

Notice of the huge Rock that was cut into the Figure of *Semiramis*, with the smaller Rocks that lay by it in the Shape of Tributary Kings; the prodigious Basin, or artificial Lake, which took in the whole *Euphrates*, 'till such time as a new Canal was formed for its Reception, with the several Trenches through which that River was conveyed. I know there are Persons who look upon some of these Wonders of Art as Fabulous, but I cannot find any [Ground¹] for such a Suspicion, unless it be that we have no such Works among us at present. There were indeed many greater Advantages for Building in those Times, and in that Part of the World, than have been met with ever since. The Earth was extremely fruitful, Men lived generally on Pasturage, which requires a much smaller number of Hands than Agriculture: There were few Trades to employ the busie Part of Mankind, and fewer Arts and Sciences to give Work to Men of Speculative Tempers; and what is more than all the rest, the Prince was absolute; so that when he went to War, he put himself at the Head of a whole People: As we find *Semiramis* leading her [three²] Millions to the Field, and yet over-powered by the Number of her Enemies. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, when she was at Peace, and turned her Thoughts on Building, that she could accomplish so great Works, with such a prodigious Multitude of Labourers: Besides that, in her Climate, there was small Interruption of Frosts and Winters, which make the Northern Workmen lie half the Year Idle. I might mention too, among the Benefits of the Climate, what Historians say of the Earth, that it sweated out a Bitumen or natural kind of Mortar, which is doubtless the same with that mentioned in Holy Writ, as contributing to the Structure of *Babel*. *Slime they used instead of Mortar.*

In *Egypt* we still see their Pyramids, which answer to the Descriptions that have been made of them; and I question not but a Traveller might find out some Remains of the Labyrinth that covered a whole Province, and had a hundred Temples disposed among its several Quarters and Divisions.

The Wall of *China* is one of these Eastern Pieces of Magnificence, which makes a Figure even in the Map of the World, altho' an Account of it would have been thought Fabulous, were not the Wall it self still extant.

We are obliged to Devotion for the noblest Buildings that have adorn'd the several Countries of the World. It is this which has set Men at work on Temples and Publick Places of Worship, not only that they might, by the Magnificence of the Building, invite the Deity to reside within it, but that such stupendous Works might, at the same time, open the Mind to vast Conceptions, and fit it to converse with the Divinity of the Place. For every thing that is Majestick imprints an Awfulness and Reverence on the Mind of the Beholder, and strikes in with the Natural Greatness of the Soul.

In the Second place we are to consider *Greatness of Manner* in Architecture, which has such Force

upon the Imagination, that a small Building, where *it* appears, shall give the Mind nobler Ideas than one of twenty times the Bulk, where the Manner is ordinary or little. Thus, perhaps, a Man would have been more astonished with the Majestick Air that appeared in one of [*Lysippus's*¹] Statues of *Alexander*, tho' no bigger than the Life, than he might have been with Mount *Athos*, had it been cut into the Figure of the Hero, according to the Proposal of *Phidias*,¹ with a River in one Hand, and a City in the other.

Let any one reflect on the Disposition of Mind he finds in himself, at his first Entrance into the *Pantheon* at *Rome*, and how his Imagination is filled with something Great and Amazing; and, at the same time, consider how little, in proportion, he is affected with the Inside of a *Gothick* Cathedral, tho' it be five times larger than the other; which can arise from nothing else, but the Greatness of the Manner in the one, and the Meanness in the other.

I have seen an Observation upon this Subject in a *French* Author, which very much pleased me. It is in *Monsieur Freart's* Parallel of the Ancient and Modern Architecture. I shall give it the Reader with the same Terms of Art which he has made use of. *I am observing* (says he) *a thing which, in my Opinion, is very curious, whence it proceeds, that in the same Quantity of Superficies, the one Manner seems great and magnificent, and the other poor and trifling; the Reason is fine and uncommon. I say then, that to introduce into Architecture this Grandeur of Manner, we ought so to proceed, that the Division of the Principal Members of the Order may consist but of few Parts, that they be all great and of a bold and ample Relievo, and Swelling; and that the Eye, beholding nothing little and mean, the Imagination may be more vigorously touched and affected with the Work that stands before it. For example; In a Cornice, if the Gola or Cynatium of the Corona, the Coping, the Modillions or Dentelli, make a noble Show by their graceful Projections, if we see none of that ordinary Confusion which is the Result of those little Cavities, Quarter Rounds of the Astragal and I know not how many other intermingled Particulars, which produce no Effect in great and massy Works, and which very unprofitably take up place to the Prejudice of the Principal Member, it is most certain that this Manner will appear Solemn and Great; as on the contrary, that it will have but a poor and mean Effect, where there is a Redundancy of those smaller Ornaments, which divide and scatter the Angles of the Sight into such a Multitude of Rays, so pressed together that the whole will appear but a Confusion.*

Among all the Figures in Architecture, there are none that have a greater Air than the Concave and the Convex, and we find in all the Ancient and Modern Architecture, as well in the remote Parts of *China*, as in Countries nearer home, that round Pillars and Vaulted Roofs make a great Part of those Buildings which are designed for Pomp and Magnificence. The Reason I take to be, because in these Figures we generally see more

¹ [Grounds]² [two]¹ [Protogenes's]² Dinocrates.

of the Body, than in those of other Kinds. There are, indeed, Figures of Bodies, where the Eye may take in two Thirds of the Surface; but as in such Bodies the Sight must split upon several Angles, it does not take in one uniform Idea, but several Ideas of the same kind. Look upon the Outside of a Dome, your Eye half surrounds it; look up into the Inside, and at one Glance you have all the Prospect of it; the entire Concavity falls into your Eye at once, the Sight being as the Center that collects and gathers into it the Lines of the whole Circumference: In a Square Pillar, the Sight often takes in but a fourth Part of the Surface: and in a Square Concave, must move up and down to the different Sides, before it is Master of all the inward Surface. For this Reason, the Fancy is infinitely more struck with the View of the open Air, and Skies, that passes through an Arch, than what comes through a Square, or any other Figure. The Figure of the Rainbow does not contribute less to its Magnificence, than the Colours to its Beauty, as it is very poetically described by the Son of *Sirach*: *Look upon the Rainbow, and praise him that made it; very beautiful it is in its Brightness; it encompasses the Heavens with a glorious Circle, and the Hands of the [most High¹] have bended it.*

Having thus spoken of that Greatness which affects the Mind in Architecture, I might next shew the Pleasure that arises in the Imagination from what appears new and beautiful in this Art; but as every Beholder has naturally a greater Taste of these two Perfections in every Building which offers it self to his View, than of that which I have hitherto considered, I shall not trouble my Reader with any Reflections upon it. It is sufficient for my present Purpose, to observe, that there is nothing in this whole Art which pleases the Imagination, but as it is Great, Uncommon, or Beautiful. O.

No. 416.] Friday, June 27, 1712. [Addison.

Quatenus hoc simile est oculis, quod mente videmus.—Lucr.

I AT first divided the Pleasures of the Imagination, into such as arise from Objects that are actually before our Eyes, or that once entered in at our Eyes, and are afterwards called up into the Mind either barely by its own Operations, or on occasion of something without us, as Statues, or Descriptions. We have already considered the first Division, and shall therefore enter on the other, which for Distinction sake, I have called the Secondary Pleasures of the Imagination. When I say the Ideas we receive from Statues, Descriptions, or such like Occasions, are the same that were once actually in our View, it must not be understood that we had once seen the very Place, Action, or Person which are carved or described. It is sufficient, that we have seen Places, Persons, or Actions, in general, which bear a Resemblance, or at least some remote Analogy with what we

¹ [Almighty]

find represented. Since it is in the Power of the Imagination, when it is once Stocked with particular Ideas, to enlarge, compound, and vary them at her own Pleasure.

Among the different Kinds of Representation, *Statuary* is the most natural, and shews us something *likest* the Object that is represented. To make use of a common Instance, let one who is born Blind take an Image in his Hands, and trace out with his Fingers the different Furrows and Impressions of the Chissel, and he will easily conceive how the Shape of a Man, or Beast, may be represented by it; but should he draw his Hand over a *Picture*, where all is smooth and uniform, he would never be able to imagine how the several Prominencies and Depressions of a human Body could be shewn on a plain Piece of Canvas, that has in it no Unevenness or Irregularity. *Description* runs yet further from the Things it represents than *Painting*; for a Picture bears a real Resemblance to its Original, which Letters and Syllables are wholly void of. Colours speak of Languages, but Words are understood only by such a People or Nation. For this Reason, tho' Men's Necessities quickly put them on finding out Speech, Writing is probably of a later Invention than *Painting*; particularly we are told, that in *America* when the *Spaniards* first arrived there Expresses were sent to the Emperor of *Mexico* in Paint, and the News of his Country delineated by the Strokes of a Pencil, which was a more natural Way than that of Writing, tho' at the same time much more imperfect, because it is impossible to draw the little Connexions of Speech, or to give the Picture of a Conjunction or an Adverb. It would be yet more strange, to represent visible Objects by Sounds that have no Ideas annexed to them, and to make something like *Description* in *Musick*. Yet it is certain, there may be confused, imperfect Notions of this Nature raised in the Imagination by an Artificial Composition of Notes; and we find that great Masters in the Art are able, sometimes, to set their Hearers in the Heat and Hurry of a Battel, to overcast their Minds with melancholy Scenes and Apprehensions of Deaths and Funerals, or to lull them into pleasing Dreams of Groves and Elisiums.

In all these Instances, this Secondary Pleasure of the Imagination proceeds from that Action of the Mind, which compares the Ideas arising from the Original Objects, with the Ideas we receive from the Statue, Picture, Description, or Sound that represents them. It is impossible for us to give the necessary Reason, why this Operation of the Mind is attended with so much Pleasure, as I have before observed on the same Occasion; but we find a great Variety of Entertainments derived from this single Principle: For it is this that not only gives us a Relish of Statuary, *Painting* and *Description*, but makes us delight in all the Actions and Arts of *Mimickry*. It is this that makes the several kinds of Wit pleasant, which consists, as I have formerly shewn, in the Affinity of Ideas: And we may add, it is this also that raises the little Satisfaction we sometimes find in the different Sorts of false Wit; whether it consists in the Affinity of Letters, as in *Anagram*, *Acrostick*; or of Syllables, as in *Doggerel Rhimes*, *Ecchos*;

or of Words, as in Puns, Quibbles ; or of a whole Sentence or Poem, to Wings, and Altars. The *final Cause*, probably, of annexing Pleasure to this Operation of the Mind, was to quicken and encourage us in our Searches after Truth, since the distinguishing one thing from another, and the right discerning betwixt our Ideas, depends wholly upon our comparing them together, and observing the Congruity or Disagreement that appears among the several Works of Nature.

But I shall here confine my self to those Pleasures of the Imagination, [which ¹] proceed from Ideas raised by *Words*, because most of the Observations that agree with Descriptions, are equally Applicable to Painting and Statuary.

Words, when well chosen, have so great a Force in them, that a Description often gives us more lively Ideas than the Sight of Things themselves. The Reader finds a Scene drawn in stronger Colours, and painted more to the Life in his Imagination, by the help of Words, than by an actual Survey of the Scene which they describe. In this case the Poet seems to get the better of Nature ; he takes, indeed, the Landskip after her, but gives it more vigorous Touches, heightens its Beauty, and so enlivens the whole Piece, that the Images which flow from the Objects themselves appear weak and faint, in Comparison of those that come from the Expressions. The Reason, probably, may be, because in the Survey of any Object we have only so much of it painted on the Imagination, as comes in at the Eye ; but in its Description, the Poet gives us as free a View of it as he pleases, and discovers to us several Parts, that either we did not attend to, or that lay out of our Sight when we first beheld it. As we look on any Object, our Idea of it is, perhaps, made up of two or three simple Ideas ; but when the Poet represents it, he may either give us a more complex Idea of it, or only raise in us such Ideas as are most apt to affect the Imagination.

It may be here worth our while to Examine how it comes to pass that several Readers, who are all acquainted with the same Language, and know the Meaning of the Words they read, should nevertheless have a different Relish of the same Descriptions. We find one transported with a Passage, which another runs over with Coldness and Indifference, or finding the Representation extremely natural, where another can perceive nothing of Likeness and Conformity. This different Taste must proceed, either from the *Perfection of Imagination* in one more than in another, or from the *different Ideas* that several Readers affix to the same Words. For, to have a true Relish, and form a right Judgment of a Description, a Man should be born with a good Imagination, and must have well weighed the Force and Energy that lye in the several Words of a Language, so as to be able to distinguish which are most significant and expressive of their proper Ideas, and what additional Strength and Beauty they are capable of receiving from Conjunction with others. The Fancy must be warm to retain the Print of those Images it hath received from outward Objects and the Judgment discerning, to know what

Expressions are most proper to cloath and adorn them to the best Advantage. A Man who is deficient in either of these Respects, tho' he may receive the general Notion of a Description, can never see distinctly all its particular Beauties : As a Person, with a weak Sight, may have the confused Prospect of a Place that lies before him, without entering into its several Parts, or discerning the variety of its Colours in their full Glory and Perfection. O.

No. 417.] Saturday, June 28, 1712. [Addison.]

*Quem tu Melpomene semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Non illum labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger, &c.
Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluunt,
Et Spissæ nemorum comæ
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.*—Hor.

WE may observe, than any single Circumstance of what we have formerly seen often raises up a whole Scene of Imagery, and awakens [numberless ¹] Ideas that before slept in the Imagination ; such a particular Smell or Colour is able to fill the Mind, on a sudden, with the Picture of the Fields or Gardens, where we first met with it, and to bring up into View all the Variety of Images that once attended it. Our Imagination takes the Hint, and leads us unexpectedly into Cities or Theatres, Plains or Meadows. We may further observe, when the Fancy thus reflects on the Scenes that have past in it formerly, those which were at first pleasant to behold, appear more so upon Reflection, and that the Memory heightens the Delightfulness of the Original. A *Cartesian* would account for both these Instances in the following Manner.

The Sett of Ideas, which we received from such a Prospect or Garden, having entered the Mind at the same time, have a Sett of Traces belonging to them in the Brain, bordering very near upon one another ; when, therefore, any one of these Ideas arises in the Imagination, and consequently dispatches a flow of Animal Spirits to its proper Trace, these Spirits, in the Violence of their Motion, run not only into the Trace, to which they were more particularly directed, but into several of those that lie about it : By this means they awaken other Ideas of the same Sett, which immediately determine a new Dispatch of Spirits, that in the same manner open other Neighbouring Traces, till at last the whole Sett of them is blown up, and the whole Prospect or Garden flourishes in the Imagination. But because the Pleasure we received from these Places far surmounted, and overcame the little Disagreeableness we found in them ; for this Reason there was at first a wider Passage worn in the Pleasure Traces, and, on the contrary, so narrow a one in those which belonged to the disagreeable Ideas, that they were quickly stopt up, and rendered incapable of receiving any Animal Spirits, and

¹ [that]

¹ [a Thousand]

consequently of exciting any unpleasant Ideas in the Memory.

It would be in vain to enquire, whether the Power of Imagining Things strongly proceeds from any greater Perfection in the Soul, or from any nicer Texture in the Brain of one Man than of another. But this is certain, that a noble Writer should be born with this Faculty in its full Strength and Vigour, so as to be able to receive lively Ideas from outward Objects, to retain them long, and to range them together, upon Occasion, in such Figures and Representations as are most likely to hit the Fancy of the Reader. A Poet should take as much Pains in forming his Imagination, as a Philosopher in cultivating his Understanding. He must gain a due Relish of the Works of Nature, and be thoroughly conversant in the various Scenery of a Country Life.

When he is stored with Country Images, if he would go beyond Pastoral, and the lower kinds of Poetry, he ought to acquaint himself with the Pomp and Magnificence of Courts. He should be very well versed in every thing that is noble and stately in the Productions of Art, whether it appear in Painting or Statuary, in the great Works of Architecture which are in their present Glory, or in the Ruins of those [which¹] flourished in former Ages.

Such Advantages as these help to open a Man's Thoughts, and to enlarge his Imagination, and will therefore have their Influence on all kinds of Writing, if the Author knows how to make right use of them. And among those of the learned Languages who excel in this Talent, the most perfect in their several kinds, are perhaps *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Ovid*. The first strikes the Imagination wonderfully with what is Great, the second with what is Beautiful, and the last with what is Strange. Reading the *Iliad* is like travelling through a Country uninhabited, where the Fancy is entertained with a thousand Savage Prospects of vast Desarts, wide uncultivated Marshes, huge Forests, mis-shapen Rocks and Precipices. On the contrary, the *Aeneid* is like a well ordered Garden, where it is impossible to find out any Part unadorned, or to cast our Eyes upon a single Spot, that does not produce some beautiful Plant or Flower. But when we are in the *Metamorphoses*, we are walking on enchanted Ground, and see nothing but Scenes of Magick lying round us.

Homer is in his Province, when he is describing a Battel or a Multitude, a Heroe or a God. *Virgil* is never better pleased, than when he is in his *Elysium*, or copying out an entertaining Picture. *Homer's* Epithets generally mark out what is Great, *Virgil's* what is Agreeable. Nothing can be more Magnificent than the Figure *Jupiter* makes in the first *Iliad*, nor more Charming than that of *Venus* in the first *Aeneid*.

Ἡ, καὶ κυανέησιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο
ἄνακτος
Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο· μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν
Ὀλυμπον.

¹ [that]

*Dixit et avertens roseâ cervice refulsit:
Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: Pedes vestis defluxit ad imos:
Et vera incessu patuit Dea* ———

Homer's Persons are most of them God-like and Terrible; *Virgil* has scarce admitted any into his Poem, who are not Beautiful, and has taken particular Care to make his Heroe so.

———— *lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflavit honores.*

In a Word, *Homer* fills his Readers with Sublime Ideas, and, I believe, has raised the Imagination of all the good Poets that have come after him. I shall only instance *Horace*, who immediately takes Fire at the first Hint of any Passage in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, and always rises above himself, when he has *Homer* in his View. *Virgil* has drawn together, into his *Aeneid*, all the pleasing Scenes his Subject is capable of admitting, and in his *Georgics* has given us a Collection of the most delightful Landships that can be made out of Fields and Woods, Herds of Cattle, and Swarms of Bees.

Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses*, has shewn us how the Imagination may be affected by what is Strange. He describes a Miracle in every Story, and always gives us the Sight of some new Creature at the end of it. His Art consists chiefly in well-timing his Description, before the first Shape is quite worn off, and the new one perfectly finished; so that he every where entertains us with something we never saw before, and shews Monster after Monster, to the end of the *Metamorphoses*.

If I were to name a Poet that is a perfect Master in all these Arts of working on the Imagination, I think *Milton* may pass for one: And if his *Paradise Lost* falls short of the *Aeneid* or *Iliad* in this respect, it proceeds rather from the Fault of the Language in which it is written, than from any Defect of Genius in the Author. So Divine a Poem in *English*, is like a stately Palace built of Brick, where one may see Architecture in as great a Perfection as in one of Marble, tho' the Materials are of a coarser Nature. But to consider it only as it regards our present Subject: What can be conceived greater than the Battel of Angels, the Majesty of *Messiah*, the Stature and Behaviour of *Satan* and his Peers? What more beautiful than *Pandæmonium*, *Paradise*, *Heaven*, *Angels*, *Adam* and *Eve*? What more strange, than the Creation of the World, the several *Metamorphoses* of the fallen Angels, and the surprising Adventures their Leader meets with in his Search after *Paradise*? No other Subject could have furnished a Poet with Scenes so proper to strike the Imagination, as no other Poet could have painted those Scenes in more strong and lively Colours. O.

[Advertisement:—'Whereas the Proposal call-
'ed the Multiplication Table is under an Inform-
'ation from the Attorney General, in Humble
'Submission and Duty to Her Majesty the said
'Undertaking s laid down, and Attendance is
'this Day given . . . in order to repay such Sums
'as have been paid into the said Table without
'Deduction.']

No. 418.] Monday, June 30, 1712. [Addison.

—ferat et rubus asper amomum.—Virg.

THE Pleasures of these Secondary Views of the Imagination, are of a wider and more universal Nature than those it has when joined with Sight; for not only what is Great, Strange or Beautiful, but any Thing that is Disagreeable when looked upon, pleases us in an apt Description. Here, therefore, we must enquire after a new Principle of Pleasure, which is nothing else but the Action of the Mind, which compares the Ideas that arise from Words, with the Ideas that arise from the Objects themselves; and why this Operation of the Mind is attended with so much Pleasure, we have before considered. For this Reason therefore, the Description of a Dunghill is pleasing to the Imagination, if the Image be represented to our Minds by suitable Expressions; tho' perhaps, this may be more properly called the Pleasure of the Understanding than of the Fancy, because we are not so much delighted with the Image that is contained in the Description, as with the Aptness of the Description to excite the Image.

But if the Description of what is Little, Common, or Deformed, be acceptable to the Imagination, the Description of what is Great, Surprising or Beautiful, is much more so; because here we are not only delighted with comparing the Representation with the Original, but are highly pleased with the Original it self. Most Readers, I believe, are more charmed with Milton's Description of Paradise, than of Hell; they are both, perhaps, equally perfect in their Kind, but in the one the Brimstone and Sulphur are not so refreshing to the Imagination, as the Beds of Flowers and the Wilderness of Sweets in the other.

There is yet another Circumstance which recommends a Description more than all the rest, and that is if it represents to us such Objects as are apt to raise a secret Ferment in the Mind of the Reader, and to work, with Violence, upon his Passions. For, in this Case, we are at once warmed and enlightened, so that the Pleasure becomes more Universal, and is several ways qualified to entertain us. Thus in Painting, it is pleasant to look on the Picture of any Face, where the Resemblance is hit, but the Pleasure increases, if it be the Picture of a Face that is Beautiful, and is still greater, if the Beauty be softened with an Air of Melancholy or Sorrow. The two leading Passions which the more serious Parts of Poetry endeavour to stir up in us, are Terror and Pity. And here, by the way, one would wonder how it comes to pass, that such Passions as are very unpleasant at all other times, are very agreeable when excited by proper Descriptions. It is not strange, that we should take Delight in such Passages as are apt to produce Hope, Joy, Admiration, Love, or the like Emotions in us, because they never rise in the Mind without an inward Pleasure which attends them. But how comes it to pass, that we should take delight in being terri-

fied or dejected by a Description, when we find so much Uneasiness in the Fear or Grief [which¹] we receive from any other Occasion?

If we consider, therefore, the Nature of this Pleasure, we shall find that it does not arise so properly from the Description of what is terrible, as from the Reflection we make on our selves at the time of reading it. When we look on such hideous Objects, we are not a little pleased to think we are in no Danger of them. We consider them at the same time, as Dreadful and Harmless; so that the more frightful Appearance they make, the greater is the Pleasure we receive from the Sense of our own Safety. In short, we look upon the Terrors of a Description, with the same Curiosity and Satisfaction that we survey a dead Monster.

—Informe cadaver

Protrahitur, nequeunt expleri corda tuendo
Terribiles oculos: vultum, villosaque satis
Pectora semiferi, atque extinctos faucibus ignes.
Virg.

It is for the same Reason that we are delighted with the reflecting upon Dangers that are past, or in looking on a Precipice at a distance, which would fill us with a different kind of Horror, if we saw it hanging over our Heads.

In the like manner, when we read of Torments, Wounds, Deaths, and the like dismal Accidents, our Pleasure does not flow so properly from the Grief which such melancholy Descriptions give us, as from the secret Comparison which we make between our selves and the Person [who²] suffers. Such Representations teach us to set a just Value upon our own Condition, and make us prize our good Fortune, which exempts us from the like Calamities. This is, however, such a kind of Pleasure as we are not capable of receiving, when we see a Person actually lying under the Tortures that we meet with in a Description; because in this case, the Object presses too close upon our Senses, and bears so hard upon us, that it does not give us Time or Leisure to reflect on our selves. Our Thoughts are so intent upon the Miseries of the Sufferer, that we cannot turn them upon our own Happiness. Whereas, on the contrary, we consider the Misfortunes we read in History or Poetry, either as past, or as fictitious, so that the Reflection upon our selves rises in us insensibly, and over-bears the Sorrow we conceive for the Sufferings of the Afflicted.

But because the Mind of Man requires something more perfect in Matter, than what it finds there, and can never meet with any Sight in Nature which sufficiently answers its highest Ideas of Pleasantness; or, in other Words, because the Imagination can fancy to it self Things more Great, Strange, or Beautiful, than the Eye ever saw, and is still sensible of some Defect in what it has seen; on this account it is the part of a Poet to humour the Imagination in its own Notions, by mending and perfecting Nature where he describes a Reality, and by adding greater Beauties than are put together in Nature, where he describes a Fiction.

¹ [that] ² [that]

He is not obliged to attend her in the slow Advances which she makes from one Season to another, or to observe her Conduct, in the successive Production of Plants and Flowers. He may draw into his Description all the Beauties of the Spring and Autumn, and make the whole Year contribute something to render it the more agreeable. His Rose-trees, Wood-bines, and Jessamines may flower together, and his Beds be cover'd at the same time with Lillies, Violets, and Amaranths. His Soil is not restrained to any particular Sett of Plants, but is proper either for Oaks or Mirtles, and adapts itself to the Products of every Climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; Myrrh may be met with in every Hedge, and if he thinks it proper to have a Grove of Spices, he can quickly command Sun enough to raise it. If all this will not furnish out an agreeable Scene, he can make several new Species of Flowers, with richer Scents and higher Colours than any that grow in the Gardens of Nature. His Consorts of Birds may be as full and harmonious, and his Woods as thick and gloomy as he pleases. He is at no more Expence in a long Vista, than a short one, and can as easily throw his Cascades from a Precipice of half a Mile high, as from one of twenty Yards. He has his Choice of the Winds, and can turn the Course of his Rivers in all the Variety of *Meanders*, that are most delightful to the Reader's Imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of Nature in his own Hands, and may give her what Charms he pleases, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into Absurdities, by endeavouring to excel. O.

No. 419.] Tuesday, July 1, 1712. [Addison.

— *mentis gratissimus Error.*— Hor.

THERE is a kind of Writing, wherein the Poet quite loses Sight of Nature, and entertains his Reader's Imagination with the Characters and Actions of such Persons as have many of them no Existence, but what he bestows on them. Such are Fairies, Witches, Magicians, Demons, and departed Spirits. This Mr. *Dryden* calls *the Fairy Way of Writing*, which is, indeed, more difficult than any other that depends on the Poet's Fancy, because he has no Pattern to follow in it, and must work altogether out of his own Invention.

There is a very odd Turn of Thought required for this sort of Writing, and it is impossible for a Poet to succeed in it, who has not a particular Cast of Fancy, and an Imagination naturally fruitful and superstitious. Besides this, he ought to be very well versed in Legends and Fables, antiquated Romances, and the Traditions of Nurses and old Women, that he may fall in with our natural Prejudices, and humour those Notions which we have imbibed in our Infancy. For otherwise he will be apt to make his Fairies talk like People of his own Species, and not like other Setts of Beings, who converse with different Objects, and think in a different Manner from that of Mankind;

*Sylvis deducti caveant, me Judice, Fauni
Ne velut innati triviis ac pœne forenses
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus*—
[Hor.]

I do not say with Mr. *Bays* in the *Rehearsal*, that Spirits must not be confined to speak Sense, but it is certain their Sense ought to be a little discoloured, that it may seem particular, and proper to the Person and the Condition of the Speaker.

These Descriptions raise a pleasing kind of Horrour in the Mind of the Reader, and amuse his Imagination with the Strangeness and Novelty of the Persons who are represented in them. They bring up into our Memory the Stories we have heard in our Childhood, and favour those secret Terrors and Apprehensions to which the Mind of Man is naturally subject. We are pleased with surveying the different Habits and Behaviours of Foreign Countries, how much more must we be delighted and surprised when we are led, as it were, into a new Creation, and see the Persons and Manners of another Species? Men of cold Fancies, and Philosophical Dispositions, object to this kind of Poetry, that it has not Probability enough to affect the Imagination. But to this it may be answered, that we are sure, in general, there are many Intellectual Beings in the World besides our selves, and several Species of Spirits, who are subject to different Laws and Oeconomies from those of Mankind; when we see, therefore, any of these represented naturally, we cannot look upon the Representation as altogether impossible; nay, many are prepossessed with such false Opinions, as dispose them to believe these particular Delusions; at least, we have all heard so many pleasing Relations in favour of them, that we do not care for seeing through the Falshood, and willingly give our selves up to so agreeable an Imposture.

The Ancients have not much of this Poetry among them, for, indeed, almost the whole Substance of it owes its Original to the Darkness and Superstition of later Ages, when pious Frauds were made use of to amuse Mankind, and frighten them into a Sense of their Duty. Our Forefathers look'd upon Nature with more Reverence and Horrour, before the World was enlightened by Learning and Philosophy, and lov'd to astonish themselves with the Apprehensions of Witchcraft, Prodigies, Charms and Enchantments. There was not a Village in *England*, that had not a Ghost in it, the Church-yards were all haunted, every large Common had a Circle of Fairies belonging to it, and there was scarce a Shepherd to be met with who had not seen a Spirit.

Among all the Poets of this Kind our *English* are much the best, by what I have yet seen; whether it be that we abound with more Stories of this Nature, or that the Genius of our Country is fitter for this sort of Poetry. For the *English* are naturally fanciful, and very often disposed by that Gloominess and Melancholy of Temper, which is so frequent in our Nation, to many wild Notions and Visions, to which others are not so liable.

Among the *English*, *Shakespear* has incomparably excelled all others. That noble Extra-

vagance of Fancy which he had in so great Perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak superstitious Part of his Reader's Imagination; and made him capable of succeeding, where he had nothing to support him besides the Strength of his own Genius. There is something so wild and yet so solemn in the Speeches of his Ghosts, Fairies, Witches and the like Imaginary Persons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, tho' we have no rule by which to judge of them, and must confess, if there are such Beings in the World, it looks highly probable that they should talk and act as he has represented them.

There is another sort of imaginary Beings, that we sometimes meet with among the Poets, when the Author represents any Passion, Appetite, Virtue or Vice, under a visible Shape, and makes it a Person or an Actor in his Poem. Of this Nature are the Descriptions of Hunger and Envy in *Ovid*, of Fame in *Virgil*, and of Sin and Death in *Milton*. We find a whole Creation of the like Shadowy Persons in *Spencer*, who had an admirable Talent in Representations of this kind. I have discoursed of these Emblematical Persons in former Papers, and shall therefore only mention them in this Place. Thus we see how many Ways Poetry addresses it self to the Imagination, as it has not only the whole Circle of Nature for its Province, but makes new Worlds of its own, shews us Persons who are not to be found in Being, and represents even the Faculties of the Soul, with her several Virtues and Vices, in a sensible Shape and Character.

I shall, in my two following Papers, consider in general, how other kinds of Writing are qualified to please the Imagination, with which I intend to conclude this Essay. O.

No. 420.] Wednesday, July 2, 1712. [Addison.

—*Quocunque volunt mentem Auditoris agunto.*
Hor.

AS the Writers in Poetry and Fiction borrow their several Materials from outward Objects, and join them together at their own Pleasure, there are others who are obliged to follow Nature more closely, and to take entire Scenes out of her. Such are Historians, natural Philosophers, Travellers, Geographers, and in a Word, all who describe visible Objects of a real Existence.

It is the most agreeable Talent of an Historian, to be able to draw up his Armies and fight his Battels in proper Expressions, to set before our Eyes the Divisions, Cabals, and Jealousies of great Men, and to lead us Step by Step into the several Actions and Events of his History. We love to see the Subject unfolding it self by just Degrees, and breaking upon us insensibly, that so we may be kept in a pleasing Suspense, and have time given us to raise our Expectations, and to side with one of the Parties concerned in the Relation. I confess this shews more the Art than the Veracity of the Historian, but I am only to speak of him as

he is qualified to please the Imagination. And in this respect *Livy* has, perhaps, excelled all who went before him, or have written since his Time. He describes every thing in so lively a Manner, that his whole History is an admirable Picture, and touches on such proper Circumstances in every Story, that his Reader becomes a kind of Spectator, and feels in himself all the Variety of Passions which are correspondent to the several Parts of the Relation.

But among this Sett of Writers there are none who more gratify and enlarge the Imagination, than the Authors of the new Philosophy, whether we consider their Theories of the Earth or Heavens, the Discoveries they have made by Glasses, or any other of their Contemplations on Nature. We are not a little pleased to find every green Leaf swarm with Millions of Animals, that at their largest Growth are not visible to the naked Eye. There is something very engaging to the Fancy, as well as to our Reason, in the Treatises of Metals, Minerals, Plants, and Meteors. But when we survey the whole Earth at once, and the several Planets that lie within its Neighbourhood, we are filled with a pleasing Astonishment, to see so many Worlds hanging one above another, and sliding round their Axles in such an amazing Pomp and Solemnity. If, after this, we contemplate those wild Fields of *Ether*, that reach in Height as far as from *Saturn* to the fixt Stars, and run abroad almost to an Infinitude, our Imagination finds its Capacity filled with so immense a Prospect, and puts it self upon the Stretch to comprehend it. But if we yet rise higher, and consider the fixt Stars as so many vast Oceans of Flame, that are each of them attended with a different Sett of Planets, and still discover new Firmaments and new Lights that are sunk farther in those unfathomable Depths of *Ether*, so as not to be seen by the strongest of our Telescopes, we are lost in such a Labyrinth of Suns and Worlds, and confounded with the Immensity and Magnificence of Nature.

Nothing is more pleasant to the Fancy, than to enlarge it self by Degrees, in its Contemplation of the various Proportions [which¹] its several Objects bear to each other, when it compares the Body of Man to the Bulk of the whole Earth, the Earth to the Circle it describes round the Sun, that Circle to the Sphere of the fixt Stars, the sphere of the fixt Stars to the Circuit of the whole Creation, the whole Creation it self to the infinite Space that is every where diffused about it; or when the Imagination works downward, and considers the Bulk of a human Body in respect of an Animal, a hundred times less than a Mite, the particular Limbs of such an Animal, the different Springs [which²] actuate the Limbs, the Spirits which set these Springs a going, and the proportionable Minuteness of these several Parts, before they have arrived at their full Growth and Perfection. But if, after all this, we take the least Particle of these Animal Spirits, and consider its Capacity of being Wrought into a World, that shall contain within those narrow Dimensions a Heaven and Earth, Stars and

¹ [that]

² [that]

Planets, and every different Species of living Creatures, in the same Analogy and Proportion they bear to each other in our own Universe; such a Speculation, by reason of its Nicety, appears ridiculous to those who have not turned their Thoughts that way, though at the same time it is founded on no less than the Evidence of a Demonstration. Nay, we might yet carry it farther, and discover in the smallest Particle of this little World a new and inexhausted Fund of Matter, capable of being spun out into another Universe.

I have dwelt the longer on this Subject, because I think it may shew us the proper Limits, as well as the Defectiveness of our Imagination; how it is confined to a very small Quantity of Space, and immediately stopt in its Operations, when it endeavours to take in any thing that is very great, or very little. Let a Man try to conceive the different Bulk of an Animal, which is twenty, from another which is a hundred times less than a Mite, or to compare, in his Thoughts, a length of a thousand Diameters of the Earth, with that of a Million, and he will quickly find that he has no different Measures in his Mind, adjusted to such extraordinary Degrees of Grandeur or Minuteness. The Understanding, indeed, opens an infinite Space on every side of us, but the Imagination, after a few faint Efforts, is immediately at a stand, and finds her self swallowed up in the Immensity of the Void that surrounds it: Our Reason can pursue a Particle of Matter through an infinite Variety of Divisions, but the Fancy soon loses sight of it, and feels in it self a kind of Chasm, that wants to be filled with Matter of a more sensible Bulk. We can neither widen, nor contract the Faculty to the Dimensions of either Extreme. The Object is too big for our Capacity, when we would comprehend the Circumference of a World, and dwindles into nothing, when we endeavour after the Idea of an Atome.

It is possible this defect of Imagination may not be in the Soul it self, but as it acts in Conjunction with the Body. Perhaps there may not be room in the Brain for such a variety of Impressions, or the Animal Spirits may be incapable of figuring them in such a manner, as is necessary to excite so very large or very minute Ideas. However it be, we may well suppose that Beings of a higher Nature very much excel us in this respect, as it is probable the Soul of Man will be infinitely more perfect hereafter in this Faculty, as well as in all the rest; insomuch that, perhaps, the Imagination will be able to keep Pace with the Understanding, and to form in it self distinct Ideas of all the different Modes and Quantities of Space. O.

No. 421.] Thursday, July 3, 1712. [Addison.

*Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre
Flumina gaudebat; studio minuente laborem.*
Ovid.

THE Pleasures of the Imagination are not wholly confined to such particular Authors

as are conversant in material Objects, but are often to be met with among the Polite Masters of Morality, Criticism, and other Speculations abstracted from Matter, who, tho' they do not directly treat of the visible Parts of Nature, often draw from them their Similitudes, Metaphors, and Allegories. By these Allusions a Truth in the Understanding is as it were reflected by the Imagination; we are able to see something like Colour and Shape in a Notion, and to discover a Scheme of Thoughts traced out upon Matter. And here the Mind receives a great deal of Satisfaction, and has two of its Faculties gratified at the same time, while the Fancy is busie in copying after the Understanding, and transcribing Ideas out of the Intellectual World into the Material.

The Great Art of a Writer shews it self in the Choice of pleasing Allusions, which are generally to be taken from the *great* or *beautiful* Works of Art or Nature; for though whatever is New or Uncommon is apt to delight the Imagination, the chief Design of an Allusion being to illustrate and explain the Passages of an Author, it should be always borrowed from what is more known and common, than the Passages which are to be explained.

Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many Tracks of Light in a Discourse, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble Metaphor, when it is placed to an Advantage, casts a kind of Glory round it, and darts a Lustre through a whole Sentence: These different Kinds of Allusion are but so many different Manners of Similitude, and, that they may please the Imagination, the Likeness ought to be very exact, or very agreeable, as we love to see a Picture where the Resemblance is just, or the Posture and Air graceful. But we often find eminent Writers very faulty in this respect; great Scholars are apt to fetch their Comparisons and Allusions from the Sciences in which they are most conversant, so that a Man may see the Compass of their Learning in a Treatise on the most indifferent Subject. I have read a Discourse upon Love, which none but a profound Chymist could understand, and have heard many a Sermon that should only have been preached before a Congregation of *Cartesians*. On the contrary, your Men of Business usually have recourse to such Instances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the Reader into a Game of Chess or Tennis, or for leading him from Shop to Shop, in the Cant of particular Trades and Employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite Variety of very agreeable Allusions in both these kinds, but for the generality, the most entertaining ones lie in the Works of Nature, which are obvious to all Capacities, and more delightful than what is to be found in Arts and Sciences.

It is this Talent of affecting the Imagination, that gives an Embellishment to good Sense, and makes one Man's Compositions more agreeable than another's. It sets off all Writings in general, but is the very Life and highest Perfection of Poetry: Where it shines in an Eminent Degree, it has preserved several Poems for many Ages, that have nothing else to recommend

them; and where all the other Beauties are present, the Work appears dry and insipid, if this single one be wanting. It has something in it like Creation; It bestows a kind of Existence, and draws up to the Reader's View several Objects which are not to be found in Being. It makes Additions to Nature, and gives a greater Variety to God's Works. In a Word, it is able to beautify and adorn the most illustrious Scenes in the Universe, or to fill the Mind with more glorious Shows and Apparitions, than can be found in any Part of it.

We have now discovered the several Originals of those Pleasures that gratify the Fancy; and here, perhaps, it would not be very difficult to cast under their proper Heads those contrary Objects, which are apt to fill it with Distaste and Terror; for the Imagination is as liable to Pain as Pleasure. When the Brain is hurt by any Accident, or the Mind disordered by Dreams or Sickness, the Fancy is over-run with wild dismal Ideas, and terrified with a thousand hideous Monsters of its own framing,

*Eumenidum veluti demens videt Agmina Pen-
theus,
Et solem geminum, et duplices se ostendere
Thebas.*

*Aut Agamemnonius scenis agitatus Orestes,
Armata facibus matrem et serpentibus atris
Cum videt, ultricesque sedent in limine Diræ.*
Vir.

There is not a Sight in Nature so mortifying as that of a Distracted Person, when his Imagination is troubled, and his whole Soul disordered and confused. *Babylon* in Ruins is not so melancholy a Spectacle. But to quit so disagreeable a Subject, I shall only consider, by way of Conclusion, what an infinite Advantage this Faculty gives an Almighty Being over the Soul of Man, and how great a measure of Happiness or Misery we are capable of receiving from the Imagination only.

We have already seen the Influence that one Man has over the Fancy of another, and with what Ease he conveys into it a Variety of Imagery; how great a Power then may we suppose lodged in him, who knows all the ways of affecting the Imagination, who can infuse what Ideas he pleases, and fill those Ideas with Terror and Delight to what Degree he thinks fit? He can excite Images in the Mind, without the help of Words, and make Scenes rise up before us and seem present to the Eye without the Assistance of Bodies or Exterior Objects. He can transport the Imagination with such beautiful and glorious Visions, as cannot possibly enter into our present Conceptions, or haunt it with such ghastly Spectres and Apparitions, as would make us hope for Annihilation, and think Existence no better than a Curse. In short, he can so exquisitely ravish or torture the Soul through this single Faculty, as might suffice to make up the whole Heaven or Hell of any finite Being.

This Essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination having been published in separate Papers, I shall conclude it with a Table of the principal Contents in each Paper.

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No. 422.] Friday, July 4, 1712. [Steele.

Hæc scripsi non otii abundantia sed amoris erga te.—Tull. Epis.

I DO not know any thing which gives greater Disturbance to Conversation, than the false Notion some People have of Raillery. It ought

certainly to be the first Point to be aimed at in Society, to gain the good Will of those with whom you converse. The Way to that, is to shew you are well inclined towards them: What then can be more absurd, than to set up for being extremely sharp and biting, as the Term is, in your Expressions to your Familiars? A Man who has no good Quality but Courage, is in a very ill way towards making an agreeable Figure in the World, because that which he has superior to other People cannot be exerted, without raising himself an *Enemy*. Your Gentleman of a Satyrical Vein is in the like Condition. To say a Thing which perplexes the Heart of him you speak to, or brings Blushes into his Face, is a degree of Murder; and it is, I think, an unpardonable Offence to shew a Man you do not care, whether he is pleased or displeas'd. But won't you then take a Jest? Yes: but pray let it be a Jest. It is no Jest to put me, who am so unhappy as to have an utter Aversion to speaking to more than one Man at a time, under a Necessity to explain my self in much Company, and reducing me to Shame and Derision, except I perform what my Infirmity of Silence disables me to do.

Callisthenes has great Wit accompanied with that Quality (without which a Man can have no Wit at all) a Sound Judgment. This Gentleman rallies the best of any Man I know, for he forms his Ridicule upon a Circumstance which you are in your Heart not unwilling to grant him, to wit, that you are Guilty of an Excess in something which is in it self laudable. He very well understands what you would be, and needs not fear your Anger for declaring you are a little too much that Thing. The Generous will bear being reproach'd as Lavish, and the Valiant, Rash, without being provok'd to Resentment against their Monitor. What has been said to be a Mark of a good Writer, will fall in with the Character of a good Companion. The good Writer makes his Reader better pleas'd with himself, and the agreeable Man makes his Friends enjoy themselves, rather than him, while he is in their Company. *Callisthenes* does this with inimitable Plesantry. He whisper'd a Friend the other Day, so as to be overheard by a young Officer, who gave Symptoms of Cocking upon the Company, That Gentleman has very much of the Air of a General Officer. The Youth immediately put on a Composed Behaviour, and behaved himself suitably to the Conceptions he believ'd the Company had of him. It is to be allow'd that *Callisthenes* will make a Man run into impertinent Relations, to his own Advantage, and express the Satisfaction he has in his own dear self till he is very ridiculous, but in this case the Man is made a Fool by his own Consent, and not expos'd as such whether he will or no. I take it therefore that to make Raillery agreeable, a Man must either not know he is rallied, or think never the worse of himself if he sees he is.

Acetus is of a quite contrary Genius, and is more generally admir'd than *Callisthenes*, but not with Justice. *Acetus* has no regard to the Modesty or Weakness of the Person he rallies; but if his Quality or Humility gives him any Superiority to the Man he would fall upon, he has

no Mercy in making the Onset. He can be pleased to see his best Friend out of Countenance, while the Laugh is loud in his own Applause. His Raillery always puts the Company into little Divisions and separate Interests, while that of *Callisthenes* cements it, and makes every Man not only better pleased with himself, but also with all the rest in the Conversation.

To rally well, it is absolutely necessary that Kindness must run thro' all you say, and you must ever preserve the Character of a Friend to support your Pretensions to be free with a Man. *Acetus* ought to be banished human Society, because he raises his Mirth upon giving Pain to the Person upon whom he is pleasant. Nothing but the Malevolence, which is too general towards those who excell, could make his Company tolerated; but they with whom he converses, are sure to see some Man sacrificed where-ever he is admitted, and all the Credit he has for Wit is owing to the Gratification it gives to other Men's Ill-nature.

Minutius has a Wit that conciliates a Man's Love at the same time that it is exerted against his Faults. He has an Art of keeping the Person he rallies in Countenance, by insinuating that he himself is guilty of the same Imperfection. This he does with so much Address, that he seems rather to bewail himself, than fall upon his Friend.

It is really monstrous to see how unaccountably it prevails among Men, to take the Liberty of displeasing each other. One would think sometimes that the Contention is, who shall be most disagreeable, Allusions to past Follies, Hints which revive what a Man has a Mind to forget for ever, and deserves that all the rest of the World should, are commonly brought forth even in Company of Men of Distinction. They do not thrust with the Skill of Fencers, but cut up with the Barbarity of Butchers. It is, methinks, below the Character of Men of Humanity and Good-manners, to be capable of Mirth while there is any one of the Company in Pain and Disorder. They who have the true Taste of Conversation, enjoy themselves in a Communication of each other's Excellencies, and not in a Triumph over their Imperfections. *Fortius* would have been reckoned a Wit, if there had never been a Fool in the World: He wants not Foils to be a Beauty, but has that natural Pleasure in observing Perfection in others, that his own Faults are overlooked out of Gratitude by all his Acquaintance.

After these several Characters of Men who succeed or fail in Raillery, it may not be amiss to reflect a little further what one takes to be the most agreeable Kind of it; and that to me appears when the Satyr is directed against Vice, with an Air of Contempt of the Fault, but no Ill-will to the Criminal. Mr. *Congreve's Doris* is a Master-piece in this Kind. It is the Character of a Woman utterly abandoned, but her Impudence by the finest Piece of Raillery is made only Generosity.

*Peculiar therefore is her Way,
Whether by Nature taught,
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought;*

*For who o'er Night obtain'd her Grace,
She can next Day disown,
And stare upon the strange Man's Face,
As one she ne'er had known,*

*So well she can the Truth disguise,
Such artful Wonder frame,
The Lover or distrusts his Eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a Dream.*

*Some censure this as lewd or low,
Who are to Bounty blind;
For to forget what we bestow,
Bespeaks a noble Mind.*

T.

No. 423.] Saturday, July 5, 1712. [St. e. l.

—Nuper Idoneus.—Hor.

I LOOK upon my self as a Kind of Guardian to the Fair, and am always watchful to observe any thing which concerns their Interest. The present Paper shall be employed in the Service of a very fine young Woman; and the Admonitions I give her, may not be unuseful to the rest of the Sex. *Gloriana* shall be the Name of the Heroine in To-day's Entertainment; and when I have told you that she is rich, witty, young and beautiful, you will believe she does not want Admirers. She has had since she came to Town about twenty five of those Lovers, who make their Addresses by way of Jointure and Settlement. These come and go, with great Indifference on both Sides; and as beauteous as she is, a Line in a Deed has had Exception enough against it, to outweigh the Lustre of her Eyes, the Readiness of her Understanding, and the Merit of her general Character. But among the Crowd of such cool Adorers, she has two who are very assiduous in their Attendance. There is something so extraordinary and artful in their Manner of Application, that I think it but common Justice to alarm her in it. I have done it in the following Letter.

MADAM,

'I have for some time taken Notice of two 'Gentlemen who attend you in all publick 'Places, both of whom have also easie Access to 'you at your own House: But the Matter is 'adjusted between them, and *Damon*, who so 'passionately addresses you, has no Design upon 'you; but *Strephon*, who seems to be indifferent 'to you, is the Man, who is, as they have settled 'it, to have you. The Plot was laid over a Bottle 'of Wine; and *Strephon*, when he first thought of 'you, proposed to *Damon* to be his Rival. The 'manner of his breaking of it to him, I was so 'placed at a Tavern, that I could not avoid hear- 'ing. *Damon*, said he, with a deep Sigh, I have 'long languished for that Miracle of Beauty *Glo- 'riana*, and if you will be very stedfastly my 'Rival, I shall certainly obtain her. Do not, con- 'tinued he, be offended at this Overture; for I go 'upon the Knowledge of the Temper of the Wo- 'man, rather than any Vanity that I should pro- 'fit by an Opposition of your Pretensions to 'those of your humble Servant. *Gloriana* has

'very good Sense, a quick Relish of the Satisfactions of Life, and will not give her self, as the Crowd of Women do, to the Arms of a Man to whom she is indifferent. As she is a sensible Woman, Expressions of Rapture and Adoration will not move her neither; but he that has her must be the Object of her Desire, not her Pity. The Way to this End I take to be, that a Man's general Conduct should be agreeable, without addressing in particular to the Woman he loves. Now, Sir, if you will be so kind as to sigh and die for *Gloriana*, I will carry it with great Respect towards her, but seem void of any Thoughts as a Lover. By this Means I shall be in the most amiable Light of which I am capable; I shall be received with Freedom, you with Reserve. *Damon*, who has himself no Designs of Marriage at all, easily fell into the Scheme; and you may observe, that where-ever you are *Damon* appears also. You see he carries on an unaffected Exactness in his Dress and Manner, and strives always to be the very Contrary of *Strephon*. They have already succeeded so far, that your Eyes are ever in Search of *Strephon*, and turn themselves of Course from *Damon*. They meet and compare Notes upon your Carriage; and the Letter which was brought to you the other Day, was a Contrivance to remark your Resentment. When you saw the Billet subscribed *Damon*, and turned away with a scornful Air, and cried Impertinence! you gave Hopes to him that shuns you, without mortifying him that languishes for you.

'What I am concerned for, Madam, is, that in the disposal of your Heart, you should know what you are doing, and examine it before it is lost. *Strephon* contradicts you in Discourse with the Civility of one who has a Value for you, but gives up nothing like one that loves you. This seeming Unconcern gives this Behaviour the advantage of Sincerity, and insensibly obtains your good Opinion, by appearing disinterested in the purchase of it. If you watch these Correspondents hereafter, you will find that *Strephon* makes his Visit of Civility immediately after *Damon* has tired you with one of Love. Tho' you are very discreet, you will find it no easie matter to escape the Toils so well laid, as when one studies to be disagreeable in Passion, the other to be pleasing without it. All the Turns of your Temper are carefully watched, and their quick and faithful Intelligence gives your Lovers irresistible Advantage. You will please, Madam, to be upon your guard, and take all the necessary Precautions against one who is amiable to you before you know he is enamoured.

I am,
Madam,
Your most Obedient Servant.

Strephon makes great Progress in this Lady's good Graces, for most Women being actuated by some little Spirit of Pride and Contradiction, he has the good effects of both those Motives by this Covert-Way of Courtship. He received a Message Yesterday from *Damon* in the following Words, superscribed *With Speed*.

'All goes well; she is very angry at me, and

'I dare say hates me in earnest. It is a good time to Visit.

Yours.

The Comparison of *Strephon's* Gayety to *Damon's* Languishment, strikes her Imagination with a Prospect of very agreeable Hours with such a Man as the former, and Abhorrence of the insipid Prospect with one like the latter. To know when a Lady is displeas'd with another, is to know the best time of advancing your self. This method of two Persons playing into each other's Hand is so dangerous, that I cannot tell how a Woman could be able to withstand such a Siege. The Condition of *Gloriana*, I am afraid, is irretrievable, for *Strephon* has had so many Opportunities of pleasing without suspicion, that all which is left for her to do is to bring him, now she is advis'd, to an Explanation of his Passion, and beginning again, if she can conquer the kind Sentiments she has already conceived for him. When one shews himself a Creature to be avoided, the other proper to be fled to for Succour, they have the whole Woman between them, and can occasionally rebound her Love and Hatred from one to the other, in such a manner as to keep her at a distance from all the rest of the World, and cast Lots for the Conquest.

N.B. I have many other Secrets which concern the Empire of Love, but I consider that while I alarm my Women, I instruct my Men. T.

No. 424.] Monday, July 7, 1712. [Steele.

Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR, London, June 24.
'A MAN who has it in his Power to chuse his own Company, would certainly be much to blame should he not, to the best of his Judgment, take such as are of a Temper most suitable to his own; and where that Choice is wanting, or where a Man is mistaken in his Choice, and yet under a Necessity of continuing in the same Company, it will certainly be to his Interest to carry himself as easily as possible.

'In this I am sensible I do but repeat what has been said a thousand times, at which however I think no Body has any Title to take Exception, but they who never failed to put this in Practice—Not to use any longer Preface, this being the Season of the Year in which great Numbers of all sorts of People retire from this Place of Business and Pleasure to Country Solitude, I think it not improper to advise them to take with them as great a Stock of Good-humour as they can; for tho' a Country-Life is described as the most pleasant of all others, and though it may in Truth be so, yet it is so only to those who know how to enjoy Leisure and Retirement.

'As for those who can't live without the constant helps of Business or Company, let them consider, that in the Country there is no Exchange, there are no Play-houses, no Variety of Coffee-houses, nor many of those other Amuse-

ments which serve here as so many Reliefs from the repeated Occurrences in their own Families; but that there the greatest Part of their Time must be spent within themselves, and consequently it behoves them to consider how agreeable it will be to them before they leave this dear Town.

I remember, Mr. SPECTATOR, we were very well entertained last Year, with the Advices you gave us from Sir ROGER'S Country Seat; which I the rather mention, because 'tis almost impossible not to live pleasantly, where the Master of a Family is such a one as you there describe your Friend, who cannot therefore (I mean as to his domestick Character) be too often recommended to the Imitation of others. How amiable is that Affability and Benevolence with which he treats his Neighbours, and every one, even the meanest of his own Family! And yet how seldom imitated? instead of which we commonly meet with ill-natured Expostulations, Noise, and Chidings — And this I hinted, because the Humour and Disposition of the Head, is what chiefly influences all the other Parts of a Family.

An Agreement and kind Correspondence between Friends and Acquaintance, is the greatest Pleasure of Life. This is an undoubted Truth, and yet any Man who judges from the Practice of the World, will be almost persuaded to believe the contrary; for how can we suppose People should be so industrious to make themselves uneasy? What can engage them to entertain and foment Jealousies of one another upon every the least Occasion? Yet so it is, there are People who (as it should seem) delight in being troublesome and vexatious, who (as *Tully* speaks) *Mira sunt alacritate ad litigandum, Have a certain Chearfulness in wrangling.* And thus it happens, that there are very few Families in which there are not Feuds and Animosities, tho' 'tis every one's Interest, there more particularly, to avoid 'em, because there (as I would willingly hope) no one gives another Uneasiness, without feeling some share of it — But I am gone beyond what I designed, and had almost forgot what I chiefly proposed; which was, barely to tell you, how hardly we who pass most of our Time in Town dispense with a long Vacation in the Country, how uneasy we grow to our selves and to one another when our Conversation is confined, insomuch that by *Michaelmas* 'tis odds but we come to downright squabbling, and make as free with one another to our Faces, as we do with the rest of the World behind their Backs. After I have told you this, I am to desire that you would now and then give us a Lesson of Good-humour, a Family-Piece; which, since we are all very fond of you, I hope may have some Influence upon us —

After these plain Observations give me leave to give you an Hint of what a Set of Company of my Acquaintance, who are now gone into the Country, and have the Use of an absent Nobleman's Seat, have settled among themselves, to avoid the Inconveniencies above mentioned. They are a Collection of ten or twelve, of the same good Inclination towards each other, but of very different Talents and Inclinations: From

hence they hope, that the Variety of their Tempers will only create Variety of Pleasures. But as there always will arise, among the same People, either for want of Diversity of Objects, or the like Causes, a certain Satiety, which may grow into ill Humour or Discontent, there is a large Wing of the House which they design to employ in the Nature of an Infirmary. Whoever says a peevish thing, or acts any thing which betrays a Sowness or Indisposition to Company, is immediately to be conveyed to his Chambers in the Infirmary; from whence he is not to be relieved, till by his Manner of Submission, and the Sentiments expressed in his Petition for that Purpose, he appears to the Majority of the Company to be again fit for Society. You are to understand, that all ill-natured Words or uneasy Gestures are sufficient Cause for Banishment; speaking impatiently to Servants, making a Man repeat what he says, or any thing that betrays Inattention or Dishumour, are also criminal without Reprieve: But it is provided, that whoever observes the ill-natured Fit coming upon himself, and voluntarily retires, shall be received at his return from the Infirmary with the highest Marks of Esteem. By these and other wholesome Methods it is expected that if they cannot cure one another, yet at least they have taken Care that the ill Humour of one shall not be troublesome to the rest of the Company. There are many other Rules which the Society have established for the Preservation of their Ease and Tranquility, the Effects of which, with the Incidents that arise among them, shall be communicated to you from Time to Time for the publick Good, by,

SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
R. O.

T.

No. 425.] Tuesday, July 8, 1712. [Budgell.

*Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, Ver proterit Æstas
Interitura, simul
Pomifer Autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
Bruma recurrit iners.*—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
THERE is hardly any thing gives me a more sensible Delight, than the Enjoyment of a cool still Evening after the Uneasiness of a hot sultry Day. Such a one I passed not long ago, which made me rejoice when the Hour was come for the Sun to set, that I might enjoy the Freshness of the Evening in my Garden, which then affords me the pleasantest Hours I pass in the whole Four and twenty. I immediately rose from my Couch, and went down into it. You descend at first by twelve Stone Steps into a large Square divided into four Grass-plots, in each of which is a Statue of white Marble. This is separated from a large Parterre by a low Wall, and from thence, thro' a Pair of Iron Gates, you are led into a long broad Walk of the finest Turf, set on each Side with tall Yews, and on either Hand bordered by a Canal, which on the Right

'divides the Walk from a Wilderness parted into
'Variety of Allies and Arbours, and on the Left
'from a kind of Amphitheatre, which is the Re-
'ceptacle of a great Number of Oranges and
'Myrtles. The Moon shone bright, and seemed
'then most agreeably to supply the Place of the
'Sun, obliging me with as much Light as was ne-
'cessary to discover a thousand pleasing Objects,
'and at the same time divested of all Power of
'Heat. The Reflection of it in the Water, the
'Fanning of the Wind rustling on the Leaves, the
'Singing of the Thrush and Nightingale, and the
'Coolness of the Walks, all conspired to make me
'lay aside all displeasing Thoughts, and brought
'me into such a Tranquility of Mind, as is I be-
'lieve the next Happiness to that of hereafter.
'In this sweet Retirement I naturally fell into the
'Repetition of some Lines out of a Poem of Mil-
'ton's, which he entitles *Il Penseroso*, the Ideas
'of which were exquisitely suited to my present
'Wandrings of Thought.

*Sweet Bird! that shun'st the Noise of Folly,
Most musical! most melancholy!
Thee Chauntress, oft the Woods among,
I wooe to hear thy Evening Song:
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding near her highest Noon,
Like one that hath been led astray,
Thro' the Heavn's wide pathless Way,
And oft, as if her Head she bow'd,
Stooping thro' a fleecy Cloud.*

*Then let some strange mysterious Dream
Wave with his Wings in airy Stream,
Of lively Portraiture displaid,
Softly on my Eyelids laid;
And as I wake, sweet Musick breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by Spirits to Mortals Good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.*

'I reflected then upon the sweet Vicissitudes of
'Night and Day, on the charming Disposition of
'the Seasons, and their Return again in a per-
'petual Circle; and oh! said I, that I could from
'these my declining Years return again to my
'first Spring of Youth and Vigour; but that, alas!
'is impossible: All that remains within my Power,
'is to soften the Inconveniences I feel, with an
'easie contented Mind, and the Enjoyment of
'such Delights as this Solitude affords me. In
'this Thought I sate me down on a Bank of
'Flowers and dropt into a Slumber, which whe-
'ther it were the Effect of Fumes and Vapours,
'or my present Thoughts, I know not; but me-
'thought the Genius of the Garden stood before
'me, and introduced into the Walk where I lay
'this Drama and different Scenes of the Revolu-
'tion of the Year, which whilst I then saw, even
'in my Dream, I resolved to write down, and
'send to the SPECTATOR.

'The first Person whom I saw advancing towards
'me was a Youth of a most beautiful Air and
'Shape, tho' he seemed not yet arrived at that
'exact Proportion and Symmetry of Parts which
'a little more time would have given him; but

'however, there was such a Bloom in his Coun-
'tenance, such Satisfaction and Joy, that I
'thought it the most desirable Form that I had
'ever seen. He was cloathed in a flowing Mantle
'of green Silk, interwoven with Flowers: He had
'a Chaplet of Roses on his Head, and a *Narcissus*
'in his Hand; Primroses and Violets sprang up
'under his Feet, and all Nature was cheer'd at
'his Approach. *Flora* was on one Hand and *Ver-*
'*tumnus* on the other in a Robe of changeable
'Silk. After this I was surprized to see the
'Moon-beams reflected with a sudden Glare from
'Armour, and to see a Man compleatly armed
'advancing with his Sword drawn. I was soon
'informed by the Genius it was *Mars*, who had
'long usurp'd a Place among the Attendants of
'the *Spring*. He made Way for a softer appear-
'ance, it was *Venus*, without any Ornament but
'her own Beauties, not so much as her own Ces-
'tus, with which she had incompass'd a Globe,
'which she held in her right Hand, and in her
'left she had a Sceptre of Gold. After her fol-
'lowed the Graces with their Arms intertwined within
'one another, their Girdles were loosed, and they
'moved to the Sound of soft Musick, striking the
'Ground alternately with their Feet: Then came
'up the three Months which belong to this Season.
'As *March* advanced towards me, there was me-
'thought in his Look a louring Roughness, which
'ill befitted a Month which was ranked in so soft
'a Season; but as he came forwards his Features
'became insensibly more mild and gentle: He
'smooth'd his Brow, and looked with so sweet a
'Countenance that I could not but lament his De-
'parture, though he made way for *April*. He
'appeared in the greatest Gaiety imaginable, and
'had a thousand Pleasures to attend him: His
'Look was frequently clouded, but immediately
'return'd to its first Composure, and remained
'fixed in a Smile. Then came *May* attended by
'*Cupid*, with his Bow strung, and in a Posture
'to let fly an Arrow: As he passed by methought
'I heard a confused Noise of soft Complaints,
'gentle Ecstacies, and tender Sighs of Lovers;
'Vows of Constancy, and as many Complaining of
'Perfidiousness; all which the Winds wafted
'away as soon as they had reached my Hearing.
'After these I saw a Man advance in the full
'Prime and Vigour of his Age, his Complexion
'was sanguine and ruddy, his Hair black, and
'fell down in beautiful Ringlets not beneath his
'Shoulders, a Mantle of Hair-colour'd Silk hung
'loosely upon him: He advanced with a hasty
'Step after the *Spring*, and sought out the Shade
'and cool Fountains which plaid in the Garden.
'He was particularly well pleased when a Troop
'of *Zephyrs* fanned him with their Wings: He
'had two Companions who walked on each Side
'that made him appear the most agreeable, the
'one was *Aurora* with Fingers of Roses, and her
'Feet dewy, attired in grey: The other was
'*Vesper* in a Robe of Azure beset with Drops of
'Gold, whose Breath he caught whilst it passed
'over a Bundle of Honey-Suckles and Tuberoses
'which he held in his Hand. *Pan* and *Ceres*
'followed them with four Reapers, who danced
'a Morrice to the Sound of Oaten Pipes and
'Cymbals. Then came the Attendant Months.

' *June* retained still some small Likeness of the
 ' *Spring*; but the other two seemed to step with
 ' a less vigorous Tread, especially *August*, who
 ' seem'd almost to faint whilst for half the Steps
 ' he took the Dog-Star levelled his Rays full at
 ' his Head: They passed on and made Way for a
 ' Person that seemed to bend a little under the
 ' Weight of Years; his Beard and Hair, which
 ' were full grown, were composed of an equal
 ' Number of black and grey; he wore a Robe
 ' which he had girt round him of a yellowish Cast,
 ' not unlike the Colour of fallen Leaves, which
 ' he walked upon. I thought he hardly made
 ' Amends for expelling the foregoing Scene by the
 ' large Quantity of Fruits which he bore in his
 ' Hands. *Plenty* walked by his Side with an
 ' healthy fresh Countenance, pouring out from an
 ' Horn all the various Product of the Year. *Po-*
 ' *mona* followed with a Glass of Cyder in her
 ' Hand, with *Bacchus* in a Chariot drawn by
 ' Tygers, accompanied by a whole Troop of Satyrs,
 ' Fauns, and Sylvans. *September*, who came next,
 ' seem'd in his Looks to promise a new *Spring*,
 ' and wore the Livery of those Months. The
 ' succeeding Month was all soiled with the Juice
 ' of Grapes, as if he had just come from the Wine-
 ' Press. *November*, though he was in this Division,
 ' yet, by the many Stops he made seemed rather
 ' inclined to the *Winter*, which followed close at
 ' his Heels. He advanced in the Shape of an old
 ' Man in the Extremity of Age: The Hair he had
 ' was so very white it seem'd a real Snow; his
 ' Eyes were red and piercing, and his Beard hung
 ' with a great Quantity of Icicles: He was wrapt
 ' up in Furrs, but yet so pinched with Excess of
 ' Cold that his Limbs were all contracted and his
 ' Body bent to the Ground, so that he could not
 ' have supported himself had it not been for
 ' *Comus* the God of Revels, and *Necessity* the
 ' Mother of Fate, who sustained him on each side.
 ' The Shape and Mantle of *Comus* was one of
 ' the things that most surprized me; as he ad-
 ' vanced towards me, his Countenance seemed
 ' the most desirable I had ever seen: On the fore
 ' Part of his Mantle was pictured Joy, Delight,
 ' and Satisfaction, with a thousand Emblems of
 ' Merriment, and Jests with Faces looking two
 ' Ways at once; but as he passed from me I was
 ' amazed at a Shape so little correspondent to his
 ' Face: His Head was bald, and all the rest of
 ' his Limbs appeared old and deformed. On the
 ' hinder Part of his Mantle was represented Mur-
 ' der with dishevelled Hair and a Dagger all
 ' bloody, Anger in a Robe of Scarlet, and Suspi-
 ' cion squinting with both Eyes; but above all the
 ' most conspicuous was the Battel of the *Lapithæ*
 ' and the *Centaur*s. I detested so hideous a
 ' Shape, and turned my Eyes upon *Saturn*, who
 ' was stealing away behind him with a Scythe in
 ' one Hand, and an Hour-glass in t'other unob-
 ' served. Behind *Necessity* was *Vesta* the God-
 ' dess of Fire with a Lamp which was perpetually
 ' supply'd with Oyl; and whose Flame was eter-
 ' nal. She cheered the rugged Brow of *Necessity*,
 ' and warmed her so far as almost to make her
 ' assume the Features and Likeness of *Choice*.
 ' *December*, *January*, and *February*, passed on
 ' after the rest all in Furrs; there was little Distinc-

' tion to be made amongst them, and they were
 ' only more or less displeasing as they discovered
 ' more or less Haste towards the grateful Return
 ' of *Spring*. Z.

No. 426.] Wednesday, July 9, 1712. [Steele.

—————*Quid non mortalia Pectora cogis*
Auri sacra fames————— Virg.

A VERY agreeable Friend of mine, the other
 Day, carrying me in his Coach into the
 Country to Dinner, fell into Discourse concerning
 the Care of Parents due to their Children, and
 the Piety of Children towards their Parents. He
 was reflecting upon the Succession of particular
 Virtues and Qualities there might be preserved
 from one Generation to another, if these Regards
 were reciprocally held in Veneration: But as he
 never fails to mix an Air of Mirth and good
 Humour with his good Sense and Reasoning, he
 entered into the following Relation.

I will not be confident in what Century, or un-
 der what Reign it happened, that this Want of
 mutual Confidence and right Understanding be-
 tween Father and Son was fatal to the Family of
 the *Valentines* in Germany. *Basilus Valen-*
tinus was a Person who had arrived at the utmost
 Perfection in the Hermetick Art, and initiated his
 Son *Alexandrinus* in the same Mysteries: But
 as you know they are not to be attained but by
 the Painful, the Pious, the Chaste, and Pure of
 Heart, *Basilus* did not open to him, because of
 his Youth, and the Deviations too natural to it,
 the greatest Secrets of which he was Master, as
 well knowing that the Operation would fail in the
 Hands of a Man so liable to Errors in Life as
Alexandrinus. But believing, from a certain
 Indisposition of Mind as well as Body, his Disso-
 lution was drawing nigh, he called *Alexandrinus*
 to him, and as he lay on a Couch, over-against
 which his Son was seated, and prepared by send-
 ing out Servants one after another, and Admoni-
 tion to examine that no one over-heard them, he
 revealed the most important of his Secrets with
 the Solemnity and Language of an Adept. My
 Son, said he, many have been the Watchings,
 long the Lucubrations, constant the Labours of thy
 Father, not only to gain a great and plentiful
 Estate to his Posterity, but also to take Care that
 he should have no Posterity. Be not amazed, my
 Child; I do not mean that thou shalt be taken
 from me, but that I will never leave thee, and con-
 sequently cannot be said to have Posterity. Be-
 hold, my dearest *Alexandrinus*, the Effect of
 what was propagated in nine Months: We are not
 to contradict Nature but to follow and to help
 her; just as long as an Infant is in the Womb of
 its Parent, so long are these Medicines of Revifi-
 cation in preparing. Observe this small Phial and
 this little Gallipot, in this an Unguent, in the
 other a Liquor. In these, my child, are collected
 such Powers, as shall revive the Springs of Life
 when they are yet but just ceased, and give new
 Strength, new Spirits, and, in a Word, wholly

restore all the Organs and Senses of the human Body to as great a Duration, as it had before enjoyed from its Birth to the Day of the Application of these my Medicines. But, my beloved Son, Care must be taken to apply them within ten Hours after the Breath is out of the Body, while yet the Clay is warm with its late Life, and yet capable of Resuscitation. I find my Frame grown crasie with perpetual Toil and Meditation; and I conjure you, as soon as I am dead, to anoint me with this Unguent; and when you see me begin to move, pour into my Lips this inestimable Liquor, else the Force of the Ointment will be ineffectual. By this Means you will give me Life as I have you, and we will from that Hour mutually lay aside the Authority of having bestowed Life on each other, but live as Brethren, and prepare new Medicines against such another Period of Time as will demand another Application of the same Restoratives. In a few Days after these wonderful Ingredients were delivered to *Alexandrinus*, *Basilus* departed this Life. But such was the pious Sorrow of the Son at the Loss of so excellent a Father, and the first Transports of Grief had so wholly disabled him from all manner of Business, that he never thought of the Medicines till the Time to which his Father had limited their Efficacy was expired. To tell the Truth, *Alexandrinus* was a Man of Wit and Pleasure, and considered his Father had lived out his natural Time, his Life was long and uniform, suitable to the Regularity of it; but that he himself, poor Sinner, wanted a new Life, to repent of a very bad one hitherto; and in the Examination of his Heart, resolved to go on as he did with this natural Being of his, but repent very faithfully and spend very piously the Life to which he should be restored by Application of these Rarities, when Time should come, to his own Person.

It has been observed, that Providence frequently punishes the Self-love of Men who would do immoderately for their own Off-spring, with Children very much below their Characters and Qualifications, insomuch that they only transmit their Names to be born by those who give daily Proofs of the Vanity of the Labour and Ambition of their Progenitors.

It happened thus in the Family of *Basilus*; for *Alexandrinus* began to enjoy his ample Fortune in all the Extremities of Household Expence, Furniture, and insolent Equipage; and this he pursued till the Day of his own Departure began, as he grew sensible, to approach. As *Basilus* was punished with a Son very unlike him, *Alexandrinus* was visited with one of his own Disposition. It is natural that ill Men should be suspicious, and *Alexandrinus*, besides that Jealousie, had Proofs of the vitious Disposition of his Son *Renatus*, for that was his Name.

Alexandrinus, as I observed, having very good Reasons for thinking it unsafe to trust the real Secret of his Phial and Gally-pot to any Man living, projected to make sure Work, and hope for his Success depending from the Avarice, not the Bounty of his Benefactor.

With this Thought he called *Renatus* to his Bed-side, and bespoke him in the most pathetick

Gesture and Accent. As much, my Son, as you have been addicted to Vanity and Pleasure, as I also have been before you, you nor I could escape the Fame, or the good Effects of the profound Knowledge of our Progenitor, the Renowned *Basilus*. His Symbol is very well known in the Philosophick World, and I shall never forget the venerable Air of his Countenance, when he let me into the profound Mysteries of the *Smaragdine Table of Hermes*. *It is true*, said he, *and far removed from all Colour of Deceit, That which is Inferior is like that which is Superior, by which are acquired and perfected all the Miracles of a certain Work. The Father is the Sun, the Mother the Moon, the Wind is the Womb, the Earth is the Nurse of it, and Mother of all Perfection. All this must be received with Modesty and Wisdom.* The Chymical People carry in all their Jargon a whimsical sort of Piety, which is ordinary with great Lovers of Money, and is no more but deceiving themselves, that their Regularity and Strictness of Manners for the Ends of this World, has some Affinity to the Innocence of Heart which must recommend them to the next. *Renatus* wondered to hear his Father talk so like an Adept, and with such a Mixture of Piety, while *Alexandrinus* observing his Attention fixed, proceeded: This Phial, Child, and this little Earthen-Pot will add to thy Estate so much, as to make thee the richest Man in the *German Empire*. I am going to my Long Home, but shall not return to common Dust. Then he resumed a Countenance of Alacrity, and told him, That if within an Hour after his Death he anointed his whole Body, and poured down his Throat that Liquor which he had from old *Basilus*, the Corps would be converted into pure Gold. I will not pretend to express to you the unfeigned Tendernesses that passed between these two extraordinary Persons; but if the Father recommended the Care of his Remains with Vehemence and Affection, the Son was not behind-hand in professing that he would not cut the least Bit off him, but upon the utmost Extremity, or to provide for his younger Brothers and Sisters.

Well, *Alexandrinus* died, and the Heir of his Body (as our Term is) could not forbear in the Wantonnesses of his Heart, to measure the Length and Breadth of his beloved Father, and cast up the ensuing Value of him before he proceeded to Operation. When he knew the immense Reward of his Pains, he began the Work: But lo! when he had anointed the Corps all over, and began to apply the Liquor, the Body stirred, and *Renatus*, in a Fright, broke the Phial.¹

¹ This tale is from the Description of the memorable Sea and Land Travels through Persia to the East Indies, by Johann Albrecht von Mandelslo, translated from the German of Olearius, by J. B. B. Bk v. p. 189. Basil Valentine, whom it makes the hero of a story after the manner of the romances of Virgil the Enchanter, was an able chemist (in those days an alchemist) of the sixteenth century, who is believed to have been a Benedictine monk of Erfurth, and is not known to have had any children. He was the author of

No. 427.] Thursday, July 10, 1712. [Steele.

Quantum a rerum turpitudine abes, tantum Te a verborum libertate sejungas.—Tull.

IT is a certain Sign of an ill Heart to be inclined to Defamation. They who are harmless and innocent, can have no Gratification that way; but it ever arises from a Neglect of what is laudable in a Man's self, and an Impatience of seeing it in another. Else why should Virtue provoke? Why should Beauty displease in such a Degree, that a Man given to Scandal never lets the Mention of either pass by him without offering something to the Diminution of it? A Lady the other Day at a Visit being attacked somewhat rudely by one, whose own Character has been very roughly treated, answered a great deal of Heat and Intemperance very calmly, *Good Madam spare me, who am none of your Match; I speak Ill of no Body, and it is a new Thing to me to be spoken ill of.* Little Minds think Fame consists in the Number of Votes they have on their Side among the Multitude, whereas it is really the inseparable Follower of good and worthy Actions. Fame is as natural a Follower of Merit, as a Shadow is of a Body. It is true, when Crowds press upon you, this Shadow cannot be seen, but when they separate from around you, it will again appear. The Lazy, the Idle, and the Froward, are the Persons who are most pleas'd with the little Tales which pass about the Town to the Disadvantage of the rest of the World. Were it not for the Pleasure of speaking Ill, there are Numbers of People who are too lazy to go out of their own Houses, and too ill-natur'd to open their Lips in Conversation. It was not a little diverting the other Day to observe a Lady reading a Post-Letter, and at these Words, *After all her Airs, he has heard some Story or other, and the Match is broke off,* give Orders in the midst of her Reading, *Put to the Horses.* That a young Woman of Merit has missed an advantageous Settlement, was News not to be delayed, lest some Body else should have given her malicious Acquaintance that Satisfaction before her. The Unwillingness to receive good Tidings is a Quality as inseparable from a Scandal-Bearer, as the Readiness to divulge bad. But, alas, how wretchedly low and contemptible is that State of Mind, that cannot be pleased but by what is the Subject of Lamentation. This Temper has ever been in the highest Degree odious to gallant Spirits. The *Persian* Soldier, who was heard reviling *Alexander* the Great, was well admonished by his Officer; *Sir, you are paid to fight against Alexander, and not to rail at him.*

Cicero in one of his Pleadings,¹ defending his

the *Currus Triumphalis Antimonii*, mentioned in a former note. His name was familiar through several books in French, especially *L'Azoth des Philosophes, avec les 12 Clefs de Philosophie* (Paris, 1660), and a *Testament de Basile Valentine* (London, 1671).

¹ Orat. pro Cu. Plancio. A little beyond the middle.

Client from general Scandal, says very handsomely, and with much Reason, *There are many who have particular Engagements to the Prosecutor: There are many who are known to have ill-will to him for whom I appear; there are many who are naturally addicted to Defamation, and envious of any Good to any Man, who may have contributed to spread Reports of this kind: For nothing is so swift as Scandal, nothing is more easily sent abroad, nothing received with more Welcome, nothing diffuses it self so universally. I shall not desire, that if any Report to our Disadvantage has any Ground for it, you would overlook or extenuate it: But if there be any thing advanced without a Person who can say whence he had it, or which is attested by one who forgot who told him it, or who had it from one of so little Consideration that he did not then think it worth his Notice, all such Testimonies as these, I know, you will think too slight to have any Credit against the Innocence and Honour of your Fellow-Citizen.* When an ill Report is traced, it very often vanishes among such as the Orator has here recited. And how despicable a Creature must that be, who is in Pain for what passes among so frivolous a People? There is a Town in *Warwickshire* of good Note, and formerly pretty famous for much Animosity and Dissention, the chief Families of which have now turned all their Whispers, Backbitings, Envy, and private Malices, into Mirth and Entertainment, by means of a peevish old Gentlewoman, known by the Title of the *Lady Bluemantle*. This Heroine had for many Years together out-done the whole Sisterhood of Gossips, in Invention, quick Utterance, and unprovoked Malice. This good Body is of a lasting Constitution, though extremely decayed in her Eyes, and decrepid in her Feet. The two Circumstances of being always at Home from her Lameness, and very attentive from her Blindness, make her Lodgings the Receptacle of all that passes in Town, Good or Bad; but for the latter, she seems to have the better Memory. There is another Thing to be noted of her, which is, That as it is usual with old People, she has a livelier Memory of Things which passed when she was very young, than of late Years. Add to all this, that she does not only not love any Body, but she hates every Body. The Statue in *Rome* does not serve to vent Malice half so well, as this old Lady does to disappoint it. She does not know the Author of any thing that is told her, but can readily repeat the Matter it self; therefore, though she exposes all the whole Town, she offends no one Body in it. She is so exquisitely restless and peevish, that she quarrels with all about her, and sometimes in a Freak will instantly change her Habitation. To indulge this Humour, she is led about the Grounds belonging to the same House she is in, and the Persons to whom she is to remove, being in the Plot, are ready to receive her at her own Chamber again. At stated Times, the Gentlewoman at whose House she supposes she is at the Time, is sent for to quarrel with, according to her common Custom: When they have a Mind to drive the Jest, she is immediately urged to that Degree, that she will board in a Family with which she has never yet been; and away she will go this

Instant, and tell them all that the rest have been saying of them. By this means she has been an Inhabitant of every House in the Place without stirring from the same Habitation; and the many Stories which every body furnishes her with to favour that Deceit, make her the general Intelligencer of the Town of all that can be said by one Woman against another. Thus groundless Stories die away, and sometimes Truths are smothered under the general Word: When they have a Mind to discountenance a thing, Oh! that is in my Lady *Bluemantle's* Memoirs.

Whoever receives Impressions to the Disadvantage of others without Examination, is to be had in no other Credit for Intelligence than this good Lady *Bluemantle*, who is subjected to have her Ears imposed upon for want of other Helps to better Information. Add to this, that other Scandal-Bearers suspend the Use of these Faculties which she has lost, rather than apply them to do Justice to their Neighbours; and I think, for the Service of my fair Readers, to acquaint them, that there is a voluntary Lady *Bluemantle* at every Visit in Town. T.

No. 428.] Friday, July 11, 1712. [Steele.

Occupet extremum Scabies——— Hor.

IT is an impertinent and unreasonable Fault in Conversation, for one Man to take up all the Discourse. It may possibly be objected to me my self, that I am guilty in this kind, in entertaining the Town every Day, and not giving so many able Persons who have it more in their Power, and as much in their Inclination, an Opportunity to oblige Mankind with their Thoughts. Besides, said one whom I overheard the other Day, why must this Paper turn altogether upon Topicks of Learning and Morality? Why should it pretend only to Wit, Humour, or the like? Things which are useful only to amuse Men of Literature and superior Education. I would have it consist also of all Things which may be necessary or useful to any Part of Society, and the mechanick Arts should have their Place as well as the Liberal. The Ways of Gain, Husbandry, and Thrift, will serve a greater Number of People, than Discourses upon what was well said or done by such a Philosopher, Heroe, General, or Poet. I no sooner heard this Critick talk of my Works, but I minuted what he had said; and from that Instant resolved to enlarge the Plan of my Speculations, by giving Notice to all Persons of all Orders, and each Sex, that if they are pleased to send me Discourses, with their Names and Places of Abode to them, so that I can be satisfied the Writings are authentick, such their Labours shall be faithfully inserted in this Paper. It will be of much more Consequence to a Youth in his Apprenticeship, to know by what Rules and Arts such a one became Sheriff of the City of *London*, than to see the Sign of one of his own Quality with a Lion's Heart in each Hand. The World indeed is enchanted with romantick and improbable Atchievements, when the plain Path

to respective Greatness and Success in the Way of Life a Man is in, is wholly overlooked. Is it possible that a young Man at present could pass his Time better, than in reading the History of Stocks, and knowing by what secret Springs they have had such sudden Ascents and Falls in the same Day? Could he be better conducted in his Way to Wealth, which is the great Article of Life, than in a Treatise dated from *Change-Alley* by an able Proficient there? Nothing certainly could be more useful, than to be well instructed in his Hopes and Fears; to be diffident when others exult, and with a secret Joy buy when others think it their Interest to sell. I invite all Persons who have any thing to say for the Profitable Information of the Publick, to take their Turns in my Paper: They are welcome, from the late noble Inventor of the Longitude,¹ to the humble Author of Strops for Razors. If to carry Ships in Safety, to give Help to People tost in a troubled Sea, without knowing to what Shoar they bear, what Rocks to avoid, or what Coast to pray for in their Extremity, be a worthy Labour, and an Invention that deserves a Statue; at the same Time, he who has found a Means to let the Instrument which is to make your Visage less [horrible²], and your Person more smug, easie in the Operation, is worthy of some kind of good Reception: If Things of high Moment meet with Renown, those of little Consideration, since of any Consideration, are not to be despised. In order that no Merit may lye hid and no Art unimproved, I repeat it, that I call Artificers, as well as Philosophers, to my Assistance in the Publick Service. It would be of great Use if we had an exact History of the Successes of every great Shop within the City-Walls, what Tracts of

¹ If this mean the Marquis of Worcester, the exact ascertainment of the longitude was not one of his century of Inventions. The sextant had its origin in the mind of Sir Isaac Newton, who was knighted in 1705, and living at this time, but its practical inventor was Thomas Godfrey, a glazier at Philadelphia. Godfrey's instrument is said to have been seen by John Hadley, or that English philosopher, after whom the instrument is named, invented it at the same time, about 1730. Honours of invention were assigned to both Godfrey and Hadley. Means of exact observation of the heavenly bodies would not suffice for exact determining of longitude until the sailor was provided with a timepiece that could be relied upon in all climates for a true uniform standard of time. The invention of such a timepiece, for which Parliament offered a reward of £20,000, was the real solution of the difficulty, and this we owe to the Yorkshireman John Harrison, a carpenter and son of a carpenter, who had a genius for clockmaking, and was stimulated to work at the construction of marine chronometers by living in sight of the sea. He came to London in 1728, and after fifty years of labour finished in 1759 a chronometer which, having stood the test of two voyages, obtained for him the offered reward of £20,000. Harrison died in 1776 at the age of 83.

² [horrid]

Land have been purchased by a constant Attendance within a Walk of thirty Foot. If it could also be noted in the Equipage of those who are ascended from the Successful Trade of their Ancestors into Figure and Equipage, such Accounts would quicken Industry in the Pursuit of such Acquisitions, and discountenance Luxury in the Enjoyment of them.

To diversifie these kinds of Informations, the Industry of the Female World is not to be unobserved: She to whose Houshold Virtues it is owing, that Men do Honour to her Husband, should be recorded with Veneration; she who had wasted his Labours, with Infamy. When we are come into Domestick Life in this manner, to awaken Caution and Attendance to the main Point, it would not be amiss to give now and then a Touch of Tragedy, and describe [the^r] most dreadful of all human Conditions, the Case of Bankruptcy; how Plenty, Credit, Chearfulness, full Hopes, and easy Possessions, are in an Instant turned into Penury, faint Aspects, Diffidence, Sorrow, and Misery; how the Man, who with an open Hand the Day before could administer to the Extremities of others, is shunned to-day by the Friend of his Bosom. It would be useful to shew how just this is on the Negligent, how lamentable on the Industrious. A Paper written by a Merchant, might give this Island a true Sense of the Worth and Importance of his Character: It might be visible from what he could say, That no Soldier entering a Breach adventures more for Honour, than the Trader does for Wealth to his Country. In both Cases the Adventurers have their own Advantage, but I know no Cases wherein every Body else is a Sharer in the Success.

It is objected by Readers of History, That the Battels in those Narrations are scarce ever to be understood. This Misfortune is to be ascribed to the Ignorance of Historians in the Methods of drawing up, changing the Forms of a Battalia, and the Enemy retreating from, as well as approaching to, the Charge. But in the Discourses from the Correspondents, whom I now invite, the Danger will be of another kind; and it is necessary to caution them only against using Terms of Art, and describing Things that are familiar to them in Words unknown to their Readers. I promise my self a great Harvest of new Circumstances, Persons, and Things from this Proposal; and a World, which many think they are well acquainted with, discovered as wholly new. This Sort of Intelligence will give a lively Image of the Chain and mutual Dependance of humane Society, take off impertinent Prejudices, enlarge the Minds of those, whose Views are confined to their own Circumstances; and, in short, if the Knowing in several Arts, Professions, and Trades will exert themselves, it cannot but produce a new Field of Diversion, an Instruction more agreeable than has yet appeared. T.

^r [that]

No. 429.] Saturday, July 12, 1712. [Steele.

—Populumque falsis dedocet uti
Vocibus—

Mr. SPECTATOR,

SINCE I gave an Account of an agreeable Set of Company which were gone down into the Country, I have received Advices from thence, that the Institution of an Infirmary for those who should be out of Humour, has had very good Effects. My Letters mention particular Circumstances of two or three Persons, who had the good Sense to retire of their own Accord, and notified that they were withdrawn, with the Reasons of it, to the Company, in their respective Memorials.

The Memorial of Mrs. Mary Dainty, Spinster,
Humbly Sheweth,

That conscious of her own want of Merit, accompanied with a Vanity of being admired, she had gone into Exile of her own accord.

She is sensible, that a vain Person is the most insufferable Creature living in a well-bred Assembly.

That she desired, before she appeared in publick again, she might have Assurances, that tho' she might be thought handsome, there might not more Address or Compliment be paid to her, than to the rest of the Company.

That she conceived it a kind of Superiority, that one Person should take upon him to commend another.

Lastly, That she went into the Infirmary, to avoid a particular Person who took upon him to profess an Admiration of her.

She therefore prayed, that to applaud out of due place, might be declar'd an Offence, and punished in the same Manner with Detraction, in that the latter did but report Persons defective, and the former made them so.

All which is submitted, &c.

There appeared a Delicacy and Sincerity in this Memorial very uncommon, but my Friend informs me, that the Allegations of it were groundless, insomuch that this Declaration of an Aversion to being praised, was understood to be no other than a secret Trap to purchase it, for which Reason it lies still on the Table unanswered.

The humble Memorial of the Lady Lydia Loller,
Sheweth,

That the Lady *Lydia* is a Woman of Quality; married to a private Gentleman.

That she finds her self neither well nor ill.

That her Husband is a Clown.

That Lady *Lydia* cannot see Company.

That she desires the Infirmary may be her Apartment during her stay in the Country.

That they would please to make merry with their Equals.

That Mr. *Loller* might stay with them if he thought fit.

It was immediately resolved, that Lady *Lydia* was still at *London*.

The humble Memorial of Thomas Sudden, Esq., of the Inner-Temple,

Sheweth,

'That Mr. *Sudden* is conscious that he is too much given to Argumentation.

'That he talks loud.

'That he is apt to think all things matter of Debate.

'That he stayed behind in *Westminster-Hall*, when the late Shake of the Roof happened, only because a Council of the other Side asserted it was coming down.

'That he cannot for his Life consent to any thing.

'That he stays in the Infirmary to forget himself.

'That as soon as he has forgot himself, he will wait on the Company.

His Indisposition was allowed to be sufficient to require a Cessation from Company.

The Memorial of Frank Jolly,

Sheweth,

'That he hath put himself into the Infirmary, in regard he is sensible of a certain rustick Mirth which renders him unfit for polite Conversation.

'That he intends to prepare himself by Abstinence and thin Diet to be one of the Company.

'That at present he comes into a Room as if he were an Express from Abroad.

'That he has chosen an Apartment with a matted Anti-Chamber, to practise Motion without being heard.

'That he bows, talks, drinks, eats, and helps himself before a Glass, to learn to act with Moderation.

'That by reason of his luxuriant Health he is oppressive to Persons of composed Behaviour.

'That he is endeavouring to forget the Word *Pshaw, Pshaw*.

'That he is also weaning himself from his Cane.

'That when he has learnt to live without his said Cane, he will wait on the Company, &c.

The Memorial of John Rhubarb, Esq.,

Sheweth,

'That your Petitioner has retired to the Infirmary, but that he is in perfect good Health, except that he has by long Use, and for want of Discourse, contracted an Habit of Complaint that he is sick.

'That he wants for nothing under the Sun, but what to say, and therefore has fallen into this unhappy Malady of complaining that he is sick.

'That this Custom of his makes him, by his own Confession, fit only for the Infirmary, and therefore he has not waited for being sentenced to it.

'That he is conscious there is nothing more improper than such a Complaint in good Company, in that they must pity, whether they think the Lamer ill or not; and that the Complainant must make a silly Figure, whether he is pitied or not.

'Your Petitioner humbly prays, that he may

'have Time to know how he does, and he will make his Appearance.

'The *Valetudinarian* was likewise easily excused; and this Society being resolved not only to make it their Business to pass their Time agreeably for the present Season, but also to commence such Habits in themselves as may be of Use in their future Conduct in general, are very ready to give into a fancied or real Incapacity to join with their Measures, in order to have no Humourist, proud Man, impertinent or sufficient Fellow, break in upon their Happiness. Great Evils seldom happen to disturb Company; but Indulgence in Particularities of Humour, is the Seed of making half our Time hang in Suspence, or waste away under real Discomposures.

'Among other Things it is carefully provided that there may not be disagreeable Familiarities. No one is to appear in the publick Rooms undressed, or enter abruptly into each other's Apartment without intimation. Every one has hitherto been so careful in his Behaviour, that there has but one Offender in ten Days Time been sent into the Infirmary, and that was for throwing away his Cards at Whist.

'He has offered his Submission in the following Terms.

The humble Petition of Jeoffry Hotspur, Esq.,

Sheweth,

'Though the Petitioner swore, stamped, and threw down his Cards, he has all imaginable Respect for the Ladies, and the whole Company.

'That he humbly desires it may be considered in the Case of Gaming, there are many Motives which provoke to Disorder.

'That the Desire of Gain, and the Desire of Victory, are both thwarted in Losing.

'That all Conversations in the World have indulged Human Infirmary in this Case.

'Your Petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that he may be restored to the Company, and he hopes to bear ill Fortune with a good Grace for the future, and to demean himself so as to be no more than chearful when he wins, than grave when he loses. T.

No. 430.] Monday, July 14, 1712. [Steele.

Quære peregrinum vicinia rauca reclamat.

Hor.

SIR,

'AS you are Spectator-General, you may with Authority censure whatsoever looks ill, and is offensive to the Sight; the worst Nuisance of which kind, methinks, is the scandalous Appearance of Poor in all Parts of this wealthy City. Such miserable Objects affect the compassionate Beholder with dismal Ideas, discompose the Chearfulness of his Mind, and deprive him of the Pleasure that he might otherwise take in surveying the Grandeur of our Metropolis. Who can without Remorse see a disabled Sailor, the Purveyor of our Luxury, destitute of Necessaries?

'saries? Who can behold an honest Soldier, that bravely withstood the Enemy, prostrate and in Want amongst his Friends? It were endless to mention all the Variety of Wretchedness, and the numberless Poor, that not only singly, but in Companies, implore your Charity. Spectacles of this Nature every where occur; and it is unaccountable, that amongst the many lamentable Cries that infest this Town, your Comptroller-General should not take notice of the most shocking, *viz.* those of the Needy and Afflicted. I can't but think he wou'd it meerly out of good Breeding, chusing rather to stifle his Resentment, than upbraid his Countrymen with Inhumanity; however, let not Charity be sacrificed to Popularity, and if his Ears were deaf to their Complaints, let not your Eyes overlook their Persons. There are, I know, many Impostors among them. Lameness and Blindness are certainly very often acted; but can those that have their Sight and Limbs, employ them better than in knowing whether they are counterfeited or not? I know not which of the two misapplies his Senses most, he who pretends himself blind to move Compassion, or he who beholds a miserable Object without pitying it. But in order to remove such Impediments, I wish, Mr. SPECTATOR, you would give us a Discourse upon Beggars, that we may not pass by true Objects of Charity, or give to Impostors. I looked out of my Window the other Morning earlier than ordinary, and saw a blind Beggar, an Hour before the Passage he stands in is frequented, with a Needle and Thread, thriftily mending his Stockings: My Astonishment was still greater, when I beheld a lame Fellow, whose Legs were too big to walk within an Hour after, bring him a Pot of Ale. I will not mention the Shakings, Distortions, and Convulsions which many of them practise to gain an Alms; but sure I am, they ought to be taken Care of in this Condition, either by the Beadle or the Magistrate. They, it seems, relieve their Posts according to their Talents. There is the Voice of an old Woman never begins to beg 'till nine in the Evening, and then she is destitute of Lodging, turned out for want of Rent, and has the same ill Fortune every Night in the Year. You should employ an Officer to hear the Distress of each Beggar that is constant at a particular Place, who is ever in the same Tone, and succeeds because his Audience is continually changing, tho' he does not alter his Lamentation. If we have nothing else for our Money, let us have more Invention to be cheated with. All which is submitted to your Spectatorial Vigilance: and I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

SIR,

'I was last *Sunday* highly transported at our Parish-Church; the Gentleman in the Pulpit pleaded movingly in Behalf of the poor Children, and they for themselves much more forcibly by singing an Hymn; And I had the Happiness to be a Contributor to this little religious Institution of Innocents, and am sure I never disposed of Money more to my Satisfaction and Advantage.

'The inward Joy I find in my self, and the Good-will I bear to Mankind, make me heartily wish those pious Works may be encouraged, that the present Promoters may reap the Delight, and Posterity the Benefit of them. But whilst we are building this beautiful Edifice, let not the old Ruins remain in View to sully the Prospect: Whilst we are cultivating and improving this young hopeful Offspring, let not the ancient and helpless Creatures be shamefully neglected. The Crowds of Poor, or pretended Poor, in every Place, are a great Reproach to us, and eclipse the Glory of all other Charity. It is the utmost Reproach to Society, that there should be a poor Man unrelieved, or a poor Rogue unpunished. I hope you will think no Part of Human Life out of your Consideration, but will, at your Leisure, give us the History of Plenty and Want, and the natural Gradations towards them, calculated for the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

*I am, SIR,
Your most Humble Servant,
T. D.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I beg you would be pleased to take Notice of a very great Indecency, which is extremely common, though, I think, never yet under your Censure. It is, Sir, the strange Freedoms some ill-bred married People take in Company: The unseasonable Fondness of some Husbands, and the ill-timed Tenderness of some Wives. They talk and act, as if Modesty was only fit for Maids and Batchelors, and that too before both. I was once, Mr. SPECTATOR, where the Fault I speak of was so very flagrant, that (being, you must know, a very bashful Fellow, and several young Ladies in the Room) I protest I was quite out of Countenance. *Lucina*, it seems, was breeding, and she did nothing but entertain the Company with a Discourse upon the Difficulty of Reckoning to a Day, and said she knew those who were certain to an Hour; then fell a laughing at a silly unexperienced Creature, who was a Month above her Time. Upon her Husband's coming in, she put several Questions to him; which he not caring to resolve, Well, cries *Lucina*, I shall have 'em all at Night — But lest I should seem guilty of the very Fault I write against, I shall only intreat Mr. SPECTATOR to correct such Misdemeanors;

*For higher of the Genial Bed by far,
And with mysterious Reverence, I deem.¹*

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

T.

T. Meanwell.

No. 431.] Tuesday, July 15, 1712. [Steele.

Quid Dulcius hominum generi a Natura datum est quam sui cuique liberi?—Tull.

I HAVE lately been casting in my Thoughts the several Unhappineses of Life, and com-

¹ Paradise Lost, Bk VIII. ll. 598-9.

paring the Infelicities of old Age to those of Infancy. The Calamities of Children are due to the Negligence and Misconduct of Parents, those of Age to the past Life which led to it. I have here the History of a Boy and Girl to their Wedding-Day, and I think I cannot give the Reader a livelier Image of the insipid way which Time uncultivated passes, than by entertaining him with their authentick Epistles, expressing all that was remarkable in their Lives, 'till the Period of their Life above mentioned. The Sentence at the Head of this Paper, which is only a warm Interrogation, *What is there in Nature so dear as a Man's own Children to him?* is all the Reflection I shall at present make on those who are negligent or cruel in the Education of them.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am now entring into my One and Twentieth Year, and do not know that I had one Day's thorough Satisfaction since I came to Years of any Reflection, till the Time they say others lose their Liberty, the Day of my Marriage. I am Son to a Gentleman of a very great Estate, who resolv'd to keep me out of the Vices of the Age; and in order to it never let me see any Thing that he thought could give me the least Pleasure. At ten Years old I was put to a Grammar-School, where my Master received Orders every Post to use me very severely, and have no regard to my having a great Estate. At Fifteen I was removed to the University, where I liv'd, out of my Father's great Discretion, in scandalous Poverty and Want, till I was big enough to be married, and I was sent for to see the Lady who sends you the Underwritten. When we were put together, we both considered that we could not be worse than we were in taking one another, out of a Desire of Liberty entered into Wedlock. My Father says I am now a Man, and may speak to him like another Gentleman.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,
Richard Rentfree.

Mr. SPEC.

'I grew tall and wild at my Mother's, who is a gay Widow, and did not care for shewing me 'till about two Years and a half ago; at which time my Guardian Uncle sent me to a Boarding-School, with Orders to contradict me in nothing, for I had been misused enough already. I had not been there above a Month, when being in the Kitchin, I saw some Oatmeal on the Dresser; I put two or three Corns in my Mouth, liked it, stole a Handful, went into my Chamber, chewed it, and for two Months after never failed taking Toll of every Pennyworth of Oatmeal that came into the House: But one Day playing with a Tobacco-pipe between my Teeth, it happened to break in my Mouth, and the spitting out the Pieces left such a delicious Roughness on my Tongue, that I could not be satisfied 'till I had champ'd up the remaining Part of the Pipe. I forsook the Oatmeal, and stuck to the Pipes three Months, in which Time I had dispensed with thirty seven foul Pipes, all to the Boles; They belonged to an old Gentleman, Father to my Governess — He lock'd up the clean ones.

'I left off eating of Pipes, and fell to licking of Chalk. I was soon tired of this; I then nibbled all the red Wax of our last Ball-Tickets, and three Weeks after the black Wax from the Burying-Tickets of the old Gentleman. Two Months after this I liv'd upon Thunder-bolts, a certain long, round bluish Stone, which I found among the Gravel in our Garden. I was wonderfully delighted with this; but Thunder-bolts growing scarce, I fasten'd Tooth and Nail upon our Garden-Wall, which I stuck to almost a Twelve-month, and had in that time peeled and devoured half a Foot towards our Neighbour's Yard. I now thought my self the happiest Creature in the World, and I believe in my Conscience, I had eaten quite through, had I had it in my Chamber; but now I became lazy, and unwilling to stir, and was obliged to seek Food nearer Home. I then took a strange Hankering to Coals; I fell to scranching 'em, and had already consumed, I am certain, as much as would have dressed my Wedding Dinner, when my Uncle came for me Home. He was in the Parlour with my Governess when I was called down. I went in, fell on my Knees, for he made me call him Father; and when I expected the Blessing I asked, the good Gentleman, in a Surprize, turns himself to my Governess, and asks, Whether this (pointing to me) was his Daughter? This (added he) is the very Picture of Death. My Child was a plump-fac'd, hale, fresh-coloured Girl; but this looks as if she was half-starved, a mere Skeleton. My Governess, who is really a good Woman, assured my Father I had wanted for nothing; and withal told him I was continually eating some Trash or other, and that I was almost eaten up with the Green-sickness, her Orders being never to cross me. But this magnified but little with my Father, who presently, in a kind of Pett, paying for my Board, took me home with him. I had not been long at home, but one Sunday at Church (I shall never forget it) I saw a young neighbouring Gentleman that pleased me hugely; I liked him of all Men I ever saw in my Life, and began to wish I could be as pleasing to him. The very next Day he came, with his Father, a visiting to our House: We were left alone together, with Directions on both Sides to be in Love with one another, and in three Weeks time we were married. I regained my former Health and Complexion, and am now as happy as the Day is long. Now, Mr. SPEC., I desire you would find out some Name for these craving Damsels, whether dignified or distinguished under some or all of the following Denominations, (to wit) *Trash-eaters, Oatmeal-chewers, Pipe-champers, Chalk-lickers, Wax-nibblers, Coal-Scranchers, Wall-peelers, or Gravel-diggers*: And, good Sir, do your utmost endeavour to prevent (by exposing) this unaccountable Folly, so prevailing among the young ones of our Sex, who may not meet with such sudden good Luck as,

SIR,

Your constant Reader,
and very humble Servant,
Sabina Green,
Now Sabina Rentfree.

T.

No. 432.] Wednesday, July 16, 1712. [Steele.

Inter-strepit anser olores.—Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Oxford, July 14.

ACCORDING to a late Invitation in one of your Papers to every Man who pleases to write, I have sent you the following short Dissertation against the Vice of being prejudiced.

Your most humble Servant.

Man is a sociable Creature, and a Lover of Glory; whence it is that when several Persons are united in the same Society, they are studious to lessen the Reputation of others, in order to raise their own. The Wise are content to guide the Springs in Silence, and rejoice in Secret at their regular Progress: To prate and triumph is the Part allotted to the Trifling and Superficial: The Geese were providentially ordained to save the Capitol. Hence it is, that the Invention of Marks and Devices to distinguish Parties, is owing to the *Beaux* and *Belles* of this Island. Hats moulded into different Cocks and Pinches, have long bid mutual Defiance; Patches have been set against Patches in Battel-array; Stocks have risen or fallen in Proportion to Head-Dresses; and Peace or War been expected, as the *White* or the *Red* Hood hath prevailed. These are the Standard-Bearers in our contending Armies, the Dwarfs and Squires who carry the Impresses of the Giants or Knights, not born to fight themselves, but to prepare the Way for the ensuing Combat.

It is Matter of Wonder to reflect how far Men of weak Understanding and strong Fancy are hurried by their Prejudices, even to the believing that the whole Body of the adverse Party are a Band of Villains and Dæmons. Foreigners complain, that the *English* are the proudest Nation under Heaven. Perhaps they too have their Share; but be that as it will, general Charges against Bodies of Men is the Fault I am writing against. It must be own'd, to our Shame, that our common People, and most who have not travelled, have an irrational Contempt for the Language, Dress, Customs, and even the Shape and Minds of other Nations. Some Men otherwise of Sense, have wondered that a great Genius should spring out of *Ireland*; and think you mad in affirming, that fine Odes have been written in *Lapland*.

This Spirit of Rivalship, which heretofore reigned in the Two Universities, is extinct, and almost over betwixt College and College: In Parishes and Schools the Thirst of Glory still obtains. At the Seasons of Football and Cock-fighting, these little Republicks reassume their national Hatred to each other. My Tenant in the Country is verily perswaded, that the Parish of the Enemy hath not one honest Man in it.

I always hated Satyrs against Woman, and Satyrs against Man; I am apt to suspect a Stranger who laughs at the Religion of *The Faculty*; My Spleen rises at a dull Rogue, who is severe upon Mayors and Aldermen; and was never better pleased than with a Piece of Jus-

tice executed upon the Body of a Templer, who was very arch upon Parsons.

The Necessities of Mankind require various Employments; and whoever excels in his Province is worthy of Praise. All Men are not educated after the same Manner, nor have all the same Talents. Those who are deficient deserve our Compassion, and have a Title to our Assistance. All cannot be bred in the same Place; but in all Places there arise, at different Times, such Persons as do Honour to their Society, which may raise Envy in little Souls, but are admired and cherished by generous Spirits.

It is certainly a great Happiness to be educated in Societies of great and eminent Men. Their Instructions and Examples are of extraordinary Advantage. It is highly proper to instill such a Reverence of the governing Persons, and Concern for the Honour of the Place, as may spur the growing Members to worthy Pursuits and honest Emulation: But to swell young Minds with vain Thoughts of the Dignity of their own Brotherhood, by debasing and villifying all others, doth them a real Injury. By this means I have found that their Efforts have become languid, and their Prattle irksome, as thinking it sufficient Praise that they are Children of so illustrious and ample a Family. I should think it a surer as well as more generous Method, to set before the Eyes of Youth such Persons as have made a noble Progress in Fraternities less talk'd of; which seems tacitly to reproach their Sloth, who loll so heavily in the Seats of mighty Improvement: Active Spirits hereby would enlarge their Notions, whereas by a servile Imitation of one, or perhaps two, admired Men in their own Body, they can only gain a secondary and derivative kind of Fame. These Copiers of Men, like those of Authors or Painters, run into Affectations of some Oddness, which perhaps was not disagreeable in the Original, but sits ungracefully on the narrow-soul'd Transcriber.

By such early Corrections of Vanity, while Boys are growing into Men, they will gradually learn not to censure superficially; but imbibe those Principles of general Kindness and Humanity, which alone can make them easie to themselves, and beloved by others.

Reflections of this nature have expunged all Prejudices out of my Heart, insomuch that, tho' I am a firm Protestant, I hope to see the Pope and Cardinals without violent Emotions; and tho' I am naturally grave, I expect to meet good Company at *Paris*.

I am, SIR,

Your obedient Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I find you are a general Undertaker, and have by your Correspondents or self an Insight into most things: which makes me apply myself to you at present in the sorest Calamity that ever befel Man. My Wife has taken something ill of me, and has not spoke one Word, good or bad, to me, or any Body in the Family, since *Friday* was Seven-night. What must a Man do

'in that Case? Your Advice would be a great
'Obligation to,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,
Ralph Thimbleton.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'When you want a Trifle to fill up a Paper, in
'inserting this you will lay an Obligation on

Your humble Servant,

July 15th,
1712.

Olivio.

Dear Olivia,

"It is but this Moment I have had the Happi-
"ness of knowing to whom I am obliged for the
"Present I received the second of *April*. I am
"heartily sorry it did not come to Hand the Day
"before; for I can't but think it very hard upon
"People to lose their Jest, that offer at one but
"once a Year. I congratulate my self however
"upon the Earnest given me of something fur-
"ther intended in my Favour, for I am told, that
"the Man who is thought worthy by a Lady to
"make a Fool of, stands fair enough in her
"Opinion to become one Day her Husband.
"Till such time as I have the Honour of being
"sworn, I take Leave to subscribe my self,

Dear Olivia,

Your Fool Elect,

T.

Nicodemuncio.

No. 433.] Thursday, July 17, 1712. [Addison.

*Perlege Mæonio cantatas carmine Ranas,
Et frontem nugis solvere disce meis.*—Mart.

THE Moral World, as consisting of Males and Females, is of a mixt Nature, and filled with several Customs, Fashions and Ceremonies, which would have no place in it, were there but *One* Sex. Had our Species no Females in it, Men would be quite different Creatures from what they are at present; their Endeavours to please the opposite Sex, polishes and refines them out of those Manners which are most Natural to them, and often sets them upon modelling themselves, not according to the Plans which they approve in their own Opinions, but according to those Plans which they think are most agreeable to the Female World. In a Word, Man would not only be an unhappy, but a rude unfinished Creature, were he conversant with none but those of his own Make.

Women, on the other side, are apt to form themselves in every thing with regard to that other half of reasonable Creatures, with whom they are here blended and confused; their Thoughts are ever turned upon appearing amiable to the other Sex; they talk, and move, and smile, with a Design upon us; every Feature of their Faces, every part of their Dress is filled with Snares and Allurements. There would be no such Animals as Prudes or Coquets in the World, were there not such an Animal as Man. In short, it is the Male that gives Charms to Womankind, that produces an Air in their Faces,

a Grace in their Motions, a Softness in their Voices, and a Delicacy in their Complexions.

As this mutual Regard between the two Sexes tends to the Improvement of each of them, we may observe that Men are apt to degenerate into rough and brutal Natures, who live as if there were no such things as Women in the World; as on the contrary, Women, who have an Indifference or Aversion for their Counter-parts in human Nature, are generally Sower and Unamiable, Sluttish and Censorious.

I am led into this Train of Thoughts by a little Manuscript which is lately fallen into my Hands, and which I shall communicate to the Reader, as I have done some other curious Pieces of the same Nature, without troubling him with any Enquiries about the Author of it. It contains a summary Account of two different States which bordered upon one another. The one was a Commonwealth of *Amazons*, or Women without Men; the other was a Republick of Males that had not a Woman in their whole Community. As these two States bordered upon one another, it was their way, it seems, to meet upon their Frontiers at a certain Season of the Year, where those among the Men who had not made their Choice in any former Meeting, associated themselves with particular Women, whom they were afterwards obliged to look upon as their Wives in every one of these yearly Rencounters. The Children that sprung from this Alliance, if Males, were sent to their respective Fathers, if Females, continued with their Mothers. By means of this Anniversary Carnival, which lasted about a Week, the Commonwealths were recruited from time to time, and supplied with their respective Subjects.

These two States were engaged together in a perpetual League, Offensive and Defensive, so that if any Foreign Potentate offered to attack either of them, both the Sexes fell upon him at once, and quickly brought him to Reason. It was remarkable that for many Ages this Agreement continued inviolable between the two States, notwithstanding, as was said before, they were Husbands and Wives; but this will not appear so wonderful, if we consider that they did not live together above a Week in a Year.

In the Account which my Author gives of the Male Republick, there were several Customs very remarkable. The Men never shaved their Beards, or pared their Nails above once in a Twelvemonth, which was probably about the time of the great annual Meeting upon their Frontiers. I find the Name of a Minister of State in one Part of their History, who was fined for appearing too frequently in clean Linnen; and of a certain great General who was turned out of his Post for Effeminacy, it having been proved upon him by several credible Witnesses that he washed his Face every Morning. If any Member of the Commonwealth had a soft Voice, a smooth Face, or a supple Behaviour, he was banished into the Commonwealth of Females, where he was treated as a Slave, dressed in Petticoats, and set a Spinning. They had no Titles of Honour among them, but such as denoted some Bodily Strength or Perfection, as such an one *the Tall*,

such an one *the Stocky*, such an one *the Gruff*. Their publick Debates were generally managed with Kicks and Cuffs, insomuch that they often came from the Council Table with broken Shins, black Eyes, and bloody Noses. When they would reproach a Man in the most bitter Terms, they would tell him his Teeth were white, or that he had a fair Skin, and a soft Hand. The greatest Man I meet with in their History, was one who could lift Five hundred Weight, and wore such a prodigious Pair of Whiskers as had never been seen in the Commonwealth before his Time. These Accomplishments it seems had rendred him so popular, that if he had not died very seasonably, it is thought he might have enslaved the Republick. Having made this short Extract out of the History of the Male Commonwealth, I shall look into the History of the neighbouring State which consisted of Females, and if I find any thing in it, will not fail to Communicate it to the Publick. C.

No. 434.] Friday, July 18, 1712. [Addison.

*Quales Threiciae cum flumina Thermoodontis
Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:
Seu circum Hippolyten, seu cum se Martia curru
Penthesilea refert, magnoque ululante tumultu
Feminea exultant lunatis agmina peltis.*—Virg.

HAVING carefully perused the Manuscript I mentioned in my Yesterday's Paper, so far as it relates to the Republick of Women, I find in it several Particulars which may very well deserve the Reader's Attention.

The Girls of Quality, from six to twelve Years old, were put to publick Schools, where they learned to Box and play at Cudgels, with several other Accomplishments of the same Nature; so that nothing was more usual than to see a little Miss returning Home at Night with a broken Pate, or two or three Teeth knocked out of her Head. They were afterwards taught to ride the great Horse, to Shoot, Dart, or Sling, and listed into several Companies, in order to perfect themselves in Military Exercises. No Woman was to be married till she had killed her Man. The Ladies of Fashion used to play with young Lions instead of Lap-dogs, and when they made any Parties of Diversion, instead of entertaining themselves at Ombre or Piquet, they would wrestle and pitch the Bar for a whole Afternoon together. There was never any such thing as a Blush seen, or a Sigh heard, in the Commonwealth. The Women never dressed but to look terrible, to which end they would sometimes after a Battel paint their Cheeks with the Blood of their Enemies. For this Reason likewise the Face which had the most Scars was looked upon as the most beautiful. If they found Lace, Jewels, Ribbons, or any Ornaments in Silver or Gold among the Booty which they had taken, they used to dress their Horses with it, but never entertained a Thought of wearing it themselves. There were particular Rights and Privileges allowed to any Member of the Commonwealth, who was a

Mother of three Daughters. The Senate was made up of old Women; for by the Laws of the Country none was to be a Councillor of State that was not past Child-bearing. They used to boast their Republick had continued Four thousand Years, which is altogether improbable, unless we may suppose, what I am very apt to think, that they measured their Time by *Lunar* Years.

There was a great Revolution brought about in this Female Republick, by means of a neighbouring King, who had made War upon them several Years with various Success, and at length overthrew them in a very great Battel. This Defeat they ascribe to several Causes; some say that the Secretary of State having been troubled with the Vapours, had committed some fatal Mistakes in several Dispatches about that Time. Others pretend, that the first Minister being big with Child, could not attend the Publick Affairs, as so great an Exigency of State required; but this I can give no manner of Credit to, since it seems to contradict a Fundamental Maxim in their Government which I have before mentioned. My Author gives the most probable Reason of this great Disaster; for he affirms, that the General was brought to Bed, or (as others say) Miscarried the very Night before the Battel: However it was, this signal Overthrow obliged them to call in the Male Republick to their Assistance; but notwithstanding their Common Efforts to repulse the Victorious Enemy, the War continued for many Years before they could entirely bring it to a happy Conclusion.

The Campaigns which both Sexes passed together made them so well acquainted with one another, that at the End of the War they did not care for parting. In the Beginning of it they lodged in separate Camps, but afterwards as they grew more familiar, they pitched their Tents promiscuously.

From this time the Armies being Chequered with both Sexes, they polished apace. The Men used to invite their Fellow-Soldiers into their Quarters, and would dress their Tents with Flowers and Boughs, for their Reception. If they chanced to like one more than another, they would be cutting her Name in the Table, or Chalking out her Figure upon a Wall, or talking of her in a kind of rapturous Language, which by degrees improved into Verse and Sonnet. These were as the first Rudiments of Architecture, Painting, and Poetry among this Savage People. After any Advantage over the Enemy, both Sexes used to Jump together and make a Clattering with their Swords and Shields, for Joy, which in a few Years produced several Regular Tunes and Sett Dances.

As the two Armies romped on these Occasions, the Women complained of the thick bushy Beards and long Nails of their Confederates, who thereupon took care to prune themselves into such Figures as were most pleasing to their Female Friends and Allies.

When they had taken any Spoils from the Enemy, the Men would make a Present of every thing that was Rich and Showy to the Women whom they most admired, and would frequently dress the Necks, or Heads, or Arms of their Mistresses, with any thing which they thought

appeared Gay or Pretty. The Women observing that the Men took delight in looking upon them, when they were adorned with such Trappings and Gugaws, set their Heads at Work to find out new Inventions, and to outshine one another in all Councils of War or the like solemn Meetings. On the other hand, the Men observing how the Womens Hearts were set upon Finery, begun to Embellish themselves and look as agreeably as they could in the Eyes of their Associates. In short, after a few Years conversing together, the Women had learnt to Smile, and the Men to Ogle, the Women grew Soft, and the Men Lively.

When they had thus insensibly formed one another, upon the finishing of the War, which concluded with an entire Conquest of their common Enemy, the Colonels in one Army Married the Colonels in the other; the Captains in the same Manner took the Captains to their Wives: The whole Body of common Soldiers were matched, after the Example of their Leaders. By this means the two Republicks incorporated with one another, and became the most Flourishing and Polite Government in the Part of the World which they Inhabited.

C.

No. 435.] Saturday, July 19, 1712. [Addison.

*Nec duo sunt at forma duplex, nec fœmina dici
Nec puer ut possint, neutrumque et utrumque
videntur.*—Ovid.

MOST of the Papers I give the Publick are written on Subjects that never vary, but are for ever fixt and immutable. Of this kind are all my more serious Essays and Discourses; but there is another sort of Speculations, which I consider as Occasional Papers, that take their Rise from the Folly, Extravagance, and Caprice of the present Age. For I look upon my self as one set to watch the Manners and Behaviour of my Countrymen and Contemporaries, and to mark down every absurd Fashion, ridiculous Custom, or affected Form of Speech that makes its Appearance in the World, during the Course of these my Speculations. The Petticoat no sooner begun to swell, but I observed its Motions. The Party-patches had not time to muster themselves before I detected them. I had Intelligence of the Coloured Hood the very first time it appeared in a Publick Assembly. I might here mention several other the like Contingent Subjects, upon which I have bestowed distinct Papers. By this Means I have so effectually quashed those Irregularities which gave Occasion to 'em, that I am afraid Posterity will scarce have a sufficient Idea of them, to relish those Discourses which were in no little Vogue at the time when they were written. They will be apt to think that the Fashions and Customs I attacked were some Fantastick Conceits of my own, and that their Great-Grandmothers could not be so whimsical as I have represented them. For this Reason, when I think on the Figure my several Volumes of Speculations will make about a Hundred Years hence, I consider them as so

many Pieces of old Plate, where the Weight will be regarded, but the Fashion lost.

Among the several Female Extravagancies I have already taken Notice of, there is one which still keeps its Ground. I mean that of the Ladies who dress themselves in a Hat and Feather, a Riding-coat and a Perriwig, or at least tie up their Hair in a Bag or Ribbond, in imitation of the smart Part of the opposite Sex. As in my Yesterday's Paper I gave an Account of the Mixture of two Sexes in one Commonwealth, I shall here take notice of this Mixture of two Sexes in one Person. I have already shewn my Dislike of this Immodest Custom more than once; but in Contempt of every thing I have hitherto said, I am informed that the Highways about this great City are still very much infested with these Female Cavaliers.

I remember when I was at my Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY's about this time Twelve-month, an Equestrian Lady of this Order appeared upon the Plains which lay at a distance from his House. I was at that time walking in the Fields with my old Friend; and as his Tenants ran out on every side to see so strange a Sight, Sir ROGER asked one of them who came by us what it was? To which the Country Fellow reply'd, 'Tis a Gentlewoman, saving your Worship's Presence, in a Coat and Hat. This produced a great deal of Mirth at the Knight's House, where we had a Story at the same time of another of his Tenants, who meeting this Gentleman-like Lady on the High-way, was asked by her *whether that was Coverly-Hall*, the Honest Man seeing only the Male Part of the Querist, replied, *Yes, Sir*; but upon the second Question, *whether Sir ROGER DE COVERLY was a married Man*, having dropped his Eye upon the Petticoat, he changed his Note into *No, Madam*.

Had one of these Hermaphrodites appeared in *Juvenal's* Days, with what an Indignation should we have seen her described by that excellent Satyrist. He would have represented her in a Riding Habit, as a greater Monster than the Centaur. He would have called for Sacrifices or Purifying Waters, to expiate the Appearance of such a Prodigy. He would have invoked the Shades of *Portia* or *Lucretia*, to see into what the *Roman Ladies* had transformed themselves.

For my own part, I am for treating the Sex with greater Tenderness, and have all along made use of the most gentle Methods to bring them off from any little Extravagance into which they are sometimes unwarily fallen: I think it however absolutely necessary to keep up the Partition between the two Sexes, and to take Notice of the smallest Encroachments which the one makes upon the other. I hope therefore that I shall not hear any more Complaints on this Subject. I am sure my She-Disciples who peruse these my daily Lectures, have profited but little by them, if they are capable of giving into such an Amphibious Dress. This I should not have mentioned, had not I lately met one of these my Female Readers in *Hyde Park*, who looked upon me with a masculine Assurance, and cocked her Hat full in my Face.

For my part, I have one general Key to the Behaviour of the Fair Sex. When I see them singular in any Part of their Dress, I conclude it

is not without some Evil Intention ; and therefore question not but the Design of this strange Fashion is to smite more effectually their Male Beholders. Now to set them right in this Particular, I would fain have them consider with themselves whether we are not more likely to be struck by a Figure entirely Female, than with such an one as we may see every Day in our Glasses : Or, if they please, let them reflect upon their own Hearts, and think how they would be affected should they meet a Man on Horseback, in his Breeches and Jack-Boots, and at the same time dressed up in a Commode and a Night-raile.

I must observe that this Fashion was first of all brought to us from *France*, a Country which has Infected all the Nations of *Europe* with its Levity. I speak not this in derogation of a whole People, having more than once found fault with those general Reflections which strike at Kingdoms or Commonwealths in the Gross : A piece of Cruelty, which an ingenious Writer of our own compares to that of *Caligula*, who wished the *Roman* People had all but one Neck, that he might behead them at a Blow. I shall therefore only Remark, that as Liveliness and Assurance are in a peculiar manner the Qualifications of the *French* Nation, the same Habits and Customs will not give the same Offence to that People, which they produce among those of our own Country. Modesty is our distinguishing Character, as Vivacity is theirs : And when this our National Virtue appears in that Female Beauty, for which our *British* Ladies are celebrated above all others in the Universe, it makes up the most amiable Object that the Eye of Man can possibly behold. C.

No. 436.] Monday, July 21, 1712. [Steele.

—Verso pollice vulgi
Quemlibet occidunt Populariter.—Juv.

BEING a Person of insatiable Curiosity, I could not forbear going on *Wednesday* last to a Place of no small Renown for the Gallantry of the lower Order of *Britons*, namely, to the Bear-Garden at *Hockley in the Hole*;¹ where (as a whitish brown Paper, put into my Hands in the Street, informed me) there was to be a Tryal of Skill to be exhibited between two Masters of the Noble Science of Defence, at two of the Clock precisely. I was not a little charm'd with the Solemnity of the Challenge, which ran thus :

I James Miller, Serjeant, (lately come from the Frontiers of Portugal) Master of the noble Science of Defence, hearing in most Places where I have been of the great Fame of Timothy Buck of London, Master of the said Science, do invite him to meet me, and exercise at the several Weapons following, viz.

<i>Back-Sword,</i>	<i>Single Falchon,</i>
<i>Sword and Dagger,</i>	<i>Case of Falchons,</i>
<i>Sword and Buckler,</i>	<i>Quarter Staff.</i>

¹ See note on p. 52.

If the generous Ardour in *James Miller* to dispute the Reputation of *Timothy Buck*, had something resembling the old Heroes of Romance, *Timothy Buck* return'd Answer in the same Paper with the like Spirit, adding a little Indignation at being challenged, and seeming to condescend to fight *James Miller*, not in regard to *Miller* himself, but in that, as the Fame went out, he had fought *Parkes of Coventry*.¹ The Acceptance of the Combat ran in these Words :

I Timothy Buck of Clare-Market, Master of the Noble Science of Defence, hearing he did fight Mr. Parkes of Coventry, will not fail (God Willing) to meet this fair Inviter at the Time and Place appointed, desiring a clear Stage and no Favour.

Vivat Regina.

I shall not here look back on the Spectacles of the *Greeks* and *Romans* of this kind, but must believe this Custom took its rise from the Ages of Knight-Errantry ; from those who lov'd one Woman so well, that they hated all Men and Women else ; from those who would fight you, whether you were or were not of their Mind ; from those who demanded the Combat of their Contemporaries, both for admiring their Mistress or discommending her. I cannot therefore but lament, that the terrible Part of the ancient Fight is preserved, when the amorous Side of it is forgotten. We have retained the Barbarity, but lost the Gallantry of the old Combatants. I could wish, methinks, these Gentlemen had consulted me in the Promulgation of the Conflict. I was obliged by a fair young Maid whom I understood to be called *Elizabeth Preston*, Daughter of the Keeper of the Garden, with a Glass of Water ; whom I imagined might have been, for Form's sake, the general Representative of the Lady sought for, and from her Beauty the proper *Amarillis* on these Occasions. It would have ran better in the Challenge, *I James Miller, Serjeant, who have travelled Parts abroad, and came last from the Frontiers of Portugal, for the Love of Elizabeth Preston, do assert, That the said Elizabeth is the Fairest of Women.* Then the Answer ; *I Timothy Buck, who have stay'd in Great Britain during all the War in Foreign Parts, for the Sake of Susanna Page, do deny that Elizabeth Preston is so fair as the said Susanna Page.* Let *Susanna Page* look on, and I desire of *James Miller* no Favour.

This would give the Battel quite another Turn ;

¹ John Sparkes of Coventry has this piece of biography upon his tombstone : 'To the memory of Mr. John Sparkes, a native of this city ; he was a man of a mild disposition, a gladiator by profession, who, after having fought 350 battles in the principal parts of Europe with honour and applause, at length quitted the stage, sheathed his sword, and, with Christian resignation, submitted to the grand victor in the 52nd year of his age. Anno salutis humanæ, 1733.'

Serjeant James Miller afterwards became a captain, and fought in Scotland under the Duke of Cumberland in 1745.

and a proper Station for the Ladies, whose Complexion was disputed by the Sword, would animate the Disputants with a more gallant Incentive than the Expectation of Money from the Spectators; tho' I would not have that neglected, but thrown to that Fair One, whose Lover was approved by the Donor.

Yet, considering the Thing wants such Amendments, it was carried with great Order. *James Miller* came on first, preceded by two disabled Drummers, to shew, I suppose, that the Prospect of maimed Bodies did not in the least deter him. There ascended with the daring *Miller* a Gentleman, whose Name I could not learn, with a dogged Air, as unsatisfied that he was not Principal. This Son of Anger lowred at the whole Assembly, and weighing himself as he march'd around from Side to Side, with a stiff Knee and Shoulder, he gave Intimations of the Purpose he smothered till he saw the Issue of this Encounter. *Miller* had a blue Ribband tied round the Sword Arm; which Ornament I conceive to be the Remain of that Custom of wearing a Mistress's Favour on such Occasions of old.

Miller is a Man of six Foot eight Inches Height, of a kind but bold Aspect, well-fashioned, and ready of his Limbs: and such Readiness as spoke his Ease in them, was obtained from a Habit of Motion in Military Exercise.

The Expectation of the Spectators was now almost at its Height, and the Crowd pressing in, several active Persons thought they were placed rather according to their Fortune than their Merit, and took it in their Heads to prefer themselves from the open Area, or Pitt, to the Galleries. This Dispute between Desert and Property brought many to the Ground, and raised others in proportion to the highest Seats by Turns for the Space of ten Minutes, till *Timothy Buck* came on, and the whole Assembly giving up their Disputes, turned their Eyes upon the Champions. Then it was that every Man's Affection turned to one or the other irresistibly. A judicious Gentleman near me said, *I could methinks be Miller's Second, but I had rather have Buck for mine.* *Miller* had an Audacious Look, that took the Eye; *Buck* a perfect Composure, that engaged the Judgment. *Buck* came on in a plain Coat, and kept all his Air till the Instant of Engaging; at which time he undress'd to his Shirt, his Arm adorned with a Bandage of red Ribband. No one can describe the sudden Concern in the whole Assembly; the most tumultuous Crowd in Nature was as still and as much engaged, as if all their Lives depended on the first Blow. The Combatants met in the Middle of the Stage, and shaking Hands as removing all Malice, they retired with much Grace to the Extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, *Miller* with an Heart full of Resolution, *Buck* with a watchful untroubled Countenance; *Buck* regarding principally his own Defence, *Miller* chiefly thoughtful of annoying his Opponent. It is not easie to describe the many Escapes and imperceptible Defences between two Men of quick Eyes and ready Limbs; but *Miller's* Heat laid him open to the Rebuke of the calm *Buck*, by a large Cut on the Forehead. Much Effusion of

Blood covered his Eyes in a Moment, and the Huzzas of the Crowd undoubtedly quickened the Anguish. The Assembly was divided into Parties upon their different ways of Fighting; while a poor Nymph in one of the Galleries apparently suffered for *Miller*, and burst into a Flood of Tears. As soon as his Wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little Rage, which still disabled him further. But what brave Man can be wounded into more Patience and Caution? The next was a warm eager Onset, which ended in a decisive Stroke on the Left Leg of *Miller*. The Lady in the Gallery, during this second Strife, covered her Face; and for my Part, I could not keep my Thoughts from being mostly employed on the Consideration of her unhappy Circumstance that Moment, hearing the Clash of Swords, and apprehending Life or Victory concerned her Lover in every Blow, but not daring to satisfy her self on whom they fell. The Wound was exposed to the View of all who could delight in it, and sowed up on the Stage. The surly Second of *Miller* declared at this Time, that he would that Day Fortnight fight Mr. *Buck* at the same Weapons, declaring himself the Master of the renowned *Gorman*; but *Buck* denied him the Honour of that courageous Disciple, and asserting that he himself had taught that Champion, accepted the Challenge.

There is something in Nature very unaccountable on such Occasions, when we see the People take a certain painful Gratification in beholding these Encounters. Is it Cruelty that administers this Sort of Delight? Or is it a Pleasure which is taken in the Exercise of Pity? It was methought pretty remarkable, that the Business of the Day being a Tryal of Skill, the Popularity did not run so high as one would have expected on the Side of *Buck*. Is it that People's Passions have their Rise in Self-Love, and thought themselves (in spite of all the Courage they had) liable to the Fate of *Miller*, but could not so easily think themselves qualified like *Buck*?

Tully speaks of this Custom with less Horror than one would expect, though he confesses it was much abused in his Time, and seems directly to approve of it under its first Regulations, when Criminals only fought before the People. *Crudele Gladiatorum spectaculum et inhumanum nonnullis videri solet; et haud scio annon ita sit ut nunc fit; cum vero sontes ferro depugnabant, auribus fortasse multa, oculis quidem nulla, poterat esse fortior contra dolorem et mortem disciplina.* The Shows of Gladiators may be thought barbarous and inhumane, and I know not but it is so as it is now practised; but in those Times when only Criminals were Combatants, the Ear perhaps might receive many better Instructions, but it is impossible that any thing which affects our Eyes, should fortifie us so well against Pain and Death.¹ T.

¹ Tuscul. Quæst. lib. II., De Tolerando Dolore.

No. 437.] Tuesday, July 22, 1712. [

*Tunc impune hæc facias? Tunc hic homines
adolescentulos
Imperitos rerum, eductos libere, in fraudem
illicis?
Sollicitando, et pollicitando eorum animos
lactas?
Ac meretricios amores nuptiis conglutinas?*
Ter. And.

THE other Day passed by me in her Chariot a Lady with that pale and wan Complexion, which we sometimes see in young People, who are fallen into Sorrow and private Anxiety of Mind, which antedate Age and Sickness. It is not three Years ago since she was gay, airy, and a little towards Libertine in her Carriage; but, methought, I easily forgave her that little Insolence, which she so severely pays for in her present Condition. *Favilla*, of whom I am speaking, is married to a sullen Fool with Wealth: Her Beauty and Merit are lost upon the Dolt, who is insensible of Perfection in any thing. Their Hours together are either painful or insipid: The Minutes she has to herself in his Absence, are not sufficient to give Vent at her Eyes to the Grief and Torment of his last Conversation. This poor Creature was sacrificed with a Temper (which, under the Cultivation of a Man of Sense, would have made the most agreeable Companion) into the Arms of this loathsome Yoak-fellow by *Sempronia*. *Sempronia* is a good Lady, who supports herself in an affluent Condition, by contracting Friendship with rich young Widows and Maids of plentiful Fortunes at their own Disposal, and bestowing her Friends upon worthless indigent Fellows; on the other Side, she ensnares inconsiderate and rash Youths of great Estates into the Arms of vitious Women. For this Purpose, she is accomplished in all the Arts which can make her acceptable at impertinent Visits; she knows all that passes in every Quarter, and is well acquainted with all the favourite Servants, Busiebodies, Dependants, and poor Relations of all Persons of Condition in the whole Town. At the Price of a good Sum of Money, *Sempronia*, by the Instigation of *Favilla's* Mother, brought about the Match for the Daughter, and the Reputation of this, which is apparently, in point of Fortune, more than *Favilla* could expect, has gained her the Visits and frequent Attendance of the Crowd of Mothers, who had rather see their Children miserable in great Wealth, than the happiest of the Race of Mankind in a less conspicuous State of Life. When *Sempronia* is so well acquainted with a Woman's Temper and Circumstance, that she believes Marriage would be acceptable to her, and advantageous to the Man who shall get her; her next Step is to look out for some one, whose Condition has some secret Wound in it, and wants a Sum, yet, in the Eye of the World, not unsuitable to her. If such is not easily had, she immediately adorns a worthless Fellow with what Estate she thinks convenient, and adds as great a Share of good Humour and Sobriety as is requisite: After this is settled, no Importunities, Arts,

and Devices are omitted to hasten the Lady to her Happiness. In the general indeed she is a Person of so strict Justice, that she marries a poor Gallant to a rich Wench, and a Moneyless Girl to a Man of Fortune. But then she has no manner of Conscience in the Disparity, when she has a Mind to impose a poor Rogue for one of an Estate, she has no Remorse in adding to it, that he is illiterate, ignorant, and unfashioned; but makes those Imperfections Arguments of the Truth of his Wealth, and will, on such an Occasion, with a very grave Face, charge the People of Condition with Negligence in the Education of their Children. Exception being made t'other Day against an ignorant Booby of her own Cloathing, whom she was putting off for a rich Heir, *Madam*, said she, *you know there is no making Children who know they have Estates attend their Books.*

Sempronia, by these Arts, is loaded with Presents, importuned for her Acquaintance, and admired by those who do not know the first Taste of Life, as a Woman of exemplary good Breeding. But sure, to murder and to rob are less Iniquities, than to raise Profit by Abuses, as irreparable as taking away Life; but more grievous, as making it lastingly unhappy. To rob a Lady at Play of Half her Fortune, is not so ill, as giving the whole and her self to an unworthy Husband. But *Sempronia* can administer Consolation to an unhappy Fair at Home, by leading her to an agreeable Gallant elsewhere. She can then preach the general Condition of all the Married World, and tell an unexperienced young Woman the Methods of softning her Affliction, and laugh at her Simplicity and Want of Knowledge, with an *Oh! my Dear, you will know better.*

The Wickedness of *Sempronia*, one would think, should be superlative; but I cannot but esteem that of some Parents equal to it; I mean such as sacrifice the greatest Endowments and Qualifications to base Bargains. A Parent who forces a Child of a liberal and ingenious Spirit into the Arms of a Clown or a Blockhead, obliges her to a Crime too odious for a Name. It is in a Degree the unnatural Conjunction of rational and brutal Beings. Yet what is there so common, as the bestowing an accomplished Woman with such a Disparity. And I could name Crowds who lead miserable Lives, for want of Knowledge in their Parents, of this Maxim, that good Sense and good Nature always go together. That which is attributed to Fools, and called good Nature, is only an Inability of observing what is faulty, which turns in Marriage, into a Suspicion of every thing as such, from a Consciousness of that Inability.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am entirely of your Opinion with Relation
'to the Equestrian Females, who affect both the
'Masculine and Feminine Air at the same time;
'and cannot forbear making a Presentment
'against another Order of them who grow very
'numerous and powerful; and since our Language
'is not very capable of good compound Words, I
'must be contented to call them only the *Naked*
'*Shouldered*. These Beauties are not contented

'to make Lovers where-ever they appear, but
'they must make Rivals at the same time. Were
'you to see *Gatty* walk the *Park* at high Mall,
'you would expect those who followed her and
'those who met her could immediately draw
'their Swords for her. I hope, Sir, you will pro-
'vide for the future, that Women may stick to
'their Faces for doing any future Mischief and
'not allow any but direct Traders in Beauty to
'expose more than the fore Part of the Neck, un-
'less you please to allow this After-Game to
'those who are very defective in the Charms of
'the Countenance. I can say, to my Sorrow,
'the present Practice is very unfair, when to look
'back is Death; and it may be said of our Beau-
'ties, as a great Poet did of Bullets,

They kill and wound like Parthians as they fly.

'I submit this to your Animadversion; and am,
'for the little while I have left,

*Your humble Servant,
the languishing PHILANTHUS.*

P. S. *Suppose you mended my Letter, and
made a Simile about the Porcupine, but I submit
that also.* T.

No. 438.] *Wednesday, July 23, 1712. [Steele.*

*—Animum rege qui nisi paret
Imperat— Hor.*

IT is a very common Expression, That such a
one is very good-natur'd, but very passion-
ate. The Expression indeed is very good-
natur'd, to allow passionate People so much
Quarter: But I think a passionate Man deserves
the least Indulgence Imaginable. It is said, it is
soon over; that is, all the Mischief he does is
quickly dispatch'd, which, I think, is no great
Recommendation to Favour. I have known one
of these good-natur'd passionate Men say in a
mix'd Company even to his own Wife or Child,
such Things as the most inveterate Enemy of his
Family would not have spoke, even in Imagina-
tion. It is certain that quick Sensibility is in-
separable from a ready Understanding; but why
should not that good Understanding call to it self
all its Force on such Occasions, to master that
sudden Inclination to Anger. One of the greatest
Souls now in the World¹ is the most subject by
Nature to Anger, and yet so famous from a Con-
quest of himself this Way, that he is the known
Example when you talk of Temper and Com-
mand of a Man's Self. To contain the Spirit of
Anger, is the worthiest Discipline we can put
our selves to. When a Man has made any
Progress this way, a frivolous Fellow in a Pas-
sion, is to him as contemptible as a froward Child.
It ought to be the Study of every Man, for his
own Quiet and Peace. When he stands com-
bustible and ready to flame upon every thing that
touches him, Life is as uneasie to himself as it is
to all about him. *Syncropius* leads, of all Men
living, the most ridiculous Life; he is ever of-

¹ Lord Somers.

fending, and begging Pardon. If his Man enters
the Room without what he sent for, *That Block-
head*, begins he—— *Gentlemen, I ask your
Pardon, but Servants now a-days*——The
wrong Plates are laid, they are thrown into the
Middle of the Room; his Wife stands by in Pain
for him, which he sees in her Face, and answers
as if he had heard all she was thinking; *Why,
what the Devil! Why don't you take Care to
give Orders in these things?* His Friends sit
down to a tasteless Plenty of every thing, every
Minute expecting new Insults from his imper-
tinent Passions. In a Word, to eat with, or
visit *Syncropius*, is no other than going to see
him exercise his Family, exercise their Patience,
and his own Anger.

It is monstrous that the Shame and Confusion
in which this good-natured angry Man must needs
behold his Friends while he thus lays about him,
does not give him so much Reflection as to create
an Amendment. This is the most scandalous
Disuse of Reason imaginable; all the harmless
Part of him is no more than that of a Bull-Dog,
they are tame no longer than they are not of-
fended. One of these good-natured angry Men
shall, in an Instant, assemble together so many
Allusions to secret Circumstances, as are enough
to dissolve the Peace of all the Families and
Friends he is acquainted with, in a Quarter of an
Hour, and yet the next Moment be the best-
natured Man in the whole World. If you would
see Passion in its Purity, without Mixture of
Reason, behold it represented in a mad Hero,
drawn by a mad Poet. *Nat Lee* makes his
Alexander say thus:

*Away, begon, and give a Whirlwind Room,
Or I will blow you up like Dust! Avaunt;
Madness but meanly represents my Toil.*

Eternal Discord!

*Fury! Revenge! Disdain and Indignation!
Tear my swoln Breast, make way for Fire and
Tempest.*

*My Brain is burst, Debate and Reason quench'd;
The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart
Splits with the Rack, while Passions, like the
Wind,*

Rise up to Heav'n, and put out all the Stars.

Every passionate Fellow in Town talks half the
Day with as little Consistency, and threatens
Things as much out of his Power.

The next disagreeable Person to the outrageous
Gentleman, is one of a much lower Order of
Anger, and he is what we commonly call a peev-
ish Fellow. A peevish Fellow is one who has
some Reason in himself for being out of Hu-
mour, or has a natural Incapacity for Delight,
and therefore disturbs all who are happier than
himself with Pishes and Pshaws, or other well-
bred Interjections, at every thing that is said or
done in his Presence. There should be Physick
mixed in the Food of all which these Fellows eat
in good Company. This Degree of Anger passes,
forsooth, for a Delicacy of Judgment, that won't
admit of being easily pleas'd: but none above the
Character of wearing a peevish Man's Livery,
ought to bear with his ill Manners. All Things
among Men of Sense and Condition should pass

the Censure, and have the Protection, of the Eye of Reason.

No Man ought to be tolerated in an habitual Humour, Whim, or Particularity of Behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for Bread. Next to the peevish Fellow is the Snarler. This Gentleman deals mightily in what we call the Irony, and as those sort of People exert themselves most against these below them, you see their Humour best, in their Talk to their Servants. That is so like you, You are a fine Fellow, Thou art the quickest Head-piece, and the like. One would think the Hectoring, the Storming, the Sullen, and all the different Species and Subordinations of the Angry should be cured, by knowing they live only as pardoned Men; and how pitiful is the Condition of being only suffered? But I am interrupted by the pleasantest Scene of Anger and the Disappointment of it that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet Writing, and I overheard as I sat in the Back-room at a *French* Bookseller's. There came into the Shop a very learned Man with an erect Solemn Air, and tho' a Person of great Parts otherwise, slow in understanding anything which makes against himself. The Composure of the faulty Man, and the whimsical Perplexity of him that was justly angry, is perfectly New: After turning over many Volumes, said the Seller to the Buyer, *Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first Volume of French Sermons I formerly lent you; Sir, said the Chapman, I have often looked for it but cannot find it; It is certainly lost, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many Years ago; then, Sir, here is the other Volume, I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both.* My Friend, reply'd he, canst thou be so Senseless as not to know that one Volume is as imperfect in my Library as in your Shop? *Yes, Sir, but it is you have lost the first Volume, and to be short I will be Paid.* Sir, answered the Chapman, you are a young Man, your Book is lost, and learn by this little Loss to bear much greater Adversities, which you must expect to meet with. *Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I must, but I have not lost now, for I say you have it and shall pay me.* Friend, you grow Warm, I tell you the Book is lost, and I foresee in the Course even of a prosperous Life, that you will meet Afflictions to make you Mad, if you cannot bear this Trifle. *Sir, there is in this Case no need of bearing, for you have the Book.* I say, Sir, I have not the Book. But your Passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn Resignation of your self to the Distresses of this Life: Nay do not fret and fume, it is my Duty to tell you that you are of an impatient Spirit, and an impatient Spirit is never without Woe. *Was ever any thing like this?* Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The Loss is but a Trifle, but your Temper is Wanton, and incapable of the least Pain; therefore let me advise you, be patient, the Book is lost, but do not you for that Reason lose your self. T.

No. 439.] Thursday, July 24, 1712. [Addison.

*Hi narrata ferunt alio: mensuraque ficti
Crescit; et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.*
Ovid.

OVID describes the Palace of Fame¹ as situated in the very Center of the Universe, and perforated with so many Windows and Avenues as gave her the Sight of every thing that was done in the Heavens, in the Earth, and in the Sea. The Structure of it was contrived in so admirable a manner, that it Eccho'd every Word which was spoken in the whole Compass of Nature; so that the Palace, says the Poet, was always filled with a confused Hubbub of low dying Sounds, the Voices being almost spent and worn out before they arrived at this General Rendezvous of Speeches and Whispers.

I consider Courts with the same Regard to the Governments which they superintend, as *Ovid's* Palace of Fame with regard to the Universe. The Eyes of a watchful Minister run through the whole People. There is scarce a Murmur or Complaint that does not reach his Ears. They have News-gatherers and Intelligencers distributed into their several Walks and Quarters, who bring in their respective Quotas, and make them acquainted with the Discourse and Conversation of the whole Kingdom or Common-wealth where they are employed. The wisest of Kings, alluding to these invisible and unsuspected Spies, who are planted by Kings and Rulers over their Fellow-Citizens, as well as to those Voluntary Informers that are buzzing about the Ears of a great Man, and making their Court by such secret Methods of Intelligence, has given us a very prudent Caution: *Curse not the King, no not in thy Thought, and Curse not the Rich in thy Bed-chamber: For a Bird of the Air shall carry the Voice, and that which hath Wings shall tell the matter.*²

As it is absolutely necessary for Rulers to make use of other Peoples Eyes and Ears, they should take particular Care to do it in such a manner, that it may not bear too hard on the Person whose Life and Conversation are enquired into. A Man who is capable of so infamous a Calling as that of a Spy, is not very much to be relied upon. He can have no great Ties of Honour, or Checks of Conscience, to restrain him in those covert Evidences, where the Person accused has no Opportunity of vindicating himself. He will be more industrious to carry that which is grateful, than that which is true. There will be no Occasion for him, if he does not hear and see things worth Discovery; so that he naturally inflames every Word and Circumstance, aggravates what is faulty, perverts what is good, and misrepresents what is indifferent. Nor is it to be doubted but that such ignominious Wretches let their private Passions into these their clandestine Informations, and often wreck their particular Spite or Malice against the Person whom they are set to watch. It is a pleasant

¹ Metamorphoses, Bk xii.

² Eccl. x. 20.

Scene enough, which an *Italian* Author describes between a Spy, and a Cardinal who employed him. The Cardinal is represented as minuting down every thing that is told him. The Spy begins with a low Voice, Such an one, the Advocate, whispered to one of his Friends, within my Hearing, that your Eminence was a very great Poultron; and after having given his Patron Time to take it down, adds that another called him a Mercenary Rascal in a publick Conversation. The Cardinal replies, Very well, and bids him go on. The Spy proceeds, and loads him with Reports of the same Nature, till the Cardinal rises in great Wrath, calls him an impudent Scoundrel, and kicks him out of the Room.

It is observed of great and heroick Minds, that they have not only shewn a particular Disregard to those unmerited Reproaches which have been cast upon 'em, but have been altogether free from that Impertinent Curiosity of enquiring after them, or the poor Revenge of resenting them. The Histories of *Alexander* and *Cæsar* are full of this kind of Instances. Vulgar Souls are of a quite contrary Character. *Dionysius*, the Tyrant of *Sicily*, had a Dungeon which was a very curious Piece of Architecture; and of which, as I am informed, there are still to be seen some Remains in that Island. It was called *Dionysius's Ear*, and built with several little Windings and Labyrinths in the form of a real Ear. The Structure of it made it a kind of whispering Place, but such a one as gathered the Voice of him who spoke into a Funnel, which was placed at the very Top of it. The Tyrant used to lodge all his State-Criminals, or those whom he supposed to be engaged together in any Evil Designs upon him, in this Dungeon. He had at the same time an Apartment over it, where he used to apply himself to the Funnel, and by that Means over-hear every thing that was whispered in [the¹] Dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm, that a *Cæsar* or an *Alexander* would rather have died by the Treason, than have used such disingenuous Means for the detecting of it.

A Man, who in ordinary Life is very Inquisitive after every thing which is spoken ill of him, passes his Time but very indifferently. He is wounded by every Arrow that is shot at him, and puts it in the Power of every insignificant Enemy to disquiet him. Nay, he will suffer from what has been said of him, when it is forgotten by those who said or heard it. For this Reason I could never bear one of those officious Friends, that would be telling every malicious Report, every idle Censure that [passed²] upon me. The Tongue of Man is so petulant, and his Thoughts so variable, that one should not lay too great a Stress upon any present Speeches and Opinions. Praise and Obloquy proceed very frequently out of the same Mouth upon the same Person, and upon the same Occasion. A generous Enemy will sometimes bestow Commendations, as the dearest Friend cannot sometimes refrain from speaking Ill. The Man who is indifferent in either of these Respects, gives his Opinion at random, and praises or disapproves as he finds himself in Humour.

¹ [this] ² [passes]

I shall conclude this Essay with Part of a Character, which is finely drawn by the Earl of *Clarendon*, in the first Book of his History, and which gives us the lively Picture of a great Man teizing himself with an absurd Curiosity.

'He had not that Application and Submission, and Reverence for the Queen, as might have been expected from his Wisdom and Breeding; and often crossed her Pretences and Desires with more Rudeness than was natural to him. Yet he was impertinently solicitous to know what her Majesty said of him in private, and what Resentments she had towards him. And when by some Confidants, who had their Ends upon him from those Offices, he was informed of some bitter Expressions fallen from her Majesty, he was so exceedingly afflicted and tormented with the Sense of it, that sometimes by passionate Complaints and Representations to the King; sometimes by more dutiful Addresses and Expostulations with the Queen, in bewailing his Misfortune; he frequently exposed himself, and left his Condition worse than it was before, and the Eclaircissement commonly ended in the Discovery of the Persons from whom he had received his most secret Intelligence.¹ C.

No. 440.] Friday, July 25, 1712. [Addison.

Vivere si recte nescis, discede peritis.—Hor.

I HAVE already given my Reader an Account of a Sett of merry Fellows, who are passing their Summer together in the Country, being provided of a great House, where there is not only a convenient Apartment for every particular Person, but a large Infirmary for the Reception of such of them as are any way indisposed, or out of Humour. Having lately received a Letter from the Secretary of this Society, by Order of the whole Fraternity, which acquaints me with their Behaviour during the last Week, I shall here make a Present of it to the Publick.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'We are glad to find that you approve the Establishment which we have here made for the retrieving of good Manners and agreeable Conversation, and shall use our best Endeavours so to improve our selves in this our Summer Retirement, that we may next Winter serve as Patterns to the Town. But to the end that this our Institution may be no less Advantageous to the Publick than to our selves, we shall communicate to you one Week of our Proceedings, desiring you at the same time, if you see any thing faulty in them, to favour us with your Admonitions. For you must know, Sir, that it has been proposed among us to chuse you for our Visitor, to which I must further add, that one of the College having declared last Week, he did not like the *Spectator* of the Day, and not being able to assign any just Reasons for such his

¹ Written of Lord Treasurer Weston, Earl of Portland.

'Dislike, he was sent to the Infirmary *Nemine Contradicente*.

'On *Monday* the Assembly was in very good Humour, having received some Recruits of *French* Claret that Morning: when unluckily, towards the middle of the Dinner, one of the Company swore at his Servant in a very rough manner, for having put too much Water in his Wine. Upon which the President of the Day, who is always the Mouth of the Company, after having convinced him of the Impertinence of his Passion, and the Insult it had made upon the Company, ordered his Man to take him from the Table and convey him to the Infirmary. There was but one more sent away that Day; this was a Gentleman who is reckoned by some Persons one of the greatest Wits, and by others one of the greatest Boobies about Town. This you will say is a strange Character, but what makes it stranger yet, it is a very true one, for he is perpetually the Reverse of himself, being always merry or dull to Excess. We brought him hither to divert us, which he did very well upon the Road, having lavished away as much Wit and Laughter upon the Hackney Coachman as might have served him during his whole Stay here, had it been duly managed. He had been lumpish for two or three Days, but was so far connived at, in hopes of Recovery, that we dispatched one of the briskest Fellows among the Brotherhood into the Infirmary, for having told him at Table he was not merry. But our President observing that he indulged himself in this long Fit of Stupidity, and construing it as a Contempt of the College, ordered him to retire into the Place prepared for such Companions. He was no sooner got into it, but his Wit and Mirth returned upon him in so violent a manner, that he shook the whole Infirmary with the Noise of it, and had so good an Effect upon the rest of the Patients, that he brought them all out to Dinner with him the next Day.

'On *Tuesday* we were no sooner sat down, but one of the Company complained that his Head ached; upon which another asked him, in an insolent manner, what he did there then; this insensibly grew into some warm Words; so that the President, in order to keep the Peace, gave directions to take them both from the Table, and lodge them in the Infirmary. Not long after, another of the Company telling us, he knew by a Pain in his Shoulder that we should have some Rain, the President ordered him to be removed, and placed as a Weather-glass in the Apartment above mentioned.

'On *Wednesday* a Gentleman having received a Letter written in a Woman's Hand, and changing Colour twice or thrice as he read it, desired leave to retire into the Infirmary. The President consented, but denied him the Use of Pen, Ink and Paper, till such time as he had slept upon it. One of the Company being seated at the lower end of the Table, and discovering his secret Discontent by finding fault with every Dish that was served up, and refusing to Laugh at any thing that was said, the President told him, that he found he was in an uneasie Seat, and desired him to accommodate himself better

'in the Infirmary. After Dinner a very honest Fellow chancing to let a Punn fall from him, his Neighbour cryed out, *to the Infirmary*; at the same time pretending to be Sick at it, as having the same Natural Antipathy to a Punn, which some have to a Cat. This produced a long Debate. Upon the whole, the Punnster was Acquitted, and his Neighbour sent off.

'On *Thursday* there was but one Delinquent. This was a Gentleman of strong Voice, but weak Understanding. He had unluckily engaged himself in a Dispute with a Man of excellent Sense, but of a modest Elocution. The Man of Heat replied to every Answer of his Antagonist with a louder Note than ordinary, and only raised his Voice when he should have enforced his Argument. Finding himself at length driven to an Absurdity, he still reasoned in a more clamorous and confused manner, and to make the greater Impression upon his Hearers, concluded with a loud Thump upon the Table. The President immediately ordered him to be carried off, and dieted with Water-gruel, till such time as he should be sufficiently weakened for Conversation.

'On *Friday* there passed very little remarkable, saving only, that several Petitions were read of the Persons in Custody, desiring to be released from their Confinement, and vouching for one another's good Behaviour for the future.

'On *Saturday* we received many Excuses from Persons who had found themselves in an unsociable Temper, and had voluntarily shut themselves up. The Infirmary was indeed never so full as on this Day, which I was at some loss to account for, till upon my going Abroad I observed that it was an Easterly Wind. The Retirement of most of my Friends has given me Opportunity and Leisure of writing you this Letter, which I must not conclude without assuring you, that all the Members of our College, as well those who are under Confinement, as those who are at Liberty, are your very humble Servants, tho' none more than,

C.

E. c.

No. 441.] *Saturday, July 26, 1712.* [Addison.]

*Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.—Hor.*

MAN, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched Being. He is subject every Moment to the greatest Calamities and Misfortunes. He is beset with Dangers on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless Casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented, had he foreseen them.

It is our Comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many Accidents, that we are under the Care of one who directs Contingencies, and has in his Hands the Management of every Thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the Assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

The natural Homage, which such a Creature

bears to so infinitely Wise and Good a Being, is a firm Reliance on him for the Blessings and Conveniences of Life, and an habitual Trust in him for Deliverance out of all such Dangers and Difficulties as may befall us.

The Man, who always lives in this Disposition of Mind, has not the same dark and melancholy Views of Human Nature, as he who considers himself abstractedly from this Relation to the Supreme Being. At the same time that he reflects upon his own Weakness and Imperfection, he comforts himself with the Contemplation of those Divine Attributes, which are employed for his Safety and his Welfare. He finds his Want of Foresight made up by the Omniscience of him who is his Support. He is not sensible of his own want of Strength, when he knows that his Helper is Almighty. In short, the Person who has a firm trust on the Supreme Being is Powerful in *his* Power, Wise by *his* Wisdom, Happy by *his* Happiness. He reaps the Benefit of every Divine Attribute, and loses his own Insufficiency in the Fullness of Infinite Perfection.

To make our Lives more easie to us, we are commanded to put our Trust in him, who is thus able to relieve and succour us; the Divine Goodness having made such a Reliance a Duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable had it been forbidden us.

Among several Motives, which might be made use of to recommend this Duty to us, I shall only take notice of those that follow.

The first and strongest is, that we are promised, He will not fail those who put their Trust in him.

But without considering the Supernatural Blessing which accompanies this Duty, we may observe that it has a natural Tendency to its own Reward, or in other Words, that this firm Trust and Confidence in the great Disposer of all Things, contributes very much to the getting clear of any Affliction, or to the bearing it manfully. A Person who believes he has his Succour at hand, and that he acts in the sight of his Friend, often excites himself beyond his Abilities, and does Wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with such a Confidence of Success. I could produce Instances from History, of Generals, who out of a Belief that they were under the Protection of some invisible Assistant, did not only encourage their Soldiers to do their utmost, but have acted themselves beyond what they would have done, had they not been inspired by such a Belief. I might in the same manner shew how such a Trust in the Assistance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces Patience, Hope, Cheerfulness, and all other Dispositions of Mind that alleviate those Calamities which we are not able to remove.

The Practice of this Virtue administers great Comfort to the Mind of Man in Times of Poverty and Affliction, but most of all in the Hour of Death. When the Soul is hovering in the last Moments of its [Separation,¹] when it is just entering on another State of Existence, to converse with Scenes, and Objects, and Companions that

¹ [Dissolution]

are altogether new, what can support her under such Tremblings of Thought, such Fear, such Anxiety, such Apprehensions, but the casting of all her Cares upon him who first gave her Being, who has conducted her through one Stage of it, and will be always with her to Guide and Comfort her in her [Progress¹] through Eternity?

David has very beautifully represented this steady Reliance on God Almighty in his twenty third Psalm, which is a kind of *Pastoral Hymn*, and filled with those Allusions which are usual in that kind of Writing. As the Poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my Reader with the following Translation of it.²

I.

*The Lord my Pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care:
His Presence shall my Wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye;
My Noon-day Walks he shall attend,
And all my Mid-night Hours defend.*

II.

*When in the sultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty Mountain pant;
To fertile Vales, and dewy Meads
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads;
Where peaceful Rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant Landskip flow.*

III.

*Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overspread,
My steadfast Heart shall fear no Ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.*

IV.

*Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Through devious lonely Wilds I stray,
Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile:
The barren Wilderness shall smile,
With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams shall murmur all around.* C.

No. 442.] Monday, July 28, 1712. [Steele.

Scribimus Indocti Doctique— Hor.

I DO not know whether I enough explained myself to the World, when I invited all Men to be assistant to me in this my Work of Speculation; for I have not yet acquainted my Readers, that besides the Letters and valuable Hints I have from Time to Time received from my Correspondents, I have by me several curious and extraordinary Papers sent with a Design (as no one will doubt when they are published) that they might be printed entire, and without any Alteration, by way of *Spectator*. I must acknowledge also, that I myself being the first Projector of the Paper, thought I had a Right to make them my own, by dressing them in my own Style, by

¹ [Passage]

² By Addison.

leaving out what would not appear like mine, and by adding whatever might be proper to adapt them to the Character and Genius of my Paper, with which it was almost impossible these could exactly correspond, it being certain that hardly two Men think alike, and therefore so many Men so many *Spectators*. Besides, I must own my Weakness for Glory is such, that if I consulted that only, I might be so far sway'd by it, as almost to wish that no one could write a *Spectator* besides myself; nor can I deny, but upon the first Perusal of those Papers, I felt some secret Inclinations of Ill-will towards the Persons who wrote them. This was the Impression I had upon the first reading them; but upon a late Review (more for the Sake of Entertainment than Use) regarding them with another Eye than I had done at first, (for by converting them as well as I could to my own Use, I thought I had utterly disabled them from ever offending me again as *Spectators*) I found my self moved by a Passion very different from that of Envy; sensibly touched with Pity, the softest and most generous of all Passions, when I reflected what a cruel Disappointment the Neglect of those Papers must needs have been to the Writers who impatiently longed to see them appear in Print, and who, no doubt, triumphed to themselves in the Hopes of having a Share with me in the Applause of the Publick; a Pleasure so great, that none but those who have experienced it can have a Sense of it. In this Manner of viewing those Papers, I really found I had not done them Justice, there being something so extremely natural and peculiarly good in some of them, that I will appeal to the World whether it was possible to alter a Word in them without doing them a manifest Hurt and Violence; and whether they can ever appear rightly, and as they ought, but in their own native Dress and Colours: And therefore I think I should not only wrong them, but deprive the World of a considerable Satisfaction, should I any longer delay the making them publick.

After I have published a few of these *Spectators*, I doubt not but I shall find the Success of them to equal, if not surpass, that of the best of my own. An Author should take all Methods to humble himself in the Opinion he has of his own Performances. When these Papers appear to the World, I doubt not but they will be followed by many others; and I shall not repine, though I my self shall have left me but very few Days to appear in Publick: But preferring the general Weal and Advantage to any Consideration of my self, I am resolved for the Future to publish any *Spectator* that deserves it, entire, and without any Alteration; assuring the World (if there can be Need of it) that it is none of mine; and if the Authors think fit to subscribe their Names, I will add them.

I think the best way of promoting this generous and useful Design, will be by giving out Subjects or Themes of all Kinds whatsoever, on which (with a Preamble of the extraordinary Benefit and Advantage that may accrue thereby to the Publick) I will invite all manner of Persons, whether Scholars, Citizens, Courtiers, Gentlemen of the Town or Country, and all Beaux, Rakes, Smarts,

Prudes, Coquets, Housewives, and all Sorts of Wits, whether Male or Female, and however distinguished, whether they be True-Wits, Whole, or Half-Wits, or whether Arch, Dry, Natural, Acquired, Genuine, or Deprav'd Wits; and Persons of all sorts of Tempers and Complexions, whether the Severe, the Delightful, the Impertinent, the Agreeable, the Thoughtful, Busie, or Careless; the Serene or Cloudy, Jovial or Melancholy, Untowardly or Easie; the Cold, Temperate, or Sanguine; and of what Manners or Dispositions soever, whether the Ambitious or Humble-minded, the Proud or Pitiful, Ingenious or Base-minded, Good or Ill-natur'd, Publick-spirited or Selfish; and under what Fortune or Circumstance soever, whether the Contented or Miserable, Happy or Unfortunate, High or Low, Rich or Poor (whether so through Want of Money, or Desire of more) Healthy or Sickly, Married or Single; nay, whether Tall or Short, Fat or Lean; and of what Trade, Occupation, Profession, Station, Country, Faction, Party, Persuasion, Quality, Age or Condition soever, who have ever made Thinking a Part of their Business or Diversion, and have any thing worthy to impart on these Subjects to the World, according to their several and respective Talents or Genius's, and as the Subject given out hits their Tempers, Humours, or Circumstances, or may be made profitable to the Publick by their particular Knowledge or Experience in the Matter proposed, to do their utmost on them by such a Time; to the End they may receive the inexpressible and irresistible Pleasure of seeing their Essay allowed of and relished by the rest of Mankind.

I will not prepossess the Reader with too great Expectation of the extraordinary Advantages which must redound to the Publick by these Essays, when the different Thoughts and Observations of all Sorts of Persons, according to their Quality, Age, Sex, Education, Professions, Humours, Manners and Conditions, &c. shall be set out by themselves in the clearest and most genuine Light, and as they themselves would wish to have them appear to the World.

The Thesis propos'd for the present Exercise of the Adventurers to write Spectators, is MONEY, on which Subject all Persons are desired to send in their Thoughts within Ten Days after the Date hereof.

T.

No. 443.] Tuesday, July 29, 1712. [Steele.

Sublatam ex oculis Quærimus invidi.—Hor.

Camilla to the SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Venice, July 10, N.S.
 ' I TAKE it extreamly ill, that you do not
 ' reckon conspicuous Persons of your Nation
 ' are within your Cognizance, tho' out of the
 ' Dominions of *Great Britain*. I little thought
 ' in the green Years of my Life, that I should
 ' ever call it an Happiness to be out of dear *Eng-*
 ' *land*; but as I grew to Woman, I found my
 ' self less acceptable in Proportion to the Encrease

'of my Merit. Their Ears in *Italy* are so differently formed from the Make of yours in *England*, that I never come upon the Stage, but a general Satisfaction appears in every Countenance of the whole People. When I dwell upon a Note, I behold all the Men accompanying me with Heads enclining and falling of their Persons on one Side, as dying away with me. The Women too do Justice to my Merit, and no ill-natur'd worthless Creature cries, *The vain Thing*, when I am rapt up in the Performance of my Part, and sensibly touched with the Effect my Voice has upon all who hear me. I live here distinguished as one whom Nature has been liberal to in a graceful Person, an exalted Mein, and Heavenly Voice. These Particularities in this strange Country, are Arguments for Respect and Generosity to her who is possessed of them. The *Italians* see a thousand Beauties I am sensible I have no Pretence to, and abundantly make up to me the Injustice I received in my own Country, of disallowing me what I really had. The Humour of Hissing, which you have among you, I do not know any thing of; and their Applauses are uttered in Sighs, and bearing a Part at the Cadences of Voice with the Persons who are performing. I am often put in Mind of those complaisant Lines of my own Countryman,¹ when he is calling all his Faculties together to hear *Arabella*;

*Let all be hush'd, each softest Motion cease,
Be ev'ry loud tumultuous Thought at Peace;
And ev'ry ruder Gasp of Breath
Be calm, as in the Arms of Death:
And thou, most fickle, most uneasie Part,
Thou restless Wanderer, my Heart,
Be still; gently, ah! gently leave,
Thou busie, idle Thing, to heave.
Stir not a Pulse: and let my Blood,
That turbulent, unruly Flood,
Be softly staid;
Let me be all but my Attention dead.*

'The whole City of *Venice* is as still when I am singing, as this Polite Hearer was to Mrs. *Hunt*. But when they break that Silence, did you know the Pleasure I am in, when every Man utters his Applause, by calling me aloud the *Dear Creature*, the *Angel*, the *Venus*; *What Attitude she moves with!*—*Hush, she sings again!* We have no boistrous Wits who dare disturb an Audience, and break the publick Peace meerly to shew they dare. Mr. SPECTATOR, I write this to you thus in Haste, to tell you I am so very much at ease here, that I know nothing but Joy; and I will not return, but leave you in *England* to hiss all Merit of your own Growth off the Stage. I know, Sir, you were always my Admirer, and therefore I am yours,

CAMILLA.²

'P. S. I am ten times better dressed than ever I was in *England*.

¹ William Congreve upon *Arabella Hunt*.

² Mrs. Tofts, see note on p. 38.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Project in yours of the 11th Instant, of furthering the Correspondence and Knowledge of that considerable Part of Mankind, the Trading World, cannot but be highly commendable. Good Lectures to young Traders may have very good Effects on their Conduct: but beware you propagate no false Notions of Trade; let none of your Correspondents impose on the World, by putting forth base Methods in a good Light, and glazing them over with improper Terms. I would have no Means of Profit set for Copies to others, but such as are laudable in themselves. Let not Noise be called Industry, nor Impudence Courage. Let not good Fortune be imposed on the World for good Management, nor Poverty be called Folly; impute not always Bankruptcy to Extravagance, nor an Estate to Foresight; Niggardliness is not good Husbandry, nor Generosity Profusion.

'*Honestus* is a well-meaning and judicious Trader, hath substantial Goods, and trades with his own Stock; husbands his Money to the best Advantage, without taking all Advantages of the Necessities of his Workmen, or grinding the Face of the Poor. *Fortunatus* is stocked with Ignorance, and consequently with Self-Opinion; the Quality of his Goods cannot but be suitable to that of his Judgment. *Honestus* pleases discerning People, and keeps their Custom by good Usage; makes modest Profit by modest Means, to the decent Support of his Family: Whilst *Fortunatus* blustering always, pushes on, promising much, and performing little, with Obsequiousness offensive to People of Sense; strikes at all, catches much the greater Part; raises a considerable Fortune by Imposition on others, to the Discouragement and Ruin of those who trade in the same Way.

'I give here but loose Hints, and beg you to be very circumspect in the Province you have now undertaken: If you perform it successfully, it will be a very great Good; for nothing is more wanting, than that Mechanick Industry were set forth with the Freedom and Greatness of Mind which ought always to accompany a Man of a liberal Education.

Your humble Servant,

From my Shop under the
Royal-Exchange, July 14.

R. C.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

July 24, 1712.

'Notwithstanding the repeated Censures that your Spectatorial Wisdom has passed upon People more remarkable for Impudence than Wit, there are yet some remaining, who pass with the giddy Part of Mankind for sufficient Sharers of the latter, who have nothing but the former Qualification to recommend them. Another timely Animadversion is absolutely necessary; be pleased therefore once for all to let these Gentlemen know, that there is neither Mirth nor Good Humour in hooting a young Fellow out of Countenance; nor that it will ever constitute a Wit, to conclude a tart Piece of Buffoonry with a *what makes you blush?* Pray please to inform them again, That to speak what they know is shocking, proceeds from ill Na-

ture, and a Sterility of Brain; especially when the Subject will not admit of Raillery, and their Discourse has no Pretension to Satyr but what is in their Design to disoblige. I should be very glad too if you would take Notice, that a daily Repetition of the same over-bearing Insolence is yet more insupportable, and a Confirmation of very extraordinary Dulness. The sudden Publication of this, may have an Effect upon a notorious Offender of this Kind, whose Reformation would redound very much to the Satisfaction and Quiet of

Your most humble Servant,
F. B.¹

No. 444.] Wednesday, July 30, 1712. [Steele.

[Parturiunt montes.—Hor.²]

IT gives me much Despair in the Design of reforming the World by my Speculations, when I find there always arise, from one Generation to another, successive Cheats and Bubbles, as naturally as Beasts of Prey, and those which are to be their Food. There is hardly a Man in the World, one would think, so ignorant, as not to know that the ordinary Quack Doctors, who publish their great Abilities in little brown Billets, distributed to all who pass by, are to a Man Impostors and Murderers; yet such is the Credulity of the Vulgar, and the Impudence of these Professors, that the Affair still goes on, and new Promises of what was never done before are made every Day. What aggravates the Just is, that even this Promise has been made as long as the Memory of Man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails. As I was passing along to-day, a Paper given into my Hand by a Fellow without a Nose tells us as follows what good News is come to Town, to wit, that there is now a certain Cure for the *French Disease*, by a Gentleman just come from his Travels.

*In Russel-Court, over-against the Cannon-Ball, at the Surgeon's Arms in Drury-Lane, is lately come from his Travels a Surgeon who has practised Surgery and Physick both by Sea and Land these twenty four Years. He (by the Blessing) cures the Yellow Jaundice, Green Sickness, Scurvy, Dropsy, Surfeits, long Sea Voyages, Campains, and Womens Miscarriages, Lying-Inn, &c. as some People that has been lame these thirty Years can testifie; in short, he cureth all Diseases incident to Men, Women, or Children.*³

If a Man could be so indolent as to look upon this Havock of the human Species which is made by Vice and Ignorance, it would be a good ridiculous Work to comment upon the Declaration of

¹ Said to be the initials of Francis Beasniffe.

² [—*Dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus.* Hor.]

³ In the first issue the whole bill was published. Two-thirds of it, including its more infamous part, was omitted from the reprint, and the reader will, I hope, excuse me the citation of it in this place.

this accomplished Traveller. There is something unaccountably taking among the Vulgar in those who come from a great Way off. Ignorant People of Quality, as many there are of such, doat excessively this Way; many Instances of which every Man will suggest to himself without my Enumeration of them. The Ignorants of lower Order, who cannot, like the upper Ones, be profuse of their Money to those recommended by coming from a Distance, are no less complaisant than the others, for they venture their Lives from the same Admiration.

*The Doctor is lately come from his Travels, and has practised both by Sea and Land, and therefore Cures the Green Sickness, long Sea Voyages, Campains, and Lying-Inn. Both by Sea and Land! — I will not answer for the Distempers called Sea Voyages and Campains; But I dare say, those of Green Sickness and Lying-Inn might be as well taken Care of if the Doctor staid a-shoar. But the Art of managing Mankind, is only to make them stare a little, to keep up their Astonishment, to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in your Sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious Fellow, a Barber, of my Acquaintance, who, besides his broken Fiddle and a dryed Sea-Monster, has a Twine-Cord, strained with two Nails at each End, over his Window, and the Words *Rainy, Dry, Wet*, and so forth, written, to denote the Weather according to the Rising or Falling of the Cord. We very great Scholars are not apt to wonder at this: But I observed a very honest Fellow, a chance Customer, who sate in the Chair before me to be shaved, fix his Eye upon this Miraculous Performance during the Operation upon his Chin and Face. When those and his Head also were cleared of all Incumbrances and Excrescences, he looked at the Fish, then at the Fiddle, still grubbing in his Pockets, and casting his Eye again at the Twine, and the Words writ on each Side; then altered his mind as to Farthings, and gave my Friend a Silver Six-pence. The Business, as I said, is to keep up the Amazement; and if my Friend had had only the Skeleton and Kitt, he must have been contented with a less Payment. But the Doctor we were talking of, adds to his long Voyages the Testimony of some People that has been thirty Years lame. When I received my Paper, a sagacious Fellow took one at the same time, and read till he came to the Thirty Years Confinement of his Friends, and went off very well convinced of the Doctor's Sufficiency. You have many of these prodigious Persons, who have had some extraordinary Accident at their Birth, or a great Disaster in some Part of their Lives. Any thing, however foreign from the Business the People want of you, will convince them of your Ability in that you profess. There is a Doctor in *Mouse-Alley* near *Wapping*, who sets up for curing Cataracts upon the Credit of having, as his Bill sets forth, lost an Eye in the Emperor's Service. His Patients come in upon this, and he shews the Muster-Roll, which confirms that he was in his Imperial Majesty's Troops; and he puts out their Eyes with great Success. Who would believe that a Man should be a Doctor for*

the Cure of bursten Children, by declaring that his Father and Grandfather were [born¹] bursten? But *Charles Ingoltson*, next Door to the *Harp* in *Barbican*, has made a pretty Penny by that Asseveration. The Generality go upon their first Conception, and think no further; all the rest is granted. They take it, that there is something uncommon in you, and give you Credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when sometimes, let it be to the Purpose or not, I keep a *Latin* Sentence in my Front; and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my Readers say, casting his Eye on my twentieth Paper, *More Latin still? What a prodigious Scholar is this Man!* But as I have here taken much Liberty with this learned Doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in Earnest in, and honestly promise to those who will not receive him as a great Man; to wit, That from *Eight to Twelve, and from Two till Six, he attends for the good of the Publick to bleed for Three Pence.* T.

No. 445.] Thursday, July 31, 1712. [Addison.

Tanti non es ais. Sapis, Luperce.—Mart.

THIS is the Day on which many eminent Authors will probably Publish their Last Words. I am afraid that few of our Weekly Historians, who are Men that above all others delight in War, will be able to subsist under the Weight of a Stamp, and an approaching Peace. A Sheet of Blank Paper that must have this new Imprimatur clapt upon it, before it is qualified to Communicate any thing to the Publick, will make its way in the World but very heavily. In short, the Necessity of carrying a Stamp,² and the Improbability of

¹ [both]

² The Stamp Act was to take effect from the first of August. Censorship of the press began in the Church soon after the invention of printing. The ecclesiastical superintendence introduced in 1479 and 1496 was more completely established by a bull of Leo X. in 1515, which required Bishops and Inquisitors to examine all books before printing, and suppress heretical opinions. The Church of Rome still adheres to the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* begun by the Council of Trent in 1546; and there is an *Index Expurgatorius* for works partly prohibited, or to be read after expurgation. In accordance with this principle, the licensing of English books had been in the power of the Archbishop of Canterbury and his delegates before the decree of the Star Chamber in 1637, which ordered that all books of Divinity, Physic, Philosophy, and Poetry should be licensed either by the Archbishop of Canterbury or by the Bishop of London personally or through their appointed substitutes. The object of this decree was to limit the reprint of old books of divinity, &c. Thus Foxe's Book of Martyrs was denied a license. In 1640 Sir Edward Dering complained to Parliament that 'the most learned labours of our ancient and best divines

notifying a Bloody Battel, will, I am afraid, both concur to the sinking of those thin Folios, which

'must now be corrected and defaced with a *'deleatur* by the supercilious pen of my Lord's young chaplain, fit, perhaps, for the technical arts, but unfit to hold the chair of Divinity.' (Rushworth's Hist. Coll. iv. 55.) Historical works seem to have been submitted to the Secretary of State for his sanction. To May's poem of the *Victorious Reign of King Edward the Third* is prefixed, 'I have perused this Book, and conceive it very worthy to be published. Io. Coke, Knight, Principal Secretary of State, Whitehall, 17 of November, 1634.' But Aleyn's metrical *History of Henry VII.* (1638) is licensed by the Bishop of London's domestic chaplain, who writes: 'Perlegi historicum hoc poema, dignumque judico quod Typis mandetur. Tho. Wykes R. P. Episc. Lond. Chapell. Domest.' The first newspaper had been the *Weekly Newes*, first published May 23, 1622, at a time when, says Sir Erskine May (in his *Constitutional History of England*, 1760—1860), 'political discussion was silenced by the licenser, the Star Chamber, the dungeon, the pillory, mutilation, and branding.' The contest between King and Commons afterwards developed the free controversial use of tracts and newspapers, but the Parliament was not more tolerant than the king, and against the narrow spirit of his time Milton rose to his utmost height, fashioning after the masterpiece of an old Greek orator who sought to stir the blood of the Athenians, his *Areopagitica*, or Defence of the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing. In the reign of Charles II. the Licensing Act (13 and 14 Charles II. cap. 33) placed the control of printing in the Government, confined exercise of the printer's art to London, York, and the Universities, and limited the number of the master printers to twenty. Government established a monopoly of news in the London Gazette. 'Authors and printers of obnoxious works,' says Sir E. May, citing cases in notes, 'were hung, quartered, and mutilated, exposed in the pillory and flogged, or fined and imprisoned, according to the temper of their judges: their productions were burned by the common hangman. Freedom of opinion was under interdict: even news could not be published without license. . . . James II. and his infamous judges carried the Licensing Act into effect with barbarous severity. But the Revolution brought indulgence even to the Jacobite Press; and when the Commons, in 1695, refused to renew the Licensing Act, a censorship of the press was forever renounced by the law of England.' There remained, however, a rigorous interpretation of the libel laws; Westminster Hall accepting the traditions of the Star Chamber. Still there was enough removal of restriction to ensure the multiplication of newspapers and the blending of intelligence with free political discussion. In Queen Anne's reign the virulence of party spirit produced bitter personal attacks and willingness on either side to bring an antagonist under the libel laws. At the date of this *Spectator* paper Henry St. John, who had been made Secretary

have every other Day retailed to us the History of *Europe* for several Years last past. A Facetious Friend of mine, who loves a Punn, calls this present Mortality among Authors, *The Fall of the Leaf*.

I remember, upon Mr. *Baxter's* Death, there was Published a Sheet of very good Sayings, inscribed, *The last Words of Mr. Baxter*. The Title sold so great a Number of these Papers, that about a Week after there came out a second Sheet, inscrib'd, *More last Words of Mr. Baxter*. In the same manner, I have Reason to think, that several Ingenious Writers, who have taken their Leave of the Publick, in farewell Papers, will not give over so, but intend to appear again, tho' perhaps under another Form, and with a different Title. Be that as it will, it is my Business, in this place, to give an Account of my own Intentions, and to acquaint my Reader with the Mo-

of State at the age of 32, was 34 years old, and the greatest commoner in England, as Swift said, turning the whole Parliament, who can do nothing without him. This great position and the future it might bring him he was throwing away for a title, and becoming Viscount Bolingbroke. His last political act as a commoner was to impose the halfpenny stamp upon newspapers and sheets like those of the *Spectator*. Intolerant of criticism, he had in the preceding session brought to the bar of the House of Commons, under his warrant as Secretary of State, fourteen printers and publishers. In the beginning of 1712, the Queen's message had complained that by seditious papers and factious rumours designing men had been able to sink credit, and the innocent had suffered. On the 12th of February a committee of the whole house was appointed to consider how to stop the abuse of the liberty of the press. Some were for a renewal of the Licensing Act, some for requiring writers' names after their articles. The Government carried its own design of a halfpenny stamp by an Act (10 Anne, cap. 19) passed on the 10th of June, which was to come in force on the 1st of August, 1712, and be in force for 32 years. 'Do you know,' wrote Swift to Stella five days after the date of this *Spectator* paper, 'Do you know that all Grub-street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. . . Every single half sheet pays a halfpenny to the Queen. The *Observer* is fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying Post*; the *Examiner* is deadly sick; the *Spectator* keeps up and doubles its price: I know not how long it will last.' It so happened that the mortality was greatest among Government papers. The Act presently fell into abeyance, was revived in 1725, and thenceforth maintained the taxation of newspapers until the abolition of the Stamp in 1859. One of its immediate effects was a fall in the circulation of the *Spectator*. The paper remained unchanged, and some of its subscribers seem to have resented the doubling of the tax upon them, by charging readers an extra penny for each halfpenny with which it had been taxed. (See No. 488.)

tives by which I Act, in this great Crisis of the Republick of Letters.

I have been long debating in my own Heart, whether I should throw up my Pen, as an Author that is cashiered by the Act of Parliament, which is to Operate within these Four and Twenty Hours, or whether I should still persist in laying my Speculations, from Day to Day, before the Publick. The Argument which prevails with me most on the first side of the Question is, that I am informed by my Bookseller he must raise the Price of every single Paper to Two-Pence, or that he shall not be able to pay the Duty of it. Now as I am very desirous my Readers should have their Learning as cheap as possible, it is with great Difficulty that I comply with him in this Particular.

However, upon laying my Reasons together in the Balance, I find that those which plead for the Continuance of this Work, have much the greater Weight. For, in the first Place, in Recompence for the Expence to which this will put my Readers, it is to be hoped they may receive from every Paper so much Instruction, as will be a very good Equivalent. And, in order to this, I would not advise any one to take it in, who after the Perusal of it, does not find himself Two-pence the wiser, or the better Man for it; or who upon Examination, does not believe that he has had Two-penny-worth of Mirth or Instruction for his Money.

But I must confess there is another Motive which prevails with me more than the former. I consider that the Tax on Paper was given for the Support of the Government; and as I have Enemies, who are apt to pervert every thing I do or say, I fear they would ascribe the laying down my Paper, on such an Occasion, to a Spirit of Malecontentedness, which I am resolved none shall ever justly upbraid me with. No, I shall glory in contributing my utmost to the Weal Publick; and if my Country receives Five or Six Pounds a-day by my Labours, I shall be very well pleased to find my self so useful a Member. It is a received Maxim, that no honest Man should enrich himself by Methods that are prejudicial to the Community in which he lives; and by the same Rule I think we may pronounce the Person to deserve very well of his Countrymen, whose Labours bring more into the publick Coffers, than into his own Pocket.

Since I have mentioned the Word Enemies, I must explain my self so far as to acquaint my Reader, that I mean only the insignificant Party Zealots on both sides; Men of such poor narrow Souls, that they are not capable of thinking on any thing but with an Eye to Whig or Tory. During the Course of this Paper, I have been accused by these despicable Wretches of Trimming, Time-serving, Personal Reflection, secret Satire, and the like. Now, tho' in these my Compositions, it is visible to any Reader of Common Sense, that I consider nothing but my Subject, which is always of an indifferent Nature; how is it possible for me to write so clear of Party, as not to lie open to the Censures of those who will be applying every Sentence, and finding out Persons and Things in it, which it has no regard to?

Several Paltry Scriblers and Declaimers have

done me the Honour to be dull upon me in Reflections of this Nature; but notwithstanding my Name has been sometimes traduced by this contemptible Tribe of Men, I have hitherto avoided all Animadversions upon 'em. The Truth of it is, I am afraid of making them appear considerable by taking Notice of them, for they are like those imperceptible Insects which are discover'd by the Microscope, and cannot be made the Subject of Observation without being magnified.

Having mentioned those few who have shewn themselves the Enemies of this Paper, I should be very ungrateful to the Publick, did not I at the same time testify my Gratitude to those who are its Friends, in which Number I may reckon many of the most distinguished Persons of all Conditions, Parties and Professions in the Isle of *Great-Britain*. I am not so vain as to think this Approbation is so much due to the Performance as to the Design. There is, and ever will be, Justice enough in the World, to afford Patronage and Protection for those who endeavour to advance Truth and Virtue, without regard to the Passions and Prejudices of any particular Cause or Faction. If I have any other Merit in me, it is that I have new-pointed all the Batteries of Ridicule. They have been generally planted against Persons who have appeared Serious rather than Absurd; or at best, have aimed rather at what is Unfashionable than what is Vicious. For my own part, I have endeavoured to make nothing Ridiculous that is not in some measure Criminal. I have set up the Immoral Man as the Object of Derision: In short, if I have not formed a new Weapon against Vice and Irreligion, I have at least shewn how that Weapon may be put to a right Use, which has so often fought the Battels of Impiety and Profaneness. C.

No. 446.] Friday, August 1, 1712. [Addison.

Quid deceat, quid non; quid Virtus, quid ferat Error.—Hor.

SINCE two or three Writers of Comedy who are now living have taken their Farewell of the Stage, those who succeed them finding themselves incapable of rising up to their Wit, Humour and good Sense, have only imitated them in some of those loose unguarded Strokes, in which they complied with the corrupt Taste of the more Vicious Part of their Audience. When Persons of a low Genius attempt this kind of Writing, they know no difference between being Merry and being Lewd. It is with an Eye to some of these degenerate Compositions that I have written the following Discourse.

Were our *English Stage* but half so virtuous as that of the *Greeks* or *Romans*, we should quickly see the Influence of it in the Behaviour of all the Politer Part of Mankind. It would not be fashionable to ridicule Religion, or its Professors; the Man of Pleasure would not be the compleat Gentleman; Vanity would be out of Countenance, and every Quality which is Ornamental to Human

Nature, would meet with that Esteem which is due to it.

If the *English Stage* were under the same Regulations the *Athenian* was formerly, it would have the same Effect that had, in recommending the Religion, the Government, and Publick Worship of its Country. Were our Plays subject to proper Inspections and Limitations, we might not only pass away several of our vacant Hours in the highest Entertainments; but should always rise from them wiser and better than we sat down to them.

It is one of the most unaccountable things in our Age, that the Lewdness of our Theatre should be so much complained of, so well exposed, and so little redressed. It is to be hoped, that some time or other we may be at leisure to restrain the Licentiousness of the Theatre, and make it contribute its Assistance to the Advancement of Morality, and to the Reformation of the Age. As Matters stand at present, Multitudes are shut out from this noble Diversion, by reason of those Abuses and Corruptions that accompany it. A Father is often afraid that his Daughter should be ruin'd by those Entertainments, which were invented for the Accomplishment and Refining of Human Nature. The *Athenian* and *Roman* Plays were written with such a Regard to Morality, that *Socrates* use to frequent the one, and *Cicero* the other.

It happened once indeed, that *Cato* dropped into the *Roman Theatre*, when the *Floralia* were to be represented; and as in that Performance, which was a kind of Religious Ceremony, there were several indecent Parts to be acted, the People refused to see them whilst *Cato* was present. *Martial* on this Hint made the following Epigram, which we must suppose was applied to some grave Friend of his, that had been accidentally present at some such Entertainment.

*Nosces jocosæ dulce cum sacrum Floræ,
Festosque lusus, et licentiam vulgi,
Cur in Theatrum Cato severe venisti?
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?*

*Why dost thou come, great Censor of the Age,
To see the loose Diversions of the Stage?
With awful Countenance and Brow severe,
What in the Name of Goodness dost thou here?
See the mixt Crowd! how Giddy, Lewd and Vain!
Didst thou come in but to go out again?*

An Accident of this Nature might happen once in an Age among the *Greeks* or *Romans*; but they were too wise and good to let the constant Nightly Entertainment be of such a Nature, that People of the most Sense and Virtue could not be at it. Whatever Vices are represented upon the Stage, they ought to be so marked and branded by the Poet, as not to appear either laudable or amiable in the Person who is tainted with them. But if we look into the *English Comedies* above mentioned, we would think they were formed upon a quite contrary Maxim, and that this Rule, tho' it held good upon the Heathen Stage, was not to be regarded in Christian Theatres. There is another Rule likewise, which was observed by Authors of Antiquity, and which these modern

Genius's have no regard to, and that was never to chuse an improper Subject for Ridicule. Now a Subject is improper for Ridicule, if it is apt to stir up Horror and Commiseration rather than Laughter. For this Reason, we do not find any Comedy in so polite an Author as *Terence*, raised upon the Violations of the Marriage-Bed. The Falshood of the Wife or Husband has given Occasion to noble Tragedies, but a *Scipio* or a *Lelius* would have look'd upon Incest or Murder to have been as proper Subjects for Comedy. On the contrary, Cuckoldom is the Basis of most of our Modern Plays. If an Alderman appears upon the Stage, you may be sure it is in order to be Cuckolded. An Husband that is a little grave or elderly, generally meets with the same Fate. Knights and Baronets, Country Squires, and Justices of the *Quorum*, come up to Town for no other Purpose. I have seen poor *Dogget* Cuckolded in all these Capacities. In short, our *English* Writers are as frequently severe upon this innocent unhappy Creature, commonly known by the Name of a Cuckold, as the Ancient Comick Writers were upon an eating Parasite, or a vain-glorious Soldier.

At the same time the Poet so contrives Matters, that the two Criminals are the Favourites of the Audience. We sit still, and wish well to them through the whole Play, are pleased when they meet with proper Opportunities, and out of humour when they are disappointed. The Truth of it is, the accomplished Gentleman upon the *English* Stage, is the Person that is familiar with other Men's Wives, and indifferent to his own; as the fine Woman is generally a Composition of Sprightliness and Falshood. I do not know whether it proceeds from Barrenness of Invention, Depravation of Manners, or Ignorance of Mankind, but I have often wondered that our ordinary Poets cannot frame to themselves the Idea of a Fine Man who is not a Whore-master, or of a Fine Woman that is not a Jilt.

I have sometimes thought of compiling a System of Ethics out of the Writings of these corrupt Poets, under the Title of *Stage Morality*. But I have been diverted from this Thought, by a Project which has been executed by an ingenious Gentleman of my Acquaintance. He has compos'd, it seems, the History of a young Fellow, who has taken all his Notions of the World from the Stage, and who has directed himself in every Circumstance of his Life and Conversation, by the Maxims and Examples of the Fine Gentlemen in *English* Comedies. If I can prevail upon him to give me a Copy of this new-fashioned Novel, I will bestow on it a Place in my Works, and question not but it may have as good an Effect upon the Drama, as *Don Quixote* had upon Romance.

C.

No. 447.] Saturday, August 2, 1712. [Addison.

Φημί πολυχροίνην μελέτην ἔμμεναι, φίλε·
καὶ δὴ
Ταύτην ἀνθρώποισι τελεύτῳσαν φύσιν
εἶναι.

THERE is not a Common Saying which has a better turn of Sense in it, than what we often hear in the Mouths of the Vulgar, that Custom is a second Nature. It is indeed able to form the Man anew, and to give him Inclinations and Capacities altogether different from those he was born with. Dr. Plot, in his History of *Staffordshire*,¹ tells us of an Ideot that chancing to live within the Sound of a Clock, and always amusing himself with counting the Hour of the Day whenever the Clock struck, the Clock being spoiled by some Accident, the Ideot continued to strike and count the Hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire. Though I dare not vouch for the Truth of this Story, it is very certain that Custom has a Mechanical Effect upon the Body, at the same time that it has a very extraordinary Influence upon the Mind.

I shall in this Paper consider one very remarkable Effect which Custom has upon Human Nature; and which, if rightly observed, may lead us into very useful Rules of Life. What I shall here take notice of in Custom, is its wonderful Efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. A Person who is addicted to Play or Gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an Inclination towards it, and gives himself up so entirely to it, that it seems the only End of his Being. The Love of a retired or busie Life will grow upon a Man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some time disused. Nay, a Man may Smoak, or Drink, or take Snuff, till he is unable to pass away his Time without it; not to mention our Delight in any particular Study, Art, or Science, rises and improves in Proportion to the Application which we bestow upon it. Thus what was at first an Exercise, becomes at length an Entertainment. Our Employments are changed into our Diversions. The Mind grows fond of those Actions she is accustomed to, and is drawn with Reluctancy from those Paths in which she has been used to walk.

Not only such Actions as were at first Indifferent to us, but even such as were Painful, will by Custom and Practice become pleasant. Sir *Francis Bacon* observes in his *Natural Philosophy*, that our Taste is never pleased better,

¹ Natural History of Staffordshire, by Robert Plot, L.L.D., fol. 1686. Dr. Plot wrote also a Natural History of Oxfordshire, and was a naturalist of mark, one of the Secretaries of the Royal Society, First Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, Historiographer Royal, and Archivist of the Herald's Office. He died in 1696, aged 55.

than with those things which at first created a Disgust in it. He gives particular Instances of Claret, Coffee, and other Liquors, which the palate seldom approves upon the first Taste; but when it has once got a Relish of them, generally retains it for Life. The Mind is constituted after the same manner, and after having habituated herself to any particular Exercise or Employment, not only loses her first Aversion towards it, but conceives a certain Fondness and Affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest Genius's this Age has produced,¹ who had been trained up in all the Polite Studies of Antiquity assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several Rolls and Records, that notwithstanding such an Employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible Pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of *Virgil* or *Cicero*. The Reader will observe, that I have not here considered Custom as it makes things easie, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the same Reflections, it is possible they may not have drawn those Uses from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining Part of this Paper.

If we consider attentively this Property of Human Nature, it may instruct us in very fine Moralities. In the first place, I would have no Man discouraged with that kind of Life or Series of Action, in which the Choice of others, or his own Necessities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him at first; but Use and Application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second place I would recommend to every one that admirable Precept which *Pythagoras*² is said to have given to his Disciples, and which that Philosopher must have drawn from the Observation I have enlarged upon. *Optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam consuetudo faciet jucundissimum*, Pitch upon that Course of Life which is the most Excellent, and Custom will render it the most Delightful. Men, whose Circumstances will permit them to chuse their own Way of Life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their Judgment tells them is the most laudable. The Voice of Reason is more to be regarded than the Bent of any present Inclination, since by the Rule above mentioned, Inclination will at length come over to Reason, though we can never force Reason to comply with Inclination.

In the third place, this Observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious Man, to overlook those Hardships and Difficulties which are apt to discourage him from the Prosecution of a Virtuous Life. *The Gods, said Hesiod,³ have placed Labour before Virtue, the Way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and*

¹ Dr. Atterbury.

² Diogenes Laertius, Bk viii.

³ The paths of Virtue must be reached by toil, Arduous and long, and on a rugged soil, Thorny the gate, but when the top you gain, Fair is the future and the prospect plain.

Works and Days, Bk i. (*Cooke's Translation*).

easier the further you advance in it. The Man who proceeds in it, with Steadiness and Resolution, will in a little time find that *her Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and that all her Paths are Peace.*

To enforce this Consideration, we may further observe that the Practice of Religion will not only be attended with that Pleasure, which naturally accompanies those Actions to which we are habituated, but with those Supernumerary Joys of Heart, that rise from the Consciousness of such a Pleasure, from the Satisfaction of acting up to the Dictates of Reason, and from the Prospect of an happy Immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this Observation which we have made on the Mind of Man, to take particular Care, when we are once settled in a regular Course of Life, how we too frequently indulge our selves in any of the most innocent Diversions and Entertainments, since the Mind may insensibly fall off from the Relish of virtuous Actions, and, by degrees, exchange that Pleasure which it takes in the Performance of its Duty, for Delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable Nature.

The last Use which I shall make of this remarkable Property in Human Nature, of being delighted with those Actions to which it is accustomed, is to shew how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain Habits of Virtue in this Life, if we would enjoy the Pleasures of the next. The State of Bliss we call Heaven will not be capable of affecting those Minds, which are not thus qualified for it; we must, in this World, gain a Relish of Truth and Virtue, if we would be able to taste that Knowledge and Perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The Seeds of those spiritual Joys and Raptures, which are to rise up and Flourish in the Soul to all Eternity, must be planted in her, during this her present State of Probation. In short, Heaven is not to be looked upon only as the Reward, but as the natural Effect of a religious Life.

On the other hand, those evil Spirits, who, by long Custom, have contracted in the Body Habits of Lust and Sensuality, Malice and Revenge, an Aversion to every thing that is good, just or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for Pain and Misery. Their Torments have already taken root in them, they cannot be happy when divested of the Body, unless we may suppose, that Providence will, in a manner, create them anew, and work a Miracle in the Rectification of their Faculties. They may, indeed, taste a kind of malignant Pleasure in those Actions to which they are accustomed, whilst in this Life; but when they are removed from all those Objects which are here apt to gratifie them, they will naturally become their own Tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful Habits of Mind, which are called, [in¹] Scripture Phrase, the Worm which never dies. This Notion of Heaven and Hell is so very conformable to the Light of Nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted Heathens. It has been finely improved by many Eminent Divines of the last Age, as in particular

¹ [in the]

by Arch-Bishop *Tillotson* and Dr. *Sherlock*, but there is none who has raised such noble Speculations upon it as Dr. *Scott*,¹ in the First Book of his *Christian Life*, which is one of the finest and most rational Schemes of Divinity, that is written in our Tongue, or in any other. That Excellent Author has shewn how every particular Custom and Habit of Virtue will, in its own Nature, produce the Heaven, or a State of Happiness, in him who shall hereafter practise it: As on the contrary, how every Custom or Habit of Vice will be the natural Hell of him in whom it subsists. C.

No. 448.] Monday, August 4, 1712. [Steele.

Fœdius hoc aliquid quandoque audebis.—Juv.

THE first Steps towards Ill are very carefully to be avoided, for Men insensibly go on when they are once entered, and do not keep up a lively Abhorrence of the least Unworthiness. There is a certain frivolous Falshood that People indulge themselves in, which ought to be had in greater Detestation than it commonly meets with: What I mean is a Neglect of Promises made on small and indifferent Occasions, such as Parties of Pleasure, Entertainments, and sometimes Meetings out of Curiosity in Men of like Faculties to be in each other's Company. There are many Causes to which one may assign this light Infidelity. *Jack Sippet* never keeps the Hour he has appointed to come to a Friend's to Dinner; but he is an insignificant Fellow who does it out of Vanity. He could never, he knows, make any Figure in Company, but by giving a little Disturbance at his Entry, and therefore takes Care to drop in when he thinks you are just seated. He takes his Place after having discomposed every Body, and desires there may be no Ceremony; then does he begin to call himself the saddest Fellow, in disappointing so many Places as he was invited to elsewhere. It is the Fop's Vanity to name Houses of better Cheer, and to acquaint you that he chose yours out of ten Dinners which he was obliged to be at that Day. The last Time I had the Fortune to eat with him, he was imagining how very fat he should have been had he eaten all he had ever been invited to. But it is impertinent to dwell upon the Manners of such a Wretch as obliges all whom he disappoints, though his Circumstances constrain them to be civil to him. But there are those that every one would be glad to see, who fall into the same detestable Habit. It is a merciless thing that any one can be at Ease, and suppose a Set of People who have a Kindness for him, at that Moment waiting out

¹ John Scott, a young tradesman of Chippenham, Wilts., prevailed on his friends to send him to Oxford, and became D.D. in 1685. He was minister of St. Thomas's, Southwark, Rector of St. Giles in the Fields, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Canon of Windsor, and refused a Bishopric. He was a strong opponent of the Catholics, and his 'Christian Life,' in folio, and 5 vols. 8vo, became very popular. He died in 1694.

of Respect to him, and refusing to taste their Food or Conversation with the utmost Impatience. One of these Promisers sometimes shall make his Excuses for not coming at all, so late that half the Company have only to lament, that they have neglected Matters of Moment to meet him whom they find a Trifler. They immediately repent of the Value they had for him; and such Treatment repeated, makes Company never depend upon his Promise any more; so that he often comes at the Middle of a Meal, where he is secretly slighted by the Persons with whom he eats, and cursed by the Servants, whose Dinner is delayed by his prolonging their Master's Entertainment. It is wonderful, that Men guilty this Way, could never have observed, that the whiling Time, the gathering together, and waiting a little before Dinner, is the most awkwardly passed away of any Part in the four and twenty Hours. If they did think at all, they would reflect upon their Guilt, in lengthening such a Suspension of agreeable Life. The constant offending this Way, has, in a Degree, an Effect upon the Honesty of his Mind who is guilty of it, as common Swearing is a kind of habitual Perjury: It makes the Soul unattentive to what an Oath is, even while it utters it at the Lips. *Phocion* beholding a wordy Orator while he was making a magnificent Speech to the People full of vain Promises, *Methinks*, said he, *I am now fixing my Eyes upon a Cypress Tree, it has all the Pomp and Beauty imaginable in its Branches, Leaves, and Height, but alas it bears no Fruit.*

Though the Expectation which is raised by impertinent Promisers is thus barren, their Confidence, even after Failures, is so great, that they subsist by still promising on. I have heretofore discoursed of the insignificant Liar, the Boaster, and the Castle-Builder, and treated them as no ill-designing Men, (tho' they are to be placed among the frivolously false ones) but Persons who fall into that Way purely to recommend themselves by their Vivacities; but indeed I cannot let heedless Promisers, though in the most minute Circumstances, pass with so slight a Censure. If a Man should take a Resolution to pay only Sums above an hundred Pounds, and yet contract with different People Debts of five and ten, how long can we suppose he will keep his Credit? This Man will as long support his good Name in Business, as he will in Conversation, who without Difficulty makes Assignations which he is indifferent whether he keeps or not.

I am the more severe upon this Vice, because I have been so unfortunate as to be a very great Criminal myself. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, and all other my Friends who are scrupulous to Promises of the meanest Consideration imaginable from an Habit of Virtue that way, have often upbraided me with it. I take Shame upon myself for this Crime, and more particularly for the greatest I ever committed of the Sort, that when as agreeable a Company of Gentlemen and Ladies as ever were got together, and I forsooth, Mr. SPECTATOR, to be of the Party with Women of Merit, like a Booby as I was, mistook the time of Meeting, and came the Night following. I wish every Fool who is negligent in this Kind, may have as great a Loss as I had in this; for the same Com-

pany will never meet more, but are dispersed into various Parts of the World, and I am left under the Compunction that I deserve, in so many different Places to be called a Trifler.

This Fault is sometimes to be accounted for, when desirable People are fearful of appearing precious and reserved by Denials; but they will find the Apprehension of that Imputation will betray them into a childish Impotence of Mind, and make them promise all who are so kind to ask it of them. This leads such soft Creatures into the Misfortune of seeming to return Overtures of Good-will with Ingratitude. The first Steps in the Breach of a Man's Integrity are much more important than Men are aware of. The Man who scruples breaking his Word in little Things would not suffer in his own Conscience so great Pain for Failures of Consequence, as he who thinks every little Offence against Truth and Justice a Disparagement. We should not make any thing we our selves disapprove habitual to us, if we would be sure of our Integrity.

I remember a Falshood of the trivial Sort, tho' not in relation to Assignations, that exposed a Man to a very uneasy Adventure. *Will. Trap* and *Jack Stint* were Chamber-fellows in the *Inner-Temple* about 25 Years ago. They one Night sate in the Pit together at a Comedy, where they both observed and liked the same young Woman in the Boxes. Their Kindness for her entered both Hearts deeper than they imagined. *Stint* had a good Faculty at writing Letters of Love, and made his Address privately that way; while *Trap* proceeded in the ordinary Course, by Money and her Waiting-Maid. The Lady gave them both Encouragement, receiving *Trap* into the utmost Favour, and answering at the same time *Stint's* Letters, and giving him appointments at third Places. *Trap* began to suspect the Epistolary Correspondence of his Friend, and discovered also that *Stint* opened all his Letters which came to their common Lodgings, in order to form his own Assignations. After much Anxiety and Restlessness, *Trap* came to a Resolution, which he thought would break off their Commerce with one another without any hazardous Explanation. He therefore writ a Letter in a feigned Hand to Mr. *Trap* at his Chambers in the *Temple*. *Stint*, according to Custom, seized and opened it, and was not a little surpriz'd to find the Inside directed to himself, when, with great Perturbation of Spirit, he read as follows.

Mr. *Stint*,

'You have gained a slight Satisfaction at
'the Expence of doing a very heinous Crime.
'At the Price of a faithful Friend you have ob-
'tained an inconstant Mistress. I rejoice in this
'Expedient I have thought of to break my Mind
'to you, and tell you, You are a base Fellow, by
'a Means which does not expose you to the
'Affront except you deserve it. I know, Sir, as
'criminal as you are, you have still Shame enough
'to avenge yourself against the Hardiness of any
'one that should publicly tell you of it. I there-
'fore, who have received so many secret Hurts
'from you, shall take Satisfaction with Safety to
'my self. I call you Base, and you must bear

'it, or acknowledge it; I triumph over you that
'you cannot come at me; nor do I think it dis-
'honourable to, come in Armour to assault him,
'who was in Ambuscade when he wounded me.

'What need more be said to convince you of
'being guilty of the basest Practice imaginable,
'than that it is such as has made you liable to be
'treated after this Manner, while you your self
'cannot in your own Conscience but allow the
'Justice of the Upbraidings of

Your Injur'd Friend,

Ralph Trap.

T.

No. 449.] Tuesday, August 5, 1712. [Steele.

—*Tibi scriptus, Matrona, libellus.*—Mart.

WHEN I reflect upon my Labours for the Publick, I cannot but observe, that Part of the Species, of which I profess myself a Friend and Guardian, is sometimes treated with Severity; that is, there are in my Writings many Descriptions given of ill Persons, and not yet any direct Encomium made of those who are good. When I was convinced of this Error, I could not but immediately call to Mind several of the Fair Sex of my Acquaintance, whose Characters deserve to be transmitted to Posterity in Writings which will long outlive mine. But I do not think that a Reason why I should not give them their Place in my Diurnal as long as it will last. For the Service therefore of my Female Readers, I shall single out some Characters of Maids, Wives and Widows, which deserve the Imitation of the Sex. She who shall lead this small illustrious Number of Heroines shall be the amiable *Fidelia*.

Before I enter upon the particular Parts of her Character, it is necessary to Preface, that she is the only Child of a decrepid Father, whose Life is bound up in hers. This Gentleman has used *Fidelia* from her Cradle with all the Tenderness imaginable, and has view'd her growing Perfections with the Partiality of a Parent, that soon thought her accomplished above the Children of all other Men, but never thought she was come to the utmost Improvement of which she her self was capable. This Fondness has had very happy Effects upon his own Happiness, for she reads, she dances, she sings, uses her Spinet and Lute to the utmost Perfection: And the Lady's Use of all these Excellencies, is to divert the old Man in his easie Chair, when he is out of the Pangs of a Chronical Distemper. *Fidelia* is now in the twenty third Year of her Age; but the Application of many Lovers, her vigorous time of Life, her quick Sense of all that is truly gallant and elegant in the Enjoyment of a plentiful Fortune, are not able to draw her from the Side of her good old Father. Certain it is, that there is no kind of Affection so pure and angelick as that of a Father to a Daughter. He beholds her both with, and without Regard to her Sex. In Love to our Wives there is Desire, to our Sons there is Ambition; but in that to our Daughters, there is something which there are no Words to express. Her Life is designed wholly Domestick, and she

is so ready a Friend and Companion, that every thing that passes about a Man, is accompanied with the Idea of her Presence. Her Sex also is naturally so much exposed to Hazard, both as to Fortune and Innocence, that there is, perhaps, a new Cause of Fondness arising from that Consideration also. None but Fathers can have a true Sense of these sort of Pleasures and Sensations; but my Familiarity with the Father of *Fidelia*, makes me let drop the Words which I have heard him speak, and observe upon his Tenderness towards her.

Fidelia on her Part, as I was going to say, as accomplished as she is, with all her Beauty, Wit, Air, and Mien, employs her whole Time in Care and Attendance upon her Father. How have I been charmed to see one of the most beautiful Women the Age has produced on her Knees helping on an old Man's Slipper! Her filial Regard to him is what she makes her Diversion, her Business, and her Glory. When she was asked by a Friend of her deceased Mother to admit of the Courtship of her Son, she answer'd, That she had a great Respect and Gratitude to her for the Overture in Behalf of one so near to her, but that during her Father's Life, she would admit into her Heart no Value for any thing that should interfere with her Endeavour to make his Remains of Life as happy and easie as could be expected in his Circumstances. The Lady admonished her of the Prime of Life with a Smile; which *Fidelia* answered with a Frankness that always attends unfeigned Virtue. *It is true, Madam, there is to be sure very great Satisfactions to be expected in the Commerce of a Man of Honour, whom one tenderly loves; but I find so much Satisfaction in the Reflection, how much I mitigate a good Man's Pains, whose Welfare depends upon my Assiduity about him, that I willingly exclude the loose Gratifications of Passion for the solid Reflections of Duty. I know not whether any Man's Wife would be allow'd, and (what I still more fear) I know not whether I, a Wife, should be willing to be as officious as I am at present about my Parent.* The happy Father has her Declaration that she will not marry during his Life, and the Pleasure of seeing that Resolution not uneasie to her. Were one to paint filial Affection in its utmost Beauty, he could not have a more lively Idea of it than in beholding *Fidelia* serving her Father at his Hours of Rising, Meals, and Rest.

When the general Crowd of Female Youth are consulting their Glasses, preparing for Balls, Assemblies, or Plays; for a young Lady, who could be regarded among the foremost in those Places, either for her Person, Wit, Fortune, or Conversation, and yet contemn all these Entertainments, to sweeten the heavy Hours of a decrepid Parent, is a Resignation truly heroick. *Fidelia* performs the Duty of a Nurse with all the Beauty of a Bride; nor does she neglect her Person, because of her Attendance on him, when he is too ill to receive Company, to whom she may make an Appearance.

Fidelia, who gives him up her Youth, does not think it any great Sacrifice to add to it the Spoiling of her Dress. Her Care and Exactness in her

Habit, convince her Father of the Alacrity of her Mind; and she has of all Women the best Foundation for affecting the Praise of a seeming Negligence. What adds to the Entertainment of the good old Man is, that *Fidelia*, where Merit and Fortune cannot be overlook'd by Epistolary Lovers, reads over the Accounts of her Conquests, plays on her Spinnet the gayest Airs, (and while she is doing so, you would think her formed only for Gallantry) to intimate to him the Pleasures she despises for his Sake.

Those who think themselves the Patterns of good Breeding and Gallantry, would be astonished to hear that in those Intervals when the old Gentleman is at Ease, and can bear Company, there are at his House in the most regular Order, Assemblies of People of the highest Merit; where there is Conversation without Mention of the Faults of the Absent, Benevolence between Men and Women without Passion, and the highest Subjects of Morality treated of as natural and accidental Discourse; All which is owing to the Genius of *Fidelia*, who at once makes her Father's Way to another World easie, and her self capable of being an Honour to his Name in this.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I was the other Day at the *Bear-Garden*, in hopes to have seen your short Face; but not being so fortunate, I must tell you by way of Letter, That there is a Mystery among the Gladiators which has escaped your Spectatorial Penetration. For being in a Box at an Ale-house, near that renowned Seat of Honour above-mentioned, I over-heard two Masters of the Science agreeing to quarrel on the next Opportunity. This was to happen in the Company of a Set of the Fraternity of Basket-Hilts, who were to meet that Evening. When this was settled, one asked the other, Will you give Cuts or receive? the other answered, Receive. It was replied, Are you a passionate Man? No, provided you cut no more nor no deeper than we agree. I thought it my Duty to acquaint you with this, that the People may not pay their Money for Fighting, and be cheated.

Your Humble Servant,

Scabbard Rusty.

T.

No. 450.] Wednesday, August 6, 1712. [Steele.

—Quærenda pecunia primum
Virtus post nummos.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'ALL Men, through different Paths, make at the same common thing, *Money*; and it is to her we owe the Politician, the Merchant, and the Lawyer; nay, to be free with you, I believe to that also we are beholden for our *Spectator*. I am apt to think, that could we look into our own Hearts, we should see Money ingraved in them in more lively and moving Characters than Self-Preservation; for who can reflect upon the Merchant hoisting Sail in a doubtful Pursuit of her, and all Mankind sacrificing

'their Quiet to her, but must perceive that the Characters of Self-Preservation (which were doubtless originally the brightest) are sullied, if not wholly defaced; and that those of Money (which at first was only valuable as a Mean to Security) are of late so brightened, that the Characters of Self-Preservation, like a less Light set by a greater, are become almost imperceptible? Thus has Money got the upper Hand of what all Mankind formerly thought most dear, *viz.* Security; and I wish I could say she had here put a Stop to her Victories; but, alas! common Honesty fell a Sacrifice to her. This is the Way Scholastick Men talk of the greatest Good in the World; but I, a Tradesman, shall give you another Account of this Matter in the plain Narrative of my own Life. I think it proper, in the first Place, to acquaint my Readers, that since my setting out in the World, which was in the Year 1660, I never wanted Money; having begun with an indifferent good Stock in the Tobacco-Trade, to which I was bred; and by the continual Successes, it has pleased Providence to bless my Endeavours with, am at last arrived at what they call a *Plumb*.¹ To uphold my Discourse in the Manner of your Wits or Philosophers, by speaking fine things, or drawing Inferences, as they pretend, from the Nature of the Subject, I account it vain; having never found any thing in the Writings of such Men, that did not favour more of the Invention of the Brain, or what is styled Speculation, than of sound Judgment or profitable Observation. I will readily grant indeed, that there is what the Wits call Natural in their Talk; which is the utmost those curious Authors can assume to themselves, and is indeed all they endeavour at, for they are but lamentable Teachers. And, what, I pray, is Natural? That which is pleasing and easie: And what are Pleasing and Easie? Forsooth, a new Thought or Conceit dressed up in smooth quaint Language, to make you smile and wag your Head, as being what you never imagined before, and yet wonder why you had not; meer frothy Amusements! fit only for Boys or silly Women to be caught with.

'It is not my present Intention to instruct my Readers in the Methods of acquiring Riches; that may be the Work of another Essay; but to exhibit the real and solid Advantages I have found by them in my long and manifold Experience; nor yet all the Advantages of so worthy and valuable a Blessing, (for who does not know or imagine the Comforts of being warm or living at Ease? And that Power and Preheminence are their inseperable Attendants?) But only to instance the great Supports they afford us under the severest Calamities and Misfortunes; to shew that the Love of them is a special Antidote against Immorality and Vice, and that the same does likewise naturally dispose Men to Actions of Piety and Devotion: All which I can make out by my own Experience, who think my self no ways particular from the rest of Mankind, nor better nor worse by Nature than generally other Men are.

¹ £100,000.

'In the Year 1665, when the Sickness was, I lost by it my Wife and two Children, which were all my Stock. Probably I might have had more, considering I was married between 4 and 5 Years; but finding her to be a teeming Woman, I was careful, as having then little above a Brace of thousand Pounds, to carry on my Trade and maintain a Family with. I loved them as usually Men do their Wives and Children, and therefore could not resist the first Impulses of Nature on so wounding a Loss; but I quickly roused my self, and found Means to alleviate, and at last conquer my Affliction, by reflecting how that she and her Children having been no great Expence to me, the best Part of her Fortune was still left; that my Charge being reduced to my self, a Journeyman, and a Maid, I might live far cheaper than before; and that being now a childless Widower, I might perhaps marry a no less deserving Woman, and with a much better Fortune than she brought, which was but 800*l.* And to convince my Readers that such Considerations as these were proper and apt to produce such an Effect, I remember it was the constant Observation at that deplorable Time, when so many Hundreds were swept away daily, that the Rich ever bore the Loss of their Families and Relations far better than the Poor; the latter having little or nothing before-hand, and living from Hand to Mouth, placed the whole Comfort and Satisfaction of their Lives in their Wives and Children, and were therefore inconsolable.

'The following Year happened the Fire; at which Time, by good Providence, it was my Fortune to have converted the greatest Part of my Effects into ready Money, on the Prospect of an extraordinary Advantage which I was preparing to lay Hold on. This Calamity was very terrible and astonishing, the Fury of the Flames being such, that whole Streets, at several distant Places, were destroyed at one and the same Time, so that (as it is well known) almost all our Citizens were burnt out of what they had. But what did I then do? I did not stand gazing on the Ruins of our noble Metropolis; I did not shake my Head, wring my Hands, sigh, and shed Tears; I consider'd with my self what could this avail; I fell a plodding what Advantages might be made of the ready Cash I had, and immediately bethought my self what wonderful Penny-worths might be bought of the Goods, that were saved out of the Fire. In short, with about 2000*l.* and a little Credit, I bought as much Tobacco as rais'd my Estate to the Value of 10000*l.* I then *looked on the Ashes of our City, and the Misery of its late Inhabitants, as an Effect of the just Wrath and Indignation of Heaven towards a sinful and perverse People.*

'After this I married again, and that Wife dying, I took another; but both proved to be idle Baggages: the first gave me a great deal of Plague and Vexation by her Extravagancies, and I became one of the Bywords of the City. I knew it would be to no manner of Purpose to go about to curb the Fancies and Inclinations of Women, which fly out the more for being restrained; but what I could I did. I watched her narrowly, and by good Luck found her in the

‘Embraces (for which I had two Witnesses with
 ‘me) of a wealthy Spark of the Court-end of the
 ‘Town; of whom I recovered 15000 Pounds,
 ‘which made me Amends for what she had idly
 ‘squander’d, and put a Silence to all my Neigh-
 ‘bours, taking off my Reproach by the Gain they
 ‘saw I had by it. The last died about two Years
 ‘after I married her, in Labour of three Children.
 ‘I conjecture they were begotten by a Country
 ‘Kinsman of hers, whom, at her Recommendation,
 ‘I took into my Family, and gave Wages to as a
 ‘Journeyman. What this Creature expended in
 ‘Delicacies and high Diet with her Kinsman (as
 ‘well as I could compute by the Poulterers, Fish-
 ‘mongers, and Grocers Bills) amounted in the
 ‘said two Years to one hundred eighty six
 ‘Pounds, four Shillings, and five Pence Half-
 ‘penny. The fine Apparel, Bracelets, Locketts,
 ‘and Treats, &c. of the other, according to the
 ‘best Calculation, came in three Years and about
 ‘three Quarters to Seven hundred forty four
 ‘Pounds, seven Shillings and nine Pence. After
 ‘this I resolv’d never to marry more, and found I
 ‘had been a Gainer by my Marriages, and the
 ‘Damages granted me for the Abuses of my Bed,
 ‘(all Charges deducted) eight thousand three
 ‘hundred Pounds within a Trifle.

‘I come now to shew the good Effects of the
 ‘Love of Money on the Lives of Men towards
 ‘rendering them honest, sober, and religious.
 ‘When I was a young Man, I had a Mind to make
 ‘the best of my Wits, and over-reached a Country
 ‘Chap in a Parcel of unsound Goods; to whom,
 ‘upon his upbraiding, and threatning to expose
 ‘me for it, I returned the Equivalent of his Loss;
 ‘and upon his good Advice, wherein he clearly
 ‘demonstrated the Folly of such Artifices, which
 ‘can never end but in Shame, and the Ruin of all
 ‘Correspondence, I never after transgressed.
 ‘Can your Courtiers, who take Bribes, or your
 ‘Lawyers or Physicians in their Practice, or even
 ‘the Divines who intermeddle in worldly Affairs,
 ‘boast of making but one Slip in their Lives, and
 ‘of such a thorough and lasting Reformation?
 ‘Since my coming into the World I do not re-
 ‘member I was ever overtaken in Drink, save
 ‘nine times, one at the Christening of my first
 ‘Child, thrice at our City Feasts, and five times
 ‘at driving of Bargains. My Reformation I can
 ‘attribute to nothing so much as the Love and
 ‘Esteem of Money, for I found my self to be ex-
 ‘travagant in my Drink, and apt to turn Projector,
 ‘and make rash Bargains. As for Women, I
 ‘never knew any, except my Wives: For my
 ‘Reader must know, and it is what he may con-
 ‘fide in as an excellent Recipe, That the Love of
 ‘Business and Money is the greatest Mortifier of
 ‘inordinate Desires imaginable, as employing the
 ‘Mind continually in the careful Oversight of
 ‘what one has, in the eager Quest after more, in
 ‘looking after the Negligences and Deceits of
 ‘Servants, in the due Entering and Stating of Ac-
 ‘counts, in hunting after Chaps, and in the exact
 ‘Knowledge of the State of Markets; which
 ‘Things whoever thoroughly attends, will find
 ‘enough and enough to employ his Thoughts on
 ‘every Moment of the Day; So that I cannot call
 ‘to Mind, that in all the Time I was a Husband,

‘which, off and on, was about twelve Years, I ever
 ‘once thought of my Wives but in Bed. And,
 ‘lastly, for Religion, I have ever been a constant
 ‘Churchman, both Forenoons and Afternoons on
 ‘Sundays, never forgetting to be thankful for any
 ‘Gain or Advantage I had had that Day; and on
 ‘Saturday Nights, upon casting up my Accounts,
 ‘I always was grateful for the Sum of my Week’s
 ‘Profits, and at Christmas for that of the whole
 ‘Year. It is true, perhaps, that my Devotion has
 ‘not been the most fervent; which, I think, ought
 ‘to be imputed to the Evenness and Sedateness
 ‘of my Temper, which never would admit of any
 ‘Impetuosities of any Sort: And I can remember
 ‘that in my Youth and Prime of Manhood, when
 ‘my Blood ran brisker, I took greater Pleasure in
 ‘Religious Exercises than at present, or many
 ‘Years past, and that my Devotion sensibly de-
 ‘clined as Age, which is dull and unwieldy, came
 ‘upon me.

‘I have, I hope, here proved, that the Love of
 ‘Money prevents all Immorality and Vice; which
 ‘if you will not allow, you must, that the Pursuit
 ‘of it obliges Men to the same Kind of Life as
 ‘they would follow if they were really virtuous:
 ‘Which is all I have to say at present, only re-
 ‘commending to you, that you would think of it,
 ‘and turn ready Wit into ready Money as fast as
 ‘you can. I conclude,

Your Servant,

Ephraim Weed.

T.

No. 451.] Thursday, August 7, 1712. [Addison.

— Jam sævus apertam
 In rabiem cæpit verti jocus, et per honestas
 Ire minax impunè domos—

THERE is nothing so scandalous to a Govern-
 ment, and detestable in the Eyes of all good
 Men, as defamatory Papers and Pamphlets; but
 at the same time there is nothing so difficult to
 tame, as a Satyrical Author. An angry Writer,
 who cannot appear in Print, naturally vents his
 Spleen in Libels and Lampoons. A gay old
 Woman, says the Fable, seeing all her Wrinkles
 represented in a large Looking-glass, threw it
 upon the Ground in a Passion, and broke it into a
 thousand Pieces, but as she was afterwards sur-
 veying the Fragments with a spiteful kind of
 Pleasure, she could not forbear uttering her self
 in the following Soliloquy. What have I got by
 this revengeful Blow of mine, I have only multi-
 plied my Deformity, and see an hundred ugly
 Faces, where before I saw but one.

It has been proposed, to oblige every Person
 that writes a Book, or a Paper, to swear himself
 the Author of it, and enter down in a publick
 Register his Name and Place of Abode.

This, indeed, would have effectually suppressed
 all printed Scandal, which generally appears
 under borrowed Names, or under none at all. But
 it is to be feared, that such an Expedient would
 not only destroy Scandal, but Learning. It would
 operate promiscuously, and root up the Corn and
 Tares together. Not to mention some of the most
 celebrated Works of Piety, which have proceeded

from Anonymous Authors, who have made it their Merit to convey to us so great a Charity in secret: There are few Works of Genius that come out at first with the Author's Name. The Writer generally makes a Tryal of them in the World before he owns them; and, I believe, very few, who are capable of Writing, would set Pen to Paper, if they knew, before-hand, that they must not publish their Productions but on such Conditions. For my own part, I must declare, the Papers I present the Publick are like Fairy Favours, which shall last no longer than while the Author is concealed.

That which makes it particularly difficult to restrain these Sons of Calumny and Defamation is, that all Sides are equally guilty of it, and that every dirty Scribler is countenanced by great Names, whose Interests he propagates by such vile and infamous Methods. I have never yet heard of a Ministry, who have inflicted an exemplary Punishment on an Author that has supported their Cause with Falsehood and Scandal, and treated, in a most cruel manner, the names of those who have been looked upon as their Rivals and Antagonists. Would a Government set an everlasting Mark of their Displeasure upon one of those infamous Writers, who makes his Court to them by tearing to Pieces the Reputation of a Competitor, we should quickly see an End put to this Race of Vermin, that are a Scandal to Government, and a Reproach to Human Nature. Such a Proceeding would make a Minister of State shine in History, and would fill all Mankind with a just Abhorrence of Persons who should treat him unworthily, and employ against him those Arms which he scorned to make use of against his Enemies.

I cannot think that any one will be so unjust as to imagine, what I have here said is spoken with a Respect to any Party or Faction. Every one who has in him the Sentiments either of a Christian or a Gentleman, cannot but be highly offended at this wicked and ungenerous Practice, which is so much in use among us at present, that it is become a kind of National Crime, and distinguishes us from all the Governments that lie about us. I cannot but look upon the finest Strokes of Satyr which are aimed at particular Persons, and which are supported even with the Appearances of Truth, to be the Marks of an evil Mind, and highly Criminal in themselves. Infamy, like other Punishments, is under the Direction and Distribution of the Magistrate, and not of any private Person. Accordingly we learn from a Fragment of *Cicero*, that tho' there were very few Capital Punishments in the twelve Tables, a Libel or Lampoon which took away the good Name of another, was to be punished by Death. But this is far from being our Case. Our Satyr is nothing but Ribaldry, and *Billingsgate*. Scurrility passes for Wit; and he who can call Names in the greatest Variety of Phrases, is looked upon to have the shrewdest Pen. By this Means the Honour of Families is ruined, the highest Posts and greatest Titles are render'd cheap and vile in the Sight of the People; the noblest Virtues, and most exalted Parts, exposed to the Contempt of the Vicious and the Ignorant. Should a Foreigner, who knows nothing of our private Factions, or one who is to act

his Part in the World when our present Heats and Animositities are forgot, should, I say, such an one form to himself a Notion of the greatest Men of all Sides in the *British* Nation, who are now living, from the Characters which are given them in some or other of those abominable Writings which are daily Published among us, what a Nation of Monsters must we appear!

As this cruel Practice tends to the utter Subversion of all Truth and Humanity among us, it deserves the utmost Detestation and Discouragement of all who have either the Love of their Country, or the Honour of their Religion at Heart. I would therefore earnestly recommend it to the Consideration of those who deal in these pernicious Arts of Writing; and of those who take Pleasure in the Reading of them. As for the first, I have spoken of them in former Papers, and have not stuck to rank them with the Murderer and Assassin. Every honest Man sets as high a Value upon a good Name, as upon Life it self; and I cannot but think that those who privily assault the one, would destroy the other, might they do it with the same Secrecy and Impunity.

As for Persons who take Pleasure in the reading and dispersing of such detestable Libels, I am afraid they fall very little short of the Guilt of the first Composers. By a Law of the Emperors *Valentinian* and *Valens*, it was made Death for any Person not only to write a Libel, but if he met with one by chance, not to tear or burn it. But because I would not be thought singular in my Opinion of this Matter, I shall conclude my Paper with the Words of Monsieur *Bayle*, who was a Man of great Freedom of Thought, as well as of exquisite Learning and Judgment.

'I cannot imagine, that a Man who disperses a Libel is less desirous of doing Mischief than the Author himself. But what shall we say of the Pleasure which a Man takes in the reading of a Defamatory Libel? Is it not an heinous Sin in the Sight of God? We must distinguish in this Point. This Pleasure is either an agreeable Sensation we are afflicted with, when we meet with a witty Thought which is well expressed, or it is a Joy which we conceive from the Dishonour of the Person who is defamed. I will say nothing to the first of these Cases; for perhaps some would think that my Morality is not severe enough, if I should affirm that a Man is not Master of those agreeable Sensations, any more than of those occasioned by Sugar or Honey, when they touch his Tongue; but as to the second, every one will own that Pleasure to be a heinous Sin. The Pleasure in the first Case is of no Continuance; it prevents our Reason and Reflection, and may be immediately followed by a secret Grief, to see our Neighbour's Honour blasted. If it does not cease immediately, it is a Sign that we are not displeas'd with the Ill-nature of the Satyrists, but are glad to see him defame his Enemy by all kinds of Stories; and then we deserve the Punishment to which the Writer of the Libel is subject. I shall here add the Words of a Modern Author. *St. Gregory upon excommunicating those Writers who had dishonoured Castorius, does not except those who read their Works; because, says he,*