

*Under his forming Hands a Creature grew,
Manlike, but different Sex: so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the World, seem'd
now*

*Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her Looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my Heart, unfelt before:
And into all things from her Air inspir'd
The Spirit of Love and amorous Delight.*

Adam's Distress upon losing sight of this beautiful Phantom, with his Exclamations of Joy and Gratitude at the discovery of a real Creature, who resembled the Apparition which had been presented to him in his Dream; the Approaches he makes to her, and his Manner of Courtship; are all laid together in a most exquisite Propriety of Sentiments.

Tho' this Part of the Poem is work'd up with great Warmth and Spirit, the Love which is described in it is every way suitable to a State of Innocence. If the Reader compares the Description which Adam here gives of his leading Eve to the Nuptial Bower, with that which Mr. Dryden has made on the same occasion in a Scene of his *Fall of Man*, he will be sensible of the great care which Milton took to avoid all Thoughts on so delicate a Subject, that might be offensive to Religion or Good-Manners. The Sentiments are chaste, but not cold; and convey to the Mind Ideas of the most transporting Passion, and of the greatest Purity. What a noble Mixture of Rapture and Innocence has the Author join'd together, in the Reflection which Adam makes on the Pleasures of Love, compared to those of Sense.

*Thus have I told thee all my State, and brought
My Story to the sum of earthly Bliss,
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
In all things else Delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the Mind no Change
Nor vehement Desire; these Delicacies
I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits,
and Flowers,
Walks, and the Melody of Birds: but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here Passion first I felt,
Commotion strange! in all Enjoyments else
Superiour and unmov'd, here only weak
Against the Charms of Beauty's powerful Glance.
Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some Part
Not Proof enough such Object to sustain;
Or from my Side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of Ornament in outward shew
Elaborate, of inward less exact.*

*When I approach
Her Loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself compleat, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, vertuous, discreetest, best:
All higher Knowledge in her Presence falls
Degraded: Wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanc'd, and like Folly shews;
Authority and Reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally: and to consummate all,
Greatness of Mind, and Nobleness their Seat*

*Build in her loveliest, and create an Awe
About her, as a Guard angelick plac'd.*

These Sentiments of Love, in our first Parent, gave the Angel such an Insight into Humane Nature, that he seems apprehensive of the Evils which might befall the Species in general, as well as Adam in particular, from the Excess of this Passion. He therefore fortifies him against it by timely Admonitions; which very artfully prepare the Mind of the Reader for the Occurrences of the next Book, where the Weakness of which Adam here gives such distant Discoveries, brings about that fatal Event which is the Subject of the Poem. His Discourse, which follows the gentle Rebuke he received from the Angel, shews that his Love, however violent it might appear, was still founded in Reason, and consequently not improper for Paradise.

*Neither her outside Form so fair, nor aught
In Procreation common to all kinds,
(Tho' higher of the genial Bed by far,
And with mysterious Reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful Acts,
Those thousand Decencies that daily flow
From all her Words and Actions, mixt with Love
And sweet Compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded Pair!*

Adam's Speech, at parting with the Angel, has in it a Deference and Gratitude agreeable to an inferior Nature, and at the same time a certain Dignity and Greatness suitable to the Father of Mankind in his State of Innocence. L.

No. 346.] Monday, April 7, 1712. [Steele.

*Consuetudinem benignitatis largitioni Munerum
longe antepono. Hæc est Gravium hominum
atque Magnorum; Illa quasi assentatorum
populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate quasi
titillantium.—Tull.*

WHEN we consider the Offices of humane Life, there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call Generosity, which when carefully examined, seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded Temper, than an honest and liberal Mind. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that all Liberality should have for its Basis and Support Frugality. By this means the beneficent Spirit works in a Man from the Convictions of Reason, not from the Impulses of Passion. The generous Man, in the ordinary acceptation, without respect to the Demands of his own Family, will soon find, upon the Foot of his Account, that he has sacrificed to Fools, Knaves, Flatterers, or the deservedly Unhappy, all the Opportunities of affording any future Assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in it self laudable, should not a Man take care to secure Ability to do things praise-worthy as long as he lives? Or could there be a more cruel Piece of Raillery upon a Man who should have

reduc'd his Fortune below the Capacity of acting according to his natural Temper, than to say of him, *That Gentleman was generous?* My beloved Author therefore has, in the Sentence on the Top of my Paper, turned his Eye with a certain Satiety from beholding the Addresses to the People by Largesses and publick Entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the Circumstances of Time and a Man's own Fortune. A constant Benignity in Commerce with the rest of the World, which ought to run through all a Man's Actions, has Effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and less ostentatious in your self. He turns his Recommendation of this Virtue in commercial Life: and according to him a Citizen who is frank in his Kindnesses, and abhors Severity in his Demands; he who in buying, selling, lending, doing acts of good Neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to Disputes, and above the Sense of little Sufferings; bears a nobler Character, and does much more good to Mankind, than any other Man's Fortune without Commerce can possibly support. For the Citizen above all other Men has Opportunities of arriving at *that highest Fruit of Wealth, to be liberal without the least Expence of a Man's own Fortune.* It is not to be denied but such a Practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the Obligation, that, among Traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the Favour a Secret, as he who receives it. The unhappy Distinctions among us in *England* are so great, that to celebrate the Intercourse of commercial Friendship, (with which I am daily made acquainted) would be to raise the virtuous Man so many Enemies of the contrary Party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of *Tom the Bounteous*, who lends at the ordinary Interest, to give Men of less Fortune Opportunities of making greater Advantages. He conceals, under a rough Air and distant Behaviour, a bleeding Compassion and womanish Tenderness. This is governed by the most exact Circumspection, that there is no Industry wanting in the Person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper Expences. This I know of *Tom*, but who dare say it of so known a Tory? The same Care I was forced to use some time ago in the Report of another's Virtue, and said fifty instead of a hundred, because the Man I pointed at was a Whig. Actions of this kind are popular without being invidious: for every Man of ordinary Circumstances looks upon a Man who has this known Benignity in his Nature, as a Person ready to be his Friend upon such Terms as he ought to expect it; and the Wealthy, who may envy such a Character, can do no Injury to its Interests but by the Imitation of it, in which the good Citizens will rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to form to myself a greater Idea of Humane Life, than in what is the Practice of some wealthy Men whom I could name, that make no step to the Improvement of their own Fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other Men, who would languish in Poverty without that Munificence. In a Nation where there are so many publick Funds to be supported, I know not whether he can be called a good Subject, who does

not embark some part of his Fortune with the State, to whose Vigilance he owes the Security of the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an Obligation upon many, and extending his Benignity the furthest a Man can possibly, who is not engaged in Commerce. But he who trades, besides giving the State some part of this sort of Credit he gives his Banker, may in all the Occurrences of his Life have his Eye upon removing Want from the Door of the Industrious, and defending the unhappy upright Man from Bankruptcy. Without this Benignity, Pride or Vengeance will precipitate a Man to chuse the Receipt of half his Demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has shewn Mercy. This Benignity is essential to the Character of a fair Trader, and any Man who designs to enjoy his Wealth with Honour and Self-Satisfaction: Nay, it would not be hard to maintain, that the Practice of supporting good and industrious Men, would carry a Man further even to his Profit, than indulging the Propensity of serving and obliging the Fortunate. My Author argues on this Subject, in order to incline Men's Minds to those who want them most, after this manner; *We must always consider the Nature of things, and govern our selves accordingly. The wealthy Man, when he has repaid you, is upon a Ballance with you; but the Person whom you favour'd with a Loan, if he be a good Man, will think himself in your Debt after he has paid you. The Wealthy and the Conspicuous are not obliged by the Benefit you do them, they think they conferred a Benefit when they receive one. Your good Offices are always suspected, and it is with them the same thing to expect their Favour as to receive it. But the Man below you, who knows in the Good you have done him, you respected himself more than his Circumstances, does not act like an obliged Man only to him from whom he has received a Benefit, but also to all who are capable of doing him one. And whatever little Offices he can do for you, he is so far from magnifying it, that he will labour to extenuate it in all his Actions and Expressions. Moreover, the Regard to what you do to a great Man, at best is taken notice of no further than by himself or his Family; but what you do to a Man of an humble Fortune, (provided always that he is a good and a modest Man) raises the Affections towards you of all Men of that Character (of which there are many) in the whole City.*

There is nothing gains a Reputation to a Preacher so much as his own Practice; I am therefore casting about what Act of Benignity is in the Power of a SPECTATOR. Alas, that lies but in a very narrow compass, and I think the most immediate under my Patronage, are either Players, or such whose Circumstances bear an Affinity with theirs: All therefore I am able to do at this time of this Kind, is to tell the Town that on *Friday* the 11th of this Instant *April*, there will be perform'd in *York-Buildings* a Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, for the Benefit of *Mr. Edward Keen*, the Father of twenty Children; and that this Day the haughty *George Powell* hopes all the good-natur'd part of the Town will favour him, whom they Applauded

in *Alexander, Timon, Lear, and Orestes*, with their Company this Night, when he hazards all his heroick Glory for their Approbation in the humbler Condition of honest *Jack Falstaffe*. T.

No. 347.] Tuesday, April 8, 1711. [Budgell.

Quis furor ô Cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri!
Lucan.

I DO not question but my Country Readers have been very much surprized at the several Accounts they have met with in our publick Papers of that Species of Men among us, lately known by the Name of *Mohocks*. I find the Opinions of the Learned, as to their Origin and Designs, are altogether various, insomuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any such Society of Men. The Terror which spread it self over the whole Nation some Years since, on account of the *Irish*, is still fresh in most Peoples Memories, tho' it afterwards appeared there was not the least Ground for that general Consternation.

The late Panick Fear was, in the Opinion of many deep and penetrating Persons, of the same nature. These will have it, that the *Mohocks* are like those Spectres and Apparitions which frighten several Towns and Villages in her Majesty's Dominions, tho' they were never seen by any of the Inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these *Mohocks* are a kind of Bull-Beggars, first invented by prudent married Men, and Masters of Families, in order to deter their Wives and Daughters from taking the Air at unseasonable Hours; and that when they tell them the *Mohocks will catch them*, it is a Caution of the same nature with that of our Fore-fathers, when they bid their Children have a care of *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones*.

For my own part, I am afraid there was too much Reason for that great Alarm the whole City has been in upon this Occasion; tho' at the same time I must own that I am in some doubt whether the following Pieces are Genuine and Authentick: and the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the Name by which the Emperor subscribes himself, is altogether conformable to the *Indian* Orthography.

I shall only further inform my Readers, that it was some time since I receiv'd the following Letter and Manifesto, tho' for particular Reasons I did not think fit to publish them till now.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

Finding that our earnest Endeavours for the Good of Mankind have been basely and maliciously represented to the World, we send you enclosed our Imperial Manifesto, which it is our Will and Pleasure that you forthwith communicate to the Publick, by inserting it in your next daily Paper. We do not doubt of your ready Compliance in this Particular, and therefore bid you heartily Farewell.

Sign'd,

Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar,
Emperor of the Mohocks.

The Manifesto of Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar,
Emperor of the Mohocks.

Whereas we have received Information from sundry Quarters of this great and populous City, of several Outrages committed on the Legs, Arms, Noses, and other Parts of the good People of *England*, by such as have styled themselves our Subjects; in order to vindicate our Imperial Dignity from those false Aspersiones which have been cast on it, as if we our selves might have encouraged or abetted any such Practices; we have, by these Presents, thought fit to signify our utmost Abhorrence and Detestation of all such tumultuous and irregular Proceedings: and do hereby further give notice, that if any Person or Persons has or have suffered any Wound, Hurt, Damage or Detriment in his or their Limb or Limbs, otherwise than shall be hereafter specified, the said Person or Persons, upon applying themselves to such as we shall appoint for the Inspection and Redress of the Grievances aforesaid, shall be forthwith committed to the Care of our principal Surgeon, and be cured at our own Expence, in some one or other of those Hospitals which we are now erecting for that purpose.

And to the end that no one may, either through Ignorance or Inadvertency, incur those Penalties which we have thought fit to inflict on Persons of loose and dissolute Lives, we do hereby notify to the Publick, that if any Man be knocked down or assaulted while he is employed in his lawful Business, at proper Hours, that it is not done by our Order; and we do hereby permit and allow any such person so knocked down or assaulted, to rise again, and defend himself in the best manner that he is able.

We do also command all and every our good Subjects, that they do not presume, upon any Pretext whatsoever, to issue and sally forth from their respective Quarters till between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve. That they never *Tip the Lion* upon Man, Woman or Child, till the Clock at *St. Dunstan's* shall have struck One.

That the *Sweat* be never given but between the Hours of One and Two; always provided, that our *Hunters* may begin to *Hunt* a little after the Close of the Evening, any thing to the contrary herein notwithstanding. Provided also, that if ever they are reduced to the Necessity of *Pinking*, it shall always be in the most fleshy Parts, and such as are least exposed to view.

It is also our Imperial Will and Pleasure, that our good Subjects the *Sweaters* do establish their *Hummums*¹ in such close Places, Alleys, Nooks, and Corners, that the Patient or Patients may not be in danger of catching Cold.

That the *Tumblers*, to whose Care we chiefly commit the Female Sex, confine themselves to *Drury-Lane* and the Purlieu of the *Temple*; and that every other Party and Division of our Subjects do each of them keep within the respective Quarters we have allotted to them. Provided nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall

¹ Turkish Sweating Baths. The *Hummums* in *Covent Garden* was one of the first of these baths (*bagnios*) set up in *England*.

'in any wise be construed to extend to the
'*Hunters*, who have our full Licence and Per-
'mission to enter into any Part of the Town
'where-ever their Game shall lead them.

'And whereas we have nothing more at our
'Imperial Heart than the Reformation of the
'Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, which to
'our unspeakable Satisfaction we have in some
'measure already effected, we do hereby earn-
'estly pray and exhort all Husbands, Fathers,
'Housekeepers and Masters of Families, in either
'of the aforesaid Cities, not only to repair them-
'selves to their respective Habitations at early
'and seasonable Hours; but also to keep their
'Wives and Daughters, Sons, Servants, and
'Apprentices, from appearing in the Streets at
'those Times and Seasons which may expose
'them to a military Discipline, as it is practised
'by our good Subjects the *Mohocks*: and we do
'further promise, on our Imperial Word, that as
'soon as the Reformation aforesaid shall be
'brought about, we will forthwith cause all Hos-
'tilities to cease.

*Given from our Court at the Devil-
Tavern, March 15, 1712.*

X.

No. 348.] *Wednesday, April 9, 1712.* [Steele.

Invidiam placare paras virtute relicta?—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE not seen you lately at any of the
'Places where I visit, so that I am afraid you
'are wholly unacquainted with what passes among
'my part of the World, who are, tho' I say it,
'without Controversy, the most accomplished and
'best bred of the Town. Give me leave to tell
'you, that I am extremely discomposed when I
'hear Scandal, and am an utter Enemy to all
'manner of Detraction, and think it the greatest
'Meanness that People of Distinction can be
'guilty of: However, it is hardly possible to
'come into Company, where you do not find them
'pulling one another to pieces, and that from no
'other Provocation but that of hearing any one
'commended. Merit, both as to Wit and Beauty,
'is become no other than the Possession of a few
'trifling People's Favour, which you cannot pos-
'sibly arrive at, if you have really any thing in
'you that is deserving. What they would bring
'to pass, is, to make all Good and Evil consist in
'Report, and with Whispers, Calumnies and
'Impertinencies, to have the Conduct of those
'Reports. By this means Innocents are blasted
'upon their first Appearance in Town; and there
'is nothing more required to make a young
'Woman the object of Envy and Hatred, than to
'deserve Love and Admiration. This abominable
'Endeavour to suppress or lessen every thing
'that is praise-worthy, is as frequent among the
'Men as the Women. If I can remember what
'passed at a Visit last Night, it will serve as an
'Instance that the Sexes are equally inclined to
'Defamation, with equal Malice, with equal
'Impotence. *Jack Triplett* came into my Lady
'*Airy's* about Eight of [the] Clock. You know

'the manner we sit at a Visit, and I need not
'describe the Circle; but Mr. *Triplett* came in,
'introduced by two Tapers supported by a spruce
'Servant, whose Hair is under a Cap till my
'Lady's Candles are all lighted up, and the Hour
'of Ceremony begins: I say, *Jack Triplett*
'came in, and singing (for he is really good Com-
'pany) 'Every Feature, Charming Creature,
'— he went on, *It is a most unreasonable
thing that People cannot go peaceably to see their
Friends, but these Murderers are let loose. Such
a Shape! such an Air! what a Glance was that
as her Chariot pass'd by mine—* My Lady
'herself interrupted him; *Pray who is this fine
Thing— I warrant, says another, 'tis the
Creature I was telling your Ladyship of just
now. You were telling of?* says *Jack*; *I wish
I had been so happy as to have come in and
heard you, for I have not Words to say what
she is:* But if an agreeable Height, a modest
'Air, a Virgin Shame, and Impatience of being
'beheld, amidst a Blaze of ten thousand Charms
'— The whole Room flew out— Oh Mr.
'*Triplett!*— When Mrs. *Lofty*, a known Prude,
'said she believed she knew whom the Gentleman
'meant; but she was indeed, as he civilly repre-
'sented her, impatient of being beheld— Then
'turning to the Lady next to her— *The most
unbred Creature you ever saw.* Another pursued
'the Discourse: As unbred, Madam, as you
'may think her, she is extremely bely'd if she is
'the Novice she appears; she was last Week at a
'Ball till two in the Morning; Mr. *Triplett*
'knows whether he was the happy Man that took
'Care of her home; but— This was followed
'by some particular Exception that each Woman
'in the Room made to some peculiar Grace or
'Advantage; so that Mr. *Triplett* was beaten
'from one Limb and Feature to another, till he
'was forced to resign the whole Woman. In the
'end I took notice *Triplett* recorded all this
'Malice in his Heart; and saw in his Countenance,
'and a certain waggish Shrug, that he design'd to
'repeat the Conversation: I therefore let the
'Discourse die, and soon after took an Occasion
'to commend a certain Gentleman of my Acquaint-
'ance for a Person of singular Modesty, Courage,
'Integrity, and withal as a Man of an entertaining
'Conversation, to which Advantages he had a
'Shape and Manner peculiarly graceful. Mr.
'*Triplett*, who is a Woman's Man, seem'd to hear
'me with Patience enough commend the Qualities
'of his Mind: He never heard indeed but that
'he was a very honest Man, and no Fool; but for
'a fine Gentleman, he must ask Pardon. Upon
'no other Foundation than this, Mr. *Triplett* took
'occasion to give the Gentleman's Pedigree, by
'what Methods some part of the Estate was
'acquired, how much it was beholden to a Mar-
'riage for the present Circumstances of it: After
'all, he could see nothing but a common Man in
'his Person, his Breeding or Understanding.

'Thus, Mr. SPECTATOR, this impertinent Hu-
'mour of diminishing every one who is produced
'in Conversation to their Advantage, runs thro'
'the World; and I am, I confess, so fearful of
'the Force of ill Tongues, that I have begged of
'all those who are my Well-wishers never to com-

'mend me, for it will but bring my Frailties into Examination, and I had rather be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed Perfections. I am confident a thousand young People, who would have been Ornaments to Society, have, from Fear of Scandal, never dared to exert themselves in the polite Arts of Life. Their Lives have passed away in an odious Rusticity, in spite of great Advantages of Person, Genius and Fortune. There is a vicious Terror of being blamed in some well-inclin'd People, and a wicked Pleasure in suppressing them in others; both which I recommend to your Spectatorial Wisdom to animadvert upon; and if you can be successful in it, I need not say how much you will deserve of the Town; but new Toasts will owe to you their Beauty, and new Wits their Fame. I am,

SIR,
Your most Obedient
Humble Servant,

T. Mary.

No. 349.] Thursday, April 10, 1712. [Addison.

Quos ille timorum
Maximus haud urget lethi metus: inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis—— Lucan.

I AM very much pleased with a Consolatory Letter of *Phalaris*, to one who had lost a Son that was a young Man of great Merit. The Thought with which he comforts the afflicted Father, is, to the best of my Memory, as follows; That he should consider Death had set a kind of Seal upon his Son's Character, and placed him out of the Reach of Vice and Infamy: That while he liv'd he was still within the Possibility of falling away from Virtue, and losing the Fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a Man's Reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other Motives, may be one Reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a Man's Praise till his Head is laid in the Dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our Opinions. He may forfeit the Esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different Light from what he does at present. In short, as the Life of any Man cannot be call'd happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the Conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration that *Epaminondas*, being asked whether *Chabrias*, *Iphicrates*, or he himself, deserved most to be esteemed? You must first see us die, said he, before that Question can be answered.¹

As there is not a more melancholy Consideration to a good Man than his being obnoxious to such a Change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an Uniformity in his Actions, and preserve the Beauty of his Character to the last.

The End of a Man's Life is often compared to

¹ Plutarch's Life of Epaminondas.

the winding up of a well-written Play, where the principal Persons still act in Character, whatever the Fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great Person in the *Grecian* or *Roman* History, whose Death has not been remarked upon by some Writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the Genius or Principles of the Person who has descanted on it. Monsieur *de St. Evremont* is very particular in setting forth the Constancy and Courage of *Petronius Arbiter* during his last Moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater Firmness of Mind and Resolution than in the Death of *Seneca*, *Cato*, or *Socrates*. There is no question but this polite Author's Affectation of appearing singular in his Remarks, and making Discoveries which had escaped the Observation of others, threw him into this course of Reflection. It was *Petronius's* Merit, that he died in the same Gaiety of Temper in which he lived; but as his Life was altogether loose and dissolute, the Indifference which he showed at the Close of it is to be looked upon as a piece of natural Carelessness and Levity, rather than Fortitude. The Resolution of *Socrates* proceeded from very different Motives, the Consciousness of a well-spent Life, and the prospect of a happy Eternity. If the ingenious Author above mentioned was so pleased with Gaiety of Humour in a dying Man, he might have found a much nobler Instance of it in our Countryman Sir *Thomas More*.

This great and learned Man was famous for enlivening his ordinary Discourses with Wit and Plesantry; and, as *Erasmus* tells him in an Epistle Dedicatory, acted in all parts of Life like a second *Democritus*.

He died upon a Point of Religion, and is respected as a Martyr by that Side for which he suffer'd. That innocent Mirth which had been so conspicuous in his Life, did not forsake him to the last: He maintain'd the same Cheerfulness of Heart upon the Scaffold, which he used to shew at his Table; and upon laying his Head on the Block, gave Instances of that Good-Humour with which he had always entertained his Friends in the most ordinary Occurrences. His Death was of a piece with his Life. There was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing of his Head from his Body as a Circumstance that ought to produce any Change in the Disposition of his Mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled Hope of Immortality, he thought any unusual degree of Sorrow and Concern improper on such an Occasion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of Imitation from this Example. Mens natural Fears will be a sufficient Guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was Philosophy in this extraordinary Man, would be Frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the Cheerfulness of his Temper, as in the Sanctity of his Life and Manners.

I shall conclude this Paper with the Instance of a Person who seems to me to have shewn more Intrepidity and Greatness of Soul in his dying Moments, than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated *Greeks* and *Romans*. I met with this Instance in the History of the Re-

volutions in *Portugal*, written by the Abbot de Vertot.¹

When Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, had invaded the Territories of *Muly Moluc*, Emperor of *Morocco*, in order to dethrone him, and set his Crown upon the Head of his Nephew, *Moluc* was wearing away with a Distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the Reception of so formidable an Enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his Sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole Day, when the last decisive Battel was given; but knowing the fatal Consequences that would happen to his Children and People, in case he should die before he put an end to that War, he commanded his principal Officers that if he died during the Engagement, they should conceal his Death from the Army, and that they should ride up to the Litter in which his Corpse was carried, under Pretence of receiving Orders from him as usual. Before the Battel begun, he was carried through all the Ranks of his Army in an open Litter, as they stood drawn up in Array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their Religion and Country. Finding afterwards the Battel to go against him, tho' he was very near his last Agonies, he threw himself out of his Litter, rallied his Army, and led them on to the Charge; which afterwards ended in a compleat Victory on the side of the *Moors*. He had no sooner brought his Men to the Engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his Litter, where laying his Finger on his Mouth, to enjoin Secrecy to his Officers, who stood about him, he died a few Moments after in that Posture. L.

No. 350.] Friday, April 11, 1712. [Steele.

Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, si Justitia vacat pugnatque pro suis commodis, in vitio est.—Tull.

CAPTAIN SENTREY was last Night at the Club, and produced a Letter from *Ipswich*, which his Correspondent desired him to communicate to his Friend the SPECTATOR. It contained an Account of an Engagement between a *French* Privateer, commanded by one *Dominick Pottiere*, and a little Vessel of that Place laden with Corn, the Master whereof, as I remember, was one *Goodwin*. The *Englishman* defended himself with incredible Bravery, and beat off the *French*, after having been boarded three or four times. The Enemy still came on with greater Fury, and

¹ The Abbé Vertot—Renatus Aubert de Vertot d'Aubœuf—was born in 1655, and living in the *Spectator's* time. He died in 1735, aged 80. He had exchanged out of the severe order of the Capuchins into that of the Præmonstratenses when, at the age of 34, he produced, in 1689, his first work, the History of the Revolutions of Portugal, here quoted. Continuing to write history, in 1701 he was made a member, and in 1705 a paid member, of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.

hoped by his Number of Men to carry the Prize, till at last the *Englishman* finding himself sink apace, and ready to perish, struck: But the Effect which this singular Gallantry had upon the Captain of the Privateer, was no other than an unmanly Desire of Vengeance for the Loss he had sustained in his several Attacks. He told the *Ipswich* Man in a speaking-Trumpet, that he would not take him aboard, and that he stayed to see him sink. The *Englishman* at the same time observed a Disorder in the Vessel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the Disdain which the Ship's Crew had of their Captain's Inhumanity: With this Hope he went into his Boat, and approached the Enemy. He was taken in by the Sailors in spite of their Commander; but though they received him against his Command, they treated him when he was in the Ship in the manner he directed. *Pottiere* caused his Men to hold *Goodwin*, while he beat him with a Stick till he fainted with Loss of Blood, and Rage of Heart: after which he ordered him into Irons without allowing him any Food, but such as one or two of the Men stole to him under peril of the like Usage: After having kept him several Days overwhelmed with the Misery of Stench, Hunger, and Soreness, he brought him into *Calais*. The Governour of the Place was soon acquainted with all that had passed, dismissed *Pottiere* from his Charge with Ignominy, and gave *Goodwin* all the Relief which a Man of Honour would bestow upon an Enemy barbarously treated, to recover the Imputation of Cruelty upon his Prince and Country.

When Mr. SENTREY had read his Letter, full of many other circumstances which aggravate the Barbarity, he fell into a sort of Criticism upon Magnanimity and Courage, and argued that they were inseparable; and that Courage, without regard to Justice and Humanity, was no other than the Fierceness of a wild Beast. A good and truly bold Spirit, continued he, is ever actuated by Reason and a Sense of Honour and Duty: The Affectation of such a Spirit exerts it self in an Impudent Aspect, an over-bearing Confidence, and a certain Negligence of giving Offence. This is visible in all the cocking Youths you see about this Town, who are noisy in Assemblies, unawed by the Presence of wise and virtuous Men; in a word, insensible of all the Honours and Decencies of human Life. A shameless Fellow takes advantage of Merit clothed with Modesty and Magnanimity, and in the Eyes of little People appears sprightly and agreeable; while the Man of Resolution and true Gallantry is overlooked and disregarded, if not despised. There is a Propriety in all things; and I believe what you Scholars call just and sublime, in opposition to turgid and bombast Expression, may give you an Idea of what I mean, when I say Modesty is the certain Indication of a great Spirit, and Impudence the Affectation of it. He that writes with Judgment, and never rises into improper Warmths, manifests the true Force of Genius; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in all his Behaviour, is supported in that Department by what we may call true Courage. Alas, it is not so easy a thing to be a brave Man as the unthinking part of Mankind

imagine: To dare, is not all that there is in it. The Privateer we were just now talking of, had Boldness enough to attack his Enemy, but not Greatness of Mind enough to admire the same Quality exerted by that Enemy in defending himself. Thus his base and little Mind was wholly taken up in the sordid regard to the Prize, of which he failed, and the damage done to his own Vessel; and therefore he used an honest Man, who defended his own from him, in the Manner as he would a Thief that should rob him.

He was equally disappointed, and had not Spirit enough to consider that one Case would be Laudable and the other Criminal. Malice, Rancour, Hatred, Vengeance, are what tear the Breasts of mean Men in Fight; but Fame, Glory, Conquests, Desires of Opportunities to pardon and oblige their Opposers, are what glow in the Minds of the Gallant. The Captain ended his Discourse with a Specimen of his Book-Learning; and gave us to understand that he had read a *French* Author on the Subject of Justness in point of Gallantry. I love, said Mr. SENTREY, a Critick who mixes the Rules of Life with Annotations upon Writers. My Author, added he, in his Discourse upon Epick Poem, takes occasion to speak of the same Quality of Courage drawn in the two different Characters of *Turnus* and *Aeneas*: He makes Courage the chief and greatest Ornament of *Turnus*; but in *Aeneas* there are many others which out-shine it, amongst the rest that of Piety. *Turnus* is therefore all along painted by the Poet full of Ostentation, his Language haughty and vain glorious, as placing his Honour in the Manifestation of his Valour; *Aeneas* speaks little, is slow to Action; and shows only a sort of defensive Courage. If Equipage and Address make *Turnus* appear more courageous than *Aeneas*, Conduct and Success prove *Aeneas* more valiant than *Turnus*. T.

No. 351.] Saturday, April 12, 1712. [Addison.

In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.—Virg.

IF we look into the three great Heroick Poems which have appeared in the World, we may observe that they are built upon very slight Foundations. *Homer* lived near 300 Years after the *Trojan* War; and, as the writing of History was not then in use among the *Greeks*, we may very well suppose, that the Tradition of *Achilles* and *Ulysses* had brought down but very few particulars to his Knowledge; tho' there is no question but he has wrought into his two Poems such of their remarkable Adventures, as were still talked of among his Contemporaries.

The Story of *Aeneas*, on which *Virgil* founded his Poem, was likewise very bare of Circumstances, and by that means afforded him an Opportunity of embellishing it with Fiction, and giving a full range to his own Invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his Fable, the principal Particulars, which were generally believed among the *Romans*, of *Aeneas* his Voyage and Settlement in *Italy*.

The Reader may find an Abridgment of the

whole Story as collected out of the ancient Historians, and as it was received among the *Romans*, in *Dionysius Halicarnassensis*.¹

Since none of the Criticks have consider'd *Virgil's* Fable, with relation to this History of *Aeneas*, it may not, perhaps, be amiss to examine it in this Light, so far as regards my present Purpose. Whoever looks into the Abridgment above mentioned, will find that the Character of *Aeneas* is filled with Piety to the Gods, and a superstitious Observation of Prodigies, Oracles, and Predictions. *Virgil* has not only preserved this Character in the Person of *Aeneas*, but has given a place in his Poem to those particular Prophecies which he found recorded of him in History and Tradition. The Poet took the matters of Fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprizing. I believe very many Readers have been shocked at that ludicrous Prophecy, which one of the *Harpyes* pronounces to the *Trojans* in the third Book, namely, that before they had built their intended City, they should be reduced by Hunger to eat their very Tables. But, when they hear that this was one of the Circumstances that had been transmitted to the *Romans* in the History of *Aeneas*, they will think the Poet did very well in taking notice of it. The Historian above mentioned acquaints us, a Prophetess had foretold *Aeneas*, that he should take his Voyage Westward, till his Companions should eat their Tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in *Italy*, as they were eating their Flesh upon Cakes of Bread, for want of other Conveniences, they afterwards fed on the Cakes themselves; upon which one of the Company said merrily, *We are eating our Tables*. They immediately took the Hint, says the Historian, and concluded the Prophecy to be fulfilled. As *Virgil* did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the History of *Aeneas*, it may be worth while to consider with how much Judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a Passage in an Heroick Poem. The Prophetess who foretells it, is an Hungry *Harpy*, as the Person who discovers it is young *Ascanius*.²

Heus etiam mensas consumimus, inquit Iulus!

Such an observation, which is beautiful in the Mouth of a Boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the Company. I am apt to think that the changing of the *Trojan* Fleet into Water-Nymphs, which is the most violent Machine in the whole *Aeneid*, and has given offence to several Criticks, may be accounted for the same way. *Virgil* himself, before he begins that Relation, premises, that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by Tradition. What further confirms me that this Change of

¹ In the first book of his Roman Antiquities.

² *Dionysius* says that the prophecy was either, as some write, given at *Dodona*, or, as others say, by a Sybil, and the exclamation was by one of the sons of *Aeneas*, as it is related; or he was some other of his comrades.

the Fleet was a celebrated Circumstance in the History of *Aeneas*, is, that *Ovid* has given place to the same *Metamorphosis* in his Account of the heathen Mythology.

None of the Criticks I have met with having considered the Fable of the *Aeneid* in this Light, and taken notice how the Tradition, on which it was founded, authorizes those Parts in it which appear the most exceptionable; I hope the length of this Reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious Part of my Readers.

The History, which was the Basis of *Milton's* Poem, is still shorter than either that of the *Iliad* or *Aeneid*. The Poet has likewise taken care to insert every Circumstance of it in the Body of his Fable. The ninth Book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief Account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the Serpent was more subtle than any Beast of the Field, that he tempted the Woman to eat of the forbidden Fruit, that she was overcome by this Temptation, and that *Adam* followed her Example. From these few Particulars, *Milton* has formed one of the most Entertaining Fables that Invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several Circumstances among so many beautiful and natural Fictions of his own, that his whole Story looks only like a Comment upon sacred Writ, or rather seems to be a full and compleat Relation of what the other is only an Epitome. I have insisted the longer on this Consideration, as I look upon the Disposition and Contrivance of the Fable to be the principal Beauty of the ninth Book, which has more *Story* in it, and is fuller of Incidents, than any other in the whole Poem. *Satan's* traversing the Globe, and still keeping within the Shadow of the Night, as fearing to be discovered by the Angel of the Sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful Imaginations with which he introduces this his second Series of Adventures. Having examined the Nature of every Creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his Purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and, to avoid Discovery, sinks by Night with a River that ran under the Garden, and rises up again through a Fountain that [issued]¹ from it by the Tree of Life. The Poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own Person, and, after the Example of *Homer*, fills every Part of his Work with Manners and Characters, introduces a Soliloquy of this infernal Agent, who was thus restless in the Destruction of Man. He is then describ'd as gliding through the Garden, under the resemblance of a Mist, in order to find out that Creature in which he design'd to tempt our first Parents. This Description has something in it very Poetical and Surprising.

*So saying, through each Thicket Dank or Dry,
Like a black Mist, low creeping, he held on
His Midnight Search, where soonest he might
find
The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In Labyrinth of many a Round self-roll'd,
His Head the midst, well stor'd with subtle Wiles.*

¹ [run]

The Author afterwards gives us a Description of the Morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a Divine Poem, and peculiar to that first Season of Nature: He represents the Earth, before it was curst, as a great Altar, breathing out its Incense from all Parts, and sending up a pleasant Savour to the Nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble Idea of *Adam* and *Eve*, as offering their Morning Worship, and filling up the Universal Consort of Praise and Adoration.

*Now when as sacred Light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid Flowers, that breathed
Their Morning Incense, when all things that
breathe
From th' Earth's great Altar send up silent
Praise
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill
With grateful Smell; forth came the human
Pair,
And join'd their vocal Worship to the Choir
Of Creatures wanting Voice——*

The Dispute which follows between our two first Parents, is represented with great Art: It [proceeds]¹ from a Difference of Judgment, not of Passion, and is managed with Reason, not with Heat: It is such a Dispute as we may suppose might have happened in *Paradise*, had Man continued Happy and Innocent. There is a great Delicacy in the Moralities which are interspersed in *Adam's* Discourse, and which the most ordinary Reader cannot but take notice of. That Force of Love which the Father of Mankind so finely describes in the eighth Book, and which is inserted in my last *Saturday's* Paper, shews it self here in many fine Instances: As in those fond Regards he cast towards *Eve* at her parting from him.

*Her long with ardent Look his Eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay:
Oft he to her his Charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engaged
To be return'd by noon amid the Bower.*

In his Impatience and Amusement during her Absence

———*Adam the while,
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest Flowers a Garland, to adorn
Her Tresses, and her rural Labours crown:
As Reapers oft are wont their Harvest Queen.
Great Joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd.*

But particularly in that passionate Speech, where seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her rather than to live without her.

———*Some cursed Fraud
Or Enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee
Certain my Resolution is to die!
How can I live without thee; how forego
Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild Woods forlorn?*

¹ [arises]

*Should God create another Eve, and I
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my Heart! no, no! I feel
The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
Mine never shall be parted, Bliss or Woe!*

The Beginning of this Speech, and the Preparation to it, are animated with the same Spirit as the Conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several Wiles which are put in practice by the Tempter, when he found *Eve* separated from her Husband, the many pleasing Images of Nature which are intermix'd in this part of the Story, with its gradual and regular Progress to the fatal Catastrophe, are so very remarkable that it would be superfluous to point out their respective Beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular Similitudes in my Remarks on this great Work, because I have given a general Account of them in my Paper on the first Book. There is one, however, in this part of the Poem, which I shall here quote as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole Poem. I mean that where the Serpent is describ'd as rolling forward in all his Pride, animated by the evil Spirit, and conducting *Eve* to her Destruction, while *Adam* was at too great a distance from her to give her his Assistance. These several Particulars are all of them wrought into the following Similitude.

—————*Hope elevates, and Joy
Brightens his Crest; as when a wand'ring Fire,
Compact of unctuous Vapour, which the Night
Condenses, and the Cold invirons round,
Kindled through Agitation to a Flame,
(Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends)
Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,
Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his
Way
To Bogs and Mires, and oft through Pond or
Pool,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.*

That secret Intoxication of Pleasure, with all those transient flushings of Guilt and Joy, which the Poet represents in our first Parents upon their eating the forbidden Fruit, to [those¹] flaggings of Spirits, damps of Sorrow, and mutual Accusations which succeed it, are conceiv'd with a wonderful Imagination, and described in very natural Sentiments.

When *Dido* in the fourth *Æneid* yielded to that fatal Temptation which ruined her, *Virgil* tells us the Earth trembled, the Heavens were filled with Flashes of Lightning, and the Nymphs howled upon the Mountain-Tops. *Milton*, in the same poetical Spirit, has described all Nature as disturbed upon *Eve's* eating the forbidden Fruit.

*So saying, her rash Hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluckt, she eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her
Seat
Sighing, through all her Works gave signs of
Woe
That all was lost—————*

¹ [that]

Upon *Adam's* falling into the same Guilt, the whole Creation appears a second time in Convulsions.

—————*He scrupled not to eat
Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female Charm.
Earth trembled from her Entrails, as again
In Pangs, and Nature gave a second Groan,
Sky lowred, and muttering Thunder, some sad
Drops
Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin——*

As all Nature suffer'd by the Guilt of our first Parents, these Symptoms of Trouble and Consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as Prodigies, but as Marks of her Sympathizing in the Fall of Man.

Adam's Converse with *Eve*, after having eaten the forbidden Fruit, is an exact Copy of that between *Jupiter* and *Juno* in the fourteenth *Iliad*. *Juno* there approaches *Jupiter* with the Girdle which she had received from *Venus*; upon which he tells her, that she appeared more charming and desirable than she [had ever¹] done before, even when their Loves were at the highest. The Poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a Summit of Mount *Ida*, which produced under them a Bed of Flowers, the *Lotos*, the *Crocus*, and the *Hyacinth*; and concludes his Description with their falling asleep.

Let the Reader compare this with the following Passage in *Milton*, which begins with *Adam's* Speech to *Eve*.

*For never did thy Beauty, since the Day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all Perfections, so enflame my Sense
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, Bounty of this virtuous Tree.
So said he, and forbore not Glance or Toy
Of amorous Intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady Bank
Thick over-head with verdant Roof embower'd,
He led her nothing loth: Flow'rs were the
Couch,
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,
And Hyacinth, Earth's freshest softest Lap.
There they their fill of Love, and Love's dis-
port,
Took largely, of their mutual Guilt the Seal,
The Solace of their Sin, till dewy Sleep
Oppress'd them—————*

As no Poet seems ever to have studied *Homer* more, or to have more resembled him in the Greatness of Genius than *Milton*, I think I should have given but a very imperfect Account of his Beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable Passages which look like Parallels in these two great Authors. I might, in the course of these criticisms, have taken notice of many particular Lines and Expressions which are translated from the *Greek* Poet; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purposely omitted them. The greater Incidents, however, are not only set off

¹ [ever had]

by being shewn in the same Light with several of the same nature in *Homer*, but by that means may be also guarded against the Cavils of the Tasteless or Ignorant.

No. 352.] Monday, April 14, 1712. [Steele.

—Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expetenda est, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia.—Tull.

WILL. HONEYCOMB was complaining to me yesterday, that the Conversation of the Town is so altered of late Years, that a fine Gentleman is at a loss for Matter to start Discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the Talk he generally meets with. WILL. takes notice, that there is now an Evil under the Sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any Satyrist or Moralist in any Age: Men, said he, grow Knaves sooner than they ever did since the Creation of the World before. If you read the Tragedies of the last Age, you find the artful Men and Persons of Intrigue, are advanced very far in Years, and beyond the Pleasures and Sallies of Youth; but now WILL. observes, that the Young have taken in the Vices of the Aged, and you shall have a Man of Five and Twenty crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to over-reach, cozen, and beguile. My Friend adds, that till about the latter end of King *Charles's* Reign, there was not a Rascal of any Eminence under Forty: In the Places of Resort for Conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving Men's Fortunes, without regard to the Methods toward it. This is so fashionable, that young Men form themselves upon a certain Neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy of true Esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging in their general turn of Mind and Discourse, that they have not any remaining Value for true Honour and Honesty; preferring the Capacity of being Artful to gain their Ends, to the Merit of despising those Ends when they come in competition with their Honesty. All this is due to the very silly Pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the Ability of carrying their Point; in a word, from the Opinion that shallow and inexperienced People entertain of the short-liv'd Force of Cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various Faces which Folly cover'd with Artifice puts on to impose upon the Unthinking, produce a great Authority¹ for asserting, that nothing but Truth and Ingenuity has any lasting good Effect, even upon a Man's Fortune and Interest.

'Truth and Reality have all the Advantages of Appearance, and many more. If the Shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure Sincerity is better: For why does any Man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a Quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dis-

semble, is to put on the Appearance of some real Excellency. Now the best way in the World for a Man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the Pretence of a good Quality, as to have it; and if a Man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discover'd to want it, and then all his Pains and Labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in Painting, which a skilful Eye will easily discern from native Beauty and Complexion.

'It is hard to personate and act a Part long; for where Truth is not at the bottom, Nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray her self one time or other. Therefore if any Man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his Goodness will appear to every body's Satisfaction; so that upon all accounts Sincerity is true Wisdom. Particularly as to the Affairs of this World, Integrity hath many Advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of Dissimulation and Deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the World; it has less of Trouble and Difficulty, of Entanglement and Perplexity, of Danger and Hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our End, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The Arts of Deceit and Cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas Integrity gains Strength by use, and the more and longer any Man practiseth it, the greater Service it does him, by confirming his Reputation and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest Trust and Confidence in him, which is an unspeakable Advantage in the Business and Affairs of Life.

'Truth is always consistent with it self, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our Lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a Lye is troublesome, and sets a Man's Invention upon the rack, and one Trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false Foundation, which continually stands in need of Props to shoar it up, and proves at last more chargeable, than to have raised a substantial Building at first upon a true and solid Foundation; for Sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no Discovery; of which the Crafty Man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his Pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last Man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes Fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

'Add to all this, that Sincerity is the most commendious Wisdom, and an excellent Instrument for the speedy dispatch of Business; it creates Confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the Labour of many Enquiries, and brings things to an issue in few Words: It is like travelling in a plain beaten Road, which commonly brings a

¹ Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons, Vol. II., Sermon 1 (folio edition). Italics in first issue.

‘Man sooner to his Journey’s End than By-ways, in which Men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever Convenience may be thought to be in Falshood and Dissimulation, it is soon over; but the Inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a Man under an everlasting Jealousie and Suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks Truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a Man hath once forfeited the Reputation of his Integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither Truth nor Falshood.

‘And I have often thought, that God hath in his great Wisdom hid from Men of false and dishonest Minds the wonderful Advantages of Truth and Integrity to the Prosperity even of our worldly Affairs; these Men are so blinded by their Covetousness and Ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present Advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, tho’ by Ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote Consequences of a steady Integrity, and the vast Benefit and Advantages which it will bring a Man at last. Were but this sort of Men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very Knavery, not out of any Love to Honesty and Virtue, but with a crafty Design to promote and advance more effectually their own Interests; and therefore the Justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest Point of Wisdom from their Eyes, that bad Men might not be upon equal Terms with the Just and Upright, and serve their own wicked Designs by honest and lawful Means.

‘Indeed, if a Man were only to deal in the World for a Day, and should never have occasion to converse more with Mankind, never more need their good Opinion or good Word, it were then no great Matter (speaking as to the Concernments of this World) if a Man spent his Reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: But if he be to continue in the World, and would have the Advantage of Conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of Truth and Sincerity in all his Words and Actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end; all other Arts will fail, but Truth and Integrity will carry a Man through, and bear him out to the last.

T.

No. 353.] Tuesday, April 15, 1712. [Budgell.

In tenui labor — Virg.

THE Gentleman who obliges the World in general, and me in particular, with his Thoughts upon Education, has just sent me the following Letter.

SIR,

‘I take the Liberty to send you a fourth Letter upon the Education of Youth: In my last I gave you my Thoughts about some particular Tasks which I conceiv’d it might not be amiss to use with their usual Exercises, in order to give them an early Seasoning of Virtue; I shall in this propose some others, which I fancy might con-

tribute to give them a right turn for the World, and enable them to make their way in it.

‘The Design of Learning is, as I take it, either to render a Man an agreeable Companion to himself, and teach him to support Solitude with Pleasure, or if he is not born to an Estate, to supply that Defect, and furnish him with the means of acquiring one. A Person who applies himself to Learning with the first of these Views may be said to study for Ornament, as he who proposes to himself the second, properly studies for Use. The one does it to raise himself a Fortune, the other to set off that which he is already possessed of. But as far the greater part of Mankind are included in the latter Class, I shall only propose some Methods at present for the Service of such who expect to advance themselves in the World by their Learning: In order to which, I shall premise, that many more Estates have been acquir’d by little Accomplishments than by extraordinary ones; those Qualities which make the greatest Figure in the Eye of the World, not being always the most useful in themselves, or the most advantageous to their Owners.

‘The Posts which require Men of shining and uncommon Parts to discharge them, are so very few, that many a great Genius goes out of the World without ever having had an opportunity to exert it self; whereas Persons of ordinary Endowments meet with Occasions fitted to their Parts and Capacities every day in the common Occurrences of Life.

‘I am acquainted with two Persons who were formerly School-fellows,¹ and have been good Friends ever since. One of them was not only thought an impenetrable Block-head at School, but still maintain’d his Reputation at the University; the other was the Pride of his Master, and the most celebrated Person in the College of which he was a Member. The Man of Genius is at present buried in a Country Parsonage of eightscore Pounds a year; while the other, with the bare Abilities of a common Scrivener, has got an Estate of above an hundred thousand Pounds.

‘I fancy from what I have said it will almost appear a doubtful Case to many a wealthy Citizen, whether or no he ought to wish his Son should be a great Genius; but this I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a Lad the Education of one, whom Nature has not favour’d with any particular Marks of Distinction.

‘The fault therefore of our Grammar-Schools is, that every Boy is pushed on to Works of Genius; whereas it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be taught such little practical Arts and Sciences as do not require any great share of Parts to be Master of them, and yet may come often into play during the course of a Man’s Life.

¹ Perhaps Swift and his old schoolfellow, Mr. Stratford, the Hamburgh merchant. ‘Stratford is worth a plumb, and is now lending the Government £40,000; yet we were educated together at the same school and university.’—Journal to Stella, Sept. 14, 1710.

'Such are all the Parts of Practical Geometry. I have known a Man contract a Friendship with a Minister of State, upon cutting a Dial in his Window; and remember a Clergyman who got one of the best Benefices in the West of *England*, by setting a Country Gentleman's Affairs in some Method, and giving him an exact Survey of his Estate.

'While I am upon this Subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a Particular which is of use in every Station of Life, and which methinks every Master should teach his Scholars. I mean the writing of *English* Letters. To this End, instead of perplexing them with *Latin* Epistles, Themes and Verses, there might be a punctual Correspondence established between two Boys, who might act in any imaginary Parts of Business, or be allow'd sometimes to give a range to their own Fancies, and communicate to each other whatever Trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever fail'd at the appointed time to answer his Correspondent's Letter.

'I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of Boys would find themselves more advantaged by this Custom, when they come to be Men, than by all the *Greek* and *Latin* their Masters can teach them in seven or eight Years.

'The want of it is very visible in many learned Persons, who, while they are admiring the Styles of *Demosthenes* or *Cicero*, want Phrases to express themselves on the most common Occasions. I have seen a Letter from one of these *Latin* Orators, which would have been deservedly laugh'd at by a common Attorney.

'Under this Head of Writing I cannot omit Accounts and Short-hand, which are learned with little pains, and very properly come into the number of such Arts as I have been here recommending.

'You must doubtless, Sir, observe that I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such Boys as do not appear to have any thing extraordinary in their natural Talents, and consequently are not qualified for the finer Parts of Learning; yet I believe I might carry this Matter still further, and venture to assert that a Lad of Genius has sometimes occasion for these little Acquirements, to be as it were the forerunners of his Parts, and to introduce [him¹] into the World.

'History is full of Examples of Persons, who tho' they have had the largest Abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the Favour of great Men by these trivial Accomplishments; as the compleat Gentleman, in some of our modern Comedies, makes his first Advances to his Mistress under the disguise of a Painter or a Dancing-Master.

'The Difference is, that in a Lad of Genius these are only so many Accomplishments, which in another are Essentials; the one diverts himself with them, the other works at them. In short, I look upon a great Genius, with these little Additions, in the same Light as I regard the Grand Signior, who is obliged, by an express Command in the Alcoran, to learn and

¹ [them]

'practise some Handycraft Trade. Tho' I need not have gone for my Instance farther than *Germany*, where several Emperors have voluntarily done the same thing. *Leopold* the last,¹ worked in Wood; and I have heard there are several handycraft Works of his making to be seen at *Vienna* so neatly turned, that the best Joiner in *Europe* might safely own them, without any disgrace to his Profession.

'I would not be thought, by any thing I have said, to be against improving a Boy's Genius to the utmost pitch it can be carry'd. What I would endeavour to shew in this Essay is, that there may be Methods taken, to make Learning advantageous even to the meanest Capacities.

I am, SIR,

X.

Yours, &c.

No. 354.] Wednesday, April 16, 1712. [Steele.

—Cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium.—Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have in some of your Discourses described most sorts of Women in their distinct and proper Classes, as the *Ape*, the *Coquet*, and many others; but I think you have never yet said anything of a *Devotée*. A *Devotée* is one of those who disparage Religion by their indiscreet and unseasonable introduction of the Mention of Virtue on all Occasion[s]: She professes she is what nobody ought to doubt she is; and betrays the Labour she is put to, to be what she ought to be with Chearfulness and Alacrity. She lives in the World, and denies her self none of the Diversions of it, with a constant Declaration how insipid all things in it are to her. She is never her self but at Church; there she displays her Virtue, and is so fervent in her Devotions, that I have frequently seen her Pray her self out of Breath. While other young Ladies in the House are dancing, or playing at Questions and Commands, she reads aloud in her Closet. She says all Love is ridiculous, except it be Celestial; but she speaks of the Passion of one Mortal to another with too much Bitterness, for one that had no Jealousy mixed with her Contempt of it. If at any time she sees a Man

¹ Leopold the last was also Leopold the First. He died May 6, 1705, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Joseph, who died while the *Spectator* was being issued, and had now been followed by his brother, the Archduke Charles, whose claim to the crown of Spain England had been supporting, when his accession to the German throne had not seemed probable. His coronation as Charles VI. was, therefore, one cause of the peace. Leopold, born in 1640, and educated by the Jesuits, became Emperor in 1658, and reigned 49 years. He was an adept in metaphysics and theology, as well as in wood-turning, but a feeble and oppressive ruler, whose empire was twice saved for him; by Sobieski from the Turks, and from the French by Marlborough.

'warm in his Addresses to his Mistress, she will lift up her Eyes to Heaven, and cry, What Nonsense is that Fool talking? Will the Bell never ring for Prayers? We have an eminent Lady of this Stamp in our Country, who pretends to Amusements very much above the rest of her Sex. She never carries a white Shock-dog with Bells under her Arm, nor a Squirrel or Dormouse in her Pocket, but always an abridg'd Piece of Morality to steal out when she is sure of being observ'd. When she went to the famous Ass-Race (which I must confess was but an odd Diversion to be encouraged by People of Rank and Figure) it was not, like other Ladies, to hear those poor Animals bray, nor to see Fellows run naked, or to hear Country Squires in bob Wigs and white Girdles make love at the side of a Coach, and cry, Madam, this is dainty Weather. Thus she described the Diversion; for she went only to pray heartily that no body might be hurt in the Crowd, and to see if the poor Fellow's Face, which was distorted with grinning, might any way be brought to it self again. She never chats over her Tea, but covers her Face, and is supposed in an Ejaculation before she taste[s] a Sup. This ostentatious Behaviour is such an Offence to true Sanctity, that it disparages it, and makes Virtue not only unamiable, but also ridiculous. The Sacred Writings are full of Reflections which abhor this kind of Conduct; and a *Devotée* is so far from promoting Goodness, that she deters others by her Example. Folly and Vanity in one of these Ladies, is like Vice in a Clergyman; it does not only debase him, but makes the inconsiderate Part of the World think the worse of Religion.

I am,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

Hotspur.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Xenophon, in his short Account of the Spartan Commonwealth,¹ speaking of the Behaviour of their young Men in the Streets, says, There was so much Modesty in their Looks, that you might as soon have turned the eyes of a Marble Statue upon you as theirs; and that in all their Behaviour they were more modest than a Bride when put to bed upon her Wedding-Night: This Virtue, which is always join'd to Magnanimity, had such an influence upon their Courage, that in Battel an Enemy could not look them in the Face, and they durst not but Die for their Country.

¹ 'The Polity of Lacedæmon' and 'the Polity of Athens' were two of Xenophon's short treatises. In 'the Polity of Lacedæmon' the Spartan code of law and social discipline is, as Mr. Mure says in his Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece, 'indiscriminately held up to admiration as superior in all respects to all others. Some of its more offensive features, such as the Cryptia, child murder, and more glaring atrocities of the Helot system, are suppressed; while the legalized thieving, adultery, and other unnatural practices, are placed in the most favourable or least odious light.'

'Whenever I walk into the Streets of London and Westminster, the Countenances of all the young Fellows that pass by me, make me wish my self in Sparta; I meet with such blustering Airs, big Looks, and bold Fronts, that to a superficial Observer would bespeak a Courage above those Grecians. I am arrived to that Perfection in Speculation, that I understand the Language of the Eyes, which would be a great misfortune to me, had I not corrected the Testiness of old Age by Philosophy. There is scarce a Man in a red Coat who does not tell me, with a full Stare, he's a bold Man: I see several swear inwardly at me, without any Offence of mine, but the Oddness of my Person: I meet Contempt in every Street, express'd in different Manners, by the scornful Look, the elevated Eye-brow, and the swelling Nostrils of the Proud and Prosperous. The Prentice speaks his Disrespect by an extended Finger, and the Porter by stealing out his Tongue. If a Country Gentleman appears a little curious in observing the Edifices, Signs, Clocks, Coaches, and Dials, it is not to be imagined how the Polite Rabble of this Town, who are acquainted with these Objects, ridicule his Rusticity. I have known a Fellow with a Burden on his Head steal a Hand down from his Load, and slyly twirle the Cock of a Squire's Hat behind him; while the Offended Person is swearing, or out of Countenance, all the Wagg-Wits in the High-way are grinning in applause of the ingenious Rogue that gave him the Tip, and the Folly of him who had not Eyes all round his Head to prevent receiving it. These things arise from a general Affectation of Smartness, Wit, and Courage. *Wycherly* somewhere¹ rallies the Pretensions this Way, by making a Fellow say, Red Breeches are a certain Sign of Valour; and *Otway* makes a Man, to boast his Agility, trip up a Beggar on Crutches.² From such Hints I beg a Specula-

¹ In the *Plain Dealer*, Act II. sc. 1.

Novel ('a pert railing coxcomb'). These sea captains make nothing of dressing. But let me tell you, sir, a man by his dress, as much as by anything, shows his wit and judgment; nay, and his courage too.

Freeman. How, his courage, Mr. Novel?

Novel. Why, for example, by red breeches, tucked-up hair, or peruke, a greasy broad belt, and now-a-days a short sword.

² In his *Friendship in Fashion*, Act III. sc. 1.

Malagene. I tell you what I did t'other Day: Faith 'tis as good a Jest as ever you heard.

Valentine. Pray, sir, do.

Mal. Why, walking alone, a lame Fellow follow'd me and ask'd my Charity (which by the way was a pretty Proposition to me). Being in one of my witty, merry Fits, I ask'd him how long he had been in that Condition? The poor Fellow shook his Head, and told me he was born so. But how d'ye think I served him?

Val. Nay, the Devil knows.

Mal. I show'd my Parts, I think; for I tripp'd up both his Wooden Legs, and walk'd off gravely about my Business.

Truman. And this you say is your way of Wit?

'tion on this Subject ; in the mean time I shall do
'all in the Power of a weak old Fellow in my own
'Defence : for as *Diogenes*, being in quest of an
'honest Man, sought for him when it was broad
'Day-light with a Lanthorn and Candle, so I in-
'tend for the future to walk the Streets with a
'dark Lanthorn, which has a convex Chrystal in
'it ; and if any Man stáres at me, I give fair
'Warning that I'll direct the Light full into his
'Eyes. Thus despairing to find Men Modest, I
'hope by this Means to evade their Impudence,

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

T.

Sophrosunius.

No. 355.] Thursday, April 17, 1712. [Addison.

Non ego mordaci distinxí carmine [quenquam.
Ovid.¹]

I HAVE been very often tempted to write In-
vectives upon those who have detracted from
my Works, or spoken in derogation of my Person ;
but I look upon it as a particular Happiness, that
I have always hindred my Resentments from
proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone
thro' half a Satyr, but found so many Motions of
Humanity rising in me towards the Persons whom
I had severely treated, that I threw it into the
Fire without ever finishing it. I have been angry
enough to make several little Epigrams and Lam-
poons ; and after having admired them a Day or
two, have likewise committed them to the Flames.
These I look upon as so many Sacrifices to Hu-
manity, and have receiv'd much greater Satisfac-
tion from the suppressing such Performances, than
I could have done from any Reputation they
might have procur'd me, or from any Mortifica-
tion they might have given my Enemies, in case
I had made them publick. If a Man has any
Talent in Writing, it shews a good Mind to for-
bear answering Calumnies and Reproaches in the
same Spirit of Bitterness with which they are
offered : But when a Man has been at some
Pains in making suitable Returns to an Enemy,
and has the Instruments of Revenge in his Hands,
to let drop his Wrath, and stifle his Resentments,
seems to have something in it Great and Heroical.
There is a particular Merit in such a way of for-

Ma^r. Ay, altogether, this and Mimickry. I'm
a very good Mimick ; I can act *Punchinello*,
Scaramoucho, *Harlequin*, *Prince Prettyman*,
or anything. I can act the rumbling of a Wheel-
barrow.

Val. The rumbling of a Wheelbarrow !

Mal. Ay, the rumbling of a Wheelbarrow, so
I say. Nay, more than that, I can act a Sow and
Pigs, Sausages a broiling, a Shoulder of Mutton a
roasting : I can act a Fly in a Honey-pot.

Trum. That indeed must be the effect of very
curious Observation.

Mal. No, hang it, I never make it my Busi-
ness to observe anything, that is Mechanick.

[*quenquam,*
Nulla venenata littera mista joco est.—Ovid.]

giving an Enemy ; and the more violent and un-
provok'd the Offence has been, the greater still is
the Merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a Consideration that is more
finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than
one in *Epictetus*,¹ which places an Enemy in a
new Light, and gives us a View of him altogether
different from that in which we are used to regard
him. The Sense of it is as follows : Does a Man
reproach thee for being Proud or Ill-natured, En-
vious or Conceited, Ignorant or Detracting ?
Consider with thy self whether his Reproaches
are true ; if they are not, consider that thou art
not the Person whom he reproaches, but that he
reviles an Imaginary Being, and perhaps loves
what thou really art, tho' he hates what thou ap-
pearest to be. If his Reproaches are true, if thou
art the envious ill-natur'd Man he takes thee for,
give thy self another Turn, become mild, affable
and obliging, and his Reproaches of thee natur-
ally cease : His Reproaches may indeed continue,
but thou art no longer the Person whom he
reproaches.

I often apply this Rule to my self ; and when I
hear of a Satyrical Speech or Writing that is
aimed at me, I examine my own Heart, whether
I deserve it or not. If I bring in a Verdict
against my self, I endeavour to rectify my Con-
duct for the future in those particulars which have
drawn the Censure upon me ; but if the whole
Invective be grounded upon a Falsehood, I trou-
ble my self no further about it, and look upon my
Name at the Head of it to signify no more than
one of those fictitious Names made use of by an
Author to introduce an imaginary Character.
Why should a Man be sensible of the Sting of a
Reproach, who is a Stranger to the Guilt that is
implied in it ? or subject himself to the Penalty,
when he knows he has never committed the
Crime ? This is a Piece of Fortitude, which every
one owes to his own Innocence, and without which
it is impossible for a Man of any Merit or Figure
to live at Peace with himself in a Country that
abounds with Wit and Liberty.

The famous Monsieur *Balzac*, in a Letter to the
Chancellor of *France*,² who had prevented the
Publication of a Book against him, has the follow-
ing Words, which are a lively Picture of the
Greatness of Mind so visible in the Works of that
Author. *If it was a new thing, it may be I*
should not be displeas'd with the Suppression of
the first Libel that should abuse me ; but since
there are enough of 'em to make a small Library,
I am secretly pleas'd to see the number increased,
and take delight in raising a heap of Stones that
Envy has cast at me without doing me any
harm.

The Author here alludes to those Monuments of
the Eastern Nations, which were Mountains of
Stones raised upon the dead Body by Travellers,
that used to cast every one his Stone upon it as
they passed by. It is certain that no Monument
is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the
Hands of Envy. For my Part, I admire an Au-

¹ Enchiridion, Cap. 48 and 64.

² Letters and Remains. Trans. by Sir R.
Baker (1655-8).

thor for such a Temper of Mind as enables him to bear an undeserved Reproach without Resentment, more than for all the Wit of any the finest Satirical Reply.

Thus far I thought necessary to explain my self in relation to those who have animadverted on this Paper, and to shew the Reasons why I have not thought fit to return them any formal Answer. I must further add, that the Work would have been of very little use to the Publick, had it been filled with personal Reflections and Debates; for which Reason I have never once turned out of my way to observe those little Cavils which have been made against it by Envy or Ignorance. The common Fry of Scriblers, who have no other way of being taken Notice of but by attacking what has gain'd some Reputation in the World, would have furnished me with Business enough, had they found me dispos'd to enter the Lists with them.

I shall conclude with the Fable of *Boccalini's* Traveller, who was so pester'd with the Noise of Grasshoppers in his Ears, that he alighted from his Horse in great Wrath to kill them all. This, says the Author, was troubling himself to no manner of purpose: Had he pursued his Journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome Insects would have died of themselves in a very few Weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them. L.

No. 356.] Friday,¹ April 18, 1712. [Steele.

— *Aptissima quæque dabunt Dii,
Charior est illis homo quam sibi*— Juv.

IT is owing to Pride, and a secret Affectation of a certain Self-Existence, that the noblest Motive for Action that ever was proposed to Man, is not acknowledged the Glory and Happiness of their Being. The Heart is treacherous to it self, and we do not let our Reflections go deep enough to receive Religion as the most honourable Incentive to good and worthy Actions. It is our natural Weakness, to flatter our selves into a Belief, that if we search into our inmost thoughts, we find our selves wholly disinterested, and divested of any Views arising from Self-Love and Vain-Glory. But however Spirits of superficial Greatness may disdain at first sight to do any thing, but from a noble Impulse in themselves, without any future Regards in this or another Being; upon stricter Enquiry they will find, to act worthily and expect to be rewarded only in another World, is as heroic a Pitch of Virtue as human Nature can arrive at. If the Tenour of our Actions have any other Motive than the Desire to be pleasing in the Eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow that we must be more than Men, if we are not too much exalted in Prosperity and depressed in Adversity: But the Christian World has a Leader, the Contemplation of whose Life and Sufferings must administer Comfort in Affliction, while the Sense of his Power and Omnipotence must give them Humiliation in Prosperity.

¹ Good Friday.

It is owing to the forbidding and unlovely Constraint with which Men of low Conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to Religion, as well as to the more odious Conduct of Hypocrites, that the Word Christian does not carry with it at first View all that is Great, Worthy, Friendly, Generous, and Heroick. The Man who suspends his Hopes of the Reward of worthy Actions till after Death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook Hatred, do Good to his Slanderer, who can never be angry at his Friend, never revengeful to his Enemy, is certainly formed for the Benefit of Society: Yet these are so far from Heroick Virtues, that they are but the ordinary Duties of a Christian.

When a Man with a steady Faith looks back on the great Catastrophe of this Day, with what bleeding Emotions of Heart must he contemplate the Life and Sufferings of his Deliverer? When his Agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the Glance of a Wanton, for the Applause of a vain World, for an Heap of fleeting past Pleasures, which are at present asking Sorrows?

How pleasing is the Contemplation of the lowly Steps our Almighty Leader took in conducting us to his heavenly Mansions! In plain and apt Parable,¹ Similitude, and Allegory, our great Master enforced the Doctrine of our Salvation; but they of his Acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the Presumption of being wiser than they:² They could not raise their little Ideas above the Consideration of him, in those Circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he who appear'd not more Terrible or Pompous, should have any thing more Exalted than themselves; he in that Place therefore would not longer ineffectually exert a Power which was incapable of conquering the Prepossession of their narrow and mean Conceptions.

Multitudes follow'd him, and brought him the Dumb, the Blind, the Sick, and Maim'd; whom when their Creator had Touch'd, with a second Life they Saw, Spoke, Leap'd, and Ran. In Affection to him, and admiration of his Actions, the Crowd could not leave him, but waited near him till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for Succour. He had Compassion on them, and by a Miracle supplied their Necessities.³ Oh, the Ecstatic Entertainment, when they could behold their Food immedi-

¹ From the words 'In plain and apt parable' to the end, this paper is a reprint of the close of the second chapter of Steele's *Christian Hero*, with the variations cited in the next six notes. The C. H. is quoted from the text appended to the first reprint of the *Tatler*, in 1711.

² —'wiser than they: Is not this the Carpenter's Son, is not his Mother called *Mary*, his Brethren, *James, Joseph, Simon* and *Judas*? 'They could not—' *Christian Hero*.

³ 'He had compassion on 'em, commanded 'em to be seated, and with Seven Loaves, and a few little Fishes, Fed four thousand Men, besides Women and Children: Oh, the Ecstatic—' *Christian Hero*.

ately increase to the Distributer's Hand, and see their God in Person Feeding and Refreshing his Creatures! Oh Envied Happiness! But why do I say Envied? as if our [God¹] did not still preside over our temperate Meals, chearful Hours, and innocent Conversations.

But tho' the sacred Story is every where full of Miracles not inferior to this, and tho' in the midst of those Acts of Divinity he never gave the least Hint of a Design to become a Secular Prince, yet had not hitherto the Apostles themselves any other than Hopes of worldly Power, Preferment, Riches and Pomp; for *Peter*, upon an Accident of Ambition among the Apostles, hearing his Master explain that his Kingdom was not of this World, was so scandaliz'd² that he whom he had so long follow'd should suffer the Ignominy, Shame, and Death which he foretold, that he took him aside and said, *Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee:* For which he suffered a severe Reprehension from his Master, as having in his View the Glory of Man rather than that of God.

The great Change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of Nature thought fit as a Saviour and Deliverer to make his publick Entry into *Jerusalem* with more than the Power and Joy, but none of the Ostentation and Pomp of a Triumph; he came Humble, Meek, and Lowly: with an unfelt new Ecstasy, Multitudes strewd his Way with Garments and Olive-Branches, Crying with loud Gladness and Acclamation, *Hosannah to the Son of David, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!* At this great King's Accession to his Throne, Men were not Ennobled, but Sav'd; Crimes were not Remitted, but Sins Forgiven; he did not bestow Medals, Honours, Favours, but Health, Joy, Sight, Speech. The first Object the Blind ever saw, was the Author of Sight; while the Lame Ran before, and the Dumb repeated the *Hosannah*. Thus attended, he Entered into his own House, the sacred Temple, and by his Divine Authority expell'd Traders and Worldlings that profaned it; and thus did he, for a time, use a great and despotic Power, to let Unbelievers understand, that 'twas not Want of, but Superiority to all Worldly Dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour? is this the Deliverer? Shall this Obscure *Nazarene* command *Israel*, and sit on the Throne of *David*?³ Their proud and dis-

¹ [Good God] in first Issue and in *Christian Hero*.

² In the *Christian Hero* this passage was:—
'become a Secular Prince, or in a Forcible or
'Miraculous Manner to cast off the *Roman Yoke*
'they were under, and restore again those Dis-
'graced Favourites of Heav'n, to its former In-
'dulgence, yet had not hitherto the Apostles them-
'selves (so *deep set* is our Natural Pride) any other
'than hopes of worldly Power, Preferment, Riches
'and Pomp: For *Peter*, who it seems ever since
'he left his Net and his Skiff, Dreamt of nothing
'but being a great Man, was utterly undone to
'hear our Saviour explain to 'em that his King-
'dom was not of this World; and was so scandal-
'ized—'

³ —'Throne of David? Such were the unpleas-

dainful Hearts, which were petrified¹ with the Love and Pride of this World, were impregnable to the Reception of so mean a Benefactor, and were now enough exasperated with Benefits to conspire his Death. Our Lord was sensible of their Design, and prepared his Disciples for it, by recounting to 'em now more distinctly what should befall him; but *Peter* with an ungrounded Resolution, and in a Flush of Temper, made a sanguine Protestation, that tho' all Men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great Article of our Saviour's Business in the World, to bring us to a Sense of our Inability, without God's Assistance, to do any thing great or good; he therefore told *Peter*, who thought so well of his Courage and Fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him Thrice that very Night.

But what Heart can conceive, what Tongue utter the Sequel? Who is that yonder buffeted, mock'd, and spurn'd? Whom do they drag like a Felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God? And will he die to Expiate those very Injuries? See where they have nailed the Lord and Giver of Life! How his Wounds blacken, his Body writhes, and Heart heaves with Pity and with Agony! Oh Almighty Sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant Infamy: Lo he inclines his Head to his sacred Bosom! Hark, he Groans! see, he Expires! The Earth trembles, the Temple rends, the Rocks burst, the Dead Arise: Which are the Quick? Which are the Dead? Sure Nature, all Nature is departing with her Creator. T.

No. 357.] Saturday, April 19, 1712. [Addison.

[———*Quis talia fando*
Temperet à lachrymis?——— Virg.²]

THE Tenth Book of *Paradise Lost* has a greater variety of Persons in it than any other in the whole Poem. The Author upon the winding up of his Action introduces all those who had any Concern in it, and shews with great Beauty the Influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the last Act of a well-written Tragedy, in which all who had a part in it are generally drawn up before the Audience, and represented under those Circumstances in which the Determination of the Action places them.

I shall therefore consider this Book under four Heads, in relation to the Celestial, the Infernal, the Human, and the Imaginary Persons, who have their respective Parts allotted in it.

To begin with the Celestial Persons: The

'ant Forms that ran in the Thoughts of the then
'Powerful in *Jerusalem*, upon the most Truly
'Glorious Entry that ever Prince made; for there
'was not one that followed him who was not in
'his Interest; their Proud—' *Christian Hero*.

¹ —'Petrified with the—' *Christian Hero*.

² [*Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.*

Hor.]

Guardian Angels of *Paradise* are described as returning to Heaven upon the Fall of Man, in order to approve their Vigilance; their Arrival, their Manner of Reception, with the Sorrow which appear'd in themselves, and in those Spirits who are said to Rejoice at the Conversion of a Sinner, are very finely laid together in the following Lines.

*Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste
Th' Angelick Guards ascended, mute and sad
For Man; for of his State by this they knew:
Much wond'ring how the subtle Fiend had stol'n
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome News
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven-Gate, displeas'd
All were who heard: dim Sadness did not spare
That time Celestial Visages; yet mixt
With Pity, violated not their Bliss.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' Ethereal People ran, to hear and know
How all befel: They tow'rd's the Throne supreme
Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous Plea, their utmost vigilance,
And easily approv'd; when the Most High
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud,
Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice.*

The same Divine Person, who in the foregoing Parts of this Poem interceded for our first Parents before their Fall, overthrew the Rebel Angels, and created the World, is now represented as descending to *Paradise*, and pronouncing Sentence upon the three Offenders. The Cool of the Evening, being a Circumstance with which Holy Writ introduces this great Scene, it is poetically described by our Author, who has also kept religiously to the Form of Words, in which the three several Sentences were passed upon *Adam*, *Eve*, and the Serpent. He has rather chosen to neglect the Numerousness of his Verse, than to deviate from those Speeches which are recorded on this great occasion. The Guilt and Confusion of our first Parents standing naked before their Judge, is touched with great Beauty. Upon the Arrival of *Sin* and *Death* into the Works of the Creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to his Angels that surrounded him.

*See! with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance,
To waste and havock yonder World, which I
So fair and good created; &c.*

The following Passage is formed upon that glorious Image in Holy Writ, which compares the Voice of an innumerable Host of Angels, uttering Hallelujahs, to the Voice of mighty Thunderings, or of many Waters.

*He ended, and the Heavenly Audience loud
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of Seas,
Through Multitude that sung: Just are thy
Ways,
Righteous are thy Decrees in all thy Works,
Who can extenuate thee?—*

Tho' the Author in the whole Course of his Poem, and particularly in the Book we are now examining, has infinite Allusions to Places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my Remarks of such as are of a Poetical Nature, and which are woven with great Beauty into the Body of this Fable. Of this kind is that Passage in the

present Book, where describing *Sin* and *Death* as marching thro' the Works of Nature, he adds,

*—Behind her Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale Horse—*

Which alludes to that Passage in Scripture, so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the Imagination. *And I look'd, and behold a pale Horse, and his Name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him: and Power was given unto them over the fourth Part of the Earth, to kill with Sword, and with Hunger, and with Sickness, and with the Beasts of the Earth.*¹ Under this first Head of Celestial Persons we must likewise take notice of the Command which the Angels receiv'd, to produce the several Changes in Nature, and sully the Beauty of the Creation. Accordingly they are represented as infecting the Stars and Planets with malignant Influences, weakning the Light of the Sun, bringing down the Winter into the milder Regions of Nature, planting Winds and Storms in several Quarters of the Sky, storing the Clouds with Thunder, and in short, perverting the whole Frame of the Universe to the Condition of its criminal Inhabitants. As this is a noble Incident in the Poem, the following Lines, in which we see the Angels heaving up the Earth, and placing it in a different Posture to the Sun from what it had before the Fall of Man, is conceived with that sublime Imagination which was so peculiar to this great Author.

*Some say he bid his Angels turn ascense
The Poles of Earth twice ten Degrees and more
From the Sun's Axle; they with Labour push'd
Oblique the Centrick Globe—*

We are in the second place to consider the Infernal Agents under the view which *Milton* has given us of them in this Book. It is observed by those who would set forth the Greatness of *Virgil's* Plan, that he conducts his Reader thro' all the Parts of the Earth which were discover'd in his time. *Asia*, *Africk*, and *Europe* are the several Scenes of his Fable. The Plan of *Milton's* Poem is of an infinitely greater Extent, and fills the Mind with many more astonishing Circumstances. *Satan*, having surrounded the Earth seven times, departs at length from *Paradise*. We then see him steering his Course among the Constellations, and after having traversed the whole Creation, pursuing his Voyage thro' the *Chaos*, and entering into his own Infernal Dominions.

His first appearance in the Assembly of fallen Angels, is work'd up with Circumstances which give a delightful Surprize to the Reader; but there is no Incident in the whole Poem which does this more than the Transformation of the whole Audience, that follows the Account their Leader gives them of his Expedition. The gradual Change of *Satan* himself is describ'd after *Ovid's* manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated Transformations which are look'd upon as the most beautiful Parts in that Poet's Works.

¹ Revelation vi. 8.

Milton never fails of improving his own Hints, and bestowing the last finishing Touches to every Incident which is admitted into his Poem. The unexpected Hiss which rises in this Episode, the Dimensions and Bulk of *Satan* so much superior to those of the Infernal Spirits who lay under the same Transformation, with the annual Change which they are supposed to suffer, are Instances of this kind. The Beauty of the Diction is very remarkable in this whole Episode, as I have observed in the sixth Paper of these Remarks the great Judgment with which it was contrived.

The Parts of *Adam* and *Eve*, or the human Persons, come next under our Consideration. *Milton's* Art is no where more shewn than in his conducting the Parts of these our first Parents. The Representation he gives of them, without falsifying the Story, is wonderfully contriv'd to influence the Reader with Pity and Compassion towards them. Tho' *Adam* involves the whole Species in Misery, his Crime proceeds from a Weakness which every Man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the Frailty of Human Nature, than of the Person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a Fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the Excess of Love for *Eve*, that ruin'd *Adam*, and his Posterity. I need not add, that the Author is justify'd in this Particular by many of the Fathers, and the most orthodox Writers. *Milton* has by this means filled a great part of his Poem with that kind of Writing which the *French* Criticks call the *Tender*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of Readers.

Adam and *Eve*, in the Book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such Sentiments as do not only interest the Reader in their Afflictions, but raise in him the most melting Passions of Humanity and Commiseration. When *Adam* sees the several Changes in Nature produced about him, he appears in a Disorder of Mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his Innocence and his Happiness; he is filled with Horror, Remorse, Despair; in the Anguish of his Heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unmasked Existence.

*Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay
To mould me Man? did I sollicite thee
From Darkness to promote me? or here place
In this delicious Garden? As my Will
Concurr'd not to my Being, 'twere but right
And equal to reduce me to my Dust,
Desirous to resign, and render back
All I receiv'd—*

He immediately after recovers from his Presumption, owns his Doom to be just, and begs that the Death which is threatned him may be inflicted on him.

*Why delays
His Hand to execute, what his Decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with Death, and lengthen'd
out
To deathless Pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality my Sentence, and be Earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down,*

*As in my Mother's Lap? there should I rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful Voice no more
Would thunder in my Ears: no fear of worse
To me and to my Offspring, would torment me
With cruel Expectation—*

This whole Speech is full of the like Emotion, and varied with all those Sentiments which we may suppose natural to a Mind so broken and disturb'd. I must not omit that generous Concern which our first Father shews in it for his Posterity, and which is so proper to affect the Reader.

*Hide me from the Face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of Happiness! yet well, if here would end
The Misery, I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own Deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget
Is propagated Curse. O Voice once heard
Delightfully, Increase and Multiply;
Now Death to hear!—*

*In me all
Posterity stands curst! Fair Patrimony,
That I must leave ye, Sons! O were I able
To waste it all my self, and leave you none!
So disinherited, how would you bless
Me, now your Curse! Ah, why should all
Mankind,
For one Man's Fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed
But all corrupt—*

Who can afterwards behold the Father of Mankind extended upon the Earth, uttering his midnight Complaints, bewailing his Existence, and wishing for Death, without sympathizing with him in his Distress?

*Thus Adam to himself lamented loud,
Thro' the still Night; not now, (as ere Man fell)
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black
Air
Accompanied, with Damps and dreadful Gloom;
Which to his evil Conscience represented
All things with double Terror. On the Ground
Outstretch'd he lay; on the cold Ground! and
oft
Curs'd his Creation; Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy Execution—*

The Part of *Eve* in this Book is no less passionate, and apt to sway the Reader in her Favour. She is represented with great Tenderness as approaching *Adam*, but is spurn'd from him with a Spirit of Upbraiding and Indignation, conformable to the Nature of Man, whose Passions had now gained the Dominion over him. The following Passage, wherein she is described as renewing her Addresses to him, with the whole Speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetick.

*He added not, and from her turn'd: But Eve
Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flow-
ing,
And Tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and embracing them, besought*

His Peace, and thus proceeding in her Complaint.
 Forsake me not thus, Adam! Witness Heav'n
 What Love sincere, and Reverence in my Heart
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy Suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy Knees; bereave me not
 (Whereon I live!) thy gentle Looks, thy Aid,
 Thy Counsel, in this uttermost Distress,
 My only Strength, and Stay! Forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
 While yet we live, (scarce one short Hour per-
 haps)
 Between us two let there be Peace, &c.

Adam's Reconciliation to her is work'd up in the same Spirit of Tenderness. Eve afterwards proposes to her Husband, in the Blindness of her Despair, that to prevent their Guilt from descending upon Posterity they should resolve to live Childless; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own Deaths by violent Methods. As those Sentiments naturally engage the Reader to regard the Mother of Mankind with more than ordinary Commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine Moral. The Resolution of dying to end our Miseries, does not shew such a degree of Magnanimity as a Resolution to bear them, and submit to the Dispensations of Providence. Our Author has therefore, with great Delicacy, represented Eve as entertaining this Thought, and Adam as disapproving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the Imaginary Persons, or [*Death and Sin*,¹] who act a large Part in this Book. Such beautiful extended Allegories are certainly some of the finest Compositions of Genius: but, as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the Nature of an Heroick Poem. This of *Sin and Death* is very exquisite in its Kind, if not considered as a Part of such a Work. The Truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a Reader who knows the Strength of the *English* Tongue, will be amazed to think how the Poet could find such apt Words and Phrases to describe the Action[s] of those two imaginary Persons, and particularly in that Part where *Death* is exhibited as forming a Bridge over the *Chaos*; a Work suitable to the Genius of *Milton*.

Since the Subject I am upon, gives me an Opportunity of speaking more at large of such Shadowy and Imaginary Persons as may be introduced into Heroick Poems, I shall beg leave to explain my self in a Matter which is curious in its Kind, and which none of the Criticks have treated of. It is certain *Homer* and *Virgil* are full of imaginary Persons, who are very beautiful in Poetry when they are just shewn, without being engaged in any Series of Action. *Homer* indeed represents *Sleep* as a Person, and ascribes a short Part to him in his *Iliad*,² but we must consider

¹ [*Sin and Death*]

² In the fourteenth Book, where Heré visits the home of *Sleep*, the brother of *Death*, and offers him the bribe of a gold chain if he will shut the eyes of *Zeus*, *Sleep* does not think it can be done. Heré then doubles her bribe, and offers

that tho' we now regard such a Person as entirely shadowy and unsubstantial, the Heathens made Statues of him, placed him in their Temples, and looked upon him as a real Deity. When *Homer* makes use of other such Allegorical Persons, it is only in short Expressions, which convey an ordinary Thought to the Mind in the most pleasing manner, and may rather be looked upon as Poetical Phrases than Allegorical Descriptions. Instead of telling us, that Men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the Persons of *Flight* and *Fear*, who, he tells us, are inseparable Companions. Instead of saying that the time was come when *Apollo* ought to have received his Recompence, he tells us, that the *Hours* brought him his Reward. Instead of describing the Effects which *Minerva's Aegis* produced in Battel, he tells us, that the Brims of it were encompassed by *Terror*, *Rout*, *Discord*, *Fury*, *Pursuit*, *Massacre*, and *Death*. In the same Figure of speaking, he represents *Victory* as following *Diomedes*; *Discord* as the Mother of Funerals and Mourning; *Venus* as dressed by the *Graces*; *Bellona* as wearing *Terror* and *Consternation* like a Garment. I might give several other Instances out of *Homer*, as well as a great many out of *Virgil*. *Milton* has likewise very often made use of the same way of Speaking, as where he tells us, that *Victory* sat on the right Hand of the Messiah when he marched forth against the Rebel Angels; that at the rising of the Sun the *Hours* unbarr'd the Gates of Light; that *Discord* was the Daughter of *Sin*. Of the same nature are those Expressions, where describing the singing of the Nightingale, he adds, *Silence was pleased*; and upon the Messiah's bidding Peace to the *Chaos*, *Confusion heard his Voice*. I might add innumerable Instances of our Poet's writing in this beautiful Figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which Persons of an imaginary Nature are introduced, are such short Allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal Sense, but only to convey particular Circumstances to the Reader after an unusual and entertaining Manner. But when such Persons are introduced as principal Actors, and engaged in a Series of Adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an Heroick Poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal Parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking that *Sin* and *Death* are as improper Agents in a Work of this nature, as *Strength* and *Necessity* in one of the Tragedies of *Æschylus*, who represented those two Persons nailing down *Prometheus* to a Rock,¹ for which he has been

Sleep a wife, the youngest of the *Graces*. Sleep makes her swear by *Styx* that she will hold to her word, and when she has done so flies off in her company, sits in the shape of a night-hawk in a pine tree upon the peak of *Ida*, whence when *Zeus* was subdued by love and sleep, *Sleep* went down to the ships to tell *Poseidon* that now was his time to help the Greeks.

¹ In the *Prometheus Bound* of *Æschylus*, the binding of *Prometheus* by pitiless *Strength*, who mocks at compassion in the god *Hephaistos*, charged to serve him in this office, opens the

justly censured by the greatest Criticks. I do not know any imaginary Person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the Prophets, who describing God as descending from Heaven, and visiting the Sins of Mankind, adds that dreadful Circumstance, *Before him went the Pestilence.*¹ It is certain this imaginary Person might have been described in all her purple Spots. The *Fever* might have marched before her, *Pain* might have stood at her right Hand, *Phrenzy* on her Left, and *Death* in her Rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the Tail of a Comet, or darted upon the Earth in a Flash of Lightning: She might have tainted the Atmosphere with her Breath; the very glaring of her Eyes might have scattered Infection. But I believe every Reader will think, that in such sublime Writings the mentioning of her as it is done in Scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful Poet could have bestowed upon her in the Richness of his Imagination. L.

No. 358.] Monday, April 21, 1702. [Steele.

Despere in loco.—Hor.

CHARLES LILLIE attended me the other day, and made me a Present of a large Sheet of Paper, on which is delineated a Pavement of Mosaick Work, lately discovered at *Stunsfield* near *Woodstock.*² A Person who has

sublimest of the ancient dramas. Addison is wrong in saying that there is a personification here of Strength and Necessity; Hephaistos does indeed say that he obeys Necessity, but his personified companions are Strength and Force, and of these Force appears only as the dumb attendant of Strength. Addison's 'greatest critics' had something to learn when they were blind to the significance of the contrast between Visible Strength at the opening of this poem, and the close with sublime prophecy of an unseen Power of the Future that disturbs Zeus on his throne, and gathers his thunders about the undaunted Prometheus.

*Now let the shrivelling flame at me be driven,
Let him, with flaky snowstorms and the crash
Of subterraneous thunders, into ruins
And wild confusion hurl and mingle all:
For nought of these will bend me that I speak
Who is foredoomed to cast him from his throne.*
(Mrs. Webster's translation.)

¹ Habakkuk iii. 5.

² In No. 353 and some following numbers of the *Spectator* appeared an advertisement of this plate, which was engraved by Vertue. 'Whereas about nine weeks since there was accidentally discovered by an Husbandman, at Stunsfield, near Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, (a large Pavement of rich Mosaick Work of the Ancient Romans, which is adorn'd with several Figures alluding to Mirth and Concord, in particular that of Bacchus seated on a Panther.) This is to

so much the Gift of Speech as Mr *Lillie*, and can carry on a Discourse without Reply, had great Opportunity on that Occasion to expatiate upon so fine a Piece of Antiquity. Among other things, I remember, he gave me his Opinion, which he drew from the Ornaments of the Work, That this was the Floor of a Room dedicated to Mirth and Concord. Viewing this Work, made my Fancy run over the many gay Expressions I had read in ancient Authors, which contained Invitations to lay aside Care and Anxiety, and give a Loose to that pleasing Forgetfulness wherein Men put off their Characters of Business, and enjoy their very Selves. These Hours were usually passed in Rooms adorned for that purpose, and set out in such a manner, as the Objects all around the Company gladdened their Hearts; which, joined to the cheerful Looks of well-chosen and agreeable Friends, gave new Vigour to the Airy, produced the latent Fire of the Modest, and gave Grace to the slow Humour of the Reserved. A judicious Mixture of such Company, crowned with Chaplets of Flowers, and the whole Apartment glittering with gay Lights, cheared with a Profusion of Roses, artificial Falls of Water, and Intervals of soft Notes to Songs of Love and Wine, suspended the Cares of human Life, and made a Festival of mutual Kindness. Such Parties of Pleasure as these, and the Reports of the agreeable Passages in their Jollities, have in all Ages awakened the dull Part of Mankind to pretend to Mirth and Good-Humour, without Capacity for such Entertainments; for if I may be allowed to say so, there are an hundred Men fit for any Employment, to one who is capable of passing a Night in the Company of the first Taste, without shocking any Member of the Society, over-rating his own Part of the Conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the Pleasure of the whole Company. When one considers such Collections of Companions in past Times, and such as one might name in the present Age, with how much Spleen must a Man needs reflect upon the awkward Gayety of those who affect the Frolick with an ill Grace? I have a Letter from a Correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all loud, mischievous, airy, dull Companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a Frolick. Irregularity in its self is not what creates

'give Notice the Exact Delineation of the same is Engraven and Imprinted on a large Elephant sheet of Paper, which are to be sold at Mr. Charles Lillie's, Perfumer, at the corner of Bedford Buildings, in the Strand, at 1s. N.B. There are to be had, at the same Place, at one Guinea each, on superfine Atlas Paper, some painted with the same variety of Colours that the said Pavement is beautified with; this piece of Antiquity is esteemed by the Learned to be the most considerable ever found in Britain.' The fine pavement discovered at *Stonesfield* in 1711 measures 35 feet by 60, and although by this time groundworks of more than a hundred Roman villas have been laid open in this country, the *Stonesfield* mosaic is still one of the most considerable of its kind.

Pleasure and Mirth; but to see a Man who knows what Rule and Decency are, descend from them agreeably in our Company, is what denominates him a pleasant Companion. Instead of that, you find many whose Mirth consists only in doing Things which do not become them, with a secret Consciousness that all the World know they know better: To this is always added something mischievous to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry Fellows, among whom the Frolick was started, and passed by a great Majority, that every Man should immediately draw a Tooth; after which they have gone in a Body and smoaked a Cobler. The same Company, at another Night, has each Man burned his Cravat; and one perhaps, whose Estate would bear it, has thrown a long Wigg and laced Hat into the same Fire.¹ Thus they have jested themselves stark naked, and ran into the Streets, and frightened Women very successfully. There is no Inhabitant of any standing in *Covent-Garden*, but can tell you a hundred good Humours, where People have come off with little Blood-shed, and yet scowered all the witty Hours of the Night. I know a Gentleman that has several Wounds in the Head by Watch Poles, and has been thrice run through the Body to carry on a good Jest: He is very old for a Man of so much Good-Humour; but to this day he is seldom merry, but he has occasion to be valiant at the same time. But by the Favour of these Gentlemen, I am humbly of Opinion, that a Man may be a very witty Man, and never offend one Statute of this Kingdom, not excepting even that of Stabbing.

The Writers of Plays have what they call Unity of Time and Place to give a Justness to their Representation; and it would not be amiss if all who pretend to be Companions, would confine their Action to the Place of Meeting: For a Frolick carried farther may be better performed by other Animals than Men. It is not to rid much Ground, or do much Mischief, that should denominate a pleasant Fellow; but that is truly Frolick which is the Play of the Mind, and consists of various and unforced Sallies of Imagination. Festivity of Spirit is a very uncommon Talent, and must proceed from an Assemblage of agreeable Qualities in the same Person: There are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a Talent one cannot name in a Man, especially when one considers that it is never very graceful but where it is regarded by him who possesses it in the second Place. The best Man that I know of for heightening the Revel-Gayety of a Company, is *Estcourt*,² whose Jovial Humour diffuses itself from the highest Person at an Entertainment to the meanest Waiter. Merry Tales, accompanied with apt Gestures and lively Representations of Circumstances and Persons, beguile the gravest Mind into a Consent to be as humorous as himself. Add to this, that when a Man is

¹ Said to have been one of the frolics of Sir Charles Sedley.

² See note on p. 378. Congreve's *Love for Love* was to be acted at Drury Lane on Tuesday night 'At the desire of several Ladies of Quality. For the Benefit of Mr. Estcourt.'

in his good Grace, he has a Mimickry that does not debase the Person he represents; but which, taking from the Gravity of the Character, adds to the Agreeableness of it. This pleasant Fellow gives one some Idea of the ancient *Pantomime*, who is said to have given the Audience, in Dumb-show, an exact Idea of any Character or Passion, or an intelligible Relation of any publick Occurrence, with no other Expression than that of his Looks and Gestures. If all who have been obliged to these Talents in *Estcourt*, will be at *Love for Love* to-morrow Night, they will but pay him what they owe him, at so easy a Rate as being present at a Play which no body would omit seeing, that had, or had not ever seen it before.

No. 359.] Tuesday, April 22, 1712. [Budgell.

*Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.*

Virg.

AS we were at the Club last Night, I observ'd that my Friend Sir ROGER, contrary to his usual Custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the Company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful Mood, and playing with a Cork. I jogg'd Sir ANDREW FREEPORT who sat between us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the Knight shake his Head, and heard him say to himself, *A foolish Woman! I can't believe it.* Sir ANDREW gave him a gentle Pat upon the Shoulder, and offered to lay him a Bottle of Wine that he was thinking of the Widow. My old Friend started, and recovering out of his brown Study, told Sir ANDREW that once in his Life he had been in the right. In short, after some little Hesitation, Sir ROGER told us in the fulness of his Heart that he had just received a Letter from his Steward, which acquainted him that his old Rival and Antagonist in the County, Sir *David Dundrum*, had been making a Visit to the Widow. However, says Sir ROGER, I can never think that she'll have a Man that's half a Year older than I am, and a noted Republican into the Bargain.

WILL. HONEYCOMB, who looks upon Love as his particular Province, interrupting our Friend with a janty Laugh; I thought, Knight, says he, thou hadst lived long enough in the World, not to pin thy Happiness upon one that is a Woman and a Widow. I think that without Vanity I may pretend to know as much of the Female World as any Man in *Great-Britain*, tho' the chief of my Knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known. WILL. immediately, with his usual Fluency, rambled into an Account of his own Amours. I am now, says he, upon the Verge of Fifty, (tho' by the way we all knew he was turned of Threescore.) You may easily guess, continued WILL., that I have not lived so long in the World without having had some thoughts of *settling* in it, as the Phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my Fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my Success.

I made my first Addresses to a young Lady in the Country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a Conclusion, her Father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a Surgeon, the old Put forbid me his House, and within a Fortnight after married his Daughter to a Fox-hunter in the Neighbourhood.

I made my next Applications to a Widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a Fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one Morning, she told me that she intended to keep her Ready-Money and Jointure in her own Hand, and desired me to call upon her Attorney in *Lyons-Inn*, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this Overture, that I never enquired either for her or her Attorney afterwards.

A few Months after I addressed my self to a young Lady, who was an only Daughter, and of a good Family. I danced with her at several Balls, squeeze'd her by the Hand, said soft things to her, and, in short, made no doubt of her Heart; and though my Fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond Father would not deny her the Man she had fixed her Affections upon. But as I went one day to the House in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole Family in Confusion, and heard to my unspeakable Surprise, that Miss *Jenny* was that very Morning run away with the Butler.

I then courted a second Widow, and am at a Loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my Person and Behaviour. Her Maid indeed told me one Day, that her Mistress had said she never saw a Gentleman with such a Spindle Pair of Legs as Mr. HONEYCOMB.

After this I laid Siege to four Heiresses successively, and being a handsome young Dog in those Days, quickly made a Breach in their Hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, tho' I seldom failed of getting the Daughters Consent, I could never in my Life get the old People on my side.

I could give you an Account of a thousand other unsuccessful Attempts, particularly of one which I made some Years since upon an old Woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying Colours, if her Relations had not come pouring in to her Assistance from all Parts of *England*; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by an hard Frost.

As WILL.'s Transitions are extremely quick, he turn'd from Sir ROGER, and applying himself to me, told me there was a Passage in the Book I had considered last *Saturday*, which deserved to be writ in Letters of Gold; and taking out a *Pocket-Milton* read the following Lines, which are Part of one of *Adam's* Speeches to *Eve* after the Fall.

— O! why did our
Creator wise! that peopled highest Heav'n
With Spirits masculine, create at last
This Novelty on Earth, this fair Defect
Of Nature? and not fill the World at once
With Men, as Angels, without Feminine?
Or find some other way to generate.

*Mankind? This Mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall; innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through Female Snares,
And strait Conjunction with this Sex: for either
He never shall find out fit Mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or, whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness; but shall see her
gain'd*

*By a far worse; or if she love, with-held
By Parents; or his happiest Choice too late
Shall meet already link'd, and Wedlock bound
To a fell Adversary, his Hate or Shame;
Which infinite Calamity shall cause
To human Life, and Household Peace confound.¹*

Sir ROGER listened to this Passage with great Attention, and desiring Mr. HONEYCOMB to fold down a Leaf at the Place, and lend him his Book, the Knight put it up in his Pocket, and told us that he would read over those Verses again before he went to Bed.

X.

No. 360.] *Wednesday, April 23, 1712.* [Steele.

— *De paupertate tacentes
Plus poscente ferent.*—Hor.

I HAVE nothing to do with the Business of this Day, any further than affixing the piece of *Latin* on the Head of my Paper; which I think a Motto not unsuitable, since if Silence of our Poverty is a Recommendation, still more commendable is his Modesty who conceals it by a decent Dress.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'There is an Evil under the Sun which has not yet come within your Speculation; and is, the Censure, Disesteem, and Contempt which some young Fellows meet with from particular Persons, for the reasonable Methods they take to avoid them in general. This is by appearing in a better Dress, than may seem to a Relation regularly consistent with a small Fortune; and therefore may occasion a Judgment of a suitable Extravagance in other Particulars: But the Disadvantage with which the Man of narrow Circumstances acts and speaks, is so feelingly set forth in a little Book called the *Christian Hero*,² that the appearing to be otherwise is not only pardonable but necessary. Every one knows the hurry of Conclusions that are made in contempt of a Person that appears to be calamitous, which makes it very excusable to prepare one's self for the Company of those that are of a superior Quality and Fortune, by appearing to be in a better Condition than one is, so far as such Appearance shall not make us really of worse.

'It is a Justice due to the Character of one who

¹ *Paradise Lost*, Bk x., ll. 898—908.

² The passage is nearly at the beginning of Steele's third chapter, 'It is in every body's observation with what disadvantage a Poor Man enters upon the most ordinary affairs,' &c.

'suffers hard Reflections from any particular
'Person upon this Account, that such Persons
'would enquire into his manner of spending his
'Time; of which, tho' no further Information can
'be had than that he remains so many Hours in
'his Chamber, yet if this is cleared, to imagine
'that a reasonable Creature wrung with a narrow
'Fortune does not make the best use of this Re-
'tirement, would be a Conclusion extremely un-
'charitable. From what has, or will be said, I
'hope no Consequence can be extorted, implying,
'that I would have any young Fellow spend more
'Time than the common Leisure which his Studies
'require, or more Money than his Fortune or Al-
'lowance may admit of, in the pursuit of an Ac-
'quaintance with his Betters: For as to his Time,
'the gross of that ought to be sacred to more
'substantial Acquisitions; for each irrevocable
'Moment of which he ought to believe he stands
'religiously Accountable. And as to his Dress,
'I shall engage myself no further than in the
'modest Defence of two plain Suits a Year: For
'being perfectly satisfied in *Eutrapelus's* Con-
'trivance of making a *Mohock* of a Man, by pre-
'senting him with lac'd and embroider'd Suits, I
'would by no means be thought to controvert that
'Conceit, by insinuating the Advantages of Fop-
'pery. It is an Assertion which admits of much
'Proof, that a Stranger of tolerable Sense dress'd
'like a Gentleman, will be better received by those
'of Quality above him, than one of much better
'Parts, whose Dress is regulated by the rigid No-
'tions of Frugality. A Man's Appearance falls
'within the Censure of every one that sees him;
'his Parts and Learning very few are Judges of;
'and even upon these few, they can't at first be
'well intruded; for Policy and good Breeding
'will counsel him to be reserv'd among Strangers,
'and to support himself only by the common Spirit
'of Conversation. Indeed among the Injudicious,
'the Words Delicacy, Idiom, fine Images, Struc-
'ture of Periods, Genius, Fire, and the rest, made
'use of with a frugal and comely Gravity, will
'maintain the Figure of immense Reading, and
'Depth of Criticism.

'All Gentlemen of Fortune, at least the young
'and middle-aged, are apt to pride themselves a
'little too much upon their Dress, and conse-
'quently to value others in some measure upon
'the same Consideration. With what Confusion
'is a Man of Figure obliged to return the Civilities
'of the Hat to a Person whose Air and Attire
'hardly entitle him to it? For whom nevertheless
'the other has a particular Esteem, tho' he is
'ashamed to have it challenged in so publick a
'Manner. It must be allowed, that any young
'Fellow that affects to dress and appear genteelly,
'might with artificial Management save ten Pound
'a Year; as instead of fine Holland he might
'mourn in Sackcloth, and in other Particulars be
'proportionably shabby: But of what great Serv-
'ice would this Sum be to avert any Misfortune,
'whilst it would leave him deserted by the little
'good Acquaintance he has, and prevent his gain-
'ing any other? As the Appearance of an easy
'Fortune is necessary towards making one, I don't
'know but it might be of advantage sometimes to
'throw into ones Discourse certain Exclamations

'about *Bank-Stock*, and to shew a marvellous
'Surprize upon its Fall, as well as the most af-
'fected Triumph upon its Rise. The Veneration
'and Respect which the Practice of all Ages has
'preserved to Appearances, without doubt sug-
'gested to our Tradesmen that wise and Politick
'Custom, to apply and recommend themselves to
'the publick by all those Decorations upon their
'Sign-posts and Houses, which the most eminent
'Hands in the Neighbourhood can furnish them
'with. What can be more attractive to a Man of
'Letters, than that immense Erudition of all Ages
'and Languages which a skilful Bookseller, in
'conjunction with a Painter, shall image upon his
'Column and the Extremities of his Shop? The
'same Spirit of maintaining a handsome Appear-
'ance reigns among the grave and solid Appren-
'tices of the Law (here I could be particularly
'dull in [proving¹] the Word Apprentice to be
'significant of a Barrister) and you may easily
'distinguish who has most lately made his Pre-
'tensions to Business, by the whitest and most
'ornamental Frame of his Window: If indeed the
'Chamber is a Ground-Room, and has Rails be-
'fore it, the Finery is of Necessity more extended,
'and the Pomp of Business better maintain'd.
'And what can be a greater Indication of the
'Dignity of Dress, than that burdensome Finery
'which is the regular Habit of our Judges, Nobles,
'and Bishops, with which upon certain Days we
'see them incumbered? And though it may be
'said this is awful, and necessary for the Dignity
'of the State, yet the wisest of them have been
'remarkable, before they arrived at their present
'Stations, for being *very well dressed Persons*.
'As to my own Part, I am near Thirty; and since
'I left School have not been idle, which is a mo-
'dern Phrase for having studied hard. I brought
'off a clean System of Moral Philosophy, and a
'tolerable Jargon of Metaphysicks from the Uni-
'versity: since that, I have been engaged in the
'clearing Part of the perplex'd Style and Matter
'of the Law, which so hereditarily descends to all
'its Professors: To all which severe Studies I
'have thrown in, at proper Interims, the pretty
'Learning of the Classicks. Notwithstanding
'which, I am what *Shakespear* calls *A Fellow of
'no Mark or Likelihood*; ² which makes me un-
'derstand the more fully, that since the regular
'Methods of making Friends and a Fortune by
'the mere Force of a Profession is so very slow
'and uncertain, a Man should take all reasonable
'Opportunities, by enlarging a good Acquaintance,
'to court that Time and Chance which is said to
'happen to every Man. T.

No. 361.] Thursday, April 24, 1712. [Addison.

*Tartaream intendit vocem, quã protinus omnis
Contremuit domus*——— Virg.

I HAVE lately received the following Letter
from a Country Gentleman.

¹ [clearing] ² Henry IV. Pt. I. Act iii. sc. 2.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
 'The Night before I left *London* I went to see
 'a Play, called *The Humorous Lieutenant*.¹
 'Upon the Rising of the Curtain I was very much
 'surprized with the great Consort of Cat-calls
 'which was exhibited that Evening, and began to
 'think with myself that I had made a Mistake,
 'and gone to a Musick-Meeting, instead of the
 'Play-house. It appeared indeed a little odd to
 'me to see so many Persons of Quality of both
 'Sexes assembled together at a kind of Catter-
 'wawling; for I cannot look upon that Perform-
 'ance to have been any thing better, whatever the
 'Musicians themselves might think of it. As I
 'had no Acquaintance in the House to ask Ques-
 'tions of, and was forced to go out of Town early
 'the next Morning, I could not learn the Secret
 'of this Matter. What I would therefore desire
 'of you, is, to give some account of this strange
 'Instrument, which I found the Company called
 'a Cat-call; and particularly to let me know
 'whether it be a piece of Musick lately come from
 '*Italy*. For my own part, to be free with you, I
 'would rather hear an *English* Fiddle; though I
 'durst not shew my Dislike whilst I was in the
 'Play-house, it being my Chance to sit the very
 'next Man to one of the Performers.

I am, SIR,
 Your most affectionate Friend
 and Servant,
 John Shallow, Esq.

In compliance with 'Squire *Shallow's* Request, I design this Paper as a Dissertation upon the Cat-call. In order to make myself a Master of the Subject, I purchased one the Beginning of last Week, though not without great difficulty, being inform'd at two or three Toyshops that the Players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned Antiquaries in relation to its Original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that Particular. A Fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good Friend, and a great Proficient in the Mathematical Part of Musick, concludes from the Simplicity of its Make, and the Uniformity of its Sound, that the Cat-call is older than any of the Inventions of *Jubal*. He observes very well, that Musical Instruments took their first Rise from the Notes of Birds, and other melodious Animals; and what, says he, was more natural than for the first Ages of Mankind to imitate the Voice of a Cat that lived under the same Roof with them? He added, that the Cat had contributed more to Harmony than any other Animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this Wind-Instrument, but for our String Musick in general.

Another Virtuoso of my Acquaintance will not allow the Cat-call to be older than *Thespis*, and is apt to think it appeared in the World soon after the antient Comedy; for which reason it has still a place in our Dramatick Entertainments: Nor must I here omit what a very curious Gentleman, who is lately return'd from his Travels, has more than once assured me, namely that there was lately dug up at *Rome* the Statue of a *Momus*,

¹ By Beaumont and Fletcher.

who holds an Instrument in his Right-Hand very much resembling our Modern Cat-call.

There are others who ascribe this Invention to *Orpheus*, and look upon the Cat-call to be one of those Instruments which that famous Musician made use of to draw the Beasts about him. It is certain, that the Roasting of a Cat does not call together a greater Audience of that Species than this Instrument, if dexterously play'd upon in proper Time and Place.

But notwithstanding these various and learned Conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the Cat-call is originally a Piece of *English* Musick. Its Resemblance to the Voice of some of our *British* Songsters, as well as the Use of it, which is peculiar to our Nation, confirms me in this Opinion. It has at least received great Improvements among us, whether we consider the Instrument it self, or those several Quavers and Graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this, who heard that remarkable overgrown Cat-call which was placed in the Center of the Pit, and presided over all the rest at [the¹] celebrated Performance lately exhibited in *Drury-Lane*.

Having said thus much concerning the Original of the Cat-call, we are in the next place to consider the Use of it. The Cat-call exerts it self to most advantage in the *British* Theatre: It very much Improves the Sound of Nonsense, and often goes along with the Voice of the Actor who pronounces it, as the Violin or Harpsichord accompanies the *Italian* Recitativo.

It has often supplied the Place of the antient *Chorus*, in the Works of Mr. *** In short, a bad Poet has as great an Antipathy to a Cat-call, as many People have to a real Cat.

Mr. *Collier*, in his ingenious Essay upon Musick² has the following Passage:

I believe 'tis possible to invent an Instrument that shall have a quite contrary Effect to those Martial ones now in use: An Instrument that shall sink the Spirits, and shake the Nerves, and curdle the Blood, and inspire Despair, and Cowardice and Consternation, at a surprizing rate. 'Tis probable the Roaring of Lions, the Warbling of Cats and Scritch-Owls, together with a Mixture of the Howling of Dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this Invention. Whether such Anti-Musick as this might not be of Service in a Camp, I shall leave to the Military Men to consider.

What this learned Gentleman supposes in Speculation, I have known actually verified in Practice.

¹ [that]

² Essays upon several Moral Subjects, by Jeremy Collier, Part II. p. 30 (ed. 1732). Jeremy Collier published the first volume of these Essays in 1697, after he was safe from the danger brought on himself by attending Sir John Friend and Sir William Perkins when they were executed for the "assassination plot." The other two volumes appeared successively in 1705 and 1709. It was in 1698 that Collier published his famous "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage."

The Cat-call has struck a Damp into Generals, and frightened Heroes off the Stage. At the first sound of it I have seen a Crowned Head tremble, and a Princess fall into Fits. The *Humorous Lieutenant* himself could not stand it; nay, I am to^ld that even *Almanzor* looked like a Mouse, and trembled at the Voice of this terrifying Instrument.

As it is of a Dramatick Nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the Stage, I can by no means approve the Thought of that angry Lover, who, after an unsuccessful Pursuit of some Years, took leave of his Mistress in a Serenade of Cat-calls.

I must conclude this Paper with the Account I have lately received of an ingenious Artist, who has long studied this Instrument, and is very well versed in all the Rules of the Drama. He teaches to play on it by Book, and to express by it the whole Art of Criticism. He has his Base and his Treble Cat-call; the former for Tragedy, the latter for Comedy; only in Tragy-Comedies they may both play together in Consort. He has a particular Squeak to denote the Violation of each of the Unities, and has different Sounds to shew whether he aims at the Poet or the Player. In short he teaches the Smut-note, the Fustian-note, the Stupid-note, and has composed a kind of Air that may serve as an Act-tune to an incorrigible Play, and which takes in the whole Compass of the Cat-call. [L.¹]

No. 362.] Friday, April 25, 1712. [Steele.

Laudibus arguitur Vini vinosus— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Temple, Apr. 24.

SEVERAL of my Friends were this Morning got together over a Dish of Tea in very good Health, though we had celebrated Yesterday with more Glasses than we could have dispensed with, had we not been beholden to *Brooke* and *Hillier*. In Gratitude therefore to those good Citizens, I am, in the Name of the Company, to accuse you of great Negligence in overlooking their Merit, who have imported true and generous Wine, and taken care that it should not be adulterated by the Retailers before it comes to the Tables of private Families, or the Clubs of honest Fellows. I cannot imagine how a SPECTATOR can be supposed to do his Duty, without frequent Resumption of such Subjects as concern our Health, the first thing to be regarded, if we have a mind to relish any thing else. It would therefore very well become your Spectatorial Vigilance, to give it in Orders to your Officer for inspecting Signs, that in his March he would look into the Itinerants who deal in Provisions, and enquire where they buy their several Wares.

¹ [*** Not being yet determined with whose Name to fill up the Gap in this Dissertation which is marked with Asterisks, I shall defer it till this Paper appears with others in a Volume. L.]

Ever since the Decease of [*Cully*¹]-*Mully-Puff*² of agreeable and noisy Memory, I cannot say I have observed any thing sold in Carts, or carried by Horse or Ass, or in fine, in any moving Market, which is not perished or putrified; witness the Wheel-barrows of rotten Raisins, Almonds, Figs, and Currants, which you see vended by a Merchant dressed in a second-hand Suit of a Foot Soldier. You should consider that a Child may be poisoned for the Worth of a Farthing; but except his poor Parents send to one certain Doctor in Town,³ they can have no advice for him under a Guinea. When Poisons are thus cheap, and Medicines thus dear, how can you be negligent in inspecting what we eat and drink, or take no Notice of such as the above-mentioned Citizens, who have been so serviceable to us of late in that particular? It was a Custom among the old *Romans*, to do him particular Honours who had saved the Life of a Citizen, how much more does the World owe to those who prevent the Death of Multitudes? As these Men deserve well of your Office, so such as act to the Detriment of our Health, you ought to represent to themselves and their Fellow-Subjects in the Colours which they deserve to wear. I think it would be for the publick Good, that all who vend Wines should be under oaths in that behalf. The Chairman at a Quarter Sessions should inform the Country, that the Vintner who mixes Wine to his Customers, shall (upon proof that the Drinker thereof died within a Year and a Day after taking it) be deemed guilty of Wilful Murder: and the Jury shall be instructed to enquire and present such Delinquents accordingly. It is no Mitigation of the Crime, nor will it be conceived that it can be brought in Chance-Medley or Man-Slaughter, upon Proof that it shall appear Wine joined to Wine, or right *Herefordshire* poured into *Port O Port*; but his selling it for one thing, knowing it to be another, must justly bear the foresaid Guilt of wilful Murder: For that he, the said Vintner, did an unlawful Act willingly in the false Mixture; and is therefore with Equity liable to all the Pains to which a Man would be, if it were proved he designed only to run a Man through the Arm, whom he whipped through the Lungs. This is my third Year at the *Temple*, and this is or should be Law. An ill Intention well proved should meet with no Alleviation, because it [out-ran⁴] it self. There cannot be too great Severity used against the Injustice as well as Cruelty of those who play with Men's Lives, by preparing Liquors, whose Nature, for ought they know, may be noxious when mixed, tho' innocent when apart: And *Brooke* and *Hil-*

¹ [*Mully*]

² See No. 251. He was a little man just able to bear on his head his basket of pastry, and who was named from his cry. There is a half-sheet print of him in the set of London Cries in Granger's Biographical History of England.

³ Who advertised that he attended patients at charges ranging from a shilling to half-a-crown, according to their distance from his house.

⁴ [out-run]

'*lier*,¹ who have ensured our Safety at our Meals, and driven Jealousy from our Cups in Conversation, deserve the Custom and Thanks of the whole Town; and it is your Duty to remind them of the Obligation.

I am, SIR,
Your Humble Servant,
Tom. Pottle.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a Person who was long immured in a College, read much, saw little; so that I knew no more of the World than what a Lecture or a View of the Map taught me. By this means I improved in my Study, but became unpleasant in Conversation. By conversing generally with the Dead, I grew almost unfit for the Society of the Living; so by a long Confinement I contracted an ungainly Aversion to Conversation, and ever discoursed with Pain to my self, and little Entertainment to others. At last I was in some measure made sensible of my failing, and the Mortification of never being spoke to, or speaking, unless the Discourse ran upon Books, put me upon forcing my self amongst Men. I immediately affected the politest Company, by the frequent use of which I hoped to wear off the Rust I had contracted; but by an uncouth Imitation of Men used to act in publick, I got no further than to discover I had a Mind to appear a finer thing than I really was.

Such I was, and such was my Condition, when I became an ardent Lover, and passionate Admirer of the beauteous *Belinda*: Then it was that I really began to improve. This Passion changed all my Fears and Diffidences in my

¹ Estcourt, it may be remembered, connected the advertisement of his Bumper tavern with the recommendation of himself as one ignorant of the wine trade who relied on Brooke and Hellier, and so ensured his Customers good wine. Among the advertisers in the *Spectator* Brooke and Hellier often appeared. One of their advertisements is preceded by the following, evidently a contrivance of their own, which shows that the art of puffing was not then in its infancy: 'This is to give Notice, That Brooke and Hellier have not all the New Port Wines this Year, nor above one half, the Vintners having bought 130 Pipes of Mr. Thomas Barlow and others, which are all natural, and shall remain Genuine, on which all Gentlemen and others may depend. Note.—Altho' Brooke and Hellier have asserted in several Papers that they had 140 Pipes of New Oporto Wines coming from Bristol, it now appears, since their landing, that they have only 133 Pipes, 1 Hhd. of the said Wines, which shews plainly how little what they say is to be credited.'

Then follows their long advertisement, which ends with a note that 'Their New Ports, just landed, being the only New Ports in Merchants Hands, and above One Half of all that is in London, will begin to be sold at the old prices the 12th inst. (April) at all their Taverns and Cellars.'

general Behaviour, to the sole Concern of pleasing her. I had not now to study the Action of a Gentleman, but Love possessing all my Thoughts, made me truly be the thing I had a Mind to appear. My Thoughts grew free and generous, and the Ambition to be agreeable to her I admired, produced in my Carriage a faint Similitude of that disengaged Manner of my *Belinda*. The way we are in at present is, that she sees my Passion, and sees I at present forbear speaking of it through prudential Regards. This Respect to her she returns with much Civility, and makes my Value for her as little a Misfortune to me, as is consistent with Discretion. She sings very charmingly, and is readier to do so at my Request, because she knows I love her: She will dance with me rather than another, for the same Reason. My Fortune must alter from what it is, before I can speak my Heart to her; and her Circumstances are not considerable enough to make up for the Narrowness of mine. But I write to you now, only to give you the Character of *Belinda*, as a Woman that has Address enough to demonstrate a Gratitude to her Lover, without giving him Hopes of Success in his Passion. *Belinda* has from a great Wit, governed by as great Prudence, and both adorned with Innocence, the Happiness of always being ready to discover her real Thoughts. She has many of us, who now are her Admirers; but her Treatment of us is so just and proportioned to our Merit towards her, and what we are in our selves, that I protest to you I have neither Jealousy nor Hatred toward my Rivals. Such is her Goodness, and the Acknowledgment of every Man who admires her, that he thinks he ought to believe she will take him who best deserves her. I will not say that this Peace among us is not owing to Self-love, which prompts each to think himself the best Deserver: I think there is something uncommon and worthy of Imitation in this Lady's Character. If you will please to Print my Letter, you will oblige the little Fraternity of happy Rivals, and in a more particular Manner,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

T. Will. Cymon.

No. 363.] Saturday, April 26, 1712. [Addison.

—Crudelis ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima Mortis
Imago.—Virg.

MILTON has shewn a wonderful Art in describing that variety of Passions which arise in our first Parents upon the Breach of the Commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the Triumph of their Guilt thro' Remorse, Shame, Despair, Contrition, Prayer, and Hope, to a perfect and compleat Repentance. At the end of the tenth Book they are represented as prostrating themselves upon the Ground, and watering the Earth with their Tears: To which the Poet joins this beau-

tiful Circumstance, that they offer'd up their penitential Prayers, on the very Place where their Judge appeared to them when he pronounced their Sentence.

—*They forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him Reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly their Faults, and Pardon begg'd, with
Tears
Watering the Ground*—

[There is a Beauty of the same kind in a Tragedy of *Sophocles*, where *Oedipus*, after having put out his own Eyes, instead of breaking his Neck from the Palace-Battlements (which furnishes so elegant an Entertainment for our *English* Audience) desires that he may be conducted to Mount *Cithæron*, in order to end his Life in that very Place where he was exposed in his Infancy, and where he should then have died, had the Will of his Parents been executed.]

As the Author never fails to give a poetical Turn to his Sentiments, he describes in the Beginning of this Book the Acceptance which these their Prayers met with, in a short Allegory, form'd upon that beautiful Passage in holy Writ: *And another Angel came and stood at the Altar, having a golden Censer; and there was given unto him much Incense, that he should offer it with the Prayers of all Saints upon the Golden Altar, which was before the Throne: And the Smoak of the Incense which came with the Prayers of the Saints, ascended up before God.*

—*To Heav'n their Prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the Way, by envious Winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heav'nly Doors, then clad
With Incense, where the Golden Altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's Throne*—

We have the same Thought expressed a second time in the Intercession of the Messiah, which is conceived in very Emphatick Sentiments and Expressions.

Among the Poetical Parts of Scripture, which *Milton* has so finely wrought into this Part of his Narration, I must not omit that wherein *Ezekiel* speaking of the Angels who appeared to him in a Vision, adds, that *every one had four Faces, and that their whole Bodies, and their Backs, and their Hands, and their Wings, were full of Eyes round about.*

—*The Cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubims, four Faces each
Had like a double Janus, all their Shape
Spangled with Eyes*—

The Assembling of all the Angels of Heaven to hear the solemn Decree passed upon Man, is represented in very lively Ideas. The Almighty is here describ'd as remembering Mercy in the midst of Judgment, and commanding *Michael* to deliver his Message in the mildest Terms, lest the Spirit of Man, which was already broken with the Sense of his Guilt and Misery, should fail before him.

—*Yet lest they faint
At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,
For I behold them softned, and with Tears
Bewailing their Excess, all Terror hide.*

The Conference of *Adam* and *Eve* is full of moving Sentiments. Upon their going abroad after the melancholy Night which they had passed together, they discover the Lion and the Eagle pursuing each of them their Prey towards the Eastern Gates of *Paradise*. There is a double Beauty in this Incident, not only as it presents great and just Omens, which are always agreeable in Poetry, but as it expresses that Enmity which was now produced in the Animal Creation. The Poet to shew the like Changes in Nature, as well as to grace his Fable with a noble Prodigy, represents the Sun in an Eclipse. This particular Incident has likewise a fine Effect upon the Imagination of the Reader, in regard to what follows; for at the same time that the Sun is under an Eclipse, a bright Cloud descends in the Western Quarter of the Heavens, filled with an Host of Angels, and more luminous than the Sun it self. The whole Theatre of Nature is darkned, that this glorious Machine may appear in all its Lustre and Magnificence.

—*Why in the East
Darkness ere Day's mid-course, and morning
Light
More orient in that Western Cloud that draws
O'er the blue Firmament a radiant White,
And slow descends, with something Heav'nly
fraught?*

*He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands
Down from a Sky of Jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a Hill made halt;
A glorious Apparition*—

I need not observe how properly this Author, who always suits his Parts to the Actors whom he introduces, has employed *Michael* in the Expulsion of our first Parents from *Paradise*. The Archangel on this Occasion neither appears in his proper Shape, nor in that familiar Manner with which *Raphael* the sociable Spirit entertained the Father of Mankind before the Fall. His Person, his Port, and Behaviour, are suitable to a Spirit of the highest Rank, and exquisitely describ'd in the following Passage.

—*Th' Archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his Shape Celestial; but as Man
Clad to meet Man: over his lucid Arms
A Military Vest of Purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the Grain
Of Sarra, worn by Kings and Heroes old,
In time of Truce: Iris had dipt the Wooff:
His starry Helm, unbuckled, shew'd him prime
In Manhood where Youth ended; by his side,
As in a glistening Zodiack, hung the Sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his Hand the Spear.
Adam bow'd low, he Kingly from his State
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared.*

Eve's Complaint upon hearing that she was to be removed from the Garden of *Paradise*, is wonderfully beautiful: The Sentiments are not only proper to the Subject, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish.

*Must I then leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave
Thee, native Soil, these happy Walks and Shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? Where I had hope to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that Day
That must be mortal to us both. O Flow'rs,
That never will in other Climate grow,
My early Visitation, and my last
At Even, which I bred up with tender Hand
From the first opening Bud, and gave you
Names;
Who now shall rear you to the Sun, or rank
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial
Fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial Bower, by me adorn'd
With what to Sight or Smell was sweet; from
thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower World, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other Air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal Fruits?*

Adam's Speech abounds with Thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine and elevated Turn. Nothing can be conceived more Sublime and Poetical than the following Passage in it.

*This most afflicts me, that departing hence
As from his Face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed Count'nance; here I could frequent,
With Worship, place by place where he vouch-
saf'd*

*Presence Divine; and to my Sons relate,
On this Mount he appear'd, under this Tree
Stood visible, among these Pines his Voice
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd;
So many grateful Altars I would rear
Of grassy Turf, and pile up every Stone
Of lustre from the Brook, in memory
Or monument to Ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling Gums and Fruits and
Flowers.*

*In yonder nether World where shall I seek
His bright Appearances, or Footsteps trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To Life prolong'd and promised Race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost Skirts
Of Glory, and far off his Steps adore.*

The Angel afterwards leads Adam to the highest Mount of Paradise, and lays before him a whole Hemisphere, as a proper Stage for those Visions which were to be represented on it. I have before observed how the Plan of Milton's Poem is in many Particulars greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Aeneid*. Virgil's Hero, in the last of these Poems, is entertained with a Sight of all those who are to descend from him; but though that Episode is justly admired as one of the noblest Designs in the whole *Aeneid*, every one must allow that this of Milton is of a much higher Nature. Adam's Vision is not confined to any particular Tribe of Mankind, but extends to the whole Species.

In this great Review which Adam takes of all his Sons and Daughters, the first Objects he is presented with exhibit to him the Story of Cain and Abel, which is drawn together with much Closeness and Propriety of Expression. That

Curiosity and natural Horror which arises in Adam at the Sight of the first dying Man, is touched with great Beauty.

*But have I now seen Death? is this the way
I must return to native Dust? O Sight
Of Terror foul, and ugly to behold,
Herid to think, how horrible to feel!*

The second Vision sets before him the Image of Death in a great Variety of Appearances. The Angel, to give him a general Idea of those Effects which his Guilt had brought upon his Posterity, places before him a large Hospital or Lazar-House, fill'd with Persons lying under all kinds of mortal Diseases. How finely has the Poet told us that the sick Persons languished under lingering and incurable Distempers, by an apt and judicious use of such Imaginary Beings as those I mentioned in my last Saturday's Paper.

*Dire was the tossing, deep the Groans. Despair
Tended the Sick, busy from Couch to Couch;
And over them triumphant Death his Dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked
With Vows, as their chief Good and final Hope.*

The Passion which likewise rises in Adam on this Occasion, is very natural.

*Sight so deform, what Heart of Rock could long
Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Tid' not of Woman born; Compassion quell'd
His best of Man, and gave him up to Tears.*

The Discourse between the Angel and Adam, which follows, abounds with noble Morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in Poetry than a Contrast and Opposition of Incidents, the Author, after this melancholy Prospect of Death and Sickness, raises up a Scene of Mirth, Love, and Jollity. The secret Pleasure that steals into Adam's Heart as he is intent upon this Vision, is imagined with great Delicacy. I must not omit the Description of the loose female Troop, who seduced the Sons of God, as they are called in Scripture.

*For that fair female Troop thou saw'st that
seem'd
Of Goddesses, so Blithe, so Smooth, so Gay,
Yet empty of all Good wherein consists
Woman's domestick Honour and chief Praise;
Bred only and compleated to the taste
Of lustful Appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and trouble the Tongue, and roll the
Eye:*

*To these that sober Race of Men, whose Lives
Religious tittled them the Sons of God,
Shall yield up all their Virtue, all their Fame
Ignobly, to the Trains and to the Smiles
Of those fair Atheists——*

The next Vision is of a quite contrary Nature, and filled with the Horrors of War. Adam at the Sight of it melts into Tears, and breaks out in that passionate Speech,

*———O what are these!
Death's Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death
Inhumanly to Men, and multiply
Ten Thousandfold the Sin of him who slew*

*His Brother: for of whom such Massacre
Make they but of their Brethren, Men of Men?*

Milton, to keep up an agreeable Variety in his Visions, after having raised in the Mind of his Reader the several Ideas of Terror which are conformable to the Description of War, passes on to those softer Images of Triumphs and Festivals, in that Vision of Lewdness and Luxury which ushers in the Flood.

As it is visible that the Poet had his Eye upon Ovid's Account of the universal Deluge, the Reader may observe with how much Judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the *Latin* Poet. We do not here see the Wolf swimming among the Sheep, nor any of those wanton Imaginations, which *Seneca* found fault with,¹ as unbecoming [the²] great Catastrophe of Nature. If our Poet has imitated that Verse in which *Ovid* tells us that there was nothing but Sea, and that this Sea had no Shore to it, he has not set the Thought in such a Light as to incur the Censure which Criticks have passed upon it. The latter part of that Verse in *Ovid* is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in *Milton*.

*Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant,
Nil nisi pontus erat, deerant quoque littora ponto.*—Ovid.

—Sea cover'd Sea,
Sea without Shore— Milton.

In *Milton* the former Part of the Description does not forestall the latter. How much more great and solemn on this Occasion is that which follows in our *English* Poet,

—And in their Palaces
Where Luxury late reign'd, Sea-Monsters
whelp'd
And stabled—

than that in *Ovid*, where we are told that the Sea-Calfs lay in those Places where the Goats were used to browse? The Reader may find several other parallel Passages in the *Latin* and *English* Description of the Deluge, wherein our Poet has visibly the Advantage. The Sky's being overcharged with Clouds, the descending of the Rains, the rising of the Seas, and the Appearance of the Rainbow, are such Descriptions as every one must take notice of. The Circumstance relating to *Paradise* is so finely imagined, and suitable to the Opinions of many learned Authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a Place in this Paper.

—Then shall this Mount
Of *Paradise* by might of Waves be mov'd
Out of his Place, push'd by the horned Flood
With all his Verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift
Down the great River to the opening Gulf,
And there take root, an Island salt and bare,
The haunt of Seals and Orcs and Sea-Mews
clang.

The Transition which the Poet makes from the Vision of the Deluge, to the Concern it occa-

¹ Nat. Quæst. Bk. III. § 27.

² [this]

sioned in *Adam*, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after *Virgil*, though the first Thought it introduces is rather in the Spirit of *Ovid*.

*How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The End of all thy Offspring, End so sad,
Depopulation! thee another Flood
Of Tears and Sorrow, a Flood thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy Sons; till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy Feet thou stood'st at last,
Tho' comfortless, as when a Father mourns
His Children, all in view destroy'd at once.*

I have been the more particular in my Quotations out of the eleventh Book of *Paradise Lost*, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining Books of this Poem; for which Reason the Reader might be apt to overlook those many Passages in it which deserve our Admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that single Circumstance of the Removal of our first Parents from *Paradise*; but tho' this is not in it self so great a Subject as that in most of the foregoing Books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprising Incidents and pleasing Episodes, that these two last Books can by no means be looked upon as unequal Parts of this Divine Poem. I must further add, that had not *Milton* represented our first Parents as driven out of *Paradise*, his Fall of Man would not have been compleat, and consequently his Action would have been imperfect. L.

No. 364.] Monday, April 28, 1712. [Steelc.]

[—Navibus]¹ atque
Quadrigris petimus bene vivere.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,²

A Lady of my Acquaintance, for whom I have too much Respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet Action, has given occasion to this Trouble: She is a Widow, to whom the Indulgence of a tender Husband has entrusted the Management of a very great Fortune, and a Son about sixteen, both which she is extremely fond of. The Boy has Parts of the middle Size, neither shining nor despicable, and has passed the common Exercises of his Years with tolerable Advantage; but is withal what you would call a forward Youth: By the Help of this last Qualification, which serves as a Varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best Use of his Learning, and display it at full length upon all Occasions. Last Summer he distinguished himself two or three times very remarkably, by puzzling the Vicar before an Assembly of most of the Ladies in the Neighbourhood; and from such weighty Considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls

¹ [Strenua nos exercet inertia: Navibus.]

² Dr Thomas Birch, in a letter dated June 15, 1764, says that this letter was by Mr Philip Yorke, afterwards Earl of Hardwicke, who was author also of another piece in the *Spectator*, but his son could not remember what that was.

'out, the Mother is become invincibly persuaded
'that her Son is a great Scholar; and that to
'chain him down to the ordinary Methods of
'Education with others of his Age, would be to
'cramp his Faculties, and do an irreparable In-
'jury to his wonderful Capacity.

'I happened to visit at the House last Week,
'and missing the young Gentleman at the Tea-
'Table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could
'not upon so extraordinary a Circumstance avoid
'inquiring after him. My Lady told me, he was
'gone out with her Woman, in order to make
'some Preparations for their Equipage; for that
'she intended very speedily to carry him to tra-
'vel. The Oddness of the Expression shock'd
'me a little; however, I soon recovered my self
'enough to let her know, that all I was willing to
'understand by it was, that she designed this
'Summer to shew her Son his Estate in a distant
'County, in which he has never yet been: But
'she soon took care to rob me of that agreeable
'Mistake, and let me into the whole Affair. She
'enlarged upon young Master's prodigious Im-
'provements, and his comprehensive Knowledge
'of all Book-Learning; concluding, that it was
'now high time he should be made acquainted
'with Men and Things; that she had resolved he
'should make the Tour of *France* and *Italy*, but
'could not bear to have him out of her Sight, and
'therefore intended to go along with him.

'I was going to rally her for so extravagant a
'Resolution, but found my self not in fit Hu-
'mour to meddle with a Subject that demanded
'the most soft and delicate Touch imaginable. I
'was afraid of dropping something that might
'seem to bear hard either upon the Son's Abili-
'ties, or the Mother's Discretion; being sensible
'that in both these Cases, tho' supported with all
'the Powers of Reason, I should, instead of gain-
'ing her Ladyship over to my Opinion, only ex-
'pose my self to her Disesteem: I therefore im-
'mediately determined to refer the whole Matter
'to the SPECTATOR.

'When I came to reflect at Night, as my Cus-
'tom is, upon the Occurrences of the Day, I
'could not but believe that this Humour of car-
'rying a Boy to travel in his Mother's Lap, and
'that upon pretence of learning Men and Things,
'is a Case of an extraordinary Nature, and car-
'ries on it a particular Stamp of Folly. I did
'not remember to have met with its Parallel
'within the Compass of my Observation, tho' I
'could call to mind some not extremely unlike it.
'From hence my Thoughts took Occasion to
'ramble into the general Notion of Travelling,
'as it is now made a Part of Education. No-
'thing is more frequent than to take a Lad from
'Grammar and Law, and under the Tuition of
'some poor Scholar, who is willing to be ban-
'ished for thirty Pounds a Year, and a little
'Victuals, send him crying and snivelling into
'foreign Countries. Thus he spends his time as
'Children do at Puppet-Shows, and with much
'the same Advantage, in staring and gaping at an
'amazing Variety of strange things: strange in-
'deed to one who is not prepared to comprehend
'the Reasons and Meaning of them; whilst he
'should be laying the solid Foundations of Know-

'ledge in his Mind, and furnishing it with just
'Rules to direct his future Progress in Life under
'some skilful Master of the Art of Instruction.

'Can there be a more astonishing Thought in
'Nature, than to consider how Men should fall
'into so palpable a Mistake? It is a large Field,
'and may very well exercise a sprightly Genius;
'but I don't remember you have yet taken a Turn
'in it. I wish, Sir, you would make People un-
'derstand, that *Travel* is really the last Step to
'be taken in the Institution of Youth; and to set
'out with it, is to begin where they should end.

'Certainly the true End of visiting Foreign
'Parts, is to look into their Customs and Policies,
'and observe in what Particulars they excel or
'come short of our own; to unlearn some odd
'Peculiarities in our Manners, and wear off such
'awkward Stiffnesses and Affectations in our Be-
'haviour, as may possibly have been contracted
'from constantly associating with one Nation of
'Men, by a more free, general, and mixed Con-
'versation. But how can any of these Advantages
'be attained by one who is a mere Stranger to
'the Customs and Policies of his native Country,
'and has not yet fixed in his Mind the first Prin-
'ciples of Manners and Behaviour? To endea-
'vour it, is to build a gawdy Structure without
'any Foundation; or, if I may be allow'd the
'Expression, to work a rich Embroidery upon a
'Cobweb.

'Another End of travelling which deserves to
'be consider'd, is the Improving our Taste of the
'best Authors of Antiquity, by seeing the Places
'where they lived, and of which they wrote; to
'compare the natural Face of the Country with
'the Descriptions they have given us, and observe
'how well the Picture agrees with the Original.
'This must certainly be a most charming Exercise
'to the Mind that is rightly turned for it; besides
'that it may in a good measure be made subservi-
'ent to Morality, if the Person is capable of draw-
'ing just Conclusions concerning the Uncertainty
'of human things, from the ruinous Alterations
'Time and Barbarity have brought upon so many
'Palaces, Cities and whole Countries, which make
'the most illustrious Figures in History. And
'this Hint may be not a little improved by ex-
'amining every Spot of Ground that we find cele-
'brated as the Scene of some famous Action, or
'retaining any Footsteps of a *Cato*, *Cicero* or
'*Brutus*, or some such great virtuous Man. A
'nearer View of any such Particular, tho' really
'little and trifling in it self, may serve the more
'powerfully to warm a generous Mind to an
'Emulation of their Virtues, and a greater Ar-
'dency of Ambition to imitate their bright Ex-
'amples, if it comes duly temper'd and prepar'd
'for the Impression. But this I believe you'll
'hardly think those to be, who are so far from
'entring into the Sense and Spirit of the Ancients,
'that they don't yet understand their Language
'with any [Exactness.¹]

¹ [Exactness.

I can't quit this head without paying my
Acknowledgments to one of the most entertain-
ing Pieces this Age has produc'd, for the Plea-
sure it gave me. You will easily guess, that

'But I have wander'd from my Purpose, which
'was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond
'*English* Mother, and Mother's *own* Son, from
'being shewn a ridiculous Spectacle thro' the
'most polite Part of *Europe*. Pray tell them,
'that though to be Sea-sick, or jumbled in an out-
'landish Stage-Coach, may perhaps be healthful
'for the Constitution of the Body, yet it is apt to
'cause such a Dizziness in young empty Heads,
'as too often lasts their Life-time.

I am, SIR,
Your most Humble Servant,
Philip Homebred.

SIR, Birchan-Lane.
'I was marry'd on *Sunday* last, and went
'peaceably to bed; but, to my Surprize, was
'awaken'd the next Morning by the Thunder of
'a Set of Drums. These warlike Sounds (me-
'thinks) are very improper in a Marriage-Con-
'sort, and give great Offence; they seem to in-
'sinuate, that the Joys of this State are short,
'and that Jars and Discord soon ensue. I fear
'they have been ominous to many Matches, and
'sometimes proved a Prelude to a Battel in the
'Honey-Moon. A Nod from you may hush
'them; therefore pray, Sir, let them be silenced,
'that for the future none but soft Airs may usher
'in the Morning of a Bridal Night, which will be
'a Favour not only to those who come after, but
'to me, who can still subscribe my self,

Your most humble
and most obedient Servant,
Robin Bridegroom.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of that sort of Women whom
'the gayer Part of our Sex are apt to call a
'Prude. But to shew them that I have very
'little Regard to their Raillery, I shall be glad to
'see them all at *The Amorous Widow, or the*
'*wanton Wife*, which is to be acted, for the
'Benefit of Mrs. Porter, on *Monday* the 28th
'Instant. I assure you I can laugh at an Amor-
'ous Widow, or Wanton Wife, with as little
'Temptation to imitate them, as I could at any
'other vicious Character. Mrs. Porter obliged
'me so very much in the exquisite Sense she
'seemed to have of the honourable Sentiments
'and noble Passions in the Character of *Her-*
'*mione*, that I shall appear in her behalf at a

the Book I have in my head is *Mr. A*—'s
Remarks upon Italy. That Ingenious gentleman
has with so much Art and Judgment applied his
exact Knowledge of all the Parts of Classical
Learning to illustrate the several occurrences of
his Travels, that his Work alone is a pregnant
Proof of what I have said. No Body that has a
Taste this way, can read him going from *Rome* to
Naples, and making *Horace* and *Silius Italicus*
his Chart, but he must feel some Uneasiness in
himself to Reflect that he was not in his Retinue.
I am sure I wish'd it Ten Times in every Page,
and that not without a secret Vanity to think in
what State I should have Travelled the *Appian*
Road with *Horace* for a Guide, and in company
with a Countryman of my own, who of all Men
living knows best how to follow his Steps.]

'Comedy, tho' I have not great Relish for any
'Entertainments where the Mirth is not season'd
'with a certain Severity, which ought to recom-
'mend it to People who pretend to keep Reason
'and Authority over all their Actions.

I am, SIR,
Your frequent Reader,
Altamira.

T.

No. 365.] Tuesday, April 29, 1712. [Budgell.

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus—
Virg.

THE Author of the *Menagiana* acquaints us,
that discoursing one Day with several Ladies
of Quality about the Effects of the Month of
May, which infuses a kindly Warmth into the
Earth, and all its Inhabitants; the Marchioness
of S——, who was one of the Company, told
him, *That though she would promise to be chaste*
in every Month besides, she could not engage for
her self in May. As the beginning therefore of
this Month is now very near, I design this Paper
for a Caveat to the Fair Sex, and publish it be-
fore *April* is quite out, that if any of them should
be caught tripping, they may not pretend they
had not timely Notice.

I am induced to this, being persuaded the
above-mentioned Observation is as well calcu-
lated for our Climate as for that of *France*, and
that some of our *British* Ladies are of the same
Constitution with the *French* Marchioness.

I shall leave it among Physicians to determine
what may be the Cause of such an Anniversary
Inclination; whether or no it is that the Spirits
after having been as it were frozen and congealed
by Winter, are now turned loose, and set a
rambling; or that the gay Prospects of Fields and
Meadows, with the Courtship of the Birds in
every Bush, naturally unbend the Mind, and
soften it to Pleasure; or that, as some have
imagined, a Woman is prompted by a kind of In-
stinct to throw herself on a Bed of Flowers, and
not to let those beautiful Couches which Nature
has provided lie useless. However it be, the Ef-
fects of this Month on the lower part of the Sex,
who act without Disguise, [are¹] very visible. It
is at this time that we see the young Wenches in
a Country Parish dancing round a *May-Pole*,
which one of our learned Antiquaries supposes to
be a Relique of a certain Pagan Worship that I
do not think fit to mention.

It is likewise on the first Day of this Month
that we see the ruddy Milk-Maid exerting her
self in a most sprightly manner under a Pyramid
of Silver-Tankards, and, like the Virgin *Tarpeia*,
oppress'd by the costly Ornaments which her
Benefactors lay upon her.

I need not mention the Ceremony of the Green
Gown, which is also peculiar to this gay Season.

The same periodical Love-Fit spreads through
the whole Sex, as Mr. *Dryden* well observes in
his Description of this merry Month:

¹ [is] and in first Reprint.

*For thee, sweet Month, the Groves green Liv'ries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the Year;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs.
The sprightly May commands our Youth to keep
The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their Sleep;
Each gentle Breast with kindly Warmth she moves,
Inspires new Flames, revives extinguish'd Loves.¹*

Accordingly among the Works of the great Masters in Painting, who have drawn this genial Season of the Year, we often observe *Cupids* confused with *Zephirs* flying up and down promiscuously in several Parts of the Picture. I cannot but add from my own Experience, that about this Time of the Year Love-Letters come up to me in great Numbers from all Quarters of the Nation.

I receiv'd an Epistle in particular by the last Post from a *Yorkshire* Gentleman, who makes heavy Complaints of one *Zelinda*, whom it seems he has courted unsuccessfully these three Years past. He tells me that he designs to try her this *May*, and if he does not carry his Point, he will never think of her more.

Having thus fairly admonished the female Sex, and laid before them the Dangers they are exposed to in this critical Month, I shall in the next place lay down some Rules and Directions for their better avoiding those Calentures which are so very frequent in this Season.

In the first place, I would advise them never to venture abroad in the Fields, but in the Company of a Parent, a Guardian, or some other sober discreet Person. I have before shewn how apt they are to trip in a flow'ry Meadow, and shall further observe to them, that *Proserpine* was out a *Maying*, when she met with that fatal Adventure to which *Milton* alludes when he mentions

—That fair Field
Of Enna, where *Proserpine* gathering Flowers,
Herself a fairer Flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd²

Since I am got into Quotations, I shall conclude this Head with *Virgil's* Advice to young People, while they are gathering wild Strawberries and Nosegays, that they should have a care of the *Snake in the Grass*.

In the second place, I cannot but approve those Prescriptions, which our Astrological Physicians give in their Almanacks for this Month; such as are a spare and simple Diet, with the moderate Use of *Phlebotomy*.

Under this Head of Abstinence I shall also advise my fair Readers to be in a particular manner careful how they meddle with Romances, Chocolate, Novels, and the like Inflammers, which I

¹ This quotation is made up of two passages in Dryden's version of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, 'Palamon and Arcite.' The first four lines are from Bk. ii. ll. 663—666, the other four lines are from Bk. i. ll. 176—179.

² *Paradise Lost*, Bk. iv. ll. 268—271.

look upon as very dangerous to be made use of during this great Carnival of Nature.

As I have often declared, that I have nothing more at heart than the Honour of my dear Country-Women, I would beg them to consider, whenever their Resolutions begin to fail them, that there are but one and thirty Days of this soft Season, and that if they can but weather out this one Month, the rest of the Year will be easy to them. As for that Part of the Fair-Sex who stay in Town, I would advise them to be particularly cautious how they give themselves up to their most innocent Entertainments. If they cannot forbear the Play-house, I would recommend *Tragedy* to them, rather than *Comedy*; and should think the *Puppet-show* much safer for them than the *Opera*, all the while the Sun is in *Gemini*.

The Reader will observe, that this Paper is written for the use of those Ladies who think it worth while to war against Nature in the Cause of Honour. As for that abandon'd Crew, who do not think Virtue worth contending for, but give up their Reputation at the first Summons, such Warnings and Premonitions are thrown away upon them. A Prostitute is the same easy Creature in all Months of the Year, and makes no difference between *May* and *December*. X.

No. 366.] Wednesday, April 30, 1712. [Steele.

*Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.—Hor.*

THERE are such wild Inconsistencies in the Thoughts of a Man in love, that I have often reflected there can be no reason for allowing him more Liberty than others possessed with Frenzy, but that his Distemper has no Malevolence in it to any Mortal. That Devotion to his Mistress kindles in his Mind a general Tenderness, which exerts it self towards every Object as well as his Fair-one. When this Passion is represented by Writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain Quaintnesses and Turns of Imagination, which are apparently the Work of a Mind at ease; but the Men of true Taste can easily distinguish the Exertion of a Mind which overflows with tender Sentiments, and the Labour of one which is only describing Distress. In Performances of this kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty; every Sentiment must grow out of the Occasion, and be suitable to the Circumstances of the Character. Where this Rule is transgressed, the humble Servant, in all the fine things he says, is but shewing his Mistress how well he can dress, instead of saying how well he loves. Lace and Drapery is as much a Man, as Wit and Turn is Passion.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
'The following Verses are a Translation of a
'Lapland Love-Song, which I met with in

'Scheffer's History of that Country.¹ I was agreeably surprized to find a Spirit of Tenderness and Poetry in a Region which I never suspected for Delicacy. In hotter Climates, tho' altogether uncivilized, I had not wonder'd if I had found some sweet wild Notes among the Natives, where they live in Groves of Oranges, and hear the Melody of Birds about them: But a Lapland Lyric, breathing Sentiments of Love and Poetry, not unworthy old Greece or Rome; a regular Ode from a Climate pinched with Frost, and cursed with Darkness so great a Part of the Year; where 'tis amazing that the poor Natives should get Food, or be tempted to propagate their Species: this, I confess, seemed a greater Miracle to me, than the famous Stories of their Drums, their Winds and Inchantments.

I am the bolder in commending this Northern Song, because I have faithfully kept to the Sentiments, without adding or diminishing; and pretend to no greater Praise from my Translation, than they who smooth and clean the Furs of that Country which have suffered by Carriage. The Numbers in the Original are as loose and unequal, as those in which the British Ladies sport their Pindaricks; and perhaps the fairest of them might not think it a disagreeable Present from a Lover: But I have ventured to bind it in stricter Measures, as being more proper for our

¹ John Scheffer, born in 1621, at Strasburg, was at the age of 27 so well-known for his learning, that he was invited to Sweden, where he received a liberal pension from Queen Christina as her librarian, and was also a Professor of Law and Rhetoric in the University of Upsala. He died in 1679. He was the author of 27 works, among which is his 'Lapponia,' a Latin description of Lapland, published in 1673, of which an English version appeared at Oxford in folio, in 1674. The song is there given in the original Lapp, and in a rendering of Scheffer's Latin less conventionally polished than that published by the *Spectator*; which is Ambrose Philips's translation of a translation. In the Oxford translation there were six stanzas of this kind:

*With brightest beams let the Sun shine
On Orra Moor.
Could I be sure
That from the top o' th' lofty Pine
I Orra Moor might see,
I to his highest Bough would climb,
And with industrious Labour try
Thence to descry
My Mistress if that there she be.*

*Could I but know amidst what Flowers
Or in what Shade she stays,
The gaudy Bowers,
With all their verdant Pride,
Their Blossoms and their Sprays,
Which make my Mistress disappear;
And her in envious Darkness hide,
I from the Roots and Beds of Earth would tear.*

In the same chapter another song is given of which there is a version in No. 406 of the *Spectator*.

'Tongue, tho' perhaps wilder Graces may better suit the Genius of the Laponian Language.

'It will be necessary to imagine, that the Author of this Song, not having the Liberty of visiting his Mistress at her Father's House, was in hopes of spying her at a Distance in the Fields.

I.

*Thou rising Sun, whose gladsome Ray
Invites my Fair to Rural Play,
Dispel the Mist, and clear the Skies,
And bring my Orra to my Eyes.*

II.

*Oh! were I sure my Dear to view,
I'd climb that Pine-Tree's topmost Bough,
Aloft in Air that quivering plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.*

III.

*My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What Wood conceals my sleeping Maid?
Fast by the Roots enrag'd I'll tear
The Trees that hide my promis'd Fair.*

IV.

*Oh! I cou'd ride the Clouds and Skies,
Or on the Raven's Pinions rise:
Ye Storks, ye Swans, a moment stay,
And waft a Lover on his Way.*

V.

*My Bliss too long my Bride denies,
Apace the wasting Summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry Blasts I fear,
Not Storms or Night shall keep me here.*

VI.

*What may for Strength with Steel compare?
Oh! Love has Fetters stronger far:
By Bolts of Steel are Limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the Mind.*

VII.

*No longer then perplex thy Breast,
When Thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis Death to stay,
Away to Orra, haste away.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

April the 10th.

'I am one of those despicable Creatures called a Chamber-Maid, and have lived with a Mistress for some time, whom I love as my Life, which has made my Duty and Pleasure inseparable. My greatest Delight has been in being employ'd about her Person; and indeed she is very seldom out of Humour for a Woman of her Quality: But here lies my Complaint, Sir; To bear with me is all the Encouragement she is pleased to bestow upon me; for she gives her cast-off Cloaths from me to others: some she is pleased to bestow in the House to those that neither wants nor wears them, and some to Hangers-on, that frequents the House daily, who comes dressed out in them. This, Sir, is a very mortifying Sight to me, who am a little necessitous for Cloaths, and loves to appear what I am, and causes an Uneasiness, so that I can't serve with that Cheerfulness as formerly; which my Mistress takes notice of, and calls Envy and Ill-

'Temper at seeing others preferred before me.
'My Mistress has a younger Sister lives in the
'House with her, that is some Thousands below
'her in Estate, who is continually heaping her
'Favours on her Maid; so that she can appear
'every *Sunday*, for the first Quarter, in a fresh
'Suit of Cloaths of her Mistress's giving, with all
'other things suitable: All this I see without
'envying, but not without wishing my Mistress
'would a little consider what a Discouragement it
'is to me to have my Perquisites divided between
'Fawners and Jobbers, which others enjoy intire
'to themselves. I have spoke to my Mistress,
'but to little Purpose; I have desired to be dis-
'charged (for indeed I fret my self to nothing) but
'that she answers with Silence. I beg, Sir, your
'Direction what to do, for I am fully resolved to
'follow your Counsel; who am

Your Admirer and humble Servant,
Constantia Comb-brush.

'I beg that you would put it in a better Dress,
'and let it come abroad; that my Mistress, who
'is an Admirer of your Speculations, may see it.
T.

No. 367.] *Thursday, May 1, 1712.* [Addison.

—*Periturae parcite chartæ.*—Juv.

I HAVE often pleased my self with consider-
ing the two kinds of Benefits which accrue
to the Publick from these my Speculations, and
which, were I to speak after the manner of Logi-
cians, I would distinguish into the *Material* and
the *Formal*. By the latter I understand those
Advantages which my Readers receive, as their
Minds are either improv'd or delighted by these
my daily Labours; but having already several
times descanted on my Endeavours in this Light,
I shall at present wholly confine my self to the
Consideration of the former. By the Word *Ma-
terial* I mean those Benefits which arise to the
Publick from these my Speculations, as they con-
sume a considerable quantity of our Paper Manu-
facture, employ our Artisans in Printing, and find
Business for great Numbers of Indigent Persons.

Our Paper-Manufacture takes into it several
mean Materials which could be put to no other
use, and affords Work for several Hands in the
collecting of them, which are incapable of any
other Employment. Those poor Retailers, whom
we see so busy in every Street, deliver in their
respective Gleanings to the Merchant. The Mer-
chant carries them in Loads to the Paper-Mill,
where they pass thro' a fresh Set of Hands, and
give life to another Trade. Those who have Mills
on their Estates, by this means considerably raise
their Rents, and the whole Nation is in a great
measure supply'd with a Manufacture, for which
formerly she was obliged to her Neighbours.

The Materials are no sooner wrought into
Paper, but they are distributed among the Presses,
where they again set innumerable Artists at Work,
and furnish Business to another Mystery. From
hence, accordingly as they are stain'd with News

or Politicks, they fly thro' the Town in *Post-Men*,
Post-Boys, *Daily-Courants*, *Reviews*, *Medleys*,
and *Examiners*. Men, Women, and Children
contend who shall be the first Bearers of them,
and get their daily Sustenance by spreading them.
In short, when I trace in my Mind a Bundle of
Rags to a Quire of *Spectators*, I find so many
Hands employ'd in every Step they take thro'
their whole Progress, that while I am writing a
Spectator, I fancy my self providing Bread for a
Multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my witty
Readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my
Paper, after it is thus printed and published, is
still beneficial to the Publick on several Occasions.
I must confess I have lighted my Pipe with my
own Works for this Twelve-month past: My
Landlady often sends up her little Daughter to
desire some of my old *Spectators*, and has fre-
quently told me, that the Paper they are printed
on is the best in the World to wrap Spice in.
They likewise make a good Foundation for a
Mutton pye, as I have more than once experi-
enced, and were very much sought for, last *Christ-
mas*, by the whole Neighbourhood.

It is pleasant enough to consider the Changes
that a Linnen Fragment undergoes, by passing
thro' the several Hands above mentioned. The
finest pieces of Holland, when worn to Tatters,
assume a new Whiteness more beautiful than their
first, and often return in the shape of Letters to
their Native Country. A Lady's Shift may be
metamorphosed into Bilet[s]-doux, and come into
her Possession a second time. A Beau may pe-
ruse his Cravat after it is worn out, with greater
Pleasure and Advantage than ever he did in a
Glass. In a word, a Piece of Cloth, after having
officiated for some Years as a Towel or a Napkin,
may by this means be raised from a Dunghill, and
become the most valuable Piece of Furniture in a
Prince's Cabinet.

The politest Nations of *Europe* have endea-
voured to vie with one another for the Reputation
of the finest Printing: Absolute Governments, as
well as Republicks, have encouraged an Art
which seems to be the noblest and most beneficial
that was ever invented among the Sons of Men.
The present King of *France*, in his Pursuits after
Glory, has particularly distinguished himself by
the promoting of this useful Art, insomuch that
several Books have been printed in the *Louvre*
at his own Expence, upon which he sets so great
a value, that he considers them as the noblest
Presents he can make to foreign Princes and Am-
bassadors. If we look into the Commonwealths
of *Holland* and *Venice*, we shall find that in this
Particular they have made themselves the Envy
of the greatest Monarchies. *Elziver* and *Aldus*
are more frequently mentioned than any Pensioner
of the one or Doge of the other.

The several Presses which are now in *England*,
and the great Encouragement which has been
given to Learning for some Years last past, has
made our own Nation as glorious upon this Ac-
count, as for its late Triumphs and Conquests.
The new Edition which is given us of *Cæsar's*
Commentaries, has already been taken notice of
in foreign *Gazettes*, and is a Work that does

honour to the *English Press*.¹ It is no wonder that an Edition should be very correct, which has passed thro' the Hands of one of the most accurate, learned and judicious Writers this Age has produced. The Beauty of the Paper, of the Character, and of the several Cuts with which this noble Work is illustrated, makes it the finest Book that I have ever seen; and is a true Instance of the *English Genius*, which, tho' it does not come the first into any Art, generally carries it to greater Heights than any other Country in the World. I am particularly glad that this Author comes from a *British Printing-house* in so great a Magnificence, as he is the first who has given us any tolerable Account of our Country.

My Illiterate Readers, if any such there are, will be surprized to hear me talk of Learning as the Glory of a Nation, and of Printing as an Art that gains a Reputation to a People among whom it flourishes. When Mens Thoughts are taken up with Avarice and Ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as great or valuable, which does not bring with it an extraordinary Power or Interest to the Person who is concerned in it. But as I shall never sink this Paper so far as to engage with *Goths* and *Vandals*, I shall only regard such kind of Reasoners with that Pity which is due to so Deplorable a Degree of Stupidity and Ignorance.

L.

No. 368.] Friday, May 2, 1712. [Steele.

*Nos decebat
Lugere ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus
Humanæ vitæ varia reputantes mala;
At qui labores morte finisset graves
Omnes amicos laude et lætitia exequi.*
Eurip. apud Tull.

AS the *Spectator* is in a Kind a Paper of News from the natural World, as others are from the busy and politick Part of Mankind, I shall translate the following Letter written to an eminent *French Gentleman* in this Town from *Paris*, which gives us the Exit of an Heroine who is a Pattern of Patience and Generosity.

SIR, Paris, April 18, 1712.

'It is so many Years since you left your native Country, that I am to tell you the Characters of your nearest Relations as much as if you were an utter Stranger to them. The Occasion of this

¹ Just published, 1712, by Dr. Samuel Clarke, then 37 years old. He had been for 12 years chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich, and Boyle Lecturer in 1704-5, when he took for his subject the Being and Attributes of God and the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion. He had also translated Newton's Optics, and was become chaplain to the Queen, Rector of St. James's, Westminster, and D.D. of Cambridge. The accusations of heterodoxy that followed him through his after life date from this year, 1712, in which, besides the edition of *Cæsar*, he published a book on the Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity.

'is to give you an account of the Death of Madam *de Villacerse*, whose Departure out of this Life I know not whether a Man of your Philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some Circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented. She was her whole Life happy in an uninterrupted Health, and was always honoured for an Evenness of Temper and Greatness of Mind. On the 10th instant that Lady was taken with an Indisposition which confined her to her Chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a sick Bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any Satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known, that some Years ago Monsieur *Festeau*, one of the most considerable Surgeons in *Paris*, was desperately in love with this Lady: Her Quality placed her above any Application to her on the account of his Passion; but as a Woman always has some regard to the Person whom she believes to be her real Admirer, she now took it in her head (upon Advice of her Physicians to lose some of her Blood) to send for Monsieur *Festeau* on that occasion. I happened to be there at that time, and my near Relation gave me the Privilege to be present. As soon as her Arm was stripped bare, and he began to press it in order to raise the Vein, his Colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden Tremor, which made me take the liberty to speak of it to my Cousin with some Apprehension: She smiled, and said she knew Mr. *Festeau* had no Inclination to do her Injury. He seemed to recover himself, and smiling also proceeded in his Work. Immediately after the Operation he cried out, that he was the most unfortunate of all Men, for that he had open'd an Artery instead of a Vein. It is as impossible to express the Artist's Distraction as the Patient's Composure. I will not dwell on little Circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three days time it was thought necessary to take off her Arm. She was so far from using *Festeau* as it would be natural to one of a lower Spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any Consultation about her present Condition, and on every occasion asked whether he was satisfy'd in the Measures [that] were taken about her. Before this last Operation she ordered her Will to be drawn, and after having been about a quarter of an hour alone, she bid the Surgeons, of whom poor *Festeau* was one, go on in their Work. I know not how to give you the Terms of Art, but there appeared such Symptoms after the Amputation of her Arm, that it was visible she could not live four and twenty hours. Her Behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this whole Affair, that I was particularly curious in taking Notice of what passed as her Fate approached nearer and nearer, and took Notes of what she said to all about her, particularly Word for Word what she spoke to Mr. *Festeau*, which was as follows.

"Sir, you give me inexpressible Sorrow for the Anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am removed to all Intents and Purposes from the Interests of human Life, therefore I am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in

"it. I do not consider you as one by whose Error I have lost my Life; no, you are my Benefactor, as you have hasten'd my Entrance into a happy Immortality. This is my Sense of this Accident; but the World in which you live may have Thoughts of it to your Disadvantage, I have therefore taken Care to provide for you in my Will, and have placed you above what you have to fear from their Ill-Nature."

While this excellent Woman spoke these Words, *Festeau* looked as if he received a Condemnation to die, instead of a Pension for his Life. *Madam de Villacerfe* lived till Eight of [the] Clock the next Night; and tho' she must have laboured under the most exquisite Torments, she possessed her Mind with so wonderful a Patience, that one may rather say she ceased to breathe than she died at that hour. You who had not the happiness to be personally known to this Lady, have nothing but to rejoice in the Honour you had of being related to so great Merit; but we who have lost her Conversation, cannot so easily resign our own Happiness by Reflection upon hers.

I am,
SIR,
Your affectionate Kinsman,
and most obedient humble Servant,
Paul Regnaud.

There hardly can be a greater Instance of an Heroick Mind, than the unprejudiced Manner in which this Lady weighed this Misfortune. The regard of Life it self could not make her overlook the Contrition of the unhappy Man, whose more than Ordinary Concern for her was all his Guilt. It would certainly be of singular Use to human Society to have an exact Account of this Lady's ordinary Conduct, which was Crowned by so uncommon Magnanimity. Such Greatness was not to be acquired in her last Article, nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant Practice of all that is praise-worthy, which made her capable of beholding Death, not as the Dissolution, but Consummation of her Life.

No. 369.] Saturday, May 3, 1712. [Addison.

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus*—
Hor.

MILTON, after having represented in Vision the History of Mankind to the first great Period of Nature, dispatches the remaining part of it in Narration. He has devised a very handsome Reason for the Angel's proceeding with *Adam* after this manner; though doubtless the true Reason was the Difficulty which the Poet would have found to have shadowed out so mixed and complicated a Story in visible Objects. I could wish, however, that the Author had done it, whatever Pains it might have cost him. To give my Opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the History of Mankind in Vision, and part in Narrative, is as if an History-Painter should put in Colours one half of his Subject,

and write down the remaining part of it. If *Milton's* Poem flags any where, it is in this Narration, where in some places the Author has been so attentive to his Divinity, that he has neglected his Poetry. The Narration, however, rises very happily on several Occasions, where the Subject is capable of Poetical Ornaments, as particularly in the Confusion which he describes among the Builders of *Babel*, and in his short Sketch of the Plagues of *Egypt*. The Storm of Hail and Fire, with the Darkness that overspread the Land for three Days, are described with great Strength. The beautiful Passage which follows, is raised upon noble Hints in Scripture:

—Thus with ten Wounds
The River-Dragon tamed at length submits
To let his Sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn Heart; but still as Ice
More harden'd after Thaw, till in his Rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the Sea
Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass
As on dry Land between two Chrystal Walls,
Aw'd by the Rod of Moses so to stand
Divided—

The *River-Dragon* is an Allusion to the Crocodile, which inhabits the *Nile*, from whence *Egypt* derives her Plenty. This Allusion is taken from that Sublime Passage in *Ezekiel*, Thus saith the Lord God, behold I am against thee, Pharaoh King of Egypt, the great Dragon that lieth in the midst of his Rivers, which hath said, my River is mine own, and I have made it for my self. *Milton* has given us another very noble and poetical Image in the same Description, which is copied almost Word for Word out of the History of *Moses*.

All Night he will pursue, but his Approach
Darkness defends between till morning Watch;
Then through the fiery Pillar and the Cloud
God looking forth, will trouble all his Host,
And craze their Chariot Wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent Rod extends
Over the Sea: the Sea his Rod obeys:
On their embattel'd Ranks the Waves return
And overwhelm their War—

As the principal Design of this Episode was to give *Adam* an Idea of the Holy Person, who was to reinstate human Nature in that Happiness and Perfection from which it had fallen, the Poet confines himself to the Line of *Abraham*, from whence the *Messiah* was to Descend. The Angel is described as seeing the Patriarch actually travelling towards the *Land of Promise*, which gives a particular Liveliness to this part of the Narration.

I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith
He leaves his Gods, his Friends, his Native Soil,
Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the Ford
To Haran, after him a cumbrous Train
Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous Servitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his Wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a Land unknown.
Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring
Plain

*Of Moreh, there by Promise he receives
Gifts to his Progeny of all that Land,
From Hamath Northward to the Desert South.
(Things by their Names I call, though yet un-
named.)*

As *Virgil's* Vision in the sixth *Æneid* probably gave *Milton* the Hint of this whole *Episode*, the last Line is a Translation of that Verse, where *Anchises* mentions the Names of Places, which they were to bear hereafter.

*Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine
terre.*

The Poet has very finely represented the Joy and Gladness of Heart which rises in *Adam* upon his discovery of the Messiah. As he sees his Day at a distance through Types and Shadows, he rejoices in it: but when he finds the Redemption of Man completed, and *Paradise* again renewed, he breaks forth in Rapture and Transport;

*O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!
That all this Good of Evil shall produce, &c.*

I have hinted in my sixth Paper on *Milton*, that an Heroick Poem, according to the Opinion of the best Criticks, ought to end happily, and leave the Mind of the Reader, after having conducted it through many Doubts and Fears, Sorrows and Disquietudes, in a State of Tranquility and Satisfaction. *Milton's* Fable, which had so many other Qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this Particular. It is here therefore, that the Poet has shewn a most exquisite Judgment, as well as the finest Invention, by finding out a Method to supply this natural Defect in his Subject. Accordingly he leaves the Adversary of Mankind, in the last View which he gives us of him, under the lowest State of Mortification and Disappointment. We see him chewing Ashes, grovelling in the Dust, and loaden with super-numerary Pains and Torments. On the contrary, our two first Parents are comforted by Dreams and Visions, cheared with Promises of Salvation, and, in a manner, raised to a greater Happiness than that which they had forfeited: In short, *Satan* is represented miserable in the height of his Triumphs, and *Adam* triumphant in the height of Misery.

Milton's Poem ends very nobly. The last Speeches of *Adam* and the Arch-Angel are full of Moral and Instructive Sentiments. The Sleep that fell upon *Eve*, and the Effects it had in quieting the Disorders of her Mind, produces the same kind of Consolation in the Reader, who cannot peruse the last beautiful Speech which is ascribed to the Mother of Mankind, without a secret Pleasure and Satisfaction.

*Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I
know;*

*For God is also in Sleep, and Dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great Good
Presaging, since with Sorrow and Heart's Dis-
tress*

*Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay: with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,*

*Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me
Art all things under Heav'n, all Places thou,
Who for my wilful Crime art banish'd hence.
This farther Consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such Favour, I unworthy, am vouchsafed,
By me the promised Seed shall all restore.*

The following Lines, which conclude the Poem, rise in a most glorious Blaze of Poetical Images and Expressions.

Heliodorus in his *Æthiopicks* acquaints us, that the Motion of the Gods differs from that of Mortals, as the former do not stir their Feet, nor proceed Step by Step, but slide o'er the Surface of the Earth by an uniform Swimming of the whole Body. The Reader may observe with how Poetical a Description *Milton* has attributed the same kind of Motion to the Angels who were to take Possession of *Paradise*.

*So spake our Mother Eve, and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill
To their fix'd Station, all in bright Array
The Cherubim descended; on the Ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening Mist
Ris'n from a River, o'er the Marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the Lab'rer's Heel
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc'd,
The brandish'd Sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet*——

The Author helped his Invention in the following Passage, by reflecting on the Behaviour of the Angel, who, in Holy Writ, has the Conduct of *Lot* and his Family. The Circumstances drawn from that Relation are very gracefully made use of on this Occasion.

*In either Hand the hastning Angel caught
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate
Led them direct; and down the Cliff as fast
To the subjected Plain; then disappear'd.
They looking back, &c.*

The [Scene¹] which our first Parents are surprized with, upon their looking back on *Paradise*, wonderfully strikes the Reader's Imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the Tears they shed on that Occasion.

*They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy Seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fiery Arms:
Some natural Tears they dropp'd, but wiped
them soon;
The World was all before them, where to chuse
Their Place of Rest, and Providence their Guide.*

If I might presume to offer at the smallest Alteration in this divine Work, I should think the Poem would end better with the Passage here quoted, than with the two Verses which follow:

*They hand in hand, with wandering Steps and
slow,
Through Eden took their solitary Way.*

¹ [Prospect]

These two Verses, though they have their Beauty, fall very much below the foregoing Passage, and renew in the Mind of the Reader that Anguish which was prett^r well laid by that Consideration,

*The world was all before them, where to chuse
Their Place of Rest, and Providence their Guide.*

The Number of Books in *Paradise Lost* is equal to those of the *Aeneid*. Our Author in his first Edition had divided his Poem into ten Books, but afterwards broke the seventh and the eleventh each of them into two different Books, by the help of some small Additions. This second Division was made with great Judgment, as any one may see who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a Chimerical Beauty as that of resembling *Virgil* in this particular, but for the more just and regular Disposition of this great Work.

Those who have read *Bossu*, and many of the Criticks who have written since his Time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular Moral which is inculcated in *Paradise Lost*. Though I can by no means think, with the last mentioned *French* Author, that an Epick Writer first of all pitches upon a certain Moral, as the Ground-Work and Foundation of his Poem, and afterwards finds out a Story to it: I am, however, of opinion, that no just Heroick Poem ever was or can be made, from whence one great Moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in *Milton*, is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined; it is in short this, *That Obedience to the Will of God makes Men happy, and that Disobedience makes them miserable*. This is visibly the Moral of the principal Fable, which turns upon *Adam* and *Eve*, who continued in *Paradise*, while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the Moral of the principal Episode, which shews us how an innumerable Multitude of Angels fell from their State of Bliss, and were cast into Hell upon their Disobedience. Besides this great Moral, which may be looked upon as the Soul of the Fable, there are an Infinity of Under-Morals which are to be drawn from the several parts of the Poem, and which makes this Work more useful and instructive than any other Poem in any Language.

Those who have criticized on the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and *Aeneid*, have taken a great deal of Pains to fix the Number of Months and Days contained in the Action of each of those Poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this Particular in *Milton*, he will find that from *Adam's* first Appearance in the fourth Book, to his Expulsion from *Paradise* in the twelfth, the Author reckons ten Days. As for that part of the Action which is described in the three first Books, as it does not pass within the Regions of Nature, I have before observed that it is not subject to any Calculations of Time.

I have now finished my Observations on a Work which does an Honour to the *English* Nation. I have taken a general View of it under these four Heads, the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language, and made each of them the

Subject of a particular Paper. I have in the next Place spoken of the Censures which our Author may incur under each of these Heads, which I have confined to two Papers, though I might have enlarged the Number, if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a Subject. I believe, however, that the severest Reader will not find any little Fault in Heroick Poetry, which this Author has fallen into, that does not come under one of those Heads among which I have distributed his several Blemishes. After having thus treated at large of *Paradise Lost*, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this Poem in the whole, without descending to Particulars. I have therefore bestowed a Paper upon each Book, and endeavoured not only to [prove¹] that the Poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its Particular Beauties, and to determine wherein they consist. I have endeavoured to shew how some Passages are beautiful by being Sublime, others by being Soft, others by being Natural; which of them are recommended by the Passion, which by the Moral, which by the Sentiment, and which by the Expression. I have likewise endeavoured to shew how the Genius of the Poet shines by a happy Invention, a distant Allusion, or a judicious Imitation; how he has copied or improved *Homer* or *Virgil*, and raised his own Imaginations by the Use which he has made of several Poetical Passages in Scripture. I might have inserted also several Passages of *Tasso*, which our Author [has²] imitated; but as I do not look upon *Tasso* to be a sufficient Voucher, I would not perplex my Reader with such Quotations, as might do more Honour to the *Italian* than the *English* Poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularize those innumerable kinds of Beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to Poetry, and which may be met with in the Works of this great Author. Had I thought, at my first engaging in this design, that it would have led me to so great a length, I believe I should never have entered upon it; but the kind Reception which it has met with among those whose Judgments I have a value for, as well as the uncommon Demands which my Bookseller tells me have been made for these particular Discourses, give me no reason to repent of the Pains I have been at in composing them. L.

No. 370.] Monday, May 5, 1712. [Steele.

Totus Mundus agit Histrionem.

MANY of my fair Readers, as well as very gay and well-received Persons of the other Sex, are extremely perplexed at the *Latin* Sentences at the Head of my Speculations; I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with Translations of each of them: However, I have to-day taken down from the Top of the Stage in *Drury-Lane* a bit of *Latin* which often stands in their View, and signifies that *the whole World acts the Player*. It is certain that if we

¹ [shew]

² [has likewise]

look all round us, and behold the different Employments of Mankind, you hardly see one who is not, as the Player is, in an assumed Character. The Lawyer, who is vehement and loud in a Cause wherein he knows he has not the Truth of the Question on his Side, is a Player as to the personated Part, but incomparably meaner than he as to the Prostitution of himself for Hire; because the Pleader's Falshood introduces Injustice, the Player feigns for no other end but to divert or instruct you. The Divine, whose Passions transport him to say any thing with any View but promoting the Interests of true Piety and Religion, is a Player with a still greater Imputation of Guilt, in proportion to his depreciating a Character more sacred. Consider all the different Pursuits and Employments of Men, and you will find half their Actions tend to nothing else but Disguise and Imposture; and all that is done which proceeds not from a Man's very self, is the Action of a Player. For this Reason it is that I make so frequent mention of the Stage: It is, with me, a Matter of the highest Consideration what Parts are well or ill performed, what Passions or Sentiments are indulged or cultivated, and consequently what Manners and Customs are transfused from the Stage to the World, which reciprocally imitate each other. As the Writers of Epick Poems introduce shadowy Persons, and represent Vices and Virtues under the Characters of Men and Women; so I, who am a SPECTATOR in the World, may perhaps sometimes make use of the Names of the Actors on the Stage, to represent or admonish those who transact Affairs in the World. When I am commending *Wilks* for representing the Tenderness of a Husband and a Father in *Mackbeth*, the Contrition of a reformed Prodigal in *Harry the Fourth*, the winning Emptiness of a young Man of Good-nature and Wealth in *the Trip to the Jubilee*,¹ the Officiousness of an artful Servant in the *Fox*:² when thus I celebrate *Wilks*, I talk to all the World who are engaged in any of those Circumstances. If I were to speak of Merit neglected, misapplied, or misunderstood, might not I say *Estcourt* has a great Capacity? But it is not the Interest of others who bear a Figure on the Stage that his Talents were understood; it is their Business to impose upon him what cannot become him, or keep out of his hands any thing in which he would Shine. Were one to raise a Suspicion of himself in a Man who passes upon the World for a fine Thing, in order to alarm him, one might say, if Lord *Foppington*³ were not on the Stage, (*Cibber* acts the false Pretensions to a genteel Behaviour so very justly), he would have in the generality of Mankind more that would admire than deride him. When we come to Characters directly Comical, it is not to be imagin'd what Effect a well-regulated Stage would have upon Men's Manners. The Craft of an Usurer, the Absurdity of a rich Fool, the aukward Roughness of a Fellow of half Courage, the ungraceful

¹ Farquhar's *Constant Couple*, or *A Trip to the Jubilee*.

² Ben Jonson's *Volpone*.

³ In Colley Cibber's *Careless Husband*.

Mirth of a Creature of half Wit, might be forever put out of Countenance by proper Parts for *Dogget*. *Johnson* by acting *Corbacchio*¹ the other Night, must have given all who saw him a thorough Detestation of aged Avarice. The Petulancy of a peevish old Fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the Ingenious Mr. *William Penkethman* in *the Fop's Fortune*;² where, in the Character of *Don Cholerick Snap Shorto de Testy*, he answers no Questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no account of any thing from those he approves. Mr. *Penkethman* is also Master of as many Faces in the Dumb-Scene as can be expected from a Man in the Circumstances of being ready to perish out of Fear and Hunger: He wonders throughout the whole Scene very masterly, without neglecting his Victuals. If it be, as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great Qualification for the World to follow Business and Pleasure too, what is it in the Ingenious Mr. *Penkethman* to represent a Sense of Pleasure and Pain at the same time; as you may see him do this Evening?³

As it is certain that a Stage ought to be wholly suppressed, or judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the Nation, Men turned for regular Pleasure cannot employ their Thoughts more usefully, for the Diversion of Mankind, than by convincing them that it is in themselves to raise this Entertainment to the greatest Height. It would be a great Improvement, as well as Embellishment to the Theatre, if Dancing were more regarded, and taught to all the Actors. One who has the Advantage of such an agreeable girlish Person as Mrs. *Bicknell*, joined with her Capacity of Imitation, could in proper Gesture and Motion represent all the decent Characters of Female Life. An amiable Modesty in one Aspect of a Dancer, an assumed Confidence in another, a sudden Joy in another, a falling off with an Impatience of being beheld, a Return towards the Audience with an unsteady Resolution to approach them,

¹ In Ben Jonson's *Volpone*.

² Cibber's *Love makes a Man*, or *The Fop's Fortune*.

³ For the Benefit of Mr. Penkethman. At the Desire of Several Ladies of Quality. By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians. At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, this present Monday, being the 5th of May, will be presented a Comedy called *Love makes a Man*, or *The Fop's Fortune*. The Part of Don Lewis, alias Don Cholerick Snap Shorto de Testy, by Mr. Penkethman; Carlos, Mr. Wilks; Clodio, alias Don Dismallo Thick-Scullo de Half Witto, Mr. Cibber; and all the other Parts to the best Advantage. With a new Epilogue, spoken by Mr. Penkethman, riding on an Ass. By her Majesty's Command no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes. And To-Morrow, being Tuesday, will be presented, A Comedy call'd *The Constant Couple*, or *A Trip to the Jubilee*. For the Benefit of Mrs. *Bicknell*. To do as kind a service to Mrs. *Bicknell* as to Mr. Penkethman on the occasion of their benefits is the purpose of the next paragraph of Steele's Essay.

and a well-acted Sollicitude to please, would revive in the Company all the fine Touches of Mind raised in observing all the Objects of Affection or Passion they had before beheld. Such elegant Entertainments as these, would polish the Town into Judgment in their Gratifications; and Delicacy in Pleasure is the first step People of Condition take in Reformation from Vice. Mrs. *Bicknell* has the only Capacity for this sort of Dancing of any on the Stage; and I dare say all who see her Performance to-morrow Night, when sure the Romp will do her best for her own Benefit, will be of my Mind. T.

No. 371.] Tuesday, May 6, 1712. [Addison.

Famne igitur laudas quod se sapientibus unus Ridebat?— Juv.

I SHALL communicate to my Reader the following Letter for the Entertainment of this Day.

SIR,

You know very well that our Nation is more famous for that sort of Men who are called *Whims* and *Humourists*, than any other Country in the World; for which reason it is observed that our *English* Comedy excels that of all other Nations in the Novelty and Variety of its Characters.

Among those innumerable Setts of *Whims* which our Country produces, there are none whom I have regarded with more Curiosity than those who have invented any particular kind of Diversion for the Entertainment of themselves or their Friends. My Letter shall single out those who take delight in sorting a Company that has something of Burlesque and Ridicule in its Appearance. I shall make my self understood by the following Example. One of the Wits of the last Age, who was a Man of a good Estate,¹ thought he never laid out his Money better than in a Jest. As he was one Year at the *Bath*, observing that in the great Confluence of fine People, there were several among them with long Chins, a part of the Visage by which he himself was very much distinguished, he invited to dinner half a Score of these remarkable Persons who had their Mouths in the Middle of their Faces. They had no sooner placed themselves about the Table, but they began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them together. Our *English* Proverb says,

*'Tis merry in the Hall,
When Beards wag all.*

It proved so in the Assembly I am now speaking of, who seeing so many Peaks of Faces agitated with Eating, Drinking, and Discourse, and observing all the Chins that were present meeting together very often over the Center of the Table, every one grew sensible of the Jest,

¹ George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Dryden's *Zimri*, and the author of the *Rehearsal*.

and came into it with so much Good-Humour, that they lived in strict Friendship and Alliance from that Day forward.

The same Gentleman some time after packed together a Set of Oglers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky Cast in their Eyes. His Diversion on this Occasion was to see the cross Bows, mistaken Signs, and wrong Connivances that passed amidst so many broken and refracted Rays of Sight.

The third Feast which this merry Gentleman exhibited was to the Stammerers, whom he got together in a sufficient Body to fill his Table. He had ordered one of his Servants, who was placed behind a Skreen, to write down their Table-Talk, which was very easie to be done without the help of Short-hand. It appears by the Notes which were taken, that tho' their Conversation never fell, there were not above twenty Words spoken during the first Course; that upon serving up the second, one of the Company was a quarter of an Hour in telling them, that the Ducklins and [Asparagus¹] were very good; and that another took up the same time in declaring himself of the same Opinion. This Jest did not, however, go off so well as the former; for one of the Guests being a brave Man, and fuller of Resentment than he knew how to express, went out of the Room, and sent the facetious Inviter a Challenge in Writing, which though it was afterwards dropp'd by the Interposition of Friends, put a Stop to these ludicrous Entertainments.

Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no Moral in these Jest, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of Unluckiness than Wit. However, as it is natural for one Man to refine upon the Thought of another, and impossible for any single Person, how great soever his Parts may be, to invent an Art, and bring it to its utmost Perfection; I shall here give you an account of an honest Gentleman of my Acquaintance who upon hearing the Character of the Wit above mentioned, has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the Benefit of Mankind. He invited half a dozen of his Friends one day to Dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting several redundant Phrases in their Discourse, as *d'y' hear me, d'y'e see, that is, and so Sir*. Each of the Guests making frequent use of his particular Elegance, appeared so ridiculous to his Neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the Company: By this means, before they had sat long together, every one talking with the greatest Circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite Expletive, the Conversation was cleared of its Redundancies, and had a greater Quantity of Sense, tho' less of Sound in it.

The same well-meaning Gentleman took occasion, at another time, to bring together such of his Friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual Custom of Swearing. In order to shew the Absurdity of the Practice, he had recourse to

¹ [Sparrow-grass] and in first Reprint.

'the Invention above mentioned, having placed
'an *Amanuensis* in a private part of the Room.
'After the second Bottle, when Men open their
'Minds without Reserve, my honest Friend began
'to take notice of the many sonorous but unne-
'cessary Words that had passed in his House
'since their sitting down at Table, and how much
'good Conversation they had lost by giving way
'to such superfluous Phrases. What a Tax, says
'he, would they have raised for the Poor, had we
'put the Laws in Execution upon one another?
'Every one of them took this gentle Reproof in
'good part: Upon which he told them, that
'knowing their Conversation would have no Se-
'crets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in
'Writing, and for the humour sake would read it
'to them, if they pleased. There were ten
'Sheets of it, which mig^t have been reduced
'to two, had there not been those abominable In-
'terpolations I have before mentioned. Upon
'the reading of it in cold Blood, it looked rather
'like a Conference of Fiends than of Men. In
'short, every one trembled at himself upon hear-
'ing calmly what he had pronounced amidst the
'Heat and Inadvertency of Discourse.

'I shall only mention another Occasion wherein
'he made use of the same Invention to cure a
'different kind of Men, who are the Pests of all
'polite Conversation, and murder Time as much
'as either of the two former, though they do it
'more innocently; I mean that dull Generation
'of Story-tellers. My Friend got together about
'half a dozen of his Acquaintance, who were in-
'fected with this strange Malady. The first Day
'one of them sitting down, entered upon the Siege
'of *Namur*, which lasted till four a-clock, their
'time of parting. The second Day a *North-*
'*Britain* took possession of the Discourse, which
'it was impossible to get out of his Hands so long
'as the Company staid together. The third Day
'was engrossed after the same manner by a Story
'of the same length. They at last began to re-
'flect upon this barbarous way of treating one
'another, and by this means awakened out of that
'Lethargy with which each of them had been
'seized for several Years.

'As you have somewhere declared, that extra-
'ordinary and uncommon Characters of Mankind
'are the Game which you delight in, and as I
'look upon you to be the greatest Sportsman, or,
'if you please, the *Nimrod* among this Species of
'Writers, I thought this Discovery would not be
'unacceptable to you.

I am,
SIR, &c.

I.

No. 372.] Wednesday, May 7, 1712. [Steele.

—Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
[Et dici potuisse et non potuisse æfelli.]—Ovid.

Mr. SPECTATOR, May 6, 1712.
'I AM Sexton of the Parish of *Covent-Garden*,
'and complained to you some time ago, that as
'I was tolling in to Prayers at Eleven in the Morn-
'ing, Crowds of People of Quality hastened to

'assemble at a Puppet-Show on the other Side of
'the Garden. I had at the same time a very great
'Disesteem for Mr. *Powell* and his little thought-
'less Common-wealth, as if they had enticed the
'Gentry into those Wandrings: But let that be
'as it will, I now am convinced of the honest In-
'tentions of the said Mr. *Powell* and Company;
'and send this to acquaint you, that he has given
'all the Profits which shall arise to-morrow Night
'by his Play to the use of the poor Charity-Chil-
'dren of this Parish. I have been informed, Sir,
'that in *Holland* all Persons who set up any
'Show, or act any Stage-Play, be the Actors
'either of Wood and Wire, or Flesh and Blood,
'are obliged to pay out of their Gain such a Pro-
'portion to the honest and industrious Poor in the
'Neighbourhood: By this means they make Di-
'version and Pleasure pay a Tax to Labour and
'Industry. I have been told also, that all the
'time of *Lent*, in Roman-Catholick Countries,
'the Persons of Condition administred to the Ne-
'cessities of the Poor, and attended the Beds of
'Lazars and diseased Persons. Our Protestant
'Ladies and Gentlemen are so much to seek for
'proper ways of passing Time, that they are
'obliged to *Punchinello* for knowing what to do
'with themselves. Since the Case is so, I de-
'sire only you would intreat our People of Qual-
'ity, who are not to be interrupted in their Plea-
'sure to think of the Practice of any moral Duty,
'that they would at least fine for their Sins, and
'give something to these poor Children; a little
'out of their Luxury and Superfluity, would at-
'tone, in some measure, for the wanton Use of
'the rest of their Fortunes. It would not, me-
'thinks, be amiss, if the Ladies who haunt the
'Cloysters and Passages of the Play-house, were
'upon every Offence obliged to pay to this excel-
'lent Institution of Schools of Charity: This Me-
'thod would make Offenders themselves do Serv-
'ice to the Publick. But in the mean time I
'desire you would publish this voluntary Repar-
'ation which Mr. *Powell* does our Parish, for the
'Noise he has made in it by the constant rattling
'of Coaches, Drums, Trumpets, Triumphs, and
'Battels. The Destruction of *Troy* adorned with
'Highland Dances, are to make up the Enter-
'tainment of all who are so well disposed as not
'to forbear a light Entertainment, for no other
'Reason but that it is to do a good Action.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,
Ralph Bellfry.

'I am credibly informed, that all the Insinua-
'tions which a certain Writer made against Mr.
'*Powell* at the *Bath*, are false and groundless.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'My Employment, which is that of a Broker,
'leading me often into Taverns about the *Ex-*
'*change*, has given me occasion to observe a cer-
'tain Enormity, which I shall here submit to your
'Animadversion. In three or four of these Ta-
'verns, I have, at different times, taken notice of
'a precise Set of People with grave Countenances,
'short Wiggs, black Cloaths, or dark Camlet
'trimm'd with Black, and mourning Gloves and
'Hatbands, who meet on certain Days at each

'Tavern successively, and keep a sort of moving Club. Having often met with their Faces, and observed a certain slinking Way in their dropping in one after another, I had the Curiosity to enquire into their Characters, being the rather moved to it by their agreeing in the Singularity of their Dress; and I find upon due Examination they are a Knot of Parish-Clarks, who have taken a fancy to one another, and perhaps settle the Bills of Mortality over their Half-pints. I have so great a Value and Veneration for any who have but even an assenting *Amen* in the Service of Religion, that I am afraid lest these Persons should incur some Scandal by this Practice; and would therefore have them, without Raillery, advised to send the Florence and Pullets home to their own Houses, and not pretend to live as well as the Overseers of the Poor.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
Humphry Transfer.

Mr. SPECTATOR, May 6.

'I was last *Wednesday* Night at a Tavern in the City, among a Set of Men who call themselves the *Lawyers Club*. You must know, Sir, this Club consists only of Attorneys; and at this Meeting every one proposes the Cause he has then in hand to the Board, upon which each Member gives his Judgment according to the Experience he has met with. If it happens that any one puts a Case of which they have had no Precedent, it is noted down by their Clerk *Will. Goosequill*, (who registers all their Proceedings) that one of them may go the next Day with it to a Counsel. This indeed is commendable, and ought to be the principal End of their Meeting; but had you been there to have heard them relate their Methods of managing a Cause, their Manner of drawing out their Bills, and, in short, their Arguments upon the several ways of abusing their Clients, with the Applause that is given to him who has done it most artfully, you would before now have given your Remarks on them. They are so conscious that their Discourses ought to be kept secret, that they are very cautious of admitting any Person who is not of their Profession. When any who are not of the Law are let in, the Person who introduces him, says, he is a very honest Gentleman, and he is taken in, as their Cant is, to pay Costs. I am admitted upon the Recommendation of one of their Principals, as a *very honest good-natured Fellow* that will never be in a Plot, and only desires to drink his Bottle and smoke his Pipe. You have formerly remarked upon several Sorts of Clubs; and as the Tendency of this is only to increase Fraud and Deceit, I hope you will please to take Notice of it.

I am (with Respect)
Your humble Servant,

T. H. R.

No. 373.] *Thursday, May 8, 1712.* [Budgell.

[*Fallit enim Vitium specie virtutis et umbra.*
Juv.¹]

MR. LOCKE, in his Treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two Chapters upon the Abuse of Words.² The first and most palpable Abuse of Words, he says, is, when they are used without clear and distinct Ideas: The second, when we are so inconstant and unsteady in the Application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one Idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the Result of our Contemplations and Reasonings, while we have no precise Ideas fixed to our Words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this Inconvenience, more especially in moral Discourses, where the same Word should constantly be used in the same Sense, he earnestly recommends the use of Definitions. A Definition, says he, is the only way whereby the precise Meaning of Moral Words can be known. He therefore accuses those of great Negligence, who Discourse of Moral things with the least Obscurity in the Terms they make use of, since upon the forementioned ground he does not scruple to say, that he thinks *Morality is capable of Demonstration as well as the Mathematicks*.

I know no two Words that have been more abused by the different and wrong Interpretations which are put upon them, than those two, *Modesty* and *Assurance*. To say such an one is a *modest Man*, sometimes indeed passes for a good Character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish awkward Fellow, who has neither Good-breeding, Politeness, nor any Knowledge of the World.

Again, *A Man of Assurance*, tho' at first it only denoted a Person of a free and open Carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate Wretch, who can break through all the Rules of Decency and Morality without a Blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this Essay to restore these Words to their true Meaning, to prevent the Idea of *Modesty* from being confounded with that of *Sheepishness*, and to hinder *Impudence* from passing for *Assurance*.

If I was put to define *Modesty*, I would call it *The Reflection of an Ingenuous Mind, either when a Man has committed an Action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the Censure of others*.

For this Reason a Man truly Modest is as much so when he is alone as in Company, and as subject to a Blush in his Closet, as when the Eyes of Multitudes are upon him.

¹ [— Strabonem
Appellat pætum pater; et pullum, male parvus
Si cui filius est; ut abortivus fuit olim
Sisyphus: hunc varum, distortis cruribus; illum
Balbutit scaurum, pravus fultum malè talis.

Hor.]

² Book III., Chapters 10, 11. Words are the subject of this book; ch. 10 is on the Abuse of Words; ch. 11 of the Remedies of the foregoing imperfections and abuses.

I do not remember to have met with any Instance of Modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whose Father being a tributary King to the Romans, had several Complaints laid against him before the Senate, as a Tyrant and Oppressor of his Subjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his Father; but coming into the Senate, and hearing a Multitude of Crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a Word. The Story tells us, that the Fathers were more moved at this Instance of Modesty and Ingenuity, than they could have been by the most Pathetick Oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty Father for this early Promise of Virtue in the Son.

I take Assurance to be the Faculty of possessing a Man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any Uneasiness or Emotion in the Mind. That which generally gives a Man Assurance is a moderate Knowledge of the World, but above all a Mind fixed and determined in it self to do nothing against the Rules of Honour and Decency. An open and assured Behaviour is the natural Consequence of such a Resolution. A Man thus armed, if his Words or Actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a Consciousness of his own Integrity, assumes Force enough to despise the little Censures of Ignorance or Malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the Modesty and Assurance I have here mentioned.

A Man without Assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the Folly or Ill-nature of every one he converses with. A Man without Modesty is lost to all Sense of Honour and Virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince above-mentioned possessed both these Qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without Assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august Assembly in the World; without Modesty he would have pleaded the Cause he had taken upon him, tho' it had appeared ever so Scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain, that Modesty and Assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same Person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say a modest Assurance; by which we understand the just Mean between Bashfulness and Impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same Man may be both Modest and Assured, so it is also possible for the same Person to be both Impudent and Bashful.

We have frequent Instances of this odd kind of Mixture in People of depraved Minds and mean Education; who tho' they are not able to meet a Man's Eyes, or pronounce a Sentence without Confusion, can Voluntarily commit the greatest Villanies, or most indecent Actions.

Such a Person seems to have made a Resolution to do Ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those Checks and Restraints his Temper and Complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this Maxim, That the Practice of *Virtue* is the most proper Method to give a Man a becoming Assurance in his Words and Actions. *Guilt* always seeks to shelter it self in one of the Extremes, and is sometimes attended with both. X.

No. 374.] Friday, May 9, 1712. [Steele.

Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.
Luc.

THERE is a Fault, which, tho' common, wants a Name. It is the very contrary to Procrastination: As we lose the present Hour by delaying from Day to Day to execute what we ought to do immediately; so most of us take Occasion to sit still and throw away the Time in our Possession, by Retrospect on what is past, imagining we have already acquitted our selves, and established our Characters in the sight of Mankind. But when we thus put a Value upon our selves for what we have already done, any further than to explain our selves in order to assist our future Conduct, that will give us an over-weening opinion of our Merit to the prejudice of our present Industry. The great Rule, methinks, should be to manage the Instant in which we stand, with Fortitude, Equanimity, and Moderation, according to Mens respective Circumstances. If our past Actions reproach us, they cannot be attoned for by our own severe Reflections so effectually as by a contrary Behaviour. If they are praiseworthy, the Memory of them is of no use but to act suitably to them. Thus a good present Behaviour is an implicit Repentance for any Miscarriage in what is past; but present Slackness will not make up for past Activity. Time has swallowed up all that we Contemporaries did Yesterday, as irrevocably as it has the Actions of the Antediluvians: But we are again awake, and what shall we do to-Day, to-Day which passes while we are yet speaking? Shall we remember the Folly of last Night, or resolve upon the Exercise of Virtue to-morrow? Last Night is certainly gone, and To-morrow may never arrive: This Instant make use of. Can you oblige any Man of Honour and Virtue? Do it immediately. Can you visit a sick Friend? Will it revive him to see you enter, and suspend your own Ease and Pleasure to comfort his Weakness, and hear the Impertinencies of a Wretch in Pain? Don't stay to take Coach, but be gone. Your Mistress will bring Sorrow, and your Bottle Madness: Go to neither.—Such Virtues and Diversions as these are mentioned because they occur to all Men. But every Man is sufficiently convinced, that to suspend the use of the present Moment, and resolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable Folly: What I attempted to consider, was the Mischief of setting such a Value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a Man have filled all the Offices of Life with the highest Dignity till Yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to-Day,

he must expect he will in the Effects upon his Reputation be considered as the Man who died Yesterday. The Man who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a Press of People; those before him intercept his Progress, and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. *Cæsar*, of whom it was said, *that he thought nothing done while there was anything left for him to do*, went on in performing the greatest Exploits, without assuming to himself a Privilege of taking Rest upon the Foundation of the Merit of his former Actions. It was the manner of that glorious Captain to write down what Scenes he passed through, but it was rather to keep his Affairs in Method, and capable of a clear Review in case they should be examined by others, than that he built a Renown upon any thing which was past. I shall produce two Fragments of his to demonstrate, that it was his Rule of Life to support himself rather by what he should perform than what he had done already. In the Tablet which he wore about him the same Year, in which he obtained the Battel of *Pharsalia*, there were found these loose Notes for his own Conduct: It is supposed, by the Circumstances they alluded to, that they might be set down the Evening of the same Night.

'My Part is now but begun, and my Glory must be sustained by the Use I make of this Victory; otherwise my Loss will be greater than that of *Pompey*. Our personal Reputation will rise or fall as we bear our respective Fortunes. All my private Enemies among the Prisoners shall be spared. I will forget this, in order to obtain such another Day. *Trebutius* is ashamed to see me: I will go to his Tent, and be reconciled in private. Give all the Men of Honour, who take part with me, the Terms I offered before the Battel. Let them owe this to their Friends who have been long in my Interests. Power is weakened by the full Use of it, but extended by Moderation. *Galbinus* is proud, and will be servile in his present Fortune; let him wait. Send for *Sertinius*: He is modest, and his Virtue is worth gaining. I have cooled my Heart with Reflection; and am fit to rejoice with the Army to-morrow. He is a popular General who can expose himself like a private Man during a Battel; but he is more popular who can rejoice but like a private Man after a Victory.

What is particularly proper for the Example of all who pretend to Industry in the Pursuit of Honour and Virtue, is, That this Hero was more than ordinarily solicitous about his Reputation, when a common Mind would have thought it self in Security, and given it self a Loose to Joy and Triumph. But though this is a very great Instance of his Temper, I must confess I am more taken with his Reflections when he retired to his Closet in some Disturbance upon the repeated ill Omens of *Calphurnia's* Dream the Night before his Death. The literal Translation of that Fragment shall conclude this Paper.

'Be it so [then.]¹ If I am to die to-Morrow, that is what I am to do to-Morrow: It will not be

'then, because I am willing it should be then; nor shall I escape it, because I am unwilling. It is in the Gods when, but in my self how I shall die. If *Calphurnia's* Dreams are Fumes of Indigestion, how shall I behold the Day after to-morrow? If they are from the Gods, their Admonition is not to prepare me to escape from their Decree, but to meet it. I have lived to a Fulness of Days and of Glory; what is there that *Cæsar* has not done with as much Honour as antient Heroes? *Cæsar* has not yet died; *Cæsar* is prepared to die. T.

No. 375.] Saturday, May 10, 1712. [Hughes.]

*Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beatum: rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet Pauperiem pati,
Pejusque Letho flagitium timet.*—Hor.

I HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble Saying of *Seneca* the Philosopher, That a virtuous Person struggling with Misfortunes, and rising above them, is an Object on which the Gods themselves may look down with Delight.¹ I shall therefore set before my Reader a Scene of this kind of Distress in private Life, for the Speculation of this Day.

An eminent Citizen, who had lived in good Fashion and Credit, was by a Train of Accidents, and by an unavoidable Perplexity in his Affairs, reduced to a low Condition. There is a Modesty usually attending faultless Poverty, which made him rather chuse to reduce his Manner of Living to his present Circumstances, than solicit his Friends in order to support the Shew of an Estate when the Substance was gone. His Wife, who was a Woman of Sense and Virtue, behaved her self on this Occasion with uncommon Decency, and never appear'd so amiable in his Eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample Fortune she had brought, or the many great Offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the Instances of her Affection, while her Husband was continually pouring out his Heart to her in Complaints that he had ruined the best Woman in the World. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surpriz'd her in Tears, which she endeavour'd to conceal, and always put on an Air of Chearfulness to receive him. To lessen their Expence, their eldest Daughter (whom I shall call *Amanda*) was sent into the Country, to the House of an honest Farmer, who had married a Servant of the Family. This young Woman was apprehensive of the Ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a Friend in the Neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her Father's Affairs. *Amanda* was in the Bloom of her Youth and Beauty, when the Lord of the Manor, who often called in at the Farmer's House as he follow'd his Country Sports, fell

¹ [than].

¹ See note on p. 65.

passionately in love with her. He was a Man of great Generosity, but from a loose Education had contracted a hearty Aversion to Marriage. He therefore entertained a Design upon *Amanda's* Virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent Creature, who never suspected his Intentions, was pleased with his Person; and having observed his growing Passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a Match she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverish'd Relations. One day as he called to see her, he found her in Tears over a Letter she had just receiv'd from her Friend, which gave an Account that her Father had lately been stripped of every thing by an Execution. The Lover, who with some Difficulty found out the Cause of her Grief, took this occasion to make her a Proposal. It is impossible to express *Amanda's* Confusion when she found his Pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her Hopes, and had no Power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost Disturbance, locked her self up in her Chamber. He immediately dispatched a Messenger to her Father with the following Letter.

SIR,

'I have heard of your Misfortune, and have offer'd your Daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her Four hundred Pounds a year, and to lay down the Sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you that I do not intend Marriage: But if you are wise, you will use your Authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your Family, and of making her self happy.

I am, &c.

This Letter came to the Hands of *Amanda's* Mother; she open'd and read it with great Surprise and Concern. She did not think it proper to explain her self to the Messenger, but desiring him to call again the next Morning, she wrote to her Daughter as follows.

Dearest Child,

'Your Father and I have just now receiv'd a Letter from a Gentleman who pretends Love to you, with a Proposal that insults our Misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower Degree of Misery than any thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous Man think, that the tenderest of Parents would be tempted to supply their Wants by giving up the best of Children to Infamy and Ruin? It is a mean and cruel Artifice to make this Proposal at a time when he thinks our Necessities must compel us to any thing; but we will not eat the Bread of Shame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the Snare which is laid for thy Virtue. Beware of pitying us: It is not so bad as you have perhaps been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall write my Child better News.

'I have been interrupted. I know not how I was moved to say things would mend. As I was going on I was startled by a Noise of one that knocked at the Door, and hath brought us an unexpected Supply of a Debt which had long been owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is

'some days I have lived almost without Support, having convey'd what little Money I could raise to your poor Father—Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be assured he will be soon at Liberty. That cruel Letter would have broke his Heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have no Companion at present besides little *Fanny*, who stands watching my Looks as I write, and is crying for her Sister. She says she is sure you are not well, having discover'd that my present Trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my Sorrows, to grieve thee: No, it is to intreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear chearfully an Affliction, which we have not brought on our selves, and remember there is a Power who can better deliver us out of it than by the Loss of thy Innocence. Heaven preserve my dear Child.

Thy Affectionate Mother —

The Messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this Letter to *Amanda*, carry'd it first to his Master, who he imagined would be glad to have an Opportunity of giving it into her Hands himself. His Master was impatient to know the Success of his Proposal, and therefore broke open the Letter privately to see the Contents. He was not a little moved at so true a Picture of Virtue in Distress: But at the same time was infinitely surprized to find his Offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the Letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to *Amanda*. All his Endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a Letter from her Mother. He would not part with it, but upon Condition that she should read it without leaving the Room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his Eyes on her Face with the deepest Attention: Her Concern gave a new Softness to her Beauty, and when she burst into Tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a Part in her Sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the Letter and was resolv'd to make Reparation for having been the Occasion of it. My Reader will not be displeas'd to see this Second Epistle which he now wrote to *Amanda's* Mother.

MADAM,

'I am full of Shame, and will never forgive my self, if I have not your Pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my Intention to add Trouble to the Afflicted; nor could any thing, but my being a Stranger to you, have betray'd me into a Fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends, as a Son. You cannot be unhappy while *Amanda* is your Daughter: nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it, which is in the power of,

MADAM,

*Your most obedient
Humble Servant —*

This Letter he sent by his Steward, and soon after went up to Town himself, to compleat the generous Act he had now resolv'd on. By his Friendship and Assistance *Amanda's* Father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplex'd Affairs. To conclude, he Marry'd *Amanda*, and

enjoy'd the double Satisfaction of having restored a worthy Family to their former Prosperity, and of making himself happy by an Alliance to their Virtues.

No. 376.] Monday, May 12, 1712. [Steele,

—Pavone ex Pythagoreo.—Persius.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE observed that the Officer you some time ago appointed as Inspector of Signs, has not done his Duty so well as to give you an Account of very many strange Occurrences in the publick Streets, which are worthy of, but have escaped your Notice. Among all the Oddnesses which I have ever met with, that which I am now telling you of gave me most Delight. You must have observed that all the Criers in the Street attract the Attention of the Passengers, and of the Inhabitants in the several Parts, by something very particular in their Tone it self, in the dwelling upon a Note, or else making themselves wholly unintelligible by a Scream. The Person I am so delighted with has nothing to sell, but very gravely receives the Bounty of the People, for no other Merit but the Homage they pay to his Manner of signifying to them that he wants a Subsidy. You must, sure, have heard speak of an old Man, who walks about the City, and that part of the Suburbs which lies beyond the Tower, performing the Office of a *Day-Watchman*, followed by a Goose, which bears the Bob of his Ditty, and confirms what he says with a Quack, Quack. I gave little heed to the mention of this known Circumstance, till, being the other day in those Quarters, I passed by a decrepit old Fellow with a Pole in his Hand, who just then was bawling out, Half an Hour after one a-Clock, and immediately a dirty Goose behind him made her Response, Quack, Quack. I could not forbear attending this grave Procession for the length of half a Street, with no small amazement to find the whole Place so familiarly acquainted with a melancholy Mid-night Voice at Noon-day, giving them the Hour, and exhorting them of the Departure of Time, with a Bounce at their Doors. While I was full of this Novelty, I went into a Friend's House, and told him how I was diverted with their whimsical Monitor and his Equipage. My Friend gave me the History; and interrupted my Commendation of the Man, by telling me the Livelihood of these two Animals is purchased rather by the good Parts of the Goose, than of the Leader: For it seems the Peripatetick who walked before her was a Watchman in that Neighbourhood; and the Goose of her self by frequent hearing his Tone, out of her natural Vigilance, not only observed, but answer'd it very regularly from Time to Time. The Watchman was so affected with it, that he bought her, and has taken her in Partner, only altering their Hours of Duty from Night to Day. The Town has come into it, and they live very comfortably. This is the

Matter of Fact: Now I desire you, who are a profound Philosopher, to consider this Alliance of Instinct and Reason; your Speculation may turn very naturally upon the Force the superior Part of Mankind may have upon the Spirits of such as, like this Watchman, may be very near the Standard of Geese. And you may add to this practical Observation, how in all Ages and Times the World has been carry'd away by odd unaccountable things, which one would think would pass upon no Creature which had Reason; and, under the Symbol of this Goose, you may enter into the Manner and Method of leading Creatures, with their Eyes open, thro' thick and thin, for they know not what, they know not why.

All which is humbly submitted to your Spectatorial Wisdom, by,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Michael Gander.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I have for several Years had under my Care the Government and Education of young Ladies, which Trust I have endeavour'd to discharge with due regard to their several Capacities and Fortunes: I have left nothing undone to imprint in every one of them an humble courteous Mind, accompanied with a graceful becoming Mein, and have made them pretty much acquainted with the Houshold Part of Family-Affairs; but still I find there is something very much wanting in the Air of my Ladies, different from what I observe in those that are esteemed your fine bred Women. Now, Sir, I must own to you, I never suffered my Girls to learn to Dance; but since I have read your Discourse of Dancing, where you have described the Beauty and Spirit there is in regular Motion, I own myself your Convert, and resolve for the future to give my young Ladies that Accomplishment. But upon imparting my Design to their Parents, I have been made very uneasy, for some Time, because several of them have declared, that if I did not make use of the Master they recommended, they would take away their Children. There was Colonel *Jumper's* Lady, a Colonel of the Train-Bands, that has a great Interest in her Parish; she recommends Mr. *Trott* for the prettiest Master in Town, that no Man teaches a Jigg like him, that she has seen him rise six or seven Capers together with the greatest Ease imaginable, and that his Scholars twist themselves more ways than the Scholars of any Master in Town: besides there is Madam *Prim*, an Alderman's Lady, recommends a Master of her own Name, but she declares he is not of their Family, yet a very extraordinary Man in his way; for besides a very soft Air he has in Dancing, he gives them a particular Behaviour at a Tea-Table, and in presenting their Snuff-Box, to twirl, flip, or flirt a Fan, and how to place Patches to the best advantage, either for Fat or Lean, Long or Oval Faces: for my Lady says there is more in these Things than the World Imagines. But I must confess the major Part of those I am concern'd with leave it to me. I desire therefore, according to the in-