father; but tho' very rich, yet so mighty near, that he thinks much of the Charges of my Education. He often tells me, he believes my Schooling will ruin him; that I cost him God-knows what in Books. I tremble to tell him I want one. I am forced to keep my Pocket-Mony, and lay it out for a Book, now and then, that he don't know of. He has order'd my Master to buy no more Books for me, but says he will buy them himself. I asked him for *Horace* t'other Day, and he told me in a Passion, he did not believe I was fit for it, but only my Master had a Mind to make him think I had got a great way in my Learning. I am sometimes a Month behind other Boys in getting the Books my Master gives Orders for. All the Boys in the School, but I, have the *Classick Authors in usum Delphini*, gilt and letter'd on the Back. My Father is often reckoning up how long I have been at School, and tells me he fears I do little good. My Father's Carriage so discourages me, that he makes me grow dull and melancholy. My Master wonders what is the matter with me; I am afraid to tell him; for he is a Man that loves to encourage Learning, and would be apt to chide my Father, and, not knowing my Father's Temper, may make him worse. Sir, if you have any Love for Learning, I beg you would give me some Instructions in this case, and persuade Parents to encourage their Children when they find them diligent and desirous of Learning. I have heard some Parents say, they would do any thing for their Children, if they would but mind their Learning: I would be glad to be in their place. Dear Sir, pardon my Boldness. If you will but consider and pity my case, I will pray for your Prosperity as long as I live.

London, March

2, 1711.

Your humble Servant,

T.

James Discipulus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

March the 18th.

The ostentation you showed yesterday would have been pardonable had you provided better for the two Extremities of your Paper, and placed in one the letter R., in the other *Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis*. A Word to the wise.

I am your most humble Servant,

T. Trash.

According to the Emendation of the above Correspondent, the Reader is desired in the Paper of the 17th to read R. for T.²

No. 331.] Thursday, March 20, 1712. [Budgell.

—*Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.*

Pers.

WHEN I was last with my Friend Sir ROGER in *Westminster-Abby*, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the Bust of a

¹ [loving]² Steele had discontinued the signature R. since No. 134, for August 3, 1711.

venerable old Man. I was at a loss to guess the Reason of it, when after some time he pointed to the Figure, and asked me if I did not think that our Forefathers looked much wiser in their Beards than we do without them? For my part, says he, when I am walking in my Gallery in the Country, and see my Ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my Age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old Patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle Smock-fac'd young Fellow. I love to see your *Abrahams*, your *Isaacs*, and your *Jacobs*, as we have them in old Pieces of Tapestry, with Beards below their Girdles, that cover half the Hangings. The Knight added, if I would recommend Beards in one of my Papers, and endeavour to restore human Faces to their Ancient Dignity, that upon a Month's warning he would undertake to lead up the Fashion himself in a pair of Whiskers.

I smiled at my Friend's Fancy; but after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the Metamorphoses our Faces have undergone in this Particular.

The Beard, conformable to the Notion of my Friend Sir ROGER, was for many Ages look'd upon as the Type of Wisdom. *Lucian* more than once rallies the Philosophers of his Time, who endeavour'd to rival one another in Beard; and represents a learned Man who stood for a Professorship in Philosophy, as unqualify'd for it by the Shortness of his Beard.

Ælian, in his Account of *Zoilus*, the pretended Critick, who wrote against *Homer* and *Plato*, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this *Zoilus* had a very long Beard that hung down upon his Breast, but no Hair upon his Head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding, it seems, the Hairs of his Head as so many Suckers, which if they had been suffer'd to grow, might have drawn away the Nourishment from his Chin, and by that means have starved his Beard.

I have read somewhere that one of the Popes refus'd to accept an Edition of a Saint's Works, which were presented to him, because the Saint in his Effigies before the Book, was drawn without a Beard.

We see by these Instances what Homage the World has formerly paid to Beards; and that a Barber was not then allow'd to make those Depredations on the Faces of the Learned, which have been permitted him of later Years.

Accordingly several wise Nations have been so extremely Jealous of the least Ruffle offer'd to their Beard, that they seem to have fixed the Point of Honour principally in that Part. The *Spaniards* were wonderfully tender in this Particular. Don *Quevedo*, in his third Vision on the Last Judgment, has carry'd the Humour very far, when he tells us that one of his vain-glorious Countrymen, after having receiv'd Sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil Spirits; but that his Guides happening to disorder his Mustachoes, they were forced to recompose them with a Pair of Curling-Irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the History of our own Nation, we shall find that the Beard flourish'd in the *Saxon*

Heptarchy, but was very much discourag'd under the *Norman* Line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several Reigns under different Shapes. The last Effort it made seems to have been in Queen *Mary's* Days, as the curious Reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the Figures of Cardinal *Poole*, and Bishop *Gardiner*; tho' at the same time, I think it may be question'd, if Zeal against Popery has not induced our Protestant Painters to extend the Beards of these two Persecutors beyond their natural Dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few Beards worth taking notice of in the Reign of King *James* the First.

During the Civil Wars there appeared one, which makes too great a Figure in Story to be passed over in Silence; I mean that of the re-doubted *Hudibras*, an Account of which *Butler* has transmitted to Posterity in the following Lines:

*His tawny Beard was th' equal Grace
Both of his Wisdom, and his Face;
In Cut and Dye so like a Tyle,
A sudden View it would beguile:
The upper Part thereof was Whey,
The nether Orange mixt with Grey.*

The Whisker continu'd for some time among us after the Expiration of Beards; but this is a Subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct Treatise, which I keep by me in Manuscript, upon the *Mustachoe*.

If my Friend Sir ROGER's Project, of introducing Beards, should take effect, I fear the Luxury of the present Age would make it a very expensive Fashion. There is no question but the Beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest Colours, and the most immoderate Lengths. A fair Beard, of the Tapestry-Size Sir ROGER seems to approve, could not come under twenty Guineas. The famous Golden Beard of *Æsculapius* would hardly be more valuable than one made in the Extravagance of the Fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the Ladies would not come into the Mode, when they take the Air on Horse-back. They already appear in Hats and Feathers, Coats and Perriwigs; and I see no reason why we not suppose that they would have their *Riding-Beards* on the same Occasion.

I may give the Moral of this Discourse in another Paper. X.

No. 332.] Friday, March 21, 1712. [Steele.

*Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum*—— Hor.

Dear Short-Face,

IN your Speculation of *Wednesday* last, you have given us some Account of that worthy Society of Brutes the *Mohocks*; wherein you have particularly specify'd the ingenious Performance of the Lion-Tippers, the Dancing-Masters, and the Tumblers: But as you acknowledge you had not then a perfect History of the whole Club, you might very easily omit one of

'the most notable Species of it, the Sweaters, which may be reckon'd a sort of Dancing-Masters too. It is it seems the Custom for half a dozen, or more, of these well-dispos'd Savages, as soon as they have inclos'd the Person upon whom they design the Favour of a Sweat, to whip out their Swords, and holding them parallel to the Horizon, they describe a sort of Magick Circle round about him with the Points. As soon as this Piece of Conjurat[i]on is perform'd, and the Patient without doubt already beginning to wax warm, to forward the Operation, that Member of the Circle towards whom he is so rude as to turn his Back first, runs his Sword directly into that Part of the Patient wherein School-boys are punished; and, as it is very natural to imagine this will soon make him tack about to some other Point, every Gentleman does himself the same Justice as often as he receives the Affront. After this Jig has gone two or three times round, and the Patient is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very handsomly rubb'd down by some Attendants, who carry with them Instruments for that purpose, and so discharged. This Relation I had from a Friend of mine, who has lately been under this Discipline. He tells me he had the Honour to dance before the Emperor himself, not without the Applause, and Acclamations both of his Imperial Majesty, and the whole Ring; tho' I dare say, neither I or any of his Acquaintance ever dreamt he would have merited any Reputation by his Activity.

'I can assure you, Mr. SPEC, I was very near being qualify'd to have given you a faithful and painful Account of this walking Bagnio, if I may so call it, my self: For going the other night along Fleet-street, and having, out of curiosity, just enter'd into Discourse with a wandring Female who was travelling the same Way, a couple of Fellows advanced towards us, drew their Swords, and cry'd out to each other, A Sweat! a Sweat! Whereupon suspecting they were some of the Ringleaders of the Bagnio, I also drew my Sword, and demanded a Parly; but finding none would be granted me, and perceiving others behind them filing off with great diligence to take me in Flank, I began to sweat for fear of being forced to it: but very luckily betaking my self to a Pair of Heels, which I had good Reason to believe would do me justice, I instantly got possession of a very snug Corner in a neighbouring Alley that lay in my Rear; which Post I maintain'd for above half an hour with great Firmness and Resolution, tho' not letting this Success so far overcome me, as to make me unmindful of the Circumspection that was necessary to be observ'd upon my advancing again towards the Street; by which Prudence and good Management I made a handsome and orderly Retreat, having suffer'd no other Damage in this Action than the Loss of my Baggage, and the Dislocation of one of my Shoe-heels, which last I am just now inform'd is in a fair way of Recovery. These Sweaters, by what I can learn from my Friend, and by as near a View as I was able to take of them my self, seem to me to have at present but a rude kind of Discipline amongst them. It is probable, if you would take a little

'Pains with them, they might be brought into better order. But I'll leave this to your own Discretion; and will only add, that if you think it worth while to insert this by way of Caution to those who have a mind to preserve their Skins whole from this sort of Cupping, and tell them at the same time the Hazard of treating with Night-Walkers, you will perhaps oblige others, as well as

Your very humble Servant,

Jack Lightfoot.

'P. S. My Friend will have me acquaint you, That though he would not willingly detract from the Merit of that extraordinary Strokes-Man Mr. Sprightly, yet it is his real Opinion, that some of those Fellows, who are employ'd as Rubbers to this new-fashioned Bagnio, have struck as bold Strokes as ever he did in his Life.

'I had sent this four and twenty Hours sooner, if I had not had the Misfortune of being in a great doubt about the Orthography of the word Bagnio. I consulted several Dictionaries, but found no relief; at last having recourse both to the Bagnio in Newgate-street, and to that in Chancery-lane, and finding the original Manuscripts upon the Sign-posts of each to agree literally with my own Spelling, I returned home, full of Satisfaction, in order to dispatch this Epistle.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'As you have taken most of the Circumstances of human Life into your Consideration, we, the under-written, thought it not improper for us also to represent to you our Condition. We are three Ladies who live in the Country, and the greatest Improvements we make is by reading. We have taken a small Journal of our Lives, and find it extremely opposite to your last Tuesday's Speculation. We rise by seven, and pass the beginning of each Day in Devotion, and looking into those Affairs that fall within the Occurrences of a retired Life; in the Afternoon we sometimes enjoy the Company of some Friend or Neighbour, or else work or read; at Night we retire to our Chambers, and take Leave of each other for the whole Night at Ten of Clock. We take particular Care never to be sick of a Sunday. Mr. SPECTATOR, We are all very good Maids, but are ambitious of Characters which we think more laudable, that of being very good Wives. If any of your Correspondents enquire for a Spouse for an honest Country Gentleman, whose Estate is not dipped, and wants a Wife that can save half his Revenue, and yet make a better Figure than any of his Neighbours of the same Estate, with finer bred Women, you shall have further notice from,

SIR,

Your courteous Readers,

Martha Busie.

Deborah Thrifty.

Alice Early.¹

T.

¹ To this number there is added after a repeated advertisement of the Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff in 4 vols. 8vo, a repetition in Italic type of the advertisement of the Boarding School on Mile-

No. 333.] Saturday, March 22, 1712. [Addison.

———*vocat in Certamina Divos.*—Virg.

WE are now entering upon the Sixth Book of *Paradise Lost*, in which the Poet describes the Battel of Angels; having raised his Reader's Expectation, and prepared him for it by several Passages in the preceding Books. I omitted quoting these Passages in my Observations on the former Books, having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the Subject of which gave occasion to them. The Author's Imagination was so inflam'd with this great Scene of Action, that wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus where he mentions Satan in the Beginning of his Poem:

———*Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless Perdition, there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to Arms.*

We have likewise several noble Hints of it in the Infernal Conference.

*O Prince! O Chief of many throned Powers,
That led th' imbattel'd Seraphim to War,
Too well I see and rue the dire Event,
That with sad Overthrow and foul Defeat
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host
In horrible Destruction laid thus low.
But see! the angry Victor has recall'd
His Ministers of Vengeance and Pursuit,
Back to the Gates of Heav'n: The sulph'rous
Hail*

*Shot after us in Storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
Of Heaven receiv'd us falling: and the Thunder,
Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous Rage,
Perhaps hath spent his Shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.*

There are several other very sublime Images on the same Subject in the First Book, as also in the Second.

*What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
With Heav'n's afflicting Thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us; this Hell then seem'd
A Refuge from those Wounds*———

In short, the Poet never mentions anything of this Battel but in such Images of Greatness and Terror as are suitable to the Subject. Among several others I cannot forbear quoting that Passage, where the Power, who is described as presiding over the Chaos, speaks in the Third Book.

*Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old
With faultring Speech, and Visage incompos'd,
Answer'd, I know thee, Stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late*

end Green (ending at the words 'render them accomplish'd') to which a conspicuous place was given, with original additions by Steele, in No. 314.

*Made Head against Heaven's King, tho' over-
thrown.*

*I saw and heard, for such a numerous Host
Fled not in silence through the frighted Deep
With Ruin upon Ruin, Rout on Rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n's Gates
Pour'd out by Millions her victorious Bands
Pursuing*———

It requir'd great Pregnancy of Invention, and Strength of Imagination, to fill this Battel with such Circumstances as should raise and astonish the Mind of the Reader; and at the same time an Exactness of Judgment, to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Those who look into *Homer*, are surprized to find his Battels still rising one above another, and improving in Horror, to the Conclusion of the *Iliad*. *Milton's* Fight of Angels is wrought up with the same Beauty. It is usher'd in with such Signs of Wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed. The first Engagement is carry'd on under a Cope of Fire, occasion'd by the Flights of innumerable burning Darts and Arrows, which are discharged from either Host. The second Onset is still more terrible, as it is filled with those artificial Thunders, which seem to make the Victory doubtful, and produce a kind of Consternation even in the good Angels. This is follow'd by the tearing up of Mountains and Promontories; till, in the last place, the Messiah comes forth in the Fulness of Majesty and Terror. The Pomp of his Appearance amidst the Roarings of his Thunders, the Flashes of his Lightnings, and the Noise of his Chariot-Wheels, is described with the utmost Flights of Human Imagination.

There is nothing in the first and last Day's Engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the Ideas most Readers would conceive of a Fight between two Armies of Angels.

The second Day's Engagement is apt to startle an Imagination, which has not been raised and qualify'd for such a Description, by the reading of the ancient Poets, and of *Homer* in particular. It was certainly a very bold Thought in our Author, to ascribe the first Use of Artillery to the Rebel Angels. But as such a pernicious Invention may be well suppos'd to have proceeded from such Authors, so it entered very properly into the Thoughts of that Being, who is all along describ'd as aspiring to the Majesty of his Maker. Such Engines were the only Instruments he could have made use of to imitate those Thunders, that in all Poetry, both sacred and profane, are represented as the Arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the Hills, was not altogether so daring a Thought as the former. We are, in some measure, prepared for such an Incident by the Description of the Giants' War, which we meet with among the Ancient Poets. What still made this Circumstance the more proper for the Poet's Use, is the Opinion of many learned Men, that the Fable of the Giants' War, which makes so great a noise in Antiquity, [and gave birth to the sublimest Description in *Hesiod's* Works was¹] an Allegory founded upon this very Tradition of a Fight between the good and bad Angels.

¹ [is]

It may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what Judgment *Milton*, in this Narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the Descriptions of the *Latin* and *Greek* Poets; and at the same time improved every great Hint which he met with in their Works upon this Subject. *Homer* in that Passage, which *Longinus* has celebrated for its Sublimeness, and which *Virgil* and *Ovid* have copy'd after him, tells us, that the Giants threw *Ossa* upon *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*. He adds an Epithet to *Pelion* (*εἰνοσίφυλλον*) which very much swells the Idea, by bringing up to the Reader's Imagination all the Woods that grew upon it. There is further a great Beauty in his singling out by Name these three remarkable Mountains, so well known to the *Greeks*. This last is such a Beauty as the Scene of *Milton's* War could not possibly furnish him with. *Claudian*, in his Fragment upon the Giants' War, has given full scope to that Wildness of Imagination which was natural to him. He tells us, that the Giants tore up whole Islands by the Roots, and threw them at the Gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up *Lemnos* in his Arms, and whirling it to the Skies, with all *Vulcan's* Shop in the midst of it. Another tears up Mount *Ida*, with the River *Enipeus*, which ran down the Sides of it; but the Poet, not content to describe him with this Mountain upon his Shoulders, tells us that the River flow'd down his Back, as he held it up in that Posture. It is visible to every judicious Reader, that such Ideas savour more of Burlesque, than of the Sublime. They proceed from a Wantonness of Imagination, and rather divert the Mind than astonish it. *Milton* has taken every thing that is sublime in these several Passages, and composes out of them the following great Image.

*From their Foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated Hills, with all their Load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods; and by the shaggy Tops
Up-lifting bore them in their Hands*——

We have the full Majesty of *Homer* in this short Description, improv'd by the Imagination of *Claudian*, without its Puerilities.

I need not point out the Description of the fallen Angels seeing the Promontories hanging over their Heads in such a dreadful manner, with the other numberless Beauties in this Book, which are so conspicuous, that they cannot escape the Notice of the most ordinary Reader.

There are indeed so many wonderful Strokes of Poetry in this Book, and such a variety of Sublime Ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a place within the bounds of this Paper. Besides that, I find it in a great measure done to my hand at the End of my Lord *Roscommon's* Essay on Translated Poetry. I shall refer my Reader thither for some of the Master Strokes in the Sixth Book of *Paradise Lost*, tho' at the same time there are many others which that noble Author has not taken notice of.

Milton, notwithstanding the sublime Genius he was Master of, has in this Book drawn to his Assistance all the Helps he could meet with among the Ancient Poets. The Sword of *Michael*, which

makes so great [a¹] havock among the bad Angels, was given him, we are told, out of the Armory of God.

———*But the Sword*

*Of Michael from the Armory of God
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that Edge: It met
The Sword of Satan, with steep Force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer*———

This Passage is a Copy of that in *Virgil*, wherein the Poet tells us, that the Sword of *Aeneas*, which was given him by a Deity, broke into Pieces the Sword of *Turnus*, which came from a mortal Forge. As the Moral in this Place is divine, so by the way we may observe, that the bestowing on a Man who is favour'd by Heaven such an allegorical Weapon, is very conformable to the old Eastern way of Thinking. Not only *Homer* has made use of it, but we find the Jewish Hero in the Book of *Maccabees*, who had fought the Battels of the chosen People with so much Glory and Success, receiving in his Dream a Sword from the Hand of the Prophet *Jeremiah*. The following Passage, wherein Satan is described as wounded by the Sword of *Michael*, is in imitation of *Homer*.

*The griding Sword with discontinuous Wound
Pass'd thro' him; but th' Ethereal Substance
clos'd
Not long divisible; and from the Gash
A Stream of Nectarous Humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, (such as celestial Spirits may bleed)
And all his Armour stain'd*———

Homer tells us in the same manner, that upon *Diomedes* wounding the Gods, there flow'd from the Wound an *Ichor*, or pure kind of Blood, which was not bred from mortal Viands; and that tho' the Pain was exquisitely great, the Wound soon closed up and healed in those Beings who are vested with Immortality.

I question not but *Milton* in his Description of his furious *Moloch* flying from the Battel, and bellowing with the Wound he had received, had his Eye on *Mars* in the *Iliad*; who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the Fight, and making an Outcry louder than that of a whole Army when it begins the Charge. *Homer* adds, that the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, who were engaged in a general Battel, were terrify'd on each side with the bellowing of this wounded Deity. The Reader will easily observe how *Milton* has kept all the Horrour of this Image, without running into the Ridicule of it.

———*Where the Might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce Ensigns pierc'd the deep Array
Of Moloch, furious King! who him desy'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.*———

Milton has likewise raised his Description in this

¹ [an]

Book with many Images taken out of the poetical Parts of Scripture. The Messiah's Chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a Vision of *Ezekiel*, who, as *Grotius* observes, has very much in him of *Homer's* Spirit in the Poetical Parts of his Prophecy.

The following Lines in that glorious Commission which is given the Messiah to extirpate the Host of Rebel Angels, is drawn from a Sublime Passage in the Psalms.

*Go then thou Mightiest in thy Father's Might!
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheels
That shake Heav'n's Basis; bring forth all my
War,
My Bow, my Thunder, my Almighty Arms,
Gird on thy Sword on thy puissant Thigh.*

The Reader will easily discover many other Strokes of the same nature.

There is no question but *Milton* had heated his Imagination with the Fight of the Gods in *Homer*, before he enter'd upon this Engagement of the Angels. *Homer* there gives us a Scene of Men, Heroes, and Gods, mix'd together in Battel. *Mars* animates the contending Armies, and lifts up his Voice in such a manner, that it is heard distinctly amidst all the Shouts and Confusion of the Fight. *Jupiter* at the same time Thunders over their Heads; while *Neptune* raises such a Tempest, that the whole Field of Battel and all the Tops of the Mountains shake about them. The Poet tells us, that *Pluto* himself, whose Habitation was in the very Center of the Earth, was so affrighted at the Shock, that he leapt from his Throne. *Homer* afterwards describes *Vulcan* as pouring down a Storm of Fire upon the River *Xanthus*, and *Minerva* as throwing a Rock at *Mars*; who, he tells us, cover'd seven Acres in his Fall.

As *Homer* has introduced into his Battel of the Gods every thing that is great and terrible in Nature, *Milton* has filled his Fight of good and bad Angels with all the like Circumstances of Horror. The Shout of Armies, the Rattling of Brazen Chariots, the Hurling of Rocks and Mountains, the Earthquake, the Fire, the Thunder, are all of them employ'd to lift up the Reader's Imagination, and give him a suitable Idea of so great an Action. With what Art has the Poet represented the whole Body of the Earth trembling, even before it was created.

*All Heaven resounded, and had Earth been then,
All Earth had to its Center shook* —

In how sublime and just a manner does he afterwards describe the whole Heaven shaking under the Wheels of the Messiah's Chariot, with that Exception to the Throne of God?

— *Under his burning Wheels
The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,
All but the Throne it self of God* —

Notwithstanding the Messiah appears clothed with so much Terroure and Majesty, the Poet has still found means to make his Readers conceive an Idea of him, beyond what he himself was able to describe.

*Yet half his Strength he put not forth, but
checkt*

*His Thunder in mid Volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven.*

In a Word, *Milton's* Genius, which was so great in it self, and so strengthened by all the helps of Learning, appears in this Book every way equal to his Subject, which was the most Sublime that could enter into the Thoughts of a Poet. As he knew all the Arts of affecting the Mind, [he knew it was necessary to give¹] it certain Resting-places and Opportunities of recovering it self from time to time: He has [therefore] with great Address interspersed several Speeches, Reflections, Similitudes, and the like Reliefs to diversify his Narration, and ease the Attention of [the²] Reader, that he might come fresh to his great Action, and by such a Contrast of Ideas, have a more lively taste of the nobler Parts of his Description. L.

No. 334.] Monday, March 24, 1712. [Steele.

— *Voluisti, in suo Genere, unumquemque
nostrum quasi quendam esse Roscium, dixisti-
que non tam ea quæ recta essent probari, quam
quæ prava sunt fastidiis adherescere.*

Cicero de Gestu.

IT is very natural to take for our whole Lives a light Impression of a thing which at first fell into Contempt with us for want of Consideration. The real Use of a certain Qualification (which the wiser Part of Mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous Circumstance) shews the ill Consequence of such Prepossessions. What I mean, is the Art, Skill, Accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of Dancing. I knew a Gentleman of great Abilities, who bewail'd the Want of this Part of his Education to the End of a very honourable Life. He observ'd that there was not occasion for the common Use of great Talents; that they are but seldom in Demand; and that these very great Talents were often render'd useless to a Man for want of small Attainments. A good Mein (a becoming Motion, Gesture and Aspect) is natural to some Men; but even these would be highly more graceful in their Carriage, if what they do from the Force of Nature were confirm'd and heightned from the Force of Reason. To one who has not at all considered it, to mention the Force of Reason on such a Subject, will appear fantastical; but when you have a little attended to it, an Assembly of Men will have quite another View: and they will tell you, it is evident from plain and infallible Rules, why this Man with those beautiful Features, and well fashion'd Person, is not so agreeable as he who sits by him without any of those Advantages. When we read, we do it without any exerted Act of Memory that presents the Shape of the Letters; but Habit makes us do it mechanically, without staying, like Children, to

¹ [had he not given]

² [his]

recollect and join those Letters. A Man who has not had the Regard of his Gesture in any part of his Education, will find himself unable to act with Freedom before new Company, as a Child that is but now learning would be to read without Hesitation. It is for the Advancement of the Pleasure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary Life, that one would wish Dancing were generally understood as conducive as it really is to a proper Deportment in Matters that appear the most remote from it. A Man of Learning and Sense is distinguished from others as he is such, tho' he never runs upon Points too difficult for the rest of the World; in like Manner the reaching out of the Arm, and the most ordinary Motion, discovers whether a Man ever learnt to know what is the true Harmony and Composure of his Limbs and Countenance. Whoever has seen *Booth* in the Character of *Pyrrhus*, march to his Throne to receive *Orestes*, is convinced that majestick and great Conceptions are expressed in the very Step; but perhaps, tho' no other Man could perform that Incident as well as he does, he himself would do it with a yet greater Elevation were he a Dancer. This is so dangerous a Subject to treat with Gravity, that I shall not at present enter into it any further; but the Author of the following Letter¹ has treated it in the Essay he speaks of in such a Manner, that I am beholden to him for a Resolution, that I will never hereafter think meanly of any thing, till I have heard what they who have another Opinion of it have to say in its Defence.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Since there are scarce any of the Arts or Sciences that have not been recommended to the World by the Pens of some of the Professors, Masters, or Lovers of them, whereby the Usefulness, Excellence, and Benefit arising from them, both as to the speculative and practical Part, have been made publick, to the great Advantage and Improvement of such Arts and Sciences; why should Dancing, an Art celebrated by the Ancients in so extraordinary a Manner, be totally neglected by the Moderns, and left destitute of any Pen to recommend its various Excellencies and substantial Merit to Mankind?

'The low Ebb to which Dancing is now fallen, is altogether owing to this Silence. The Art is esteem'd only as an amusing Trifle; it lies altogether uncultivated, and is unhappily fallen under the Imputation of Illiterate and Mechanick: And as *Terence* in one of his Prologues, complains of the Rope-dancers drawing all the Spectators from his Play, so may we well say, that Capering and Tumbling is now preferred to, and supplies the Place of just and regular Dancing on our Theatres. It is therefore, in my opinion, high time that some one should come in to its Assistance, and relieve it from the many gross and growing Errors that have crept into it, and over-cast its real Beauties; and to set Dancing in its true light, would shew the Usefulness and Elegancy of it, with the Pleasure and Instruc-

'tion produc'd from it; and also lay down some fundamental Rules, that might so tend to the Improvement of its Professors, and Information of the Spectators, that the first might be the better enabled to perform, and the latter render'd more capable of judging, what is (if there be any thing) valuable in this Art.

'To encourage therefore some ingenious Pen capable of so generous an Undertaking, and in some measure to relieve Dancing from the Disadvantages it at present lies under, I, who teach to dance, have attempted a small Treatise as an Essay towards an History of Dancing; in which I have enquired into its Antiquity, Original, and Use, and shewn what Esteem the Ancients had for it: I have likewise considered the Nature and Perfection of all its several Parts, and how beneficial and delightful it is, both as a Qualification and an Exercise; and endeavoured to answer all Objections that have been maliciously rais'd against it. I have proceeded to give an Account of the particular Dances of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, whether religious, warlike, or civil; and taken particular notice of that Part of Dancing relating to the ancient Stage, and in which the *Pantomimes* had so great a share: Nor have I been wanting in giving an historical Account of some particular Masters excellent in that surprising Art. After which, I have advanced some Observations on the modern Dancing, both as to the Stage, and that Part of it so absolutely necessary for the Qualification of Gentlemen and Ladies; and have concluded with some short Remarks on the Origin and Progress of the Character by which Dances are writ down, and communicated to one Master from another. If some great Genius after this would arise, and advance this Art to that Perfection it seems capable of receiving, what might not be expected from it? For if we consider the Origin of Arts and Sciences, we shall find that some of them took rise from Beginnings so mean and unpromising, that it is very wonderful to think that ever such surprizing Structures should have been raised upon such ordinary Foundations. But what cannot a great Genius effect? Who would have thought that the clangorous Noise of a Smith's Hammers should have given the first rise to Musick? Yet *Macrobius* in his second Book relates, that *Pythagoras*, in passing by a Smith's Shop, found that the Sounds proceeding from the Hammers were either more grave or acute, according to the different Weights of the Hammers. The Philosopher, to improve this Hint, suspends different Weights by Strings of the same Bigness, and found in like manner that the Sounds answered to the Weights. This being discover'd, he finds out those Numbers which produc'd Sounds that were Consonants: As, that two Strings of the same Substance and Tension, the one being double the Length of the other, give that Interval which is called *Diapason*, or an Eighth; the same was also effected from two Strings of the same Length and Size, the one having four times the Tension of the other. By these Steps, from so mean a Beginning, did this great Man reduce, what was only before Noise, to one of the most delightful Sciences, by marry-

¹ John Weaver.

'ing it to the Mathematicks; and by that means
'caused it to be one of the most abstract and
'demonstrative of Sciences. Who knows there-
'fore but Motion, whether Decorous or Repre-
'sentative, may not (as it seems highly probable it
'may) be taken into consideration by some Person
'capable of reducing it into a regular Science,
'tho' not so demonstrative as that proceeding
'from Sounds, yet sufficient to entitle it to a Place
'among the magnify'd Arts.

'Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, as you have declared
'your self Visitor of Dancing-Schools, and this
'being an Undertaking which more immediately
'respects them, I think my self indispensably
'obliged, before I proceed to the Publication of
'this my Essay, to ask your Advice, and hold it
'absolutely necessary to have your Approbation;
'and in order to recommend my Treatise to the
'Perusal of the Parents of such as learn to dance,
'as well as to the young Ladies, to whom, as
'Visitor, you ought to be Guardian.

Salop, March 19, I am, SIR,
T. 1711-12. Your most humble Servant.

No. 335.] Tuesday, March 25, 1712. [Addison.

*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.*
Hor.

MY Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, when we
last met together at the Club, told me, that
he had a great mind to see the new Tragedy¹ with
me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not
been at a Play these twenty Years. The last I
saw, said Sir ROGER, was the *Committee*, which
I should not have gone to neither, had not I been
told before-hand that it was a good Church-of-
England Comedy.² He then proceeded to enquire

¹ This is a fourth puff (see Nos. 223, 229, 290)
of Addison's friend Ambrose Philips. The art of
'packing a house' to secure applause was also
practised on the first night of the acting of this
version of *Andromaque*.

² The *Committee*, or the *Faithful Irishman*,
was written by Sir Robert Howard soon after the
Restoration, with for its heroes two Cavalier
colonels, whose estates are sequestered, and their
man Teg (Teague), an honest blundering Irish-
man. The Cavaliers defy the Roundhead Com-
mittee, and 'the day may come,' says one of them,
'when those that suffer for their consciences and
'honour may be rewarded.' Nobody who heard
this from the stage in the days of Charles II.
could feel that the day *had* come. Its comic Irish-
man kept the *Committee* on the stage, and in
Queen Anne's time the thorough Tory still re-
lished the stage caricature of the maintainers of
the Commonwealth in Mr Day with his greed,
hypocrisy, and private incontinence; his wife, who
had been cookmaid to a gentleman, but takes all
the State matters on herself; and their empty son
Abel, who knows Parliament-men and Sequestra-
tors, and whose 'profound contemplations are
'caused by the constervation of his spirits for the
'nation's good.'

of me who this Distrest Mother was; and upon
hearing that she was *Hector's* Widow, he told me
that her Husband was a brave Man, and that when
he was a School-boy he had read his Life at the
end of the Dictionary. My Friend asked me, in
the next place, if there would not be some danger
in coming home late, in case the *Mohocks* should
be Abroad. I assure you, says he, I thought I
had fallen into their Hands last Night; for I ob-
served two or three lusty black Men that follow'd
me half way up *Fleet-street*, and mended their
pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get
away from them. You must know, continu'd the
Knight with a Smile, I fancied they had a mind
to *hunt* me; for I remember an honest Gentleman
in my Neighbourhood, who was served such a
trick in King *Charles* the Second's time; for
which reason he has not ventured himself in Town
ever since. I might have shown them very good
Sport, had this been their Design; for as I am
an old Fox-hunter, I should have turned and
dodg'd, and have play'd them a thousand tricks
they had never seen in their Lives before. Sir
ROGER added, that if these Gentleman had any
such Intention, they did not succeed very well in
it: for I threw them out, says he, at the End of
Norfolk street, where I doubled the Corner, and
got shelter in my Lodgings before they could ima-
gine what was become of me. However, says the
Knight, if Captain SENTRY will make one with us
to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call
upon me about four a-Clock, that we may be at
the House before it is full, I will have my own
Coach in readiness to attend you, for *John* tells
me he has got the Fore-Wheels mended.

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there
at the appointed Hour, bid Sir ROGER fear no-
thing, for that he had put on the same Sword
which he made use of at the Battel of *Steenkirk*.
Sir ROGER's Servants, and among the rest my old
Friend the Butler, had, I found, provided them-
selves with good Oaken Plants, to attend their
Master upon this occasion. When he had placed
him in his Coach, with my self at his Left-Hand,
the Captain before him, and his Butler at the Head
of his Footmen in the Rear, we convoy'd him in
safety to the Play-house, where, after having
marched up the Entry in good order, the Captain
and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt
us in the Pit. As soon as the House was full, and
the Candles lighted, my old Friend stood up and
looked about him with that Pleasure, which a
Mind seasoned with Humanity naturally feels in
its self, at the sight of a Multitude of People who
seem pleased with one another, and partake of the
same common Entertainment. I could not but
fancy to myself, as the old Man stood up in the
middle of the Pit, that he made a very proper
Center to a Tragick Audience. Upon the entring
of *Pyrrhus*, the Knight told me, that he did not
believe the King of *France* himself had a better
Strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old
Friend's Remarks, because I looked upon them
as a Piece of natural Criticism, and was well
pleased to hear him at the Conclusion of almost
every Scene, telling me that he could not imagine
how the Play would end. One while he appeared
much concerned for *Andromache*; and a little

while after as much for *Hermione*: and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of *Pyrrhus*.

When Sir ROGER saw *Andromache's* obstinate Refusal to her Lover's Importunities, he whisper'd me in the Ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary Vehemence, you can't imagine, Sir, what 'tis to have to do with a Widow. Upon *Pyrrhus* his threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his Head, and muttered to himself, Ay, do if you can. This Part dwelt so much upon my Friend's Imagination, that at the close of the Third Act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my Ear, These Widows, Sir, are the most perverse Creatures in the World. But pray, says he, you that are a Critick, is this Play according to your Dramatick Rules, as you call them? Should your People in Tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single Sentence in this Play that I do not know the Meaning of.

The Fourth Act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old Gentleman an Answer: Well, says the Knight, sitting down with great Satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see *Hector's* Ghost. He then renewed his Attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the Widow. He made, indeed, a little Mistake as to one of her Pages, whom at his first entering, he took for *Astyanax*; but he quickly set himself right in that Particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little Boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine Child by the Account that is given of him. Upon *Hermione's* going off with a Menace to *Pyrrhus*, the Audience gave a loud Clap; to which Sir ROGER added, On my Word, a notable young Baggage!

As there was a very remarkable Silence and Stillness in the Audience during the whole Action, it was natural for them to take the Opportunity of these Intervals between the Acts, to express their Opinion of the Players, and of their respective Parts. Sir ROGER hearing a Cluster of them praise *Orestes*, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his Friend *Pylades* was a very sensible Man; as they were afterwards applauding *Pyrrhus*, Sir ROGER put in a second time; And let me tell you, says he, though he speaks but little, I like the old Fellow in Whiskers as well as any of them. Captain SENTRY seeing two or three Waggs who sat near us, lean with an attentive Ear towards Sir ROGER, and fearing lest they should Smoke the Knight, pluck'd him by the Elbow, and whisper'd something in his Ear, that lasted till the Opening of the Fifth Act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the Account which *Orestes* gives of *Pyrrhus* his Death, and at the Conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody Piece of Work, that he was glad it was not done upon the Stage. Seeing afterwards *Orestes* in his raving Fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an Evil Conscience, adding, that *Orestes*, in his Madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the House, so we were the last that went out of it; being re-

solved to have a clear Passage for our old Friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the Crowd. Sir ROGER went out fully satisfied with his Entertainment, and we guarded him to his Lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the Play-house; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the Performance of the excellent Piece which had been presented, but with the Satisfaction which it had given to the good old Man. L.

No. 336.] Wednesday, March 26, 1712. [Steele.

—Clament periisse pudorem
Cuncti penè patres, ea cum reprehendere coner,
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit:
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, du-
cunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et, quæ
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

AS you are the daily Endeavourer to promote Learning and good Sense, I think myself obliged to suggest to your Consideration whatever may promote or prejudice them. There is an Evil which has prevailed from Generation to Generation, which grey Hairs and tyrannical Custom continue to support; I hope your Spectatorial Authority will give a seasonable Check to the Spread of the Infection; I mean old Mens overbearing the strongest Sense of their Juniors by the mere Force of Seniority; so that for a young Man in the Bloom of Life and Vigour of Age to give a reasonable Contradiction to his Elders, is esteemed an unpardonable Insolence, and regarded as a reversing the Decrees of Nature. I am a young Man, I confess, yet I honour the grey Head as much as any one; however, when in Company with old Men, I hear them speak obscurely, or reason preposterously (into which Absurdities, Prejudice, Pride, or Interest, will sometimes throw the wisest) I count it no Crime to rectify their Reasoning, unless Conscience must truckle to Ceremony, and Truth fall a Sacrifice to Complaisance. The strongest Arguments are enervated, and the brightest Evidence disappears, before those tremendous Reasonings and dazzling Discoveries of venerable old Age: You are young giddy-headed Fellows, you have not yet had Experience of the World. Thus we young Folks find our Ambition cramp'd, and our Laziness indulged, since, while young, we have little room to display our selves; and, when old, the Weakness of Nature must pass for Strength of Sense, and we hope that hoary Heads will raise us above the Attacks of Contradiction. Now, Sir, as you would enliven our Activity in the pursuit of Learning, take our Case into Consideration; and, with a Gloss on brave *Elihu's* Sentiments, assert the Rights of Youth, and prevent the pernicious Incroachments of Age. The generous Reasonings of that gallant Youth would adorn your Paper; and I beg you would insert them, not doubting but that they will give good

‘Entertainment to the most intelligent of your Readers.

‘So these three Men ceased to answer Job, because he was righteous in his own Eyes. Then was kindled the Wrath of Elihu the Son of Barachel the Buzite, of the Kindred of Ram: Against Job was his Wrath kindled, because he justified himself rather than God. Also against his three Friends was his Wrath kindled, because they had found no Answer, and yet had condemned Job. Now Elihu had waited till Job had spoken, because they were elder than he. When Elihu saw there was no Answer in the Mouth of these three Men, then his Wrath was kindled. And Elihu the Son of Barachel the Buzite answered and said, I am young, and ye are very old, wherefore I was afraid, and durst not shew you mine Opinion. I said, Days should speak, and Multitude of Years should teach Wisdom. But there is a Spirit in Man; and the Inspiration of the Almighty giveth them Understanding. Great Men are not always wise: Neither do the Aged understand Judgment. Therefore I said, hearken to me, I also will shew mine Opinion. Behold, I waited for your Words; I gave ear to your Reasons, whilst you searched out what to say. Yea, I attended unto you: And behold there was none of you that convinced Job, or that answered his Words; lest ye should say, we have found out Wisdom: God thrusteth him down, not Man. Now he hath not directed his Words against me: Neither will I answer him with your Speeches. They were amazed, they answered no more: They left off speaking. When I had waited (for they spake not, but stood still and answered no more) I said, I will answer also my Part, I also will shew mine Opinion. For I am full of Matter, the Spirit within me constraineth me. Behold, my Belly is as Wine which hath no vent, it is ready to burst like new Bottles. I will speak that I may be refreshed: I will open my Lips, and answer. Let me not, I pray you, accept any Man’s Person, neither let me give flattering Titles unto Man. For I know not to give flattering Titles; in so doing my Maker would soon take me away.¹

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘I have formerly read with great Satisfaction your Papers about Idols, and the Behaviour of Gentlemen in those Coffee-houses where Women officiate, and impatiently waited to see you take India and China Shops into Consideration: But since you have pass’d us over in silence, either that you have not as yet thought us worth your Notice, or that the Grievances we lie under have escaped your discerning Eye, I must make my Complaints to you, and am encouraged to do it because you seem a little at leisure at this present Writing. I am, dear Sir, one of the top China-Women about Town; and though I say it, keep as good Things, and receive as fine Company as any o’ this End of the Town, let the other be who she will: In short, I am in a fair Way to be easy, were it not for a Club of Female Rakes,

¹ Job, ch. xxxii.

‘who under pretence of taking their innocent Rambles, forsooth, and diverting the Spleen, seldom fail to plague me twice or thrice a-day to cheapen Tea, or buy a Skreen; *What else should they mean?* as they often repeat it. These Rakes are your idle Ladies of Fashion, who having nothing to do, employ themselves in tumbling over my Ware. One of these No-Customers (for by the way they seldom or never buy any thing) calls for a Set of Tea-Dishes, another for a Bason, a third for my best Green-Tea, and even to the Punch Bowl, there’s scarce a piece in my Shop but must be displaced, and the whole agreeable Architecture disordered; so that I can compare ’em to nothing but to the Night-Goblins that take a Pleasure to over-turn the Disposition of Plates and Dishes in the Kitchens of your housewifely Maids. Well, after all this Racket and Clutter, this is too dear, that is their Aversion; another thing is charming, but not wanted: The Ladies are cured of the Spleen, but I am not a Shilling the better for it. Lord! what signifies one poor Pot of Tea, considering the Trouble they put me to? Vapours, Mr. SPECTATOR, are terrible Things; for though I am not possess’d by them my self, I suffer more from ’em than if I were. Now I must beg you to admonish all such Day-Goblins to make fewer Visits, or to be less troublesome when they come to one’s Shop; and to convince ’em, that we honest Shopkeepers have something better to do, than to cure Folks of the Vapours gratis. A young Son of mine, a School-Boy, is my Secretary, so I hope you’ll make Allowances.

I am, SIR,

Your constant Reader,

March the 22nd.
T.

and very humble Servant,
Rebecca the Distress’d.

No. 337.] Thursday, March 27, 1712. [Budgell.

*Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervicè Magister,
Ire viam quam monstrat eques*—— Hor.

I HAVE lately received a third Letter from the Gentleman, who has already given the Publick two Essays upon Education. As his Thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this Subject, I shall communicate them to the Reader.

SIR,

‘If I had not been hindered by some extraordinary Business, I should have sent you sooner my further Thoughts upon Education. You may please to remember, that in my last Letter I endeavour’d to give the best Reasons that could be urged in favour of a private or publick Education. Upon the whole it may perhaps be thought that I seem’d rather inclin’d to the latter, tho’ at the same time I confess’d that Virtue, which ought to be our first and principal Care, was more usually acquired in the former.

‘I intend therefore, in this Letter, to offer at Methods, by which I conceive Boys might be made to improve in Virtue, as they advance in Letters.

‘I know that in most of our public Schools Vice is punished and discouraged whenever it is

found out; but this is far from being sufficient, unless our Youth are at the same time taught to form a right Judgment of Things, and to know what is properly Virtue.

To this end, whenever they read the Lives and Actions of such Men as have been famous in their Generation, it should not be thought enough to make them barely understand so many Greek or Latin Sentences, but they should be asked their Opinion of such an Action or Saying, and obliged to give their Reasons why they take it to be good or bad. By this means they would insensibly arrive at proper Notions of Courage, Temperance, Honour and Justice.

There must be great Care taken how the Example of any particular Person is recommended to them in gross; instead of which, they ought to be taught wherein such a Man, tho' great in some respects, was weak and faulty in others. For want of this Caution, a Boy is often so dazzled with the Lustre of a great Character, that he confounds its Beauties with its Blemishes, and looks even upon the faulty Parts of it with an Eye of Admiration.

I have often wondered how Alexander, who was naturally of a generous and merciful Disposition, came to be guilty of so barbarous an Action as that of dragging the Governour of a Town after his Chariot. I know this is generally ascribed to his Passion for Homer; but I lately met with a Passage in Plutarch, which, if I am not very much mistaken, still gives us a clearer Light into the Motives of this Action. Plutarch tells us, that Alexander in his Youth had a Master named Lysimachus, who, tho' he was a Man destitute of all Politeness, ingratiated himself both with Philip and his Pupil, and became the second Man at Court, by calling the King Peleus, the Prince Achilles, and himself Phoenix. It is no wonder if Alexander having been thus used not only to admire, but to personate Achilles, should think it glorious to imitate him in this piece of Cruelty and Extravagance.

To carry this Thought yet further, I shall submit it to your Consideration, whether instead of a Theme or Copy of Verses, which are the usual Exercises, as they are called in the School-phrase, it would not be more proper that a Boy should be tasked once or twice a Week to write down his Opinion of such Persons and Things as occur to him in his Reading; that he should descant upon the Actions of Turnus and Aeneas, shew wherein they excelled or were defective, censure or approve any particular Action, observe how it might have been carried to a greater Degree of Perfection, and how it exceeded or fell short of another. He might at the same time mark what was moral in any Speech, and how far it agreed with the Character of the Person speaking. This Exercise would soon strengthen his Judgment in what is blameable or praiseworthy, and give him an early Seasoning of Morality.

Next to those Examples which may be met with in Books, I very much approve Horace's Way of setting before Youth the infamous or honourable Characters of their Contemporaries: That Poet tells us, this was the Method his Father made use of to incline him to any par-

ticular Virtue, or give him an Aversion to any particular Vice. If, says Horace, my Father advised me to live within Bounds, and be contented with the Fortune he should leave me; Do not you see (says he) the miserable Condition of Burrus, and the Son of Albus? Let the Misfortunes of those two Wretches teach you to avoid Luxury and Extravagance. If he would inspire me with an Abhorrence to Debauchery, do not (says he) make your self like Sectanus, when you may be happy in the Enjoyment of lawful Pleasures. How scandalous (says he) is the Character of Trebonius, who was lately caught in Bed with another Man's Wife? To illustrate the Force of this Method, the Poet adds, That as a headstrong Patient, who will not at first follow his Physician's Prescriptions, grows orderly when he hears that his Neighbours die all about him; so Youth is often frightened from Vice, by hearing the ill Report it brings upon others.

Xenophon's Schools of Equity, in his Life of Cyrus the Great, are sufficiently famous: He tells us, that the Persian Children went to School, and employ'd their Time as diligently in learning the Principles of Justice and Sobriety, as the Youth in other Countries did to acquire the most difficult Arts and Sciences: their Governors spent most part of the Day in hearing their mutual Accusations one against the other, whether for Violence, Cheating, Slander, or Ingratitude; and taught them how to give Judgment against those who were found to be any ways guilty of these Crimes. I omit the Story of the long and short Coat, for which Cyrus himself was punished, as a Case equally known with any in Littleton.

The Method, which Apuleius tells us the Indian Gymnosophists took to educate their Disciples, is still more curious and remarkable. His Words are as follow: When their Dinner is ready, before it is served up, the Masters enquire of every particular Scholar how he has employ'd his Time since Sun-rising; some of them answer, that having been chosen as Arbiters between two Persons they have composed their Differences, and made them Friends; some, that they have been executing the Orders of their Parents; and others, that they have either found out something new by their own Application, or learnt it from the Instruction of their Fellows: But if there happens to be any one among them, who cannot make it appear that he has employed the Morning to advantage, he is immediately excluded from the Company, and obliged to work, while the rest are at Dinner.

It is not impossible, that from these several Ways of producing Virtue in the Minds of Boys, some general Method might be invented. What I would endeavour to inculcate, is, that our Youth cannot be too soon taught the Principles of Virtue, seeing the first Impressions which are made on the Mind are always the strongest.

The Archbishop of Cambray makes Telemachus say, that tho' he was young in Years, he was old in the Art of knowing how to keep both his own and his Friend's Secrets. When my Father, says the Prince, went to the Siege of

'Troy, he took me on his Knees, and after having embraced and blessed me, as he was surrounded by the Nobles of *Ithaca*, O my Friends, says he, into your Hands I commit the Education of my Son; if ever you lov'd his Father, shew it in your Care towards him; but above all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, and faithful in keeping a Secret. These Words of my Father, says *Telemachus*, were continually repeated to me by his Friends in his Absence; who made no scruple of communicating to me in their Uneasiness to see my Mother surrounded with Lovers, and the Measures they designed to take on that Occasion. He adds, that he was so ravished at being thus treated like a Man, and at the Confidence reposed in him, that he never once abused it; nor could all the Insinuations of his Father's Rivals ever get him to betray what was committed to him under the Seal of Secrecy.

'There is hardly any Virtue which a Lad might not thus learn by Practice and Example.

'I have heard of a good Man, who used at certain times to give his Scholars Six Pence apiece, that they might tell him the next day how they had employ'd it. The third part was always to be laid out in Charity, and every Boy was blamed or commended as he could make it appear that he had chosen a fit Object.

'In short, nothing is more wanting to our publick Schools, than that the Masters of them should use the same care in fashioning the Manners of their Scholars, as in forming their Tongues to the learned Languages. Where-ever the former is omitted, I cannot help agreeing with Mr. *Locke*, That a Man must have a very strange Value for Words, when preferring the Languages of the *Greeks* and *Romans* to that which made them such brave Men, he can think it worth while to hazard the Innocence and Virtue of his Son for a little *Greek* and *Latin*.

'As the Subject of this Essay is of the highest Importance, and what I do not remember to have yet seen treated by any Author, I have sent you what occur'd to me on it from my own Observation or Reading, and which you may either suppress or publish as you think fit.

X. I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

No. 338.] Friday, March 28, 1712. [

[—*Nil fuit unquam
Tam dispar sibi.*—Hor.¹]

I FIND the Tragedy of the *Distrest Mother* is publish'd to-day: The Author of the Prologue, I suppose, pleads an old Excuse I have read somewhere, of being *dull with Design*; and the Gentleman who writ the Epilogue,² has, to my

¹ [—*Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.*
Hor.]

² The Prologue was by Steele. Of the Epilogue Dr. Johnson said (in his Lives of the Poets, when telling of Ambrose Philips), 'It was known

knowledge, so much of greater moment to value himself upon, that he will easily forgive me for publishing the Exceptions made against Gayety at the end of serious Entertainments, in the following Letter: I should be more unwilling to pardon him than any body, a Practice which cannot have any ill Consequence, but from the Abilities of the Person who is guilty of it.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I had the Happiness the other Night of sitting very near you, and your worthy Friend Sir ROGER, at the acting of the new Tragedy, which you have in a late Paper or two so justly recommended. I was highly pleased with the advantageous Situation Fortune had given me in placing me so near two Gentlemen, from one of which I was sure to hear such Reflections on the several Incidents of the Play, as pure Nature suggested, and from the other such as flowed from the exactest Art and Judgment: Tho' I must confess that my Curiosity led me so much to observe the Knight's Reflections, that I was not so well at leisure to improve my self by yours. Nature, I found, play'd her Part in the Knight pretty well, till at the last concluding Lines she entirely forsook him. You must know, Sir, that it is always my Custom, when I have been well entertained at a new Tragedy, to make my Retreat before the facetious Epilogue enters; not but that those Pieces are often very well writ, but having paid down my Half Crown, and made a fair Purchase of as much of the pleasing Melancholy as the Poet's Art can afford me, or my own Nature admit of, I am willing to carry some of it home with me; and can't endure to be at once trick'd out of all, tho' by the wittiest Dexterity in the World. However, I kept my Seat t'other Night, in hopes of finding my own Sentiments of this Matter favour'd by your Friend's; when, to my great Surprize, I found the Knight entering with equal Pleasure into both Parts, and as much satisfied with Mrs. *Oldfield's* Gaiety, as he had been before with *Andromache's* Greatness. Whether this were no other than an Effect of the Knight's peculiar Humanity, pleas'd to find at last, that after all the tragical Doings every thing was safe and well, I don't know. But for my own part, I must confess, I was so dissatisfied, that I was sorry the Poet had saved *Andromache*, and

'in Tonson's family and told to Garrick, that Addison was himself the author of it, and that when it had been at first printed with his name, he came early in the morning, before the copies were distributed, and ordered it to be given to Budgell, that it might add weight to the solicitation which he was then making for a place.' Johnson calls it 'the most successful Epilogue that was ever yet spoken on the English theatre. The three first nights it was recited twice,' and whenever afterwards the play was acted the Epilogue was still expected and was spoken. This is a fifth paper for the benefit of Ambrose Philips, inserted, perhaps, to make occasion for a sixth (No. 341) in the form of a reply to Physibulus.

‘could heartily have wished that he had left her
‘stone-dead upon the Stage. For you cannot
‘imagine, Mr. SPECTATOR, the Mischief she was
‘reserv’d to do me. I found my Soul, during the
‘Action, gradually work’d up to the highest
‘Pitch; and felt the exalted Passion which all
‘generous Minds conceive at the Sight of Virtue
‘in Distress. The Impression, believe me, Sir,
‘was so strong upon me, that I am persuaded, if
‘I had been let alone in it, I could at an Ex-
‘tremity have ventured to defend your self and
‘Sir ROGER against half a Score of the fiercest
‘*Mohocks*: But the ludicrous Epilogue in the
‘Close extinguish’d all my Ardour, and made me
‘look upon all such noble Atchievements, as
‘downright silly and romantick. What the rest
‘of the Audience felt, I can’t so well tell: For
‘my self, I must declare, that at the end of the
‘Play I found my Soul uniform, and all of a
‘Piece; but at the End of the Epilogue it was so
‘jumbled together, and divided between Jest and
‘Earnest, that if you will forgive me an extrava-
‘gant Fancy, I will here set it down. I could not
‘but fancy, if my Soul had at that Moment quitted
‘my Body, and descended to the poetical Shades
‘in the Posture it was then in, what a strange
‘Figure it would have made among them. They
‘would not have known what to have made of
‘my motley Spectre, half Comick and half Tra-
‘gick, all over resembling a ridiculous Face, that
‘at the same time laughs on one side and cries o’
‘t’other. The only Defence, I think, I have ever
‘heard made for this, as it seems to me, most un-
‘natural Tack of the Comick Tail to the Tragick
‘Head, is this, that the Minds of the Audience
‘must be refreshed, and Gentlemen and Ladies
‘not sent away to their own Homes with too dis-
‘mal and melancholy Thoughts about them: For
‘who knows the Consequence of this? We are
‘much obliged indeed to the Poets for the great
‘Tenderness they express for the Safety of our
‘Persons, and heartily thank them for it. Eut if
‘that be all, pray, good Sir, assure them, that we
‘are none of us like to come to any great Harm;
‘and that, let them do their best, we shall in all
‘probability live out the Length of our Days, and
‘frequent the Theatres more than ever. What
‘makes me more desirous to have some Reforma-
‘tion of this matter, is because of an ill Conse-
‘quence or two attending it: For a great many of
‘our Church-Musicians being related to the The-
‘atre, they have, in Imitation of these Epilogues,
‘introduced in their farewell Voluntaries a sort of
‘Musick quite foreign to the design of Church-
‘Services, to the great Prejudice of well-disposed
‘People. Those fingering Gentlemen should be
‘informed, that they ought to suit their Airs to
‘the Place and Business; and that the Musician
‘is obliged to keep to the Text as much as the
‘Preacher. For want of this, I have found by
‘Experience a great deal of Mischief: For when
‘the Preacher has often, with great Piety and
‘Art enough, handled his Subject, and the judi-
‘cious Clark has with utmost Diligence culled out
‘two Staves proper to the Discourse, and I have
‘found in my self and in the rest of the Pew good
‘Thoughts and Dispositions, they have been all
‘in a moment dissipated by a merry Jigg from

‘the Organ-Loft. One knows not what further
‘ill Effects the Epilogues I have been speaking of
‘may in time produce: But this I am credibly in-
‘formed of, that *Paul Lorrain*¹ has resolv’d
‘upon a very sudden Reformation in his tragical
‘Dramas; and that at the next monthly Perform-
‘ance, he designs, instead of a Penitential Psalm,
‘to dismiss his Audience with an excellent new
‘Ballad of his own composing. Pray, Sir, do
‘what you can to put a stop to those growing
‘Evils, and you will very much oblige

Your Humble Servant,
Physibulus.

No. 339.] Saturday, March 29, 1712. [Addison.]

—*Ut his exordia primis*
Omnia, et ipse tener Mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare solum et discludere Nerea ponto
Cæperit, et rerum pauliatim sumere formas.
[Virg.²]

LONGINUS has observed,³ that there may be
a Loftiness in Sentiments, where there is no
Passion, and brings Instances out of ancient
Authors to support this his Opinion. The Pa-
thetick, as that great Critick observes, may ani-
mate and inflame the Sublime, but is not essential
to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we
very often find that those who excel most in stir-
ring up the Passions, very often want the Talent
of writing in the great and sublime manner, and
so on the contrary. *Milton* has shewn himself a
Master in both these ways of Writing. The
Seventh Book, which we are now entring upon,
is an Instance of that Sublime which is not mixed
and worked up with Passion. The Author ap-
pears in a kind of composed and sedate Majesty;
and tho’ the Sentiments do not give so great an
Emotion as those in the former Book, they abound
with as magnificent Ideas. The Sixth Book,
like a troubled Ocean, represents Greatness in
Confusion; the seventh Affects the Imagination
like the Ocean in a Calm, and fills the Mind of
the Reader, without producing in it any thing
like Tumult or Agitation.

The Critick above mentioned, among the Rules
which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime
way of writing, proposes to his Reader, that he
should imitate the most celebrated Authors who
have gone before him, and been engaged in
Works of the same nature;⁴ as in particular, that
if he writes on a poetical Subject, he should con-
sider how *Homer* would have spoken on such an
Occasion. By this means one great Genius often
catches the Flame from another, and writes in his
Spirit, without copying servilely after him. There
are a thousand shining Passages in *Virgil*, which
have been lighted up by *Homer*.

¹ Paul Lorrain was the Ordinary of Newgate. He died in 1719. He always represented his convicts as dying Penitents, wherefore in No. 63 of the *Tatler* they had been called ‘Paul Lorrain’s Saints.’

² [Ovid.]

³ On the Sublime, § 8.

⁴ § 14.

Milton, tho' his own natural Strength of Genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect Work, has doubtless very much raised and ennobled his Conceptions, by such an Imitation as that which *Longinus* has recommended.

In this Book, which gives us an Account of the six Days Works, the Poet received but very few Assistances from Heathen Writers, who were Strangers to the Wonders of Creation. But as there are many glorious strokes of Poetry upon this Subject in Holy Writ, the Author has numberless Allusions to them through the whole course of this Book. The great Critick I have before mentioned, though an Heathen, has taken notice of the sublime Manner in which the Lawgiver of the *Jews* has describ'd the Creation in the first Chapter of *Genesis*;¹ and there are many other Passages in Scripture, which rise up to the same Majesty, where this Subject is touched upon. *Milton* has shewn his Judgment very remarkably, in making use of such of these as were proper for his Poem, and in duly qualifying those high Strains of *Eastern Poetry*, which were suited to Readers whose Imaginations were set to an higher pitch than those of colder Climates.

Adam's Speech to the Angel, wherein he desires an Account of what had passed within the Regions of Nature before the Creation, is very great and solemn. The following Lines, in which he tells him, that the Day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind.

*And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his Race, though steep, suspense in
Heav'n
Held by thy Voice; thy potent Voice he hears,
And longer will delay, to hear thee tell
His Generation, &c.*

The Angel's encouraging our first Parent[s] in a modest pursuit after Knowledge, with the Causes which he assigns for the Creation of the World, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the Worlds were made, comes forth in the Power of his Father, surrounded with an Host of Angels, and cloathed with such a Majesty as becomes his entering upon a Work, which, according to our Conceptions, [appears²] the utmost Exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful Description has our Author raised upon that Hint in one of the Prophets. *And behold there came four Chariots out from between two Mountains, and the Mountains were Mountains of Brass.*³

*About his Chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and Chariots
wing'd,
From th' Armoury of Gold, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd*

¹ *Longinus*, §9:—"So likewise the Jewish legislator, no ordinary person, having conceived a just idea of the power of God, has nobly expressed it in the beginning of his law. 'And God said, '—*What?* 'Let there be Light, and there was Light. Let the Earth be, and the Earth was.'"

² [looks like]:—

³ *Zechariah vi. i.*

*Against a solemn Day, harness'd at hand;
Celestial Equipage! and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during Gates, Harmonious Sound!
On golden Hinges moving—*

I have before taken notice of these Chariots of God, and of these Gates of Heaven; and shall here only add, that *Homer* gives us the same Idea of the latter, as opening of themselves; tho' he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the *Hours* first of all removed those prodigious Heaps of Clouds which lay as a Barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole Poem more sublime than the Description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the head of his Angels, as looking down into the *Chaos*, calming its Confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first Out-Line of the Creation.

*On Heavenly Ground they stood, and from the
Shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss,
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wild;
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious Winds
And surging Waves, as Mountains to assault
Heaven's height, and with the Center mix the
Pole.*

*Silence, ye troubled Waves, and thou Deep,
Peace!
Said then th' Omnific Word, your Discord end:
Nor staid; but, on the Wings of Cherubim
Up-lifted, in Paternal Glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the World unborn;
For Chaos heard his Voice. Him all His Train
Follow'd in bright Procession, to behold
Creation, and the Wonders of his Might.
Then staid the fervid Wheels, and in his Hand
He took the Golden Compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal Store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created Things:
One Foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round, through the vast Profundity obscure;
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just Circumference, O World!*

The Thought of the Golden Compasses is conceived altogether in *Homer's* Spirit, and is a very noble Incident in this wonderful Description. *Homer*, when he speaks of the Gods, ascribes to them several Arms and Instruments with the same greatness of Imagination. Let the Reader only peruse the Description of *Minerva's Aegis*, or Buckler, in the Fifth Book, with her Spear, which would overturn whole Squadrons, and her Helmet, that was sufficient to cover an Army drawn out of an hundred Cities: The Golden Compasses in the above-mentioned Passage appear a very natural Instrument in the Hand of him, whom *Plato* somewhere calls the Divine Geometrician. As Poetry delights in cloathing abstracted Ideas in Allegories and sensible Images, we find a magnificent Description of the Creation form'd after the same manner in one of the Prophets, wherein he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the Waters in the Hollow of his Hand, meting out the Heavens with his Span, comprehending the Dust of the Earth in a Measure, weighing

the Mountains in Scales, and the Hills in a Balance. Another of them describing the Supreme Being in this great Work of Creation, represents him as laying the Foundations of the Earth, and stretching a Line upon it: And in another place as garnishing the Heavens, stretching out the North over the empty Place, and hanging the Earth upon nothing. This last noble Thought *Milton* has express'd in the following Verse:

And Earth self-ballanc'd on her Center hung.

The Beauties of Description in this Book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this Paper. The Poet has employ'd on them the whole Energy of our Tongue. The several great Scenes of the Creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner, that the Reader seems present at this wonderful Work, and to assist among the Choirs of Angels, who are the Spectators of it. How glorious is the Conclusion of the first Day.

— Thus was the first Day Ev'n and Morn:
Nor past uncelebrated nor unsung
By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light
Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth! with Joy and
Shout
The hollow universal Orb they fill'd.

We have the same elevation of Thought in the third Day, when the Mountains were brought forth, and the Deep was made.

Immediately the Mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare Backs up-heave
Into the Clouds, their Tops ascend the Sky:
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow Bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious Bed of Waters—

We have also the rising of the whole vegetable World described in this Day's Work, which is filled with all the Graces that other Poets have lavish'd on their Descriptions of the Spring, and leads the Reader's Imagination into a Theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several Glories of the Heav'ns make their Appearance on the Fourth Day.

First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,
Regent of Day; and all th' Horizon round
Invested with bright Rays, jocund to round
His Longitude through Heav'n's high Road:
the gray

Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danced,
Shedding sweet Influence. Less bright the
Moon,

But opposite in levell'd West was set,
His Mirror, with full face borrowing her Light
From him, for other Lights she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till Night; then in the East her turn she
shines,

Revolv'd on Heav'n's great Axle, and her Reign
With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand Stars! that then ap-
pear'd
Spangling the Hemisphere—

One would wonder how the Poet could be so concise in his Description of the six Days Works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an Episode, and at the same time so particular, as to give us a lively Idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his Account of the Fifth and Sixth Days, in which he has drawn out to our View the whole Animal Creation, from the Reptil to the Behemoth. As the Lion and the Leviathan are two of the noblest Productions in [the ¹] World of living Creatures, the Reader will find a most exquisite Spirit of Poetry in the Account which our Author gives us of them. The Sixth Day concludes with the Formation of Man, upon which the Angel takes occasion, as he did after the Battel in Heaven, to remind *Adam* of his Obedience, which was the principal Design of this his Visit.

The Poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into Heaven, and taking a Survey of his great Work. There is something inexpressibly Sublime in this part of the Poem, where the Author describes that great Period of Time, filled with so many Glorious Circumstances; when the Heavens and Earth were finished; when the Messiah ascended up in triumph thro' the Everlasting Gates; when he looked down with pleasure upon his new Creation; when every Part of Nature seem'd to rejoice in its Existence; when the Morning-Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the sixth Day:
Yet not 'till the Creator from his Work
Desisting, tho' unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high Abode;
Thence to behold this new created World,
Th' Addition of his Empire, how it shew'd
In prospect from his Throne, how good, how
fair,

Answering his great Idea: Up he rode,
Follow'd with Acclamation, and the Sound
Symphonious of ten thousand Harps, that tuned
Angelick Harmonies; the Earth, the Air
Resounding (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
The Heavens and all the Constellations rung;
The Planets in their Station listning stood,
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living Doors; let in
The great Creator from his Work return'd
Magnificent, his six Days Work, a World!

I cannot conclude this Book upon the Creation, without mentioning a Poem which has lately appeared under that Title.² The Work was

¹ [this]

² Sir Richard Blackmore's *Creation* appeared in 1712. Besides this praise of it from Addison, its religious character caused Dr. Johnson to say that if Blackmore 'had written nothing else it would have transmitted him to posterity among 'the first favourites of the English muse.' But even with the help of all his epics it has failed to secure him any such place in the estimation of posterity. This work is not an epic, but described on its title-page as 'a Philosophical, Poem, De-

undertaken with so good an Intention, and is executed with so great a Mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble Productions in our *English Verse*. The Reader cannot but be pleased to find the Depths of Philosophy enlivened with all the Charms of Poetry, and to see so great a Strength of Reason, amidst so beautiful a Redundancy of the Imagination. The Author has shewn us that Design in all the Works of Nature, which necessarily leads us to the Knowledge of its first Cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestable Instances, that Divine Wisdom, which the Son of *Sirach* has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being in his Formation of the World, when he tells us, that *He created her, and saw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his Works*.

L.

No. 340.] Monday, March 31, 1712. [Steele.

*Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus Hospes?
Quem sese Ore ferens! quam forti Pectore et
Armis!—Virg.*

I TAKE it to be the highest Instance of a noble Mind, to bear great Qualities without discovering in a Man's Behaviour any Consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the World. Or, to say it otherwise, it is the Duty of a great Person so to demean himself, as that whatever Endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no Qualities but such as any Man may

'monstrating the Existence and Providence of a 'God.' It argues in blank verse, in the first two of its seven books, the existence of a Deity from evidences of design in the structure and qualities of earth and sea, in the celestial bodies and the air; in the next three books it argues against objections raised by Atheists, Atomists, and Fatalists; in the sixth book proceeds with evidences of design, taking the structure of man's body for its theme; and in the next, which is the last book, treats in the same way of the Instincts of Animals and of the Faculties and Operations of the Soul. This is the manner of the Poem:

*The Sea does next demand our View; and
there
No less the Marks of perfect skill appear.
When first the Atoms to the Congress came,
And by their Concourse form'd the mighty
Frame,
What did the Liquid to th' Assembly call
To give their Aid to form the pond'rous Ball?
First, tell us, why did any come? next, why
In such a disproportion to the Dry?
Why were the Moist in Number so outdone,
That to a Thousand Dry, they are but one.*

It is hardly a 'mark of perfect skill' that there are five or six thousand of such dry lines in Blackmore's poem, and not even one that should lead a critic to speak in the same breath of Blackmore and Milton.

arrive at: He ought to think no Man valuable but for his publick Spirit, Justice and Integrity; and all other Endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those Virtues. Such a Man, if he is Wise or Valiant, knows it is of no Consideration to other Men that he is so, but as he employs those high Talents for their Use and Service. He who affects the Applauses and Addresses of a Multitude, or assumes to himself a Pre-eminence upon any other Consideration, must soon turn Admiration into Contempt. It is certain, that there can be no Merit in any Man who is not conscious of it; but the Sense that it is valuable only according to the Application of it, makes that Superiority amiable, which would otherwise be invidious. In this Light it is considered as a Thing in which every Man bears a Share: It annexes the Ideas of Dignity, Power, and Fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner, to him who is Possessor of it; and all Men who are Strangers to him are naturally incited to indulge a Curiosity in beholding the Person, Behaviour, Feature, and Shape of him, in whose Character, perhaps, each Man had formed something in common with himself. Whether such, or any other, are the Causes, all Men have [a yearning¹] Curiosity to behold a Man of heroick Worth; and I have had many Letters from all Parts of this Kingdom, that request I would give them an exact Account of the Stature, the Mein, the Aspect of the Prince² who lately visited *England*, and has done such Wonders for the Liberty of *Europe*. It would puzzle the most Curious to form to himself the sort of Man my several Correspondents expect to hear of, by the Action mentioned when they desire a Description of him: There is always something that concerns themselves, and growing out of their own Circumstances, in all their Enquiries. A Friend of mine in *Wales* beseeches me to be very exact in my Account of that wonderful Man, who had marched

¹ [an earning]

² Prince Eugene of Savoy, grandson of a duke of Savoy, and son of Eugene Maurice, general of the Swiss, and Olympia Mancini, a niece of Mazarin, was born at Paris in 1663, and intended for the church, but had so strong a bent towards a military life, that when refused a regiment in the French army he served the Emperor as volunteer against the Turks. He stopped the march of the French into Italy when Louis XIV. declared war with Austria, and refused afterwards from Louis a Marshal's staff, a pension, and the government of Champagne. Afterwards in Italy, by the surprise of Cremona he made Marshal Villeroi his prisoner, and he was Marlborough's companion in arms at Blenheim and in other victories. It was he who saved Turin, and expelled the French from Italy. He was 49 years old in 1712, and had come in that year to England to induce the court to continue the war, but found Marlborough in disgrace and the war very unpopular. He had been feasted by the city, and received from Queen Anne a sword worth £5000, which he wore at her birthday reception. He had also stood as godfather to Steele's third son, who was named after him.

an Army and all its Baggage over the *Alps*; and, if possible, to learn whether the Peasant who shew'd him the Way, and is drawn in the Map, be yet living. A Gentleman from the University, who is deeply intent on the Study of Humanity, desires me to be as particular, if I had Opportunity, in observing the whole Interview between his Highness and our late General. Thus do Mens Fancies work according to their several Educations and Circumstances; but all pay a Respect, mixed with Admiration, to this illustrious Character. I have waited for his Arrival in *Holland*, before I would let my Correspondents know, that I have not been so uncurious a Spectator, as not to have seen Prince *Eugene*. It would be very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every Expectation of those who have writ to me on that Head; nor is it possible for me to find Words to let one know what an artful Glance there is in his Countenance who surprized *Cremona*; how daring he appears who forced the Trenches of *Turin*; But in general I can say, that he who beholds him, will easily expect from him any thing that is to be imagined or executed by the Wit or Force of Man. The Prince is of that Stature which makes a Man most easily become all Parts of Exercise, has Height to be graceful on Occasions of State and Ceremony, and no less adapted for Agility and Dispatch: his Aspect is erect and compos'd; his Eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling; his Action and Address the most easy imaginable, and his Behaviour in an Assembly peculiarly graceful in a certain Art of mixing insensibly with the rest, and becoming one of the Company, instead of receiving the Courtship of it. The Shape of his Person, and Composure of his Limbs, are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is in his Look something sublime, which does not seem to arise from his Quality or Character, but the innate Disposition of his Mind. It is apparent that he suffers the Presence of much Company, instead of taking Delight in it; and he appeared in Publick while with us, rather to return Good-will, or satisfy Curiosity, than to gratify any Taste he himself had of being popular. As his Thoughts are never tumultuous in Danger, they are as little discomposed on Occasions of Pomp and Magnificence: A great Soul is affected in either Case, no further than in considering the properest Methods to extricate it self from them. If this Hero has the strong Incentives to uncommon Enterprizes that were remarkable in *Alexander*, he prosecutes and enjoys the Fame of them with the Justness, Propriety, and good Sense of *Caesar*. It is easy to observe in him a Mind as capable of being entertained with Contemplation as Enterprize; a Mind ready for great Exploits, but not impatient for Occasions to exert it self. The Prince has Wisdom and Valour in as high Perfection as Man can enjoy it; which noble Faculties in conjunction, banish all Vain-Glory, Ostentation, Ambition, and all other Vices which might intrude upon his Mind to make it unequal. These Habits and Qualities of Soul and Body render this Personage so extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every Man should have in him, the Exertion of

his very self, abstracted from the Circumstances in which Fortune has placed him. Thus were you to see Prince *Eugene*, and were told he was a private Gentleman, you would say he is a Man of Modesty and Merit: Should you be told That was Prince *Eugene*, he would be diminished no otherwise, than that part of your distant Admiration would turn into familiar Good-will. This I thought fit to entertain my Reader with, concerning an Hero who never was equalled but by one Man;¹ over whom also he has this Advantage, that he has had an Opportunity to manifest an Esteem for him in his Adversity. T.

No. 341.] Tuesday, April 1, 1712. [Budgell.²

—Revocate animos maestumque timorem
Mittite— Virg.

HAVING, to oblige my Correspondent *Phisibulus*, printed his Letter last *Friday*, in relation to the new Epilogue, he cannot take it amiss, if I now publish another, which I have just received from a Gentleman who does not agree with him in his Sentiments upon that Matter.

SIR,

'I am amazed to find an Epilogue attacked in your last *Friday's* Paper, which has been so generally applauded by the Town, and receiv'd such Honours as were never before given to any in an *English* Theatre.

'The Audience would not permit Mrs. *Oldfield* to go off the Stage the first Night, till she had repeated it twice; the second Night the Noise of *Ancora's* was as loud as before, and she was again obliged to speak it twice: the third Night it was still called for a second time; and, in short, contrary to all other Epilogues, which are dropt after the third Representation of the Play, this has already been repeated nine times.

'I must own I am the more surprized to find this Censure in Opposition to the whole Town, in a Paper which has hitherto been famous for the Candour of its Criticisms.

'I can by no means allow your melancholy Correspondent, that the new Epilogue is unnatural because it is gay. If I had a mind to be learned, I could tell him that the Prologue and Epilogue were real Parts of the ancient Tragedy; but every one knows that on the *British* Stage they are distinct Performances by themselves, Pieces entirely detached from the Play, and no way essential to it.

'The moment the Play ends, Mrs. *Oldfield* is no more *Andromache*, but Mrs. *Oldfield*; and tho' the Poet had left *Andromache* stone-dead upon the Stage, as your ingenious Correspondent phrases it, Mrs. *Oldfield* might still have spoke a merry Epilogue. We have an Instance of this

¹ Marlborough.

² Budgell here defends with bad temper the Epilogue which Addison ascribed to him. Probably it was of his writing, but transformed by Addison's corrections.

'in a Tragedy¹ where there is not only a Death
'but a Martyrdom. *St. Catherine* was there per-
'sonated by *Nell Gwin*; she lies *stone dead upon*
'*the Stage*, but upon those Gentlemens offering
'to remove her Body, whose Business it is to
'carry off the Slain in our *English Tragedies*, she
'breaks out into that abrupt Beginning of what
'was a very ludicrous, but at the same time
'thought a very good Epilogue.

*Hold, are you mad? you damn'd confounded Dog,
I am to rise and speak the Epilogue.*

'This diverting Manner was always practised
'by Mr. *Dryden*, who if he was not the best
'Writer of Tragedies in his time, was allowed by
'every one to have the happiest Turn for a Pro-
'logue or an Epilogue. The Epilogues to *Cleo-*
'*menes*, *Don Sebastian*, *The Duke of Guise*,
'*Aurengzebe*, and *Love Triumphant*, are all
'Precedents of this Nature.

'I might further justify this Practice by that
'excellent Epilogue which was spoken a few Years
'since, after the Tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hippo-*
'*litus*; with a great many others, in which the
'Authors have endeavour'd to make the Audience
'merry. If they have not all succeeded so well
'as the Writer of this, they have however shewn
'that it was not for want of Good-will.

'I must further observe, that the Gaiety of it
'may be still the more proper, as it is at the end
'of a *French Play*; since every one knows that
'Nation, who are generally esteem'd to have as
'polite a Taste as any in *Europe*, always close
'their Tragick Entertainments with what they call
'a *Petite Piece*, which is purposely design'd to
'raise Mirth, and send away the Audience well
'pleas'd. The same Person who has supported
'the chief Character in the Tragedy, very often
'plays the principal Part in the *Petite Piece*; so
'that I have my self seen at *Paris*, *Orestes* and
'*Lubin* acted the same Night by the same Man.

'Tragi-Comedy, indeed, you have your self in
'a former Speculation found fault with very justly,
'because it breaks the Tide of the Passions while
'they are yet flowing; but this is nothing at all
'to the present Case, where they have already
'had their full Course.

'As the new Epilogue is written conformable to
'the Practice of our best Poets, so it is not such
'an one which, as the Duke of *Buckingham* says
'in his *Rehearsal*, might serve for any other
'Play; but wholly rises out of the Occurrences of
'the Piece it was composed for.

'The only Reason your mournful Correspond-
'ent gives against this *Facetious Epilogue*, as he
'calls it, is, that he has mind to go home *melan-*
'*choly*. I wish the Gentleman may not be more
'Grave than Wise. For my own part, I must
'confess I think it very sufficient to have the
'Anguish of a fictitious Piece remain upon me
'while it is representing, but I love to be sent
'home to bed in a good humour. If *Physibulus*
'is however resolv'd to be inconsolable, and not
'to have his Tears dried up, he need only con-
'tinue his old Custom, and when he has had his

¹ Dryden's *Maximin*.

'half Crown's worth of Sorrow, slink out before
'the Epilogue begins.

'It is pleasant enough to hear this Tragical
'Genius complaining of the *great Mischief An-*
'*dromache* had done him: What was that? Why,
'she made him laugh. The poor Gentleman's Suf-
'ferings put me in mind of *Harlequin's Case*, who
'was tickled to Death. He tells us soon after,
'thro' a small Mistake of Sorrow for Rage, that
'during the whole Action he was so very sorry,
'that he thinks he could have attack'd *half a score*
'of the *fiercest Mohocks* in the Excess of his Grief.
'I cannot but look upon it as an happy Accident,
'that a Man who is so bloody-minded in his Afflic-
'tion, was diverted from this Fit of outrageous
'Melancholy. The Valour of this Gentleman in
'his Distress, brings to one's memory the *Knight*
'of the *sorrowful Countenance*, who lays about
'him at such an unmerciful rate in an old Ro-
'mance. I shall readily grant him that his Soul,
'as he himself says, *would have made a very*
'*ridiculous Figure*, had it quitted the Body, and
'descended to the *Poetical Shades*, in such an
'Encounter.

'As to his Conceit of tacking a *Tragic Head*
'with a *Comic Tail*, in order to *refresh the Au-*
'*dience*, it is such a piece of *Jargon*, that I don't
'know what to make of it.

'The elegant Writer makes a very sudden
'Transition from the Play-house to the Church,
'and from thence, to the Gallows.

'As for what relates to the Church, he is of
'Opinion, that these Epilogues have given occa-
'sion to those *merry Figgs from the Organ-Loft*
'which have dissipated those good Thoughts, and
'Dispositions he has found in himself, and the
'rest of the Pew, upon the singing of two Staves
'cull'd out by the *judicious and diligent Clark*.

'He fetches his next Thought from *Tyburn*;
'and seems very apprehensive lest there should
'happen any Innovations in the Tragedies of his
'Friend *Paul Lorrain*.

'In the mean time, Sir, this gloomy Writer,
'who is so mightily scandaliz'd at a gay Epilogue
'after a serious Play, speaking of the Fate of
'those unhappy Wretches who are condemned to
'suffer an ignominious Death by the Justice of
'our Laws, endeavours to make the Reader merry
'on so improper an occasion, by those poor Bur-
'lesque Expressions of *Tragical Dramas*, and
'*Monthly Performances*.

I am, Sir, with great Respect,
Your most obedient, most humble Servant,
X. Philomeides.

No. 342.] Wednesday, April 2, 1712. [Steele.

Justitiæ partes sunt non violare homines: Vere-
cundiæ non offendere.—Tull.

AS Regard to Decency is a great Rule of Life
in general, but more especially to be con-
sulted by the Female World, I cannot overlook
the following Letter which describes an egregious
Offender.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I was this Day looking over your Papers, and
'reading in that of *December* the 6th with great
'delight, the amiable Grief of *Asteria* for the Ab-
'sence of her Husband, it threw me into a great
'deal of Reflection. I cannot say but this arose
'very much from the Circumstances of my own
'Life, who am a Soldier, and expect every Day to
'receive Orders; which will oblige me to leave
'behind me a Wife that is very dear to me, and
'that very deservedly. She is, at present, I am
'sure, no way below your *Asteria* for Conjugal
'Affection: But I see the Behaviour of some
'Women so little suited to the Circumstances
'wherein my Wife and I shall soon be, that it is
'with a Reluctance I never knew before, I am
'going to my Duty. What puts me to present
'Pain, is the Example of a young Lady, whose
'Story you shall have as well as I can give it you.
'*Hortensius*, an Officer of good Rank in her
'Majesty's Service, happen'd in a certain Part of
'*England* to be brought to a Country-Gentle-
'man's House, where he was receiv'd with that
'more than ordinary Welcome, with which Men
'of domestick Lives entertain such few Soldiers
'whom a military Life, from the variety of Ad-
'ventures, has not render'd over-bearing, but hu-
'mane, easy, and agreeable: *Hortensius* stay'd
'here some time, and had easy Access at all hours,
'as well as unavoidable Conversation at some
'parts of the Day with the beautiful *Sylvana*,
'the Gentleman's Daughter. People who live in
'Cities are wonderfully struck with every little
'Country Abode they see when they take the Air;
'and 'tis natural to fancy they could live in every
'neat Cottage (by which they pass) much happier
'than in their present Circumstances. The tur-
'bulent way of Life which *Hortensius* was used
'to, made him reflect with much Satisfaction on
'all the Advantages of a sweet Retreat one day;
'and among the rest, you'll think it not improba-
'ble, it might enter into his Thought, that such a
'Woman as *Sylvana* would consummate the Hap-
'piness. The World is so debauched with mean
'Considerations, that *Hortensius* knew it would
'be receiv'd as an Act of Generosity, if he asked
'for a Woman of the Highest Merit, without fur-
'ther Questions, of a Parent who had nothing to
'add to her personal Qualifications. The Wedding
'was celebrated at her Father's House: When
'that was over, the generous Husband did not
'proportion his Provision for her to the Circum-
'stances of her Fortune, but considered his Wife
'as his Darling, his Pride, and his Vanity, or
'rather that it was in the Woman he had chosen
'that a Man of Sense could shew Pride or Vanity
'with an Excuse, and therefore adorned her with
'rich Habits and valuable Jewels. He did not
'however omit to admonish her that he did his
'very utmost in this; that it was an Ostentation
'he could not but be guilty of to a Woman he had
'so much Pleasure in, desiring her to consider it
'as such; and begged of her also to take these
'Matters rightly, and believe the Gems, the
'Gowns, the Laces would still become her better,
'if her Air and Behaviour was such, that it might
'appear she dressed thus rather in Compliance to
'his Humour that Way, than out of any Value she

'her self had for the Trifles. To this Lesson, too
'hard for Woman, *Hortensius* added, that she
'must be sure to stay with her Friends in the
'Country till his Return. As soon as *Hortensius*
'departed, *Sylvana* saw in her Looking-glass that
'the Love he conceiv'd for her was wholly owing
'to the Accident of seeing her: and she is con-
'vinced it was only her Misfortune the rest of
'Mankind had not beheld her, or Men of much
'greater Quality and Merit had contended for one
'so genteel, tho' bred in Obscurity; so very witty,
'tho' never acquainted with Court or Town. She
'therefore resolved not to hide so much Excel-
'lence from the World, but without any Regard
'to the Absence of the most generous Man alive,
'she is now the gayest Lady about this Town, and
'has shut out the Thoughts of her Husband by a
'constant Retinue of the vainest young Fellows
'this Age has produced: to entertain whom, she
'squanders away all *Hortensius* is able to supply
'her with, tho' that Supply is purchased with no
'less Difficulty than the Hazard of his Life.

'Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, would it not be a
'Work becoming your Office to treat this Crimi-
'nal as she deserve[s]? You should give it the
'severest Reflections you can: You should tell
'Women, that they are more accountable for Be-
'haviour in Absence than after Death. The
'Dead are not dishonour'd by their Levities; the
'Living may return, and be laugh'd at by empty
'Fops, who will not fail to turn into Ridicule the
'good Man who is so unseasonable as to be still
'alive, and come and spoil good Company.

I am,

SIR,

your most Obedient
Humble Servant.

All Strictness of Behaviour is so unmercifully
laugh'd at in our Age, that the other much worse
Extreme is the more common Folly. But let any
Woman consider which of the two Offences an
Husband would the more easily forgive, that of
being less entertaining than she could to please
Company, or raising the Desires of the whole
Room to his disadvantage; and she will easily be
able to form her Conduct. We have indeed
carry'd Womens Characters too much into publick
Life, and you shall see them now-a-days affect a
sort of Fame: but I cannot help venturing to dis-
oblige them for their Service, by telling them, that
the utmost of a Woman's Character is contained
in Domestick Life; she is blameable or praise-
worthy according as her Carriage affects the
House of her Father or her Husband. All she
has to do in this World, is contain'd within the
Duties of a Daughter, a Sister, a Wife, and a
Mother: All these may be well performed, tho' a
Lady should not be the very finest Woman at an
Opera or an Assembly. They are likewise con-
sistent with a moderate share of Wit, a plain
Dress, and a modest Air. But when the very
Brains of the Sex are turned, and they place their
Ambition on Circumstances, wherein to excel is
no addition to what is truly commendable, where
can this end, but, as it frequently does, in their
placing all their Industry, Pleasure and Ambition
on things, which will naturally make the Gratifi-

cations of Life last, at best, no longer than Youth and good Fortune? And when we consider the least ill Consequence, it can be no less than looking on their own Condition as Years advance, with a disrelish of Life, and falling into Contempt of their own Persons, or being the Derision of others. But when they consider themselves as they ought, no other than an additional Part of the Species, (for their own Happiness and Comfort, as well as that of those for whom they were born) their Ambition to excell will be directed accordingly; and they will in no part of their Lives want Opportunities of being shining Ornaments to their Fathers, Husbands, Brothers, or Children. T.

No. 343.] Thursday, April 3, 1712. [Addison.

—Errat et illinc

*Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quolibet occupat artus
Spiritus: æque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feras noster*—— Pythag. ap. Ov.

WILL. HONEYCOMB, who loves to shew upon occasion all the little Learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the Club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the Transmigration of Souls, and that the Eastern Parts of the World believed in that Doctrine to this day. Sir Paul Rycant,¹ says he, gives us an Account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the Freedom of any little Bird they see confined to a Cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here by ransoming any of our Countrymen from their Captivity at Algiers. You must know, says WILL. the Reason is, because they consider every Animal as a Brother or Sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their Charity to them, tho' under such mean Circumstances. They'll tell you, says WILL. that the Soul of a Man, when he dies, immediately

¹ Sir Paul Rycant, the son of a London merchant, after an education at Trinity College, Cambridge, went in 1661 to Constantinople as Secretary to the Embassy. He published in 1668 his 'Present State of the Ottoman Empire,' in three Books, and in 1670 the work here quoted, 'A Particular Description of the Mahometan Religion, the Seraglio, the Maritime and Land Forces of Turkey,' abridged in 1701 in Savage's History of the Turks, and translated into French by Bespier in 1707. Consul afterwards at Smyrna, he wrote by command of Charles II. a book on 'The Present State of the Greek and American Churches,' published 1679. After his return from the East he was made Privy Councillor and Judge of the High Court of Admiralty. He was knighted by James II., and one of the first Fellows of the Royal Society. He published between 1687 and 1700, the year of his death, Knolles's History of the Turks, with a continuation of his own, and also translated Platina's Lives of the Popes and Garcilaso de la Vega's History of Peru.

passes into the Body of another Man, or of some Brute, which he resembled in his Humour, or his Fortune, when he was one of us.

As I was wondring what this profusion of Learning would end in, WILL. told us that Jack Freelove, who was a Fellow of Whim, made Love to one of those Ladies who throw away all their Fondness [on¹] Parrots, Monkeys, and Lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a Visit one Morning, he writ a very pretty Epistle upon this Hint. Jack, says he, was conducted into the Parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite Monkey, which was chained in one of the Windows; till at length observing a Pen and Ink lie by him, he writ the following Letter to his Mistress, in the Person of the Monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the Window, and went about his Business.

The Lady soon after coming into the Parlour, and seeing her Monkey look upon a Paper with great Earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt, says WILL., whether it was written by Jack or the Monkey.

Madam,

'Not having the Gift of Speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an Opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the Conveniences of Pen, Ink, and Paper by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my History in Writing, which I could not do by word of Mouth. You must know, Madam, that about a thousand Years ago I was an Indian Brachman, and versed in all those mysterious Secrets which your European Philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our Fraternity. I had so ingratiated my self by my great Skill in the occult Sciences with a Dæmon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desire that my Soul might never pass into the Body of a brute Creature; but this he told me was not in his Power to grant me. I then begg'd that into whatever Creature I should chance to Transmigrate, I might still retain my Memory, and be conscious that I was the same Person who lived in different Animals. This he told me was within his Power, and accordingly promised on the word of a Dæmon that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblameably, that I was made President of a College of Brachmans, an Office which I discharged with great Integrity till the day of my Death.

'I was then shuffled into another Human Body, and acted my Part so very well in it, that I became first Minister to a Prince who reigned upon the Banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great Honour for several Years, but by degrees lost all the Innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rifle and oppress the People to enrich my Sovereign; till at length I became so odious that my Master, to recover his Credit with his Subjects, shot me thro' the Heart with an Arrow, as I was one day addressing my self to him at the Head of his Army.

¹ [upon]

'Upon my next remove I found my self in the
'Woods, under the shape of a Jack-call, and soon
'listed my self in the Service of a Lion. I used
'to yelp near his Den about midnight, which was
'his time of rousing and seeking after his Prey.
'He always followed me in the Rear, and when I
'had run down a fat Buck, a wild Goat, or an
'Hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon
'it himself, would now and then throw me a Bone
'that was but half picked for my Encouragement;
'but upon my Being unsuccessful in two or three
'Chaces, he gave me such a confounded Gripe in
'his Anger, that I died of it.

'In my next Transmigration I was again set
'upon two Legs, and became an *Indian Tax-*
'gatherer; but having been guilty of great Ex-
'travagances, and being marry'd to an expensive
'Jade of a Wife, I ran so cursedly in debt, that I
'durst not shew my Head. I could no sooner
'step out of my House, but I was arrested by
'some body or other that lay in wait for me. As
'I ventur'd abroad one Night in the Dusk of the
'Evening, I was taken up and hurry'd into a
'Dungeon, where I died a few Months after.

'My Soul then enter'd into a Flying-Fish, and
'in that State led a most melancholy Life for the
'space of six Years. Several Fishes of Prey pur-
'sued me when I was in the Water, and if I be-
'took my self to my Wings, it was ten to one but
'I had a flock of Birds aiming at me. As I was
'one day flying amidst a fleet of *English Ships*, I
'observed a huge Sea-Gull whetting his Bill and
'hovering just over my Head: Upon my dipping
'into the Water to avoid him, I fell into the
'Mouth of a monstrous Shark that swallow'd me
'down in an instant.

'I was some Years afterwards, to my great sur-
'prize, an eminent Banker in *Lombard-street*;
'and remembering how I had formerly suffered for
'want of Money, became so very sordid and avar-
'itious, that the whole Town cried shame of me.
'I was a miserable little old Fellow to look upon,
'for I had in a manner starved my self, and was
'nothing but Skin and Bone when I died.

'I was afterwards very much troubled and
'amazed to find my self dwindled into an Emmet.
'I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant
'a Figure, and did not know but some time or
'other I might be reduced to a Mite if I did not
'mend my Manners. I therefore applied my self
'with great diligence to the Offices that were al-
'lotted me, and was generally look'd upon as the
'notablest Ant in the whole Molehill. I was at
'last picked up, as I was groaning under a Bur-
'den, by an unlucky Cock-Sparrow that lived in
'the Neighbourhood, and had before made great
'depredations upon our Commonwealth.

'I then better'd my Condition a little, and lived
'a whole Summer in the Shape of a Bee; but
'being tired with the painful and penurious Life
'I had undergone in my two last Transmigrations,
'I fell into the other Extream, and turned Drone.
'As I one day headed a Party to plunder an Hive,
'we were received so warmly by the Swarm which
'defended it, that we were most of us left dead
'upon the Spot.

'I might tell you of many other Transmigra-
'tions which I went thro': how I was a Town-

'Rake, and afterwards did Penance in a Bay
'Gelding for ten Years; as also how I was a
'Taylor, a Shrimp, and a Tom-tit. In the last of
'these my Shapes I was shot in the *Christmas*
'Holidays by a young Jack-a-napes, who would
'needs try his new Gun upon me.

'But I shall pass over these and other several
'Stages of Life, to remind you of the young Beau
'who made love to you about Six Years since.
'You may remember, Madam, how he masked,
'and danced, and sung, and play'd a thousand
'Tricks to gain you; and how he was at last
'carry'd off by a Cold that he got under your
'Window one Night in a Serenade. I was that
'unfortunate young Fellow, whom you were then
'so cruel to. Not long after my shifting that
'unlucky Body, I found myself upon a Hill in
'*Aethiopia*, where I lived in my present Grotesque
'Shape, till I was caught by a Servant of the
'*English Factory*, and sent over into *Great Bri-*
'*tain*: I need not inform you how I came into
'your Hands. You see, Madam, this is not the
'first time that you have had me in a Chain: I
'am, however, very happy in this my Captivity,
'as you often bestow on me those Kisses and
'Caresses which I would have given the World
'for, when I was a Man. I hope this Discovery
'of my Person will not tend to my Disadvantage,
'but that you will still continue your accustomed
'Favours to

Your most Devoted
Humble Servant,
Pugg.

P. S. 'I would advise your little Shock-dog to
'keep out of my way; for as I look upon him to
'be the most formidable of my Rivals, I may
'chance one time or other to give him such a Snap
'as he won't like. L.

No. 344.] Friday, April 4, 1712. [Steele.

—In solo vivendi causa palato est.—Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I THINK it has not yet fallen into your Way
'to discourse on little Ambition, or the many
'whimsical Ways Men fall into, to distinguish
'themselves among their Acquaintance: Such
'Observations, well pursued, would make a pretty
'History of low Life. I my self am got into a
'great Reputation, which arose (as most extra-
'ordinary Occurrences in a Man's Life seem to
'do) from a mere Accident. I was some Days
'ago unfortunately engaged among a Set of
'Gentlemen, who esteem a Man according to the
'Quantity of Food he throws down at a Meal.
'Now I, who am ever for distinguishing my self
'according to the Notions of Superiority which
'the rest of the Company entertain, ate so im-
'moderately for their Applause, as had like to
'have cost me my Life. What added to my Mis-
'fortune was, that having naturally a good Sto-
'mach, and having lived soberly for some time,
'my Body was as well prepared for this Contem-
'tion as if it had been by Appointment. I had

'quickly vanquished every Glutton in Company
'but one, who was such a Prodigy in his Way,
'and withal so very merry during the whole En-
'tertainment, that he insensibly betrayed me to
'continue his Competitor, which in a little time
'concluded in a compleat Victory over my Rival;
'after which, by Way of Insult, I ate a consider-
'able Proportion beyond what the Spectators
'thought me obliged in Honour to do. The Ef-
'fect however of this Engagement, has made me
'resolve never to eat more for Renown; and I
'have, pursuant to this Resolution, compounded
'three Wagers I had depending on the Strength
'of my Stomach; which happened very luckily,
'because it was stipulated in our Articles either
'to play or pay. How a Man of common Sense
'could be thus engaged, is hard to determine;
'but the Occasion of this, is to desire you to in-
'form several Gluttons of my Acquaintance, who
'look on me with Envy, that they had best
'moderate their Ambition in time, lest Infamy or
'Death attend their Success. I forgot to tell
'you, Sir, with what unspeakable Pleasure I
'received the Acclamations and Applause of the
'whole Board, when I had almost eat my An-
'tagonist into Convulsions: It was then that I
'returned his Mirth upon him with such success
'as he was hardly able to swallow, though
'prompted by a Desire of Fame, and a passionate
'Fondness for Distinction: I had not endeavoured
'to excel so far, had not the Company been so
'loud in their Approbation of my Victory. I
'don't question but the same Thirst after Glory
'has often caused a Man to drink Quarts without
'taking Breath, and prompted Men to many other
'difficult Enterprizes; which if otherwise pur-
'sued, might turn very much to a Man's Ad-
'vantage. This Ambition of mine was indeed
'extravagantly pursued; however I can't help
'observing, that you hardly ever see a Man com-
'mended for a good Stomach, but he immediately
'falls to eating more (tho' he had before dined)
'as well to confirm the Person that commended
'him in his good Opinion of him, as to convince
'any other at the Table, who may have been un-
'attentive enough not to have done Justice to his
'Character.

*I am, Sir,
Your most humble Servant,
Epicure Mammon.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have writ to you three or four times, to
'desire you would take notice of an impertinent
'Custom the Women, the fine Women, have
'lately fallen into, of taking Snuff.¹ This silly

¹ Charles Lillie, the perfumer, from whose shop at the corner of Beaufort Buildings the original Spectators were distributed, left behind him a book of receipts and observations, 'The British Perfumer, Snuff Manufacturer, and Colourman's Guide,' of which the MS. was sold with his business, but which remained unpublished until 1822. He opens his Part III. 'on Snuffs' with an account of the Origin of Snuff-taking in England, the practice being one that had become fashionable in his day, and only about eight years before

'Trick is attended with such a Coquet Air in
'some Ladies, and such a sedate masculine one in
'others, that I cannot tell which most to com-
'plain of; but they are to me equally disagree-
'able. Mrs. Saunter is so impatient of being
'without it, that she takes it as often as she does
'Salt at Meals; and as she affects a wonderful
'Ease and Negligence in all her manner, an upper
'Lip mixed with Snuff and the Sauce, is what is
'presented to the Observation of all who have
'the honour to eat with her. The pretty Creature
'her Neice does all she can to be as disagreeable
'as her Aunt; and if she is not as offensive to the
'Eye, she is quite as much to the Ear, and makes
'up all she wants in a confident Air, by a nau-
'seous Rattle of the Nose, when the Snuff is
'delivered, and the Fingers make the Stops and
'Closes on the Nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a
'very courtly Image in speaking of Ladies; that
'is very true: but where arises the Offence? Is

the appearance of the *Spectator*. It dates from Sir George Rooke's expedition against Cadiz in 1702. Before that time snuff-taking in England was confined to a few luxurious foreigners and English who had travelled abroad. They took their snuff with pipes of the size of quills out of small spring boxes. The pipes let out a very small quantity upon the back of the hand, and this was snuffed up the nostrils with the intention of producing a sneeze which, says Lillie, "I need not say forms now no part of the design or rather fashion of snuff-taking;" least of all in the ladies who took part in this method of snuffing defiance at the public enemy. When the fleet, after the failure of its enterprize against Cadiz, proceeded to cut off the French ships in Vigobay, on the way it plundered Port St. Mary and adjacent places, where, among other merchandize, seizure was made of several thousand barrels and casks, each containing four tin canisters of snuff's of the best growth and finest Spanish manufacture. At Vigo, among the merchandize taken from the shipping there destroyed, were 'prodigious quantities of gross snuff, from the Havannah, in bales, bags, and scrows' (untanned buffalo hides, used with the hairy-side inwards, for making packages), 'which were designed for manufacture in different parts of Spain.' Altogether fifty tons of snuff were brought home as part of the prize of the officers and sailors of the fleet. Of the coarse snuff, called Vigo snuff, the sailors, among whom it was shared, sold waggonloads at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, for not more than three-pence or four-pence a pound. The greater part of it was bought up by Spanish Jews, to their own very considerable profit. The fine snuffs taken at Port St. Mary, and divided among the officers, were sold by some of them at once for a small price, while others held their stocks and, as the snuff so taken became popular and gave a patriotic impulse to the introduction of a fashion which had hitherto been almost confined to foreigners, they got very high prices for it. This accounts for the fact that the ladies too had added the use of the perfumed snuff-box to their other fashionable accomplishments.

'it in those who commit, or those who observe it?
'As for my part, I have been so extremely dis-
'gusted with this filthy Physick hanging on the
'Lip, that the most agreeable Conversation, or
'Person, has not been able to make up for it.
'As to those who take it for no other end but to
'give themselves Occasion for pretty Action, or to
'fill up little Intervals of Discourse, I can bear
'with them; but then they must not use it when
'another is speaking, who ought to be heard with
'too much respect, to admit of offering at that
'time from Hand to Hand the Snuff-Box. But
'*Flavilla* is so far taken with her Behaviour in
'this kind, that she pulls out her Box (which is
'indeed full of good *Brazile*) in the middle of the
'Sermon; and to shew she has the Audacity of a
'well-bred Woman, she offers it the Men as well
'as the Women who sit near her: But since by
'this Time all the World knows she has a fine
'Hand, I am in hopes she may give her self no
'further Trouble in this matter. On *Sunday* was
'sennight, when they came about for the Of-
'fering, she gave her Charity with a very good
'Air, but at the same Time asked the Church-
'warden if he would take a Pinch. Pray, Sir,
'think of these things in time, and you will
'oblige,

SIR,

T. your most humble servant.

No. 345.] Saturday, April 5, 1712. [Addison.

*Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset,
Natus homo est* — Ov. Met.

THE Accounts which *Raphael* gives of the
Battel of Angels, and the Creation of the
World, have in them those Qualifications which
the Criticks judge requisite to an Episode. They
are nearly related to the principal Action, and
have a just Connexion with the Fable.

The eighth Book opens with a beautiful De-
scription of the Impression which this Discourse
of the Archangel made on our first Parent[s].
Adam afterwards, by a very natural Curiosity,
enquires concerning the Motions of those Celestial
Bodies which make the most glorious Appearance
among the six days Works. The Poet here, with
a great deal of Art, represents *Eve* as withdraw-
ing from this part of their Conversation, to Amuse-
ments more suitable to her Sex. He well knew,
that the Episode in this Book, which is filled with
Adam's Account of his Passion and Esteem for
Eve, would have been improper for her hearing,
and has therefore devised very just and beautiful
Reasons for her Retiring.

So spake our Sire, and by his Count'nance
seem'd
Entr'ing on studious Thoughts abstruse: which
Eye
Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,
With lowliness majestick, from her Seat,
And Grace, that won who saw to wish her Stay,

Rose; and went forth among her Fruits and
Flowers

To visit how they prosper'd, Bud and Bloom,
Her Nursery: they at her coming sprung,
And touch'd by her fair Tendance gladlier
grew.

Yet went she not, as not with such Discourse
Delighted, or not capable her Ear

Of what was high: Such Pleasure she reserved,
Adam relating, she sole Auditress;

Her Husband the Relater she prefer'd

Before the Angel, and of him to ask

Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix

Grateful Digressions, and solve high Dispute

With conjugal Caresses; from his Lip

Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet
now

Such Pairs, in Love and mutual Honour join'd!

The Angel's returning a doubtful Answer to
Adam's Enquiries, was not only proper for the
Moral Reason which the Poet assigns, but be-
cause it would have been highly absurd to have
given the Sanction of an Archangel to any par-
ticular System of Philosophy. The chief Points
in the *Ptolemaick* and *Copernican* Hypothesis are
described with great Conciseness and Perspicuity,
and at the same time dressed in very pleasing and
poetical Images.

Adam, to detain the Angel, enters afterwards
upon his own History, and relates to him the Cir-
cumstances in which he found himself upon his
Creation; as also his Conversation with his
Maker, and his first meeting with *Eve*. There
is no part of the Poem more apt to raise the At-
tention of the Reader, than this Discourse of our
great Ancestor; as nothing can be more surpriz-
ing and delightful to us, than to hear the Sentim-
ents that arose in the first Man while he was yet
new and fresh from the Hands of his Creator.
The Poet has interwoven every thing which is
delivered upon this Subject in Holy Writ with so
many beautiful Imaginations of his own, that
nothing can be conceived more just and natural
than this whole Episode. As our Author knew
this Subject could not but be agreeable to his
Reader, he would not throw it into the Relation
of the six days Works, but reserved it for a dis-
tinct Episode, that he might have an opportunity
of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I
enter on this part of the Poem, I cannot but take
notice of two shining Passages in the Dialogue
between *Adam* and the Angel. The first is that
wherein our Ancestor gives an Account of the
pleasure he took in conversing with him, which
contains a very noble Moral.

For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,
And sweeter thy Discourse is to my Ear
Than Fruits of Palm-tree (pleasantest to Thirst
And Hunger both from Labour) at the hour
Of sweet Repast: they satiate, and soon fill,
Tho' pleasant; but thy Words with Grace
divine
Imbu'd, bring to their Sweetness no Satiety.

The other I shall mention, is that in which the
Angel gives a Reason why he should be glad to
hear the Story *Adam* was about to relate.

*For I that day was absent, as befel,
Bound on a Voyage uncouth and obscure;
Far on Excursion towards the Gates of Hell,
Squar'd in full Legion (such Command we had)
To see that none thence issued forth a Spy,
Or Enemy, while God was in his Work,
Lest he, incens'd at such Eruption bold,
Destruction with Creation might have mix'd.*

There is no question but our Poet drew the Image in what follows from that in *Virgil's* sixth Book, where *Aeneas* and the Sibyl stand before the Adamantine Gates, which are there described as shut upon the Place of Torments, and listen to the Groans, the Clank of Chains, and the Noise of Iron Whips, that were heard in those Regions of Pain and Sorrow.

—Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal Gates, and barricad'd strong;
But long ere our Approaching heard within
Noise, other than the Sound of Dance or Song,
Torment, and loud Lament, and furious Rage.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his Condition and Sentiments immediately after his Creation. How agreeably does he represent the Posture in which he found himself, the beautiful Landskip that surrounded him, and the Gladness of Heart which grew up in him on that occasion?

—As new waked from soundest Sleep,
Soft on the flow'ry Herb I found me laid
In balmy Sweat, which with his Beams the Sun
Soon dried, and on the reaking Moisture fed.
Streight towards Heav'n my wond'ring Eyes I
turn'd,
And gazed awhile the ample Sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive Motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my Feet: About me round I saw
Hill, Dale, and shady Woods, and sunny Plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring Streams; by
these
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or
flew,
Birds on the Branches warbling; all things
smil'd:
With Fragrance, and with Joy my Heart o'er-
flow'd.

Adam is afterwards describ'd as surpriz'd at his own Existence, and taking a Survey of himself, and of all the Works of Nature. He likewise is represented as discovering by the Light of Reason, that he and every thing about him must have been the Effect of some Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a right to his Worship and Adoration. His first Address to the Sun, and to those Parts of the Creation which made the most distinguished Figure, is very natural and amusing to the Imagination.

—Thou Sun, said I, fair Light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods and
Plains,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures tell,
Tell if you saw, how came I thus, how here?

His next Sentiment, when upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his Existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently admired. His Dream, in which he still preserves the Consciousness of his Existence, together with his removal into the Garden which was prepared for his Reception, are also Circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in Sacred Story.

These and the like wonderful Incidents in this Part of the Work, have in them all the Beauties of Novelty, at the same time that they have all the Graces of Nature. They are such as none but a great Genius could have thought of, tho', upon the perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the Subject of which he treats. In a word, tho' they are natural, they are not obvious, which is the true Character of all fine Writing.

The Impression which the Interdiction of the Tree of Life left in the Mind of our first Parent, is describ'd with great Strength and Judgment; as the Image of the several Beasts and Birds passing in review before him is very beautiful and lively.

—Each Bird and Beast behold
Approaching two and two, these cowering low
With Blandishment; each Bird stoop'd on his
Wing:
I nam'd them as they pass'd—

Adam, in the next place, describes a Conference which he held with his Maker upon the Subject of Solitude. The Poet here represents the supreme Being, as making an Essay of his own Work, and putting to the tryal that reasoning Faculty, with which he had endued his Creature. *Adam* urges, in this Divine Colloquy, the Impossibility of his being happy, tho' he was the Inhabitant of *Paradise*, and Lord of the whole Creation, without the Conversation and Society of some rational Creature, who should partake those Blessings with him. This Dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the Beauty of the Thoughts, without other poetical Ornaments, is as fine a Part as any in the whole Poem: The more the Reader examines the Justness and Delicacy of its Sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The Poet has wonderfully preserved the Character of Majesty and Condescension in the Creator, and at the same time that of Humility and Adoration in the Creature, as particularly in the following Lines:

Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,
As with a Smile more brightned, thus reply'd,
&c.

—I, with leave of Speech implor'd
And humble Deprecation, thus reply'd:
Let not my Words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak, &c.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his second Sleep, and of the Dream in which he beheld the Formation of *Eve*. The new Passion that was awaken'd in him at the sight of her, is touch'd very finely.