

'closed Direction, you would send your Cor-
'spondent who has writ to you on that Subject to
'my House. If proper Application this way can
'give Innocence new Charms, and make Virtue
'legible in the Countenance, I shall spare no
'Charge to make my Scholars in their very Fea-
'tures and Limbs bear witness how careful I have
'been in the other Parts of their Education.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

T.

Rachael Watchful.

No. 377.] Tuesday, May 13, 1712. [Addison.

*Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas* ———— Hor.

LOVE was the Mother of Poetry, and still produces, among the most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand imaginary Distresses and Poetical Complaints. It makes a Footman talk like *Oroondates*, and converts a brutal Rustick into a gentle Swain. The most ordinary Plebeian or Mechanick in Love, bleeds and pines away with a certain Elegance and Tenderness of Sentiments which this Passion naturally inspires.

These inward Languishings of a Mind infected with this Softness, have given birth to a Phrase which is made use of by all the melting Tribe, from the highest to the lowest, I mean that of *dying for Love*.

Romances, which owe their very Being to this Passion, are full of these metaphorical Deaths. Heroes and Heroines, Knights, Squires, and Damsels, are all of them in a dying Condition. There is the same kind of Mortality in our Modern Tragedies, where every one gasps, faints, bleeds and dies. Many of the Poets, to describe the Execution which is done by this Passion, represent the Fair Sex as *Basilisks* that destroy with their Eyes; but I think Mr. Cowley has with greater Justness of Thought compared a beautiful Woman to a *Porcupine*, that sends an Arrow from every Part.¹

I have often thought, that there is no way so effectual for the Cure of this general Infirmity, as a Man's reflecting upon the Motives that produce it. When the Passion proceeds from the Sense of any Virtue or Perfection in the Person beloved, I would by no means discourage it; but if a Man considers that all his heavy Complaints of Wounds and Deaths rise from some little Affectations of Coquetry, which are improved into Charms by his own fond Imagination, the very laying before himself the Cause of his Distemper, may be sufficient to effect the Cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several Bundles of Letters which I have received from Dying People, and composed out of them the following Bill of Mortality, which I shall lay before my Reader without any further Preface, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discover-

¹ They are all weapon, and they dart
Like Porcupines from every Part.—

Anacreontics, iii.

ing those several Places where there is most Danger, and those fatal Arts which are made use of to destroy the Heedless and Unwary.

Lysander, slain at a Puppet-show on the third of *September*.

Thirsis, shot from a Casement in *Pickadilly*.

T. S., wounded by *Zelinda's* Scarlet Stocking, as she was stepping out of a Coach.

Will. Simple, smitten at the Opera by the Glance of an Eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

Tho. Vainlove, lost his Life at a Ball.

Tim. Tattle, kill'd by the Tap of a Fan on his left Shoulder by *Coquetilla*, as he was talking carelessly with her in a Bow-window.

Sir Simon Softly, murder'd at the Play-house in *Drury-lane* by a Frown.

Philander, mortally wounded by *Cleora*, as she was adjusting her Tucker.

Ralph Gapely, Esq., hit by a random Shot at the Ring.

F. R., caught his Death upon the Water, *April* the 31st.

W. W., killed by an unknown Hand, that was playing with the Glove off upon the Side of the Front-Box in *Drury-Lane*.

Sir Christopher Crazy, Bart., hurt by the Brush of a Whalebone Petticoat.

Sylvius, shot through the Sticks of a Fan at *St. James's Church*.

Damon, struck thro' the Heart by a Diamond Necklace.

Thomas Trusty, *Francis Goosequill*, *William Meanwell*, *Edward Callow*, Esqrs., standing in a Row, fell all four at the same time, by an Ogle of the *Widow Trapland*.

Tom. Rattle, chancing to tread upon a Lady's Tail as he came out of the Play-house, she turned full upon him, and laid him dead upon the Spot.

Dick Tastewell, slain by a Blush from the Queen's Box in the third Act of the *Trip to the Jubilee*.

Samuel Felt, Haberdasher, wounded in his Walk to *Islington* by Mrs. *Susannah Crossstich*, as she was clambering over a Stile.

R. F., *T. W.*, *S. I.*, *M. P.*, &c., put to Death in the last Birth-Day Massacre.

Roger Blinko, cut off in the Twenty-first Year of his Age by a White-wash.

Musidorus, slain by an Arrow that flew out of a Dimple in *Belinda's* Left Cheek.

Ned Courtly presenting *Flavia* with her Glove (which she had dropped on purpose) she receiv'd it, and took away his Life with a Curtsie.

John Gosselin having received a slight Hurt from a Pair of blue Eyes, as he was making his Escape was dispatch'd by a Smile.

Strephon, killed by *Clarinda* as she looked down into the Pit.

Charles Careless, shot flying by a Girl of Fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her Head upon him out of a Coach.

Josiah Wither, aged threescore and three, sent to his long home by *Elizabeth Jet-well*, Spinster.

Jack Freelove, murder'd by *Melissa* in her Hair.

William Wiseaker, Gent., drown'd in a Flood of Tears by Moll Common.

John Pleadwell, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law, assassinated in his Chambers the sixth Instant by Kitty Sly, who pretended to come to him for his Advice.

I.

No. 378.] *Wednesday, May 14, 1712.* [Pope.

Aggrederet, O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores.—Virg.

I WILL make no Apology for entertaining the Reader with the following Poem, which is written by a great Genius, a Friend of mine, in the Country, who is not ashamed to employ his Wit in the Praise of his Maker.¹

MESSIAH.

A sacred Eclogue, compos'd of several Passages of Isaiah the Prophet.

Written in Imitation of Virgil's POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of *Solyma*! begin the Song:
To heav'nly Themes sublimer Strains belong.
The Mossy Fountains, and the Sylvan Shades,
The Dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* Maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my Voice inspire,
Who touch'd *Isaiah's* [hallow'd²] Lips with Fire!

RAPT into future Times, the Bard begun;
A *Virgin* shall conceive, a *Virgin* bear a Son!
Isaia, Cap. From *Jesse's* Root behold a Branch
II. v. 1. arise,

Whose sacred Flow'r with Fragrance fills the Skies.
Th' *Æthereal* Spirit o'er its Leaves shall move,
And on its Top descends the Mystick Dove.

Cap. 45. v. Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy
8. Nectar pour,

And in soft Silence shed the kindly Show'r!
Cap. 25. v. The Sick and Weak, the healing
4. Plant shall aid,

From Storms a Shelter, and from Heat a Shade.
All Crimes shall cease, and ancient Fraud shall
fail;

Cap. 9. v. 7. Returning Justice lift aloft her Scale;
Peace o'er the World her Olive Wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descend.

Swift fly the Years, and rise th' expected Morn!
Oh spring to Light, Auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest Wreaths to bring.
With all the Incense of the breathing Spring:

Cap. 35. v. See lofty *Lebanon* his Head ad-
2. vance,

See nodding Forests on the Mountains dance,
See spicy Clouds from lowly *Sharon* rise,
And *Carmel's* flowry Top perfumes the Skies!

Cap. 40. v. Hark! a glad Voice the lonely Desert
3, 4. cheers;

Prepare the Way! a God, a God appears:
A God! a God! the vocal Hills reply,
The Rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo Earth receives him from the bending Skies!
Sink down ye Mountains, and ye Vallies rise!
With Heads declin'd, ye Cedars, Homage pay!

¹ Thus far *Steele*.

² [hollow'd]

Be smooth ye Rocks, ye rapid Floods give way!
The SAVIOUR comes! by ancient Bards fore-
told;

Hear him, ye Deaf, and all ye Blind C. 42. v. 18.
behold!

He from thick Films shall purge the Cap. 35. v.
5, 6. visual Ray,

And on the sightless Eye-ball pour the Day.

'Tis he th' obstructed Paths of Sound shall clear,
And bid new Musick charm th' unfolding Ear,
The Dumb shall sing, the Lame his Crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding Roe;
[No Sigh, no Murmur the wide World shall hear,
From ev'ry Face he wipes off ev'ry Tear.

In Adamantine Chains shall Death Cap. 25. v.
8. be bound,

And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal Wound.¹
As the good Shepherd tends his fleecy Cap. 30. v.
11. Care,

Seeks freshest Pastures and the purest Air,
Explores the lost, the wandring Sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender Lambs he raises in his Arms,
Feeds from his Hand, and in his Bosom warms:
Mankind shall thus his Guardian Care engage,
The promis'd Father of the future C. 9. v. 6.
Age.

No more shall Nation against Nation C. 2. v. 4.
rise,

Nor ardent Warriors meet with hateful Eyes,
Nor Fields with gleaming Steel be cover'd o'er,
The Brazen Trumpets kindle Rage no more;
But useless Lances into Scythes shall bend,
And the broad Falchion in a Plow-share end.
Then Palaces shall rise; the joyful Cap. 65. v.
21, 22. Son

Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
Their Vines a Shadow to their Race shall yield,
And the same Hand that sow'd shall reap the
Field.

The Swain in barren Desarts with Cap. 35. v.
1, 7. Surprize

Sees Lillies spring, and sudden Verdure rise;
And Starts, amidst the thirsty Wilds, to hear,
New Falls of Water murmuring in his Ear:
On rifted Rocks, the Dragon's late Abodes,
The green Reed trembles, and the Bulrush nods.
Waste sandy Vallies, once perplex'd Cap. 41. v.
19. and with Thorn,

¹ [Before him Death, the grisly Tyrant, flies;
He wipes the Tears for ever from our Eyes.]

This was an alteration which *Steele* had suggested, and in which young *Pope* had acquiesced. *Steele* wrote: 'I have turned to every verse and chapter, and think you have preserved the sublime, heavenly spirit throughout the whole, especially at "Hark a glad voice," and "The lamb with wolves shall graze." There is but one line which I think is below the original,—

'He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

'You have expressed it with a good and pious but not so exalted and poetical a spirit as the prophet: *The Lord God shall wipe away tears from off all faces.* If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphrase or otherwise, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended.'

Cap. 55. v. 13. The spiry Fir and shapely Box adorn:
To leafless Shrubs the flow'ring Palms
succeed,

And od'rous Myrtle to the noisome Weed.

Cap. 11. v. 6, 7, 8. The Lambs with Wolves shall graze
the verdant Mead,

And Boys in flowry Bands the Tyger lead;
The Steer and Lion at one Crib shall meet,
And harmless Serpents Lick the Pilgrim's Feet.
The smiling Infant in his Hand shall take
The crested Basilisk and speckled Snake;
Pleas'd, the green Lustre of the Scales survey,
And with their forky Tongue and pointless Sting
shall play.

C. 60. v. 1. Rise, crown'd with Light, imperial
Salem rise!

Exalt thy tow'ry Head, and lift thy Eyes!

C. 60. v. 4. See, a long Race thy spacious Courts
adorn;

See future Sons and Daughters yet unborn
In crowding Ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding Life, impatient for the Skies!

C. 60. v. 3. See barb'rous Nations at thy Gates
attend,

Walk in thy Light, and in thy Temple bend.
See thy bright Altars throng'd with prostrate
Kings,

C. 60. v. 6. And heap'd with Products of *Sabean*
Springs!

For thee *Idume's* spicy Forests blow;
And seeds of Gold in *Ophir's* Mountains glow.
See Heav'n its sparkling Portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a Flood of Day!

Cap. 60. v. 19, 20. No more the rising *Sun* shall gild the
Morn,

Nor Evening *Cynthia* fill her silver Horn,
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior Rays;
One Tide of Glory, one unclouded Blaze
O'erflow thy Courts: The LIGHT HIMSELF shall
shine

Reveal'd; and *God's* eternal Day be thine!

C. 51. v. 6. The Seas shall waste, the Skies in
and C. 64. Smoke decay;

v. 10. Rocks fall to Dust, and Mountains
melt away;

But fix'd *His* Word, *His* saving Pow'r remains:
Thy *Realm* for ever lasts! thy own *Messiah*
reigns. T

No. 379.] Thursday, May 15, 1712. [Budgell.

Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.
Pers.

I HAVE often wondered at that ill-natur'd Position which has been sometimes maintained in the Schools, and is compriz'd in an old *Latin* Verse, namely, that *A Man's Knowledge is worth nothing, if he communicates what he knows to any one besides.*¹ There is certainly no more sensible Pleasure to a good-natur'd Man, than if he can by any means gratify or inform the Mind of another. I might add, that this Virtue naturally carries its own reward along with it, since it

¹ Nil proprium ducas quod mutarier potest.

is almost impossible it should be exercised without the Improvement of the Person who practices it. The reading of Books, and the daily Occurrences of Life, are continually furnishing us with Matter for Thought and Reflection. It is extremely natural for us to desire to see such our Thoughts put into the Dress of Words, without which indeed we can scarce have a clear and distinct Idea of them ourselves: When they are thus clothed in Expressions, nothing so truly shews us whether they are just or false, as those Effects which they produce in the Minds of others.

I am apt to flatter my self, that in the Course of these my Speculations, I have treated of several Subjects, and laid down many such Rules for the Conduct of a Man's Life, which my Readers were either wholly ignorant of before, or which at least those few who were acquainted with them, looked upon as so many Secrets they have found out for the Conduct of themselves, but were resolved never to have made publick.

I am the more confirmed in this Opinion from my having received several Letters, wherein I am censur'd for having prostituted Learning to the Embraces of the Vulgar, and made her, as one of my Correspondents phrases it, a common Strumpet: I am charged by another with laying open the *Arcana*, or Secrets of Prudence, to the Eyes of every Reader.

The narrow Spirit which appears in the Letters of these my Correspondents is the less surprizing, as it has shewn itself in all Ages: There is still extant an Epistle written by *Alexander* the Great to his Tutor *Aristotle*, upon that Philosopher's publishing some part of his Writings; in which the Prince complains of his having made known to all the World, those Secrets in Learning which he had before communicated to him in private Lectures; concluding, *That he had rather excel the rest of Mankind in Knowledge than in Power.*¹

Luisa de Padilla, a Lady of great Learning, and Countess of *Aranda*, was in like manner angry with the famous *Gratian*,² upon his publishing his Treatise of the *Discreto*; wherein she fancied that he had laid open those Maxims to common Readers, which ought only to have been reserved for the Knowledge of the Great.

These Objections are thought by many of so

¹ Aulus Gellius. Noct. Att., Bk xx., ch. 5.

² Baltazar Gracian's *Discreto* has been mentioned before in the *Spectator*, being well-known in England through a French translation. See note on p. 420. Gracian, in Spain, became especially popular as a foremost representative of his time in transferring the humour for conceits—*cultismo*, as it was called—from verse to prose. He began in 1630 with a prose tract, *the Hero*, laboured in short ingenious sentences, which went through six editions. He wrote also an Art of Poetry after the new style. His chief work was the *Criticon*, an allegory of the Spring, Autumn, and Winter of life. The *Discreto* was one of his minor works. All that he wrote was published, not by himself, but by a friend, and in the name of his brother Lorenzo, who was not an ecclesiastic.

much weight, that they often defend the above-mention'd Authors, by affirming they have affected such an Obscurity in their Style and Manner of Writing, that tho' every one may read their Works, there will be but very few who can comprehend their Meaning.

Persius, the *Latin* Satirist, affected Obscurity for another Reason; with which however Mr. *Cowley* is so offended, that writing to one of his Friends, You, says he, tell me, that you do not know whether *Persius* be a good Poet or no, because you cannot understand him; for which very Reason I affirm that he is not so.

However, this Art of *writing unintelligibly* has been very much improved, and follow'd by several of the Moderns, who observing the general Inclination of Mankind to dive into a Secret, and the Reputation many have acquired by concealing their Meaning under obscure Terms and Phrases, resolve, that they may be still more abstruse, to write without any Meaning at all. This Art, as it is at present practised by many eminent Authors, consists in throwing so many Words at a venture into different Periods, and leaving the curious Reader to find out the Meaning of them.

The *Egyptians*, who made use of Hieroglyphicks to signify several things, expressed a Man who confined his Knowledge and Discoveries altogether within himself, by the Figure of a Dark-Lantern closed on all sides, which, tho' it was illuminated within, afforded no manner of Light or Advantage to such as stood by it. For my own part, as I shall from time to time communicate to the Publick whatever Discoveries I happen to make, I should much rather be compared to an ordinary Lamp, which consumes and wastes it self for the benefit of every Passenger.

I shall conclude this Paper with the Story of *Rosicrucius's* Sepulchre. I suppose I need not inform my Readers that this Man was the Founder of the *Rosicrucian* Sect, and that his Disciples still pretend to new Discoveries, which they are never to communicate to the rest of Mankind.¹

¹ *Rosicrucius* had been made fashionable by the *Abbé de Villars*, who was assassinated in 1675. His *Comte de Gabalis* was a popular little book in the *Spectator's* time. 'I suppose I need not inform my readers' that there never was a '*Rosicrucius*' or a '*Rosicrucian* sect.' The *Rosicrucian* pamphlets which appeared in Germany at the beginning of the 17th century, dating from 'the Discovery of the Brotherhood of the Honourable Order of the Rosy Cross,' a pamphlet published in 1610, by a Lutheran clergyman, *Valentine Andreaë*, were part of a hoax designed perhaps originally as means of establishing a sort of charitable masonic society of social reformers. Missing that aim, the *Rosicrucian* story lived to be adorned by superstitious fancy, with ideas of mystery and magic, which in the *Comte de Gabalis* were methodized into a consistent romance. It was from this romance that *Pope* got what he called the '*Rosicrucian*' machinery of his *Rape of the Lock*. The *Abbé de Villars*, professing to give very full particulars, had told how the *Rosicrucians* assigned sylphs to the air, gnomes to the earth, nymphs to the water, salamanders to the fire.

A certain Person having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the Ground where this Philosopher lay inter'd, met with a small Door having a Wall on each side of it. His Curiosity, and the Hopes of finding some hidden Treasure, soon prompted him to force open the Door. He was immediately surpriz'd by a sudden Blaze of Light, and discover'd a very fair Vault: At the upper end of it was a Statue of a Man in Armour sitting by a Table, and leaning on his Left Arm. He held a Truncheon in his right Hand, and had a Lamp burning before him. The Man had no sooner set one Foot within the Vault, than the Statue erecting it self from its leaning Posture, stood bolt upright; and upon the Fellow's advancing another Step, lifted up the Truncheon in his Right Hand. The Man still ventur'd a third Step, when the Statue with a furious Blow broke the Lamp into a thousand Pieces, and left his Guest in a sudden Darkness.

Upon the Report of this Adventure, the Country People soon came with Lights to the Sepulchre, and discovered that the Statue, which was made of Brass, was nothing more than a Piece of Clockwork; that the Floor of the Vault was all loose, and underlaid with several Springs, which, upon any Man's entering, naturally produced that which had happen'd.

Rosicrucius, says his Disciples, made use of this Method, to shew the World that he had reinvented the ever-burning Lamps of the Ancients, tho' he was resolv'd no one should reap any Advantage from the Discovery. X.

No. 380.] Friday, May 16, 1712. [Steele.

Rivalem patienter habet—— Ovid.

SIR, Thursday, May 8, 1712.

THE Character you have in the World of being the Lady's Philosopher, and the pretty Advice I have seen you give to others in your Papers, make me address my self to you in this abrupt Manner, and do desire your Opinion what in this Age a Woman may call a Lover. I have lately had a Gentleman that I thought made Pretensions to me, insomuch that most of my Friends took Notice of it and thought we were really married; which I did not take much Pains to undeceive them, and especially a young Gentlewoman of my particular Acquaintance which was then in the Country. She coming to Town, and seeing our Intimacy so great, she gave her self the Liberty of taking me to task concerning it: I ingenuously told her we were not married, but I did not know what might be the Event. She soon got acquainted with the Gentleman, and was pleased to take upon her to examine him about it. Now whether a new Face had made a greater Conquest than the old, I'll leave you to judge: But I am inform'd that he utterly deny'd all Pretensions to Courtship, but withal profess'd a sincere Friendship for me; but whether Marriages are propos'd by way of Friendship or not, is what I desire to know, and what I may really call a Lover. There are so many who talk in a

'Language fit only for that Character, and yet
'guard themselves against speaking in direct
'Terms to the Point, that it is impossible to dis-
'tinguish between Courtship and Conversation.
'I hope you will do me Justice both upon my Lover
'and my Friend, if they provoke me further: In
'the mean time I carry it with so equal a Beha-
'viour, that the Nymph and the Swain too are
'mighty at a loss; each believes I, who know
'them both well, think my self revenged in their
'Love to one another, which creates an irrecon-
'cileable Jealousy. If all comes right again, you
'shall hear further from,

SIR,
Your most obedient Servant,
Mirtilla.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *April 28, 1712.*

'Your Observations on Persons that have be-
'haved themselves irreverently at Church, I doubt
'not have had a good Effect on some that have
'read them: But there is another Fault which has
'hitherto escaped your Notice, I mean of such
'Persons as are very zealous and punctual to per-
'form an Ejaculation that is only preparatory to
'the Service of the Church, and yet neglect to
'join in the Service it self. There is an Instance
'of this in a Friend of WILL. HONEYCOMB'S, who
'sits opposite to me: He seldom comes in till the
'Prayers are about half over, and when he has
'enter'd his Seat (instead of joining with the Con-
'gregation) he devoutly holds his Hat before his
'Face for three or four Moments, then bows to
'all his Acquaintance, sits down, takes a Pinch of
'Snuff, (if it be Evening Service perhaps a Nap)
'and spends the remaining Time in surveying the
'Congregation. Now, Sir, what I would desire,
'is, that you will animadvert a little on this Gentle-
'man's Practice. In my Opinion, this Gentle-
'man's Devotion, Cap-in-Hand, is only a Com-
'pliance to the Custom of the Place, and goes no
'further than a little ecclesiastical Good-Breeding.
'If you will not pretend to tell us the Motives
'that bring such Triflers to solemn Assemblies,
'yet let me desire that you will give this Letter a
'Place in your Paper, and I shall remain,

SIR,
Your obliged humble Servant,
J. S.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *May the 5th.*

'The Conversation at a Club, of which I am
'a Member, last Night falling upon Vanity and
'the Desire of being admired, put me in mind of
'relating how agreeably I was entertained at my
'own Door last *Thursday* by a clean fresh-
'colour'd Girl, under the most elegant and the
'best furnished Milk-Pail I had ever observed.
'I was glad of such an Opportunity of seeing
'the Behaviour of a Coquet in low Life, and how
'she received the extraordinary Notice that was
'taken of her; which I found had affected every
'Muscle of her Face in the same manner as it
'does the Feature of a first-rate Toast at a Play,
'or in an Assembly. This Hint of mine made
'the Discourse turn upon the Sense of Pleasure;
'which ended in a general Resolution, that the
'Milk-Maid enjoys her Vanity as exquisitely as
'the Woman of Quality. I think it would not

'be an improper Subject for you to examine this
'Frailty, and trace it to all Conditions of Life;
'which is recommended to you as an Occasion of
'obliging many of your Readers, among the rest,
Your most humble Servant,

T. B.

SIR,

'Coming last Week into a Coffee-house not
'far from the *Exchange* with my Basket under
'my Arm, a *Jew* of considerable Note, as I am
'informed, takes half a Dozen Oranges of me,
'and at the same time slides a Guinea into my
'Hand; I made him a Curtsy, and went my
'Way: He follow'd me, and finding I was going
'about my Business, he came up with me, and
'told me plainly, that he gave me the Guinea with
'no other Intent but to purchase my Person for
'an Hour. Did you so, Sir? says I: You gave
'it me then to make me be wicked, I'll keep it to
'make me honest. However, not to be in the
'least ungrateful, I promise you I'll lay it out in
'a couple of Rings, and wear them for your
'Sake. I am so just, Sir, besides, as to give
'every Body that asks how I came by my Rings
'this Account of my Benefactor; but to save me
'the Trouble of telling my Tale over and over
'again, I humbly beg the favour of you so to tell
'it once for all, and you will extremely oblige,

May 12, *Your humble Servant,*
1712. Betty Lemon.

SIR,

St. Brides, May 15, 1712.

'Tis a great deal of Pleasure to me, and I
'dare say will be no less Satisfaction to you, that
'I have an Opportunity of informing you, that
'the Gentlemen and others of the Parish of *St.*
'*Brides*, have raised a Charity-School of fifty
'Girls, as before of fifty Boys. You were so
'kind to recommend the Boys to the charitable
'World, and the other Sex hope you will do them
'the same Favour in *Friday's Spectator* for
'*Sunday* next, when they are to appear with their
'humble Airs at the Parish Church of *St. Bride's*.
'Sir, the Mention of this may possibly be serv-
'iceable to the Children; and sure no one will
'omit a good Action attended with no Expence.

I am, SIR,
Your very humble Servant,
The Sexton.

T.

No. 381.] *Saturday, May 17, 1712.* [Addison.]

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis,
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ, moriture Deli.—Hor.*

I HAVE always preferred Chearfulness to Mirth.
The latter, I consider as an Act, the former
as an Habit of the Mind. Mirth is short and
transient, Chearfulness fixed and permanent.
Those are often raised into the greatest Trans-
ports of Mirth, who are subject to the greatest
Depressions of Melancholy: On the contrary,
Chearfulness, tho' it does not give the Mind such
an exquisite Gladness, prevents us from falling

into any Depths of Sorrow. Mirth is like a Flash of Lightning, that breaks thro' a Gloom of Clouds, and glitters for a Moment; Chearfulness keeps up a kind of Day-light in the Mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual Serenity.

Men of austere Principles look upon Mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a State of Probation, and as filled with a certain Triumph and Insolence of Heart, that is inconsistent with a Life which is every Moment obnoxious to the greatest Dangers. Writers of this Complexion have observed, that the sacred Person who was the great Pattern of Perfection was never seen to Laugh.

Chearfulness of Mind is not liable to any of these Exceptions; it is of a serious and composed Nature, it does not throw the Mind into a Condition improper for the present State of Humanity, and is very conspicuous in the Characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest Philosophers among the Heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as Saints and Holy Men among Christians.

If we consider Chearfulness in three Lights, with regard to our selves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our Being, it will not a little recommend it self on each of these Accounts. The Man who is possessed of this excellent Frame of Mind, is not only easy in his Thoughts, but a perfect Master of all the Powers and Faculties of his Soul: His Imagination is always clear, and his Judgment undisturbed: His Temper is even and unruffled, whether in Action or in Solitude. He comes with a Relish to all those Goods which Nature has provided for him, tastes all the Pleasures of the Creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full Weight of those accidental Evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the Persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces Love and Good-will towards him. A chearful Mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good Humour in those who come within its Influence. A Man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the Chearfulness of his Companion: It is like a sudden Sun-shine that awakens a secret Delight in the Mind, without her attending to it. The Heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into Friendship and Benevolence towards the Person who has so kindly an Effect upon it.

When I consider this chearful State of Mind in its third Relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual Gratitude to the great Author of Nature. An inward Chearfulness is an implicit Praise and Thanksgiving to Providence under all its Dispensations. It is a kind of Acquiescence in the State wherein we are placed, and a secret Approbation of the Divine Will in his Conduct towards Man.

There are but two things which, in my Opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this Chearfulness of Heart. The first of these is the Sense of Guilt. A Man who lives in a State of Vice and Impenitence, can have no Title to that Evenness and Tranquillity of Mind which is the Health of the

Soul, and the natural Effect of Virtue and Innocence. Chearfulness in an ill Man deserves a harder Name than Language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call Folly or Madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a Disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future State, under whatsoever Titles it shelters it self, may likewise very reasonably deprive a Man of this Chearfulness of Temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human Nature in the Prospect of Non-Existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent Writers, how it is possible for a Man to out-live the Expectation of it. For my own Part, I think the Being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only Truth we are sure of, and such a Truth as we meet with in every Object, in every Occurrence, and in every Thought. If we look into the Characters of this Tribe of Infidels, we generally find they are made up of Pride, Spleen, and Cavil: It is indeed no wonder, that Men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the World; and how is it possible for a Man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every Moment of losing his entire Existence, and dropping into Nothing?

The vicious Man and Atheist have therefore no Pretence to Chearfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in Good-Humour, and enjoy his present Existence, who is apprehensive either of Torment or of Annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mention'd these two great Principles, which are destructive of Chearfulness in their own Nature, as well as in right Reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy Temper from a Virtuous Mind. Pain and Sickness, Shame and Reproach, Poverty and old Age, nay Death it self, considering the Shortness of their Duration, and the Advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the Name of Evils. A good Mind may bear up under them with Fortitude, with Indolence and with Chearfulness of Heart. The tossing of a Tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a Joyful Harbour.

A Man, who uses his best endeavours to live according to the Dictates of Virtue and right Reason, has two perpetual Sources of Chearfulness; in the Consideration of his own Nature, and of that Being on whom he has a Dependance. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that Existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after Millions of Ages, will be still new, and still in its Beginning. How many Self-Congratulations naturally arise in the Mind, when it reflects on this its Entrance into Eternity, when it takes a View of those improveable Faculties, which in a few Years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a Progress, and which will be still receiving an Increase of Perfection, and consequently an Increase of Happiness? The Consciousness of such a Being spreads a perpetual Diffusion of Joy through the Soul of a virtuous Man, and makes him look upon

himself every Moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second Source of Chearfulness to a good Mind, is its Consideration of that Being on whom we have our Dependance, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint Discoveries of his Perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find our selves every where upheld by his Goodness, and surrounded with an Immensity of Love and Mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose Power qualifies him to make us happy by an Infinity of Means, whose Goodness and Truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose Unchangeableness will secure us in this Happiness to all Eternity.

Such Considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his Thoughts, will banish from us all that secret Heaviness of Heart which unthinking Men are subject to when they lie under no real Affliction, all that Anguish which we may feel from any Evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little Cracklings of Mirth and Folly that are apter to betray Virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and chearful Temper, as makes us pleasing to our selves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we were made to please. I.

No. 382.] Monday, May 19, 1712. [Steele.

Habes confitentem reum.—Tull.

I OUGHT not to have neglected a Request of one of my Correspondents so long as I have; but I dare say I have given him time to add Practice to Profession. He sent me some time ago a Bottle or two of excellent Wine to drink the Health of a Gentleman, who had by the Penny-Post advertised him of an egregious Error in his Conduct. My Correspondent received the Obligation from an unknown Hand with the Candour which is natural to an ingenuous Mind; and promises a contrary Behaviour in that Point for the future: He will offend his Monitor with no more Errors of that kind, but thanks him for his Benevolence. This frank Carriage makes me reflect upon the amiable Atonement a Man makes in an ingenuous Acknowledgment of a Fault: All such Miscarriages as flow from Inadvertency are more than repaid by it; for Reason, though not concerned in the Injury, employs all its Force in the Atonement. He that says, he did not design to disoblige you in such an Action, does as much as if he should tell you, that tho' the Circumstance which displeased was never in his Thoughts, he has that Respect for you, that he is unsatisfied till it is wholly out of yours. It must be confessed, that when an Acknowledgment of Offence is made out of Poorness of Spirit, and not Conviction of Heart, the Circumstance is quite different: But in the Case of my Correspondent, where both the Notice is taken and the Return made in private, the Affair begins and ends with the highest Grace on each Side. To make the Acknowledgment of a Fault in the highest manner grace-

ful, it is lucky when the Circumstances of the Offender place him above any ill Consequences from the Resentment of the Person offended. A Dauphin of *France*, upon a Review of the Army, and a Command of the King to alter the Posture of it by a March of one of the Wings, gave an improper Order to an Officer at the Head of a Brigade, who told his Highness, he presumed he had not received the last Orders, which were to move a contrary Way. The Prince, instead of taking the Admonition which was delivered in a manner that accounted for his Error with Safety to his Understanding, shook a Cane at the Officer; and with the return of opprobrious Language, persisted in his own Orders. The whole Matter came necessarily before the King, who commanded his Son, on foot, to lay his right Hand on the Gentleman's Stirrup as he sat on Horseback in sight of the whole Army, and ask his Pardon. When the Prince touched his Stirrup, and was going to speak, the Officer with an incredible Agility, threw himself on the Earth, and kissed his Feet.

The Body is very little concerned in the Pleasures or Sufferings of Souls truly great; and the Reparation, when an Honour was designed this Soldier, appeared as much too great to be borne by his Gratitude, as the Injury was intolerable to his Resentment.

When we turn our Thoughts from these extraordinary Occurrences in common Life, we see an ingenuous kind of Behaviour not only make up for Faults committed, but in a manner expiate them in the very Commission. Thus many things wherein a Man has pressed too far, he implicitly excuses, by owning, *This is a Trespass; you'll pardon my Confidence; I am sensible I have no Pretension to this Favour*, and the like. But commend me to those gay Fellows about Town who are directly impudent, and make up for it no otherwise than by calling themselves such, and exulting in it. But this sort of Carriage, which prompts a Man against Rules to urge what he has a Mind to, is pardonable only when you sue for another. When you are confident in preference of your self to others of equal Merit, every Man that loves Virtue and Modesty ought, in Defence of those Qualities, to oppose you: But, without considering the Morality of the thing, let us at this time behold only the natural Consequence of Candour when we speak of ourselves.

The SPECTATOR writes often in an Elegant, often in an Argumentative, and often in a Sublime Style, with equal Success; but how would it hurt the reputed Author of that Paper to own, that of the most beautiful Pieces under his Title, he is barely the Publisher? There is nothing but what a Man really performs, can be an Honour to him; what he takes more than he ought in the Eye of the World, he loses in the Conviction of his own Heart; and a Man must lose his Consciousness, that is, his very Self, before he can rejoice in any Falshood without inward Mortification.

Who has not seen a very Criminal at the Bar, when his Counsel and Friends have done all that they could for him in vain, prevail upon the whole Assembly to pity him, and his Judge to recommend his Case to the Mercy of the Throne, with-

out offering any thing new in his Defence, but that he, whom before we wished convicted, became so out of his own Mouth, and took upon himself all the Shame and Sorrow we were just before preparing for him? The great Opposition to this kind of Candour, arises from the unjust Idea People ordinarily have of what we call an high Spirit. It is far from Greatness of Spirit to persist in the Wrong in any thing, nor is it a Diminution of Greatness of Spirit to have been in the Wrong: Perfection is not the Attribute of Man, therefore he is not degraded by the Acknowledgment of an Imperfection: But it is the Work of little Minds to imitate the Fortitude of great Spirits on worthy Occasions, by Obstinacy in the Wrong. This Obstinacy prevail; so far upon them, that they make it extend to the Defence of Faults in their very Servants. It would swell this Paper to too great a length, should I insert all the Quarrels and Debates which are now on foot in this Town; where one Party, and in some Cases both, is sensible of being on the faulty Side, and have not Spirit enough to Acknowledge it. Among the Ladies the Case is very common, for there are very few of them who know that it is to maintain a true and high Spirit, to throw away from it all which it self disapproves, and to scorn so pitiful a Shame, as that which disables the Heart from acquiring a Liberality of Affections and Sentiments. The candid Mind, by acknowledging and discarding its Faults, has Reason and Truth for the Foundation of all its Passions and Desires, and consequently is happy and simple; the disingenuous Spirit, by Indulgence of one unacknowledged Error, is intangled with an After-Life of Guilt, Sorrow, and Perplexity. T.

No. 383.] Tuesday, May 20, 1712. [Addison.

Criminibus debent Hortos— Hor.

AS I was sitting in my Chamber, and thinking on a Subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular Bounces at my Landlady's Door, and upon the opening of it, a loud chearful Voice enquiring whether the Philosopher was at Home. The Child who went to the Door answered very Innocently, that he did not Lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good Friend Sir ROGER's Voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the Water to *Spring-Garden*, in case it proved a good Evening. The Knight put me in mind of my Promise from the Bottom of the Stair-Case, but told me that if I was Speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the Children of the Family got about my old Friend, and my Landlady herself, who is a notable prating Gossip, engaged in a Conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroaking her little Boy upon the Head, and bidding him be a good Child and mind his Book.

We were no sooner come to the *Temple Stairs*, but we were surrounded with a Crowd of Watermen, offering us their respective Services. Sir

ROGER, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a Wooden-Leg, and immediately gave him Orders to get his Boat ready. As we were walking towards it, *You must know*, says Sir ROGER, *I never make use of any body to row me, that has not either lost a Leg or an Arm. I would rather bate him a few Strokes of his Oar, than not employ an honest Man that has been wounded in the Queen's Service. If I was a Lord or a Bishop, and kept a Barge, I would not put a Fellow in my Livery that had not a Wooden-Leg.*

My old Friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the Boat with his Coachman, who, being a very sober Man, always serves for Ballast on these Occasions, we made the best of our way for *Fox-Hall*. Sir ROGER obliged the Waterman to give us the History of his Right Leg, and hearing that he had left it [at *La Hogue*,¹] with many Particulars which passed in that glorious Action, the Knight in the Triumph of his Heart made several Reflections on the Greatness of the *British Nation*; as, that one *Englishman* could beat three *Frenchmen*; that we could never be in danger of Popery so long as we took care of our Fleet; that the *Thames* was the noblest River in *Europe*; that *London Bridge* was a greater piece of Work, than any of the seven Wonders of the World; with many other honest Prejudices which naturally cleave to the Heart of a true *Englishman*.

After some short Pause, the old Knight turning about his Head twice or thrice, to take a Survey of this great Metropolis, bid me observe how thick the City was set with Churches, and that there was scarce a single Steeple on this side *Temple-Bar*. *A most Heathenish Sight!* says Sir ROGER: *There is no Religion at this End of the Town. The fifty new Churches will very much mend the Prospect; but Church-work is slow, Church-work is slow!*

I do not remember I have any where mentioned, in Sir ROGER's Character, his Custom of saluting every Body that passes by him with a Good-morrow or a Good-night. This the old Man does out of the overflowings of his Humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his Country Neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice Knight of the Shire. He cannot forbear this Exercise of Benevolence even in Town, when he meets with any one in his Morning or Evening Walk. It broke from him to several Boats that passed by us upon the Water; but to the Knight's great Surprize, as he gave the Good-night to two or three young Fellows a little before our Landing, one of them, instead of returning the Civility, asked us what queer old Put we had in the Boat,

¹ [in Bantry Bay] In Bantry Bay, on May-day, 1689, a French Fleet, bringing succour to the adherents of James II., attacked the English, under Admiral Herbert, and obliged them to retire. The change of name in the text was for one with a more flattering association. In the Battle of La Hogue, May 19, 1692, the English burnt 13 of the enemy's ships, destroyed 8, dispersed the rest, and prevented a threatened descent of the French upon England.

and whether he was not ashamed to go a Wenching at his Years? with a great deal of the like *Thames-Ribaldry*. Sir ROGER seem'd a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a Face of Magistracy, told us, *That if he were a Middlesex Justice, he would make such Vagrants know that Her Majesty's Subjects were no more to be abused by Water than by Land.*

We were now arrived at *Spring-Garden*, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of Year. When I considered the Fragrancy of the Walks and Bowers, with the Choirs of Birds that sung upon the Trees, and the loose Tribe of People that walked under their Shades, I could not but look upon the Place as a kind of *Mahometan Paradise*. Sir ROGER told me it put him in mind of a little Coppice by his House in the Country, which his Chaplain used to call an *Aviary of Nightingales*. *You must understand*, says the Knight, *there is nothing in the World that pleases a Man in Love so much as your Nightingale.* Ah, Mr. SPECTATOR! *the many Moon-light Nights that I have walked by my self, and thought on the Widow by the Musick of the Nightingales!* He here fetched a deep Sigh, and was falling into a Fit of musing, when a Masque, who came behind him, gave him a gentle Tap upon the Shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a Bottle of Mead with her? But the Knight, being startled at so unexpected a Familiarity, and displeas'd to be interrupted in his Thoughts of the Widow, told her, *She was a wanton Baggage*, and bid her go about her Business.

We concluded our Walk with a Glass of *Burton-Ale*, and a Slice of *Hung-Beef*. When we had done eating our selves, the Knight called a Waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the Waterman that had but one Leg. I perceived the Fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the Message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's Commands with a Peremptory Look.

As we were going out of the Garden, my old Friend, thinking himself oblig'd, as a Member of the *Quorum*, to animadvert upon the Morals of the Place, told the Mistress of the House, who sat at the Bar, That he should be a better Customer to her Garden, if there were more *Nightingales*, and fewer *Strumpets*.

No. 384.] Wednesday, May 21, 1712. [Steele.

Hague, May 24. N. S. The same Republican Hands, who have so often since the *Chevalier de St. George's* Recovery killed him in our public Prints, have now reduced the young Dauphin of *France* to that desperate Condition of Weakness, and Death it self, that it is hard to conjecture what Method they will take to bring him to Life again. Mean time we are assured by a very good Hand from *Paris*, That on the 20th Instant, this young Prince was as well as ever he was known to be since the Day of his Birth. As for the other, they are now sending his Ghost, we suppose, (for they never had the Modesty to contradict their Assertions of his

Death) to *Commerci* in *Lorraine*, attended only by four Gentlemen, and a few Domesticks of little Consideration. *The Baron de Bothmar having delivered in his Credentials to qualify him as an Ambassador to this State, (an Office to which his greatest Enemies will acknowledge him to be equal) is gone to Utrecht, whence he will proceed to Hanover, but not stay long at that Court, for fear the Peace should be made during his lamented Absence.*

Post-Boy, May 20.

I SHOULD be thought not able to read, should I overlook some excellent Pieces lately come out. My Lord Bishop of *St. Asaph* has just now published some Sermons, the Preface to which seems to me to determine a great Point.¹ He has, like a good Man and a good Christian, in opposition to all the Flattery and base Submission of false Friends to Princes, asserted, *That Christianity left us where it found us as to our Civil Rights.* The present Entertainment shall consist only of a Sentence out of the Post-Boy, and the said Preface of the Lord of *St. Asaph*. I should think it a little odd if the Author of the Post-Boy should with Impunity call Men Republicans for a Gladness on Report of the Death of the Pretender; and treat Baron Bothmar, the Minister of *Hanover*, in such a manner as you see in my Motto. I must own, I think every Man in England concern'd to support the Succession of that Family.

'The publishing a few Sermons, whilst I live, the latest of which was preached about eight Years since, and the first above seventeen, will make it very natural for People to enquire into the Occasion of doing so; And to such I do very willingly assign these following Reasons.

'First, From the Observations I have been able to make, for these many Years last past, upon our publick Affairs, and from the natural Tend-

¹ Dr. William Fleetwood, Bishop of *St. Asaph*, had published 'Four Sermons.' 1. On the death of *Queen Mary*, 1694. 2. On the death of the *Duke of Gloucester*, 1700. 3. On the death of *King William*, 1701. 4. On the *Queen's Accession* to the Throne, in 1702, with a Preface. 8vo. London, 1712. The Preface which, says Dr. Johnson, overflowed with Whiggish principles, was ordered to be burnt by the House of Commons. This mov'd Steele to diffuse it by inserting it in the *Spectator*, which, as its author said in a letter to *Burnet*, 'conveyed about fourteen thousand copies of the condemned preface into people's hands that would otherwise have never seen or heard of it.' Moreover, to ensure its delivery into the *Queen's* hands the publication of this number is said to have been deferred till twelve o'clock, her Majesty's breakfast hour, that no time might be allowed for a decision that it should not be laid, as usual, upon her breakfast table.

Fleetwood was born in 1656; had been chaplain to *King William*, and in 1706 had been appointed to the Bishopric of *St. Asaph* without any solicitation. He was translated to *Ely* in 1714, and died in 1723.

'ency of several Principles and Practices, that
'have of late been studiously revived, and from
'what has followed thereupon, I could not help
'both fearing and presaging, that these Nations
'would some time or other, if ever we should have
'an enterprising Prince upon the Throne, of more
'Ambition than Virtue, Justice, and true Honour,
'fall into the way of all other Nations, and lose
'their *Liberty*.

'Nor could I help foreseeing to whose Charge
'a great deal of this dreadful Mischief, whenever
'it should happen, would be laid, whether justly
'or unjustly, was not my Business to determine;
'but I resolved for my own particular part, to de-
'liver myself, as well as I could, from the Re-
'proaches and the Curses of Posterity, by pub-
'lickly declaring to all the World, That although
'in the constant Course of my Ministry, I have
'never failed, on proper Occasions, to recommend,
'urge, and insist upon the loving, honouring, and
'the reverencing the Prince's Person, and hold-
'ing it, according to the Laws, inviolable and
'sacred; and paying all Obedience and Submis-
'sion to the Laws, though never so hard and in-
'convenient to private People: Yet did I never
'think my self at liberty, or authorized to tell the
'People, that either *Christ*, *St. Peter*, or *St. Paul*,
'or any other Holy Writer, had by any Doctrine
'delivered by them, subverted the *Laws* and
'*Constitutions* of the Country in which they lived,
'or put them in a worse Condition, with respect
'to their Civil Liberties, than they would have
'been had they not been Christians. I ever
'thought it a most impious Blasphemy against
'that holy Religion, to father any thing upon it
'that might encourage Tyranny, Oppression, or
'Injustice in a Prince, or that easily tended to
'make a free and happy People *Slaves* and *Miser-*
'*able*. No: People may make themselves as
'wretched as they will, but let not God be called
'into that wicked Party. When Force and Vio-
'lence, and hard Necessity have brought the
'Yoak of Servitude upon a People's Neck, Re-
'ligion will supply them with a patient and sub-
'missive Spirit under it till they can innocently
'shake it off; but certainly Religion never puts it
'on. This always was, and this at present is, my
'Judgment of these Matters: And I would be
'transmitted to Posterity (for the little Share of
'Time such Names as mine can live) under the
'Character of one who lov'd his Country, and
'would be thought a *good Englishman*, as well as
'a *good Clergyman*.

'This Character I thought would be transmitted
'by the following Sermons, which were made for,
'and preached in a private Audience, when I
'could think of nothing else but doing my Duty
'on the Occasions that were then offered by God's
'Providence, without any manner of design of
'making them publick: And for that reason I
'give them now as they were then delivered; by
'which I hope to satisfy those People who have
'objected a Change of Principles to me, as if I
'were not now the same Man I formerly was. I
'never had but one Opinion of these Matters;
'and that I think is so reasonable and well-
'grounded, that I believe I never can have any
'other.

'Another Reason of my publishing these Ser-
'mons at this time, is, that I have a mind to do
'my self some Honour, by doing what Honour I
'could to the Memory of two most excellent
'Princes, and who have very highly deserved at
'the hands of all the People of these Dominions,
'who have any true Value for the *Protestant Re-*
'*ligion*, and the *Constitution* of the *English*
'*Government*, of which they were the great *De-*
'*liverers* and *Defenders*. I have lived to see their
'illustrious Names very rudely handled, and the
'great Benefits they did this Nation treated
'slightly and contemptuously. I have lived to
'see our Deliverance from *Arbitrary Power* and
'*Popery*, traduced and vilified by some who for-
'merly thought it was their greatest Merit, and
'made it part of their Boast and Glory, to have
'had a little hand and share in bringing it about;
'and others who, without it, must have liv'd in
'Exile, Poverty, and Misery, meanly disclaiming
'it, and using ill the *glorious Instruments* thereof.
'Who could expect such a Requital of such Merit?
'I have, I own it, an Ambition of exempting my
'self from the Number of *unthankful* People:
'And as I loved and honoured those great Princes
'living, and lamented over them when dead, so I
'would gladly raise them up a Monument of
'Praise as lasting as any thing of mine can be;
'and I chuse to do it at this time, when it is so
'unfashionable a thing to speak honourably of
'them.

'The Sermon that was preached upon the Duke
'of *Gloucester's* Death was printed quickly after,
'and is now, because the Subject was so suitable,
'join'd to the others. The Loss of that most
'promising and hopeful Prince was, at that time,
'I saw, unspeakably great; and many Accidents
'since have convinced us, that it could not have
'been over-valued. That precious Life, had it
'pleased God to have prolonged it the usual Space,
'had saved us many Fears and Jealousies, and
'dark Distrusts, and prevented many Alarms, that
'have long kept us, and will keep us still, waking
'and uneasy. Nothing remained to comfort and
'support us under this heavy Stroke, but the Ne-
'cessity it brought the King and Nation under,
'of settling the *Succession* in the House of HAN-
'NOVER, and giving it an *Hereditary Right*, by
'*Act of Parliament*, as long as it continues *Pro-*
'*testant*. So much good did God, in his merciful
'Providence, produce from a Misfortune, which
'we could never otherwise have sufficiently de-
'plored.

'The fourth Sermon was preached upon the
'Queen's *Accession* to the Throne, and the first
'Year in which that Day was solemnly observed,
'(for, by some Accident other, it had been over-
'look'd the Year before;) and every one will see,
'without the date of it, that it was preached very
'early in this Reign, since I was able only to
'*promise* and *presage* its future Glories and Suc-
'cesses, from the good Appearances of things, and
'the happy Turn our Affairs began to take; and
'could not then count up the Victories and Tri-
'umphs that for seven Years after, made it, in the
'Prophet's Language, a *Name* and a *Praise*
'among all the People of the Earth. Never did
'seven such Years together pass over the head of

'any *English Monarch*, nor cover it with so much Honour: The Crown and Sceptre seemed to be the *Queen's* least Ornaments; those, other Princes wore in common with her, and her great personal Virtues were the same before and since; but such was the Fame of her Administration of Affairs at home, such was the Reputation of her Wisdom and Felicity in chusing Ministers, and such was then esteemed their Faithfulness and Zeal, their Diligence and great Abilities in executing her Commands; to such a height of military Glory did her great *General* and her *Armies* carry the *British* Name abroad; such was the Harmony and Concord betwixt her and her *Allies*, and such was the Blessing of God upon all her Counsels and Undertakings, that I am as sure as History can make me, no Prince of ours was ever yet so prosperous and successful, so beloved, esteemed, and honoured by their Subjects and their Friends, nor near so formidable to their Enemies. We were, as all the World imagined then, just entering on the ways that promised to lead to such a Peace, as would have answered all the Prayers of our religious Queen, the Care and Vigilance of a most able Ministry, the Payments of a willing and obedient People, as well as all the glorious Toils and Hazards of the Soldier; when God, for our Sins, permitted the *Spirit of Discord* to go forth, and, by troubling sore the Camp, the City, and the Country, (and oh that it had altogether spared the Places sacred to his Worship!) to spoil, for a time, this beautiful and pleasing Prospect, and give us, in its stead, I know not what— Our Enemies will tell the rest with Pleasure. It will become me better to pray to God to restore us to the Power of obtaining such a Peace, as will be to his Glory, the Safety, Honour, and the Welfare of the Queen and her Dominions, and the general Satisfaction of all her High and Mighty Allies.

May 2, 1712.

T.

No. 385.] Thursday, May 22, 1712. [Budgell.

—Theseâ pectora juncta fide.—Ovid.

I INTEND the Paper for this Day as a loose Essay upon *Friendship*, in which I shall throw my Observations together without any set Form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often said on this Subject.

Friendship is a strong and habitual Inclination in two Persons to promote the Good and Happiness of one another. Tho' the Pleasures and Advantages of Friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral Writers, and are considered by all as great Ingredients of human Happiness, we very rarely meet with the Practice of this Virtue in the World.

Every Man is ready to give in a long Catalogue of those Virtues and good Qualities he expects to find in the Person of a Friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in our selves.

Love and Esteem are the first Principles of

Friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.

As, on the one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a Man whom we cannot esteem: so, on the other, tho' we are truly sensible of a Man's Abilities, we can never raise ourselves to the Warmths of Friendship, without an affectionate Good-will towards his Person.

Friendship immediately banishes Envy under all its Disguises. A Man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his Friend's being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter Stranger to this Virtue.

There is something in Friendship so very great and noble, that in those fictitious Stories which are invented to the Honour of any particular Person, the Authors have thought it as necessary to make their Hero a Friend as a Lover. *Achilles* has his *Patroclus*, and *Aeneas* his *Achates*. In the first of these Instances we may observe, for the Reputation of the Subject I am treating of, that *Greece* was almost ruin'd by the Hero's Love, but was preserved by his Friendship.

The Character of *Achates* suggests to us an Observation we may often make on the Intimacies of great Men, who frequently chuse their Companions rather for the Qualities of the Heart than those of the Head, and prefer Fidelity in an easy inoffensive complying Temper to those Endowments which make a much greater Figure among Mankind. I do not remember that *Achates*, who is represented as the first Favourite, either gives his Advice, or strikes a Blow, thro' the whole *Aeneid*.

A Friendship which makes the least noise, is very often most useful: for which reason I should prefer a prudent Friend to a zealous one.

Atticus, one of the best Men of ancient *Rome*, was a very remarkable Instance of what I am here speaking. This extraordinary Person, amidst the Civil Wars of his Country, when he saw the Designs of all Parties equally tended to the Subversion of Liberty, by constantly preserving the Esteem and Affection of both the Competitors, found means to serve his Friends on either side: and while he sent Money to young *Marius*, whose Father was declared an Enemy of the Commonwealth, he was himself one of *Sylla's* chief Favourites, and always near that General.

During the War between *Cesar* and *Pompey*, he still maintained the same Conduct. After the Death of *Cesar* he sent Money to *Brutus* in his Troubles, and did a thousand good Offices to *Antony's* Wife and Friends when that Party seemed ruined. Lastly, even in that bloody War between *Antony* and *Augustus*, *Atticus* still kept his place in both their Friendships; inso-much that the first, says *Cornelius Nepos*, whenever he was absent from *Rome* in any part of the Empire, writ punctually to him what he was doing, what he read, and whither he intended to go; and the latter gave him constantly an exact Account of all his Affairs.

A Likeness of Inclinations in every Particular is so far from being requisite to form a Benevolence in two Minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we shall find

some of the firmest Friendships to have been contracted between Persons of different Humours; the Mind being often pleased with those Perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own Accomplishments. Besides that a Man in some measure supplies his own Defects, and fancies himself at second hand possessed of those good Qualities and Endowments, which are in the possession of him who in the Eye of the World is looked on as his *other self*.

The most difficult Province in Friendship is the letting a Man see his Faults and Errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our Advice is given him not so much to please ourselves as for his own Advantage. The Reproaches therefore of a Friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

The violent Desire of pleasing in the Person reproved, may otherwise change into a Despair of doing it, while he finds himself censur'd for Faults he is not Conscious of. A Mind that is softened and humanized by Friendship, cannot bear frequent Reproaches; either it must quite sink under the Oppression, or abate considerably of the Value and Esteem it had for him who bestows them.

The proper Business of Friendship is to inspire Life and Courage; and a Soul thus supported, outdoes itself: whereas if it be unexpectedly deprived of these Succours, it droops and languishes.

We are in some measure more inexcusable if we violate our Duties to a Friend, than to a Relation: since the former arise from a voluntary Choice, the latter from a Necessity to which we could not give our own Consent.

As it has been said on one side, that a Man ought not to break with a faulty Friend, that he may not expose the Weakness of his Choice; it will doubtless hold much stronger with respect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having lost so valuable a Treasure which was once in his Possession. X.

No. 386.] Friday, May 23, 1712. [Steele.

Cum Tristibus severe, cum Remissis jucunde, cum Senibus graviter, cum Juventute comiter vivere.—Tull.

THE piece of *Latin* on the Head of this Paper is part of a Character extremely vicious, but I have set down no more than may fall in with the Rules of Justice and Honour. Cicero spoke it of *Catiline*, who, he said, lived with the Sad severely, with the Cheerful agreeably, with the Old gravely, with the Young pleasantly; he added, with the Wicked boldly, with the Wanton lasciviously. The two last Instances of his Complaisance I forbear to consider, having it in my thoughts at present only to speak of obsequious Behaviour as it sits upon a Companion in Pleasure, not a Man of Design and Intrigue. To vary with every Humour in this Manner, cannot be agreeable, except it comes

from a Man's own Temper and natural Complexion; to do it out of an Ambition to excel that Way, is the most fruitless and unbecoming Prostitution imaginable. To put on an artful Part to obtain no other End but an unjust Praise from the Undiscerning, is of all Endeavours the most despicable. A Man must be sincerely pleased to become Pleasure, or not to interrupt that of others: For this Reason it is a most calamitous Circumstance, that many People who want to be alone or should be so, will come into Conversation. It is certain, that all Men who are the least given to Reflection, are seized with an Inclination that Way; when, perhaps, they had rather be inclined to Company; but indeed they had better go home, and be tired with themselves, than force themselves upon others to recover their good Humour. In all this the Cases of communicating to a Friend a sad Thought or Difficulty, in order to relieve [a¹] heavy Heart, stands excepted; but what is here meant, is, that a Man should always go with Inclination to the Turn of the Company he is going into, or not pretend to be of the Party. It is certainly a very happy Temper to be able to live with all kinds of Dispositions, because it argues a Mind that lies open to receive what is pleasing to others, and not obstinately bent on any Particularity of its own.

This is that which makes me pleased with the Character of my good Acquaintance *Acasto*. You meet him at the Tables and Conversations of the Wise, the Impertinent, the Grave, the Froiick, and the Witty; and yet his own Character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one Sect of Men; but *Acasto* has natural good Sense, good Nature and Discretion, so that every Man enjoys himself in his company; and tho' *Acasto* contributes nothing to the Entertainment, he never was at a Place where he was not welcome a second time. Without these subordinate good Qualities of *Acasto*, a Man of Wit and Learning would be painful to the Generality of Mankind, instead of being pleasing. Witty Men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such, and by that means grow the worst Companions imaginable; they deride the Absent or rally the Present in a wrong manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a Man till he is uneasy in his Seat, or ungracefully distinguished from the rest of the Company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to say, the true Art of being agreeable in Company, (but there can be no such thing as Art in it) is to appear well pleased with those you are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained, than to bring Entertainment to others. A Man thus disposed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good Companion, but essentially is such, and in all the Parts of his Conversation has something friendly in his Behaviour, which conciliates Mens Minds more than the highest Sallies of Wit or Starts of Humour can possibly do. The Feebleness of Age in a Man of this Turn, has something which should be treated with respect even in a Man no otherwise vener-

¹ [an]

able. The Forwardness of Youth, when it proceeds from Alacrity and not Insolence, has also its Allowances. The Companion who is formed for such by Nature, gives to every Character of Life its due Regards, and is ready to account for their Imperfections, and receive their Accomplishments as if they were his own. It must appear that you receive Law from, and not give it to your Company, to make you agreeable.

I remember *Tully*, speaking, I think, of *Anthony*, says, That *in eo facietia erant, quae nulla arte tradi possunt: He had a witty Mirth, which could be acquired by no Art.* This Quality must be of the Kind of which I am now speaking; for all sorts of Behaviour which depend upon Observation and Knowledge of Life, is to be acquired: but that which no one can describe, and is apparently the Act of Nature, must be every where prevalent, because every thing it meets is a fit Occasion to exert it; for he who follows Nature, can never be improper or unseasonable.

How unaccountable then must their Behaviour be, who, without any manner of Consideration of what the Company they have just now entered are upon, give themselves the Air of a Messenger, and make as distinct Relations of the Occurrences they last met with, as if they had been dispatched from those they talk to, to be punctually exact in a Report of those Circumstances: It is unpardonable to those who are met to enjoy one another, that a fresh Man shall pop in, and give us only the last part of his own Life, and put a stop to ours during the History. If such a Man comes from *Change*, whether you will or not, you must hear how the Stocks go; and tho' you are ever so intently employed on a graver Subject, a young Fellow of the other end of the Town will take his place, and tell you, Mrs. Such-a-one is charmingly handsome, because he just now saw her. But I think I need not dwell on this Subject, since I have acknowledged there can be no Rules made for excelling this Way; and Precepts of this kind fare like Rules for writing Poetry, which, 'tis said, may have prevented ill Poets, but never made good ones. T.

No. 387.¹ Saturday, May 24, 1712. [Addison.]

Quid purè tranquillet——— Hor.

IN my last *Saturday's* Paper I spoke of Chearfulness as it is a *Moral* Habit of the Mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral Motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy Temper in the Soul of Man: I shall now consider Chearfulness in its *natural* State, and reflect on those Motives to it, which are indifferent either as to Virtue or Vice.

Chearfulness is, in the first place, the best Pro-

¹ Numbered by mistake, in the daily issue 388, No. 388 is then numbered 390; 389 is right, 390 is called 392, the next 391, which is right, another 392 follows, and thus the error is corrected.

moter of Health. Repinings and secret Murmurs of Heart, give imperceptible Strokes to those delicate Fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the Machine insensibly; not to mention those violent Ferments which they stir up in the Blood, and those irregular disturbed Motions, which they raise in the animal Spirits. I scarce remember, in my own Observation, to have met with many old Men, or with such, who (to use our *English* Phrase) *wear well*, that had not at least a certain Indolence in their Humour, if not a more than ordinary Gaiety and Chearfulness of Heart. The truth of it is, Health and Chearfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of Health which is not attended with a certain Chearfulness, but very often see Chearfulness where there is no great degree of Health.

Chearfulness bears the same friendly regard to the Mind as to the Body: It banishes all anxious Care and Discontent, soothes and composes the Passions, and keeps the Soul in a Perpetual Calm. But having already touched on this last Consideration, I shall here take notice, that the World, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable Objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy Temper of Mind.

If we consider the World in its Subserviency to Man, one would think it was made for our Use; but if we consider it in its natural Beauty and Harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our Pleasure. The Sun, which is as the great Soul of the Universe, and produces all the Necessaries of Life, has a particular Influence in chearing the Mind of Man, and making the Heart glad.

Those several living Creatures which are made for our Service or Sustenance, at the same time either fill the Woods with their Musick, furnish us with Game, or raise pleasing Ideas in us by the delightfulness of their Appearance, Fountains, Lakes, and Rivers, are as refreshing to the Imagination, as to the Soil through which they pass.

There are Writers of great Distinction, who have made it an Argument for Providence, that the whole Earth is covered with Green, rather than with any other Colour, as being such a right Mixture of Light and Shade, that it comforts and strengthens the Eye instead of weakning or grieving it. For this reason several Painters have a green Cloth hanging near them, to ease the Eye upon, after too great an Application to their Colouring. A famous modern Philosopher¹ accounts for it in the following manner: All Colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal Spirits which are employ'd in Sight; on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal Spirits a sufficient Exercise; whereas the Rays that produce in us the Idea of Green, fall upon the Eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal Spirits their proper Play, and by keeping up the struggle in a just Ballance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable Sensation. Let the Cause be what it will, the Effect is certain, for which reason the Poets

¹ Sir Isaac Newton.

ascribe to this particular Colour the Epithet of *Chearful*.

To consider further this double End in the Works of Nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important Parts in the vegetable World are those which are the most beautiful. These are the Seeds by which the several Races of Plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in Flowers or Blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal Design, and to be industrious in making the Earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great Work, and intent upon her own Preservation. The Husbandman after the same manner is employed in laying out the whole Country into a kind of Garden or Landskip, and making every thing smile about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but of the Harvest, and Encrease which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this Chearfulness in the Mind of Man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving Delight from several Objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the Wildness of Rocks and Desarts, and the like grotesque Parts of Nature. Those who are versed in Philosophy may still carry this Consideration higher, by observing that if Matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real Qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable Figure; and why has Providence given it a Power of producing in us such imaginary Qualities, as Tastes and Colours, Sounds and Smells, Heat and Cold, but that Man, while he is conversant in the lower Stations of Nature, might have his Mind cheared and delighted with agreeable Sensations? In short, the whole Universe is a kind of Theatre filled with Objects that either raise in us Pleasure, Amusement, or Admiration.

The Reader's own Thoughts will suggest to him the Vicissitude of Day and Night, the Change of Seasons, with all that Variety of Scenes which diversify the Face of Nature, and fill the Mind with a perpetual Succession of beautiful and pleasing Images.

I shall not here mention the several Entertainments of Art, with the Pleasures of Friendship, Books, Conversation, and other accidental Diversions of Life, because I would only take notice of such Incitements to a Chearful Temper, as offer themselves to Persons of all Ranks and Conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us that Providence did not design this World should be filled with Murmurs and Repinings, or that the Heart of Man should be involved in Gloom and Melancholy.

I the more inculcate this Chearfulness of Temper, as it is a Virtue in which our Countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other Nation. Melancholy is a kind of Demon that haunts our Island, and often conveys her self to us in an Easterly Wind. A celebrated *French* Novelist, in opposition to those who begin their Romances with the flow'ry Season of the Year, enters on his Story thus: *In the gloomy Month*

of November, when the People of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate Lover walked out into the Fields, &c.

Every one ought to fence against the Temper of his Climate or Constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those Considerations which may give him a Serenity of Mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully against those little Evils and Misfortunes which are common to humane Nature, and which by a right Improvement of them will produce a Satiety of Joy, and an uninterrupted Happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my Reader to consider the World in its most agreeable Lights, I must own there are many Evils which naturally spring up amidst the Entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly consider'd, should be far from overcasting the Mind with Sorrow, or destroying that Chearfulness of Temper which I have been recommending. This Interspersion of Evil with Good, and Pain with Pleasure, in the Works of Nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. *Locke*, in his Essay on Human Understanding, to a moral Reason, in the following Words:

Beyond all this, we may find another Reason why God hath scattered up and down several Degrees of Pleasure and Pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our Thoughts and Senses have to do with; that we finding Imperfection, Dissatisfaction, and Want of compleat Happiness in all the Enjoyments which the Creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the Enjoyment of him, with whom there is Fulness of Joy, and at whose Right Hand are Pleasures for evermore. L.

No. 388.] Monday, May 26, 1712. [Barr?¹

—*Tibi res antiquæ Laudis et Artis
Ingredior; sanctos ausus recludere Fontes.*—Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT is my Custom, when I read your Papers, to read over the Quotations in the Authors from whence you take them: As you mention'd a Passage lately out of the second Chapter of *Solomon's Song*, it occasion'd my looking into it; and upon reading it I thought the Ideas so exquisitely soft and tender, that I could not help making this Paraphrase of it; which, now it is done, I can as little forbear sending to you. Some Marks of your Approbation, which I have already receiv'd, have given me so sensible a Taste of them, that I cannot forbear endeavouring after them as often as I can with any Appearance of Success.

I am SIR,
Your most [obedient²] humble Servant.

¹ Percy had heard that a poetical translation of a chapter in the Proverbs, and another poetical translation from the Old Testament, were by Mr. Barr, a dissenting minister at Morton Hampstead in Devonshire.

² [obliged]

The Second Chapter of Solomon's Song.

I.

As when in Sharon's Field the blushing Rose
Does its chaste Bosom to the Morn disclose,
Whilst all around the Zephyrs bear
The fragrant Odours thro' the Air:
Or as the Lilly in the shady Vale,
Does o'er each Flow'r with beauteous Pride pre-
vail,
And stands with Dews and kindest Sun-shine
blest,
In fair Pre-eminence, superior to the rest:
So if my Love, with happy Influence, shed
His Eyes bright Sun-shine on his Lover's Head,
Then shall the Rose of Sharon's Field,
And whitest Lillies to my Beauties yield.
Then fairest Flow'rs with studious Art combine, }
The Roses with the Lillies join, }
And their united [Charms are¹] less than mine. }

II.

As much as fairest Lillies can surpass
A Thorn in Beauty, or in Height the Grass;
So does my Love among the Virgins shine,
Adorn'd with Graces more than half Divine;
Or as a Tree, that, glorious to behold,
Is hung with Apples all of ruddy Gold,
Hesperian Fruit! and beautifully high,
Extends its Branches to the Sky;
So does my Love the Virgins Eyes invite:
'Tis he alone can fix their wand'ring Sight,
[Among²] ten thousand eminently bright. }

III.

Beneath this pleasing Shade
My wearied Limbs at Ease I laid,
And on his fragrant Boughs reclin'd my Head. }
I pull'd the Golden Fruit with eager haste;
Sweet was the Fruit, and pleasing to the Taste:
With sparkling Wine he crown'd the Bowl,
With gentle Ecstacies he fill'd my Soul;
Joyous we sate beneath the shady Grove,
And o'er my Head he hung the Banners of his
Love. }

IV.

I faint; I die! my labouring Breast
Is with the mighty Weight of Love opprest:
I feel the Fire possess my Heart,
And pain convey'd to every Part.
Thro' all my Veins the Passion flies,
My feeble Soul forsakes its Place,
A trembling Faintness seals my Eyes,
And Paleness dwells upon my Face;
Oh! let my Love with pow'rful Odours stay
My fainting lovesick Soul that dies away;
One Hand beneath me let him place,
With t'other press me in a chaste Embrace.

V.

I charge you, Nymphs of Sion, as you go
Arm'd with the sounding Quiver and the Bow,
Whilst thro' the lonesome Woods you rove,
You ne'er disturb my sleeping Love.

Be only gentle Zephyrs there,
With downy Wings to fan the Air;
Let sacred Silence dwell around,
To keep off each intruding Sound:
And when the balmy Slumber leaves his Eyes,
May he to Joys, unknown 'till then, arise.

VI.

But see! he comes! with what majestick Gate
He onward bears his lovely State!
Now thro' the Lattice he appears,
With softest Words dispels my Fears;
Arise, my Fair-One, and receive
All the Pleasures Love can give.
For now the sullen Winter's past,
No more we fear the Northern Blast:
No Storms nor threatening Clouds appear,
No falling Rains deform the Year.
My Love admits of no delay,
Arise, my Fair, and come away.

VII.

Already, see! the teeming Earth
Brings forth the Flow'rs, her beauteous Birth.
The Dews, and soft-descending Show'rs,
Nurse the new-born tender Flow'rs.
Hark! the Birds melodious sing,
And sweetly usher in the Spring.
Close by his Fellow sits the Dove,
And billing whispers her his Love.
The spreading Vines with Blossoms swell,
Diffusing round a grateful Smell.
Arise, my Fair-One, and receive
All the Blessings Love can give:
For Love admits of no delay,
Arise, my Fair, and come away.

VIII.

As to its Mate the constant Dove
Flies thro' the Covert of the spicy Grove,
So let us hasten to some lonely Shade,
There let me safe in thy lov'd Arms be laid,
Where no intruding hateful Noise
Shall damp the Sound of thy melodious
Voice;
Where I may gaze, and mark each beauteous
Grace;
For sweet thy Voice, and lovely is thy Face.

IX.

As all of me, my Love, is thine,
Let all of thee be ever mine.
Among the Lillies we will play,
Fairer, my Love, thou art than they,
Till the purple Morn arise,
And balmy Sleep forsake thine Eyes;
Till the gladsome Beams of Day
Remove the Shades of Night away;
Then when soft Sleep shall from thy Eyes de-
part,
Rise like the bounding Roe, or lusty Hart,
Glad to behold the Light again
From Bether's Mountains darting o'er the
Plain. T.

¹ [Beauties shall be]

² [And stands among]

No. 389.] Tuesday, May 27, 1712. [Budgell.

—Meliora pii docuere parentes.—Hor.

NOTHING has more surprized the Learned in England, than the Price which a small Book, intitled *Spaccio della Bestia trionfante*,¹ bore in a late Auction. This Book was sold for [thirty²] Pound. As it was written by one *Giordano Brunus*, a professed Atheist, with a design to depreciate Religion, every one was apt to fancy, from the extravagant Price it bore, that there must be something in it very formidable.

I must confess that happening to get a sight of one of them my self, I could not forbear perusing it with this Apprehension; but found there was so very little Danger in it, that I shall venture to give my Readers a fair Account of the whole Plan upon which this wonderful Treatise is built.

The Author pretends that *Jupiter* once upon a Time resolved on a Reformation of the Constellations: for which purpose having summoned the Stars together, he complains to them of the great Decay of the Worship of the Gods, which he thought so much the harder, having called several of those Celestial Bodies by the Names of the Heathen Deities, and by that means made the Heavens as it were a Book of the Pagan Theology. *Momus* tells him, that this is not to be wondered at, since there were so many scandalous Stories of the Deities; upon which the Author takes occasion to cast Reflections upon all other Religions, concluding, that *Jupiter*, after a full Hearing, discarded the Deities out of Heaven, and called the Stars by the Names of the Moral Virtues.

This short Fable, which has no Pretence in it to Reason or Argument, and but a very small Share of Wit, has however recommended it self wholly by its Impiety to those weak Men, who would distinguish themselves by the Singularity of their Opinions.

There are two Considerations which have been often urged against Atheists, and which they never yet could get over. The first is, that the greatest and most eminent Persons of all Ages have been against them, and always complied with the publick Forms of Worship established in their respective Countries, when there was nothing in them either derogatory to the Honour of the Supreme Being, or prejudicial to the Good of Mankind.

The *Plato's* and *Cicero's* among the Ancients; the *Bacons*, the *Boyles*, and the *Lockes*, among our own Countrymen, are all Instances of what I

¹ The book was bought in 1711 for £28 by Mr. Walter Clavel at the sale of the library of Mr. Charles Barnard. It had been bought in 1706 at the sale of Mr. Bigot's library with five others for two shillings and a penny. Although Giordano Bruno was burnt as a heretic, he was a noble thinker, no professed atheist, but a man of the reformed faith, who was in advance of Calvin, a friend of Sir Philip Sydney, and as good a man as Mr. Budgell.

² [Fifty]

have been saying; not to mention any of the Divines, however celebrated, since our Adversaries challenge all those, as Men who have too much Interest in this Case to be impartial Evidences.

But what has been often urged as a Consideration of much more Weight, is, not only the Opinion of the Better Sort, but the general Consent of Mankind to this great Truth; which I think could not possibly have come to pass, but from one of the three following Reasons; either that the Idea of a God is innate and co-existent with the Mind it self; or that this Truth is so very obvious, that it is discover'd by the first Exertion of Reason in Persons of the most ordinary Capacities; or, lastly, that it has been delivered down to us thro' all Ages by a Tradition from the first Man.

The Atheists are equally confounded, to which ever of these three Causes we assign it; they have been so pressed by this last Argument from the general Consent of Mankind, that after great search and pains they pretend to have found out a Nation of Atheists, I mean that Polite People the *Hottentots*.

I dare not shock my Readers with a Description of the Customs and Manners of these Barbarians, who are in every respect scarce one degree above Brutes, having no Language among them but a confused [*Gabble*,¹] which is neither well understood by themselves or others.

It is not however to be imagin'd how much the Atheists have gloried in these their good Friends and Allies.

If we boast of a *Socrates*, or a *Seneca*, they may now confront them with these great Philosophers the *Hottentots*.

Tho' even this Point has, not without Reason, been several times controverted, I see no manner of harm it could do Religion, if we should entirely give them up this elegant Part of Mankind.

Methinks nothing more shews the Weakness of their Cause, than that no Division of their Fellow-Creatures join with them, but those among whom they themselves own Reason is almost defaced, and who have little else but their Shape, which can entitle them to any Place in the Species.

Besides these poor Creatures, there have now and then been Instances of a few crazed People in several Nations, who have denied the Existence of a Deity.

The Catalogue of these is however very short; even *Vanini*,² the most celebrated Champion

¹ [Gabling]

² Vanini, like Giordano Bruno, has his memory dishonoured through the carelessness with which men take for granted the assertions of his enemies. Whether burnt or not, every religious thinker of the sixteenth century who opposed himself to the narrowest views of those who claimed to be the guardians of orthodoxy was remorselessly maligned. If he was the leader of a party, there were hundreds to maintain his honour against calumny. If he was a solitary searcher after truth, there was nothing but his single life and work to set against the host of his defamers.

for the Cause, professed before his Judges that he believed the Existence of a God, and taking up a Straw which lay before him on the Ground, assured them, that alone was sufficient to convince him of it; alledging several Arguments to prove that 'twas impossible Nature alone could create anything.

I was the other day reading an Account of *Casimir Liszynski*, a Gentleman of *Poland*, who was convicted and executed for this Crime.¹ The manner of his Punishment was very particular. As soon as his Body was burnt his Ashes were put into a Cannon, and shot into the Air towards *Tartary*.

I am apt to believe, that if something like this Method of Punishment should prevail in *England*, such is the natural good Sense of the *British* Nation, that whether we rammed an Atheist [whole] into a great Gun, or pulverized our Infidels, as they do in *Poland*, we should not have many Charges.

I should, however, propose, while our Ammunition lasted, that instead of *Tartary*, we should always keep two or three Cannons ready pointed towards the Cape of *Good Hope*, in order to shoot our Unbelievers into the Country of the *Hottentots*.

In my Opinion, a solemn judicial Death is too great an Honour for an Atheist, tho' I must allow the Method of exploding him, as it is practised in this ludicrous kind of Martyrdom, has something in it proper [enough] to the Nature of his Offence.

There is indeed a great Objection against this Manner of treating them. Zeal for Religion is of so active a Nature, that it seldom knows where to rest; for which reason I am afraid, after having discharged our Atheists, we might possibly think of shooting off our Sectaries; and, as one does not foresee the Vicissitude of human Affairs, it might one time or other come to a Man's own turn to fly out of the Mouth of a Demi-culverin.

If any of my Readers imagine that I have treated these Gentlemen in too Ludicrous a Manner, I must confess, for my own part, I think reasoning against such Unbelievers upon a Point that shocks the Common Sense of Mankind, is doing them too great an Honour, giving them a Figure in the Eye of the World, and making People fancy that they have more in them than they really have.

As for those Persons who have any Scheme of Religious Worship, I am for treating such with the utmost Tenderness, and should endeavour to shew them their Errors with the greatest Temper and Humanity: but as these Miscreants are for throwing down Religion in general, for stripping Mankind of what themselves own is of excellent use in all great Societies, without once offering to

Of Vanini's two books one was written to prove the existence of a God, yet here is Mr. Budgell calling him 'the most celebrated champion for 'the cause' of atheism.

¹ Casimir Liszynski was a Polish Knight, executed at Warsaw in 1689, in the barbarous manner which appears to tickle Mr. Budgell's fancy. It does not appear that he had written anything.

establish any thing in the Room of it; I think the best way of dealing with them, is to retort their own Weapons upon them, which are those of Scorn and Mockery. X.

No. 390.] Wednesday, May 28, 1712. [Steele.

Non pudendo sed non faciendo id quod non decet impudentiae nomen effugere debemus.—Tull.

MANY are the Epistles I receive from Ladies extremely afflicted that they lie under the Observation of scandalous People, who love to defame their Neighbours, and make the unjustest Interpretation of innocent and indifferent Actions. They describe their own Behaviour so unhappily, that there indeed lies some Cause of Suspicion upon them. It is certain, that there is no Authority for Persons who have nothing else to do, to pass away Hours of Conversation upon the Miscarriages of other People; but since they will do so, they who value their Reputation should be cautious of Appearances to their Disadvantage. But very often our young Women, as well as the middle-aged and the gay Part of those growing old, without entering into a formal League for that purpose, to a Woman agree upon a short Way to preserve their Characters, and go on in a Way that at best is only not vicious. The Method is, when an ill-natur'd or talkative Girl has said any thing that bears hard upon some part of another's Carriage, this Creature, if not in any of their little Cabals, is run down for the most censorious dangerous Body in the World. Thus they guard their Reputation rather than their Modesty; as if Guilt lay in being under the Imputation of a Fault, and not in a Commission of it. *Orbicilla* is the kindest poor thing in the Town, but the most blushing Creature living: It is true she has not lost the Sense of Shame, but she has lost the Sense of Innocence. If she had more Confidence, and never did anything which ought to stain her Cheeks, would she not be much more modest without that ambiguous Suffusion, which is the Livery both of Guilt and Innocence? Modesty consists in being conscious of no Ill, and not in being ashamed of having done it. When People go upon any other Foundation than the Truth of their own Hearts for the Conduct of their Actions, it lies in the power of scandalous Tongues to carry the World before them, and make the rest of Mankind fall in with the Ill, for fear of Reproach. On the other hand, to do what you ought, is the ready way to make Calumny either silent or ineffectually malicious. *Spencer*, in his *Fairy Queen*, says admirably to young Ladies under the Distress of being defamed;

*The best, said he, that I can you advise,
Is to avoid th' Occasion of the Ill;
For when the Cause, whence Evil doth arise,
Removed is, th' Effect surceaseth still.
Abstain from Pleasure, and restrain your Will,
Subdue Desire, and bridle loose Delight:*

*Use scanted Diet, and forbear your Fill;
Shun Secrecy, and talk in open sight:
So shall you soon repair your present evil Plight.¹*

Instead of this Care over their Words and Actions, recommended by a Poet in old Queen *Bess's* Days, the modern Way is to do and say what you please, and yet be the *prettiest sort of Woman in the World*. If Fathers and Brothers will defend a Lady's Honour, she is quite as safe as in her own Innocence. Many of the Distressed, who suffer under the Malice of evil Tongues, are so harmless that they are every Day they live asleep 'till twelve at Noon; concern themselves with nothing but their own Persons 'till two; take their necessary Food between that time and four; visit, go to the Play, and sit up at Cards 'till towards the ensuing Morn; and the malicious World shall draw Conclusions from innocent Glances, short Whispers, or pretty familiar Railleries with fashionable Men, that these Fair ones are not as rigid as Vestals. It is certain, say these goodest Creatures very well, that Virtue does not consist in constrain'd Behaviour and wry Faces, that must be allow'd; but there is a Decency in the Aspect and Manner of Ladies contracted from an Habit of Virtue, and from general Reflections that regard a modest Conduct, all which may be understood, tho' they cannot be described. A young Woman of this sort claims an Esteem mixed with Affection and Honour, and meets with no Defamation; or if she does, the wild Malice is overcome with an undisturbed Perseverance in her Innocence. To speak freely, there are such Coveys of Coquets about this Town, that if the Peace were not kept by some impertinent Tongues of their own Sex, which keep them under some Restraint, we should have no manner of Engagement upon them to keep them in any tolerable Order.

As I am a SPECTATOR, and behold how plainly one Part of Womankind ballance the Behaviour of the other, whatever I may think of Tale-bearers or Slanderers, I cannot wholly suppress them, no more than a General would discourage Spies. The Enemy would easily surprize him whom they knew had no Intelligence of their Motions. It is so far otherwise with me, that I acknowledge I permit a She-Slanderer or two in every Quarter of the Town, to live in the Characters of Coquets, and take all the innocent Freedoms of the rest, in order to send me Information of the Behaviour of their respective Sisterhoods.

But as the Matter of Respect to the World, which looks on, is carried on, methinks it is so very easie to be what is in the general called Virtuous, that it need not cost one Hour's Reflection in a Month to preserve that Appellation. It is pleasant to hear the pretty Rogues talk of Virtue and Vice among each other: She is the laziest Creature in the World, but I must confess strictly Virtuous: The peevishest Hussy breathing, but as to her Virtue she is without Blemish: She has not the least Charity for any of her Acquaintance, but I must allow rigidly Virtuous. As the unthinking Part of the Male World call every Man a Man of Honour, who is not a Coward; so the Crowd of

the other Sex terms every Woman who will not be a Wench, Virtuous. T.

No. 391.] Thursday, May 29, 1712. [Addison.

— Non tu prece poscis emaci,
Quæ nisi seductis nequeas committere Divis:
At bona pars procerum tacitâ libabit acerrâ.
Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humiles-
que susurros
Tollere de Templis; et aperto vivere voto.
Mens bona, fama, fides, hæc clarè, et ut audiat
hospes.
Illa sibi introrsum, et sub lingua immurmurat:
O si
Ebullit patrum præclarum funus! Et O si
Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria dextro
Hercule! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus
hæres
Impello, expungam! — Pers.

WHERE *Homer*¹ represents *Phœnix*, the Tutor of *Achilles*, as persuading his Pupil to lay aside his Resentments, and give himself up to the Entreaties of his Countrymen, the Poet, in order to make him speak in Character, ascribes to him a Speech full of those Fables and Allegories which old Men take Delight in relating, and which are very proper for Instruction. *The Gods*, says he, *suffer themselves to be prevailed upon by Entreaties. When Mortals have offended them by their Transgressions, they appease them by Vows and Sacrifices. You must know, Achilles, that PRAYERS are the Daughters of Jupiter. They are crippled by frequent Kneeling, have their Faces full of Cares and Wrinkles, and their Eyes always cast towards Heaven. They are constant Attendants on the Goddess ATE, and march behind her. This Goddess walks forward with a bold and haughty Air, and being very light of foot, runs thro' the whole Earth, grieving and afflicting the Sons of Men. She gets the start of PRAYERS, who always follow her, in order to heal those Persons whom she wounds. He who honours these Daughters of Jupiter, when they draw near to him, receives great Benefit from them; but as for him who rejects them, they intreat their Father to give his Orders to the Goddess ATE to punish him for his Hardness of Heart.* This noble Allegory needs but little Explanation; for whether the Goddess *ATE* signifies Injury, as some have explained it; or Guilt in general, as others; or divine Justice, as I am the more apt to think; the Interpretation is obvious enough.

I shall produce another Heathen Fable relating to Prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would think by some Passages in it, that it was composed by *Lucian*, or at least by some Author who has endeavour'd to imitate his Way of Writing; but as Dissertations of this Nature are more curious than useful, I shall give my Reader the Fable, without any further Enquiries after the Author.

¹ F. Q. Bk VI. canto vi. st. 14.

¹ Iliad, Bk ix.

*Menippus*¹ the Philosopher was a second time taken up into Heaven by *Jupiter*, when for his Entertainment he lifted up a Trap-Door that was placed by his Foot-stool. At its rising, there issued through it such a Din of Cries as astonished the Philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, *Jupiter* told him they were the Prayers that were sent up to him from the Earth. *Menippus*, amidst the Confusion of Voices, which was so great, that nothing less than the Ear of *Jove* could distinguish them, heard the Words, *Riches, Honour, and Long Life* repeated in several different Tones and Languages. When the first Hubbub of Sounds was over, the Trap-Door being left open, the Voices came up more separate and distinct. The first Prayer was a very odd one, it came from *Athens*, and desired *Jupiter* to increase the *Wisdom* and the Beard of his humble Supplicant. *Menippus* knew it by the Voice to be the Prayer of his Friend *Licander* the Philosopher. This was succeeded by the Petition of one who had just laden a Ship, and promised *Jupiter*, if he took care of it, and returned it home again full of Riches, he would make him an Offering of a Silver Cup. *Jupiter* thanked him for nothing; and bending down his Ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a Voice complaining to him of the Cruelty of an *Ephesian* Widow, and begging him to breed Compassion in her Heart: This, says *Jupiter*, is a very honest Fellow. I have received a great deal of Incense from him; I will not be so cruel to him as to hear his Prayers. He was [then] interrupted with a whole Volly of Vows, which were made for the Health of a tyrannical Prince by his Subjects who pray'd for him in his Presence. *Menippus* was surprized, after having listned to Prayers offered up with so much Ardour and Devotion, to hear low Whispers from the same Assembly, expostulating with *Jove* for suffering such a Tyrant to live, and asking him how his Thunder could lie idle? *Jupiter* was so offended at these prevaricating Rascals, that he took down the first Vows, and puffed away the last. The Philosopher seeing a great Cloud mounting upwards, and making its way directly to the Trap-door, enquired of *Jupiter* what it meant. This, says *Jupiter*, is the Smoke of a whole Hecatomb that is offered me by the General of an Army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off an hundred thousand Men that are drawn up in Array against him: What does the impudent Wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a Sacrifice of so many Mortals as good as himself, and all this to his Glory, forsooth? But hark, says *Jupiter*, there is a Voice I never heard but in time of danger; 'tis a Rogue that is shipwreck'd in the *Ionian* Sea: I sav'd him on a Plank but three Days ago, upon his Promise to mend his Manners, the Scoundrel is not worth a

¹ *Menippus* was a Cynic philosopher of Gadara, who made money in Thebes by usury, lost it, and hanged himself. He wrote satirical pieces, which are lost; some said that they were the joint work of two friends, Dionysius and Zopyrus of Colophon, in whom it was one jest the more to ascribe their jesting to *Menippus*. These pieces were imitated by *Terentius Varro* in 'Satiræ Menippeæ.'

Groat, and yet has the Impudence to offer me a Temple if I will keep him from sinking—— But yonder, says he, is a special Youth for you, he desires me to take his Father, who keeps a great Estate from him, out of the Miseries of human Life. The old Fellow shall live till he makes his Heart ake, I can tell him that for his pains. This was followed by the soft Voice of a Pious Lady, desiring *Jupiter* that she might appear amiable and charming in the Sight of her Emperor. As the Philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary Petition, there blew a gentle Wind thro' the Trap-Door, which he at first mistook for a Gale of *Zephirs*, but afterwards found it to be a Breeze of Sighs: They smelt strong of Flowers and Incense, and were succeeded by most passionate Complaints of Wounds and Torments, Fires and Arrows, Cruelty, Despair and Death. *Menippus* fancied that such lamentable Cries arose from some general Execution, or from Wretches lying under the Torture; but *Jupiter* told him that they came up to him from the Isle of *Paphos*, and that he every day received Complaints of the same nature from that whimsical Tribe of Mortals who are called Lovers. I am so trifled with, says he, by this Generation of both Sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their Petitions, that I shall order a Western Wind for the future to intercept them in their Passage, and blow them at random upon the Earth. The last Petition I heard was from a very aged Man of near an hundred Years old, begging but for one Year more of Life, and then promising to die contented. This is the rarest old Fellow! says *Jupiter*. He has made this Prayer to me for above twenty Years together. When he was but fifty Years old, he desired only that he might live to see his Son settled in the World; I granted it. He then begged the same Favour for his Daughter, and afterwards that he might see the Education of a Grandson: When all this was brought about, he puts up a Petition that he might live to finish a House he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old Cur, and never wants an Excuse; I will hear no more of him. Upon which, he flung down the Trap-Door in a Passion, and was resolved to give no more Audiences that day.

Notwithstanding the Levity of this Fable, the Moral of it very well deserves our Attention, and is the same with that which has been inculcated by *Socrates* and *Plato*, not to mention *Juvenal* and *Persius*, who have each of them made the finest Satire in their whole Works upon this Subject. The Vanity of Men's Wishes, which are the natural Prayers of the Mind, as well as many of those secret Devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other Reasons for set Forms of Prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the Folly and Extravagance of Mens Desires may be kept within due Bounds, and not break out in absurd and ridiculous Petitions on so great and solemn an Occasion. I.

No. 392.] Friday, May 30, 1712. [Steele.

*Per Ambages et Ministeria Deorum
Præcipitandus est liber Spiritus.—Pet.*

To the SPECTATOR.

The Transformation of Fidelio into a Looking-Glass.

I WAS lately at a Tea-Table, where some young Ladies entertained the Company with a Relation of a Coquet in the Neighbourhood, who had been discovered practising before her Glass. To turn the Discourse, which from being witty grew to be malicious, the Matron of the Family took occasion, from the Subject, to wish that there were to be found amongst Men such faithful Monitors to dress the Mind by, as we consult to adorn the Body. She added, that if a sincere Friend were miraculously changed into a Looking-Glass, she should not be ashamed to ask its Advice very often. This whimsical Thought worked so much upon my Fancy the whole Evening, that it produced [a very odd Dream.¹]

Methought, that as I stood before my Glass, the Image of a Youth, of an open ingenuous Aspect, appeared in it; who with a small shrill Voice spoke in the following manner.

The Looking-Glass, you see, was heretofore a Man, even I, the unfortunate *Fidelio*. I had two Brothers, whose Deformity in Shape was made out by the Clearness of their Understanding: It must be owned however, that (as it generally happens) they had each a Perverseness of Humour suitable to their Distortion of Body. The eldest, whose Belly sunk in monstrously, was a great Coward; and tho' his splenetick contracted Temper made him take fire immediately, he made Objects that beset him appear greater than they were. The second, whose Breast swelled into a bold Relievo, on the contrary, took great pleasure in lessening every thing, and was perfectly the Reverse of his Brother. These Oddnesses pleased Company once or twice, but disgusted when often seen; for which reason the young Gentlemen were sent from Court to study Mathematicks at the University.

I need not acquaint you, that I was very well made, and reckoned a bright polite Gentleman. I was the Confident and Darling of all the Fair; and if the Old and Ugly spoke ill of me, all the World knew it was because I scorned to flatter them. No Ball, no Assembly was attended till I had been consulted. *Flavia* colour'd her Hair before me, *Celia* shew'd me her Teeth, *Panthea* heaved her Bosom, *Cleora* brandished her Diamonds; I have seen *Cloe's* Foot, and tied artificially the Garters of *Rhodope*.

'Tis a general Maxim, that those who doat upon themselves, can have no violent Affection

¹ [so odd a Dream, that no one but the SPECTATOR could believe that the Brain, clogged in Sleep, could furnish out such a regular Wildness of Imagination.]

for another: But on the contrary, I found that the Womens Passion for me rose in proportion to the Love they bare to themselves. This was verify'd in my Amour with *Narcissa*, who was so constant to me, that it was pleasantly said, had I been little enough, she would have hung me at her Girdle. The most dangerous Rival I had, was a gay empty Fellow, who by the Strength of a long Intercourse with *Narcissa*, joined to his natural Endowments, had formed himself into a perfect Resemblance with her. I had been discarded, had she not observed that he frequently asked my Opinion about Matters of the last Consequence: This made me still more considerable in her Eye.

Tho' I was eternally caressed by the Ladies, such was their Opinion of my Honour, that I was never envy'd by the Men. A jealous Lover of *Narcissa* one day thought he had caught her in an Amorous Conversation; for tho' he was at such a Distance that he could hear nothing, he imagined strange things from her Airs and Gestures. Sometimes with a serene Look she stepped back in a listning Posture, and brightened into an innocent Smile. Quickly after she swelled into an Air of Majesty and Disdain, then kept her Eyes half shut after a languishing Manner, then covered her Blushes with her Hand, breathed a Sigh, and seem'd ready to sink down. In rushed the furious Lover; but how great was his Surprize to see no one there but the innocent *Fidelio*, with his Back against the Wall betwixt two Windows?

It were endless to recount all my Adventures. Let me hasten to that which cost me my Life, and *Narcissa* her Happiness.

She had the misfortune to have the Small-Pox, upon which I was expressly forbid her Sight, it being apprehended that it would increase her Distemper, and that I should infallibly catch it at the first Look. As soon as she was suffered to leave her Bed, she stole out of her Chamber, and found me all alone in an adjoining Apartment. She ran with Transport to her Darling, and without Mixture of Fear, lest I should dislike her. But, oh me! what was her Fury when she heard me say, I was afraid and shock'd at so loathsome a Spectacle. She stepped back, swollen with Rage, to see if I had the Insolence to repeat it. I did, with this Addition, that her ill-timed Passion had increased her Ugliness. Enraged, inflamed, distracted, she snatched a Bodkin, and with all her Force stabbed me to the Heart. Dying, I preserv'd my Sincerity, and expressed the Truth, tho' in broken Words; and by reproachful Grimaces to the last I mimick'd the Deformity of my Murderess.

Cupid, who always attends the Fair, and pity'd the Fate of so useful a Servant as I was, obtained of the *Destinies*, that my Body should be made incorruptible, and retain the Qualities my Mind had possessed. I immediately lost the Figure of a Man, and became smooth, polished, and bright, and to this day am the first Favourite of the Ladies.

T.

No. 393.] *Saturday, May 31, 1712.* [Addison.

Nescio quæ præter solitum dulcedine læti.—Virg.

LOOKING over the Letters that have been sent me, I chanced to find the following one, which I received about two years ago from an ingenious Friend, who was then in *Denmark*.

Dear Sir, *Copenhagen, May 1, 1710.*

'The Spring with you has already taken Possession of the Fields and Woods: Now is the Season of Solitude, and of moving Complaints upon trivial Sufferings: Now the Grievs of Lovers begin to flow, and their Wounds to bleed afresh. I too, at this Distance from the softer Climates, am not without my Discontents at present. You perhaps may laugh at me for a most Romantick Wretch, when I have disclosed to you the Occasion of my Uneasiness; and yet I cannot help thinking my Unhappiness real, in being confined to a Region, which is the very Reverse of *Paradise*. The Seasons here are all of them unpleasant, and the Country quite Destitute of Rural Charms. I have not heard a Bird sing, nor a Brook murmur, nor a Breeze whisper, neither have I been blest with the Sight of a flowry Meadow these two years. Every Wind here is a Tempest, and every Water a turbulent Ocean. I hope, when you reflect a little, you will not think the Grounds of my Complaint in the least frivolous and unbecoming a Man of serious Thought; since the Love of Woods, of Fields and Flowers, of Rivers and Fountains, seems to be a Passion implanted in our Natures the most early of any, even before the Fair Sex had a Being.

I am, Sir, &c.

Could I transport my self with a Wish from one Country to another, I should chuse to pass my Winter in *Spain*, my Spring in *Italy*, my Summer in *England*, and my Autumn in *France*. Of all these Seasons there is none that can vie with the Spring for Beauty and Delightfulness. It bears the same Figure among the Seasons of the Year, that the Morning does among the Divisions of the Day, or Youth among the Stages of Life. The *English* Summer is pleasanter than that of any other Country in *Europe*, on no other account but because it has a greater Mixture of Spring in it. The Mildness of our Climate, with those frequent Refreshments of Dews and Rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual Cheerfulness in our Fields, and fill the hottest Months of the Year with a lively Verdure.

In the opening of the Spring, when all Nature begins to recover her self, the same animal Pleasure which makes the Birds sing, and the whole brute Creation rejoice, rises very sensibly in the Heart of Man. I know none of the Poets who have observed so well as *Milton* those secret Overflowings of Gladness which diffuse themselves thro' the Mind of the Beholder, upon surveying the gay Scenes of Nature: he has touched upon it twice or thrice in his *Paradise Lost*, and describes it very beautifully under the

Name of Vernal Delight, in that Passage where he represents the Devil himself as almost sensible of it.

*Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd Colours mixt:
On which the Sun more glad impress'd his Beams
Than in fair evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
When God hath shower'd the Earth; so lovely
seem'd*

*That Landskip: And of pure now purer Air
Meets his approach, and to the Heart inspires
Vernal Delight, and Joy able to drive
All Sadness but Despair, &c.*¹

Many Authors have written on the Vanity of the Creature, and represented the Barrenness of every thing in this World, and its Incapacity of producing any solid or substantial Happiness. As Discourses of this Nature are very useful to the Sensual and Voluptuous; those Speculations which shew the bright Side of Things, and lay forth those innocent Entertainments which are to be met with among the several Objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to Men of dark and melancholy Tempers. It was for this reason that I endeavoured to recommend a Cheerfulness of Mind in my two last *Saturday's* Papers, and which I would still inculcate, not only from the Consideration of our selves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general Survey of that Universe in which we are placed at present, but from Reflections on the particular Season in which this Paper is written. The Creation is a perpetual Feast to the Mind of a good Man, every thing he sees cheers and delights him; Providence has imprinted so many Smiles on Nature, that it is impossible for a Mind, which is not sunk in more gross and sensual Delights, to take a Survey of them without several secret Sensations of Pleasure. The Psalmist has in several of his Divine Poems celebrated those beautiful and agreeable Scenes which make the Heart glad, and produce in it that vernal Delight which I have before taken Notice of.

Natural Philosophy quickens this Taste of the Creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the Imagination, but to the Understanding. It does not rest in the Murmur of Brooks, and the Melody of Birds, in the Shade of Groves and Woods, or in the Embroidery of Fields and Meadows, but considers the several Ends of Providence which are served by them, and the Wonders of Divine Wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the Pleasures of the Eye, and raises such a rational Admiration in the Soul as is little inferior to Devotion.

It is not in the Power of every one to offer up this kind of Worship to the great Author of Nature, and to indulge these more refined Meditations of Heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his Sight: I shall therefore conclude this short Essay on that Pleasure which the Mind naturally conceives from the present Season of the Year, by the recommending of a Practice for which every one has sufficient Abilities.

I would have my Readers endeavour to mor-

¹ *Paradise Lost*, Bk iv. ll. 148—156.

alize this natural Pleasure of the Soul, and to improve this vernal Delight, as *Milton* calls it, into a Christian Virtue. When we find our selves inspired with this pleasing Instinct, this secret Satisfaction and Complacency arising from the Beauties of the Creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these Entertainments of Sense, and who it is that thus opens his Hand and fills the World with Good. The Apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present Temper of Mind, to graft upon it such a religious Exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that Precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing Psalms. The Cheerfulness of Heart which springs up in us from the Survey of Nature's Works, is an admirable Preparation for Gratitude. The Mind has gone a great way towards Praise and Thanksgiving, that is filled with such a secret Gladness: A grateful Reflection on the supreme Cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the Soul, and gives it its proper Value. Such an habitual Disposition of Mind consecrates every Field and Wood, turns an ordinary Walk into a morning or evening Sacrifice, and will improve those transient Gleams of Joy, which naturally brighten up and refresh the Soul on such Occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual State of Bliss and Happiness. I.

No. 394.] Monday, June 2, 1712. [Steele.

Bene colligitur hæc Pueris et Mulierculis et Servis et Servorum simillimis Liberis esse grata. Gravi vero homini et ea quæ fiunt Judicio certo ponderanti probari posse nullo modo.—Tull.

I HAVE been considering the little and frivolous things which give Men Accesses to one another, and Power with each other, not only in the common and indifferent Accidents of Life, but also in Matters of greater importance. You see in Elections for Members to sit in Parliament, how far saluting Rows of old Women, drinking with Clowns, and being upon a level with the lowest Part of Mankind in that wherein they themselves are lowest, their Diversions, will carry a Candidate. A Capacity for prostituting a Man's Self in his Behaviour, and descending to the present Humour of the Vulgar, is perhaps as good an Ingredient as any other for making a considerable Figure in the World; and if a Man has nothing else, or better, to think of, he could not make his way to Wealth and Distinction by properer Methods, than studying the particular Bent or Inclination of People with whom he converses, and working from the Observation of such their Biass in all Matters wherein he has any Intercourse with them: For his Ease and Comfort he may assure himself, he need not be at the Expence of any great Talent or Virtue to please even those who are possess'd of the highest Qualifications. Pride in some particular Disguise or other, (often a Secret to the proud Man himself) is the most ordinary Spring of Action among Men. You need no more than to dis-

cover what a Man values himself for; then of all things admire that Quality, but be sure to be failing in it your self in comparison of the Man whom you court. I have heard, or read, of a Secretary of State in *Spain*, who served a Prince who was happy in an elegant use of the *Latin* Tongue, and often writ Dispatches in it with his own Hand. The King shewed his Secretary a Letter he had written to a foreign Prince, and under the Colour of asking his Advice, laid a Trap for his Applause. The honest Man read it as a faithful Counsellor, and not only excepted against histying himself down too much by some Expressions, but mended the Phrase in others. You may guess the Dispatches that Evening did not take much longer Time. Mr. Secretary, as soon as he came to his own House, sent for his eldest Son, and communicated to him that the Family must retire out of *Spain* as soon as possible; for, said he, the King knows I understand *Latin* better than he does.

This egregious Fault in a Man of the World, should be a Lesson to all who would make their Fortunes: But a Regard must be carefully had to the Person with whom you have to do; for it is not to be doubted but a great Man of common Sense must look with secret Indignation or bridled Laughter, on all the Slaves who stand round him with ready Faces to approve and smile at all he says in the gross. It is good Comedy enough to observe a Superior talking half Sentences, and playing an humble Admirer's Countenance from one thing to another, with such Perplexity that he knows not what to sneer in Approbation of. But this kind of Complaisance is peculiarly the Manner of Courts; in all other Places you must constantly go farther in Compliance with the Persons you have to do with, than a mere Conformity of Looks and Gestures. If you are in a Country Life, and would be a leading Man, a good Stomach, a loud Voice, and a rustick Cheerfulness will go a great way, provided you are able to drink, and drink any thing. But I was just now going to draw the Manner of Behaviour I would advise People to practise under some Maxim, and intimated, that every one almost was governed by his Pride. There was an old Fellow about forty Years ago so peevish and fretful, though a Man of Business, that no one could come at him: But he frequented a particular little Coffee-house, where he triumphed over every body at Trick-track and Baggammon. The way to pass his Office well, was first to be insulted by him at one of those Games in his leisure Hours; for his Vanity was to shew, that he was a Man of Pleasure as well as Business. Next to this sort of Insinuation, which is called in all Places (from its taking its Birth in the Housholds of Princes) making one's Court, the most prevailing way is, by what better-bred People call a Present, the Vulgar a Bribe. I humbly conceive that such a thing is conveyed with more Gallantry in a *Billet-doux* that should be understood at the *Bank*, than in gross Money; But as to stubborn People, who are so surly as to accept of neither Note or Cash, having formerly dabbled in Chymistry, I can only say that one part of Matter asks one thing, and another

another, to make it fluent ; but there is nothing but may be dissolved by a proper Mean : Thus the Virtue which is too obdurate for Gold or Paper, shall melt away very kindly in a Liquid. The Island of *Barbadoes* (a shrewd People) manage all their Appeals to *Great-Britain*, by a skilful Distribution of Citron-Water among the Whisperers about Men in Power. Generous Wines do every Day prevail, and that in great Points, where ten thousand times their Value would have been rejected with Indignation.

But to wave the Enumeration of the sundry Ways of applying by Presents, Bribes, Management of People Passions and Affections, in such a Manner as it shall appear that the Virtue of the best Man is by one Method or other corruptible ;

let us look out for some Expedient to turn those Passions and Affections on the side of Truth and Honour. When a Man has laid it down for a Position, that parting with his Integrity, in the minutest Circumstance, is losing so much of his very Self, Self-love will become a Virtue. By this means Good and Evil will be the only Objects of Dislike and Approbation ; and he that injures any Man, has effectually wounded the Man of this Turn as much as if the Harm had been to himself. This seems to be the only Expedient to arrive at an Impartiality ; and a Man who follows the Dictates of Truth and right Reason, may by Artifice be led into Error, but never can into Guilt. T.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

*CHARLES EARL OF SUNDERLAND.*¹

My LORD,
VERY many Favours and Civilities (received from You in a private Capacity) which I have no other Way to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuse this Presumption ; but the Justice I, as a

¹ Charles Spencer, to whom the Sixth Volume of the *Spectator* is here inscribed, represented Tiverton, in 1700, when he took the Lady Anne Churchill, Marlborough's second daughter, for his second wife. On the death of his father Robert, in 1702, he became Earl of Sunderland. He was an accomplished man and founder of the library at Althorpe. In 1705 he was employed diplomatically at the courts of Prussia, Austria, and Hanover. Early in 1706 he was one of the Commissioners for arranging the Union with Scotland, and in September of that year he was forced by the Whigs on Queen Anne, as successor to Sir Charles Hedges in the office of Secretary of State. Steele held under him the office of Gazetteer, to which he was appointed in the following May. In 1710 Sunderland shared in the political reverse suffered by Marlborough. In the summer of that year Sunderland was dismissed from office, but with an offer from the Queen of a pension of £3000 a year. He replied that 'he was glad her Majesty was satisfied that he had done his duty ; but if he could not have the honour to serve his country, he would not plunder it.' The accession of George I. restored him to favour and influence. He became Lord-lieutenant of Ireland ; had, in 1715, a pension of £12,000 a year settled on him ; in April, 1717, was again Secretary of State ; and in the following March, Lord President of the Council. His political influence was broken in 1721, the year before his death.

Spectator, owe your Character, places me above the want of an Excuse. Candor and Openness of Heart, which shine in all your Words and Actions, exacts the highest Esteem from all who have the Honour to know You, and a winning Condescension to all subordinate to You, made Business a Pleasure to those who executed it under You, at the same time that it heightened Her Majesty's Favour to all who had the Happiness of having it convey'd through Your Hands : A Secretary of State, in the Interests of Mankind, joined with that of his Fellow-Subjects, accomplished with a great Facility and Elegance in all the Modern as well as Ancient Languages, was a happy and proper Member of a Ministry, by whose Services Your Sovereign and Country are in so high and flourishing a Condition, as makes all other Princes and Potentates powerful or inconsiderable in *Europe*, as they are Friends or Enemies to *Great-Britain*. The Importance of those great Events which happened during that Administration, in which Your Lordship bore so important a Charge, will be acknowledg'd as long as Time shall endure ; I shall not therefore attempt to rehearse those illustrious Passages, but give this Application a more private and particular Turn, in desiring Your Lordship would continue your Favour and Patronage to me, as You are a Gentleman of the most polite Literature, and perfectly accomplished in the Knowledge of Books and Men, which makes it necessary to beseech Your Indulgence to the following Leaves, and the Author of them : Who is, with the greatest Truth and Respect,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Obliged, Obedient, and
Humble Servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

No. 395.] Tuesday, June 3, 1712. [Budgell.

— *Quod nunc ratio est, Impetus ante fuit.*
Ovid.

BEWARE of the Ides of March, said the Roman Augur to Julius Cæsar: Beware of the Month of May, says the British Spectator to his fair Country-women. The Caution of the first was unhappily neglected, and Cæsar's Confidence cost him his Life. I am apt to flatter myself that my pretty Readers had much more regard to the Advice I gave them, since I have yet received very few Accounts of any notorious Trips made in the last Month.

But tho' I hope for the best, I shall not pronounce too positively on this point, 'till I have seen forty Weeks well over, at which Period of Time, as my good Friend Sir ROGER has often told me, he has more Business as a Justice of Peace, among the dissolute young People in the Country, than at any other Season of the Year.

Neither must I forget a Letter which I received near a Fortnight since from a Lady, who, it seems, could hold out no longer, telling me she looked upon the Month as then out, for that she had all along reckoned by the New Style.

On the other hand, I have great reason to believe, from several angry Letters which have been sent to me by disappointed Lovers, that my Advice has been of very signal Service to the fair Sex, who, according to the old Proverb, were *Forewarn'd forearm'd*.

One of these Gentlemen tells me, that he would have given me an hundred Pounds, rather than I should have publish'd that Paper; for that his Mistress, who had promised to explain herself to him about the Beginning of May, upon reading that Discourse told him that *she would give him her Answer in June*.

Thyrsis acquaints me, that when he desired *Sylvia* to take a Walk in the Fields, she told him the Spectator had forbidden her.

Another of my Correspondents, who writes himself *Mat Meager*, complains, that whereas he constantly used to Breakfast with his Mistress upon Chocolate, going to wait upon her the first of May he found his usual Treat very much changed for the worse, and has been forced to feed ever since upon Green Tea.

As I begun this Critical Season with a Caveat to the Ladies, I shall conclude it with a Congratulation, and do most heartily wish them Joy of their happy Deliverance.

They may now reflect with Pleasure on the Dangers they have escaped, and look back with as much Satisfaction on their Perils that threatned them, as their Great-Grandmothers did formerly on the Burning Plough-shares, after having passed through the Ordeal Tryal. The Instigations of the Spring are now abated. The Nightingale gives over her *Love-labour'd Song*, as *Milton* phrases it, the Blossoms are fallen, and the Beds of Flowers swept away by the Scythe of the Mower.

I shall now allow my Fair Readers to return to their Romances and Chocolate, provided they

make use of them with Moderation, 'till about the middle of the Month, when the Sun shall have made some Progress in the Crab. Nothing is more dangerous, than too much Confidence and Security. The *Trojans*, who stood upon their Guard all the while the *Grecians* lay before their City, when they fancied the Siege was raised, and the Danger past, were the very next Night burnt in their Beds: I must also observe, that as in some Climates there is a perpetual Spring, so in some Female Constitutions there is a perpetual May: These are a kind of *Valetudinarians* in Chastity, whom I would continue in a constant Diet. I cannot think these wholly out of Danger, 'till they have looked upon the other Sex at least Five Years through a Pair of Spectacles. WILL. HONEYCOMB has often assured me, that 'tis much easier to steal one of this Species, when she has passed her grand Climacterick, than to carry off an icy Girl on this side Five and Twenty; and that a Rake of his Acquaintance, who had in vain endeavoured to gain the Affections of a young Lady of Fifteen, had at last made his Fortune by running away with her Grandmother.

But as I do not design this Speculation for the *Evergreens* of the Sex, I shall again apply myself to those who would willingly listen to the Dictates of Reason and Virtue, and can now hear me in cold Blood. If there are any who have forfeited their Innocence, they must now consider themselves under that Melancholy View, in which *Chamont* regards his Sister, in those beautiful Lines.

— *Long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to Sense, and lovely to the Eye:
'Till at the last a cruel Spoiler came,
Cropt this fair Rose, and rifled all its Sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome Weed away.*¹

On the contrary, she who has observed the timely Cautions I gave her, and lived up to the Rules of Modesty, will now Flourish like a *Rose in June*, with all her Virgin Blushes and Sweetness about her: I must, however, desire these last to consider, how shameful it would be for a General, who has made a Successful Campaign, to be surprized in his Winter Quarters: It would be no less dishonourable for a Lady to lose in any other Month of the Year, what she has been at the pains to preserve in May.

There is no Charm in the Female Sex, that can supply the place of Virtue. Without Innocence, Beauty is unlovely, and Quality contemptible, Good-breeding degenerates into Wantonness, and Wit into Impudence. It is observed, that all the Virtues are represented by both Painters and Statuaries under Female Shapes, but if any one of them has a more particular Title to that Sex, it is Modesty. I shall leave it to the Divines to guard them against the opposite Vice, as they may be overpower'd by Temptations; It is sufficient for me to have warned them against it, as they may be led astray by Instinct.

I desire this Paper may be read with more than ordinary Attention, at all Tea-Tables within the Cities of London and Westminster. X.

¹ Otway's *Orphan*, Act IV.

No. 396.] Wednesday, June 4, 1712. [Henley.

Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipon.

HAVING a great deal of Business upon my Hands at present, I shall beg the Reader's Leave to present him with a Letter that I received about half a Year ago from a Gentleman of Cambridge, who styles himself *Peter de Quir*. I have kept it by me some Months, and though I did not know at first what to make of it, upon my reading it over very frequently I have at last discovered several Conceits in it: I would not therefore have my Reader discouraged if he does not take them at the first Perusal.

To Mr. SPECTATOR.¹

From St. John's College Cambridge, Feb. 3, 1712.

SIR,

The Monopoly of Puns in this University has been an immemorial Privilege of the *Johnians*; and we can't help resenting the late Invasion of our ancient Right as to that Particular, by a little Pretender to Clenching in a neighbouring College, who in an Application to you by way of Letter, a while ago, styled himself *Philobrunne*. Dear Sir, as you are by Character a profest Well-wisher to Speculation, you will excuse a Remark which this Gentleman's Passion for the *Brunette* has suggested to a Brother Theorist; 'tis an Offer towards a mechanical Account of his Lapse to Punning, for he belongs to a Set of Mortals who value themselves upon an uncommon Mastery in the more humane and polite Part of Letters. A Conquest by one of this Species of Females gives a very odd Turn to the Intellectuals of the captivated Person, and very different from that way of thinking which a Triumph from the Eyes of another more emphatically of the fair Sex, does generally occasion. It fills the Imagination with an Assemblage of such Ideas and Pictures as are hardly any thing but Shade, such as Night, the Devil, &c. These Portrait-

¹ This letter was by John Henley, commonly called 'Orator Henley.' The paper is without signature in first issue or reprint, but the few introductory lines, doubtless, are by Steele. John Henley was at this time but 20 years old. He was born at Melton Mowbray in 1692, and entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1709. After obtaining his degree he was invited to take charge of the Grammar School in his native place, and raised it from decay. He published *Esther*, a poem; went to London; introduced action into pulpit oratory; missing preferment, gave lectures and orations, religious on Sundays, and political on Wednesdays; was described by Pope in the *Dunciad* as 'the Zany of his age,' and represented by Hogarth upon a scaffold with a monkey by his side saying Amen. He edited a paper of nonsense called the *Hip Doctor*, and once attracted to his oratory an audience of shoemakers by announcing that he would teach a new and short way of making shoes; his way being to cut off the tops of boots. He died in 1756.

ures very near over-power the Light of the Understanding, almost benight the Faculties, and give that melancholy Tincture to the most sanguine Complexion, which this Gentleman calls an Inclination to be in a Brown-study, and is usually attended with worse Consequences in case of a Repulse. During this Twilight of Intellects, the Patient is extremely apt, as Love is the most witty Passion in Nature, to offer at some pert Sallies now and then, by way of Flourish, upon the amiable Enchantress, and unfortunately stumbles upon that Mongrel mis-created (to speak in *Miltonic*) kind of Wit, vulgarly termed, the Punn. It would not be much amiss to consult Dr. T— W—¹ (who is certainly a very able Projector, and whose system of Divinity and spiritual Mechanics obtains very much among the better Part of our Under-Graduates) whether a general Intermarriage, enjoyed by Parliament, between this Sister-hood of the Olive Beauties, and the Fraternity of the People call'd Quakers, would not be a very serviceable Expedient, and abate that Overflow of Light which shines within them so powerfully, that it dazzles their Eyes, and dances them into a thousand Vagaries of Error and Enthusiasm. These Reflections may impart some Light towards a Discovery of the Origin of Punning among us, and the Foundation of its prevailing so long in this famous Body. 'Tis notorious from the Instance under Consideration, that it must be owing chiefly to the use of brown Juggs, muddy Belch, and the Fumes of a certain memorable Place of Rendezvous with us at Meals, known by the Name of *Staincoat Hole*: For the Atmosphere of the Kitchen, like the Tail of a Comet, predominates least about the Fire, but resides behind and fills the fragrant Receptacle above-mentioned. Besides, 'tis farther observable that the delicate Spirits among us, who declare against these nauseous proceedings, sip Tea, and put up for Critic and Amour, profess likewise an equal Abhorrency for Punning, the ancient innocent Diversion of this Society. After all, Sir, tho' it may appear something absurd, that I seem to approach you with the Air of an Advocate for Punning, (you who have justified your Censures of the Practice in a set Dissertation upon that Subject;) yet, I'm confident, you'll think it abundantly atoned for by observing, that this humbler Exercise may be as instrumental in diverting us from any innovating Schemes and Hypothesis in Wit, as dwelling upon honest Orthodox Logic would be in securing us from Heresie in Religion. Had Mr.

¹ Percy suggests very doubtfully that this may mean Thomas Woolston, who was born in 1669, educated at Sidney College, Cambridge, published, in 1705, 'The Old Apology for the Truth against the Jews and Gentiles revived,' and afterwards was imprisoned and fined for levity in discussing sacred subjects. The text points to a medical theory of intermarriage. There was a Thomas Winston, of Clare Hall, Cambridge, who travelled over the continent, took degrees at Basle and Padua, returned to take his M.D. at Cambridge, and settled in London in 1607.

'W——n's¹ Researches been confined within
'the Bounds of *Ramus* or *Crackanthorp*, that
'learned News-monger might have acquiesc'd in
'what the holy Oracles pronounce upon the
'Deluge, like other Christians; and had the sur-
'prising Mr. L——y² been content with the
'Employment of refining upon *Shakespear's* Points
'and Quibbles, (for which he must be allowed to have
'a superlative Genius) and now and then penning
'a Catch or a Ditty, instead of inditing Odes, and
'Sonnets, the Gentlemen of the *Bon Goust* in the
'Pit would never have been put to all that Grimace
'in damning the Frippery of State, the Poverty
'and Languor of Thought, the unnatural Wit, and
'inartificial Structure of his Dramas.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

Peter de Quir.

No. 397.] Thursday, June 5, 1712. [Addison.

—————*Dolor ipse disertum*
Fecerat————— Ovid.

AS the *Stoick* Philosophers discard all Passions
in general, they will not allow a Wise Man
so much as to pity the Afflictions of another. If
thou seest thy Friend in Trouble, says *Epictetus*,
thou may'st put on a Look of Sorrow, and condole

¹ William Whiston, born 1667, educated at Tamworth School and Clare Hall, Cambridge, became a Fellow in 1693, and then Chaplain to Bishop Moore. In 1696 he published his New Theory of the Earth, which divided attention with Burnet's Sacred Theory of the Earth already mentioned. In 1700 Whiston was invited to Cambridge, to act as deputy to Sir Isaac Newton, whom he succeeded in 1703 as Lucasian Professor. For holding some unorthodox opinions as to the doctrines of the early Christians, he was, in 1710, deprived of his Professorship, and banished from the University. He was a pious and learned man, who, although he was denied the Sacrament, did not suffer himself to be driven out of the Church of England till 1747. At last he established a small congregation in his own house in accordance with his own notion of primitive Christianity. He lived till 1752.

² No L——y of that time has written plays that are remembered. The John Lacy whom Charles II. admired so much that he had his picture painted in three of his characters, died in 1681, leaving four comedies and an alteration of Shakespear's *Taming of the Shrew*. He was a handsome man: first dancing-master, then quarter-master, then an admired comedian. Henley would hardly have used a blank in referring to a well-known writer who died thirty years before. There was another John Lacy advertising in the *Post Boy*, Aug. 3, 1714, 'The Steeleids, or the Trial of Wits, a Poem in three cantos, with a motto—

'Then will I say, swell'd with poetic rage,
'That I, John Lacy, have reform'd the age.'

with him, but take care that thy Sorrow be not real.¹ The more rigid of this Sect would not comply so far as to shew even such an outward Appearance of Grief, but when one told them of any Calamity that had befallen even the nearest of their Acquaintance, would immediately reply, What is that to me? If you aggravated the Circumstances of the Affliction, and shewed how one Misfortune was followed by another, the Answer was still, All this may be true, but what is it to me?

For my own part, I am of Opinion, Compassion does not only refine and civilize Humane Nature, but has something in it more pleasing and agreeable than what can be met with in such an indolent Happiness, such an Indifference to Mankind as that in which the *Stoicks* placed their Wisdom. As Love is the most delightful Passion, Pity is nothing else but Love softned by a degree of Sorrow: In short, it is a kind of pleasing Anguish, as well as generous Sympathy, that knits Mankind together, and blends them in the same common Lot.

Those who have laid down Rules for Rhetorick or Poetry, advise the Writer to work himself up, if possible, to the Pitch of Sorrow which he endeavours to produce in others. There are none therefore who stir up Pity so much as those who indite their own Sufferings. Grief has a natural Eloquence belonging to it, and breaks out in more moving Sentiments than be supplied by the finest Imagination. Nature on this Occasion dictates a thousand passionate things which cannot be supplied by Art.

It is for this Reason that the short Speeches or Sentences which we often meet with in Histories, make a deeper Impression on the Mind of the Reader, than the most laboured Strokes in a well-written Tragedy. Truth and Matter of Fact sets the Person actually before us in the one, whom Fiction places at a greater Distance from us in the other. I do not remember to have seen any

¹ 'When you see a Neighbour in Tears, and hear him lament the Absence of his Son, the Hazards of his Voyage into some remote Part of the World, or the Loss of his Estate; keep upon your Guard, for fear lest some false Ideas that may rise upon these Occasions, surprise you into a Mistake, as if this Man were really miserable, upon the Account of these outward Accidents. But be sure to distinguish wisely, and tell your self immediately, that the Thing which really afflicts this Person is not really the Accident it self, (for other People, under his Circumstances, are not equally afflicted with it) but merely the Opinion which he hath formed to himself concerning this Accident. Notwithstanding all which, you may be allowed, as far as Expressions and outward Behaviour go, to comply with him; and if Occasion require, to bear a part in his Sighs, and Tears too; but then you must be sure to take care, that this Compliance does not infect your Mind, nor betray you to an inward and real Sorrow, upon any such Account.'—*Epictetus* his *Morals*, with *Simplicius* his Comment. Made English from the Greek by George Stanhope (1694) chapter xxii.

Ancient or Modern Story more affecting than a Letter of *Ann of Bologne*, Wife to King *Henry* the Eighth, and Mother to Queen *Elizabeth*, which is still extant in the *Cotton Library*, as written by her own Hand.

Shakespear himself could not have made her talk in a Strain so suitable to her Condition and Character. One sees in it the Expostulations of a slighted Lover, the Resentments of an injured Woman, and the Sorrows of an imprisoned Queen. I need not acquaint my Reader that this Princess was then under Prosecution for Disloyalty to the King's Bed, and that she was afterwards publickly beheaded upon the same Account, though this Prosecution was believed by many to proceed, as she her self intimates, rather from the King's Love to *Jane Seymour*, than from any actual Crime in *Ann of Bologne*.

Queen Ann Boleyn's last Letter to King Henry.

SIR,

[*Cotton Libr.* Otho. C. 10.] 'Your Grace's Displeasure, and my Imprisonment, are Things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a Truth, and so obtain your Favour) by such an one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed Enemy, I no sooner received this Message by him, than I rightly conceived your Meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a Truth indeed may procure my Safety, I shall with all Willingness and Duty perform your Command.

'But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor Wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a Fault, where not so much as a Thought thereof preceded. And to speak a Truth, never Prince had Wife more Loyal in all Duty, and in all true Affection, than you have ever found in *Ann Boleyn*: with which Name and Place I could willingly have contented my self, if God and your Grace's Pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget my self in my Exaltation, or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such an Alteration as now I find; for the Ground of my Preferment being on no surer Foundation than your Grace's Fancy, the least Alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that Fancy to some other [Object.¹] You have chosen me, from a low Estate, to be your Queen and Companion, far beyond my Desert or Desire. If then you found me worthy of such Honour, good your Grace let not any light Fancy, or bad Counsel of mine Enemies, withdraw your Princely Favour from me; neither let that Stain, that unworthy Stain, of a Disloyal Heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a Blot on your most Dutiful Wife, and the Infant-Princess your Daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful Tryal, and let not my sworn Enemies sit as my Accusers and Judges; Yea let me receive an open Tryal, for my Truth shall fear no open Shame; then shall you see either mine Innocence cleared, your Suspicion and Conscience satisfied, the Ignominy and Slander of the World stopped,

¹ [Subject.]

'or my Guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open Censure, and mine Offence being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before God and Man, not only to Execute worthy Punishment on me as an unlawful Wife, but to follow your Affection, already settled on that Party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose Name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your Grace being not ignorant of my Suspicion therein.

'But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my Death, but an Infamous Slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired Happiness; then I desire of God, that he will pardon your great Sin therein, and likewise mine Enemies, the Instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict Account for your unprincely and cruel Usage of me, at his general Judgment Seat, where both you and my self must shortly appear, and in whose Judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the World may think of me) mine Innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

'My last and only Request shall be, that my self may only bear the Burthen of your Grace's Displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent Souls of those poor Gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in strait Imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found Favour in your Sight, if ever the Name of *Ann Boleyn* hath been pleasing in your Ears, then let me obtain this Request, and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any further, with mine earnest Prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good Keeping, and to direct you in all your Actions. From my doleful Prison in the Tower, this sixth of May;

Your most Loyal
and ever Faithful Wife,

L. Ann Boleyn.

No. 398.] Friday, June 6, 1712. [Steele.

Insanire pares certa ratione modoque.—Hor.

CYNTHIO and *Flavia* are Persons of Distinction in this Town, who have been Lovers these ten Months last past, and writ to each other for Gallantry Sake, under those feigned Names; Mr. Such a one and Mrs. Such a one not being capable of raising the Soul out of the ordinary Tracts and Passages of Life, up to that Elevation which makes the Life of the Enamoured so much superior to that of the rest of the World. But ever since the beautiful *Cecilia* has made such a Figure as she now does in the Circle of Charming Women, *Cynthio* has been secretly one of her Adorers. *Latitia* has been the finest Woman in Town these three Months, and so long *Cynthio* has acted the Part of a Lover very awkwardly in the Presence of *Flavia*. *Flavia* has been too blind towards him, and has too sincere an Heart of her own to observe a thousand things which would have discovered this Change of Mind to

any one less engaged than she was. *Cynthio* was musing Yesterday in the Piazza in *Covent-Garden*, and was saying to himself that he was a very ill Man to go on in visiting and professing Love to *Flavia*, when his Heart was enthralled to another. It is an Infirmity that I am not constant to *Flavia*; but it would be still a greater Crime, since I cannot continue to love her, to profess that I do. To marry a Woman with the Coldness that usually indeed comes on after Marriage, is ruining ones self with ones Eyes open; besides it is really doing her an Injury. This last Consideration, forsooth, of injuring her in persisting, made him resolve to break off upon the first favourable Opportunity of making her angry. When he was in this Thought, he saw *Robin* the Porter who waits at *Will's* Coffee-house, passing by. *Robin*, you must know, is the best Man in Town for carrying a Billet; the Fellow has a thin Body, swift Step, demure Looks, sufficient Sense, and knows the Town. This Man carried *Cynthio's* first Letter to *Flavia*, and by frequent Errands ever since, is well known to her. The Fellow covers his Knowledge of the Nature of his Messages with the most exquisite low Humour imaginable: The first he obliged *Flavia* to take, was, by complaining to her that he had a Wife and three Children, and if she did not take that Letter, which, he was sure, there was no Harm in, but rather Love, his Family must go supperless to Bed, for the Gentleman would pay him according as he did his Business. *Robin* therefore *Cynthio* now thought fit to make use of, and gave him Orders to wait before *Flavia's* Door, and if she called him to her, and asked whether it was *Cynthio* who passed by, he should at first be loth to own it was, but upon Opportunity confess it. There needed not much Search into that Part of the Town to find a well-dressed Hussey fit for the Purpose *Cynthio* designed her. As soon as he believed *Robin* was posted, he drove by *Flavia's* Lodgings in an Hackney-Coach and a Woman in it. *Robin* was at the Door talking with *Flavia's* Maid, and *Cynthio* pulled up the Glass as surprized, and hid his Associate. The Report of this Circumstance soon flew up Stairs, and *Robin* could not deny but the Gentleman favoured his Master; yet if it was he, he was sure the Lady was but his Cousin whom he had seen ask for him; adding that he believed she was a poor Relation, because they made her wait one Morning till he was awake. *Flavia* immediately writ the following Epistle, which *Robin* brought to *Will's*.

SIR, June 4, 1712.
 'It is in vain to deny it, basest, falsest of Man-kind; my Maid, as well as the Bearer, saw you.
The injur'd Flavia.

After *Cynthio* had read the Letter, he asked *Robin* how she looked, and what she said at the Delivery of it. *Robin* said she spoke short to him, and called him back again, and had nothing to say to him, and bid him and all the Men in the World go out of her Sight; but the Maid followed, and bid him bring an Answer.

Cynthio returned as follows.

Madam, June 4, Three Afternoon, 1712.
 'That your Maid and the Bearer has seen me

'very often is very certain; but I desire to know, 'being engaged at Picket, what your Letter means 'by 'tis in vain to deny it. I shall stay here all 'the Evening.

Your amazed Cynthio.

As soon as *Robin* arrived with this, *Flavia* answered:

Dear Cynthio,

'I have walked a Turn or two in my Anti-Chamber since I writ to you, and have recovered 'my self from an impertinent Fit which you ought 'to forgive me, and desire you would come to me 'immediately to laugh off a Jealousy that you and 'a Creature of the Town went by in an Hackney-Coach an Hour ago.

I am Your most humble Servant,
 FLAVIA.

'I will not open the Letter which my *Cynthio* 'writ, upon the Misapprehension you must have 'been under when you writ, for want of hearing 'the whole Circumstance.

Robin came back in an Instant, and *Cynthio* answered:

Half Hour, six Minutes after Three,
 June 4. *Will's* Coffee-house.

Madam,

'It is certain I went by your Lodgings with a 'Gentlewoman to whom I have the Honour to be 'known, she is indeed my Relation, and a pretty 'sort of Woman. But your starting Manner of 'Writing, and owning you have not done me the 'Honour so much as to open my Letter, has in it 'something very unaccountable, and alarms one 'that has had Thoughts of passing his Days with 'you. But I am born to admire you with all your 'little Imperfections.

CYNTHIO.

Robin run back, and brought for Answer;

'Exact Sir, that are at *Will's* Coffee-house six 'Minutes after Three, June 4; one that has had 'Thoughts and all my little Imperfections. Sir, 'come to me immediately, or I shall determine 'what may perhaps not be very pleasing to you.

FLAVIA.

Robin gave an Account that she looked excessive angry when she gave him the Letter; and that he told her, for she asked, that *Cynthio* only looked at the Clock, taking Snuff, and writ two or three Words on the Top of the Letter when he gave him his.

Now the Plot thickened so well, as that *Cynthio* saw he had not much more to do to accomplish being irreconciliably banished, he writ,

Madam,

'I have that Prejudice in Favour of all you do, 'that it is not possible for you to determine upon 'what will not be very pleasing to

Your Obedient Servant,
 CYNTHIO.

This was delivered, and the Answer returned, in a little more than two Seconds.

SIR,

'Is it come to this? You never loved me; and

'the Creature you were with is the properest Person for your Associate. I despise you, and hope I shall soon hate you as a Villain to

The Credulous Flavia.

Robin ran back, with

Madam,

'Your Credulity when you are to gain your Point, and Suspicion when you fear to lose it make it a very hard Part to behave as becomes

Your humble Slave,
CYNTHIO.

Robin whipt away, and returned with,

Mr. Wellford,

'*Flavia* and *Cynthia* are no more. I relieve you from the hard Part of which you complain, and banish you from my Sight for ever.

Ann Heart.

Robin had a Crown for his Afternoon's Work; and this is published to admonish *Cecilia* to avenge the Injury done to *Flavia*. T.

No. 399.] Saturday, June 7, 1712. [Addison.

Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere!—— Pers.

HYPOCRISIE, at the fashionable End of the Town, is very different from Hypocrisy in the City. The modish Hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of Hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the Shew of Religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many Criminal Gallantries and Amours, which he is not guilty of. The latter assumes a Face of Sanctity, and covers a Multitude of Vices under a seeming Religious Deportment.

But there is another kind of Hypocrisy, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the Subject of this Paper: I mean that Hypocrisy, by which a Man does not only deceive the World, but very often imposes on himself; That Hypocrisy, which conceals his own Heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his Vices, or mistake even his Vices for Virtues. It is this fatal Hypocrisy and Self-deceit, which is taken notice of in those Words, *Who can understand his Errors? cleanse thou me from secret Faults.*¹

If the open Professors of Impiety deserve the utmost Application and Endeavours of Moral Writers to recover them from Vice and Folly, how much more may those lay a Claim to their Care and Compassion, who are walking in the Paths of Death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a Course of Virtue! I shall endeavour, therefore, to lay down some Rules for the Discovery of those Vices that lurk in the secret Corners of the Soul, and to show my Reader those Methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial Knowledge of himself. The usual

Means prescribed for this Purpose, are to examine our selves by the Rules which are laid down for our Direction in Sacred Writ, and to compare our Lives with the Life of that Person who acted up to the Perfection of Human Nature, and is the standing Example, as well as the great Guide and Instructor, of those who receive his Doctrines. Though these two Heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many Great and Eminent Writers.

I would therefore propose the following Methods to the Consideration of such as would find out their secret Faults, and make a true Estimate of themselves.

In the first Place, let them consider well what are the Characters which they bear among their Enemies. Our Friends very often flatter us, as much as our own Hearts. They either do not see our Faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their Representations, after such a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An Adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter Search into us, discovers every Flaw and Imperfection in our Tempers, and though his Malice may set them in too strong a Light, it has generally some Ground for what it advances. A Friend exaggerates a Man's Virtues, an Enemy inflames his Crimes. A Wise Man should give a just Attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the Improvement of the one, and Diminution of the other. *Plutarch* has written an Essay on the Benefits which a Man may receive from his Enemies,¹ and, among the good Fruits of Enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the Reproaches which it casts upon us we see the worst side of our selves, and open our Eyes to several Blemishes and Defects in our Lives and Conversations, which we should not have observed, without the Help of such ill-natured Monitors.

In order likewise to come at a true Knowledge of our selves, we should consider on the other hand how far we may deserve the Praises and Approbations which the World bestow upon us: whether the Actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy Motives; and how far we are really possessed of the Virtues which gain us Applause among those with whom we converse. Such a Reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the Opinions of others, and to sacrifice the Report of our own Hearts to the Judgment of the World.

In the next Place, that we may not deceive our selves in a Point of so much Importance, we should not lay too great a Stress on any supposed Virtues we possess that are of a doubtful Nature: And such we may esteem all those in which Multitudes of Men dissent from us, who are as good and wise as our selves. We should always act with great Cautiousness and Circumspection in Points, where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate Zeal, Bigotry and Persecution for any Party or Opinion, how praiseworthy soever they may appear to weak Men of

¹ Psalm xix. 12.

¹ See note on p. 189.

our own Principles, produce infinite Calamities among Mankind, and are highly Criminal in their own Nature; and yet how many Persons eminent for Piety suffer such monstrous and absurd Principles of Action to take Root in their Minds under the Colour of Virtues? For my own Part, I must own I never yet knew any Party so just and reasonable, that a Man could follow it in its Height and Violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those Actions which proceed from natural Constitution, favourite Passions, particular Education, or whatever promotes our worldly Interest or Advantage. In these and the like Cases, a Man's Judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong Bias hung upon his Mind. These are the Inlets of Prejudice, the unguarded Avenues of the Mind, by which a thousand Errors and secret Faults find Admission, without being observed or taken Notice of. A wise Man will suspect those Actions to which he is directed by something [besides¹] Reason, and always apprehend some concealed Evil in every Resolution that is of a disputable Nature, when it is conformable to his particular Temper, his Age, or Way of Life, or when it favours his Pleasure or his Profit.

There is nothing of greater Importance to us than thus diligently to sift our Thoughts, and examine all these dark Recesses of the Mind, if we would establish our Souls in such a solid and substantial Virtue as will turn to Account in that great Day, when it must stand the Test of infinite Wisdom and Justice.

I shall conclude this Essay with observing that the two kinds of Hypocrisie I have here spoken of, namely that of deceiving the World, and that of imposing on our selves, are touched with wonderful Beauty in the hundred and thirty ninth Psalm. The Folly of the first kind of Hypocrisie is there set forth by Reflections on God's Omniscience and Omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble Strains of Poetry as any other I ever met with, either Sacred or Profane. The other kind of Hypocrisie, whereby a Man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last Verses, where the Psalmist addresses himself to the great Searcher of Hearts in that emphatical Petition; *Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart; prove me, and examine my Thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.* L.

No. 400.] Monday, June 9, 1712. [Steele.

—————*Latet Anguis in Herba.*—Virg.

IT should, methinks, preserve Modesty and its Interests in the World, that the Transgression of it always creates Offence; and the very Purposes of Wantonness are defeated by a Carriage which has in it so much Boldness, as to in-

¹ [more than]

timate that Fear and Reluctance are quite extinguish'd in an Object which would be otherwise desirable. It was said of a Wit of the last Age,

*Sedley has that prevailing gentle Art,
Which can with a resistless Charm impart
The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart;
Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,
Between declining Virtue and Desire,
That the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.*¹

This prevailing gentle Art was made up of Complaisance, Courtship, and artful Conformity to the Modesty of a Woman's Manners. Rusticity, broad Expression, and forward Obtrusion, offend those of Education, and make the Transgressors odious to all who have Merit enough to attract Regard. It is in this Taste that the Scenery is so beautifully ordered in the Description which *Antony* makes, in the Dialogue between him and *Dolabella*, of *Cleopatra* in her Barge.

*Her Galley down the Silver Cydnos row'd;
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold;
The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails:
Her Nymphs, like Nereids, round her Couch
were plac'd,
Where she, another Sea-born Venus, lay;
She lay, and lean'd her Cheek upon her Hand,
And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all Beholders Hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em. Boys like Cupids
Stood fanning with their painted Wings the
Winds
That play'd about her Face; but if she smil'd,
A darting Glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
That Men's desiring Eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the Object. To soft Flutes
The Silver Oars kept Time; and while they
play'd,
The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight,
And both to Thought*²

Here the Imagination is warmed with all the Objects presented, and yet there is nothing that is luscious, or what raises any Idea more loose than that of a beautiful Woman set off to Advantage. The like, or a more delicate and careful Spirit of Modesty, appears in the following Passage in one of Mr. *Philip's* Pastorals.³

*Breathe soft ye Winds, ye Waters gently flow,
Shield her ye Trees, ye Flowers around her grow,
Ye Swains, I beg you, pass in Silence by,
My Love in yonder Vale asleep does lie.*

Desire is corrected when there is a Tenderness or Admiration expressed which partakes the Passion. Licentious Language has something brutal in it, which disgraces Humanity, and leaves us in the Condition of the Savages in the Field. But it may be ask'd to what good Use can tend a Discourse of this Kind at all? It is to alarm chaste

¹ Rochester's "Allusion to the 10th Satire of "the 1st Book of Horace."

² Dryden's *All for Love*, Act III. sc. i.

³ The Sixth.

Ears against such as have what is above called the prevailing gentle Art. Masters of that Talent are capable of cloathing their Thoughts in so soft a Dress, and something so distant from the secret Purpose of their Heart, that the Imagination of the Unguarded is touched with a Fondness which grows too insensibly to be resisted. Much Care and Concern for the Lady's Welfare, to seem afraid lest she should be annoyed by the very Air which surrounds her, and this uttered rather with kind Looks, and expressed by an Interjection, an Ah, or an Oh, at some little Hazard in moving or making a Step, than in my direct Profession of Love, are the Methods of skilful Admirers: They are honest Arts when their Purpose is such, but infamous when misapplied. It is certain that many a young Woman in this Town has had her Heart irrecoverably won, by Men who have not made one Advance which ties their Admirers, tho' the Females languish with the utmost Anxiety. I have often, by way of Admonition to my female Readers, given them Warning against agreeable Company of the other Sex, except they are well acquainted with their Characters. Women may disguise it if they think fit, and the more to do it, they may be angry at me for saying it; but I say it is natural to them, that they have no Manner of Approbation of Men, without some Degree of Love: For this Reason he is dangerous to be entertain'd as a Friend or Visitant who is capable of gaining any eminent Esteem or Observation, though it be never so remote from Pretensions as a Lover. If a Man's Heart has not the Abhorrence of any treacherous Design, he may easily improve Approbation into Kindness, and Kindness into Passion. There may possibly be no manner of Love between them in the Eyes of all their Acquaintance, no it is all Friendship; and yet they may be as fond as Shepherd and Shepherdess in a Pastoral, but still the Nymph and the Swain may be to each other no other I warrant you, than *Pylades* and *Orestes*.

*When Lucy decks with Flowers her swelling Breast,
And on her Elbow leans, dissembling Rest,
Unable to refrain my madding Mind,
Nor Sleep nor Pasture worth my Care I find.
Once Delia slept, on easie Moss reclin'd,
Her lovely Limbs half bare, and rude the Wind;
I smooth'd her Coats, and stole a silent Kiss:
Condemn me Shepherds if I did amiss.¹*

Such good Offices as these, and such friendly Thoughts and Concerns for one another, are what make up the Amity, as they call it, between Man and Woman.

It is the Permission of such Intercourse, that makes a young Woman come to the Arms of her Husband, after the Disappointment of four or five Passions which she has successively had for different Men, before she is prudentially given to him for whom she has neither Love nor Friendship. For what should a poor Creature do that

¹ Two stanzas from different parts of Ambrose Philips's sixth Pastoral. The first in the original follows the second, with three stanzas intervening.

has lost all her Friends? There's *Marinet* the Agreeable, has, to my Knowledge, had a Friendship for Lord *Welford*, which had like to break her Heart; then she had so great a Friendship for Colonel *Hardy*, that she could not endure any Woman else should do any thing but rail at him. Many and fatal have been Disasters between Friends who have fallen out, and their Resentments are more keen than ever those of other Men can possibly be: But in this it happens unfortunately, that as there ought to be nothing concealed from one Friend to another, the Friends of different Sexes [very often¹] find fatal Effects from their Unanimity.

For my Part, who study to pass Life in as much Innocence and Tranquility as I can, I shun the Company of agreeable Women as much as possible; and must confess that I have, though a tolerable good Philosopher, but a low Opinion of Platonick Love: for which Reason I thought it necessary to give my fair Readers a Caution against it, having, to my great Concern, observed the Waste of a Platonist lately swell to a Roundness which is inconsistent with that Philosophy.

T.

No. 401.] Tuesday, June 10, 1712. [Budgell.

*In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: Injuriam,
Suspicionem, Inimicitiam, Induciam,
Bellum, pax rursum: Ter.*

I SHALL publish for the Entertainment of this Day, an odd sort of a Packet, which I have just received from one of my Female Correspondents.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Since you have often confess'd that you are
'not displeas'd your Paper should sometimes
'convey the Complaints of distressed Lovers to
'each other, I am in Hopes you will favour one
'who gives you an undoubted Instance of her
'Reformation, and at the same time a convincing
'Proof of the happy Influence your Labours have
'had over the most Incurable Part of the most
'Incurable Sex. You must know, Sir, I am
'one of that Species of Women, whom you have
'often Characteriz'd under the Name of *Filts*,
'and that I send you these Lines, as well to do
'Publick Penance for having so long continued in
'a known Error, as to beg Pardon of the Party
'offended. I the rather chuse this way, because
'it in some measure answers the Terms on which
'he intimated the Breach between us might possi-
'bly be made up, as you will see by the Letter
'he sent me the next Day after I had discarded
'him; which I thought fit to send you a Copy of,
'that you might the better know the whole Case.

'I must further acquaint you, that before I
'jilted him, there had been the greatest Intimacy
'between us for an Year and half together, dur-
'ing all which time I cherished his Hopes, and

¹ [, for want of other Amusement, often study Anatomy together; and what is worse than happens in any other Friendship, they]

'indulged his Flame. I leave you to guess after
'this what must be his Surprize, when upon his
'pressing for my full Consent one Day, I told him
'I wondered what could make him fancy he had
'ever any Place in my Affections. His own Sex
'allow him Sense, and all ours Good-Breeding.
'His Person is such as might, without Vanity,
'make him believe himself not incapable to be
'beloved. Our Fortunes indeed, weighed in the
'nice Scale of Interest, are not exactly equal,
'which by the way was the true Case of my
'Jilting him, and I had the Assurance to acquaint
'him with the following Maxim, That I should
'always believe that Man's Passion to be the
'most Violent, who could offer me the largest
'Settlement. I have since changed my Opinion,
'and have endeavoured to let him know so much
'by several Letters, but the barbarous Man has
'refused them all; so that I have no way left of
'writing to him, but by your Assistance. If we
'can bring him about once more, I promise to
'send you all Gloves and Favours, and shall de-
'sire the Favour of Sir ROGER and your self to
'stand as God-Fathers to my first Boy.

I am SIR,

Your most Obedient

most Humble Servant,

Amoret.

Philander to Amoret.

Madam,

'I am so surprised at the Question you were
'pleased to ask me Yesterday, that I am still at a
'loss what to say to it. At least my Answer
'would be too long to trouble you with, as it
'would come from a Person, who, it seems, is so
'very indifferent to you. Instead of it, I shall
'only recommend to your Consideration the Opin-
'ion of one whose Sentiments on these matters I
'have often heard you say are extremely just. A
'generous and Constant Passion, says your
'favourite Author, in an agreeable Lover, where
'there is not too great a Disparity in their Cir-
'cumstances, is the greatest Blessing that can
'befal a Person beloved; and if overlook'd in
'one, may perhaps never be found in another.

'I do not, however, at all despair of being very
'shortly much better beloved by you than *Ante-
'nor* is at present; since whenever my Fortune
'shall exceed his, you were pleased to intimate
'your Passion would encrease accordingly.

'The World has seen me shamefully lose that
'Time to please a fickle Woman, which might
'have been employed much more to my Credit
'and Advantage in other Pursuits. I shall there-
'fore take the Liberty to acquaint you, however
'harsh it may sound in a Lady's Ears, that tho'
'your Love-Fit should happen to return, unless
'you could contrive a way to make your Recant-
'ation as well known to the Publick, as they are
'already apprised of the manner with which you
'have treated me, you shall never more see

Philander.

Amoret to Philander.

SIR,

'Upon Reflection, I find the Injury I have done
'both to you and my self to be so great, that
'though the Part I now act may appear contrary

'to that Decorum usually observed by our Sex,
'yet I purposely break through all Rules, that
'my Repentance may in some measure equal my
'Crime. I assure you that in my present Hopes
'of recovering you, I look upon *Antenor's* Estate
'with Contempt. The Fop was here Yesterday
'in a gilt Chariot and new Liveries, but I refused
'to see him. Tho' I dread to meet your Eyes
'after what has pass'd, I flatter my self, that
'amidst all their Confusion you will discover such
'a Tenderness in mine, as none can imitate but
'those who Love. I shall be all this Month at
'Lady D——'s in the Country; but the Woods,
'the Fields and Gardens, without *Philander*, af-
'ford no Pleasures to the unhappy

Amoret.

'I must desire you, dear Mr. *Spectator*, to
'publish this my Letter to *Philander* as soon as
'possible, and to assure him that I know nothing
'at all of the Death of his rich Uncle in *Glouces-
'tershire*.

X.

No. 402.] Wednesday, June 11, 1712. [Steele.

[————— que
Spectator tradit sibi————— Hor.¹]

WERE I to publish all the Advertisements
I receive from different Hands, and Persons
of different Circumstances and Quality, the very
Mention of them, without Reflections on the
several Subjects, would raise all the Passions which
can be felt by human Mind[s]. As Instances of
this, I shall give you two or three Letters; the
Writers of which can have no Recourse to any
legal Power for Redress, and seem to have writ-
ten rather to vent their Sorrow than to receive
Consolation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Woman of Beauty and Quality,
'and suitably married to a Gentleman who doats
'on me. But this Person of mine is the Object of
'an unjust Passion in a Nobleman who is very
'intimate with my Husband. This Friendship
'gives him very easie Access, and frequent Op-
'portunities of entertaining me apart. My Heart
'is in the utmost Anguish, and my Face is covered
'over with Confusion, when I impart to you an-
'other Circumstance, which is, that my Mother,
'the most mercenary of all Women, is gained by
'this false Friend of my Husband to sollicit me
'for him. I am frequently chid by the poor be-
'lieving Man my Husband, for shewing an Im-
'patience of his Friend's Company; and I am
'never alone with my Mother, but she tells me
'Stories of the discretionary Part of the World,
'and such a one, and such a one who are guilty
'of as much as she advises me to. She laughs at
'my Astonishment; and seems to hint to me, that
'as virtuous as she has always appeared, I am not
'the Daughter of her Husband. It is possible
'that printing this Letter may relieve me from the
'unnatural Importunity of my Mother, and the
'perfidious Courtship of my Husband's Friend.
'I have an unfeigned Love of Virtue, and am re-

¹ No motto in the first issue.

'solved to preserve my Innocence. The only
'Way I can think of to avoid the fatal Conse-
'quences of the Discovery of this Matter, is to
'fly away for ever; which I must do to avoid my
'Husband's fatal Resentment against the Man
'who attempts to abuse him, and the Shame of
'exposing the Parent to Infamy. The Persons
'concerned will know these Circumstances relate
'to 'em; and though the Regard to Virtue is dead
'in them, I have some Hopes from their Fear of
'Shame upon reading this in your Paper; which
'I conjure you to do, if you have any Compassion
'for Injured Virtue.

Sylvia.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am the Husband of a Woman of Merit, but
'am fallen in Love, as they call it, with a Lady of
'her Acquaintance, who is going to be married to
'a Gentleman who deserves her. I am in a Trust
'relating to this Lady's Fortune, which makes my
'Concurrence in this Matter necessary; but I
'have so irresistible a Rage and Envy rise in me
'when I consider his future Happiness, that
'against all Reason, Equity, and common Justice,
'I am ever playing mean Tricks to suspend the
'Nuptials. I have no manner of Hopes for my
'self; *Emilia*, for so I'll call her, is a Woman of
'the most strict Virtue; her Lover is a Gentleman
'who of all others I could wish my Friend; but
'Envy and Jealousie, though placed so unjustly,
'waste my very Being, and with the Torment and
'Sense of a Dæmon, I am ever cursing what I
'cannot but approve. I wish it were the Begin-
'ning of Repentance, that I sit down and describe
'my present Disposition with so hellish an Aspect;
'but at present the Destruction of these two ex-
'cellent Persons would be more welcome to me
'than their Happiness. *Mr. SPECTATOR*, pray
'let me have a Paper on these terrible groundless
'Sufferings, and do all you can to exorcise Crowds
'who are in some Degree possessed as I am.

Canniball.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I have no other Means but this to express my
'Thanks to one Man, and my Resentment against
'another. My Circumstances are as follows. I
'have been for five Years last past courted by a
'Gentleman of greater Fortune than I ought to
'expect, as the Market for Women goes. You
'must to be sure have observed People who live
'in that sort of Way, as all their Friends reckon
'it will be a Match, and are marked out by all
'the World for each other. In this View we have
'been regarded for some Time, and I have above
'these three Years loved him tenderly. As he is
'very careful of his Fortune, I always thought he
'lived in a near Manner to lay up what he thought
'was wanting in my Fortune to make up what he
'might expect in another. Within few Months I
'have observed his Carriage very much altered,
'and he has affected a certain Air of getting me
'alone, and talking with a mighty Profusion of
'passionate Words, How I am not to be resisted
'longer, how irresistible his Wishes are, and the
'like. As long as I have been acquainted with
'him, I could not on such Occasions say down-
'right to him, You know you may make me yours

'when you please. But the other Night he with
'great Frankness and Impudence explained to me,
'that he thought of me only as a Mistress. I
'answered this Declaration as it deserv'd; upon
'which he only doubled the Terms on which he
'proposed my yielding. When my Anger height-
'ned upon him, he told me he was sorry he had
'made so little Use of the unguarded Hours we
'had been together so remote from Company, as
'indeed, continued he, so we are at present. I
'flew from him to a neighbouring Gentlewoman's
'House, and tho' her Husband was in the Room,
'threw my self on a Couch, and burst into a Pas-
'sion of Tears. My Friend desired her Husband
'to leave the Room. But, said he, there is some-
'thing so extraordinary in this, that I will partake
'in the Affliction; and be it what it will, she is so
'much your Friend, that she knows she may com-
'mand what Services I can do her. The Man
'sate down by me, and spoke so like a Brother,
'that I told him my whole Affliction. He spoke
'of the Injury done me with so much Indignation,
'and animated me against the Love he said he
'saw I had for the Wretch who would have be-
'trayed me, with so much Reason and Humanity
'to my Weakness, that I doubt not of my Perse-
'verance. His Wife and he are my Comforters,
'and I am under no more Restraint in their Com-
'pany than if I were alone; and I doubt not but
'in a small time Contempt and Hatred will take
'Place of the Remains of Affection to a Rascal.

I am

SIR,

Your affectionate Reader,

Dorinda.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I had the Misfortune to be an Uncle before I
'knew my Nephews from my Nieces, and now
'we are grown up to better Acquaintance they
'deny me the Respect they owe. One upbraids
'me with being their Familiar, another will hardly
'be perswaded that I am an Uncle, a third calls
'me Little Uncle, and a fourth tells me there is
'no Duty at all due to an Uncle. I have a
'Brother-in-law whose Son will win all my Affec-
'tion, unless you shall think this worthy of your
'Cognizance, and will be pleased to prescribe
'some Rules for our future reciprocal Behaviour.
'It will be worthy the Particularity of your Genius
'to lay down Rules for his Conduct who was as it
'were born an old Man; in which you will much
'oblige,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,

Cornelius Nepos.

T.

No. 403.] Thursday, June 12, 1712. [Addison.]

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit— Hor.

WHEN I consider this great City in its several
Quarters and Divisions, I look upon it as
an Aggregate of various Nations distinguished
from each other by their respective Customs,
Manners and Interests. The Courts of two

Countries do not so much differ from one another, as the Court and City in their peculiar Ways of Life and Conversation. In short, the Inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same Laws, and speak the same Language, are a distinct People from those of Cheapside, who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several Climates and Degrees in their way of Thinking and Conversing together.

For this Reason, when any publick Affair is upon the Anvil, I love to hear the Reflections that arise upon it in the several Districts and Parishes of London and Westminster, and to ramble up and down a whole Day together, in order to make my self acquainted with the Opinions of my Ingenious Countrymen. By this means I know the Faces of all the principal Politicians within the Bills of Mortality; and as every Coffee-house has some particular Statesman belonging to it, who is the Mouth of the Street where he lives, I always take care to place my self near him, in order to know his Judgment on the present Posture of Affairs. The last Progress that I made with this Intention, was about three Months ago, when we had a current Report of the King of France's Death. As I foresaw this would produce a new Face of things in Europe, and many curious Speculations in our British Coffee-houses, I was very desirous to learn the Thoughts of our most eminent Politicians on that Occasion.

That I might begin as near the Fountain-Head as possible, I first of all called in at St. James's, where I found the whole outward Room in a Buzz of Politics. The Speculations were but very indifferent towards the Door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the Room, and were so very much improved by a Knot of Theorists, who sat in the inner Room, within the Steams of the Coffee-Pot, that I there heard the whole Spanish Monarchy disposed of, and all the Line of Bourbon provided for in less than a Quarter of an Hour.

I afterwards called in at Giles's, where I saw a Board of French Gentlemen sitting upon the Life and Death of their Grand Monarque. Those among them who had espoused the Whig Interest, very positively affirmed, that he departed this Life about a Week since, and therefore proceeded without any further Delay to the Release of their Friends on the Gallies, and to their own Re-establishment; but finding they could not agree among themselves, I proceeded on my intended Progress.

Upon my Arrival at Jenny Man's, I saw an *alerte* young Fellow that cocked his Hat upon a Friend of his who entered just at the same time with my self, and accosted him after the following Manner. Well, Jack, the old Prig is dead at last. Sharp's the Word. Now or never, Boy. Up to the Walls of Paris directly. With several other deep Reflections of the same Nature.

I met with very little Variation in the Politics between Charing-Cross and Covent-Garden. And upon my going into Will's I found their Discourse was gone off from the Death of the French King to that of Monsieur Boileau, Racine, Corneille, and several other Poets, whom they regretted on this

Occasion, as Persons who would have obliged the World with very noble Elegies on the Death of so great a Prince, and so eminent a Patron of Learning.

At a Coffee-house near the Temple, I found a couple of young Gentlemen engaged very smartly in a Dispute on the Succession to the Spanish Monarchy. One of them seemed to have been retained as Advocate for the Duke of Anjou, the other for his Imperial Majesty. They were both for regulating the Title to that Kingdom by the Statute Laws of England; but finding them going out of my Depth, I passed forward to Paul's Church-Yard, where I listen'd with great Attention to a learned Man, who gave the Company an Account of the deplorable State of France during the Minority of the deceased King.

I then turned on my right Hand into Fish-street, where the chief Politician of that Quarter, upon hearing the News, (after having taken a Pipe of Tobacco, and ruminated for some time) If, says he, the King of France is certainly dead, we shall have Plenty of Mackerell this Season; our Fishery will not be disturbed by Privateers, as it has been for these ten Years past. He afterwards considered how the Death of this great Man would affect our Pilchards, and by several other Remarks infused a general Joy into his whole Audience.

I afterwards entered a By Coffee-house that stood at the upper end of a narrow Lane, where I met with a Nonjuror, engaged very warmly with a Laceman who was the great Support of a neighbouring Conventicle. The Matter in Debate was, whether the late French King was most like Augustus Cæsar, or Nero. The Controversie was carried on with great Heat on both Sides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the Course of their Debate, I was under some Apprehension that they would appeal to me, and therefore laid down my Penny at the Bar, and made the best of my way to Cheapside.

I here gazed upon the Signs for some time before I found one to my Purpose. The first Object I met in the Coffee-room was a Person who expressed a great Grief for the Death of the French King; but upon his explaining himself, I found his Sorrow did not arise from the Loss of the Monarch, but for his having sold out of the Bank about three Days before he heard the News of it: Upon which a Haberdasher, who was the Oracle of the Coffee-house, and had his Circle of Admirers about him, called several to witness that he had declared his Opinion above a Week before, that the French King was certainly dead; to which he added, that considering the late Advices we had received from France, it was impossible that it could be otherwise. As he was laying these together, and dictating to his Hearers with great Authority, there came in a Gentleman from Garraway's, who told us that there were several Letters from France just come in, with Advice that the King was in good Health, and was gone out a Hunting the very Morning the Post came away: Upon which the Haberdasher stole off his Hat that hung upon a wooden Pegg by him, and retired to his Shop with great Confusion. This Intelligence put a Stop to my Travels, which I

had prosecuted with [much¹] Satisfaction; not being a little pleased to hear so many different Opinions upon so great an Event, and to observe how naturally upon such a Piece of News every one is apt to consider it with a Regard to his own particular Interest and Advantage. L.

No. 404.] Friday, June 13, 1712. [Budgell.

[— *Non omnia possumus omnes.*—Virg.²]

NATURE does nothing in vain: the Creator of the Universe has appointed every thing to a certain Use and Purpose, and determin'd it to a settled Course and Sphere of Action, from which, if it in the least deviates, it becomes unfit to answer those Ends for which it was designed. In like manner it is in the Dispositions of Society, the civil Oeconomy is formed in a Chain as well as the natural; and in either Case the Breach but of one Link puts the Whole into some Disorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that most of the Absurdity and Ridicule we meet with in the World, is generally owing to the impertinent Affectation of excelling in Characters Men are not fit for, and for which Nature never designed them.

Every Man has one or more Qualities which may make him useful both to himself and others: Nature never fails of pointing them out, and while the Infant continues under her Guardianship, she brings him on in this Way; and then offers her self for a Guide in what remains of the Journey; if he proceeds in that Course, he can hardly miscarry: Nature makes good her Engagements; for as she never promises what she is not able to perform, so she never fails of performing what she promises. But the Misfortune is, Men despise what they may be Masters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themselves already possessed of what their Genius inclined them to, and so bend all their Ambition to excel in what is out of their Reach: Thus they destroy the Use of their natural Talents, in the same manner as covetous Men do their Quiet and Repose; they can enjoy no Satisfaction in what they have, because of the absurd Inclination they are possessed with for what they have not.

Cleanthes had good Sense, a great Memory, and a Constitution capable of the closest Application: In a Word, there was no Profession in which *Cleanthes* might not have made a very good Figure; but this won't satisfy him, he takes up an unaccountable Fondness for the Character of a fine Gentleman; all his Thoughts are bent upon this: instead of attending a Dissection, frequenting the Courts of Justice, or studying the Fathers, *Cleanthes* reads Plays, dances, dresses, and spends his Time in drawing-rooms; instead of being a good Lawyer, Divine, or Physician, *Cleanthes* is a downright Coxcomb, and will re-

¹ [great]

² [*Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis Imposuit natura locis.*—Virg.]

main to all that knew him a contemptible Example of Talents misapplied. It is to this Affectation the World owes its whole Race of Coxcombs: Nature in her whole Drama never drew such a Part: she has sometimes made a Fool, but a Coxcomb is always of a Man's own making, by applying his Talents otherwise than Nature designed, who ever bears an high Resentment for being put out of her Course, and never fails of taking her Revenge on those that do so. Opposing her Tendency in the Application of a Man's Parts, has the same Success as declining from her Course in the Production of Vegetables; by the Assistance of Art and an hot Bed, we may possibly extort an unwilling Plant, or an untimely Sallad; but how weak, how tasteless and insipid? Just as insipid as the Poetry of *Valerio*: *Valerio* had an universal Character, was genteel, had Learning, thought justly, spoke correctly; 'twas believed there was nothing in which *Valerio* did not excel; and 'twas so far true, that there was but one; *Valerio* had no Genius for Poetry, yet he's resolved to be a Poet; he writes Verses, and takes great Pains to convince the Town, that *Valerio* is not that extraordinary Person he was taken for.

If Men would be content to graft upon Nature, and assist her Operations, what mighty Effects might we expect? *Tully* would not stand so much alone in Oratory, *Virgil* in Poetry, or *Cæsar* in War. To build upon Nature, is laying the Foundation upon a Rock; every thing disposes its self into Order as it were of Course, and the whole Work is half done as soon as undertaken. *Cicero's* Genius inclined him to Cratory, *Virgil's* to follow the Train of the Muses; they piously obeyed the Admonition, and were rewarded. Had *Virgil* attended the Bar, his modest and ingenious Virtue would surely have made but a very indifferent Figure; and *Tully's* declamatory Inclination would have been as useless in Poetry. Nature, if left to her self, leads us on in the best Course, but will do nothing by Compulsion and Constraint; and if we are not satisfied to go her Way, we are always the greatest Sufferers by it.

Wherever Nature designs a Production, she always disposes Seeds proper for it, which are as absolutely necessary to the Formation of any moral or intellectual Excellence, as they are to the Being and Growth of Plants; and I know not by what Fate and Folly it is, that Men are taught not to reckon him equally absurd that will write Verses in Spite of Nature, with that Gardener that should undertake to raise a Jonquil or Tulip without the Help of their respective Seeds.

As there is no Good or bad Quality that does not affect both Sexes, so it is not to be imagined but the fair Sex must have suffered by an Affectation of this Nature, at least as much as the other: The ill Effect of it is in none so conspicuous as in the two opposite Characters of *Cælia* and *Iras*; *Cælia* has all the Charms of Person, together with an abundant Sweetness of Nature, but wants Wit, and has a very ill Voice; *Iras* is ugly and ungentle, but has Wit and good Sense: If *Cælia* would be silent, her Beholders would adore her; if *Iras* would talk, her Hearers would admire her; but *Cælia's* Tongue runs incessantly, while *Iras* gives her self silent Airs and soft Languors; so

that 'tis difficult to persuade ones self that *Celia* has Beauty and *Iras* Wit: Each neglects her own Excellence, and is ambitious of the other's Character; *Iras* would be thought to have as much Beauty as *Celia*, and *Celia* as much Wit as *Iras*.

The great Misfortune of this Affectation is, that Men not only lose a good Quality, but also contract a bad one: They not only are unfit for what they were designed, but they assign themselves to what they are not fit for; and instead of making a very good Figure one Way, make a very ridiculous one another. If *Semanthe* would have been satisfied with her natural Complexion, she might still have been celebrated by the Name of the Olive Beauty; but *Semanthe* has taken up an Affectation to White and Red, and is now distinguished by the Character of the Lady that paints so well. In a word, could the World be reformed to the Obedience of that famed Dictate, *Follow Nature*, which the Oracle of *Delphos* pronounced to *Cicero* when he consulted what Course of Studies he should pursue, we should see almost every Man as eminent in his proper Sphere as *Tully* was in his, and should in a very short time find Impertinence and Affectation banished from among the Women, and Coxcombs and false Characters from among the Men. For my Part, I could never consider this preposterous Repugnancy to Nature any otherwise, than not only as the greatest Folly, but also one of the most heinous Crimes, since it is a direct Opposition to the Disposition of Providence, and (as *Tully* expresses it) like the Sin of the Giants, an actual Rebellion against Heaven. Z.

No. 405.] Saturday, June 14, 1712. [Addison.

Οἱ δὲ πανημέριοι μολπήθ' ἑὸν ἰλάσκοντο,
Καλὸν αἰδόντες παιήονα κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
Μέλποντες ἑκάεργον. ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετ'
ἀκούων.—Hom.

I AM very sorry to find, by the Opera Bills for this Day, that we are likely to lose the greatest Performer in Dramatick Musick that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared upon a Stage. I need not acquaint my Reader, that I am speaking of *Signior Nicolini*.¹ The Town is highly obliged to that Excellent Artist, for having shewn us the *Italian* Musick in its Perfection, as well as for that generous Approbation he lately gave to an Opera of our own Country, in which the Composer endeavoured to do Justice to the Beauty of the Words, by following that Noble Example, which has been set him by the greatest Foreign Masters in that Art.

I could heartily wish there was the same Application and Endeavours to cultivate and improve our Church-Musick, as have been lately bestowed on that of the Stage. Our Composers have one very great Incitement to it: They are sure to meet with Excellent Words, and, at the same

¹ See note on p. 23. He took leave, June 14, in the Opera of *Antiochus*.

time, a wonderful Variety of them. There is no Passion that is not finely expressed in those parts of the inspired Writings, which are proper for Divine Songs and Anthems.

There is a certain Coldness and Indifference in the Phrases of our *European* Languages, when they are compared with the Oriental Forms of Speech: and it happens very luckily, that the *Hebrew* Idioms run into the *English* Tongue with a particular Grace and Beauty. Our Language has received innumerable Elegancies and Improvements, from that Infusion of *Hebraisms*, which are derived to it out of the Poetical Passages in Holy Writ. They give a Force and Energy to our Expressions, warm and animate our Language, and convey our Thoughts in more ardent and intense Phrases, than any that are to be met with in our own Tongue. There is something so pathetic in this kind of Diction, that it often sets the Mind in a Flame, and makes our Hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a Prayer appear, that is composed in the most Elegant and Polite Forms of Speech, which are natural to our Tongue, when it is not heightened by that Solemnity of Phrase, which may be drawn from the Sacred Writings. It has been said by some of the Ancients, that if the Gods were to talk with Men, they would certainly speak in *Plato's* Style: but I think we may say, with Justice, that when Mortals converse with their Creator, they cannot do it in so proper a Style as in that of the Holy Scriptures.

If any one would judge of the Beauties of Poetry that are to be met with in the Divine Writings, and examine how kindly the *Hebrew* Manners of Speech mix and incorporate with the *English* Language; after having perused the Book of *Psalms*, let him read a literal Translation of *Horace* or *Pindar*. He will find in these two last such an Absurdity and Confusion of Style, with such a Comparative Poverty of Imagination, as will make him very sensible of what I have been here advancing.

Since we have therefore such a Treasury of Words, so beautiful in themselves, and so proper for the Airs of Musick, I cannot but wonder that Persons of Distinction should give so little Attention and Encouragement to that Kind of Musick, which would have its Foundation in Reason, and which would improve our Virtue in proportion as it raised our Delight. The Passions that are excited by ordinary Compositions generally flow from such silly and absurd Occasions, that a Man is ashamed to reflect upon them seriously; but the Fear, the Love, the Sorrow, the Indignation that are awakened in the Mind by Hymns and Anthems, make the Heart better, and proceed from such Causes as are altogether reasonable and praise-worthy. Pleasure and Duty go hand in hand, and the greater our Satisfaction is, the greater is our Religion.

Musick among those who were styled the chosen People was a Religious Art. The Songs of *Sion*, which we have reason to believe were in high Repute among the Courts of the Eastern Monarchs, were nothing else but *Psalms* and Pieces of Poetry that adored or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greatest Conqueror in this

Holy Nation, after the manner of the old *Grecian* Lyricks, did not only compose the Words of his Divine Odes, but generally set them to Musick himself: After which, his Works, tho' they were consecrated to the Tabernacle, became the National Entertainment, as well as the Devotion of his People.

The first Original of the Drama was a Religious Worship consisting only of a Chorus, which was nothing else but an Hymn to a Deity. As Luxury and Voluptuousness prevailed over Innocence and Religion, this Form of Worship degenerated into Tragedies; in which however the Chorus so far remembered its first Office, as to brand every thing that was vicious, and recommend every thing that was laudable, to intercede with Heaven for the Innocent, and to implore its Vengeance on the Criminal.

Homer and *Hesiod* intimate to us how this Art should be applied, when they represent the Muses as surrounding *Jupiter*, and warbling their Hymns about his Throne. I might shew from innumerable Passages in Ancient Writers, not only that Vocal and Instrumental Musick were made use of in their Religious Worship, but that their most favourite Diversions were filled with Songs and Hymns to their respective Deities. Had we frequent Entertainments of this Nature among us, they would not a little purifie and exalt our Passions, give our Thoughts a proper Turn, and cherish those Divine Impulses in the Soul, which every one feels that has not stifled them by sensual and immoderate Pleasures.

Musick, when thus applied, raises noble Hints in the Mind of the Hearer, and fills it with great Conceptions. It strengthens Devotion, and advances Praise into Rapture. It lengthens out every Act of Worship, and produces more lasting and permanent Impressions in the Mind, than those which accompany any transient Form of Words that are uttered in the ordinary Method of Religious Worship. O.

No. 406.] Monday, June 16, 1712. [Steele.

Hæc studia Adolescentiam alunt, Senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium et perfugium præbet delectant domi, non impediunt foris; Pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.—Tull.

THE following Letters bear a pleasing Image of the Joys and Satisfactions of private Life. The first is from a Gentleman to a Friend, for whom he has a very great Respect, and to whom he communicates the Satisfaction he takes in Retirement; the other is a Letter to me, occasioned by an Ode written by my *Lapland* Lover; this Correspondent is so kind as to translate another of *Scheffer's* Songs¹ in a very agreeable Manner. I publish them together, that the Young and Old may find something in the same Paper which may be suitable to their respective Taste in Solitude; for I know no Fault in the

¹ See No. 366 and note.

Description of ardent Desires, provided they are honourable.

Dear Sir,

'You have obliged me with a very kind Letter; by which I find you shift the Scene of your Life from the Town to the Country, and enjoy that mixt State which wise Men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks most of the Philosophers and Moralists have run too much into Extreame, in praising entirely either Solitude or publick Life; in the former Men generally grow useless by too much Rest, and in the latter are destroyed by too much Precipitation: As Waters lying still, putrifie and are good for nothing; and running violently on, do but the more Mischief in their Passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those who, like you, can make themselves useful to all States, should be like gentle Streams, that not only glide through lonely Vales and Forests amidst the Flocks and Shepherds, but visit populous Towns in their Course, and are at once of Ornament and Service to them. But there is another sort of People who seem designed for Solitude, those I mean who have more to hide than to shew: As for my own Part, I am one of those of whom *Seneca* says, *Tum Umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est.* Some Men, like Pictures, are fitter for a Corner than a full Light; and I believe such as have a natural Bent to Solitude, are like Waters which may be forced into Fountains, and exalted to a great Height, may make a much nobler Figure, and a much louder Noise, but after all run more smoothly, equally and plentifully, in their own natural Course upon the Ground. The Consideration of this would make me very well contented with the Possession only of that Quiet which *Cowley* calls the Companion of Obscurity; but whoever has the Muses too for his Companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasie. Thus, Sir, you see I would flatter my self into a good Opinion of my own Way of Living; *Plutarch* just now told me, that 'tis in human Life as in a Game at Tables, one may wish he had the highest Cast, but if his Chance be otherwise, he is even to play it as well as he can, and make the best of it.

I am, SIR,

Your most obliged,
and most humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Town being so well pleased with the fine Picture of artless Love, which Nature inspired the *Laplander* to paint in the Ode you lately printed; we were in Hopes that the ingenious Translator would have obliged it with the other also which *Scheffer* has given us; but since he has not, a much inferior Hand has ventured to send you this.

'It is a Custom with the Northern Lovers to divert themselves with a Song, whilst they Journey through the fenny Moors to pay a visit to their Mistresses. This is addressed by the Lover to his Rain-Deer, which is the Creature that in that Country supplies the Want of Horses. The Circumstances which successively

' present themselves to him in his Way, are, I believe you will think, naturally interwoven. The Anxiety of Absence, the Gloominess of the Roads, and his Resolution of frequenting only those, since those only can carry him to the Object of his Desires; the Dissatisfaction he expresses even at the greatest Swiftmess with which he is carried, and his joyful Surprize at an unexpected Sight of his Mistress as she is bathing, seem beautifully described in the Original.

' If all those pretty Images of Rural Nature are lost in the Imitation, yet possibly you may think fit to let this supply the Place of a long Letter, when Want of Leisure or Indisposition for Writing will not permit our being entertained by your own Hand. I propose such a Time, because tho' it is natural to have a Fondness for what one does one's self, yet I assure you I would not have any thing of mine displace a single Line of yours.

I.

*Haste, my Rain-Deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous Journey through this dreery
Waste;*

*Haste, my Rain-Deer! still still thou art too
slow;
Impetuous Love demands the Lightning's
Haste.*

II.

*Around us far the Rushy Moors are spread:
Soon will the Sun withdraw his chearful Ray:
Darkling and tir'd we shall the Marshes tread,
No Lay unsung to cheat the tedious Way.*

III.

*The wat'ry Length of these unjoyous Moors
Does all the flow'ry Meadows Pride excel;
Through these I fly to her my Soul adores;
Ye flow'ry Meadows, empty Pride, Farewel.*

IV.

*Each Moment from the Charmer I'm confin'd,
My Breast is tortur'd with impatient Fires;
Fly, my Rain-Deer, fly swifter than the Wind,
Thy tardy Feet wing with my fierce Desires.*

V.

*Our pleasing Toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
And thou, in Wonder lost, shalt view my Fair,
Admire each Feature of the lovely Maid,
Her artless Charms, her Bloom, her sprightly
Air.*

VI.

*But lo! with graceful Motion there she swims,
Gently moving each ambitious Wave;
The crowding Waves transported clasp her
Limbs:
When, when, oh when, shall I such Freedoms
have!*

VII.

*In vain, you envious Streams, so fast you flow,
To hide her from a Lover's ardent Gaze:
From ev'ry Touch you more transparent grow,
And all reveal'd the beauteous Wanton plays.*

T.

No. 407.] Tuesday, June 17, 1712. [Addison.

—abest facundis Gratia dictis.—Ovid.

MOST Foreign Writers who have given any Character of the *English* Nation, whatever Vices they ascribe to it, allow in general, that the People are naturally Modest. It proceeds perhaps from this our National Virtue, that our Orators are observed to make use of less Gesture or Action than those of other Countries. Our Preachers stand stock-still in the Pulpit, and will not so much as move a Finger to set off the best Sermons in the World. We meet with the same speaking Statues at our Bars, and in all publick Places of Debate. Our Words flow from us in a smooth continued Stream, without those Strainings of the Voice, Motions of the Body, and Majesty of the Hand, which are so much celebrated in the Orators of *Greece* and *Rome*. We can talk of Life and Death in cold Blood, and keep our Temper in a Discourse which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Though our Zeal breaks out in the finest Tropes and Figures, it is not able to stir a Limb about us. I have heard it observed more than once by those who have seen *Italy*, that an untravelled *Englishman* cannot relish all the Beauties of *Italian* Pictures, because the Postures which are expressed in them are often such as are peculiar to that Country. One who has not seen an *Italian* in the Pulpit, will not know what to make of that noble Gesture in *Raphael's* Picture of *St. Paul* preaching at *Athens*, where the Apostle is represented as lifting up both his Arms, and pouring out the Thunder of his Rhetorick amidst an Audience of Pagan Philosophers.

It is certain that proper Gestures and vehement Exertions of the Voice cannot be too much studied by a publick Orator. They are a kind of Comment to what he utters, and enforce every thing he says, with weak Hearers, better than the strongest Argument he can make use of. They keep the Audience awake, and fix their Attention to what is delivered to them, at the same time that they shew the Speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others. Violent Gesture and Vociferation naturally shake the Hearts of the Ignorant, and fill them with a kind of Religious Horror. Nothing is more frequent than to see Women weep and tremble at the Sight of a moving Preacher, though he is placed quite out of their Hearing; as in *England* we very frequently see People lulled asleep with solid and elaborate Discourses of Piety, who would be warmed and transported out of themselves by the Bellowings and Distortions of Enthusiasm.

If Nonsense, when accompanied with such an Emotion of Voice and Body, has such an Influence on Men's Minds, what might we not expect from many of those Admirable Discourses which are printed in our Tongue, were they delivered with a becoming Fervour, and with the most agreeable Graces of Voice and Gesture?

We are told that the great *Latin* Orator very much impaired his Health by this *laterum*

contentio, this Vehemence of Action, with which he used to deliver himself. The *Greek* Orator was likewise so very Famous for this Particular in Rhetorick, that one of his Antagonists, whom he had banished from *Athens*, reading over the Oration which had procured his Banishment, and seeing his Friends admire it, could not forbear asking them, if they were so much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more they would have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out such a Storm of Eloquence?

How cold and dead a Figure in Comparison of these two great Men, does an Orator often make at the *British* Bar, holding up his Head with the most insipid Serenity, and stroaking the sides of a long Wigg that reaches down to his Middle? The truth of it is, there is often nothing more ridiculous than the Gestures of an *English* Speaker; you see some of them running their Hands into their Pockets as far as ever they can thrust them, and others looking with great Attention on a piece of Paper that has nothing written in it; you may see many a smart Rhetorician turning his Hat in his Hands, moulding it into several different Cocks, examining sometimes the Lining of it, and sometimes the Button, during the whole course of his Harangue. A deaf Man would think he was Cheapning a Beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the Fate of the *British* Nation. I remember, when I was a young Man, and used to frequent *Westminster-Hall*, there was a Counsellor who never pleaded without a Piece of Pack-thread in his Hand, which he used to twist about a Thumb, or a Finger, all the while he was speaking: The Waggs of those Days used to call it the Thread of his Discourse, for he was not able to utter a Word without it. One of his Clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one Day in the midst of his Pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he lost his Cause by his Jest.

I have all along acknowledged my self to be a Dumb Man, and therefore may be thought a very improper Person to give Rules for Oratory; but I believe every one will agree with me in this, that we ought either to lay aside all kinds of Gesture, (which seems to be very suitable to the Genius of our Nation) or at least to make use of such only as are graceful and expressive. O.

No. 408.] Wednesday, June 18, 1712. [Pope.]

Decet affectus animi neque se nimium erigere, nec subjacere serviliter.—Tull. de Finibus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE always been a very great Lover of your Speculations, as well in Regard to the Subject, as to your Manner of Treating it. Human Nature I always thought the most useful Object of human Reason, and to make the Consideration of it pleasant and entertaining, I always thought the best Employment of human Wit: Other Parts of Philosophy may perhaps make us wiser, but this not only answers that End, but

‘makes us better too. Hence it was that the Oracle pronounced *Socrates* the wisest of all Men living, because he judiciously made Choice of human Nature for the Object of his Thoughts; an Enquiry into which as much exceeds all other Learning, as it is of more Consequence to adjust the true Nature and Measures of Right and Wrong, than to settle the Distance of the Planets, and compute the Times of their Circumvolutions.

‘One good Effect that will immediately arise from a near Observation of human Nature, is, that we shall cease to wonder at those Actions which Men are used to reckon wholly unaccountable; for as nothing is produced without a Cause, so by observing the Nature and Course of the Passions, we shall be able to trace every Action from its first Conception to its Death; We shall no more admire at the Proceedings of *Catiline* or *Tiberius*, when we know the one was actuated by a cruel Jealousie, the other by a furious Ambition; for the Actions of Men follow their Passions as naturally as Light does Heat, or as any other Effect flows from its Cause; Reason must be employed in adjusting the Passions, but they must ever remain the Principles of Action.

‘The strange and absurd Variety that is so apparent in Men’s Actions, shews plainly they can never proceed immediately from Reason; so pure a Fountain emits no such troubled Waters: They must necessarily arise from the Passions, which are to the Mind as the Winds to a Ship, they only can move it, and they too often destroy it; if fair and gentle, they guide it into the Harbour; if contrary and furious, they overset it in the Waves: In the same manner is the Mind assisted or endangered by the Passions; Reason must then take the Place of Pilot, and can never fail of securing her Charge if she be not wanting to herself: The Strength of the Passions will never be accepted as an Excuse for complying with them, they were designed for Subjection, and if a Man suffers them to get the upper Hand, he then betrays the Liberty of his own Soul.

‘As Nature has framed the several Species of Beings as it were in a Chain, so Man seems to be placed as the middle Link between Angels and Brutes: Hence he participates both of Flesh and Spirit by an admirable Tie, which in him occasions perpetual War of Passions; and as a Man inclines to the angelick or brute Part of his Constitution, he is then denominated good or bad, virtuous or wicked; if Love, Mercy, and Good-nature prevail, they speak him of the Angel; if Hatred, Cruelty, and Envy predominate, they declare his Kindred to the Brute. Hence it was that some of the Ancients imagined, that as Men in this Life inclined more to the Angel or Brute, so after their Death they should transmigrate into the one or the other: and it would be no unpleasant Notion, to consider the several Species of Brutes, into which we may imagine that Tyrants, Misers, the Proud, Malicious, and Ill-natured might be changed.

‘As a Consequence of this Original, all Passions are in all Men, but all appear not in all; Constitution, Education, Custom of the Country, Reason, and the like Causes, may improve or abate the Strength of them, but still the Seeds

'remain, which are ever ready to sprout forth upon the least Encouragement. I have heard a Story of a good religious Man, who, having been bred with the Milk of a Goat, was very modest in Publick by a careful Reflection he made on his Actions, but he frequently had an Hour in Secret, wherein he had his Frisks and Capers; and if we had an Opportunity of examining the Retirement of the strictest Philosophers, no doubt but we should find perpetual Returns of those Passions they so artfully conceal from the Publick. I remember *Matchiavel* observes, that every State should entertain a perpetual jealousy of its Neighbours, that so it should never be unprovided when an Emergency happens; ¹ in like manner should the Reason be perpetually on its Guard against the Passions, and never suffer them to carry on any Design that may be destructive of its Security; yet at the same Time it must be careful, that it don't so far break their Strength as to render them contemptible, and consequently it self unguarded.

'The Understanding being of its self too slow and lazy to exert it self into Action, it's necessary it should be put in Motion by the gentle Gales of the Passions, which may preserve it from stagnating and Corruption; for they are as necessary to the Health of the Mind, as the Circulation of the animal Spirits is to the Health of the Body; they keep it in Life, and Strength, and Vigour; nor is it possible for the Mind to perform its Offices without their Assistance: These Motions are given us with our Being, they are little Spirits that are born and dye with us; to some they are mild, easie, and gentle, to others wayward and unruly, yet never too strong for the Reins of Reason and the Guidance of Judgment.

'We may generally observe a pretty nice Proportion between the Strength of Reason and Passion; the greatest Genius's have commonly the strongest Affections, as on the other hand, the weaker Understandings have generally the weaker Passions; and 'tis fit the Fury of the Coursers should not be too great for the Strength of the Charioteer. Young Men whose Passions are not a little unruly, give small Hopes of their ever being considerable; the Fire of Youth will of course abate, and is a Fault, if it be a Fault, that mends every Day; but surely unless a Man has Fire in Youth, he can hardly have Warmth in Old Age. We must therefore be very cautious, lest while we think to regulate the Passions, we should quite extinguish them, which is putting out the Light of the Soul: for to be without Passion, or to be hurried away with it, makes a Man equally blind. The extraordinary Severity used in most of our Schools has this fatal Effect, it breaks the Spring of the Mind, and most certainly destroys more good Genius's than it can possibly improve. And surely 'tis a mighty Mistake that the Passions should be so intirely subdued; for little Irregularities are sometimes not only to be borne with, but to be cultivated too, since they are frequently attended with the greatest Perfections. All great Genius's have

¹ *The Prince*, ch. xiv. at close.

'Faults mixed with their Virtues, and resemble the flaming Bush which has Thorns amongst Lights.

'Since therefore the Passions are the Principles of human Actions, we must endeavour to manage them so as to retain their Vigour, yet keep them under strict Command; we must govern them rather like free Subjects than Slaves, lest while we intend to make them obedient, they become abject, and unfit for those great Purposes to which they were designed. For my Part I must confess, I could never have any Regard to that Sect of Philosophers, who so much insisted upon an absolute Indifference and Vacancy from all Passion; for it seems to me a Thing very inconsistent for a Man to divest himself of Humanity, in order to acquire Tranquility of Mind, and to eradicate the very Principles of Action, because it's possible they may produce ill Effects.

I am, SIR,

Your Affectionate Admirer,

T. B.

Z.

No. 409.] Thursday, June 19, 1712. [Addison.

—Musæo contingere cuncta lepore.—Lucr.

GRATIAN very often recommends the *Fine Taste*,¹ as the utmost Perfection of an accomplished Man. As this Word arises very often in Conversation, I shall endeavour to give some Account of it, and to lay down Rules how we may know whether we are possessed of it, and how we may acquire that fine Taste of Writing, which is so much talked of among the Polite World.

Most Languages make use of this Metaphor, to express that Faculty of the Mind, which distinguishes all the most concealed Faults and nicest Perfections in Writing. We may be sure this Metaphor would not have been so general in all Tongues, had there not been a very great Conformity between that Mental Taste, which is the Subject of this Paper, and that Sensitive Taste which gives us a Relish of every different Flavour that affects the Palate. Accordingly we find, there are as many Degrees of Refinement in the intellectual Faculty, as in the Sense, which is marked out by this common Denomination.

I knew a Person who possessed the one in so great a Perfection, that after having tasted ten different Kinds of Tea, he would distinguish, without seeing the Colour of it, the particular Sort which was offered him; and not only so, but any two Sorts of them that were mixt together in an equal Proportion; nay he has carried the Experiment so far, as upon tasting the Composition of three different Sorts, to name the Parcels from whence the three several Ingredients were taken. A Man of a fine Taste in Writing will discern, after the same manner, not only the general Beauties and Imperfections of an Author, but

¹ See note on p. 553. This 'fine taste' was the *cultismo*, the taste for false conceits, which Addison condemns.

discover the several Ways of thinking and expressing himself, which diversify him from all other Authors, with the several Foreign Infusions of Thought and Language, and the particular Authors from whom they were borrowed.

After having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine Taste in Writing, and shewn the Propriety of the Metaphor which is used on this Occasion, I think I may define it to be *that Faculty of the Soul, which discerns the Beauties of an Author with Pleasure, and the Imperfections with Dislike.* If a Man would know whether he is possessed of this Faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated Works of Antiquity, which have stood the Test of so many different Ages and Countries, or those Works among the Moderns which have the Sanction of the Politer Part of our Contemporaries. If upon the Perusal of such Writings he does not find himself delighted in an extraordinary Manner, or if, upon reading the admired Passages in such Authors, he finds a Coldness and Indifference in his Thoughts, he ought to conclude, not (as is too usual among tasteless Readers) that the Author wants those Perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himself wants the Faculty of discovering them.

He should, in the second Place, be very careful to observe, whether he tastes the distinguishing Perfections, or, if I may be allowed to call them so, the Specifick Qualities of the Author whom he peruses; whether he is particularly pleased with *Livy* for his Manner of telling a Story, with *Sallust* for his entering into those internal Principles of Action which arise from the Characters and Manners of the Persons he describes, or with *Tacitus* for his displaying those outward Motives of Safety and Interest, which give Birth to the whole Series of Transactions which he relates.

He may likewise consider, how differently he is affected by the same Thought, which presents it self in a great Writer, from what he is when he finds it delivered by a Person of an ordinary Genius. For there is as much Difference in apprehending a Thought clothed in *Cicero's* Language, and that of a common Author, as in seeing an Object by the Light of a Taper, or by the Light of the Sun.

It is very difficult to lay down Rules for the Acquirement of such a Taste as that I am here speaking of. The Faculty must in some degree be born with us, and it very often happens, that those who have other Qualities in Perfection are wholly void of this. One of the most eminent Mathematicians of the Age has assured me, that the greatest Pleasure he took in reading *Virgil*, was in examining *Aeneas* his Voyage by the Map; as I question not but many a Modern Compiler of History, would be delighted with little more in that Divine Author, than in the bare Matters of Fact.

But notwithstanding this Faculty must in some measure be born with us, there are several Methods for Cultivating and Improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of little use to the Person that possesses it. The most natural Method for this Purpose is to be

conversant among the Writings of the most Polite Authors. A Man who has any Relish for fine Writing, either discovers new Beauties, or receives stronger Impressions from the Masterly Strokes of a great Author every time he peruses him; Besides that he naturally wears himself into the same manner of Speaking and Thinking.

Conversation with Men of a Polite Genius is another Method for improving our Natural Taste. It is impossible for a Man of the greatest Parts to consider anything in its whole Extent, and in all its Variety of Lights. Every Man, besides those General Observations which are to be made upon an Author, forms several Reflections that are peculiar to his own Manner of Thinking; so that Conversation will naturally furnish us with Hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other Mens Parts and Reflections as well as our own. This is the best Reason I can give for the Observation which several have made, that Men of great Genius in the same way of Writing seldom rise up singly, but at certain Periods of Time appear together, and in a Body; as they did at *Rome* in the Reign of *Augustus*, and in *Greece* about the Age of *Socrates*. I cannot think that *Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Boileau, la Fontaine, Bruyere, Bossu, or the Daciers*, would have written so well as they have done, had they not been Friends and Contemporaries.

It is likewise necessary for a Man who would form to himself a finished Taste of good Writing, to be well versed in the Works of the best Criticks both Ancient and Modern. I must confess that I could wish there were Authors of this kind, who beside the Mechanical Rules which a Man of very little Taste may discourse upon, would enter into the very Spirit and Soul of fine Writing, and shew us the several Sources of that Pleasure which rises in the Mind upon the Perusal of a noble Work. Thus although in Poetry it be absolutely necessary that the Unities of Time, Place and Action, with other Points of the same Nature, should be thoroughly explained and understood; there is still something more essential to the Art, something that elevates and astonishes the Fancy, and gives a Greatness of Mind to the Reader, which few of the Criticks besides *Longinus* have considered.

Our general Taste in *England* is for Epigram, Turns of Wit, and forced Conceits, which have no manner of Influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the Mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greatest Writers, both among the Ancients and Moderns. I have endeavoured in several of my Speculations to banish this *Gothic* Taste, which has taken Possession among us. I entertained the Town, for a Week together, with an Essay upon Wit, in which I endeavoured to detect several of those false Kinds which have been admired in the different Ages of the World; and at the same time to shew wherein the Nature of true Wit consists. I afterwards gave an Instance of the great Force which lyes in a natural Simplicity of Thought to affect the Mind of the Reader, from such vulgar Pieces as have little else besides this single Qualification to recommend them. I have likewise examined the Works of the greatest Poet

which our Nation or perhaps any other has produced, and particularized most of those rational and manly Beauties which give a Value to that Divine Work. I shall next *Saturday* enter upon an *Essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination*, which, though it shall consider that Subject at large, will perhaps suggest to the Reader what it is that gives a Beauty to many Passages of the finest Writers both in Prose and Verse. As an Undertaking of this Nature is entirely new, I question not but it will be received with Candour.

O.

No. 410.] Friday, June 20, 1712. [Tickell.

—*Dum foris sunt, nihil videtur Mundus,
Nec magis compositum quidquam, nec magis
elegans:*

*Quæ, cum amatore suo cum cœnant, Liguriunt,
Harum videre ingluviem, sordes, inopiam:
Quam inhonestæ solæ sint domi, atque avidæ cibi,
Quo pacto ex Jure Hesternò panem atrum vorent.
Nosse omnia hæc, salus est adolescentulis.*—Ter.

WILL. HONEYCOMB, who disguises his present Decay by visiting the Wenches of the Town only by Way of Humour, told us, that the last rainy Night he with Sir ROGER DE COVERLY was driven into the *Temple* Cloister, whither had escaped also a Lady most exactly dressed from Head to Foot. WILL. made no Scruple to acquaint us, that she saluted him very familiarly by his Name, and turning immediately to the Knight, she said, she supposed that was his good Friend, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY: Upon which nothing less could follow than Sir ROGER's Approach to Salutation, with, Madam the same at your Service. She was dressed in a black Tabby Mantua and Petticoat, without Ribbons; her Linnen striped Muslin, and in the whole in an agreeable Second-Mourning; decent Dresses being often affected by the Creatures of the Town, at once consulting Cheapness and the Pretensions to Modesty. She went on with a familiar easie Air. Your Friend, Mr. HONEYCOMB, is a little surprized to see a Woman here alone and unattended; but I dismissed my Coach at the Gate, and tripped it down to my Council's Chambers, for Lawyers Fees take up too much of a small disputed Joyniture to admit any other Expence but meer Necessaries. Mr. HONEYCOMB begged they might have the Honour of setting her down, for Sir ROGER's Servant was gone to call a Coach. In the Interim the Footman returned, with no Coach to be had; and there appeared nothing to be done but trusting herself with Mr. HONEYCOMB and his Friend to wait at the Tavern at the Gate for a Coach, or to be subjected to all the Impertinence she must meet with in that publick Place. Mr. HONEYCOMB being a Man of Honour determined the Choice of the first, and Sir ROGER, as the better Man, took the Lady by the Hand, leading through all the Shower, covering her with his Hat, and gallanting a familiar Acquaintance through Rows of young Fellows, who winked at

Sukey in the State she marched off, WILL. HONEYCOMB bringing up the Rear.

Much Importunity prevailed upon the Fair one to admit of a Collation, where, after declaring she had no Stomach, and eaten a Couple of Chickens, devoured a Trusse of Sallet, and drunk a full Bottle to her Share, she sung the Old Man's Wish to Sir ROGER. The Knight left the Room for some Time after Supper, and writ the following Billet, which he conveyed to *Sukey*, and *Sukey* to her Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB. WILL. has given it to Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, who read it last Night to the Club.

Madam,

'I am not so meer a Country-Gentleman, but I can guess at the Law-Business you had at the *Temple*. If you would go down to the Country and leave off all your Vanities but your Singing, let me know at my Lodgings in *Bow-street* *Covent-Garden*, and you shall be encouraged by

Your humble Servant,

ROGER DE COVERLY.

My good Friend could not well stand the Railery which was rising upon him; but to put a Stop to it I deliver'd WILL. HONEYCOMB the following Letter, and desired him to read it to the Board.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Having seen a Translation of one of the Chapters in the *Canticles* into English Verse inserted among your late Papers, I have ventured to send you the 7th Chapter of the *Proverbs* in a poetical Dress. If you think it worthy appearing among your Speculations, it will be a sufficient Reward for the Trouble of

Your constant Reader,

A. B.

*My Son, th' Instruction that my Words impart,
Grave on the living Tablet of thy Heart;
And all the wholesome Precepts that I give,
Observe with strictest Reverence, and live.*

*Let all thy Homage be to Wisdom paid,
Seek her Protection and implore her Aid;
That she may keep thy Soul from Harm secure,
And turn thy Footsteps from the Harlot's Door,
Who with curs'd Charms lures the Unwary in,
And sooths with Flattery their Souls to Sin.*

*Once from my Window as I cast mine Eye
On those that pass'd in giddy Numbers by,
A Youth among the foolish Youths I spy'd,
Who took not sacred Wisdom for his Guide.*

*Just as the Sun withdrew his cooler Light,
And Evening soft led on the Shades of Night,
He stole in covert Twilight to his Fate,
And pass'd the Corner near the Harlot's Gate
When, lo, a Woman comes!—*

*Loose her Attire, and such her glaring Dress,
As aptly did the Harlot's Mind express:
Subtle she is, and practis'd in the Arts,
By which the Wanton conquer heedless Hearts:
Stubborn and loud she is; she hates her Home,
Varying her Place and Form; she loves to roam;
Now she's within, now in the Street do's stray;
Now at each Corner stands, and waits her Prey.
The Youth she seiz'd; and laying now aside
All Modesty, the Female's justest Pride,
She said, with an Embrace, Here at my House*

*Peace-offerings are, this Day I paid my Vows.
I therefore came abroad to meet my Dear,
And, Lo, in Happy Hour I find thee here.*

*My Chamber I've adorn'd, and o'er my Bed
Are cov'ring of the richest Tap'stry spread,
With Linnen it is deck'd from Egypt brought,
And Carvings by the Curious Artist wrought,
It wants no Glad Perfume Arabia yields
In all her Citron Groves, and spicy Fields;
Here all her store of richest O'ours meets,
I'll lay thee in a Wilderness of Sweets.*

*Whatever to the Sense can grateful be
I have collected there—I want but Thee.*

*My Husband's gone a Journey far away,
Much Gold he took abroad, and long will stay,
He nam'd for his return a distant Day.*

*Upon her Tongue did such smooth Mischiefs
dwell,*

*And from her Lips such welcome Flatt'ry fell,
Th' unguarded Youth, in Silken Fetters ty'd,
Resign'd his Reason, and with Ease comply'd.*

*Thus does the Ox to his own Slaughter go,
And thus is senseless of th' impending Blow.*

*Thus flies the simple Bird into the Snare,
That skilful Fowlers for his Life prepare.*

*But let my Sons attend, Attend may they
Whom Youthful Vigour may to Sin betray;*

*Let them false Charmers fly, and guard their
Hearts*

*Against the wily Wanton's pleasing Arts,
With Care direct their Steps, nor turn astray,
To tread the Paths of her deceitful Way;
Lest they too late of Her fell Power complain,
And fall, where many mightier have been Slain.*

T.

No. 411.] Saturday, June 21, 1712. [Addison.]

*Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo; juvat integros accedere fonteis;
Atque haurire: ———— Lucr.*

OUR Sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our Senses. It fills the Mind with the largest Variety of Ideas, converses with its Objects at the greatest Distance, and continues the longest in Action without being tired or satiated with its proper Enjoyments. The Sense of Feeling can indeed give us a Notion of Extension, Shape, and all other Ideas that enter at the Eye, except Colours; but at the same time it is very much streightned and confined in its Operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular Objects. Our Sight seems designed to supply all these Defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and diffusive kind of Touch, that spreads it self over an infinite Multitude of Bodies, comprehends the largest Figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote Parts of the Universe.

It is this Sense which furnishes the Imagination with its Ideas; so that by the Pleasures of the Imagination or Fancy (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible Objects, either when we have them actually in our View, or when we call up their Ideas in our

Minds by Paintings, Statues, Descriptions, or any the like Occasion. We cannot indeed have a single Image in the Fancy that did not make its first Entrance through the Sight; but we have the Power of retaining, altering and compounding those Images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of Picture and Vision that are most agreeable to the Imagination; for by this Faculty a Man in a Dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with Scenes and Landskips more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole Compass of Nature.

There are few Words in the *English* Language which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed Sense than those of the *Fancy* and the *Imagination*. I therefore thought it necessary to fix and determine the Notion of these two Words, as I intend to make use of them in the Thread of my following Speculations, that the Reader may conceive rightly what is the Subject which I proceed upon. I must therefore desire him to remember, that by the Pleasures of the Imagination, I mean only such Pleasures as arise originally from Sight, and that I divide these Pleasures into two Kinds: My Design being first of all to Discourse of those Primary Pleasures of the Imagination, which entirely proceed from such Objects as are [before our¹] Eye[s]; and in the next place to speak of those Secondary Pleasures of the Imagination which flow from the Ideas of visible Objects, when the Objects are not actually before the Eye, but are called up into our Memories, or formed into agreeable Visions of Things that are either Absent or Fictitious.

The Pleasures of the Imagination, taken in the full Extent, are not so gross as those of Sense, nor so refined as those of the Understanding. The last are, indeed, more preferable, because they are founded on some new Knowledge or Improvement in the Mind of Man; yet it must be confest, that those of the Imagination are as great and as transporting as the other. A beautiful Prospect delights the Soul, as much as a Demonstration; and a Description in *Homer* has charmed more Readers than a Chapter in *Aristotle*. Besides, the Pleasures of the Imagination have this Advantage, above those of the Understanding, that they are more obvious, and more easie to be acquired. It is but opening the Eye, and the Scene enters. The Colours paint themselves on the Fancy, with very little Attention of Thought or Application of Mind in the Beholder. We are struck, we know not how, with the Symmetry of any thing we see, and immediately assent to the Beauty of an Object, without enquiring into the particular Causes and Occasions of it.

A Man of a Polite Imagination is let into a great many Pleasures, that the Vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a Picture, and find an agreeable Companion in a Statue. He meets with a secret Refreshment in a Description, and often feels a greater Satisfaction in the Prospect of Fields and Meadows, than another does in the Possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of Property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude uncultivated Parts of Nature ad-

¹ [present to the]

minister to his Pleasures: So that he looks upon the World, as it were in another Light, and discovers in it a Multitude of Charms, that conceal themselves from the generality of Mankind.

There are, indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a Relish of any Pleasures that are not Criminal; every Diversion they take is at the Expence of some one Virtue or another, and their very first Step out of Business is into Vice or Folly. A Man should endeavour, therefore, to make the Sphere of his innocent Pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with Safety, and find in them such a Satisfaction as a wise Man would not blush to take. Of this Nature are those of the Imagination, which do not require such a Bent of Thought as is necessary to our more serious Employments, nor, at the same time, suffer the Mind to sink into that Negligence and Remissness, which are apt to accompany our more sensual Delights, but, like a gentle Exercise to the Faculties, awaken them from Sloth and Idleness, without putting them upon any Labour or Difficulty.

We might here add, that the Pleasures of the Fancy are more conducive to Health, than those of the Understanding, which are worked out by Dint of Thinking, and attended with too violent a Labour of the Brain. Delightful Scenes, whether in Nature, Painting, or Poetry, have a kindly Influence on the Body, as well as the Mind, and not only serve to clear and brighten the Imagination, but are able to disperse Grief and Melancholy, and to set the Animal Spirits in pleasing and agreeable Motions. For this Reason Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his Essay upon Health, has not thought it improper to prescribe to his Reader a Poem or a Prospect, where he particularly dissuades him from knotty and subtle Disquisitions, and advises him to pursue Studies that fill the Mind with splendid and illustrious Objects, as Histories, Fables, and Contemplations of Nature.

I have in this Paper, by way of Introduction, settled the Notion of those Pleasures of the Imagination which are the Subject of my present Undertaking, and endeavoured, by several Considerations, to recommend to my Reader the Pursuit of those Pleasures. I shall, in my next Paper, examine the several Sources from whence these Pleasures are derived.¹ O.

¹ From a MS. Note-book of Addison's, met with in 1858, Mr. J. Dykes Campbell printed at Glasgow, in 1864, 250 copies of some portions of the first draught of these papers on Imagination with the Essay on Jealousy (No 176) and that on Fame (No. 255). The MS. was an old calf bound 8vo volume obtained from a dealer. There were 'about 31 pages written on one side of each leaf in 'a beautiful print-like hand,' which contained the Essays in their first state. Passages were added by Addison in his ordinary handwriting upon the blank pages opposite to this carefully-written text, and there are pieces in a third hand-writing which neither the keeper of the MSS. Department of the British Museum nor the Librarian of the Bodleian could identify. The insertions in this third hand form part of the paper as finally published. Thus in the paper on Jealousy (No. 171) it wrote the

No. 412.] Monday, June 23, 1712. [Addison.

—Divisum sic breve fiet Opus.—Mart.

I SHALL first consider those Pleasures of the Imagination, which arise from the actual View and Survey of outward Objects: And these, I think, all proceed from the Sight of what is *Great, Uncommon, or Beautiful*. There may, indeed, be something so terrible or offensive, that the Horror or Loathsomeness of an Object may over-bear the Pleasure which results from its *Greatness, Novelty, or Beauty*; but still there will be such a Mixture of Delight in the very Disgust it gives us, as any of these three Qualifications are most conspicuous and prevailing.

By *Greatness*, I do not only mean the Bulk of any single Object, but the Largeness of a whole View, considered as one entire Piece. Such are the Prospects of an open Champaign Country, a vast uncultivated Desert, of huge Heaps of Mountains, high Rocks and Precipices, or a wide Expanse of Waters, where we are not struck with the Novelty or Beauty of the Sight, but with that rude kind of Magnificence which appears in many of these stupendous Works of Nature. Our Imagination loves to be filled with an Object, or to grasp at any thing that is too big for its Capacity. We are flung into a pleasing Astonishment at such unbounded Views, and feel a delightful Stillness and Amazement in the Soul at the Apprehension[s] of them. The Mind of Man naturally hates every thing that looks like a Restraint upon it, and is apt to fancy it self under a sort of Confinement, when the Sight is pent up in a narrow Compass, and shortned on every side by the Neighbourhood of Walls or Mountains. On the contrary, a spacious Horizon is an Image of Liberty, where the Eye has Room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the Immensity of its Views, and to lose it self amidst the Variety of Objects that offer themselves to its Observation. Such wide and undetermined Prospects are as pleasing to the Fancy, as the Speculations of Eternity or Infinitude are to the Understanding. But if there be a Beauty or Uncommonness joined with this Grandeur, as in a troubled Ocean, a Heaven adorned with Stars and Meteors, or a spacious Landskip cut out into Rivers, Woods, Rocks, and

English verse translation added to the quotation from Horace's Ode I. xiii. The MS. shows with how much care Addison revised and corrected the first draught of his papers, especially where, as in the series of eleven upon Imagination here commenced, he meant to put out all his strength. In Blair's Rhetoric four Lectures (20—23) are given to a 'critical Examination of the Style of Mr. Addison in Nos. 411, 412, 413, and 414 of the *Spectator*.' Akenside's poem on 'the Pleasures of the Imagination,' published in 1744, when he was 23 years old, was suggested by these papers. Many disquisitions upon Taste were written towards the close of the last century. They formed a new province in literature, of which Addison here appears as the founder and first lawgiver.

Meadows, the Pleasure still grows upon us, as it rises from more than a single Principle.

Every thing that is *new* or *uncommon* raises a Pleasure in the Imagination, because it fills the Soul with an agreeable Surprize, gratifies its Curiosity, and gives it an Idea of which it was not before possest. We are indeed so often conversant with one Set of Objects, and tired out with so many repeated Shows of the same Things, that whatever is *new* or *uncommon* contributes a little to vary human Life, and to divert our Minds, for a while, with the Strangeness of its Appearance: It serves us for a kind of Refreshment, and takes off from that Satiety we are apt to complain of in our usual and ordinary Entertainments. It is this that bestows Charms on a Monster, and makes even the Imperfections of Nature [please¹] us. It is this that recommends Variety, where the Mind is every Instant called off to something new, and the Attention not suffered to dwell too long, and waste it self on any particular Object. It is this, likewise, that improves what is great or beautiful, and makes it afford the Mind a double Entertainment. Groves, Fields, and Meadows, are at any Season of the Year pleasant to look upon, but never so much as in the Opening of the Spring, when they are all new and fresh, with their first Gloss upon them, and not yet too much accustomed and familiar to the Eye. For this Reason there is nothing that more enlivens a Prospect than Rivers, Jetteaus, or Falls of Water, where the Scene is perpetually shifting, and entertaining the Sight every Moment with something that is new. We are quickly tired with looking upon Hills and Vallies, where every thing continues fixed and settled in the same Place and Posture, but find our Thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the Sight of such Objects as are ever in Motion, and sliding away from beneath the Eye of the Beholder.

But there is nothing that makes its Way more directly to the Soul than *Beauty*, which immediately diffuses a secret Satisfaction and Complacency through the Imagination, and gives a Finishing to any thing that is Great or Uncommon. The very first Discovery of it strikes the Mind with an inward Joy, and spreads a Chearfulness and Delight through all its Faculties. There is not perhaps any real Beauty or Deformity more in one Piece of Matter than another, because we might have been so made, that whatsoever now appears loathsome to us, might have shewn it self agreeable; but we find by Experience, that there are several Modifications of Matter which the Mind, without any previous Consideration, pronounces at first sight Beautiful or Deformed. Thus we see that every different Species of sensible Creatures has its different Notions of Beauty, and that each of them is most affected with the Beauties of its own Kind. This is no where more remarkable than in Birds of the same Shape and Proportion, where we often see the Male determined in his Courtship by the single Grain or Tincture of a Feather, and never discovering any Charms but in the Colour of its Species.

*Scit thalamo servare fidem, sanctasque veretur
Connubii leges, non illum in pectore candor
Sollicitat niveus; neque pravum accendit
amorem*

*Splendida Lanugo, vel honesta in vertice crista,
Purpureusve nitor pennarum; ast agmina late
Fæminea explorat cautus, maculasque requirit
Cognatas, paribusque interlita corpora guttis:
Ni faceret, pictis sylvam circum undique mon-
stris*

*Confusam aspiceres vulgò, partusque biformes,
Et genus ambiguum, et Veneris monumenta
nefandæ.*

*Hinc merula in nigro se oblectat nigra marito,
Hinc socium lasciva petit Philomela canorum,
Agnoscitque pares sonitus, hinc Noctua tetram
Canitiem alarum, et glaucos miratur ocellos.
Nempe sibi semper constat, crescitque quotannis
Lucida progenies, castos confessa parentes;
Dum virides inter saltus lucosque sonoros
Vere novo exultat, plumasque decora Juventus
Explicat ad solem, patriisque coloribus ardet.¹*

There is a second Kind of *Beauty* that we find in the several Products of Art and Nature, which does not work in the Imagination with that Warmth and Violence as the Beauty that appears in our proper Species, but is apt however to raise in us a secret Delight, and a kind of Fondness for the Places or Objects in which we discover it. This consists either in the Gaiety or Variety of Colours, in the Symmetry and Proportion of Parts, in the Arrangement and Disposition of Bodies, or in a just Mixture and Concurrence of all together. Among these several Kinds of Beauty the Eye takes most Delight in Colours. We no where meet with a more glorious or pleasing Show in Nature than what appears in the Heavens at the rising and setting of the Sun, which is wholly made up of those different Stains of Light that shew themselves in Clouds of a different Situation. For this Reason we find the Poets, who are always addressing themselves to the Imagination, borrowing more of their Epithets from Colours than from any other Topic.

As the Fancy delights in every thing that is Great, Strange, or Beautiful, and is still more pleased the more it finds of these Perfections in the same Object, so is it capable of receiving a new Satisfaction by the Assistance of another Sense. Thus any continued Sound, as the Musick of Birds, or a Fall of Water, awakens every moment the Mind of the Beholder, and makes him more attentive to the several Beauties of the Place that lye before him. Thus if there arises a Fragrancy of Smells or Perfumes, they heighten the Pleasures of the Imagination, and make even the Colours and Verdure of the Landskip appear more agreeable; for the Ideas of both Senses recommend each other, and are pleasanter together than

¹ Addison's MS. described in the note to No. 411 shows, by corrections in his handwriting of four or five lines in this piece of Latin verse, that he was himself its author. Thus in the last line he had begun with 'Scintillat solitis,' altered that to 'Ostentat solitas,' struck out that also, and written, as above, 'Explicat ad solem.'

¹ [to please]

when they enter the Mind separately: As the different Colours of a Picture, when they are well disposed, set off one another, and receive an additional Beauty from the Advantage of their Situation. O.

No. 413.] Tuesday, June 24, 1712. [Addison.

—Causa latet, vis est notissima— Ovid.

THOUGH in Yesterday's Paper we considered how every thing that is *Great, New, or Beautiful*, is apt to affect the Imagination with Pleasure, we must own that it is impossible for us to assign the necessary Cause of this Pleasure, because we know neither the Nature of an Idea, nor the Substance of a Human Soul, which might help us to discover the Conformity or Disagreeableness of the one to the other; and therefore, for want of such a Light, all that we can do in Speculations of this kind is to reflect on those Operations of the Soul that are most agreeable, and to range under their proper Heads, what is pleasing or displeasing to the Mind, without being able to trace out the several necessary and efficient Causes from whence the Pleasure or Displeasure arises.

Final Causes lye more bare and open to our Observation, as there are often a great Variety that belong to the same Effect; and these, tho' they are not altogether so satisfactory, are generally more useful than the other, as they give us greater Occasion of admiring the Goodness and Wisdom of the first Contriver.

One of the *Final Causes* of our Delight, in any thing that is *great*, may be this. The Supreme Author of our Being has so formed the Soul of Man, that nothing but himself can be its last, adequate, and proper Happiness. Because, therefore, a great Part of our Happiness must arise from the Contemplation of his Being, that he might give our Souls a just Relish of such a Contemplation, he has made them naturally delight in the Apprehension of what is Great or Unlimited. Our Admiration, which is a very pleasing Motion of the Mind, immediately rises at the Consideration of any Object that takes up a great deal of Room in the Fancy, and by Consequence, will improve into the highest Pitch of Astonishment and Devotion when we contemplate his Nature, that is neither circumscribed by Time nor Place, nor to be comprehended by the largest Capacity of a Created Being.

He has annexed a secret Pleasure to the Idea of any thing that is *new or uncommon*, that he might encourage us in the Pursuit after Knowledge, and engage us to search into the Wonders of his Creation; for every new Idea brings such a Pleasure along with it, as rewards any Pains we have taken in its Acquisition, and consequently serves as a Motive to put us upon fresh Discoveries.

He has made every thing that is *beautiful in our own Species* pleasant, that all Creatures might be tempted to multiply their Kind, and fill the World with Inhabitants; for 'tis very remarkable

that where-ever Nature is crost in the Production of a Monster (the Result of any unnatural Mixture) the Breed is incapable of propagating its Likeness, and of founding a new Order of Creatures; so that unless all Animals were allured by the Beauty of their own Species, Generation would be at an End, and the Earth unpeopled.

In the last Place, he has made every thing that is beautiful in all other Objects pleasant, or rather has made so many Objects appear beautiful, that he might render the whole Creation more gay and delightful. He has given almost every thing about us the Power of raising an agreeable Idea in the Imagination: So that it is impossible for us to behold his Works with Coldness or Indifference, and to survey so many Beauties without a secret Satisfaction and Complacency. Things would make but a poor Appearance to the Eye, if we saw them only in their proper Figures and Motions: And what Reason can we assign for their exciting in us many of those Ideas which are different from any thing that exists in the Objects themselves, (for such are Light and Colours) were it not to add Supernumerary Ornaments to the Universe, and make it more agreeable to the Imagination? We are every where entertained with pleasing Shows and Apparitions, we discover Imaginary Glories in the Heavens, and in the Earth, and see some of this Visionary Beauty poured out upon the whole Creation; but what a rough unsightly Sketch of Nature should we be entertained with, did all her Colouring disappear, and the several Distinctions of Light and Shade vanish? In short, our Souls are at present delightfully lost and bewildered in a pleasing Delusion, and we walk about like the enchanted Hero of a Romance, who sees beautiful Castles, Woods and Meadows; and at the same time hears the warbling of Birds, and the purling of Streams; but upon the finishing of some secret Spell, the fantastick Scene breaks up, and the disconsolate Knight finds himself on a barren Heath, or in a solitary Desart. It is not improbable that something like this may be the State of the Soul after its first Separation, in respect of the Images it will receive from Matter; tho' indeed the Ideas of Colours are so pleasing and beautiful in the Imagination, that it is possible the Soul will not be deprived of them, but perhaps find them excited by some other Occasional Cause, as they are at present by the different Impressions of the subtle Matter on the Organ of Sight.

I have here supposed that my Reader is acquainted with that great Modern Discovery, which is at present universally acknowledged by all the Enquirers into Natural Philosophy: Namely, that Light and Colours, as apprehended by the Imagination, are only Ideas in the Mind, and not Qualities that have any Existence in Matter. As this is a Truth which has been proved incontestably by many Modern Philosophers, and is indeed one of the finest Speculations in that Science, if the *English* Reader would see the Notion explained at large, he may find it in the Eighth Chapter of the second Book of Mr. *Lock's* Essay on Human Understanding. O.

[To Addison's short paper there was added in

number 413 of the *Spectator* the following letter, which was not included in the reprint into volumes :

Mr. SPECTATOR, June 24, 1712.

'I would not divert the Course of your Discourses, when you seem bent upon obliging the World with a train of Thinking, which, rightly attended to, may render the Life of every Man who reads it, more easy and happy for the future. The Pleasures of the Imagination are what bewilder Life, when Reason and Judgment do not interpose ; It is therefore a worthy Action in you to look carefully into the Powers of Fancy, that other Men, from the Knowledge of them, may improve their Joys and allay their Grievs, by a just use of that Faculty : I say, Sir, I would not interrupt you in the progress of this Discourse ; but if you will do me the Favour of inserting this Letter in your next Paper, you will do some Service to the Public, though not in so noble a way of Obliging, as that of improving their Minds. Allow me, Sir, to acquaint you with a Design (of which I am partly Author), though it tends to no greater a Good than that of getting Money. I should not hope for the Favour of a Philosopher in this Matter, if it were not attempted under all the Restrictions which you Sages put upon private Acquisitions.

'The first Purpose which every good Man is to propose to himself, is the Service of his Prince and Country ; after that is done, he cannot add to himself, but he must also be beneficial to them. This Scheme of Gain is not only consistent with that End, but has its very Being in Subordination to it ; for no Man can be a Gainer here but at the same time he himself, or some other, must succeed in their Dealings with the Government. It is called the *Multiplication Table*, and is so far calculated for the immediate Service of Her Majesty, that the same Person who is fortunate in the Lottery of the State, may receive yet further Advantage in this Table. And I am sure nothing can be more pleasing to Her gracious Temper than to find out additional Methods of increasing their good Fortune who adventure anything in Her Service, or laying Occasions for others to become capable of serving their Country who are at present in too low Circumstances to exert themselves. The manner of executing the Design is, by giving out Receipts for half Guineas received, which shall entitle the fortunate Bearer to certain Sums in the Table, as is set forth at large in the Proposals Printed the 23rd instant. There is another Circumstance in this Design, which gives me hopes of your Favour to it, and that is what Tully advises, to wit, that the Benefit is made as diffusive as possible. Every one that has half a Guinea is put into a possibility, from that small Sum, to raise himself an easy Fortune ; when these little parcels of Wealth are, as it were, thus thrown back again into the Re-donation of Providence, we are to expect that some who live under Hardship or Obscurity, may be produced to the World in the Figure they deserve by this means. I doubt not but this last Argument will have Force with you, and I cannot add another to it, but what your

'Severity will, I fear, very little regard ; which is, that

I am, SIR,
Your greatest Admirer,
Richard Steele.

No. 414.] Wednesday, June 25, 1712. [Addison.

— Alterius sic
Altera pascit opem res et conjurat amicè.—Hor.

IF we consider the Works of *Nature* and *Art*, as they are qualified to entertain the Imagination, we shall find the last very defective, in Comparison of the former ; for though they may sometimes appear as Beautiful or Strange, they can have nothing in them of that Vastness and Immensity, which afford so great an Entertainment to the Mind of the Beholder. The one may be as Polite and Delicate as the other, but can never shew her self so August and Magnificent in the Design. There is something more bold and masterly in the rough careless Strokes of Nature, than in the nice Touches and Embellishments of Art. The Beauties of the most stately Garden or Palace lie in a narrow Compass, the Imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratifie her ; but, in the wide Fields of Nature, the Sight wanders up and down without Confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of Images, without any certain Stint or Number. For this Reason we always find the Poet in Love with a Country-Life, where Nature appears in the greatest Perfection, and furnishes out all those Scenes that are most apt to delight the Imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit Urbes.—Hor.

*Hic Secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum ; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.*
Virg.

But tho' there are several of these wild Scenes, that are more delightful than any artificial Shows ; yet we find the Works of Nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of Art : For in this case our Pleasure rises from a double Principle ; from the Agreeableness of the Objects to the Eye, and from their Similitude to other Objects : We are pleased as well with comparing their Beauties, as with surveying them, and can represent them to our Minds, either as Copies or Originals. Hence it is that we take Delight in a Prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with Fields and Meadows, Woods and Rivers ; in those accidental Landskips of Trees, Clouds and Cities, that are sometimes found in the Veins of Marble ; in the curious Fret-work of Rocks and Grottos ; and, in a Word, in any thing that hath such a Variety or Regularity as may seem the Effect of Design, in what we call the Works of Chance.

If the Products of Nature rise in Value, ac-

ording as they more or less resemble those of Art, we may be sure that artificial Works receive a greater Advantage from their Resemblance of such as are natural; because here the Similitude is not only pleasant, but the Pattern more perfect. The prettiest Landskip I ever saw, was one drawn on the Walls of a dark Room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable River, and on the other to a Park. The Experiment is very common in Opticks. Here you might discover the Waves and Fluctuations of the Water in strong and proper Colours, with the Picture of a Ship entering at one end, and sailing by Degrees through the whole Piece. On another there appeared the Green Shadows of Trees, waving to and fro with the Wind, and Herds of Deer among them in Miniature, leaping about upon the Wall. I must confess, the Novelty of such a Sight may be one occasion of its Pleasantness to the Imagination, but certainly the chief Reason is its near Resemblance to Nature, as it does not only, like other Pictures, give the Colour and Figure, but the Motion of the Things it represents.

We have before observed, that there is generally in Nature something more Grand and August, than what we meet with in the Curiosities of Art. When therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of Pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate Productions of Art. On this Account our *English* Gardens are not so entertaining to the Fancy as those in *France* and *Italy*, where we see a large Extent of Ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of Garden and Forest, which represent every where an artificial Rudeness, much more charming than that Neatness and Elegancy which we meet with in those of our own Country. It might, indeed, be of ill Consequence to the Publick, as well as unprofitable to private Persons, to alienate so much Ground from Pasturage, and the Plow, in many Parts of a Country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater Advantage. But why may not a whole Estate be thrown into a kind of Garden by frequent Plantations, that may turn as much to the Profit, as the Pleasure of the Owner? A Marsh overgrown with Willows, or a Mountain shaded with Oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of Corn make a pleasant Prospect, and if the Walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural Embroidery of the Meadows were helpt and improved by some small Additions of Art, and the several Rows of Hedges set off by Trees and Flowers, that the Soil was capable of receiving, a Man might make a pretty Landskip of his own Possessions.

Writers who have given us an Account of *China*, tell us the Inhabitants of that Country laugh at the Plantations of our *Europeans*, which are laid out by the Rule and Line; because, they say, any one may place Trees in equal Rows and uniform Figures. They chuse rather to shew a Genius in Works of this Nature, and therefore always conceal the Art by which they direct themselves. They have a Word, it

seems, in their Language, by which they express the particular Beauty of a Plantation that thus strikes the Imagination at first Sight, without discovering what it is that has so agreeable an Effect. Our *British* Gardeners, on the contrary, instead of humouring Nature, love to deviate from it as much as possible. Our Trees rise in Cones, Globes, and Pyramids. We see the Marks of the Scissars upon every Plant and Bush. I do not know whether I am singular in my Opinion, but, for my own part, I would rather look upon a Tree in all its Luxuriancy and Diffusion of Boughs and Branches, than when it is thus cut and trimmed into a Mathematical Figure; and cannot but fancy that an Orchard in Flower looks infinitely more delightful, than all the little Labyrinths of the [more¹] finished Parterre. But as our great Modellers of Gardens have their Magazines of Plants to dispose of, it is very natural for them to tear up all the beautiful Plantations of Fruit Trees, and contrive a Plan that may most turn to their own Profit, in taking off their Evergreens, and the like Moveable Plants, with which their Shops are plentifully stocked.

O.

No. 415.] Thursday, June 26, 1712. [Addison.

Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem.
Virg.

HAVING already shewn how the Fancy is affected by the Works of Nature, and afterwards considered in general both the Works of Nature and of Art, how they mutually assist and compleat each other, in forming such Scenes and Prospects as are most apt to delight the Mind of the Beholder, I shall in this Paper throw together some Reflections on that Particular Art, which has a more immediate Tendency, than any other, to produce those Primary Pleasures of the Imagination, which have hitherto been the Subject of this Discourse. The Art I mean is that of Architecture, which I shall consider only with regard to the Light in which the foregoing Speculations have placed it, without entring into those Rules and Maxims which the great Masters of Architecture have laid down, and explained at large in numberless Treatises upon that Subject.

Greatness, in the Works of Architecture, may be considered as relating to the Bulk and Body of the Structure, or to the *Manner* in which it is built. As for the first, we find the Ancients, especially among the Eastern Nations of the World, infinitely superior to the Moderns.

Not to mention the Tower of *Babel*, of which an old Author says, there were the Foundations to be seen in his time, which looked like a spacious Mountain; what could be more noble than the Walls of *Babylon*, its hanging Gardens, and its Temple to *Jupiter Belus*, that rose a Mile high by Eight several Stories, each Story a Furlong in Height, and on the Top of which was the *Babylonian* Observatory; I might here, likewise, take

¹ [most]