

'if Calumnies have always been the delight of the Hearers, and a gratification of those Persons who have no other Advantage over honest Men, is not he who takes Pleasure in reading them as guilty as he who composed them? It is an uncontested Maxim, that they who approve an Action would certainly do it if they could; that is, if some Reason of Self-love did not hinder them. There is no difference, says Cicero, between advising a Crime, and approving it when committed. The Roman Law confirmed this Maxim, having subjected the Approvers and Authors of this Evil to the same Penalty. We may therefore conclude, that those who are pleased with reading Defamatory Libels, so far as to approve the Authors and Dispersers of them, are as guilty as if they had composed them: for if they do not write such Libels themselves, it is because they have not the Talent of Writing, or because they will run no hazard.¹

The Author produces other Authorities to confirm his Judgment in this particular. C.

No. 452.] Friday, August 8, 1712. [Addison.

Est natura Hominum Novitatis avida.
Plin. apud Lill.

THERE is no Humour in my Countrymen, which I am more enclined to wonder at, than their general Thirst after News. There are about half a Dozen Ingenious Men, who live very plentifully upon this Curiosity of their Fellow-Subjects. They all of them receive the same Advices from abroad, and very often in the same Words; but their Way of Cooking it is so different, that there is no Citizen, who has an Eye to the publick Good, that can leave the Coffee-house with Peace of Mind before he has given every one of them a Reading. These several Dishes of News are so very agreeable to the Palate of my Countrymen, that they are not only pleased with them when they are served up hot, but when they are again set cold before them, by those penetrating Politicians, who oblige the Publick with their Reflections and Observations upon every piece of Intelligence that is sent us from abroad. The Text is given us by one set of Writers, and the Comment by another.

But notwithstanding we have the same Tale told us in so many different papers, and if occasion requires in so many Articles of the same Paper; notwithstanding a Scarcity of Foreign Posts we hear the same Story repeated, by different Advices from Paris, Brussels, the Hague, and from every great Town in Europe; notwithstanding the Multitude of Annotations, Explanations, Reflections, and various Readings which it passes through, our Time lies heavy on our Hands till the Arrival of a fresh Mail: We long to receive further particulars, to hear what will be the next Step, or what will be the Consequences of that which has been already taken. A Westerly

Wind keeps the whole Town in Suspence, and puts a Stop to Conversation.

This general Curiosity has been raised and inflamed by our late Wars, and, if rightly directed, might be of good Use to a Person who has such a Thirst awakened in him. Why should not a Man, who takes Delight in reading every thing that is new, apply himself to History, Travels, and other Writings of the same kind, where he will find perpetual Fuel for his Curiosity, and meet with much more Pleasure and Improvement, than in these Papers of the Week? An honest Tradesman, who languishes a whole Summer in Expectation of a Battel, and perhaps is balked at last, may here meet with half a dozen in a Day. He may read the News of a whole Campaign, in less time than he now bestows upon the Products of any single Post. Fights, Conquests and Revolutions lye thick together. The Reader's Curiosity is raised and satisfied every Moment, and his Passions disappointed or gratified, without being detained in a State of uncertainty from Day to Day, or lying at the Mercy of Sea [and¹] Wind. In short, the Mind is not here kept in a perpetual Gape after Knowledge, nor punished with that Eternal Thirst, which is the Portion of all our modern News-mongers and Coffee-house Politicians.

All Matters of Fact, which a Man did not know before, are News to him; and I do not see how any Haberdasher in Cheapside is more concerned in the present Quarrel of the Cantons, than he was in that of the League. At least, I believe every one will allow me, it is of more Importance to an Englishman to know the History of his Ancestors, than that of his Contemporaries who live upon the Banks of the Danube or the Borysthenes. As for those who are of another Mind, I shall recommend to them the following Letter, from a Projector, who is willing to turn a Penny by this remarkable Curiosity of his Countrymen.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You must have observed, that Men who frequent Coffee-houses, and delight in News, are pleased with every thing that is Matter of Fact, so it be what they have not heard before. A Victory, or a Defeat, are equally agreeable to them. The shutting of a Cardinal's Mouth pleases them one Post, and the opening of it another. They are glad to hear the French Court is removed to Marli, and are afterwards as much delighted with its Return to Versailles. They read the Advertisements with the same Curiosity as the Articles of publick News; and are as pleased to hear of a Pye-bald Horse that is stray'd out of a Field near Islington, as of a whole Troop that has been engaged in any Foreign Adventure. In short, they have a Relish for every thing that is News, let the matter of it be what it will; or to speak more properly, they are Men of a Voracious Appetite, but no Taste. Now, Sir, since the great Fountain of News, I mean the War, is very near being dried up; and since these Gentlemen have contracted such an inextinguishable Thirst after it; I have taken

¹ Dissertation upon Defamatory Libels. § 17.

¹ [or]

'their Case and my own into Consideration, and
'have thought of a Project which may turn to the
'Advantage of us both. I have Thoughts of pub-
'lishing a daily Paper, which shall comprehend
'in it all the most remarkable Occurrences in every
'little Town, Village and Hamlet, that lye within
'ten Miles of *London*, or in other Words, within
'the Verge of the Penny-Post. I have pitched
'upon this Scene of Intelligence for two Reasons;
'first, because the Carriage of Letters will be very
'cheap; and secondly, because I may receive
'them every Day. By this means my Readers
'will have their News fresh and fresh, and many
'worthy Citizens who cannot Sleep with any Satis-
'faction at present, for want of being informed
'how the World goes, may go to Bed contentedly,
'it being my Design to put out my Paper every
'Night at nine-a-Clock precisely. I have already
'established Correspondences in these several
'Places, and received very good Intelligence.

'By my last Advices from *Knights-bridge* I
'hear that a Horse was clapped into the Pound on
'the third Instant, and that he was not released
'when the Letters came away.

'We are informed from *Pankridge*,¹ that a
'dozen Weddings were lately celebrated in the
'Mother Church of that Place, but are referred
'to their next Letters for the Names of the Parties
'concerned.

'Letters from *Brompton* advise. That the
'Widow *Bligh* had received several Visits from
'*John Mildew*, which affords great matter of
'Speculation in those Parts.

'By a Fisherman which lately touched at *Ham-
mersmith*, there is Advice from *Putney*, that a
'certain Person well known in that Place, is like
'to lose his Election for Church-warden; but this
'being Boat-news, we cannot give entire Credit
'to it.

'Letters from *Paddington* bring little more,
'than that *William Squeak*, the Sow-gelder,
'passed through that Place the 5th Instant.

'They advise from *Fulham*, that things re-
'mained there in the same State they were. They
'had Intelligence, just as the Letters came away,
'of a Tub of excellent Ale just set abroach at
'*Parsons Green*; but this wanted Confirmation.

'I have here, Sir, given you a Specimen of the
'News with which I intend to entertain the Town,
'and which, when drawn up regularly in the Form
'of a News Paper, will, I doubt not, be very ac-
'ceptable to many of those Publick-spirited
'Readers, who take more delight in acquainting
'themselves with other Peoples Business than
'their own. I hope a Paper of this kind, which
'lets us know what is done near home, may be
'more useful to us, than those which are filled
'with Advices from *Zug* and *Bender*, and make
'some amends for that Dearth of Intelligence,
'which we may justly apprehend from times of
'Peace. If I find that you receive this Project
'favourably, I will shortly trouble you with one
'or two more; and in the mean time am, most
'worthy Sir, with all due Respect,

Your most Obedient,
C. and most Humble Servant.

¹ Pancras.

No. 453.] Saturday, August 9, 1712. [Addison.

*Non usitatâ nec tenui ferar
Pennâ* ————— Hor.

THERE is not a more pleasing Exercise of
the Mind than Gratitude. It is accompanied
with such an inward Satisfaction, that the Duty
is sufficiently rewarded by the Performance. It
is not like the Practice of many other Virtues,
difficult and painful, but attended with so much
Pleasure, that were there no positive Command
which enjoin'd it, nor any Recompence laid up
for it hereafter, a generous Mind would indulge
in it, for the natural Gratification that accom-
panies it.

If Gratitude is due from Man to Man, how
much more from Man to his Maker? The Su-
pream Being does not only confer upon us those
Bounties which proceed more immediately from
his Hand, but even those Benefits which are con-
veyed to us by others. Every Blessing we enjoy,
by what Means soever it may be derived upon us,
is the Gift of him who is the great Author of Good,
and Father of Mercies.

If Gratitude, when exerted towards one an-
other, naturally produces a very pleasing Sensa-
tion in the Mind of a Grateful Man; it exalts the
Soul into Rapture, when it is employed on this
great Object of Gratitude; on this Beneficent
Being who has given us every thing we already
possess, and from whom we expect every thing
we yet hope for.

Most of the Works of the Pagan Poets were
either direct Hymns to their Deities, or tended
indirectly to the Celebration of their respective
Attributes and Perfections. Those who are ac-
quainted with the Works of the *Greek* and *Latin*
Poets which are still extant, will upon Reflection
find this Observation so true, that I shall not en-
large upon it. One would wonder that more of
our Christian Poets have not turned their Thoughts
this way, especially if we consider, that our Idea
of the Supream Being is not only infinitely more
Great and Noble than what could possibly enter
into the Heart of an Heathen, but filled with every
thing that can raise the Imagination, and give an
Opportunity for the sublimest Thoughts and Con-
ceptions.

Plutarch tells of a Heathen who was singing
an Hymn to *Diana*, in which he celebrated her
for her Delight in Human Sacrifices, and other
Instances of Cruelty and Revenge; upon which a
Poet who was present at this piece of Devotion,
and seems to have had a truer Idea of the Divine
Nature, told the Votary, by way of Reproof, that
in recompence for his Hymn, he heartily wished
he might have a Daughter of the same Temper
with the Goddess he celebrated. It was indeed
impossible to write the Praises of one of those
false Deities, according to the Pagan Creed, with-
out a mixture of Impertinence and Absurdity.

The *Jews*, who before the Times of Christianity
were the only People that had the Knowledge of
the True God, have set the Christian World an
Example how they ought to employ this Divine

Talent of which I am speaking. As that Nation produced Men of great Genius, without considering them as inspired Writers, they have transmitted to us many Hymns and Divine Odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the Ancient Greeks and Romans, in the Poetry, as much as in the Subject to which it was consecrated. This I think might easily be shewn, if there were occasion for it.

I have already communicated to the Publick some Pieces of Divine Poetry, and as they have met with a very favourable Reception, I shall from time to time publish any Work of the same nature which has not yet appeared in Print,¹ and may be acceptable to my Readers.

I.

*When all thy Mercies, O my God,
My rising Soul surveys;
Transported with the View, I'm lost
In Wonder, Love, and Praise:*

II.

*O how shall Words with equal Warmth
The Gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd Heart?
But thou canst read it there.*

III.

*Thy Providence my Life sustain'd,
And all my Wants redrest,
When in the silent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breast.*

IV.

*To all my weak Complaints and Cries,
Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
Ere yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in Pray'r.*

V.

*Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul
Thy tender Care bestow'd,
Before my infant Heart conceiv'd
From whom those Comforts flow'd.*

VI.

*When in the slippery Paths of Youth
With heedless Steps I ran,
Thine Arm unseen convey'd me safe
And led me up to Man.*

VII.

*Through hidden Dangers, Toils, and Deaths,
It gently clear'd my Way,
And through the pleasing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.*

VIII.

*When worn with Sickness oft hast thou
With Health renew'd my Face,
And when in Sins and Sorrows sunk
Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.*

IX.

*Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Bliss
Has made my Cup run o'er,*

¹ By himself.

*And in a kind and faithful Friend
Has doubled all my Store.*

X.

*Ten thousand thousand precious Gifts
My Daily Thanks employ,
Nor is the least a chearful Heart,
That tastes those Gifts with Joy.*

XI.

*Through every Period of my Life
Thy Goodness I'll pursue;
And after Death in distant Worlds
The Glorious Theme renew.*

XII.

*When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more,
My Ever-grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy Mercy shall adore.*

XIII.

*Through all Eternity to Thee
A joyful Song I'll raise,
For oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy Praise.*

C.

No. 454.] Monday, August 11, 1712. [Steele.

*Sine me, Vacivum tempus ne quod dem mihi
Laboris.—Ter. Heau.*

IT is an inexpressible Pleasure to know a little of the World, and be of no Character or Significancy in it. To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new Objects with an endless Curiosity, is a Delight known only to those who are turned for Speculation: Nay, they who enjoy it, must value Things only as they are the Objects of Speculation, without drawing any worldly Advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their Amusement, or the Improvement of the Mind. I lay one Night last Week at *Richmond*; and being restless, not out of Dissatisfaction, but a certain busie Inclination one sometimes has, I rose at Four in the Morning, and took Boat for *London*, with a Resolution to rove by Boat and Coach for the next Four and twenty Hours, till the many different Objects I must needs meet with should tire my Imagination, and give me an Inclination to a Repose more profound than I was at that Time capable of. I beg People's Pardon for an odd Humour I am guilty of, and was often that Day, which is saluting any Person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a Particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest Pleasure I know I receive at my Eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable Person for coming abroad into my View, as another is for a Visit of Conversation at their own Houses.

The Hours of the Day and Night are taken up in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster* by People as different from each other as those who are born in different Centuries. Men of Six a Clock give way to those of Nine, they of Nine to

the Generation of Twelve, and they of Twelve disappear, and make Room for the fashionable World, who have made Two a Clock the Noon of the Day.

When we first put off from Shore, we soon fell in with a Fleet of Gardeners bound for the several Market-Ports of *London*; and it was the most pleasing Scene imaginable to see the Chearfulness with which those industrious People ply'd their Way to a certain Sale of their Goods. The Banks on each Side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable Plantations, as any Spot on the Earth; but the *Thames* it self, loaded with the Product of each Shore, added very much to the Landskip. It was very easie to observe by their Sailing, and the Countenances of the ruddy Virgins, who were Supercargoes, the Parts of the Town to which they were bound. There was an Air in the Purveyors for *Covent-Garden*, who frequently converse with Morning Rakes, very unlike the seemly Sobriety of those bound for *Stocks Market*.

Nothing remarkable happened in our Voyage; but I landed with Ten Sail of Apricock Boats at *Strand-Bridge*, after having put in at *Nine-Elms*, and taken in Melons, consigned by Mr. *Cuffe* of that Place, to *Sarah Sewell* and Company, at their Stall in *Covent-Garden*. We arrived at *Strand-Bridge* at Six of the Clock, and were unloading: when the Hackney-Coachmen of the foregoing Night took their leave of each other at the *Dark-House*, to go to Bed before the Day was too far spent, Chimney-Sweepers pass'd by us as we made up to the Market, and, some Raillery happened between one of the Fruit Wenches and those black Men, about the Devil and *Eve*, with Allusion to their several Professions. I could not believe any Place more entertaining than *Covent-Garden*; where I strolled from one Fruit-Shop to another, with Crowds of agreeable young Women around me, who were purchasing Fruit for their respective Families. It was almost eight of the Clock before I could leave that Variety of Objects. I took Coach and followed a Young Lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her Maid. I saw immediately she was of the Family of the *Vainloves*. There are a set of these who of all Things affect the Play of *Blindman's-Buff*, and leading Men into Love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of Woman is usually a janty Slattern; she hangs on her Cloaths, plays her Head, varies her Posture, and changes Place incessantly, and all with an Appearance of striving at the same time to hide her self, and yet give you to understand she is in Humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the Coachmen make Signs with their Fingers as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that Day. They can carry on that Language to give Intelligence where they are driving. In an Instant my Coachman took the Wink to pursue, and the Lady's Driver gave the Hint that he was going through *Long-Acre* towards *St. James's*: While he whipped up *James-Street*, we drove for *King-Street*, to save the Pass at *St. Martin's-Lane*. The Coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for Way, and

be entangled at the End of *Newport-Street* and *Long-Acre*. The Fright, you must believe, brought down the Lady's Coach Door, and obliged her, with her Mask off, to enquire into the Bustle, when she sees the Man she would avoid. The Tackle of the Coach-Window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped, according to the Accident of Carriages in her Way. One of these Ladies keeps her Seat in a Hackney-Coach, as well as the best Rider does on a managed Horse. The laced Shooe of her left Foot, with a careless Gesture, just appearing on the opposite Cushion, held her both firm, and in a proper Attitude to receive the next Jolt.

As she was an excellent Coach Woman, many were the Glances at each other which we had for an Hour and an Half in all Parts of the Town by the Skill of our Drivers; till at last my Lady was conveniently lost with Notice from her Coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This Chase was now at an End, and the Fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an Hour, for that she was a Silk-Worm. I was surprized with this Phrase, but found it was a Cant among the Hackney Fraternity for their best Customers, Women who ramble twice or thrice a Week from Shop to Shop, to turn over all the Goods in Town without buying any thing. The Silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the Tradesmen; for tho' they never buy, they are ever talking of new Silks, Laces and Ribbands, and serve the Owners in getting them Customers as their common Duffers do in making them pay.

The Day of People of Fashion began now to Break, and Carts and Hacks were mingled with Equipages of Show and Vanity; when I resolved to walk it out of Cheapness; but my unhappy Curiosity is such, that I find it always my Interest to take Coach, for some odd Adventure among Beggars, Ballad-Singers, or the like, detains and throws me into Expence. It happened so immediately; for at the Corner of *Warwick Street*, as I was listening to a new Ballad, a ragged Rascal, a Beggar who knew me, came up to me, and began to turn the Eyes of the good Company upon me, by telling me he was extream Poor, and should die in the Street for want of Drink, except I immediately would have the Charity to give him Six-pence to go into the next Ale-house and save his Life. He urged, with a melancholy Face, that all his Family had died of Thirst. All the Mob have Humour, and two or three began to take the Jest; by which Mr. *Sturdy* carried his Point, and let me sneak off to a Coach. As I drove along, it was a pleasing Reflection to see the World so prettily chequered since I left *Richmond*, and the Scene still filling with Children of a new Hour. This Satisfaction increased as I moved towards the City; and gay Signs, well disposed Streets, magnificent publick Structures, and wealthy Shops, adorned with contented Faces, made the Joy still rising till we came into the Centre of the City, and Centre of the World of Trade, the *Exchange of London*. As other men in the Crowds about me were pleased with their Hopes

and Bargains, I found my Account in observing them, in Attention to their several Interests. I, indeed, looked upon my self as the richest Man that walked the *Exchange* that Day; for my Benevolence made me share the Gains of every Bargain that was made. It was not the least of my Satisfactions in my Survey, to go up Stairs, and pass the Shops of agreeable Females; to observe so many pretty Hands busie in the Foldings of Ribbands, and the utmost Eagerness of agreeable Faces in the sale of Patches, Pins, and Wires, on each Side the Counters, was an Amusement, in which I should longer have indulged my self, had not the dear Creatures called to me to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, only *To look at you*. I went to one of the Windows which opened to the Area below, where all the several Voices lost their Distinction, and rose up in a confused Humming; which created in me a Reflection that could not come into the Mind of any but of one a little too studious; for I said to my self, with a kind of Pun in Thought, *What Nonsense is all the Hurry of this World to those who are above it?* In these, or not much wiser Thoughts, I had like to have lost my Place at the Chop-House, where every Man according to the natural Bashfulness or Sullenness of our Nation, eats in a publick Room a Mess of Broth, or Chop of Meat, in dumb Silence, as if they had no pretence to speak to each other on the Foot of being Men, except they were of each other's Acquaintance.

I went afterwards to *Robin's*, and saw People who had dined with me at the Five-penny Ordinary just before, give Bills for the Value of large Estates; and could not but behold with great Pleasure, Property lodged in, and transferred in a Moment from such as would never be Masters of half as much as is seemingly in them, and given from them every Day they live. But before Five in the Afternoon I left the City, came to my common Scene of *Covent-Garden*, and passed the Evening at *Will's* in attending the Discourses of several Sets of People, who relieved each other within my Hearing on the Subjects of Cards, Dice, Love, Learning and Politicks. The last Subject kept me till I heard the Streets in the Possession of the Bell-man, who had now the World to himself, and cry'd, *Past Two of Clock*. This rous'd me from my Seat, and I went to my Lodging, led by a Light, whom I put into the Discourse of his private Oeconomy, and made him give me an Account of the Charge, Hazard, Profit and Loss of a Family that depended upon a Link, with a Design to end my trivial Day with the Generosity of Six-pence, instead of a third Part of that Sum. When I came to my Chambers I writ down these Minutes; but was at a Loss what Instruction I should propose to my Reader from the Enumeration of so many Insignificant Matters and Occurrences; and I thought it of great Use, if they could learn with me to keep their Minds open to Gratification, and ready to receive it from any thing it meets with. This one Circumstance will make every Face you see give you the Satisfaction you now take in beholding that of a Friend; will make every Object a pleasing one; will make all the Good which ar-

rives to any Man, an Encrease of Happiness to your self. T.

No. 455.] Tuesday, August 12, 1712. [Steele.

—Ergo Apis Matinae
More modoque
Grata Carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum—

THE following Letters have in them Reflections which will seem of Importance both to the Learned World and to Domestick Life. There is in the first an Allegory so well carry'd on, that it cannot but be very pleasing to those who have a Taste of good Writing; and the other Billets may have their Use in common Life.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'As I walked t'other Day in a fine Garden, and observed the great Variety of Improvements in Plants and Flowers beyond what they otherwise would have been, I was naturally led into a Reflection upon the Advantages of Education, or Moral Culture; how many good Qualities in the Mind are lost, for want of the like due Care in nursing and skilfully managing them, how many Virtues are choaked, by the Multitude of Weeds which are suffered to grow among them; how excellent Parts are often starved and useless, by being planted in a wrong Soil; and how very seldom do these moral Seeds produce the noble Fruits which might be expected from them, by a Neglect of proper Manuring, necessary Pruning, and an artful Management of our tender Inclinations and first Spring of Life: These obvious Speculations made me at length conclude, that there is a sort of vegetable Principle in the Mind of every Man when he comes into the World. In Infants the Seeds lie buried and undiscovered, till after a while they sprout forth in a kind of rational Leaves, which are Words; and in due Season the Flowers begin to appear in Variety of beautiful Colours, and all the gay Pictures of youthful Fancy and Imagination; at last the Fruit knits and is formed, which is green, perhaps, first, and soure, unpleasant to the Taste, and not fit to be gathered; till ripened by due Care and Application, it discovers itself in all the noble Productions of Philosophy, Mathematicks, close Reasoning, and handsome Argumentation: And these Fruits, when they arrive at a just Maturity, and are of a good Kind, afford the most vigorous Nourishment to the Minds of Men. I reflected further on the intellectual Leaves beforementioned, and found almost as great a Variety among them as in the vegetable World. I could easily observe the smooth shining Italian Leaves; the nimble French Aspen always in Motion; the Greek and Latin Evergreens, the Spanish Myrtle, the English Oak, the Scotch Thistle, the Irish Shambroque, the prickly German and Dutch Holly, the Polish and Russian Nettle, besides a vast Number of Exoticks imported from Asia, Africk, and

America. I saw several barren Plants, which bore only Leaves, without any Hopes of Flower or Fruit: The Leaves of some were fragrant and well-shaped, of others ill-scented and irregular. I wonder'd at a Set of old whimsical Botanists, who spent their whole Lives in the Contemplation of some withered *Aegyptian, Coptick, Armenian, or Chinese* Leaves, while others made it their Business to collect in voluminous Herbals all the several Leaves of some one Tree. The Flowers afforded a most diverting Entertainment, in a wonderful Variety of Figures, Colours and Scents; however, most of them withered soon, or at best are but *Annuals*. Some professed Florists make them their constant Study and Employment, and despise all Fruit; and now and then a few fanciful People spend all their Time in the Cultivation of a single Tulip, or a Carnation: But the most agreeable Amusement seems to be the well chusing, mixing, and binding together these Flowers, in pleasing Nose-gays to present to Ladies. The Scent of *Italian* Flowers is observed, like their other Perfume, to be too strong, and to hurt the Brain; that of the *French* with glaring, gaudy Colours, yet faint and languid; *German* and *Northern* Flowers have little or no Smell, or sometimes an unpleasant one. The Antients had a Secret to give a lasting Beauty, Colour, and Sweetness to some of their choice Flowers, which flourish to this Day, and which few of the Moderns can effect. These are becoming enough and agreeable in their Season, and do often handsomely adorn an Entertainment, but an Over-fondness of them seems to be a Disease. It rarely happens to find a Plant vigorous enough, to have (like an Orange-Tree) at once beautiful shining Leaves, fragrant Flowers, and delicious nourishing Fruit.

SIR, Yours, &c.

Dear SPEC,

August 6, 1712.

You have given us in your *Spectator* of Saturday last, a very excellent Discourse upon the Force of Custom, and its wonderful Efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. I cannot deny but that I received above Two penny-worth of Instruction from your Paper, and in the general was very well pleased with it; but I am, without a Compliment, sincerely troubled that I cannot exactly be of your Opinion, That it makes every thing pleasing to us. In short, I have the Honour to be yoked to a young Lady, who is, in plain *English*, for her Standing, a very eminent Scold. She began to break her Mind very freely both to me and to her Servants about two Months after our Nuptials; and tho' I have been accustomed to this Humour of hers this three Years, yet, I do not know what's the Matter with me, but I am no more delighted with it than I was at the very first. I have advised with her Relations about her, and they all tell me that her Mother and her Grandmother before her were both taken much after the same Manner; so that since it runs in the Blood, I have but small Hopes of her Recovery. I should be glad to have a little of your Advice in this Matter: I would not willingly trouble you to contrive how it may be a Pleasure to me; if you

will but put me in a Way that I may bear it with Indifference, I shall rest satisfied.

Dear SPEC,

Your very humble Servant.

P. S. 'I must do the poor Girl the Justice to let you know, that this Match was none of her own chusing, (or indeed of mine either;) in Consideration of which I avoid giving her the least Provocation; and indeed we live better together than usually Folks do who hated one another when they were first joined: To evade the Sin against Parents, or at least to extenuate it, my Dear rails at my Father and Mother, and I curse hers for making the Match.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I like the Theme you lately gave out extremely, and should be as glad to handle it as any Man living: But I find myself no better qualified to write about Money, than about my Wife; for, to tell you a Secret which I desire may go no further, I am Master of neither of those Subjects.

Yours,

Pill Garlick.

Aug. 8, 1712.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I desire you would print this in *Italick*, so as it may be generally taken Notice of. It is designed only to admonish all Persons, who speak either at the Bar, Pulpit, or any publick Assembly whatsoever, how they discover their Ignorance in the Use of Similes. There are in the Pulpit it self, as well as other Places, such gross Abuses in this Kind, that I give this Warning to all I know, I shall bring them for the Future before your Spectatorial Authority. On Sunday last, one, who shall be nameless, reproving several of his Congregation for standing at Prayers, was pleased to say, *One would think, like the Elephant, you had no Knees.* Now I myself saw an Elephant in *Bartholomew-Fair* kneel down to take on his Back the ingenious Mr. William Penkethman.

T.

Your most humble Servant.

No. 456.] Wednesday, August 13, 1712. [Steele.

De quo libelli in celeberrimis locis proponuntur Huic ne perire quidem tacite conceditur.—Tull.

OTWAY, in his Tragedy of *Venice preserv'd*, has described the Misery of a Man, whose Effects are in the Hands of the Law, with great Spirit. The Bitterness of being the Scorn and Laughter of base Minds, the Anguish of being insulted by Men hardened beyond the Sense of Shame or Pity, and the Injury of a Man's Fortune being wasted, under Pretence of Justice, are excellently aggravated in the following Speech of Pierre to Jaffeir:¹

*I pass'd this very Moment by thy Doors,
And found them guarded by a Troop of Villains:*

¹ Act I., sc. 2.

*The Sons of publick Rapine were destroying.
They told me, by the Sentence of the Law,
They had Commission to seize all thy Fortune:
Nay more, Priuli's cruel Hand had sign'd it.
Here stood a Ruffian with a horrid Face,
Lording it o'er a Pile of massy Plate,
Tumbled into a Heap for publick Sale.
There was another making villanous Fests
At thy Undoing: He had ta'en Possession
Of all thy ancient most domestick Ornaments:
Rich Hangings intermix'd and wrought with
Gold;
The very Bed, which on thy Wedding Night
Receiv'd thee to the Arms of Belvedira,
The Scene of all thy Joys, was violated
By the coarse Hands of filthy Dungeon Villains,
And thrown amongst the common Lumber.*

Nothing indeed can be more unhappy than the Condition of Bankruptcy. The Calamity which happens to us by ill Fortune, or by the Injury of others, has in it some Consolation; but what arises from our own Misbehaviour or Error, is the State of the most exquisite Sorrow. When a Man considers not only an ample Fortune, but even the very Necessaries of Life, his Pretence to Food it self at the Mercy of his Creditors, he cannot but look upon himself in the State of the Dead, with his Case thus much worse, that the last Office is performed by his Adversaries, instead of his Friends. From this Hour the cruel World does not only take Possession of his whole Fortune, but even of every thing else, which had no Relation to it. All his indifferent Actions have new Interpretations put upon them; and those whom he has favoured in his former Life, discharge themselves of their Obligations to him, by joining in the Reproaches of his Enemies. It is almost incredible that it should be so; but it is too often seen that there is a Pride mixed with the Impatience of the Creditor, and there are who would rather recover their own by the Downfall of a prosperous Man, than be discharged to the common Satisfaction of themselves and their Creditors. The wretched Man, who was lately Master of Abundance, is now under the Direction of others; and the Wisdom, Oeconomy, good Sense and Skill in human Life before, by reason of his present Misfortune, are of no Use to him in the Disposition of any thing. The Incapacity of an Infant or a Lunatick, is designed for his Provision and Accommodation; but that of a Bankrupt, without any Mitigation in respect of the Accidents by which it arrived, is calculated for his utter Ruin, except there be a Remainder ample enough after the Discharge of his Creditors to bear also the Expence of rewarding those by whose Means the Effect of all his Labours was transferred from him. This Man is to look on and see others giving Directions upon what Terms and Conditions his Goods are to be purchased, and all this usually done not with an Air of Trustees to dispose of his Effects, but Destroyers to divide and tear them to Pieces.

There is something sacred in Misery to great and good Minds; for this Reason all wise Lawgivers have been extremely tender how they let loose even the Man who has Right on his Side, to

act with any Mixture of Resentment against the Defendant. Virtuous and modest Men, though they be used with some Artifice, and have it in their Power to avenge themselves, are slow in the Application of that Power, and are ever constrained to go into rigorous Measures. They are careful to demonstrate themselves not only Persons injured, but also that to bear it longer, would be a Means to make the Offender injure others, before they proceed. Such Men clap their Hands upon their Hearts, and consider what it is to have at their Mercy the Life of a Citizen. Such would have it to say to their own Souls, if possible, That they were merciful when they could have destroyed, rather than when it was in their Power to have spared a Man, they destroyed. This is a Due to the common Calamity of Human Life, due in some measure to our very Enemies. They who scruple doing the least Injury, are cautious of exacting the utmost Justice.

Let any one who is conversant in the Variety of Human Life reflect upon it, and he will find the Man who wants Mercy has a Taste of no Enjoyment of any Kind. There is a natural Disrelish of every thing which is good in his very Nature, and he is born an Enemy to the World. He is ever extremely partial to himself in all his Actions, and has no Sense of Iniquity but from the Punishment which shall attend it. The Law of the Land is his Gospel, and all his Cases of Conscience are determined by his Attorney. Such Men know not what it is to gladden the Heart of a miserable Man, that Riches are the Instruments of serving the Purposes of Heaven or Hell, according to the Disposition of the Possessor. The wealthy can torment or gratifie all who are in their Power, and chuse to do one or other as they are affected with Love or Hatred to Mankind. As for such who are insensible of the Concerns of others, but merely as they affect themselves, these Men are to be valued only for their Mortality, and as we hope better Things from their Heirs. I could not but read with great Delight a Letter from an eminent Citizen, who has failed, to one who was intimate with him in his better Fortune, and able by his Countenance to retrieve his lost Condition.

SIR,

'It is in vain to multiply Words and make Apologies for what is never to be defended by the best Advocate in the World, the Guilt of being Unfortunate. All that a Man in my Condition can do or say, will be received with Prejudice by the Generality of Mankind, but I hope not with you: You have been a great Instrument in helping me to get what I have lost, and I know (for that Reason, as well as Kindness to me) you cannot but be in pain to see me undone. To shew you I am not a Man incapable of bearing Calamity, I will, though a poor Man, lay aside the Distinction between us, and talk with the Frankness we did when we were nearer to an Equality: As all I do will be received with Prejudice, all you do will be looked upon with Partiality. What I desire of you, is, that you, who are courted by all, would smile upon me who am shunned by all. Let that Grace and Favour which your Fortune throws upon you, be

'turned to make up the Coldness and Indifference that is used towards me. All good and generous Men will have an Eye of Kindness for me for my own Sake, and the rest of the World will regard me for yours. There is an happy Contagion in Riches, as well as a destructive one in Poverty; the Rich can make rich without parting with any of their Store, and the Conversation of the Poor makes Men poor, though they borrow nothing of them. How this is to be accounted for I know not? but Men's Estimation follows us according to the Company we keep. If you are what you were to me, you can go a great Way towards my Recovery; if you are not, my good Fortune, if ever it returns, will return by slower Approaches.

I am SIR,
Your Affectionate Friend,
and Humble Servant.

This was answered with a Condescension that did not, by long impertinent Professions of Kindness, insult his Distress, but was as follows.

Dear Tom,

"I am very glad to hear that you have Heart enough to begin the World a second Time. I assure you, I do not think your numerous Family at all diminished (in the Gifts of Nature for which I have ever so much admired them) by what has so lately happened to you. I shall not only countenance your Affairs with my Appearance for you, but shall accommodate you with a considerable Sum at common Interest for three Years. You know I could make more of it; but I have so great a Love for you that I can wave Opportunities of Gain to help you: For I do not care whether they say of me after I am dead, that I had an hundred or fifty thousand Pounds more than I wanted when I was living.

T. Your obliged humble Servant.

No. 457.] Thursday, August 14, 1712. [Addison.

—Multa et præclara minantis.—Hor.

I SHALL this Day lay before my Reader a Letter, written by the same Hand with that of last Friday, which contained Proposals for a Printed News-paper, that should take in the whole Circle of the Penny-Post.

SIR,

The kind Reception you gave my last Friday's Letter, in which I broached my Project of a News-Paper, encourages me to lay before you two or three more; for, you must know, Sir, that we look upon you to be the *Louudes* of the learned World, and cannot think any Scheme practicable or rational before you have approved of it, tho' all the Money we raise by it is on our own Funds, and for our private Use.

I have often thought that a *News-Letter of Whispers*, written every Post, and sent about the Kingdom, after the same Manner as that of Mr. Dyer, Mr. Dawkes, or any other Epistolary

Historian, might be highly gratifying to the Publick, as well as beneficial to the Author. By Whispers I mean those Pieces of News which are communicated as Secrets, and which bring a double Pleasure to the Hearer; first, as they are private History, and in the next place as they have always in them a Dash of Scandal. These are the two chief Qualifications in an Article of News, [which¹] recommend it, in a more than ordinary Manner, to the Ears of the Curious. Sickness of Persons in high Posts, Twilight Visits paid and received by Ministers of State, Clandestine Courtships and Marriages, Secret Amours, Losses at Play, Applications for Places, with their respective Successes or Repulses, are the Materials in which I chiefly intend to deal. I have two Persons, that are each of them the Representative of a Species, who are to furnish me with those Whispers which I intend to convey to my Correspondents. The first of these is *Peter Hush*, descended from the ancient Family of the *Hushes*. The other is the old Lady *Blast*, who has a very numerous Tribe of Daughters in the two great Cities of *London* and *Westminster*. *Peter Hush* has a whispering Hole in most of the great Coffee-houses about Town. If you are alone with him in a wide Room, he carries you up into a Corner of it, and speaks in your Ear. I have seen *Peter* seat himself in a Company of seven or eight Persons, whom he never saw before in his Life; and after having looked about to see there was no one that overheard him, has communicated to them in a low Voice, and under the Seal of Secrecy, the Death of a great Man in the Country, who was perhaps a Fox-hunting the very Moment this Account was [given²] of him. If upon your entering into a Coffee-house you see a Circle of Heads bending over the Table, and lying close by one another, it is ten to one but my Friend *Peter* is among them. I have known *Peter* publishing the Whisper of the Day by eight a-Clock in the Morning at *Garraway's*, by twelve at *Will's*, and before two at the *Smyrna*. When *Peter* has thus effectually launched a Secret, I have been very well pleased to hear People whispering it to one another at second Hand, and spreading it about as their own; for you must know, Sir, the great Incentive to Whispering is the Ambition which every one has of being thought in the Secret, and being look'd upon as a Man who has Access to greater People than one would imagine. After having given you this Account of *Peter Hush*, I proceed to that virtuous Lady, the old Lady *Blast*, who is to communicate to me the private Transactions of the Crimp Table, with all the *Arcana* of the Fair Sex. The Lady *Blast*, you must understand, has such a particular Malignity in her Whisper, that it blights like an Easterly Wind, and withers every Reputation that it breathes upon. She has a particular Knack at making private Weddings, and last Winter married above five Women of Quality to their Footmen. Her Whisper can make an innocent young Woman big with Child, or fill an healthful young Fellow with Distempers that are not to be named. She can turn a Visit into an Intrigue, and a distant Salute into an Assination.

¹ [that]

² [giving]

She can beggar the Wealthy, and degrade the Noble. In short, she can whisper Men Base or Foolish, Jealous or Ill-natured, or, if Occasion requires, can tell you the Slips of their Great Grandmothers, and traduce the Memory of honest Coachmen that have been in their Graves above these hundred Years. By these and the like Helps, I question not but I shall furnish out a very handsome News-Letter. If you approve my Project, I shall begin to whisper by the very next Post, and question not but every one of my Customers will be very well pleased with me, when he considers that every Piece of News I send him is a Word in his Ear, and lets him into a Secret.

Having given you a Sketch of this Project, I shall, in the next Place, suggest to you another for a Monthly Pamphlet, which I shall likewise submit to your Spectatorial Wisdom. I need not tell you, Sir, that there are several Authors in *France, Germany, and Holland*, as well as in our own Country, who publish every Month, what they call *An Account of the Works of the Learned*, in which they give us an Abstract of all such Books as are printed in any Part of *Europe*. Now, Sir, it is my Design to publish every Month, *An Account of the Works of the Unlearned*. Several late Productions of my own Country-men, who many of them make a very eminent Figure in the Illiterate World, Encourage me in this Undertaking. I may, in this Work, possibly make a Review of several Pieces which have appeared in the Foreign *Accounts* above-mentioned, tho' they ought not to have been taken Notice of in Works which bear such a Title. I may, likewise, take into Consideration, such Pieces as appear, from time to time, under the Names of those Gentlemen who Compliment one another, in Publick Assemblies, by the Title of the *Learned Gentlemen*. Our Party-Authors will also afford me a great Variety of Subjects, not to mention Editors, Commentators, and others, who are often Men of no Learning, or, what is as bad, of no Knowledge. I shall not enlarge upon this Hint; but if you think any thing can be made of it, I shall set about it with all the Pains and Application that so useful a Work deserves.

I am ever,

C. Most Worthy SIR, &c.

No. 458.] Friday, August 15, 1712. [Addison.

['Αἰδῶς οὐκ ἀγάθη—— Hes.]
——Pudor malus—— Hor.

I COULD not Smile at the Account that was Yesterday given me of a modest young Gentleman, who being invited to an Entertainment, though he was not used to drink, had not the Confidence to refuse his Glass in his Turn, when on a sudden he grew so flustered that he took all the Talk of the Table into his own Hands, abused every one of the Company, and flung a Bottle at the Gentleman's Head who treated him. This has given me Occasion to reflect upon the ill Effects of a vicious Modesty, and to remember the Saying of *Brutus*, as it is quoted by *Plutarch*, that the Person has

had but an ill Education, who has not been taught to deny any thing. This false kind of Modesty has, perhaps, betrayed both Sexes into as many Vices as the most abandoned Impudence, and is the more inexcusable to Reason, because it acts to gratify others rather than it self, and is punished with a kind of Remorse, not only like other vicious Habits when the Crime is over, but even at the very time that it is committed.

Nothing is more amiable than true Modesty, and nothing is more contemptible than the false. The one guards Virtue, the other betrays it. True Modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is repugnant to the Rules of right Reason: False Modesty is ashamed to do any thing that is opposite to the Humour of the Company. True Modesty avoids every thing that is criminal, false Modesty every thing that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general undetermined Instinct; the former is that Instinct, limited and circumscribed by the Rules of Prudence and Religion.

We may conclude that Modesty to be false and vicious, which engages a Man to do any thing that is ill or indiscreet, or which restrains him from doing any thing that is of a contrary Nature. How many Men, in the common Concerns of Life, lend Sums of Money which they are not able to spare, are bound for Persons whom they have but little Friendship for, give Recommendatory Characters of Men whom they are not acquainted with, bestow Places on those whom they do not esteem, live in such a Manner as they themselves do not approve, and all this meerly because they have not the Confidence to resist Solicitation, Importunity or Example?

Nor does this false Modesty expose us only to such Actions as are indiscreet, but very often to such as are highly criminal. When [*Xenophanes*¹] was called timorous, because he would not venture his Money in a Game at Dice: *I confess*, said he, *that I am exceeding timorous, for I dare not do any ill thing*. On the contrary, a Man of vicious Modesty complies with every thing, and is only fearful of doing what may look singular in the Company where he is engaged. He falls in with the Torrent, and lets himself go to every Action or Discourse, however unjustifiable in it self, so it be in Vogue among the present Party. This, tho' one of the most common, is one of the most ridiculous Dispositions in Human Nature, that Men should not be ashamed of speaking or acting in a dissolute or irrational Manner, but that one who is in their Company should be ashamed of governing himself by the Principles of Reason and Virtue.

In the second place we are to consider false Modesty, as it restrains a Man from doing what is good and laudable. My Reader's own Thoughts will suggest to him many Instances and Examples under this Head. I shall only dwell upon one Reflection, which I cannot make without a Secret Concern. We have in *England* a particular Bashfulness in every thing that regards Religion. A well-bred Man is obliged to conceal any Serious Sentiment of this Nature, and very often to appear a greater Libertine than he is, that he may keep

¹ [*Xenophon*]

himself in Countenance among the Men of Mode. Our Excess of Modesty makes us shamefaced in all the Exercises of Piety and Devotion. This Humour prevails upon us daily; insomuch, that at many well-bred Tables, the Master of the House is so very Modest a Man, that he has not the Confidence to say Grace at his own Table: A Custom which is not only practised by all the Nations about us, but was never omitted by the Heathens themselves. *English* Gentlemen who travel into Roman-Catholick Countries, are not a little surprized to meet with People of the best Quality kneeling in their Churches, and engaged in their private Devotions, tho' it be not at the Hours of Publick Worship. An Officer of the Army, or a Man of Wit and Pleasure in those Countries, would be afraid of passing not only for an irreligious, but an ill-bred Man, should he be seen to go to Bed, or sit down at Table, without offering up his Devotions on such Occasions. The same Show of Religion appears in all the Foreign Reformed Churches, and enters so much into their Ordinary Conversation, that an *Englishman* is apt to term them Hypocritical and Precise.

This little Appearance of a Religious Deportment in our Nation, may proceed in some measure from that Modesty which is natural to us, but the great occasion of it is certainly this. Those Swarms of Sectaries that overran the Nation in the time of the great Rebellion, carried their Hypocrisie so high, that they had converted our whole Language into a Jargon of Enthusiasm; insomuch that upon the Restoration Men thought they could not recede too far from the Behaviour and Practice of those Persons, who had made Religion a Cloak to so many Villanies. This led them into the other Extream, every Appearance of Devotion was looked upon as Puritannical, and falling into the Hands of the Ridiculers who flourished in that Reign, and attacked every thing that was Serious, it has ever since been out of Countenance among us. By this means we are gradually fallen into that Vicious Modesty which has in some measure worn out from among us the Appearance of Christianity in Ordinary Life and Conversation, and which distinguishes us from all [our Neighbours.¹]

Hypocrisie cannot indeed be too much detested, but at the same time is to be preferred to open Impiety. They are both equally destructive to the Person who is possessed with them; but in regard to others, Hypocrisie is not so pernicious as bare-faced Irreligion. The due Mean to be observed is to be sincerely Virtuous, and at the same time to let the World see we are so. I do not know a more dreadful Menace in the Holy Writings, than that which is pronounced against those who have this perverted Modesty, to be ashamed before Men in a Particular of such unspeakable Importance. C.²

¹ [the Nations that lie about us.]

² No letter affixed in the first issue.

No. 459.] Saturday, August 16, 1712. [Addison.

—*quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.*—Hor.

RELIGION may be considered under two General Heads. The first comprehends what we are to believe, the other what we are to practise. By those things which we are to believe, I mean whatever is revealed to us in the Holy Writings, and which we could not have obtained the Knowledge of by the Light of Nature; by the things which we are to practise, I mean all those Duties to which we are directed by Reason or Natural Religion. The first of these I shall distinguish by the Name of Faith, the Second by that of Morality.

If we look into the more Serious Part of Mankind, we find many who lay so great a Stress upon Faith, that they neglect Morality; and many who build so much upon Morality, that they do not pay a due Regard to Faith. The perfect Man should be defective in neither of these Particulars, as will be very evident to those who consider the Benefits which arise from each of them, and which I shall make the Subject of this Day's Paper.

Notwithstanding this general Division of Christian Duty into Morality and Faith, and that they have both their peculiar Excellencies, the first has the Pre-eminence in several Respects.

First, Because the greatest Part of Morality (as I have stated the Notion of it,) is of a fixt Eternal Nature, and will endure when Faith shall fail, and be lost in Conviction.

Secondly, Because a Person may be qualified to do greater Good to Mankind, and become more beneficial to the World, by Morality, without Faith, than by Faith without Morality.

Thirdly, Because Morality gives a greater Perfection to human Nature, by quieting the Mind, moderating the Passions, and advancing the Happiness of every Man in his private Capacity.

Fourthly, Because the Rule of Morality is much more certain than that of Faith, all the Civilized Nations of the World agreeing in the great Points of Morality, as much as they differ in those of Faith.

Fifthly, Because Infidelity is not of so malignant a Nature as Immorality; or to put the same Reason in another Light, because it is generally owned, there may be Salvation for a virtuous Infidel, (particularly in the Case of Invincible Ignorance) but none for a vicious Believer.

Sixthly, Because Faith seems to draw its principal, if not all its Excellency, from the Influence it has upon Morality; as we shall see more at large, if we consider wherein consists the Excellency of Faith, or the Belief of Revealed Religion; and this I think is,

First, In explaining and carrying to greater Heights, several Points of Morality.

Secondly, In furnishing new and stronger Motives to enforce the Practice of Morality.

Thirdly, In giving us more amiable Ideas of the Supreme Being, more endearing Notions of one another, and a truer State of our selves, both

in regard to the Grandeur and Vileness of our Natures.

Fourthly, By shewing us the Blackness and Deformity of Vice, which in the Christian System is so very great, that he who is possessed of all Perfection and the Sovereign Judge of it, is represented by several of our Divines as hating Sin to the same Degree that he loves the Sacred Person who was made the Propitiation of it.

Fifthly, In being the ordinary and prescribed Method of making Morality effectual to Salvation.

I have only touched on these several Heads, which every one who is conversant in Discourses of this Nature will easily enlarge upon in his own Thoughts, and draw Conclusions from them which may be useful to him in the Conduct of his Life. One I am sure is so obvious, that he cannot miss it, namely that a Man cannot be perfect in his Scheme of Morality, who does not strengthen and support it with that of the Christian Faith.

Besides this, I shall lay down two or three other Maxims which I think we may deduce from what has been said.

First, That we should be particularly cautious of making any thing an Article of Faith, which does not contribute to the Confirmation or Improvement of Morality.

Secondly, That no Article of Faith can be true and authentick, which weakens or subverts the practical part of Religion, or what I have hitherto called Morality.

Thirdly, That the greatest Friend of Morality, or Natural Religion, cannot possibly apprehend any Danger from embracing Christianity, as it is preserved pure and uncorrupt in the Doctrines of our National Church.

There is likewise another Maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing Considerations, which is this, that we should, in all dubious Points, consider any ill Consequences that may arise from them, supposing they should be Erroneous, before we give up our Assent to them.

For example, In that disputable Point of Prosecuting Men for Conscience Sake, besides the embittering their Minds with Hatred, Indignation, and all the Vehemence of Resentment, and ensnaring them to profess what they do not believe; we cut them off from the Pleasures and Advantages of Society, afflict their Bodies, distress their Fortunes, hurt their Reputations, ruin their Families, make their Lives painful, or put an End to them. Sure when I see such dreadful Consequences rising from a Principle, I would be as fully convinced of the Truth of it, as of a Mathematical Demonstration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a part of my Religion.

In this Case the Injury done our Neighbour is plain and evident, the Principle that puts us upon doing it, of a dubious and disputable Nature. Morality seems highly violated by the one, and whether or no a Zeal for what a Man thinks the true System of Faith may justify it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think, if our Religion produce Charity as well as Zeal, it will not be for shewing it self by such cruel Instances. But, to conclude with the Words of an excellent

Author,¹ *We have just enough Religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another.* C.

No. 460.] Monday, August 18, 1712. [Parnell.²

Decipimur Specie Recti——— Hor.

OUR defects and Follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are so far from being known to us, that they pass for Demonstrations of our Worth. This makes us easy in the midst of them, fond to shew them, fond to improve in them, and to be esteemed for them. Then it is that a thousand unaccountable Conceits, gay Inventions, and extravagant Actions must afford us Pleasures, and display us to others in the Colours which we ourselves take a Fancy to glory in: And indeed there is something so amusing for the time in this State of Vanity and ill-grounded Satisfaction, that even the wiser World has chosen an exalted Word to describe its Enchantments, and called it *the Paradise of Fools*.

Perhaps the latter part of this Reflection may seem a false Thought to some, and bear another Turn than what I have given: but it is at present none of my Business to look after it, who am going to confess that I have been lately amongst them in a Vision.

Methought I was transported to a Hill,

¹ Probably Tillotson. The thought is expanded in part of his sermon on the Example of Jesus in doing good. It appears in another form in his sermon for the 5th of November, 1678, where he applies to our religious hatreds the saying that 'the richest and noblest wines make the 'sharpest vinegar;' again in another form in his sermon at the Yorkshire Feast.

² Thomas Parnell, the writer of this allegory, was the son of a commonwealthsman, who at the Restoration ceased to live on his hereditary lands at Congleton, in Cheshire, and bought an estate in Ireland. Born in 1679, at Dublin, where he became M.A. of Trinity College, in 1700 he was ordained after taking his degree, and in 1705 became Archdeacon of Clogher. At the same time he took a wife, who died in 1711. Parnell had been an associate of the chief Whig writers, had taste as a poet, and found pleasure in writing for the papers of the time. When the Whigs went out of power in Queen Anne's reign, Parnell connected himself with the Tories. On the warm recommendation of Swift, he obtained a prebend in 1713, and in May, 1716, a vicarage in the diocese of Dublin, worth £400 a year. He died in July, 1717, aged 38. Inheriting his father's estates in Cheshire and Ireland, Parnell was not in need. Wanting vigour and passion, he was neither formidable nor bitter as a political opponent, and in 1712 his old friends, Steele and Addison, were glad of a paper from him; though, with Swift, he had gone over to the other side in politics.

green, flowery, and of an easie Ascent. Upon the broad Top of it resided squint-eyed *Errour*, and popular *Opinion* with many Heads; two that dealt in Sorcery, and were famous for bewitching People with the Love of themselves. To these repaired a Multitude from every Side, by two different Paths which lead towards each of them. Some who had the most assuming Air, went directly of themselves to *Errour*, without expecting a Conductor; others of a softer Nature went first to popular *Opinion*, from whence as she influenced and engaged them with their own Praises, she delivered them over to his Government.

When we had ascended to an open Part of the Summit where *Opinion* abode, we found her entertaining several who had arrived before us. Her Voice was pleasing; she breathed Odours as she spoke: She seemed to have a Tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of something that was valuable in himself, and expected a Paradise, which she promised as the Reward of his Merit. Thus were we drawn to follow her, till she should bring us where it was to be bestowed: And it was observable, that all the Way we went, the Company was either praising themselves for their Qualifications, or one another for those Qualifications which they took to be conspicuous in their own Characters, or dispraising others for wanting theirs, or vying in the Degrees of them.

At last we approached a Bower, at the Entrance of which *Errour* was seated. The Trees were thick-woven, and the Place where he sat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was disguised in a whitish Robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer Resemblance to *Truth*: And as she has a Light whereby she manifests the Beauties of Nature to the Eyes of her Adorers, so he had provided himself with a magical Wand, that he might do something in Imitation of it, and please with Delusions. This he lifted solemnly, and muttering to himself, bid the Glories which he kept under Enchantment to appear before us. Immediately we cast our Eyes on that part of the Sky to which he pointed, and observed a thin blue Prospect, which cleared as Mountains in a Summer Morning when the Mists go off, and the Palace of *Vanity* appeared to Sight.

The Foundation hardly seemed a Foundation, but a Set of curling Clouds, which it stood upon by magical Contrivance. The Way by which we ascended was painted like a Rainbow; and as we went the Breeze that played about us bewitched the Senses. The Walls were gilded all for Show; the lowest Set of Pillars were of the slight fine *Corinthian* Order, and the Top of the Building being rounded, bore so far the Resemblance of a Bubble.

At the Gate the Travellers neither met with a Porter, nor waited till one should appear; every one thought his Merits a sufficient Passport, and pressed forward. In the Hall we met with several Phantoms, that rov'd amongst us, and rang'd the Company according to their Sentiments. There was decreasing *Honour*, that had nothing to shew in but an old Coat of his Ancestors Atchievements: There was *Ostentation*, that made

himself his own constant Subject, and *Gallantry* strutting upon his Tiptoes. At the upper End of the Hall stood a Throne, whose Canopy glitter'd with all the Riches that Gayety could contrive to lavish on it; and between the gilded Arms sat *Vanity*, deck'd in the Peacock's Feathers, and acknowledged for another *Venus* by her Votaries. The Boy who stood beside her for a *Cupid*, and who made the World to bow before her, was called *Self-Conceit*. His Eyes had every now and then a Cast inwards to the Neglect of all Objects about him; and the Arms which he made use of for Conquest, were borrowed from those against whom he had a Design. The Arrow which he shot at the Soldier, was fledged from his own Plume of Feathers; the Dart he directed against the Man of Wit, was winged from the Quills he writ with; and that which he sent against those who presumed upon their Riches, was headed with Gold out of their Treasuries: He made Nets for Statesmen from their own Contrivances; he took Fire from the Eyes of Ladies, with which he melted their Hearts; and Lightning from the Tongues of the Eloquent, to enflame them with their own Glories. At the Foot of the Throne sat three false Graces. *Flattery* with a Shell of Paint, *Affectation* with a Mirrour to practise at, and *Fashion* ever changing the Posture of her Cloaths. These applied themselves to secure the Conquests which *Self-Conceit* had gotten, and had each of them their particular Politics. *Flattery* gave new Colours and Complexions to all Things. *Affectation* new Airs and Appearances, which, as she said, were not vulgar, and *Fashion* both concealed some home Defects, and added some foreign external Beauties.

As I was reflecting upon what I saw, I heard a Voice in the Crowd, bemoaning the Condition of Mankind, which is thus managed by the Breath of *Opinion*, deluded by *Errour*, fired by *Self-Conceit*, and given up to be trained in all the Courses of *Vanity*, till *Scorn* or *Poverty* come upon us. These Expressions were no sooner handed about, but I immediately saw a general Disorder, till at last there was a Parting in one Place, and a grave old Man, decent and resolute, was led forward to be punished for the Words he had uttered. He appeared inclined to have spoken in his own Defence, but I could not observe that any one was willing to hear him. *Vanity* cast a scornful Smile at him; *Self-Conceit* was angry; *Flattery*, who knew him for *Plain-dealing*, put on a Vizard, and turned away; *Affectation* tossed her Fan, made Mouths, and called him *Envy* or *Slander*; and *Fashion* would have it, that at least he must be *Ill-Manners*. Thus slighted and despised by all, he was driven out for abusing People of Merit and Figure; and I heard it firmly resolved, that he should be used no better wherever they met with him hereafter.

I had already seen the Meaning of most part of that Warning which he had given, and was considering how the latter Words should be fulfilled, when a mighty Noise was heard without, and the Door was blackned by a numerous Train of Harpies crowding in upon us. *Folly* and *Broken Credit* were seen in the House before they entered. *Trouble*, *Shame*, *Infamy*, *Scorn* and

Poverty brought up the Rear. *Vanity*, with her *Cupid* and *Graces*, disappeared; her Subjects ran into Holes and Corners; but many of them were found and carried off (as I was told by one who stood near me) either to Prisons or Cellars, Solitude, or little Company, the meaner Arts or the viler Crafts of Life. But these, added he with a disdainful Air, are such who would fondly live here, when their Merits neither matched the Lustre of the Place, nor their Riches its Expences. We have seen such Scenes as these before now; the Glory you saw will all return when the Hurry is over. I thanked him for his Information, and believing him so incorrigible as that he would stay till it was his Turn to be taken, I made off to the Door, and overtook some few, who, though they would not hearken to *Plain-dealing*, were now terrified to good purpose by the Example of others: But when they had touched the Threshold, it was a strange Shock to them to find that the Delusion of *Error* was gone, and they plainly discerned the Building to hang a little up in the Air without any real Foundation. At first we saw nothing but a desperate Leap remained for us, and I a thousand times blamed my unmeaning Curiosity that had brought me into so much Danger. But as they began to sink lower in their own Minds, methought the Palace sunk along with us, till they were arrived at the due Point of *Esteem* which they ought to have for themselves; then the Part of the Building in which they stood touched the Earth, and we departing out, it retired from our Eyes. Now, whether they who stayed in the Palace were sensible of this Descent, I cannot tell; it was then my Opinion that they were not. However it be, my Dream broke up at it, and has given me Occasion all my Life to reflect upon the fatal Consequences of following the Suggestions of *Vanity*.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I write to you to desire, that you would again touch upon a certain Enormity, which is chiefly in Use among the Politer and better-bred Part of Mankind; I mean the Ceremonies, Bows, Courtesies, Whisperings, Smiles, Winks, Nods, with other familiar Arts of Salutation, which take up in our Churches so much Time, that might be better employed, and which seem so utterly inconsistent with the Duty and true Intent of our entering into those Religious Assemblies. The Resemblance which this bears to our indeed proper Behaviour in Theatres, may be some Instance of its Incongruity in the above-mentioned Places. In *Roman* Catholick Churches and Chappels abroad, I my self have observed, more than once, Persons of the first Quality, of the nearest Relation, and intimatest Acquaintance passing by one another unknowing as it were, and unknown, and with so little Notices of each other, that it looked like having their Minds more suitably and more solemnly engaged; at least it was an Acknowledgment that they ought to have been so. I have been told the same even of the *Mahometans*, with relation to the Propriety of their Demeanour in the Conventions of their erroneous Worship: And I cannot but think either of them sufficient

and laudable Patterns for our Imitation in this Particular.

I cannot help upon this Occasion remarking on the excellent Memories of those Devotionists, who upon returning from Church shall give a particular Account how two or three hundred People were dressed; a Thing, by reason of its Variety, so difficult to be digested and fixed in [the¹] Head, that 'tis a Miracle to me how two poor Hours of Divine Service can be Time sufficient for so elaborate an undertaking, the Duty of the Place too being jointly and, no doubt, oft pathetically performed along with it. Where it is said in Sacred Wit, that *the Woman ought to have a Covering on her Head, because of the Angels,*² that last Word is by some thought to be metaphorically used, and to signify young Men. Allowing this Interpretation to be right, the Text may not appear to be wholly foreign to our present Purpose.

When you are in a Disposition proper for writing on such a Subject, I earnestly recommend this to you, and am,

SIR,

Your very humble Servant.

T.

No. 461.] Tuesday, August 19, 1712. [Steele.

—Non Ego credulus illis.—Virg.

FOR want of Time to substitute something else in the Room of them, I am at present obliged to publish Compliments above my Desert in the following Letters. It is no small Satisfaction, to have given Occasion to ingenious Men to employ their Thoughts upon sacred Subjects, from the Approbation of such Pieces of Poetry as they have seen in my *Saturday's* Papers. I shall never publish Verse on that Day but what is written by the same Hand; yet shall I not accompany those Writings with *Eulogiums*, but leave them to speak for themselves.

For the SPECTATOR.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

You very much promote the Interests of Virtue, while you reform the Taste of a Prophane Age, and persuade us to be entertained with Divine Poems, while we are distinguished by so many thousand Humours, and split into so many different Sects and Parties; yet Persons of every Party, Sect, and Humour are fond of conforming their Taste to yours. You can transfuse your own Relish of a Poem into all your Readers, according to their Capacity to receive; and when you recommend the pious Passion that reigns in the Verse, we seem to feel the Devotion, and grow proud and pleas'd inwardly, that we have Souls capable of relishing what the SPECTATOR approves.

Upon reading the Hymns that you have published in some late Papers, I had a Mind to try Yesterday whether I could write one. The 114th

¹ [a]

² 1 Corinthians xi. 10.

'*Psalm* appears to me an admirable Ode, and I began to turn it into our Language. As I was describing the Journey of *Israel* from *Egypt*, and added the Divine Presence amongst them, I perceived a Beauty in the *Psalm* which was entirely new to me, and which I was going to lose; and that is, that the Poet utterly conceals the Presence of God in the Beginning of it, and rather lets a Possessive Pronoun go without a Substantive, than he will so much as mention any thing of Divinity there. *Judah was his Sanctuary, and Israel his Dominion or Kingdom.* The Reason now seems evident, and this Conduct necessary: For if God had appeared before, there could be no wonder why the Mountains should leap and the Sea retire; therefore that this Convulsion of Nature may be brought in with due Surprise, his Name is not mentioned till afterward, and then with a very agreeable Turn of Thought God is introduced at once in all his Majesty. This is what I have attempted to imitate in a Translation without Paraphrase, and to preserve what I could of the Spirit of the sacred Author.

'If the following Essay be not too incorrigible, bestow upon it a few Brightnings from your Genius, that I may learn how to write better, or to write no more.

Your daily Admirer, and humble Servant,¹ &c.

¹ This letter and the version of the 114th Psalm are by Dr Isaac Watts, who was at this time 38 years old, broken down by an attack of illness, and taking rest and change with his friend Sir Thomas Abney, at Theobalds. Isaac Watts, the son of a Nonconformist schoolmaster at Southampton, had injured his health by excessive study. After acting for a time as tutor to the son of Sir John Hartopp, he preached his first sermon in 1698, and three years later became pastor of the Nonconformist congregation in Mark Lane. By this office he abided, and with Sir Thomas Abney also he abided; his visit to Theobalds, in 1712, being, on all sides, so agreeable that he stayed there for the remaining 36 years of his life. There he wrote his Divine and Moral Songs for children, his Hymns, and his metrical version of the Psalms. But his *Horæ Lyricæ*, published in 1709, had already attracted much attention when he contributed this Psalm to the *Spectator*. In the Preface to that collection of 'Poems chiefly of the Lyric kind, in Three Books, sacred, I. to Devotion and Piety. II. To Virtue, Honour, and Friendship. III. To the Memory of the Dead,' he had argued that Poesy, whose original is divine, had been desecrated to the vilest purpose, enticed unthinking youth to sin, and fallen into discredit among some weaker Christians. 'They submit indeed to use it in divine psalmody, but they love the driest translation of the Psalms best.' Watts bade them look into their Bibles and observe the boldness of its poetic imagery, rejected the dictum of Boileau, that

*De la foy d'un Chrétien les mystères terribles
D'ornemens egayez ne sont point susceptibles;*

and pointed to the way he had chosen for himself as a Biblical rhymers. Poesy, he reminds his

PSALM CXIV.

I.

*When Israel, freed from Pharaoh's Hand,
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with chearful Homage own
Their King, and Judah was his Throne.*

II.

*Across the Deep their Fourney lay,
The Deep divides to make them Way;
The Streams of Jordan saw, and fled
With backward Current to their Head.*

III.

*The Mountains shook like frightened Sheep,
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her Base could stand,
Conscious of Sovereign Power at hand.*

IV.

*What Power could make the Deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his Tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that Sinai feels?*

V.

*Let every Mountain, every Flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel: See him here;
Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.*

VI.

*He thunders, and all Nature mourns:
The Rock to standing Pools he turns;
Flints spring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confess their Lord.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'There are those who take the Advantage of your putting an Half-penny Value upon your self above the rest of our daily Writers to defame you in publick Conversation, and strive to make you unpopular upon the Account of this said Half-penny. But if I were you, I would insist upon that small Acknowledgment for the superior Merit of yours, as being a Work of Invention. Give me Leave therefore to do you Justice, and say in your Behalf what you cannot your self, which is, That your Writings have made Learning a more necessary Part of good Breeding than it was before you appeared: That Modesty is become fashionable, and Impudence stands in need of some Wit, since you have put them both in their proper Lights. Prophaneness, Lewdness, and Debauchery are not now Qualifications, and a Man may be a very fine Gentleman, tho' he is neither a Keeper nor an Infidel.

'I would have you tell the Town the Story of the *Sybills*, if they deny giving you Two-Pence. Let them know, that those sacred Papers were

readers, is, as his title indicates, not the business of his life. 'And if I seized those hours of leisure, wherein my soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain them or myself with a divine or moral song, I hope I shall find an easy pardon.' Watts died in 1748, aged 74.

'valued at the same Rate after two Thirds of
'them were destroyed, as when there was the
'whole Set. There are so many of us who will
'give you your own Price, that you may acquaint
'your Non-Conformist Readers, That they shall
'not have it, except they come in within such a
'Day, under Three-pence. I don't know, but
'you might bring in the *Date Obolum Belisario*
'with a good Grace. The Witlings come in Clusters
'to two or three Coffee-houses which have left
'you off, and I hope you will make us, who fine
'to your Wit, merry with their Characters who
'stand out against it.

I am your most humble Servant.

P.S. 'I have lately got the ingenious Authors
'of Blacking for Shoes, Powder for colouring the
'Hair, Pomatum for the Hands, Cosmetick for
'the Face, to be your constant Customers; so
'that your Advertisements will as much adorn
'the outward Man, as your Paper does the in-
'ward.¹ T.

No. 462.] Wednesday, August 20, 1712. [Steele.

Nil ego prætulere fucundo sanus amico.—Hor.

PEOPLE are not aware of the very great
Force which Pleasantry in Company has upon
all those with whom a Man of that Talent con-
verses. His Faults are generally overlooked by
all his Acquaintance, and a certain Carelessness
that constantly attends all his Actions, carries
him on with greater Success, than Diligence and
Assiduity does others who have no Share of
this Endowment. *Dacanthus* breaks his Word
upon all Occasions both trivial and important;
and when he is sufficiently railed at for that
abominable Quality, they who talk of him end
with, *After all he is a very pleasant Fellow.*
Dacanthus is an ill-natured Husband, and yet the
very Women end their Freedom of Discourse
upon this Subject, *But after all he is very plea-
sant Company.* *Dacanthus* is neither in point of
Honour, Civility, good Breeding, or good Nature
unexceptionable, and yet all is answered, *For he
is a very pleasant Fellow.* When this Quality is
conspicuous in a Man who has, to accompany it,
manly and virtuous Sentiments, there cannot
certainly be any thing which can give so pleasing
Gratification as the Gaiety of such a Person; but
when it is alone, and serves only to gild a Crowd
of ill Qualities, there is no Man so much to be
avoided as your pleasant Fellow. A very pleasant
Fellow shall turn your good Name to a Jest,
make your Character contemptible, debauch your
Wife or Daughter, and yet be received by the rest
of the World with Welcome where-ever he ap-
pears. It is very ordinary with those of this
Character to be attentive only to their own Satis-

¹ Written in jest, but 'The Famous Spanish
'Blacking for Gentlemen's Shoes,' and 'The
'famous Bavarian Red Liquor which gives such
'a delightful blushing colour to the cheeks,' had
long been advertised in the *Spectator*.

factions, and have very little Bowels for the Con-
cerns or Sorrows of other Men; nay, they are
capable of purchasing their own Pleasures at the
Expence of giving Pain to others. But they who
do not consider this sort of Men thus carefully,
are irresistibly exposed to his Insinuations. The
Author of the following Letter carries the Matter
so high, as to intimate that the Liberties of *Eng-
land* have been at the Mercy of a Prince merely
as he was of this pleasant Character.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'There is no one Passion which all Mankind so
'naturally give into as Pride, nor any other Pas-
'sion which appears in such different Disguises:
'It is to be found in all Habits and all Com-
'plexions. Is it not a Question, whether it does
'more Harm or Good in the World? And if
'there be not such a Thing as what we may call a
'virtuous and laudable Pride?

'It is this Passion alone, when misapplied,
'that lays us so open to Flatterers; and he who can
'agreeably condescend to sooth our Humour or
'Temper, finds always an open Avenue to our
'Soul; especially if the Flatterer happen to be
'our Superior.

'One might give many Instances of this in a
'late *English* Monarch, under the Title of, *The
'Gayeties of King* Charles II. This Prince was
'by Nature extremely familiar, of very easie Ac-
'cess, and much delighted to see and be seen;
'and this happy Temper, which in the highest De-
'gree gratified his Peoples Vanity, did him more
'Service with his loving Subjects than all his
'other Virtues, tho' it must be confessed he had
'many. He delighted, tho' a mighty King, to
'give and take a Jest, as they say; and a Prince
'of this fortunate Disposition, who were inclined
'to make an ill Use of his Power, may have any
'thing of his People, be it never so much to their
'Prejudice. But this good King made generally
'a very innocent Use, as to the Publick, of this
'ensnaring Temper; for, 'tis well known, he
'pursued Pleasure more than Ambition: He
'seemed to glory in being the first Man at Cock-
'matches, Horse-races, Balls, and Plays; he ap-
'peared highly delighted on those Occasions, and
'never failed to warm and gladden the Heart of
'every Spectator. He more than once dined with
'his good Citizens of *London* on their Lord-
'Mayor's Day, and did so the Year that Sir
'*Robert Viner* was Mayor. Sir *Robert* was a
'very loyal Man, and, if you will allow the Ex-
'pression, very fond of his Sovereign; but what
'with the Joy he felt at Heart for the Honour
'done him by his Prince, and thro' the Warmth
'he was in with continual toasting Healths to the
'Royal Family, his Lordship grew a little fond
'of his Majesty, and entered into a Familiarity
'not altogether so graceful in so publick a Place.
'The King understood very well how to extricate
'himself on all kinds of Difficulties, and with an
'Hint to the Company to avoid Ceremony, stole
'off and made towards his Coach, which stood
'ready for him in *Guild-Hall* Yard: But the
'Mayor liked his Company so well, and was
'grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily,
'and catching him fast by the Hand, cried out

with a vehement Oath and Accent, *Sir, You shall stay and take t'other Bottle.* The airy Monarch looked kindly at him over his Shoulder, and with a Smile and graceful Air, (for I saw him at the Time, and do now) repeated this Line of the old Song;

He that's drunk is as great as a King.

and immediately [turned¹] back and complied with his Landlord.

I give you this Story, Mr. SPECTATOR, because, as I said, I saw the Passage; and I assure you it's very true, and yet no common one; and when I tell you the Sequel, you will say I have yet a better Reason for't. This very Mayor afterwards erected a Statue of his merry Monarch in *Stocks-Market*,² and did the Crown many and great Services; and it was owing to this Humour of the King, that his Family had so great a Fortune shut up in the Exchequer of their pleasant Sovereign. The many good-natured Condescensions of this Prince are vulgarly known: and it is excellently said of him by a great Hand which writ his Character, *That he was not a King a Quarter of an Hour together in his whole Reign.*³ He would receive Visits even from Fools and half Mad-men, and at Times I have met with People who have Boxed, fought at Back-sword, and taken Poison before King Charles II. In a Word, he was so pleasant a Man, that no one could be sorrowful under his Government. This made him capable of baffling, with the greatest Ease imaginable, all Suggestions of Jealousie, and the People could not entertain Notions of any thing terrible in him, whom they saw every way agreeable. This Scrap of the familar Part of that Prince's History I thought fit to send you, in compliance to the Request you lately made to your Correspondents.

I am, SIR,

T. *Your most humble Servant.*

¹ [return'd]

² Stocks-market, upon the site of which the Mansion House was built in 1738, received its name from a pair of stocks erected near it as early as the year 1281. Sir Robert Viner here erected, in 1675, his white marble statue of Charles II., that he bought a bargain at Leghorn. It was a statue of John Sobieski trampling on a Turk, which had been left on the sculptor's hands, but his worship the Mayor caused a few alterations to be made for the conversion of Sobieski into Charles, and the Turk (still with a turban on his head) into Oliver Cromwell. After the building of the Mansion House this statue lay as lumber in an inn yard till, in 1779, the Corporation gave it to a descendant of the Mayor, who had the reason above given for reverencing Charles II.

³ Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

No. 463.] Thursday, August 21, 1712. [Addison.

*Omnia quæ sensu voluntur vota diurno
Pectore sopito reddit amica quies.
Venator defessa toro cum membra reponit
Mens tamen ad sylvas et sua lustra redit.
Judicibus lites, aurigis somnia currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
Me quoque Musarum studium sub nocte silenti
Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet.—Claud.*

I WAS lately entertaining my self with comparing *Homer's* Ballance, in which *Jupiter* is represented as weighing the Fates of *Hector* and *Achilles*, with a Passage of *Virgil*, wherein that Deity is introduced as weighing the Fates of *Turnus* and *Æneas*. I then considered how the same way of thinking prevailed in the Eastern Parts of the World, as in those noble Passages of Scripture, wherein we are told, that the great King of *Babylon* the Day before his Death, had been weighed in the Ballance, and been found wanting. In other Places of the Holy Writings, the Almighty is described as weighing the Mountains in Scales, making the Weight for the Winds, knowing the Ballancings of the Clouds, and in others, as weighing the Actions of Men, and laying their Calamities together in a Ballance. *Milton*, as I have observed in a former Paper, had an Eye to several of these foregoing Instances, in that beautiful Description¹ wherein he represents the Arch-Angel and the Evil Spirit as addressing themselves for the Combat, but parted by the Ballance which appeared in the Heavens and weighed the Consequences of such a Battel.

*Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion Sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round Earth with ballanc'd Air
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battels and Realms; in these he puts two
weights*

*The sequel each of parting and of fight,
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the Beam:
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend.*

*Satan, I know thy Strength, and thou know'st
mine,
Neither our own, but giv'n; what folly then
To boast what Arms can do, since thine no more
Than Heav'n permits; nor mine, though doubled
now*

*To trample thee as mire: For proof look up,
And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign,
Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light,
how weak,*

*If thou resist. The Fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted Scale aloft; nor more, but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the Shades of
Night.*

These several amusing Thoughts having taken Possession of my Mind some time before I went

¹ *Paradise Lost*, end of Book IV.

to sleep, and mingling themselves with my ordinary Ideas, raised in my Imagination a very odd kind of Vision. I was, methought, replaced in my Study, and seated in my Elbow Chair, where I had indulged the foregoing Speculations, with my Lamp burning by me, as usual. Whilst I was here meditating on several Subjects of Morality, and considering the Nature of many Virtues and Vices, as Materials for those Discourses with which I daily entertain the Publick; I saw, methought, a Pair of Golden Scales hanging by a Chain of the same Metal over the Table that stood before me; when on a sudden, there were great Heaps of Weights thrown down on each side of them. I found upon examining these Weights, they shewed the Value of every thing that is in Esteem among Men. I made an Essay of them, by putting the Weight of Wisdom in one Scale, and that of Riches in another, upon which the latter, to shew its comparative Lightness, immediately *flew up and kickt the Beam.*

But, before I proceed, I must inform my Reader, that these Weights did not exert their Natural Gravity, 'till they were laid in the Golden Balance, insomuch that I could not guess which was light or heavy, whilst I held them in my Hand. This I found by several Instances; for upon my laying a Weight in one of the Scales, which was inscribed by the Word *Eternity*; tho' I threw in that of Time, Prosperity, Affliction, Wealth, Poverty, Interest, Success, with many other Weights, which in my Hand seemed very ponderous, they were not able to stir the opposite Balance, nor could they have prevailed, though assisted with the Weight of the Sun, the Stars, and the Earth.

Upon emptying the Scales, I laid several Titles and Honours, with Poms, Triumphs, and many Weights of the like Nature, in one of them, and seeing a little glittering Weight lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other Scale, when, to my great Surprize, it proved so exact a Counterpoise, that it kept the Balance in an Equilibrium. This little glittering Weight was inscribed upon the Edges of it with the Word *Vanity*. I found there were several other Weights which were equally Heavy, and exact Counterpoises to one another; a few of them I tried, as Avarice and Poverty, Riches and Content, with some others.

There were likewise several Weights that were of the same Figure, and seemed to Correspond with each other, but were entirely different when thrown into the Scales; as Religion and Hypocrisy, Pedantry and Learning, Wit and Vivacity, Superstition and Devotion, Gravity and Wisdom, with many others.

I observed one particular Weight lettered on both sides, and upon applying my self to the Reading of it, I found on one side written, *In the Dialect of Men*, and underneath it, *CALAMITIES*; on the other side was written, *In the Language of the Gods*, and underneath, *BLESSINGS*. I found the Intrinsic value of this Weight to be much greater than I imagined, for it overpowered Health, Wealth, Good Fortune, and many other Weights, which were much more ponderous in my Hand than the other.

There is a Saying among the *Scotch*, that an

Ounce of Mother is worth a Pound of Clergy; I was sensible of the Truth of this Saying, when I saw the Difference between the Weight of Natural Parts, and that of Learning. The Observation which I made upon these two Weights opened to me a new Field of Discoveries, for notwithstanding the Weight of Natural Parts was much heavier than that of Learning; I observed that it weighed an hundred times heavier than it did before, when I put Learning into the same Scale with it. I made the same Observation upon Faith and Morality, for notwithstanding the latter out-weighed the former separately, it received a thousand times more additional Weight from its Conjunction with the former, than what it had by it self. This odd Phænomenon shewed it self, in other Particulars, as in Wit and Judgment, Philosophy and Religion, Justice and Humanity, Zeal and Charity, Depth of Sense and Perspicuity of Style, with innumerable other Particulars too long to be mentioned in this Paper.

As a Dream seldom fails of dashing Seriousness with Impertinence, Mirth with Gravity, methought I made several other Experiments of a more ludicrous Nature, by one of which I found that an *English Octavo* was very often heavier than a *French Folio*; and by another, that an old *Greek or Latin* Author weighed down a whole Library of Moderns. Seeing one of my *Spectators* lying by me, I laid it into one of the Scales, and flung a two-penny Piece into the other. The Reader will not enquire into the Event, if he remembers the first Tryal which I have recorded in this Paper. I afterwards threw both the Sexes into the Balance; but as it is not for my Interest to disoblige either of them, I shall desire to be excused from telling the Result of this Experiment. Having an Opportunity of this Nature in my Hands, I could not forbear throwing into one Scale the Principles of a Tory, and into the other those of a Whig; but as I have all along declared this to be a Neutral Paper, I shall likewise desire to be silent under this Head also, though upon examining one of the Weights, I saw the Word *TEKEL* Engraven on it in Capital Letters.

I made many other Experiments, and though I have not Room for them all in this Day's Speculation, I may perhaps reserve them for another. I shall only add, that upon my awaking I was sorry to find my Golden Scales vanished, but resolved for the future to learn this Lesson from them, not to despise or value any Things for their Appearances, but to regulate my Esteem and Passions towards them according to their real and intrinsic Value.

C.

No. 464.] Friday, August 22, 1712. [Addison.

*Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ.—Hor.*

I AM wonderfully pleased when I meet with any Passage in an old *Greek or Latin* Author, that is not blown upon, and which I have never

met with in a Quotation. Of this kind is a beautiful Saying in *Theognis*; *Vice is covered by Wealth, and Virtue by Poverty*; or to give it in the Verbal Translation, *Among Men there are some who have their Vices concealed by Wealth, and others who have their Virtues concealed by Poverty*. Every Man's Observation will supply him with Instances of Rich Men, who have several Faults and Defects that are overlooked, if not entirely hidden, by means of their Riches; and, I think, we cannot find a more Natural Description of a Poor Man, whose Merits are lost in his Poverty, than that in the Words of the Wise Man. *There was a little City, and a few Men within it; and there came a great King against it, and besieged it, and built great Bulwarks against it: Now there was found in it a poor Wise Man, and he, by his Wisdom, delivered the City; yet no Man remembered that same poor Man. Then said I, Wisdom is better than Strength; nevertheless, the poor Man's Wisdom is despised, and his Words are not heard.*¹

The middle Condition seems to be the most advantageously situated for the gaining of Wisdom. Poverty turns our Thoughts too much upon the supplying of our Wants, and Riches upon enjoying our Superfluities; and, as *Cowley* has said in another Case, *It is hard for a Man to keep a steady Eye upon Truth, who is always in a Battel or a Triumph*.

If we regard Poverty and Wealth, as they are apt to produce Virtues or Vices in the Mind of Man, one may observe, that there is a Set of each of these growing out of Poverty, quite different from that which rises out of Wealth. Humility and Patience, Industry and Temperance, are very often the good Qualities of a poor Man. Humanity and Good-nature, Magnanimity, and a Sense of Honour, are as often the Qualifications of the Rich. On the contrary, Poverty is apt to betray a Man into Envy, Riches into Arrogance. Poverty is too often attended with Fraud, vicious Compliance, Repining, Murmur and Discontent; Riches expose a Man to Pride and Luxury, a foolish Elation of Heart, and too great a Fondness for the present World. In short, the middle Condition is most eligible to the Man who would improve himself in Virtue; as I have before shewn, it is the most advantageous for the gaining of Knowledge. It was upon this Consideration that *Agur* founded his Prayer, which for the Wisdom of it is recorded in Holy Writ. *Two things have I required of thee, deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me Vanity and Lies; give me neither Poverty, nor Riches; feed me with Food convenient for me. Lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.*²

I shall fill the remaining Part of my Paper with a very pretty Allegory, which is wrought into a Play³ by *Aristophanes* the Greek Comedian. It seems originally designed as a Satyr upon the Rich, though, in some Parts of it, 'tis like the

foregoing Discourse, a kind of Comparison between Wealth and Poverty.

Chremylus, who was an old and a good Man, and withal exceeding Poor, being desirous to leave some Riches to his Son, consults the Oracle of *Apollo* upon the Subject. The Oracle bids him follow the first Man he should see upon his going out of the Temple. The Person he chanced to see was to Appearance an old sordid blind Man, but upon his following him from Place to Place, he at last found by his own Confession, that he was *Plutus* the God of Riches, and that he was just come out of the House of a Miser. *Plutus* further told him, that when he was a Boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to Age he would distribute Wealth to none but virtuous and just Men; upon which *Jupiter*, considering the pernicious Consequences of such a Resolution, took his Sight away from him, and left him to strole about the World in the Blind Condition wherein *Chremylus* beheld him. With much ado *Chremylus* prevailed upon him to go to his House, where he met an old Woman in a tattered Raiment, who had been his Guest for many Years, and whose Name was *Poverty*. The old Woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatned to banish her not only from his own House, but out of all *Greece*, if she made any more Words upon the Matter. *Poverty* on this Occasion pleads her Cause very notably, and represents to her old Landlord, that should she be driven out of the Country, all their Trades, Arts and Sciences would be driven out with her; and that if every one was Rich, they would never be supplied with those Poms, Ornaments and Conveniencies of Life which made Riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several Advantages which she bestowed upon her Votaries, in regard to their Shape, their Health, and their Activity, by preserving them from Gouts, Dropsies, Unweildiness, and Intemperance. But whatever she had to say for her self, she was at last forced to troop off. *Chremylus* immediately considered how he might restore *Plutus* to his Sight; and in order to it conveyed him to the Temple of *Esculapius*, who was famous for Cures and Miracles of this Nature. By this means the Deity recovered his Eyes, and begun to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that [was¹] distinguished by Piety towards the Gods, and Justice towards [Men²] and at the same time by taking away his Gifts from the Impious and Undeserving. This produces several merry Incidents, till in the last Act *Mercury* descends with great Complaints from the Gods, that since the Good Men were grown Rich they had received no Sacrifices, which is confirmed by a Priest of *Jupiter*, who enters with a Remonstrance, that since this late Innovation he was reduced to a starving Condition, and could not live upon his Office. *Chremylus*, who in the beginning of the Play was Religious in his Poverty, concludes it with a Proposal which was relished by all the Good Men who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should carry *Plutus* in a Solemn Procession to the Temple, and Install him in the Place of

¹ Eccl. ix. 14—16.

² Proverbs xxx. 7—9.

³ The *Plutus*.

¹ [were]

² [Man]

Jupiter. This Allegory instructed the *Athenians* in two Points, first, as it vindicated the Conduct of Providence in its ordinary Distributions of Wealth; and in the next Place, as it shewed the great Tendency of Riches to corrupt the Morals of those who possessed them. C.

No. 465.] Saturday, August 23, 1712. [Addison.

*Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum:
Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido;
Ne pavor et rerum mediocriter utilium Spes.*
Hor.

HAVING endeavoured in my last *Saturday's* Paper to shew the great Excellency of Faith, I here consider what are the proper Means of strengthening and confirming it in the Mind of Man. Those who delight in reading Books of Controversie, which are written on both sides of the Question in Points of Faith, do very seldom arrive at a fixed and settled Habit of it. They are one Day entirely convinced of its important Truths, and the next meet with something that shakes and disturbs them. The Doubt [which¹] was laid revives again, and shews it self in new Difficulties, and that generally for this Reason, because the Mind which is perpetually tost in Controversies and Disputes, is apt to forget the Reasons which had once set it at rest, and to be disquieted with any former Perplexity, when it appears in a new Shape, or is started by a different Hand. As nothing is more laudable than an Enquiry after Truth, so nothing is more irrational than to pass away our whole Lives, without determining our selves one way or other in those Points which are of the last Importance to us. There are indeed many things from which we may withhold our Assent; but in Cases by which we are to regulate our Lives, it is the greatest Absurdity to be wavering and unsettled, without closing with that Side which appears the most safe and [the] most probable. The first Rule therefore which I shall lay down is this, that when by Reading or Discourse we find our selves thoroughly convinced of the Truth of any Article, and of the Reasonableness of our Belief in it, we should never after suffer our selves to call it into question. We may perhaps forget the Arguments which occasioned our Conviction, but we ought to remember the Strength they had with us, and therefore still to retain the Conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what we do in every common Art or Science, nor is it possible to act otherwise, considering the Weakness and Limitation of our Intellectual Faculties. It was thus, that *Latimer*, one of the glorious Army of Martyrs who introduced the Reformation in *England*, behaved himself in that great Conference which was managed between the most learned among the Protestants and Papists in the Reign of Queen *Mary*. This venerable old Man knowing how his Abilities

¹ [that]

were impaired by Age, and that it was impossible for him to recollect all those Reasons which had directed him in the Choice of his Religion, left his Companions who were in the full Possession of their Parts and Learning, to baffle and confound their Antagonists by the Force of Reason. As for himself he only repeated to his Adversaries the Articles in which he firmly believed, and in the Profession of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the Mathematician proceeds upon the Propositions which he has once demonstrated; and though the Demonstration may have slipt out of his Memory, he builds upon the Truth, because he knows it was demonstrated. This Rule is absolutely necessary for weaker Minds, and in some measure for Men of the greatest Abilities; but to these last I would propose, in the second place, that they should lay up in their Memories, and always keep by them in a readiness, those Arguments which appear to them of the greatest Strength, and which cannot be got over by all the Doubts and Cavils of Infidelity.

But, in the third place, there is nothing which strengthens Faith more than Morality. Faith and Morality naturally produce each other. A Man is quickly convinced of the Truth of Religion, who finds it is not against his Interest that it should be true. The Pleasure he receives at Present, and the Happiness which he promises himself from it hereafter, will both dispose him very powerfully to give Credit to it, according to the ordinary Observation that *we are easie to believe what we wish*. It is very certain, that a Man of sound Reason cannot forbear closing with Religion upon an impartial Examination of it; but at the same time it is as certain, that Faith is kept alive in us, and gathers Strength from Practice more than from Speculation.

There is still another Method which is more Persuasive than any of the former, and that is an habitual Adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in constant Acts of mental Worship, as in outward Forms. The devout Man does not only believe but feels there is a Deity. He has actual Sensations of Him; his Experience concurs with his Reason; he sees him more and more in all his Intercourses with him, and even in this Life almost loses his Faith in Conviction.

The last Method which I shall mention for the giving Life to a Man's Faith, is frequent Retirement from the World, accompanied with religious Meditation. When a Man thinks of any thing in the Darkness of the Night, whatever deep Impressions it may make in his Mind, they are apt to vanish as soon as the Day breaks about him. The Light and Noise of the Day, which are perpetually soliciting his Senses, and calling off his Attention, wear out of his Mind the Thoughts that imprinted themselves in it, with so much Strength, during the Silence and Darkness of the Night. A Man finds the same Difference as to himself in a Crowd and in a Solitude: the Mind is stunned and dazzled amidst that Variety of Objects which press upon her in a great City: She cannot apply herself to the Consideration of these Things which are of the utmost Concern to her. The Cares or Pleasures of the World strike

in with every Thought, and a Multitude of vicious Examples [give ¹] a kind of Justification [to ²] our Folly. In our Retirements every thing disposes us to be serious. In Courts and Cities we are entertained with the Works of Men; in the Country with those of God. One is the Province of Art, the other of Nature. Faith and Devotion naturally grow in the Mind of every reasonable Man, who sees the Impressions of Divine Power and Wisdom in every Object on which he casts his Eye. The Supreme Being has made the best Arguments for his own Existence, in the Formation of the Heavens and the Earth, and these are Arguments which a Man of Sense cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the Noise and Hurry of Human Affairs. Aristotle says, that should a Man live under Ground, and there converse with Works of Art and Mechanism, and should afterwards be brought up into the open Day, and see the several Glories of the Heaven and Earth, he would immediately pronounce them the Works of such a Being as we define God to be. The Psalmist has very beautiful Strokes of Poetry to this Purpose, in that exalted Strain, *The Heavens declare the Glory of God: And the Firmament showeth his handy-work. One Day telleth another: And one Night certifieth another. There is neither Speech nor Language: But their Voices are heard among them. Their Sound is gone out into all Lands: And their Words into the Ends of the World.*³ As such a bold and sublime manner of Thinking furnishes very noble Matter for an Ode, the Reader may see it wrought into the following one.⁴

I.

*The Spacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue Etherial Sky,
And spangled Heav'ns, a Shining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Pow'r display,
And publishes to every Land
The Work of an Almighty Hand.*

II.

*Soon as the Evening Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,
And nightly to the listning Earth
Repeats the Story of her Birth:
Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they rowl,
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.*

III.

*What though, in solemn Silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial Ball?
What tho' nor real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found?
In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is Divine.'* C.

¹ [give us]² [in]³ Psalm xix. 1—3.⁴ By Addison.

No. 466.] Monday, August 25, 1712. [Steele.

—Vera incessu patuit Dea.—Virg.

WHEN *Æneas*, the Hero of *Virgil*, is lost in the Wood, and a perfect Stranger in the Place on which he is landed, he is accosted by a Lady in an Habit for the Chase. She enquires of him, Whether he has seen pass by that Way any young Woman dressed as she was? Whether she were following the Sport in the Wood, or any other Way employed, according to the Custom of Huntresses? The Hero answers with the Respect due to the beautiful Appearance she made, tells her, He saw no such Person as she enquired for: but intimates, that he knows her to be of the Deities, and desires she would conduct a Stranger. Her Form from her first Appearance manifested she was more than mortal; but tho' she was certainly a Goddess, the Poet does not make her known to be the Goddess of *Beauty* till she moved: All the Charms of an agreeable Person are then in their highest Exertion, every Limb and Feature appears with its respective Grace. It is from this Observation, that I cannot help being so passionate an Admirer as I am of good Dancing.¹ As all Art is an Imitation of Nature, this is an Imitation of Nature in its highest Excellence, and at a Time when she is most agreeable. The Business of Dancing is to display Beauty, and for that Reason all Distortions and Mimickries, as such, are what raise Aversion instead of Pleasure: But Things that are in themselves excellent, are ever attended with Imposture and false Imitation. Thus, as in Poetry there are laborious Fools who write Anagrams and Acrosticks, there are Pretenders in Dancing, who think meerly to do what others cannot, is to excel. Such Creatures should be rewarded like him who had acquired a Knack of throwing a Grain of Corn through the Eye of a Needle, with a Bushel to keep his Hand in Use. The [Dancers²] on our Stages are very faulty in this Kind; and what they mean by writhing themselves into such Postures, as it would be a Pain for any of the Spectators to stand in, and yet hope to please those Spectators, is unintelligible. Mr. *Prince* has a Genius, if he were encouraged, would prompt them to better things. In all the Dances he invents, you see he keeps close to the Characters he represents. He does not hope to please by making his Performers move in a manner in which no one else ever did, but by Motions proper to the Characters he represents. He gives to Clowns and Lubbarbs clumsy Graces, that is, he makes them Practise what they would think Graces: And I have seen Dances of his, which might give Hints that would be useful to a Comick Writer. These Performances have pleas'd the Taste of such as have not Reflection enough to know their Excellence, because they are in Nature; and the distorted Motions of others have offended those who could not form Reasons to themselves for

¹ See Nos. 66, 67, 334, 370, 376.² [Dancing]

their Displeasure, from their being a Contradiction to Nature.

When one considers the inexpressible Advantage there is in arriving at some Excellence in this Art, it is monstrous to behold it so much neglected. The following Letter has in it something very natural on this Subject.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Widower with but one Daughter; she was by Nature much inclined to be a Romp, and I had no way of educating her, but commanding a young Woman, whom I entertained to take Care of her, to be very watchful in her Care and Attendance about her. I am a Man of Business, and obliged to be much abroad. The Neighbours have told me, that in my Absence our Maid has let in the Spruce Servants in the Neighbourhood to Junketings, while my Girl play'd and romped even in the Street. To tell you the plain Truth, I caught her once, at eleven Years old, at Chuck-Farthing among the Boys. This put me upon new Thoughts about my Child, and I determined to place her at a Boarding-School, and at the same Time gave a very discreet young Gentlewoman her Maintenance at the same Place and Rate, to be her Companion. I took little Notice of my Girl from Time to Time, but saw her now and then in good Health, out of Harm's way, and was satisfied. But by much Importunity I was lately prevailed with to go to one of their Balls. I cannot express to you the anxiety my silly Heart was in, when I saw my Romp, now fifteen, taken out: I never felt the pangs of a Father upon me so strongly in my whole Life before; and I could not have suffered more, had my whole Fortune been at Stake. My Girl came on with the most becoming Modesty I had ever seen, and casting a respectful Eye, as if she feared me more than all the Audience, I gave a Nod, which, I think, gave her all the Spirit she assumed upon it, but she rose properly to that Dignity of Aspect. My Romp, now the most graceful Person of her Sex, assumed a Majesty which commanded the highest Respect; and when she turned to me, and saw my Face in Rapture, she fell into the prettiest Smile, and I saw in all her Motion that she exulted in her Father's Satisfaction. You, Mr. SPECTATOR, will, better than I can tell you, imagine to yourself all the different Beauties and Changes of Aspect in an accomplished young Woman, setting forth all her Beauties with a Design to please no one so much as her Father. My Girl's Lover can never know half the Satisfaction that I did in her that Day. I could not possibly have imagined, that so great Improvement could have been wrought by an Art that I always held in it self ridiculous and contemptible. There is, I am convinced, no Method like this, to give young Women a Sense of their own Value and Dignity; and I am sure there can be none so expeditious to communicate that Value to others. As for the flippant insipidly Gay and wantonly Forward, whom you behold among Dancers, that Carriage is more to be attributed to the perverse Genius of the Performers, than imputed to the Art it self. For my Part, my Child has

'danced her self into my Esteem, and I have as great an Honour for her as ever I had for her Mother, from whom she derived those latent good Qualities which appeared in her Countenance when was dancing; for my Girl, tho' I say it myself, shewed in one Quarter of an Hour the innate Principles of a modest Virgin, a tender Wife, a generous Friend, a kind Mother, and an indulgent Mistress. I'll strain hard but I will purchase for her an Husband suitable to her Merit. I am your Convert in the Admiration of what I thought you jested when you recommended; and if you please to be at my House on *Thursday* next, I make a Ball for my Daughter, and you shall see her Dance, or, if you will do her that Honour, dance with her.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble Servant,
PHILIPATER.

I have some time ago spoken of a Treatise written by Mr. *Weaver* on this Subject, which is now, I understand, ready to be published. This Work sets this Matter in a very plain and advantageous Light; and I am convinced from it, that if the Art was under proper Regulations, it would be a mechanick way of implanting insensibly in Minds, not capable of receiving it so well by any other Rules, a Sense of good Breeding and Virtue.

Were any one to see *Marianne* Dance, let him be never so sensual a Brute, I defie him to entertain any Thoughts but of the highest Respect and Esteem towards her. I was shewed last Week a Picture in a Lady's Closet, for which she had an hundred different Dresses, that she could clap on round the Face, on purpose to demonstrate the force of Habits in the diversity of the same Countenance. Motion, and change of Posture and Aspect, has an Effect no less surprising on the Person of *Marianne* when she Dances.

Chloe is extremely pretty, and as silly as she is pretty. This Ideot has a very good Ear, and a most agreeable Shape; but the Folly of the Thing is such, that it Smiles so impertinently, and affects to please so sillily, that while she Dances you see the Simpleton from Head to Foot. For you must know (as Trivial as this Art is thought to be) no one ever was a good Dancer, that had not a good Understanding. If this be a Truth, I shall leave the Reader to judge from that Maxim, what Esteem they ought to have for such Impertinents as fly, hop, caper, tumble, twirl, turn round, and jump over their Heads, and, in a Word, play a thousand Pranks which many Animals can do better than a Man, instead of performing to Perfection what the human Figure only is capable of Performing.

It may perhaps appear odd, that I, who set up for a mighty Lover, at least, of Virtue, should take so much Pains to recommend what the soberer Part of Mankind look upon to be a Trifle; but under Favour of the soberer Part of Mankind, I think they have not enough considered this Matter, and for that Reason only disesteem it. I must also, in my own Justification, say that I attempt to bring into the Service of Honour and Virtue every Thing in Nature that can pretend to give elegant

Delight. It may possibly be proved, that Vice is in it self destructive of Pleasure, and Virtue in it self conducive to it. If the Delights of a free Fortune were under proper Regulations, this Truth would not want much Argument to support it; but it would be obvious to every Man, that there is a strict Affinity between all Things that are truly laudable and beautiful, from the highest Sentiment of the Soul, to the most indifferent Gesture of the Body. T.

No. 467.] Tuesday, Aug. 26, 1712. [John Hughes?

—*Quodcunque meae poterunt Audere Camæna
Seu Tibi par poterunt, seu, quod spes abnuvit
ultra;
Sive minus; certeque canent minus; omne
vovemus
Hoc tibi; ne tanto careat mihi nomine Charta.
Tibull. ad Messalam.*

THE Love of Praise is a Passion deeply fixed in the Mind of every extraordinary Person, and those who are most affected with it, seem most to partake of that Particle of the Divinity which distinguishes Mankind from the Inferior Creation. The Supreme Being it self is most pleased with Praise and Thanksgiving; the other Part of our Duty is but an Acknowledgment of our Faults, whilst this is the immediate Adoration of his Perfections. 'Twas an excellent Observation, That we then only despise Commendation when we cease to deserve it: and we have still extant two Orations of *Tully* and *Pliny*, spoken to the greatest and best Princes of all the *Roman* Emperors,¹ who, no doubt, heard with the greatest Satisfaction, what even the most disinterested Persons, and at so large a Distance of Time, cannot read without Admiration. *Cæsar* thought his Life consisted in the Breath of Praise, when he professed he had lived long enough for himself when he had for his Glory; others have sacrificed themselves for a Name which was not to begin till they were dead, giving away themselves to purchase a Sound which was not to commence till they were out of hearing: But by Merit and superior Excellencies not only to gain, but, whilst living, to enjoy a great and universal Reputation,

¹ Julius Cæsar and Trajan. Cicero most flattered Cæsar in the speech *pro Marcello*, but the memorable speech of his before Cæsar was that for Ligarius, who had borne arms against the new master of Rome in the African campaign. Cæsar had said, 'Why might we not as well once more hear a speech from Cicero? There is no doubt that Ligarius is a bad man and an enemy.' Yet the effect of the speech was that Cæsar was stirred with emotion, changed colour, and at reference to the battle of Pharsalia, 'he was,' says Plutarch, 'so affected that his body trembled, and some of the papers he held dropped from his hands, and thus he was overpowered, and acquitted Ligarius.' Of Pliny the younger there remains a fulsome Panegyric upon Trajan.

is the last Degree of Happiness which we can hope for here. Bad Characters are dispersed abroad with Profusion, I hope for example Sake, and (as Punishments are designed by the Civil Power) more for the deterring the Innocent, than the chastising the Guilty. The Good are less frequent, whether it be that there are indeed fewer Originals of this Kind to copy after, or that, thro' the Malignity of our Nature, we rather delight in the Ridicule than the Virtues we find in others. However, it is but just, as well as pleasing, even for Variety, sometimes to give the World a Representation of the bright Side of humane Nature, as well as the dark and gloomy: The Desire of Imitation may, perhaps, be a greater Incentive to the Practice of what is good, than the Aversion we may conceive at what is blameable; the one immediately directs you what you should do, whilst the other only shews you what you should avoid: And I cannot at present do this with more Satisfaction, than by endeavouring to do some Justice to the Character of *Manilius*.¹

It would far exceed my present Design, to give a particular Description of *Manilius* thro' all the Parts of his excellent Life: I shall now only draw him in his Retirement, and pass over in Silence the various Arts, the courtly Manners, and the undesigning Honesty by which he attained the Honours he has enjoyed, and which now give a Dignity and Veneration to the Ease he does enjoy. 'Tis here that he looks back with Pleasure on the Waves and Billows thro' which he has steered to so fair an Haven; he is now intent upon the Practice of every Virtue, which a great Knowledge and Use of Mankind has discovered to be the most useful to them. Thus in his private domestick Employments he is no less glorious than in his publick; for 'tis in Reality a more difficult Task to be conspicuous in a sedentary inactive Life, than in one that is spent in Hurry and Business; Persons engaged in the latter, like Bodies violently agitated, from the Swiftness of their Motion have a Brightness added to them, which often vanishes when they are at Rest; but if it then still remain, it must be the Seeds of intrinsick Worth that thus shine out without any foreign Aid or Assistance.

His Liberality in another might almost bear the Name of Profusion; he seems to think it laudable even in the Excess, like that River which most enriches when it overflows: But *Manilius* has too perfect a Taste of the Pleasure of doing good, ever to let it be out of his Power; and for that Reason he will have a just Oeconomy, and a splendid Frugality at home, the Fountain from whence those Streams should flow which he disperses abroad. He looks with Disdain on those who propose their Death as the Time when they are to begin their Munificence; he will both see and enjoy (which he then does in the highest Degree) what he bestows himself; he will be the living Executor of his own Bounty, whilst they who have the Happiness to be within his Care and Patronage at once, pray for the Continuation of his Life, and their own good Fortune. No one is out of the reach of his Obligations; he knows

¹ Lord Cowper?

how, by proper and becoming Methods, to raise himself to a Level with those of the highest Rank; and his good Nature is a sufficient Warrant against the Want of those who are so unhappy as to be in the very lowest. One may say of him, as *Pindar* bids his Muse say of *Theron*:¹

Swear, that *Theron* sure has sworn,
No one near him should be Poor.
Swear, that none e'er had such a graceful
Art,
Fortune's Free-Gifts as freely to impart,
With an unenvious Hand, and an unbounded
Heart.

Never did *Atticus* succeed better in gaining the universal Love and Esteem of all Men; nor steer with more Success betwixt the Extrems of two contending Parties. 'Tis his peculiar Happiness, that while he espouses neither with an intemperate Zeal, he is not only admired, but, what is a more rare and unusual Felicity, he is beloved and caressed by both; and I never yet saw any Person of whatsoever Age or Sex, but was immediately struck with the Merit of *Manilius*. There are many who are acceptable to some particular Persons, whilst the rest of Mankind look upon them with Coldness and Indifference; but he is the first whose entire good Fortune it is ever to please and to be pleased, where-ever he comes to be admired, and where-ever he is absent to be lamented. His Merit fares like the Pictures of *Raphael*, which are either seen with Admiration by all, or at least no one dare own he has no Taste for a Composition which has received so universal an Applause. Envy and Malice find it against their Interest to indulge Slander and Obloquy. 'Tis as hard for an Enemy to detract from as for a Friend to add to his Praise. An Attempt upon his Reputation is a sure lessening of one's own; and there is but one Way to injure him, which is to refuse him his just Commendations, and be obstinately silent.

It is below him to catch the Sight with any Care of Dress; his outward Garb is but the Emblem of his Mind, it is genteel, plain, and unaffected; he knows that Gold and Embroidery can add nothing to the Opinion which all have of his Merit, and that he gives a Lustre to the plainest Dress, whilst 'tis impossible the richest should communicate any to him. He is still the principal Figure in the Room: He first engages your Eye, as if there were some Point of Light which shone stronger upon him than on any other Person.

He puts me in mind of a Story of the famous *Bussy d'Amboise*,² who at an Assembly at Court, where every one appeared with the utmost Magnificence, relying upon his own superior Behav-

iour, instead of adorning himself like the rest, put on that Day a plain Suit of Cloaths, and dressed all his Servants in the most costly gay Habits he could procure: The Event was, that the Eyes of the whole Court were fixed upon him, all the rest looked like his Attendants, whilst he alone had the Air of a Person of Quality and Distinction.

Like *Aristippus*, whatever Shape or Condition he appears in, it still sits free and easie upon him; but in some Part of his Character, 'tis true, he differs from him; for as he is altogether equal to the Largeness of his present Circumstances, the Rectitude of his Judgment has so far corrected the Inclinations of his Ambition, that he will not trouble himself with either the Desires or Pursuits of any thing beyond his present Enjoyments.

A thousand obliging Things flow from him upon every Occasion, and they are always so just and natural, that it is impossible to think he was at the least Pains to look for them. One would think it were the Dæmon of good Thoughts that discovered to him those Treasures, which he must have blinded others from seeing, they lay so directly in their Way. Nothing can equal the Pleasure is taken in hearing him speak, but the Satisfaction one receives in the Civility and Attention he pays to the Discourse of others. His Looks are a silent Commendation of what is good and praise-worthy, and a secret Reproof to what is licentious and extravagant. He knows how to appear free and open without Danger of Intrusion, and to be cautious without seeming reserved. The Gravity of his Conversation is always enlivened with his Wit and Humour, and the Gaiety of it is tempered with something that is instructive, as well as barely agreeable. Thus with him you are sure not to be merry at the Expence of your Reason, nor serious with the Loss of your good Humour; but, by a happy mixture in his Temper, they either go together, or perpetually succeed each other. In fine, his whole Behaviour is equally distant from Constraint and Negligence, and he commands your Respect, whilst he gains your Heart.

There is in his whole Carriage such an engaging Softness, that one cannot persuade one's self he is ever actuated by those rougher Passions, which, where-ever they find Place, seldom fail of shewing themselves in the outward Demeanour of the Persons they belong to: But his Constitution is a just Temperature between Indolence on one hand and Violence on the other. He is mild and gentle, where-ever his Affairs will give him Leave to follow his own Inclinations; but yet never failing to exert himself with Vigour and Resolution in the Service of his Prince, his Country, or his Friend.

Z.

¹ Second Olympic Ode.

² *Bussy d'Amboise* had become famous in England through a tragedy by George Chapman, often presented in the time of James I., and revived after the Restoration. In 1691 Chapman's play was produced with some changes by Thomas D'Urfey. The man himself killed a relation in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, to get a title, and was trapped and killed by the Comte de Montsoreau, whose wife he went to seduce.

No. 468.] Wednesday, August 27, 1712. [Steele.

Erat Homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, et qui plurimum et salis haberet et fellis, nec candoris minus.—Plin. Epist.

MY Paper is in a kind a Letter of News, but it regards rather what passes in the World

of Conversation than that of Business. I am very sorry that I have at present a Circumstance before me, which is of very great Importance to all who have a Relish for Gayety, Wit, Mirth, or Humour; I mean the Death of poor *Dick Eastcourt*.¹ I have been oblig'd to him for so many Hours of Jollity, that it is but a small Recompence, tho' all I can give him, to pass a Moment or two in Sadness for the Loss of so agreeable a Man. Poor *Eastcourt*! the last Time I saw him we were plotting to shew the Town his great Capacity for acting in its full Light, by introducing him as dictating to a Set of young Players, in what manner to speak this Sentence, and utter t'other Passion — He had so exquisite a Discerning of what was defective in any Object before him, that in an Instant he could shew you the ridiculous Side of what would pass for beautiful and just, even to Men of no ill Judgment, before he had pointed at the Failure. He was no less skilful in the Knowledge of Beauty; and, I dare say, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well-turned Compliments, as well as smart Repartees, of Mr. *Eastcourt's*, than of any other Man in *England*. This was easily to be observed in his inimitable Faculty of telling a Story, in which he would throw in natural and unexpected Incidents to make his Court to one Part, and rally the other Part of the Company: Then he would vary the Usage he gave them, according as he saw them bear kind or sharp Language. He had the Knack to raise up a pensive Temper, and mortifie an impertinently gay one, with the most agreeable Skill imaginable. There are a thousand things which crowd into my Memory, which make me too much concerned to tell on about him. *Hamlet* holding up the Skull which the Grave-digger threw to him, with an Account that it was the Head of the King's Jester, falls into very pleasing Reflections, and cries out to his Companion,

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a Fellow of infinite Jest, of most excellent Fancy; he hath born me on his Back a thousand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is now, my Gorge rises at it. Here hung those Lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your Gibes now, your Gambols, your Songs, your Flashes of Merriment, that were wont to set the Table on a Roar: No one now to mock your own Jeerings: quite Chop-fallen. Now get you to my Lady's Chamber, and tell her, Let her paint an Inch thick, to this Favour she must come. Make her laugh at that.

It is an Insolence natural to the Wealthy, to affix, as much as in them lies, the Character of a Man to his Circumstances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praise faintly the good Qualities of those below them, and say, It is very extraordinary in such a Man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the Value of him whose Lowness upbraids their Exaltation. It is to this Humour only, that it is to be ascribed, that a quick Wit in Conversation, a nice Judgment upon any Emergency, that could arise, and a most blameless inoffensive Behaviour, could not raise this

Man above being received only upon the Foot of contributing to Mirth and Diversion. But he was as easy under that Condition, as a Man of so excellent Talents was capable; and since they would have it, that to divert was his Business, he did it with all the seeming Alacrity imaginable, tho' it stung him to the Heart that it was his Business. Men of Sense, who could taste his Excellencies, were well satisfied to let him lead the Way in Conversation, and play after his own Manner; but Fools who provoked him to Mimickry, found he had the Indignation to let it be at their Expence who called for it, and he would shew the Form of conceited heavy Fellows as Jests to the Company at their own Request, in Revenge for interrupting him from being a Companion to put on the Character of a Jester.

What was peculiarly excellent in this memorable Companion, was, that in the Accounts he gave of Persons and Sentiments, he did not only hit the Figure of their Faces, and Manner of their Gestures, but he would in his Narration fall into their very Way of thinking, and this when he recounted Passages, wherein Men of the best Wit were concerned, as well as such wherein were represented Men of the lowest Rank of Understanding. It is certainly as great an Instance of Self-love to a Weakness, to be impatient of being mimick'd, as any can be imagined. There were none but the Vain, the Formal, the Proud, or those who were incapable of amending their Faults, that dreaded him; to others he was in the highest Degree pleasing; and I do not know any Satisfaction of any indifferent kind I ever tasted so much, as having got over an Impatience of seeing my self in the Air he could put me when I have displeas'd him. It is indeed to his exquisite Talent this way, more than any Philosophy I could read on the Subject, that my Person is very little of my Care; and it is indifferent to me what is said of my Shape, my Air, my Manner, my Speech, or my Address. It is to poor *Eastcourt* I chiefly owe that I am arriv'd at the Happiness of thinking nothing a Diminution to me, but what argues a Depravity of my Will.

It has as much surprized me as any thing in Nature, to have it frequently said, That he was not a good Player: But that must be owing to a Partiality for former Actors in the Parts in which he succeeded them, and judging by Comparison of what was liked before, rather than by the Nature of the Thing. When a Man of his Wit and Smartness could put on an utter Absence of common Sense in his Face as he did in the Character of *Bulfinch* in the *Northern Lass*,¹ and an Air of insipid Cunning and Vivacity in the Character of *Pounce* in the *Tender Husband*,² it is Folly to dispute his Capacity and Success, as he was an Actor.

Poor *Eastcourt*! let the Vain and Proud be at Rest; thou wilt no more disturb their Admiration of their dear selves, and thou art no longer to drudge in raising the Mirth of Stupids, who know nothing of thy Merit, for thy Maintenance.

¹ See p. 378.

¹ By Richard Brome, first acted in 1632.

² By Steele.

It is natural for the Generality of Mankind to run into Reflections upon our Mortality, when Disturbers of the World are laid at Rest, but to take no Notice when they who can please and divert are pulled from us: But for my Part, I cannot but think the Loss of such Talents as the Man of whom I am speaking was Master of, a more melancholy Instance of Mortality, than the Dissolution of Persons of never so high Characters in the World, whose Pretensions were that they were noisy and mischievous.

But I must grow more succinct, and as a SPECTATOR, give an Account of this extraordinary Man, who, in his Way, never had an Equal in any Age before him, or in that wherein he lived. I speak of him as a Companion, and a Man qualified for Conversation. His Fortune exposed him to an Obsequiousness towards the worst Sort of Company, but his excellent Qualities rendered him capable of making the best Figure in the most refined. I have been present with him among Men of the most delicate Taste a whole Night, and have known him (for he saw it was desired) keep the Discourse to himself the most Part of it, and maintain his good Humour with a Countenance in a Language so delightful, without Offence to any Person or Thing upon Earth, still preserving the Distance his Circumstances obliged him to; I say, I have seen him do all this in such a charming manner, that I am sure none of those I hint at will read this, without giving him some Sorrow for their abundant Mirth, and one Gush of Tears for so many Bursts of Laughter. I wish it were any Honour to the pleasant Creature's Memory, that my Eyes are too much suffused to let me [go on——¹.]

T.

¹ [go on——

It is a felicity his Friends may rejoice in, that he had his Senses, and used them as he ought to do, in his last Moments. It is remarkable that his Judgment was in its calm Perfection to the utmost Article, for when his Wife out of her fondness, desired she might send for a certain illiterate Humourist (whom he had accompanied in a thousand mirthful Moments, and whose Insolence makes Fools think he assumes from conscious Merit) he answered, 'Do what you please, but he won't come near me.' Let poor Eastcourt's Negligence about this Message convince the unwary of a triumphant Empiric's Ignorance and Inhumanity.] This passage, omitted from the reprint, expresses Steele's anger at the neglect of Estcourt in his last hours by Dr. John Radcliffe, one of the chief physicians of the time, who as a rough-spoken humourist made many enemies, and was condemned as an empiric by many of his professional brethren. When called, in 1699, to attend King William, who asked his opinion on his swollen ankles, he said, 'I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms.' His maxim for making a fortune was to use all men ill, but Mead, it has been observed, made more money by the opposite method. Not very long after this bitter censure of Radcliffe for neglect of Estcourt, attempts were made to censure him

No. 469.] Thursday, August 28, 1712. [Addison.

Detrahere aliquid alteri, et hominem hominis incommodo suum augere commodum, magis est contra naturam, quam mors, quam paupertas, quam dolor, quam cætera quæ possunt aut corpori accidere, aut rebus externis.—Tull.

I AM perswaded there are few Men of generous Principles, who would seek after great Places, were it not rather to have an Opportunity in their Hands of obliging their particular Friends, or those whom they look upon as Men of Worth, than to procure Wealth and Honour for themselves. To an honest Mind the best Perquisites of a Place are the Advantages it gives a Man of doing Good.

Those who are under the great Officers of State, and are the Instruments by which they act, have more frequent Opportunities for the Exercise of Compassion, and Benevolence, than their Superiors themselves. These Men know every little Case that is to come before the Great Man, and if they are possessed with honest Minds, will consider Poverty as a Recommendation in the Person who applies himself to them, and make the Justice of his Cause the most powerful Solicitor in his Behalf. A Man of this Temper, when he is in a Post of Business, becomes a Blessing to the Publick: He patronizes the Orphan and the Widow, assists the Friendless, and guides the Ignorant: He does not reject the Person's Pretensions, who does not know how to explain them, or refuse doing a good Office for a Man because he cannot pay the Fee of it. In short, tho' he regulates himself in all his Proceedings by Justice and Equity, he finds a thousand [Occasions for all the Good-natured Offices of¹] Generosity and Compassion.

A Man is unfit for such a Place of Trust, who is of a sower untractable Nature, or has any other Passion that makes him uneasy to those who approach him. Roughness of Temper is apt to discountenance the Timorous or Modest. The proud Man discourages those from approaching him, who are of a mean Condition, and who most want his Assistance. The impatient Man will not give himself time to be informed of the Matter that lies before him. An Officer with one or more of these unbecoming Qualities, is sometimes looked upon as a proper Person to keep off Impertinence and

formally in the House of Commons for refusal to attend in the last illness of Queen Anne, although requested to do so by the Privy Council. He denied that he had been asked to attend. He died himself three months after the Queen (in 1714, aged 64), his last days embittered by the public odium following the charge of disrespect to his dying sovereign. He died unmarried, and left the greater part of his money to beneficent uses, among them the erection of an infirmary and of the Radcliffe Library in Oxford.

¹ [Opportunities of exercising his]

Solicitation from his Superior ; but this is a kind of Merit, that can never atone for the Injustice which may very often arise from it.

There are two other vicious Qualities which render a Man very unfit for such a Place of Trust. The first of these is a Dilatory Temper, which commits innumerable Cruelties without Design. The Maxim which several have laid down for a Man's Conduct in ordinary Life should be inviolable with a Man in Office, never to think of doing that To-morrow which may be done To-day. A Man who defers doing what ought to be done, is guilty of Injustice so long as he defers it. The Dispatch of a good Office is very often as beneficial to the Solicitor as the good Office it self. In short, if a Man compared the Inconveniences which another suffers by his Delays, with the trifling Motives and Advantages which he himself may reap by such a Delay, he would never be guilty of a Fault which very often does an irreparable Prejudice to the Person who depends upon him, and which might be remedied with little Trouble to himself.

But in the last Place, there is no Man so improper to be employed in Business, as he who is in any degree capable of Corruption ; and such an one is the Man, who, upon any Pretence whatsoever, receives more than what is the stated and unquestioned Fee of his Office. Gratifications, Tokens of Thankfulness, Dispatch Money, and the like specious Terms, are the Pretences under which Corruption very frequently shelters it self. An honest Man will however look on all these Methods as unjustifiable, and will enjoy himself better in a moderate Fortune that is gained with Honour and Reputation, than in an overgrown Estate that is cankered with the Acquisitions of Rapine and Exaction. Were all our Offices discharged with such an inflexible Integrity, we should not see Men in all Ages, who grow up to exorbitant Wealth with the Abilities which are to be met with in an ordinary Mechanick. I cannot but think that such a Corruption proceeds chiefly from Mens employing the first that offer themselves, or those who have the Character of shrewd worldly Men, instead of searching out such as have had a liberal Education, and have been trained up in the Studies of Knowledge and Virtue.

It has been observed, that Men of Learning who take to Business, discharge it generally with greater Honesty than Men of the World. The chief Reason for it I take to be as follows. A Man that has spent his Youth in Reading, has been used to find Virtue extolled, and Vice stigmatized. A Man that has past his Time in the World, has often seen Vice triumphant, and Virtue discountenanced. Extortion, Rapine and Injustice, which are branded with Infamy in Books, often give a Man a Figure in the World ; while several Qualities which are celebrated in Authors, as Generosity, Ingenuity and Good-Nature, impoverish and ruin him. This cannot but have a proportionable Effect on Men, whose Tempers and Principles are equally Good and Vicious.

There would be at least this Advantage in employing Men of Learning and Parts in Business,

that their Prosperity would set more gracefully on them, and that we should not see many worthless Persons shot up into the greatest Figures of Life.

C.

No. 470.] Friday, August 29, 1712. [Addison.

*Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et stultus est labor ineptiarum.*—Mart.

I HAVE been very often disappointed of late Years, when upon examining the new Edition of a Classick Author, I have found above half the Volume taken up with various Readings. When I have expected to meet with a learned Note upon a doubtful Passage in a *Latin* Poet, I have only been informed, that such or such Ancient Manuscripts for an *et* write an *ac*, or of some other notable Discovery of the like Importance. Indeed, when a different Reading gives us a different Sense, or a new Elegance in an Author, the Editor does very well in taking Notice of it ; but when he only entertains us with the several ways of spelling the same Word, and gathers together the various Blunders and Mistakes of twenty or thirty different Transcribers, they only take up the Time of the learned Reader, and puzzle the Minds of the Ignorant. I have often fancied with my self how enraged an old *Latin* Author would be, should he see the several Absurdities in Sense and Grammar, which are imputed to him by some or other of these various Readings. In one he speaks Nonsense ; in another, makes use of a Word that was never heard of : And indeed there is scarce a Solecism in Writing which the best Author is not guilty of, if we may be at Liberty to read him in the Words of some Manuscript, which the laborious Editor has thought fit to examine in the Prosecution of his Work.

I question not but the Ladies and pretty Fellows will be very curious to understand what it is that I have been hitherto talking of. I shall therefore give them a Notion of this Practice, by endeavouring to write after the manner of several Persons who make an eminent Figure in the Republick of Letters. To this end we will suppose that the following [Song¹] is an old Ode which I present to the Publick in a new Edition, with the several various Readings which I find of it in former Editions, and in Ancient Manuscripts. Those who cannot relish the various Readings, will perhaps find their Account in the Song, which never before appeared in Print.

*My Love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would settle in my Heart ;
From Beauty still to Beauty ranging,
In ev'ry Face I found a Dart.*

¹ [Song, which by the way is a beautiful Descant upon a single Thought, like the Compositions of the best Ancient Lyrick Poets, I say we will suppose this Song]

'Twas first a charming Shape enslav'd me,
An Eye then gave the fatal Stroke:
'Till by her Wit Corinna sav'd me,
And all my former Fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting Anguish
For Belvidera I endure;
Hourly I Sigh and hourly Languish,
Nor hope to find the wonted Cure.

For here the false unconstant Lover,
After a thousand Beauties shown,
Does new surprizing Charms discover,
And finds Variety in One.

Various Readings.

Stanza the First, Verse the First. *And changing.*] The *and* in some Manuscripts is written thus, &, but that in the Cotton Library writes it in three distinct Letters.

Verse the Second, *Nor e'er would.*] *Aldus* reads it *ever would*; but as this would hurt the Metre, we have restored it to its genuine Reading, by observing that *Synæresis* which had been neglected by ignorant Transcribers.

Ibid. In my Heart.] *Scaliger*, and others, on my Heart.

Verse the Fourth, *I found a Dart.*] The *Vatican* Manuscript for *I* reads *it*, but this must have been the Hallucination of the Transcriber, who probably mistook the Dash of the *I* for a *T*.

Stanza the Second, Verse the Second. *The fatal Stroke.*] *Scioppius*, *Salmasius* and many others, for *the* read *a*, but I have stuck to the usual Reading.

Verse the Third, *Till by her Wit.*] Some Manuscripts have it *his Wit*, others *your*, others *their Wit*. But as I find *Corinna* to be the Name of a Woman in other Authors, I cannot doubt but it should be *her*.

Stanza the third, Verse the First. *A long and lasting Anguish.*] The *German* Manuscript reads *a lasting Passion*, but the Rhyme will not admit it.

Verse the Second. *For Belvidera I endure.*] Did not all the Manuscripts reclaim, I should change *Belvidera* into *Pelvidera*; *Pelvis* being used by several of the Ancient Comick Writers for a Looking-glass, by which means the Etymology of the Word is very visible, and *Pelvidera* will signify a Lady who often looks in her Glass; as indeed she had very good reason, if she had all those Beauties which our Poet here ascribes to her.

Verse the Third. *Hourly I sigh and hourly languish.*] Some for the Word *hourly* read *daily*, and others *nightly*; the last has great Authorities of its side.

Verse the Fourth. *The wonted Cure.*] The *Elder Stevens* reads *wanted Cure*.

Stanza the Fourth, Verse the Second. *After a thousand Beauties.*] In several Copies we meet with a *Hundred Beauties* by the usual Error of the Transcribers, who probably omitted a Cypher, and had not Taste enough to know that the Word *Thousand* was ten Times a greater Compliment to the Poet's Mistress than an *Hundred*.

Verse the Fourth. *And finds Variety in one.*] Most of the Ancient Manuscripts have it in two.

Indeed so many of them concur in this last reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two Reasons which incline me to the Reading as I have published it; First, because the Rhime, and, Secondly, because the Sense is preserved by it. It might likewise proceed from the Oscitancy of Transcribers, who, to dispatch their Work the sooner, use to write all Numbers in Cypher, and seeing the Figure 1 following by a little Dash of the Pen, as is customary in old Manuscripts, they perhaps mistook the Dash for a second Figure, and by casting up both together composed out of them the Figure 2. But this I shall leave to the Learned, without determining any thing in a Matter of so great Uncertainty. C.

No. 471.] Saturday, August 30, 1712. [Addison.

Ἐν ἐλπίσιν χρὴ τοὺς σοφοὺς ἔχειν βίον.
Euripid.

THE *Time present* seldom affords sufficient Employment to the Mind of Man. Objects of Pain or Pleasure, Love or Admiration, do not lie thick enough together in Life to keep the Soul in constant Action, and supply an immediate Exercise to its Faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this Defect, that the Mind may not want Business, but always have Materials for thinking, she is endowed with certain Powers, that can recall what is passed, and anticipate what is to come.

That wonderful Faculty, which we call the Memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing present to entertain us. It is like those Repositories in several Animals, that are filled with Stores of their former Food, on which they may ruminate when their present Pasture fails.

As the Memory relieves the Mind in her vacant Moments, and prevents any Chasms of Thought by Ideas of what is *past*, we have other Faculties that agitate and employ her upon what *is to come*. These are the Passions of Hope and Fear.

By these two Passions we reach forward into Futurity, and bring up to our present Thoughts Objects that lie hid in the remotest Depths of Time. We suffer Misery, and enjoy Happiness, before they are in Being; we can set the Sun and Stars forward, or lose sight of them by wandring into those retired Parts of Eternity, when the Heavens and Earth shall be no more.

By the way, who can imagine that the Existence of a Creature is to be circumscribed by Time, whose Thoughts are not? But I shall, in this Paper, confine my self to that particular Passion which goes by the Name of Hope.

Our Actual Enjoyments are so few and transient, that Man would be a very miserable Being, were he not endowed with this Passion, which gives him a Taste of those good Things that may possibly come into his Possession. *We should hope for every thing that is good*, says the old Poet *Linus*, because there is nothing which may not

be hoped for, and nothing but what the Gods are able to give us.¹ Hope quickens all the still Parts of Life, and keeps the Mind awake in her most Remiss and Indolent Hours. It gives habitual Serenity and good Humour. It is a kind of Vital Heat in the Soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes Pain easie, and Labour pleasant.

Beside these several Advantages which rise from *Hope*, there is another which is none of the least, and that is, its great Efficacy in preserving us from setting too high a value on present Enjoyments. The saying of *Cæsar* is very well known. When he had given away all his Estate in Gratuities among his Friends, one of them asked what he had left for himself; to which that great Man replied, *Hope*. His Natural Magnanimity hindered him from prizing what he was certainly possessed of, and turned all his Thoughts upon something more valuable than he had in View. I question not but every Reader will draw a Moral from this Story, and apply it to himself without my Direction.

The old Story of *Pandora's* Box (which many of the Learned believe was formed among the Heathens upon the Tradition of the Fall of Man) shews us how deplorable a State they thought the present Life, without *Hope*: To set forth the utmost Condition of Misery they tell us, that our Forefather, according to the Pagan Theology, had a great Vessel presented him by *Pandora*: Upon his lifting up the Lid of it, says the Fable, there flew out all the Calamities and Distempers incident to Men, from which, till that time, they had been altogether exempt. *Hope*, who had been enclosed in the Cup with so much bad Company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the Lid of it, that it was shut down upon her.

I shall make but two Reflections upon what I have hitherto said. First, that no kind of Life is so happy as that which is full of *Hope*, especially when the *Hope* is well grounded, and when the Object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its Nature proper to make the Person happy who enjoys it. This Proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present Enjoyments of the most happy Man, and how insufficient to give him an entire Satisfaction and Acquiescence in them.

My next Observation is this, that a Religious Life is that which most abounds in a well-grounded *Hope*, and such an one as is fixed on Objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This *Hope* in a Religious Man, is much more sure and certain than the *Hope* of any Temporal Blessing, as it is strengthened not only by Reason, but by Faith. It has at the same time its Eye perpetually fixed on that State, which implies in the very Notion of it the most full and the most compleat Happiness.

I have before shewn how the Influence of *Hope* in general sweetens Life, and makes our present Condition supportable, if not pleasing; but a Religious *Hope* has still greater Advantages. It does not only bear up the Mind under her Sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may

be the Instruments of procuring her the great and ultimate End of all her *Hope*.

Religious *Hope* has likewise this Advantage above any other kind of *Hope*, that it is able to revive the *dying* Man, and to fill his Mind not only with secret Comfort and Refreshment, but sometimes with Rapture and Transport. He triumphs in his Agonies, whilst the Soul springs forward with Delight to the great Object which she has always had in view, and leaves the Body with an Expectation of being re-united to her in a glorious and joyful Resurrection.

I shall conclude this Essay with those emphatical Expressions of a lively *Hope*, which the Psalmist made use of in the midst of those Dangers and Adversities which surrounded him; for the following Passage had its present and personal, as well as its future and prophetick Sense. *I have set the Lord always before me: Because he is at my right Hand, I shall not be moved. Therefore my Heart is glad, and my Glory rejoiceth: my Flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see Corruption. Thou wilt shew me the Path of Life: in thy Presence is Fullness of Joy, at thy right Hand there are Pleasures for evermore.*¹ C.

No. 472.] Monday, September 1, 1712. [Steele.

— Voluptas
Solamenque mali— Virg.

I RECEIVED some time ago a Proposal, which had a Preface to it, wherein the Author discoursed at large of the innumerable Objects of Charity in a Nation, and admonished the Rich, who were afflicted with any Distemper of Body, particularly to regard the Poor in the same Species of Affliction, and confine their Tenderness to them, since it is impossible to assist all who are presented to them. The Proposer had been relieved from a Malady in his Eyes by an Operation performed by Sir *William Read*, and being a Man of Condition, had taken a Resolution to maintain three poor blind Men during their Lives, in Gratitude for that great Blessing. This Misfortune is so very great and unfrequent, that one would think, an Establishment for all the Poor under it might be easily accomplished, with the Addition of a very few others to those Wealthy who are in the same Calamity. However, the Thought of the Proposer arose from a very good Motive, and the parcelling of our selves out, as called to particular Acts of Beneficence, would be a pretty Cement of Society and Virtue. It is the ordinary Foundation for Mens holding a Commerce with each other, and becoming familiar, that they agree in the same sort of Pleasure; and sure it may also be some Reason for Amity, that they are under one common Distress. If all the Rich who are lame in the Gout, from a Life of Ease, Pleasure, and Luxury, would help those few who have it without a previous Life of Plea-

¹ Translation of the fragment on *Hope*.

¹ Psal. xvi. 8—11.

sure, and add a few of such laborious Men, who are become lame from unhappy Blows, Falls, or other Accidents of Age or Sickness; I say, would such gouty Persons administer to the Necessities of Men disabled like themselves, the Consciousness of such a Behaviour would be the best Julep, Cordial, and Anodine in the feverish, faint and tormenting Vicissitudes of that miserable Distemper. The same may be said of all other, both bodily and intellectual Evils. These Classes of Charity would certainly bring down Blessings upon an Age and People; and if Men were not petrified with the Love of this World, against all Sense of the Commerce which ought to be among them, it would not be an unreasonable Bill for a poor Man in the Agony of Pain, aggravated by Want and Poverty, to draw upon a sick Alderman after this Form;

Mr. Basil Plenty,
SIR,

You have the Gout and Stone, with Sixty thousand Pound Sterling; I have the Gout and Stone, not worth one Farthing; I shall pray for you, and desire you would pay the Bearer Twenty Shillings for Value received from,

Cripple-Gate,
Aug. 29, 1712.

SIR,

Your humble Servant,
Lazarus Hopeful.

The Reader's own Imagination will suggest to him the Reasonableness of such Correspondences; and diversify them into a thousand Forms; but I shall close this as I began upon the Subject of Blindness. The following Letter seems to be written by a Man of Learning, who is returned to his Study after a Suspence of an Ability to do so. The Benefit he reports himself to have received, may well claim the handsomest Encomium he can give the Operator.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Ruminating lately on your admirable Discourses on the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, I began to consider to which of our Senses we are obliged for the greatest and most important Share of those Pleasures; and I soon concluded that it was to the *Sight*: That is the Sovereign of the Senses, and Mother of all the Arts and Sciences, that have refined the Rudeness of the uncultivated Mind to a Politeness that distinguishes the fine Spirits from the barbarous *Gout* of the great Vulgar and the small. The *Sight* is the obliging Benefactress, that bestows on us the most transporting Sensations that we have from the various and wonderful Products of Nature. To the *Sight* we owe the amazing Discoveries of the Height, Magnitude, and Motion of the Planets; their several Revolutions about their common Centre of Light, Heat, and Motion, the *Sun*. The *Sight* travels yet farther to the fixed Stars, and furnishes the Understanding with solid Reasons to prove, that each of them is a *Sun* moving on its own Axis in the Centre of its own Vortex or Turbillion, and performing the same Offices to its dependant Planets, that our glorious *Sun* does to this. But the Enquiries of the *Sight* will not be stopped here, but

'make their Progress through the immense Expanse to the *Milky Way*, and there divide the blended Fires of the *Galaxy* into infinite and different Worlds, made up of distinct Suns, and their peculiar Equipages of Planets, till unable to pursue this Track any farther, it deutes the Imagination to go on to new Discoveries, till it fill the unbounded Space with endless Worlds.

'The *Sight* informs the Statuary's Chizel with Power to give Breath to lifeless Brass and Marble, and the Painter's Pencil to swell the flat Canvas with moving Figures actuated by imaginary Souls. Musick indeed may plead another Original, since *Jubal*, by the different Falls of his Hammer on the Anvil, discovered by the Ear the first rude Musick that pleas'd the Antediluvian Fathers; but then the *Sight* has not only reduced those wilder Sounds into artful Order and Harmony, but conveys that Harmony to the most distant Parts of the World without the Help of Sound. To the *Sight* we owe not only all the Discoveries of Philosophy, but all the Divine Imagery of Poetry that transports the intelligent Reader of *Homer*, *Milton*, and *Virgil*.

'As the *Sight* has polished the World, so does it supply us with the most grateful and lasting Pleasure. Let Love, let Friendship, paternal Affection, filial Piety, and conjugal Duty, declare the Joys the *Sight* bestows on a Meeting after Absence. But it would be endless to enumerate all the Pleasures and Advantages of *Sight*; every one that has it, every Hour he makes use of it, finds them, feels them, enjoys them.

'Thus as our greatest Pleasures and Knowledge are derived from the *Sight*, so has Providence been more curious in the Formation of its Seat, the Eye, than of the Organs of the other Senses. That stupendious Machine is compos'd in a wonderful Manner of Muscles, Membranes, and Humours. Its Motions are admirably directed by the Muscles; the Perspicuity of the Humours transmit the Rays of Light; the Rays are regularly refracted by their Figure, the black Lining of the Sclerotes effectually prevents their being confounded by Reflection. It is wonderful indeed to consider how many Objects the Eye is fitted to take in at once, and successively in an Instant, and at the same time to make a Judgment of their Position, Figure, or Colour. It watches against our Dangers, guides our Steps, and lets in all the visible Objects, whose Beauty and Variety instruct and delight.

'The Pleasures and Advantages of *Sight* being so great, the Loss must be very grievous; of which *Milton*, from Experience, gives the most sensible Idea, both in the third Book of his *Paradise Lost*, and in his *Sampson Agonistes*.

To Light in the former.

—Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital Lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these Eyes, that roul in vain
To find thy piercing Ray, but find no Dawn.

And a little after,
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet Approach of Ev'n and Morn,

*Or Sight of vernal Bloom, or Summer's Rose,
Or Flocks or Herds, or human Face divine;
But Cloud instead, and ever-during Dark
Surround me: From the chearful Ways of Men
Cut off, and for the Book of Knowledge fair,
Presented with an universal Blank
Of Nature's Works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
And Wisdom at one Entrance quite shut out.*

Again, in *Sampson Agonistes*.

———*But Chief of all,
O Loss of Sight! of thee I most complain;
Blind among Enemies! O worse than Chains,
Dungeon, or Beggary, or decrepid Age!
Light, the prime Work of God, to me extinct,
And all her various Objects of Delight
Annull'd*———

———*Still as a Fool,
In Power of others, never in my own,
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than
Half:
O dark! dark! dark! amid the Blaze of Noon:
Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipse,
Without all Hopes of Day!*

'The Enjoyment of Sight then being so great
'a Blessing, and the Loss of it so terrible an Evil,
'how excellent and valuable is the Skill of that
'Artist which can restore the former, and redress
'the latter? My frequent Perusal of the Ad-
'vertisements in the publick News-Papers (gen-
'erally the most agreeable Entertainment they
'afford) has presented me with many and various
'Benefits of this kind done to my Countrymen by
'that skilful Artist *Dr. Grant*, Her Majesty's
'Oculist Extraordinary, whose happy Hand has
'brought and restored to Sight several Hundreds
'in less than Four Years. Many have received
'Sight by his Means, who came blind from their
'Mother's Womb, as in the famous Instance of
'*Jones of Newington*.¹ I my self have been
'cured by him of a Weakness in my Eyes next to
'Blindness, and am ready to believe any thing
'that is reported of his Ability this way; and
'know that many, who could not purchase his
'Assistance with Money, have enjoy'd it from his
'Charity. But a List of Particulars would swell
'my Letter beyond its Bounds, what I have said
'being sufficient to comfort those who are in the
'like Distress, since they may conceive Hopes of
'being no longer miserable in this Kind, while
'there is yet alive so able an Oculist as *Dr. Grant*.

I am the SPECTATOR's humble Servant,
T. PHILANTHROPUS.

¹ A Full and True Account of a Miraculous Cure of a young Man in Newington, &c., was a pamphlet of 15 pages, published in 1709. William Jones was not born blind, and little benefited by the operation of the Doctor Grant, who in this pamphlet puffed himself.

No. 473.] Tuesday, September 2, 1712. [Steele.

*Quid? si quis vultu torvo ferus et pede nudo
Exiguæque togæ simulet textore Catonem;
Virtutemne repræsentet moresque Catonis?*

Hor.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,
'I AM now in the Country, and employ most of
'my Time in reading, or thinking upon what I
'have read. Your paper comes constantly down
'to me, and it affects me so much, that I find my
'Thoughts run into your Way; and I recommend
'to you a Subject upon which you have not yet
'touched, and that is the Satisfaction some Men
'seem to take in their Imperfections, I think one
'may call it glorying in their Insufficiency; a cer-
'tain great Author is of Opinion it is the contrary
'to Envy, tho' perhaps it may proceed from it.
'Nothing is so common, as to hear Men of this
'Sort, speaking of themselves, add to their own
'Merit (as they think) by impairing it, in praising
'themselves for their Defects, freely allowing they
'commit some few frivolous Errors, in order to be
'esteemed persons of uncommon Talents and great
'Qualifications. They are generally professing
'an injudicious Neglect of Dancing, Fencing and
'Riding, as also an unjust Contempt for Travel-
'ling and the Modern Languages; as for their Part
'(say they) they never valued or troubled their
'Head about them. This panegyric Satyr on
'themselves certainly is worthy of your Animad-
'version. I have known one of these Gentlemen
'think himself obliged to forget the Day of an
'Appointment, and sometimes even that you
'spoke to him; and when you see 'em, they hope
'you'll pardon 'em, for they have the worst
'Memory in the World. One of 'em started up
't'other Day in some Confusion, and said, Now
'I think on't, I'm to meet Mr. *Mortmain* the At-
'torney about some Business, but whether it is to
'Day or to Morrow, faith, I can't tell. Now to
'my certain Knowledge he knew his Time to a
'Moment, and was there accordingly. These
'forgetful Persons have, to heighten their Crime,
'generally the best Memories of any People, as I
'have found out by their remembering sometimes
'through Inadvertency. Two or three of 'em
'that I know can say most of our modern Trage-
'dies by Heart. I asked a Gentleman the other
'Day that is famous for a Good Carver, (at which
'Acquisition he is out of Countenance, imagining
'it may detract from some of his more essential
'Qualifications) to help me to something that was
'near him; but he excused himself, and blushing
'told me, Of all things he could never carve in
'his Life; though it can be proved upon him,
'that he cuts up, disjoints, and uncases with in-
'comparable Dexterity. I would not be under-
'stood as if I thought it laudable for a Man of
'Quality and Fortune to rival the Acquisitions of
'Artificers, and endeavour to excel in little handy
'Qualities; No, I argue only against being
'ashamed at what is really Praiseworthy. As
'these Pretences to Ingenuity shew themselves
'several Ways, you'll often see a Man of this
'Temper ashamed to be clean, and setting up for

Wit only from Negligence in his Habit. Now I am upon this Head, I can't help observing also upon a very different Folly proceeding from the same Cause. As these above-mentioned arise from affecting an Equality with Men of greater Talents from having the same Faults, there are others who would come at a Parallel with those above them, by possessing little Advantages which they want. I heard a young Man not long ago, who has sense, comfort himself in his Ignorance of Greek, Hebrew, and the Orientals: At the same Time that he published his Aversion to those Languages, he said that the Knowledge of 'em was rather a Diminution than an Advancement of a Man's Character: tho' at the same Time I know he languishes and repines he is not Master of them himself. Whenever I take any of these fine Persons, thus detracting from what they don't understand, I tell them I will complain to you, and say I am sure you will not allow it an Exception against a thing, that he who contemns it is an Ignorant in it.

I am, SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
S. P.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I am a Man of a very good Estate, and am honourably in Love. I hope you will allow, when the ultimate Purpose is honest, there may be, without Trespass against Innocence, some Toying by the Way. People of Condition are perhaps too distant and formal on those Occasions; but, however that is, I am to confess to you, that I have writ some Verses to atone for my Offence. You profess'd Authors are a little severe upon us, who write like Gentlemen: But if you are a Friend to Love, you will insert my Poem. You cannot imagine how much Service

it will do me with my Fair one, as well as Reputation with all my Friends, to have something of mine in the *Spectator*. My Crime was, that I snatch'd a Kiss, and my Poetical Excuse as follows:

I.

Belinda, see from yonder Flowers
The Bee flies loaded to its Cell;
Can you perceive what it devours?
Are they impar'd in Show or Smell?

II.

So, tho' I robb'd you of a Kiss,
Sweeter than their Ambrosial Dew;
Why are you angry at my Bliss?
Has it at all impoverish'd you?

III.

'Tis by this Cunning I contrive,
In spite of your unkind Reserve,
To keep my famish'd Love alive,
Which you inhumanly would starve.

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
Timothy Stanza.

SIR,

Aug. 23, 1712.

Having a little Time upon my Hands, I could not think of bestowing it better, than in writing an Epistle to the SPECTATOR, which I now do, and am,

SIR, Your humble Servant,
BOB SHORT.

P. S. IF you approve of my Style, I am likely enough to become your Correspondent. I desire your Opinion of it. I design it for that Way of Writing called by the Judicious the *Familiar*.
T.

TO

MR. METHUEN.¹

SIR,

IT is with very great Pleasure I take an Opportunity of publishing the Gratitude I owe You, for the Place You allow me in your Friendship and Familiarity. I will not acknowledge to You that I have often had You in my Thoughts, when I have endeavoured to Draw, in some Parts of these Discourses, the Character of a Good-natured,

¹ Paul Methuen, at the date of this Dedication M.P. for Brackley, and forty-two years old, was a lawyer who had distinguished himself as a diplomatist at the Court of Lisbon in 1703, and arranged the very short commercial treaty between Great Britain and Portugal which bears his name. Methuen then represented England at the Court of the Duke of Savoy, who deserted the French cause at the end of 1602, and the ambassador proved his courage also as a combatant when he took part in the defence and rescue of Turin from the French in 1706. After his return to England Paul Methuen was made (in 1709) a Commissioner of the Admiralty. In the year 1713 he first sat in

Honest, and Accomplished Gentleman. But such Representations give my Reader an Idea of a Person blameless only, or only laudable for such Perfections as extend no farther than to his own private Advantage and Reputation.

But when I speak of You, I Celebrate One who has had the Happiness of Possessing also those Qualities which make a Man useful to Society,

Parliament as member for Brackley. He held afterwards various offices in the State, as those of Commissioner of the Treasury, Comptroller of the Household, Treasurer of the Household, Commissioner for inspecting the Law, was made Sir Paul Methuen, Knight of the Bath, and attained his highest dignity as Lord Chancellor of Ireland before his death in 1757, at the age of 86. The seventh volume, to which this Dedication is prefixed, is the last of the original Spectator. With the eighth volume, representing an unsuccessful attempt made to revive it, some time after its demise, Steele had nothing to do, and that volume is not inscribed to any living person.

and of having had Opportunities of Exerting them in the most Conspicuous Manner.

The Great Part You had, as *British* Ambassador, in Procuring and Cultivating the Advantageous Commerce between the Courts of *England* and *Portugal*, has purchased you the lasting Esteem of all who understand the Interest of either Nation.

Those Personal Excellencies which are over-rated by the ordinary World, and too much neglected by Wise Men, You have applied with the justest Skill and Judgment. The most graceful Address in Horsemanship, in the Use of the Sword, and in Dancing, has been employed by You as lower Arts, and as they have occasionally served to recover, or introduce the Talents of a skilful Minister.

But your Abilities have not appear'd only in one Nation. When it was your Province to Act as Her Majesty's Minister at the Court of *Savoy*, at that time encamped, You accompanied that Gallant Prince thro' all the Vicissitudes of his Fortune, and shared, by His Side, the Dangers of that Glorious Day in which He recovered His

Capital. As far as it regards Personal Qualities, You attained, in that one Hour, the highest Military Reputation. The Behaviour of our Minister in the Action, and the good Offices done the Vanquished in the Name of the Queen of *England*, gave both the Conqueror and the Captive the most lively Examples of the Courage and Generosity of the Nation He represented.

Your Friends and Companions in your Absence frequently talk these things of You, and You cannot hide from us, (by the most discreet Silence in any Thing which regards Your self) that the frank Entertainment we have at your Table, your easie Condescension in little Incidents of Mirth and Diversion, and general Complacency of Manners, are far from being the greatest Obligations we have to You. I do assure You there is not one of your Friends has a Greater Sense of your Merit in general, and of the Favours You every Day do us, than,

SIR,
Your most Obedient, and
most Humble Servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

No. 474.] Wednesday, September 3, 1712. [Steele.

Asperitas agrestis et inconcinna.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

BEING of the Number of those that have lately retired from the Center of Business and Pleasure, my Uneasiness in the Country where I am, arises rather from the Society than the Solitude of it. To be obliged to receive and return Visits from and to a Circle of Neighbours, who through Diversity of Age or Inclinations, can neither be entertaining or serviceable to us, is a vile Loss of Time, and a Slavery from which a Man should deliver himself, if possible: For why must I lose the remaining part of my Life, because they have thrown away the former Part of theirs? It is to me an insupportable Affliction, to be tormented with the Narrations of a Set of People, who are warm in their Expressions of the quick Relish of that Pleasure which their Dogs and Horses have a more delicate Taste of. I do also in my Heart detest and abhor that damnable Doctrine and Position of the Necessity of a Bumper, though to one's own Toast; for though 'tis pretended that these deep Politicians are used only to inspire Gaiety, they certainly drown that Cheerfulness which would survive a moderate Circulation. If at these Meetings it were left to every Stranger either to fill his Glass according to his own Inclination, or to make his Retreat when he finds he has been sufficiently obedient to that of others, these Entertainments would be governed with more good Sense, and consequently with more good Breeding, than at present they are. Indeed where any of the Guests are known to measure their Fame or Pleasure by their Glass, proper Exhortations might be used to these to push their Fortunes in this sort

of Reputation; but where 'tis unseasonably insisted on to a modest Stranger, this Drench may be said to be swallowed with the same Necessity, as if it had been tendered in the Horn¹ for that purpose, with this aggravating Circumstance, that it distresses the Entertainer's Guest in the same degree as it relieves his Horses.

To attend without Impatience an Account of five-barr'd Gates, double Ditches, and Precipices, and to survey the Orator with desiring Eyes, is to me extremely difficult, but absolutely necessary, to be upon tolerable Terms with him: but then the occasional Burstings out into Laughter, is of all other Accomplishments the most requisite. I confess at present I have not that command of these Convulsions, as is necessary to be good Company; therefore I beg you would publish this Letter, and let me be known all at once for a queer Fellow, and avoided. It is monstrous to me, that we, who are given to Reading and calm Conversation, should ever be visited by these Roarers: But they think they themselves, as Neighbours, may come into our Rooms with the same Right, that they and their Dogs hunt in our Grounds.

Your Institution of Clubs I have always admir'd, in which you constantly endeavoured the Union of the metaphorically Defunct, that is such as are neither serviceable to the Busy and Enterprising part of Mankind, nor entertaining to the Retir'd and Speculative. There should certainly therefore in each County be established a Club of the Persons whose Conversations I have described, who for their own private, as also the publick Emolument, should exclude, and be excluded all other Society. Their Attire should be the same with their Huntsmen, and none should be admitted into this green Conversation-Piece, except he had broke

¹ Used for giving a drench to horses.

his Collar-bone thrice. A broken Rib or two might also admit a Man without the least Opposition. The President must necessarily have broken his Neck, and have been taken up dead once or twice: For the more Maims this Brotherhood shall have met with, the easier will their Conversation flow and keep up; and when any one of these vigorous Invalids had finished his Narration of the Collar-bone, this naturally would introduce the History of the Ribs. Besides, the different Circumstances of their Falls and Fractures would help to prolong and diversify their Relations. There should also be another Club of such Men, who have not succeeded so well in maiming themselves, but are however in the constant Pursuit of these Accomplishments. I would by no means be suspected by what I have said to traduce in general the Body of Fox-hunters; for whilst I look upon a reasonable Creature full-speed after a Pack of Dogs, by way of Pleasure, and not of Business, I shall always make honourable mention of it.

But the most irksome Conversation of all others I have met with in the Neighbourhood, has been among two or three of your Travellers, who have overlooked Men and Manners, and have passed through *France* and *Italy* with the same Observation that the Carriers and Stage-Coachmen do through *Great-Britain*; that is, their Stops and Stages have been regulated according to the Liquor they have met with in their Passage. They indeed remember the Names of abundance of Places, with the particular Fineries of certain Churches: But their distinguishing Mark is certain Prettinesses of Foreign Languages, the Meaning of which they could have better express'd in their own. The Entertainment of these fine Observers, *Shakespeare* has described to consist

*'In talking of the Alps and Appennines,
'The Pyrenean, and the River Po.'*¹

and then concludes with a Sigh,

'Now this is worshipful Society!

I would not be thought in all this to hate such honest Creatures as Dogs; I am only unhappy that I cannot partake in their Diversions. But I love them so well, as Dogs, that I often go with my Pockets stuffed with Bread to dispense my Favours, or make my way through them at Neighbours Houses. There is in particular a young Hound of great Expectation, Vivacity, and Enterprize, that attends my Flights wherever he spies me. This Creature observes my Countenance, and behaves himself accordingly. His Mirth, his Frolick, and Joy upon the Sight of me has been observed, and I have been gravely desired not to encourage him so much, for it spoils his Parts; but I think he shews them sufficiently in the several Boundings, Friskings, and Scourings, when he makes his Court to me: But I foresee in a little time he and I must keep Company with one another only, for we are fit for no other in these Parts. Having inform'd you how I do pass my time in the Country

¹ Falconbridge in King John, Act I. sc. i.

where I am, I must proceed to tell you how I would pass it, had I such a Fortune as would put me above the Observance of Ceremony and Custom.

My Scheme of a Country Life then should be as follows. As I am happy in three or four very agreeable Friends, these I would constantly have with me; and the Freedom we took with one another at School and the University, we would maintain and exert upon all Occasions with great Courage. There should be certain Hours of the Day to be employ'd in Reading, during which time it should be impossible for any one of us to enter the other's Chamber, unless by Storm. After this we would communicate the Trash or Treasure we had met with, with our own Reflections upon the Matter; the Justness of which we would controvert with good-humour'd Warmth, and never spare one another out of the complaisant Spirit of Conversation, which makes others affirm and deny the same matter in a quarter of an Hour. If any of the Neighbouring Gentlemen, not of our Turn, should take it in their heads to visit me, I should look upon these Persons in the same degree Enemies to my particular state of Happiness, as ever the *French* were to that of the Publick, and I would be at an annual Expence in Spies to observe their Motions. Whenever I should be surprized with a Visit, as I hate Drinking, I would be brisk in swilling Bum-pers, upon this Maxim, That it is better to trouble others with my Impertinence, than to be troubled myself with theirs. The Necessity of an Infirmary makes me resolve to fall into that Project; and as we should be but Five, the Terrors of an involuntary Separation, which our Number cannot so well admit of, would make us exert our selves, in opposition to all the particulars mentioned in your Institution of that equitable Confinement. This my way of Life I know would subject me to the Imputation of a morose, covetous and singular Fellow. These and all other hard words, with all manner of insipid Jests, and all other Reproach, would be matter of Mirth to me and my Friends: Besides, I would destroy the Application of the Epithets Morose and Covetous, by a yearly Relief of my undeservedly necessitous Neighbours, and by treating my Friends and Dometicks with an Humanity that should express the Obligation to lie rather on my side; and for the word Singular, I was always of opinion every Man must be so, to be what one would desire him.

Your very humble Servant,

J. R.¹

Mr. SPECTATOR,

About two Years ago I was called upon by the younger part of a Country Family, by my

¹ This letter was by Steele's old college friend, Richard Parker, who took his degree of M.A. in 1697, became Fellow of Merton, and died Vicar of Embleton, in Northumberland. This is the friend whose condemnation of the comedy written by him in student days Steele had accepted without question.

'Mother's side related to me, to visit Mr. *Campbell*, the dumb Man; ¹ for they told me that that was chiefly what brought them to Town, having heard Wonders of him in *Essex*. I, who always wanted Faith in Matters of that kind, was not easily prevailed on to go; but lest they should take it ill, I went with them; when to my surprize, Mr. *Campbell* related all their past Life, (in short, had he not been prevented, such a Discovery would have come out, as would have ruined the next design of their coming to Town, viz. buying Wedding-Cloaths.) Our Names—though he never heard of us before—and we endeavoured to conceal—were as familiar to him as to our selves. To be sure, Mr. SPECTATOR, he is a very learned and wise Man. Being impatient to know my Fortune, having paid my respects in a Family-*Jacobus*, he told me (after his manner) among several other things, that in a Year and nine Months I should fall ill of a new Fever, be given over by my Physicians, but should with much difficulty recover: That the first time I took the Air afterwards, I should be address'd to by a young Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune, good Sense, and a generous Spirit. Mr. SPECTATOR, he is the purest Man in the World, for all he said is come to pass, and I am the happiest She in *Kent*. I have been in quest of Mr. *Campbell* these three Months, and cannot find him out. Now hearing you are a dumb Man too, I thought you might correspond, and be able to tell me something; for I think myself highly oblig'd to make his Fortune, as he has mine. 'Tis very possible your Worship, who has Spies all over this Town, can inform me how to send to him: If you can, I beseech you be as speedy as possible, and you will highly oblige

Your constant Reader and Admirer,
Dulcibella Thankley.

Ordered, That the Inspector I employ about Wonders, enquire at the *Golden-Lion*, opposite to the *Half-Moon Tavern* in *Drury-Lane*, into the Merit of this Silent Sage, and report accordingly.
T.

No. 475.] Thursday, Sept. 4, 1712. [Addison.

—*Quæ res in se neque Consilium neque modum*

Habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes.

Ter.

IT is an old Observation, which has been made of Politicians who would rather ingratiate themselves with their Sovereign, than promote his real Service, that they accommodate their Counsels to his Inclinations, and advise him to such Actions only as his Heart is naturally set upon. The Privy-Counsellor of one in Love must observe the same Conduct, unless he would forfeit the Friendship of the Person who desires his Advice. I have known several odd Cases of this

¹ See note on p. 470.

Nature. *Hipparchus* was going to marry a common Woman, but being resolved to do nothing without the Advice of his Friend *Philander*, he consulted him upon the Occasion. *Philander* told him his Mind freely, and represented his Mistress to him in such strong Colours, that the next Morning he received a Challenge for his Pains, and before Twelve a Clock was run through the Body by the Man who had asked his Advice. *Celia* was more prudent on the like occasion; she desired *Leonilla* to give her Opinion freely upon a young Fellow who made his Addresses to her. *Leonilla*, to oblige her, told her with great Frankness, that she looked upon him as one of the most worthless——*Celia*, foreseeing what a Character she was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that she had been privately married to him above a Fortnight. The truth of it is, a Woman seldom asks Advice before she has bought her Wedding-Cloaths. When she has made her own Choice, for Form's sake she sends a *Congé d'elire* to her Friends.

If we look into the secret Springs and Motives that set People at work in these Occasions, and put them upon asking Advice, which they never intend to take; I look upon it to be none of the least, that they are incapable of keeping a Secret which is so very pleasing to them. A Girl longs to tell her Confident, that she hopes to be married in a little time, and, in order to talk of the pretty Fellow that dwells so much in her Thoughts, asks her very gravely, what she would advise her to do in a case of so much Difficulty. Why else should *Melissa*, who had not a Thousand Pound in the World, go into every Quarter of the Town to ask her Acquaintance whether they would advise her to take *Tom Townly*, that made his Addresses to her with an Estate of Five Thousand a Year? 'Tis very pleasant on this occasion, to hear the Lady propose her Doubts, and to see the Pains she is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a Practice that is in use among the vainer Part of our own Sex, who will often ask a Friend's Advice, in relation to a Fortune whom they are never likely to come at. WILL. HONEYCOMB, who is now on the Verge of Threescore, took me aside not long since, and asked me in his most serious Look, whether I would advise him to marry my Lady *Betty Single*, who, by the way, is one of the greatest Fortunes about Town. I star'd him full in the Face upon so strange a Question; upon which he immediately gave me an Inventory of her Jewels and Estate, adding, that he was resolved to do nothing in a matter of such Consequence without my Approbation. Finding he would have an Answer, I told him, if he could get the Lady's Consent, he had mine. This is about the Tenth Match which, to my knowledge, WILL. has consulted his Friends upon, without ever opening his Mind to the Party herself.

I have been engaged in this Subject by the following Letter, which comes to me from some notable young Female Scribe, who, by the Contents of it, seems to have carried Matters so far, that she is ripe for asking Advice; but as I would not lose her Good-Will, nor forfeit the Reputation which I have with her for Wisdom, I shall only

communicate the Letter to the Publick, without returning any Answer to it.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
 'Now, Sir, the thing is this: Mr. *Shapely* is 'the prettiest Gentleman about Town. He is very 'tall, but not too tall neither. He dances like a 'Angel. His Mouth is made I don't know how, 'but 'tis the prettiest that I ever saw in my Life. 'He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal 'of Wit. If you did but see how he rolls his 'Stockins! He has a thousand pretty Fancies, 'and I am sure, if you saw him, you would like 'him. He is a very good Scholar, and can talk 'Latin as fast as English. I wish you could but 'see him dance. Now you must understand poor 'Mr. *Shapely* has no Estate; but how can he 'help that, you know? And yet my Friends are so 'unreasonable as to be always teasing me about 'him, because he has no Estate: but I am sure 'he has that that is better than an Estate; for he 'is a Good-natured, Ingenious, Modest, Civil, 'Tall, Well-bred, Handsome Man, and I am 'obliged to him for his Civilities ever since I saw 'him. I forgot to tell you that he has black Eyes, 'and looks upon me now and then as if he had 'tears in them. And yet my Friends are so un- 'reasonable, that they would have me be uncivil 'to him. I have a good Portion which they can- 'not hinder me of, and I shall be fourteen on the '29th Day of *August* next, and am therefore 'willing to settle in the World as soon as I can, 'and so is Mr. *Shapely*. But every body I ad- 'vise with here is poor Mr. *Shapely's* Enemy. 'I desire therefore you will give me your Advice, 'for I know you are a wise Man; and if you ad- 'vise me well, I am resolved to follow it. I 'heartily wish you could see him dance, and am,

SIR,
 Your most humble Servant,
 B. D.

'He loves your Spectators mightily.
 C.

No. 476.] Friday, September 5, 1712. [Addison.

—lucidus Ordo.—Hor.

AMONG my Daily-Papers which I bestow on the Publick, there are some which are written with Regularity and Method, and others that run out into the Wildness of those Compositions which go by the Names of *Essays*. As for the first, I have the whole Scheme of the Discourse in my Mind before I set Pen to Paper. In the other kind of Writing, it is sufficient that I have several Thoughts on a Subject, without troubling myself to range them in such order, that they may seem to grow out of one another, and be disposed under the proper Heads. *Seneca* and *Montaigne* are Patterns for Writing in this last kind, as *Tully* and *Aristotle* excel in the other. When I read an Author of Genius who writes without Method, I fancy myself in a Wood that abounds with a great many noble Objects, rising among one another in the greatest Con-

fusion and Disorder. When I read a methodical Discourse, I am in a regular Plantation, and can place my self in its several Centres, so as to take a view of all the Lines and Walks that are struck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole Day together, and every Moment discover something or other that is new to you; but when you have done, you will have but a confused imperfect Notion of the Place: In the other, your Eye commands the whole Prospect, and gives you such an Idea of it, as is not easily worn out of the Memory.

Irregularity and want of Method are only supportable in Men of great Learning or Genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore chuse to throw down their Pearls in Heaps before the Reader, rather than be at the Pains of stringing them.

Method is of advantage to a Work, both in respect to the Writer and the Reader. In regard to the first, it is a great help to his Invention. When a Man has plann'd his Discourse, he finds a great many Thoughts rising out of every Head, that do not offer themselves upon the general Survey of a Subject. His Thoughts are at the same time more intelligible, and better discover their Drift and Meaning, when they are placed in their proper Lights, and follow one another in a regular Series, than when they are thrown together without Order and Connexion. There is always an Obscurity in Confusion, and the same Sentence that would have enlightened the Reader in one part of a Discourse, perplexes him in another. For the same reason likewise every Thought in a methodical Discourse shews [it¹] self in its greatest Beauty, as the several Figures in a piece of Painting receive new Grace from their Disposition in the Picture. The Advantages of a Reader from a methodical Discourse, are correspondent with those of the Writer. He comprehends every thing easily, takes it in with Pleasure, and retains it long.

Method is not less requisite in ordinary Conversation than in Writing, provided a Man would talk to make himself understood. I, who hear a thousand Coffee-house Debates every Day, am very sensible of this want of Method in the Thoughts of my honest Countrymen. There is not one Dispute in ten which is managed in those Schools of Politicks, where, after the three first Sentences, the Question is not entirely lost. Our Disputants put me in mind of the Cuttle-Fish, that when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens all the Water about him till he becomes invisible. The Man who does not know how to methodize his Thoughts, has always, to borrow a Phrase from the Dispensary, a barren Superfluity of Words;² the Fruit is lost amidst the Exuberance of Leaves.

Tom Puzzle is one of the most Eminent Immethodical Disputants of any that has fallen under my Observation. *Tom* has read enough to

¹ [its]

² It is said of *Colon* in the second Canto,
Hourly his learn'd Impertinence affords
A barren Superfluity of Words.

make him very Impertinent ; his Knowledge is sufficient to raise Doubts, but not to clear them. It is pity that he has so much Learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With these Qualifications *Tom* sets up for a Free-thinker, finds a great many things to blame in the Constitution of his Country, and gives shrewd Intimations that he does not believe another World. In short, *Puzzle* is an Atheist as much as his Parts will give him leave. He has got about half a dozen common-place Topicks, into which he never fails to turn the Conversation, whatever was the Occasion of it: Tho' the matter in debate be about *Doway* or *Denain*, it is ten to one but half his Discourse runs upon the Unreasonableness of Bigottry and Priest-craft. This makes Mr. *Puzzle* the Admiration of all those who have less Sense than himself, and the Contempt of those who have more. There is none in Town whom *Tom* dreads so much as my Friend *Will Dry*. *Will*, who is acquainted with *Tom's* Logick, when he finds him running off the Question, cuts him short with a *What then? We allow all this to be true, but what is it to our present Purpose?* I have known *Tom* eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing, as he thought, in the Superiority of the Argument, when he has been non-plus'd on a sudden by Mr. *Dry's* desiring him to tell the Company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In short, *Dry* is a Man of a clear methodical Head, but few Words, and gains the same Advantage over *Puzzle*, that a small Body of regular Troops would gain over a numberless undisciplined Militia. C.

No. 477.] Saturday, September 6, 1712. [Addison.

— An me ludit amabilis
Insania? audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.—Hor.

SIR,
HAVING lately read your Essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination, I was so taken with your Thoughts upon some of our *English* Gardens, that I cannot forbear troubling you with a Letter upon that Subject. I am one, you must know, who am looked upon as an Humourist in Gardening. I have several Acres about my House, which I call my Garden, and which a skilful Gardener would not know what to call. It is a Confusion of Kitchin and Parterre, Orchard and Flower-Garden, which lie so mixt and interwoven with one another, that if a Foreigner who had seen nothing of our Country should be convey'd into my Garden at his first landing, he would look upon it as a natural Wilderness, and one of the uncultivated Parts of our Country. My Flowers grow up in several Parts of the Garden in the greatest Luxuriancy and Profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one, by reason of its Rarity, that if I meet with any one in a Field which pleases me, I give it a place in my Garden. By this means, when a Stranger

walks with me, he is surprized to see several large Spots of Ground cover'd with ten thousand different Colours, and has often singled out Flowers that he might have met with under a common Hedge, in a Field, or in a Meadow, as some of the greatest Beauties of the Place. The only Method I observe in this Particular, is to range in the same Quarter the Products of the same Season, that they may make their Appearance together, and compose a Picture of the greatest Variety. There is the same Irregularity in my Plantations, which run into as great a Wildness as their Natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the Soil, and am pleased when I am walking in a Labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next Tree I shall meet with is an Apple or an Oak, an Elm or a Pear-Tree. My Kitchin has likewise its particular Quarters assigned it; for besides the wholesome Luxury which that Place abounds with, I have always thought a Kitchin-Garden a more pleasant Sight than the finest Orangery, or artificial Greenhouse. I love to see everything in its Perfection, and am more pleased to survey my Rows of Coleworts and Cabbages, with a thousand nameless Pot-herbs, springing up in their full Fragrancy and Verdure, than to see the tender Plants of Foreign Countries kept alive by artificial Heats, or withering in an Air and Soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit, that there is a Fountain rising in the upper part of my Garden, which forms a little wandring Rill, and administers to the Pleasure as well as the Plenty of the Place. I have so conducted it, that it visits most of my Plantations; and have taken particular Care to let it run in the same manner as it would do in an open Field, so that it generally passes through Banks of Violets and Primroses, Plats of Willow, or other Plants, that seem to be of its own producing. There is another Circumstance in which I am very particular, or, as my Neighbours call me, very whimsical: As my Garden invites into it all the Birds of the Country, by offering them the Conveniency of Springs and Shades, Solitude and Shelter, I do not suffer any one to destroy their Nests in the Spring, or drive them from their usual Haunts in Fruit-time. I value my Garden more for being full of Blackbirds than Cherries, and very frankly give them Fruit for their Songs. By this means I have always the Musick of the Season in its Perfection, and am highly delighted to see the Jay or the Thrush hopping about my Walks, and shooting before my Eye across the several little Glades and Alleys that I pass thro'. I think there are as many kinds of Gardening as of Poetry: Your Makers of Parterres and Flower-Gardens, are Epigrammatists and Sonneteers in this Art; Contrivers of Bowers and Grotto's, Treillages and Cascades, are Romance Writers. *Wise* and *London* are our heroick Poets; and if, as a Critick, I may single out any Passage of their Works to commend, I shall take notice of that Part in the upper Garden at *Kensington*, which was at first nothing but a Gravel-Pit. It must have been a fine Genius for Gardening, that could have thought of forming such an unsightly Hollow into so beautiful an Area, and to have hit the Eye with

so uncommon and agreeable a Scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular Spot of Ground the greater Effect, they have made a very pleasing Contrast; for as on one side of the Walk you see this hollow Basin, with its several little Plantations lying so conveniently under the Eye of the Beholder; on the other side of it there appears a seeming Mount, made up of Trees rising one higher than another in proportion as they approach the Center. A Spectator, who has not heard this Account of it, would think this Circular Mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow Space which I have before mention'd. I never yet met with any one who had walked in this Garden, who was not struck with that Part of it which I have here mention'd. As for my self, you will find, by the Account which I have already given you, that my Compositions in Gardening are altogether after the *Pindarick* Manner, and run into the beautiful Wildness of Nature, without affecting the nicer Elegancies of Art. What I am now going to mention, will, perhaps, deserve your Attention more than any thing I have yet said. I find that in the Discourse which I spoke of at the Beginning of my Letter, you are against filling an *English* Garden with Ever-Greens; and indeed I am so far of your Opinion, that I can by no means think the Verdure of an Ever-Green comparable to that which shoots out annually, and clothes our Trees in the Summer-Season. But I have often wonder'd that those who are like my self, and love to live in Gardens, have never thought of contriving a *Winter Garden*, which would consist of such Trees only as never cast their Leaves. We have very often little Snatches of Sunshine and fair Weather in the most uncomfortable Parts of the Year; and have frequently several Days in *November* and *January* that are as agreeable as any in the finest Months. At such times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater Pleasure, than to walk in such a *Winter-Garden* as I have proposed. In the Summer-Season the whole Country blooms, and is a kind of Garden, for which reason we are not so sensible of those Beauties that at this time may be every where met with; but when Nature is in her Desolation, and presents us with nothing but bleak and barren Prospects, there is something unspeakably chearful in a Spot of Ground which is covered with Trees that smile amidst all the Rigours of Winter, and give us a View of the most gay Season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy. I have so far indulged my self in this Thought, that I have set apart a whole Acre of Ground for the executing of it. The Walls are covered with Ivy instead of Vines. The Laurel, the Hornbeam, and the Holly, with many other Trees and Plants of the same nature, grow so thick in it, that you cannot imagine a more lively Scene. The glowing Redness of the Berries, with which they are hung at this time, vies with the Verdure of their Leaves, and are apt to inspire the Heart of the Beholder with that vernal Delight which you have somewhere taken notice of in your former papers.¹ It is very pleasant, at

¹ In No. 393.

the same time, to see the several kinds of Birds retiring into this little Green Spot, and enjoying themselves among the Branches and Foliage, when my great Garden, which I have before mention'd to you, does not afford a single Leaf for their Shelter.

You must know, Sir, that I look upon the Pleasure which we take in a Garden, as one of the most innocent Delights in Human Life. A Garden was the Habitation of our first Parents before the Fall. It is naturally apt to fill the Mind with Calmness and Tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent Passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the Contrivance and Wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable Subjects for Meditation. I cannot but think the very Complacency and Satisfaction which a Man takes in these Works of Nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous Habit of Mind. For all which Reasons I hope you will pardon the Length of my present Letter.

I am,

C. SIR, &c.

No. 478. Monday, September 8, 1712. [Steele.]

—Usus

Quem penes Arbitrium est, et Jus et Norma—

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IT happened lately, that a Friend of mine, who had many things to buy for his Family, would oblige me to walk with him to the Shops. He was very nice in his way, and fond of having every thing shewn, which at first made me very uneasy; but as his Humour still continu'd, the things which I had been staring at along with him, began to fill my Head, and led me into a Set of amusing Thoughts concerning them.

I fancied it must be very surprizing to any one who enters into a detail of Fashions, to consider how far the Vanity of Mankind has laid it self out in Dress, what a prodigious number of People it maintains, and what a Circulation of Money it occasions. Providence in this Case makes use of the Folly which we will not give up, and it becomes instrumental to the Support of those who are willing to labour. Hence it is that Fringe-Makers, Lace-Men, Tire-Women, and a number of other Trades, which would be useless in a simple State of Nature, draw their Subsistence; tho' it is seldom seen that such as these are extremely rich, because their original Fault of being founded upon Vanity, keeps them poor by the light Inconstancy of its Nature. The Variableness of Fashion turns the Stream of Business which flows from it now into one Channel, and anon into another; so that different Sets of People sink or flourish in their turns by it.

From the Shops we retir'd to the Tavern, where I found my Friend express so much satisfaction for the Bargains he had made, that my moral Reflections, (if I had told them) might have pass'd for a Reproof; so I chose rather to fall in with him, and let the Discourse run upon the use of Fashions.

Here we remembred how much Man is govern'd by his Senses, how lively he is struck by the

Objects which appear to him in an agreeable manner, how much Clothes contribute to make us agreeable Objects, and how much we owe it to our selves that we should appear so.

We considered Man as belonging to Societies; Societies as form'd of different Ranks; and different Ranks distinguished by Habits, that all proper Duty or Respect might attend their Appearance.

We took notice of several Advantages which are met with in the Occurrences of Conversation. How the bashful Man has been sometimes so rais'd, as to express himself with an Air of Freedom, when he imagines that his Habit introduces him to Company with a becoming Manner: And again, how a Fool in fine Clothes shall be suddenly heard with Attention, till he has betray'd himself; whereas a Man of Sense appearing with a Dress of Negligence, shall be but coldly received, till he be proved by Time, and established in a Character. Such things as these we cou'd recollect to have happen'd to our knowledge so very often, that we concluded the Author had his Reasons, who advises his Son to go in Dress rather above his Fortune than under it.

At last the Subject seem'd so considerable, that it was proposed to have a Repository built for Fashions, as there are Chambers for Medals and other Rarities. The Building may be shap'd as that which stands among the Pyramids, in the Form of a Woman's Head. This may be rais'd upon Pillars, whose Ornaments shall bear a just relation to the Design. Thus there may be an Imitation of Fringe carv'd in the Base, a sort of Appearance of Lace in the Frieze, and a Representation of curling Locks, with Bows of Ribband sloping over them, may fill up the Work of the Cornish. The Inside may be divided into two Apartments appropriated to each Sex. The Apartments may be fill'd with Shelves, on which Boxes are to stand as regularly as Books in a Library. These are to have Folding-Doors, which being open'd you are to behold a Baby dressed out in some Fashion which has flourish'd, and standing upon a Pedestal, where the time of its Reign is mark'd down. For its further Regulation, let it be order'd, that every one who invents a Fashion shall bring in his Box, whose Front he may at pleasure have either work'd or painted with some amorous or gay Device, that, like Books with gilded Leaves and Covers, it may the sooner draw the Eyes of the Beholders. And to the end that these may be preserv'd with all due Care, let there be a Keeper appointed, who shall be a Gentleman qualify'd with a competent Knowledge in Clothes; so that by this means the Place will be a comfortable Support for some Beau who has spent his Estate in dressing.

The Reasons offer'd by which we expected to gain the Approbation of the Publick, were as follows.

First, That every one who is considerable enough to be a Mode, and has any Imperfection of Nature or Chance, which it is possible to hide by the Advantage of Clothes, may, by coming to this Repository, be furnish'd her self, and furnish all who are under the same Misfortune, with the most agreeable Manner of concealing it; and that on the other side, every one who has any

Beauty in Face or Shape, may also be furnished with the most agreeable Manner of shewing it.

Secondly, That whereas some of our young Gentlemen who travel, give us great reason to suspect that they only go abroad to make or improve a Fancy for Dress, a Project of this nature may be a means to keep them at home, which is in effect the keeping of so much Money in the Kingdom. And perhaps the Balance of Fashion in *Europe*, which now leans upon the side of *France*, may be so alter'd for the future, that it may become as common with *Frenchmen* to come to *England* for their finishing Stroke of Breeding, as it has been for *Englishmen* to go to *France* for it.

Thirdly, Whereas several great Scholars, who might have been otherwise useful to the World, have spent their time in studying to describe the Dresses of the Ancients from dark Hints, which they are fain to interpret and support with much Learning, it will from henceforth happen, that they shall be freed from the Trouble, and the World from useless Volumes. This Project will be a Registry, to which Posterity may have recourse, for the clearing such obscure Passages as tend that way in Authors; and therefore we shall not for the future submit our selves to the Learning of Etymology, which might persuade the Age to come, that the Farthingal was worn for Cheapness, or the Furbeloe for Warmth.

Fourthly, Whereas they who are old themselves, have often a way of railing at the Extravagance of Youth, and the whole Age in which their Children live; it is hoped that this ill Humour will be much suppress'd, when we can have recourse to the Fashions of their Times, produce them in our Vindication, and be able to shew that it might have been as expensive in Queen *Elizabeth's* time only to wash and quill a Ruff, as it is now to buy Cravats or Neck-Handkerchiefs.

We desire also to have it taken Notice of, That because we would shew a particular respect to Foreigners, which may induce them to perfect their Breeding here in a Knowledge which is very proper for pretty Gentlemen, we have conceived the Motto for the House in the Learned Language. There is to be a Picture over the Door, with a Looking-Glass and a Dressing-Chair in the Middle of it: Then on one side are to be seen, above one another, Patch-Boxes, Pin-Cushions, and little Bottles; on the other, Powder Baggs, Puffs, Combs and Brushes; beyond these, Swords with fine Knots, whose Points are hidden, and Fans almost closed, with the Handles downward, are to stand out interchangeably from the Sides till they meet at the Top, and form a Semi-circle over the rest of the Figures: Beneath all, the Writing is to run in this pretty sounding Manner:

*Adeste, O quotquot sunt, Veneres, Gratiae,
Cupidines,*¹

¹ 'All ye Venuses, Graces, and Cupids, attend:
See prepared to your hands
Darts, torches, and bands:
Your weapons here choose, and your empire
extend.'

*En vobis adsunt in promptu
Faces, Vincula, Spicula,
Hinc eligite, sumite, regite.*

I am, Sir,
Your most humble Servant,
A. B.

The Proposal of my Correspondent I cannot but look upon as an ingenious Method of placing Persons (whose Parts make them ambitious to exert themselves in frivolous things) in a Rank by themselves. In order to this, I would propose, That there be a Board of Directors of the fashionable Society; and because it is a Matter of too much Weight for a private Man to determine alone, I should be highly obliged to my Correspondents if they would give in Lists of Persons qualify'd for this Trust. If the chief Coffee-houses, the Conversations of which Places are carry'd on by Persons, each of whom has his little number of Followers and Admirers, would name from among themselves two or three to be inserted, they should be put up with great Faithfulness. Old Beaus are to be presented in the first place; but as that Sect, with relation to Dress, is almost extinct, it will, I fear, be absolutely necessary to take in all Time-Servers, properly so deem'd; that is, such as, without any Conviction of Conscience or View of Interest, change with the World, and that merely from a Terror of being out of Fashion. Such also, who from Facility of Temper, and too much Obsequiousness, are vicious against their Will, and follow Leaders whom they do not approve, for Want of Courage to go their own Way, are capable Persons for this Superintendency. Those who are loth to grow old, or would do any thing contrary to the Course and Order of things, out of Fondness to be in Fashion, are proper Candidates. To conclude, those who are in Fashion without apparent Merit, must be supposed to have latent Qualities, which would appear in a Post of Direction; and therefore are to be regarded in forming these Lists. Any who shall be pleased, according to these, or what further Qualifications may occur to himself, to send a List, is desired to do it within fourteen days after this Date.

N. B. *The Place of the Physician to this Society, according to the last mentioned Qualification, is already engag'd.* T.

No. 479.] Tuesday, September 9, 1712. [Steele.

—Dare Jure maritis.—Hor.

MANY are the Epistles I every day receive from Husbands, who complain of Vanity, Pride, but above all Ill-nature, in their Wives. I cannot tell how it is, but I think I see in all their Letters that the Cause of their Uneasiness is in themselves; and indeed I have hardly ever observed the married Condition unhappy, but from want of Judgment or Temper in the Man. The truth is, we generally make Love in a Style, and with Sentiments very unfit for ordinary Life:

They are half Theatrical, half Romantick. By this Means we raise our Imaginations to what is not to be expected in human Life; and because we did not beforehand think of the Creature we were enamoured of as subject to Dishumour, Age, Sickness, Impatience or Sullenness, but altogether considered her as the Object of Joy, human Nature it self is often imputed to her as her particular Imperfection or Defect.

I take it to be a Rule proper to be observed in all Occurrences of Life, but more especially in the domestick or matrimonial Part of it, to preserve always a Disposition to be pleased. This cannot be supported but by considering things in their right light, and as Nature has form'd them, and not as our own Fancies or Appetites would have them. He then who took a young Lady to his Bed, with no other Consideration than the Expectation of Scenes of Dalliance, and thought of her (as I said before) only as she was to administer to the Gratification of Desire; as that Desire flags, will, without her Fault, think her Charms and her Merit abated: From hence must follow Indifference, Dislike, Peevishness, and Rage. But the Man who brings his Reason to support his Passion, and beholds what he loves as liable to all the Calamities of human Life both in Body and Mind, and even at the best what must bring upon him new Cares and new Relations; such a Lover, I say, will form himself accordingly, and adapt his Mind to the Nature of his Circumstances. This latter Person will be prepared to be a Father, a Friend, an Advocate, a Steward for People yet unborn, and has proper Affections ready for every Incident in the Marriage State. Such a Man can hear the Cries of Children with Pity instead of Anger; and when they run over his Head, he is not disturb'd at their Noise, but is glad of their Mirth and Health. *Tom Trusty* has told me, that he thinks it doubles his Attention to the most intricate Affair he is about, to hear his Children, for whom all his Cares are applied, make a Noise in the next Room: On the other side *Will Sparkish* cannot put on his Perriwig, or adjust his Cravat at the Glass, for the Noise of those damned Nurses and [squaling¹] Brats; and then ends with a gallant Reflection upon the Comforts of Matrimony, runs out of the Hearing, and drives to the Chocolate-house.

According as the Husband is dispos'd in himself, every Circumstance of his Life is to give him Torment or Pleasure. When the Affection is well-placed, and supported by the Considerations of Duty, Honour, and Friendship, which are in the highest Degree engag'd in this Alliance, there can nothing rise in the common Course of Life, or from the Blows or Favours of Fortune, in which a Man will not find Matters of some Delight unknown to a single Condition.

He who sincerely loves his Wife and Family, and studies to improve that Affection in himself, conceives Pleasure from the most indifferent things; while the married Man, who has not bid adieu to the Fashions and false Gallantries of the Town, is perplexed with every thing around him. In both these Cases Men cannot, indeed, make a sillier Figure, than in repeating such Pleasures and

¹ [squalwing]

Pains to the rest of the World ; but I speak of them only, as they sit upon those who are involved in them. As I visit all sorts of People, I cannot indeed but smile, when the good Lady tells her Husband what extraordinary things the Child spoke since he went out. No longer than yesterday I was prevail'd with to go home with a fond Husband : and his Wife told him, that his Son, of his own head, when the Clock in the Parlour struck two, said, Pappa would come home to Dinner presently. While the Father has him in a rapture in his Arms, and is drowning him with Kisses, the Wife tells me he is but just four Years old. Then they both struggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat his Observation of two a-Clock. I was called upon, by Looks upon the Child, and then at me, to say something ; and I told the Father, that this Remark of the Infant of his coming home, and joining the Time with it, was a certain Indication that he would be a great Historian and Chronologer. They are neither of them Fools, yet received my Compliment with great Acknowledgment of my Prescience. I fared very well at Dinner, and heard many other notable Sayings of their Heir, which would have given very little Entertainment to one less turned to Reflection than I was ; but it was a pleasing Speculation to remark on the Happiness of a Life, in which things of no Moment give Occasion of Hope, Self-Satisfaction, and Triumph. On the other Hand, I have known an ill-natur'd Coxcomb, who was hardly improved in any thing but Bulk, for want of this Disposition, silence the whole Family, as a Set of silly Women and Children, for recounting things which were really above his own Capacity.

When I say all this, I cannot deny but there are perverse Jades that fall to Mens Lots, with whom it requires more than common Proficiency in Philosophy to be able to live. When these are joined to Men of warm Spirits, without Temper or Learning, they are frequently corrected with Stripes ; but one of our famous Lawyers is of Opinion, That this ought to be used sparingly. As I remember, those are his very Words ;¹ but as it is proper to draw some spiritual Use out of all Afflictions, I should rather recommend to those who are visited with Women of Spirit, to form themselves for the World by Patience at home. *Socrates*, who is by all Accounts the undoubted Head of the Sect of the Hen-peck'd, own'd and acknowledged that he ow'd great part of his Virtue to the Exercise which his useful Wife constantly gave it. There are several good Instructions may be drawn from his wise Answers to People of less Fortitude than himself on her Subject. A Friend, with Indignation, asked how so good a Man could live with so violent a Creature ? He observ'd to him, *That they who learn to keep a good Seat on horseback, mount the least managable they can get, and when they have*

¹ Henry de Bracton in his treatise of five books *de Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ*, written about the middle of the thirteenth century, says (Bk. I. ch. x.) 'quædam sunt sub virgâ, ut uxores, &c.' but qualifies private right with the secondary claim of the community.

*master'd them, they are sure never to be decompos'd on the Backs of Steeds less restive.*¹ At several times, to different Persons, on the same Subject, he has said, *My dear Friend, you are beholden to Xantippe, that I bear so well your flying out in a Dispute.* To another, *My Hen clacks very much, but she brings me Chickens.* *They that live in a trading Street, are not disturbed at the Passage of Carts.* I would have, if possible, a wise Man be contented with his Lot, even with a Shrew ; for tho' he cannot make her better, he may, you see, make himself better by her means.

But instead of pursuing my Design of Displaying Conjugal Love in its natural Beauties and Attractions, I am got into Tales to the disadvantage of that State of Life. I must say, therefore, that I am verily persuaded that whatever is delightful in human Life, is to be enjoy'd in greater Perfection in the marry'd, than in the single Condition. He that has this Passion in Perfection, in Occasions of Joy can say to himself, besides his own Satisfaction, *How happy will this make my Wife and Children?* Upon Occurrences of Distress or Danger can comfort himself, *But, all this while my Wife and Children are safe.* There is something in it that doubles Satisfaction, because others participate them ; and dispels Afflictions, because others are exempt from them. All who are marry'd without this Relish of their Circumstance, are in either a tasteless Indolence and Negligence, which is hardly to be attain'd, or else live in the hourly Repetition of sharp Answers, eager Upbraidings, and distracting Reproaches. In a word the married State, with and without the Affection suitable to it, is the completest Image of Heaven and Hell we are capable of receiving in this Life. T.

No. 480.] Wednesday, September 10, 1712. [Steele.

*Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,
Fortis, et in seipso totus teres, atque rotundus.*
Hor.

THE other Day looking over those old Manuscripts, of which I have formerly given some Account, and which relate to the Character of the mighty *Pharamond* of France, and the close Friendship between him and his Friend *Eucrate* ;² I found, among the Letters which had been in the custody of the latter, an Epistle from a Country Gentleman to *Pharamond*, wherein he excuses himself from coming to Court. The Gentleman, it seems, was contented with his Condition, had formerly been in the King's Service, but at the writing the following Letter, had, from Leisure and Reflection, quite another Sense of things than that which he had in the more active Part of his Life.

Monsieur Chezluy to Pharamond.

Dread Sir,

'I have from your own Hand (enclosed under

¹ Xenophon's Symposium, Bk. II.

² See Nos. 76, 84, 97.

‘the Cover of Mr. *Eucrate* of your Majesty’s Bed-Chamber) a Letter which invites me to Court. I understand this great Honour to be done me out of Respect and Inclination to me, rather than Regard to your own Service: For which Reason I beg leave to lay before your Majesty my Reasons for declining to depart from Home; and will not doubt but, as your Motive in desiring my Attendance was to make me an happier Man, when you think that will not be effected by my Remove, you will permit me to stay where I am. Those who have an Ambition to appear in Courts, have ever an Opinion that their Persons or their Talents are particularly formed for the Service or Ornament of that Place; or else are hurried by downright Desire of Gain, or what they call Honour, or take upon themselves whatever the Generosity of their Master can give them Opportunities to grasp at. But your Goodness shall not be thus imposed upon by me: I will therefore confess to you, that frequent Solitude, and long Conversation with such who know no Arts which polish Life, have made me the plainest Creature in your Dominions. Those less Capacities of moving with a good Grace, bearing a ready Affability to all around me, and acting with ease before many, have quite left me. I am come to that, with regard to my Person, that I consider it only as a Machine I am obliged to take Care of, in order to enjoy my Soul in its Faculties with Alacrity; well remembering, that this Habitation of Clay will in a few years be a meaner Piece of Earth than any Utensil about my House. When this is, as it really is, the most frequent Reflection I have, you will easily imagine how well I should become a Drawing-Room: Add to this, What shall a Man without Desires do about the generous *Pharamond*? Monsieur *Eucrate* has hinted to me, that you have thoughts of distinguishing me with Titles. As for my self, in the Temper of my present Mind, Appellations of Honour would but embarrass Discourse, and new Behaviour towards me perplex me in every Habitude of Life. I am also to acknowledge to you, that my Children, of whom your Majesty condescended to enquire, are all of them mean, both in their Persons and Genius. The Estate my eldest Son is Heir to, is more than he can enjoy with a good Grace. My Self-love will not carry me so far, as to impose upon Mankind the Advancement of Persons (merely for their being related to me) into high Distinctions, who ought for their own Sakes, as well as that of the Publick, to affect Obscurity. I wish, my generous Prince, as it is in your power to give Honours and Offices, it were also to give Talents suitable to them: Were it so, the noble *Pharamond* would reward the Zeal of my Youth with Abilities to do him Service in my Age.

‘Those who accept of Favour without Merit, support themselves in it at the Expence of your Majesty. Give me Leave to tell you, Sir, this is the Reason that we in the Country hear so often repeated the Word *Prerogative*. That Part of your Law which is reserved in your self for the readier Service and Good of the Publick, slight

‘Men are eternally buzzing in our Ears to cover their own Follies and Miscarriages. It would be an Addition to the high Favour you have done me, if you would let *Eucrate* send me word how often, and in what Cases you allow a Constable to insist upon the *Prerogative*. From the highest to the lowest Officer in your Dominions, something of their own Carriage they would exempt from Examination under the Shelter of the Word *Prerogative*. I would fain, most noble *Pharamond*, see one of your Officers assert your *Prerogative* by good and gracious Actions. When is it used to help the Afflicted, to rescue the Innocent, to comfort the Stranger? Uncommon Methods, apparently undertaken to attain worthy Ends, would never make Power invidious. You see, Sir, I talk to you with the Freedom your noble Nature approves, in all whom you admit to your Conversation.

‘But, to return to your Majesty’s Letter, I humbly conceive, that all Distinctions are useful to Men, only as they are to act in Publick; and it would be a romantick Madness, for a Man to be a Lord in his Closet. Nothing can be honourable to a Man apart from the World, but the Reflection upon worthy Actions; and he that places Honour in a Consciousness of Well-doing, will have but little Relish for any outward Homage that is paid him, since what gives him distinction to himself, cannot come within the Observation of his Beholders. Thus all the Words of Lordship, Honour, and Grace, are only Repeitions to a Man that the King has order’d him to be called so; but no Evidences that there is any thing in himself that would give the Man who applies to him those Ideas, without the Creation of his Master.

‘I have, most noble *Pharamond*, all Honours and all Titles in your own Approbation; I triumph in them as they are your Gift, I refuse them as they are to give me the Observation of others. Indulge me, my Noble Master, in this Chastity of Renown; let me know myself in the Favour of *Pharamond*; and look down upon the Applause of the People.

I am,
in all Duty and Loyalty,
Your Majesty’s most obedient
Subject and Servant,
Jean Chezluy.

SIR,

‘I need not tell you with what Disadvantages Men of low Fortunes and great Modesty come into the World; what wrong Measures their Diffidence of themselves, and Fear of offending, often obliges them to take; and what a Pity it is that their greatest Virtues and Qualities, that should soonest recommend them, are the main Obstacle in the way of their Preferment.

‘This, Sir, is my Case; I was bred at a Country-School, where I learned *Latin* and *Greek*. The Misfortunes of my Family forced me up to Town, where a Profession of the politer sort has protected me against Infamy and Want. I am now Clerk to a Lawyer, and, in times of Vacancy and Recess from Business, have made myself Master of *Italian* and *French*; and tho’ the Progress I have made in my Business has gain’d

'me Reputation enough for one of my standing,
'yet my Mind suggests to me every day, that it
'is not upon that Foundation I am to build my
'Fortune.

'The Person I have my present Dependance
'upon, has it in his Nature, as well as in his
'Power, to advance me, by recommending me to
'a Gentleman that is going beyond Sea in a pub-
'lick Employment. I know the printing this Letter
'would point me out to those I want Confidence
'to speak to, and I hope it is not in your Power
'to refuse making any Body happy.

'September 9,
1712.

Yours, &c.

T.

M. D.¹

No. 481.] Thursday, Sept. 11, 1712. [Addison.

Uti non

Compositus melius cum Bitho Bacchius, in jus
Acres procurrunt— Hor.

IT is [something²] pleasant enough to consider the different Notions, which different Persons have of the same thing. If Men of low Condition very often set a Value on Things, which are not prized by those who are in an higher Station of Life, there are many things these esteem which are in no Value among Persons of an inferior Rank. Common People are, in particular, very much astonished, when they hear of those solemn Contests and Debates, which are made among the Great upon the Punctilio's of a publick Ceremony, and wonder to hear that any Business of Consequence should be retarded by those little Circumstances, which they represent to themselves as trifling and insignificant. I am mightily pleased with a Porter's Decision in one of Mr. *Southern's* Plays,³ which is founded upon that fine Distress of a Virtuous Woman's marrying a second Husband, while her first was yet living. The first Husband, who was suppos'd to have been dead, returning to his House after a long Absence, raises a noble Perplexity for the Tragick Part of the Play. In the mean while, the Nurse and the Porter conferring upon the Difficulties that would ensue in such a Case, honest *Sampson* thinks the matter may be easily decided, and solves it very judiciously, by the old Proverb, that if his first Master be still living, *The Man must have his Mare again*. There is nothing in my time which has so much surprized and confounded the greatest part of my honest Countrymen, as the present Controversy between Count *Rechteren* and Monsieur *Mesnager*, which employs the wise Heads of so many Nations, and holds all the Affairs of *Europe* in suspence.⁴

¹ Mr. Robert Harper, who died an eminent conveyancer of Lincoln's Inn. He sent his letter on the 9th of August, and it appeared September the 10th with omissions and alterations by Steele.

² [sometimes]

³ The Fatal Marriage, or the Innocent Adultery.

⁴ The negotiations for Peace which were going on at Utrecht had been checked by the complaint

Upon my going into a Coffee-house yesterday, and lending an ear to the next Table, which was

of Count *Rechteren*, deputy for the Province of *Overysse*. On the 24th of July the French, under Marshal *Villars*, had obtained a great victory at *Denain*, capturing the Earl of *Albemarle*, the Princes of *Anhalt*, of *Holstein*, *Nassau Secken*, and 2500 men, under the eyes of Prince *Eugene*, who was stopped at the bridge of *Prouy* on his way to rescue and entreated by the deputies of the States-general to retire. The allies lost a thousand killed and fifteen hundred drowned; the French only five hundred, and sixty flags were sent as trophies to *Versailles*. The insecure position taken by the Earl of *Albemarle* had been forced on Prince *Eugene* by the Dutch deputies, who found the arrangement cheapest. 'Tell me,' he said, 'of the conquests of *Alexander*. He had 'no Dutch deputies in his army.' Count *Rechteren*, deputy for *Overysse*, complained that, a few days after this battle, when he was riding in his carriage by the gate of *M. Menager*, the French Plenipotentiary, that gentleman's lackeys insulted his lackeys with grimaces and indecent gestures. He sent his secretary to complain to *M. Menager*, demand satisfaction, and say that if it were not given, he should take it. *Ménager* replied, in writing, that although this was but an affair between lackeys, he was far from approving ill behaviour in his servants towards other servants, particularly towards servants of Count *Rechteren*, and he was ready to send to the Count those lackeys whom he had seen misbehaving, or even those whom his other servants should point out as guilty of the offensive conduct. *Rechteren*, when the answer arrived, was gone to the *Hague*, and it was forwarded to his colleague, *M. Moerman*. Upon his return to *Utrecht*, *Rechteren* sent his secretary again to *Ménager*, with the complaint as before, and received the answer as before. He admitted that he had not himself seen the grimaces and insulting gestures, but he ought, he said, to be at liberty to send his servants into *Ménager's* house for the detection of the offenders. A few days afterwards *Ménager* and *Rechteren* were on the chief promenade of *Utrecht*, with others who were Plenipotentiaries of the United Provinces, and after exchange of civilities, *Rechteren* said that he was still awaiting satisfaction. *Ménager* replied as before, and said that his lackeys all denied the charge against them. *Ménager* refused also to allow the accusers of his servants to come into his house and be their judges. *Rechteren* said he would have justice yet upon master and men. He was invested with a sovereign power as well as *Ménager*. He was not a man to take insults. He spoke some words in Dutch to his attendants, and presently *Ménager's* lackeys came with complaint that the lackeys of *Rechteren* tripped them up behind, threw them upon their faces, and threatened them with knives. *Rechteren* told the French Plenipotentiary that he would pay them for doing that, and discharge them if they did not do it. *Rechteren's* colleagues did what they could to cover or excuse his folly, and begged that the matter might not appear in a despatch to France or be represented to the States-

encompassed with a Circle of inferior Politicians, one of them, after having read over the News very attentively, broke out into the following Remarks. I am afraid, says he, this unhappy Rupture between the Footmen at *Utrecht* will retard the Peace of Christendom. I wish the Pope may not be at the Bottom of it. His Holiness has a very good hand at fomenting a Division, as the poor *Suisse Cantons* have lately experienced to their Cost. If Mo[u]nsieur¹ *What-d'ye-call-him's* Domesticks will not come to an Accommodation, I do not know how the Quarrel can be ended, but by a Religious War.

Why truly, says a *Wiseacre* that sat by him, were I as the King of *France*, I would scorn to take part with the Footmen of either side: Here's all the Business of *Europe* stands still, because Mo[u]nsieur *Mesnager's* Man has had his Head broke. If Count *Rectrum* had given them a Pot of Ale after it, all would have been well, without any of this Bustle; but they say he's a warm Man, and does not care to be made Mouths at.

Upon this, one, that had held his Tongue hitherto, [began²] to exert himself; declaring, that he was very well pleased the Plenipotentiaries of our Christian Princes took this matter into their serious Consideration; for that Lacqueys were never so saucy and pragmatical, as they are now-a-days, and that he should be glad to see them taken down in the Treaty of Peace, if it might be done without prejudice to [the] Publick Affairs.

One who sat at the other End of the Table, and seemed to be in the Interests of the *French* King, told them, that they did not take the matter

general, but be left to the arbitration of the English Plenipotentiaries. This the French assented to, but they now demanded satisfaction against *Rechteren*, and refused to accept the excuse made for him, that he was drunk. He might, under other circumstances, says M. Torcy, the French minister of the time, in his account of the Peace Negotiations, have dismissed the petty quarrel of servants by accepting such an excuse but, says M. de Torcy, 'it was desirable 'to retard the Conferences, and this dispute gave 'a plausible reason.' Therefore until the King of France and Bolingbroke had come to a complete understanding, the King of France ordered his three Plenipotentiaries to keep the States-general busy with the task of making it clear to his French Majesty whether *Rechteren's* violence was sanctioned by them, or whether he had acted under private passion, excited by the Ministers of the House of Austria. Then they must further assent to a prescribed form of disavowal, and deprive *Rechteren* of his place as a deputy. This was the high policy of the affair of the lackeys, which, as Addison says, held all the affairs of Europe in suspense, a policy avowed with all complacency by the high politician who was puller of the strings. (*Memoires de Torcy*, Vol. iii. pp. 411-13.)

¹ It is Monsieur in the first issue and also in the first reprint.

* [begun]

right, for that his most Christian Majesty did not resent this matter because it was an Injury done to Monsieur *Mesnager's* Footmen; for, says he, what are Monsieur *Mesnager's* Footmen to him? but because it was done to his Subjects. Now, says he, let me tell you, it would look very odd for a Subject of *France* to have a bloody Nose, and his Sovereign not to take Notice of it. He is obliged in Honour to defend his People against Hostilities; and if the *Dutch* will be so insolent to a Crowned Head, as, in any wise, to cuff or kick those who are under *His* Protection, I think he is in the right to call them to an Account for it.

This Distinction set the Controversy upon a new Foot, and seemed to be very well approved by most that heard it, till a little warm Fellow, who declared himself a Friend to the House of *Austria*, fell most unmercifully upon his *Gallick* Majesty, as encouraging his Subjects to make Mouths at their Betters, and afterwards screening them from the Punishment that was due to their Insolence. To which he added that the *French* Nation was so addicted to Grimace, that if there was not a Stop put to it at the General Congress, there would be no walking the Streets for them in a time of Peace, especially if they continued Masters of the *West-Indies*. The little Man proceeded with a great deal of warmth, declaring that if the Allies were of his Mind, he would oblige the *French* King to burn his Gallies, and tolerate the Protestant Religion in his Dominions, before he would Sheath his Sword. He concluded with calling Mo[u]nsieur *Mesnager* an Insignificant Prig.

The Dispute was now growing very Warm, and one does not know where it would have ended, had not a young Man of about One and Twenty, who seems to have been brought up with an Eye to the Law, taken the Debate into his Hand, and given it as his Opinion, that neither Count *Rechteren* nor Mo[u]nsieur *Mesnager* had behaved themselves right in this Affair. Count *Rechteren*, says he, should have made Affidavit that his Servants had been affronted, and then Mo[u]nsieur *Mesnager* would have done him Justice, by taking away their Liveries from 'em, or some other way that he might have thought the most proper; for let me tell you, if a Man makes a Mouth at me, I am not to knock the Teeth out of it for his Pains. Then again, as for Mo[u]nsieur *Mesnager*, upon his Servants being beaten, why! he might have had his Action of Assault and Battery. But as the case now stands, if you will have my Opinion, I think they ought to bring it to Referees.

I heard a great deal more of this Conference, but I must confess with little Edification; for all I could learn at last from these honest Gentlemen, was, that the matter in Debate was of too high a Nature for such Heads as theirs, or mine, to Comprehend. O.

No. 482.] Friday, September 12, 1712. [Addison.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant.

Lucr.

WHEN I have published any single Paper that falls in with the Popular Taste, and pleases more than ordinary, it always brings me in a great return of Letters. My *Tuesday's* Discourse, wherein I gave several Admonitions to the Fraternity of the *Henpeck'd*, has already produced me very many Correspondents; the Reason I cannot guess at, unless it be that such a Discourse is of general Use, and every married Man's Money. An honest Tradesman, who dates his Letter from *Cheapside*, sends me Thanks in the name of a Club, who, he tells me, meet as often as their Wives will give them leave, and stay together till they are sent for home. He informs me, that my Paper has administered great Consolation to their whole Club, and desires me to give some further Account of *Socrates*, and to acquaint them in whose Reign he lived, whether he was a Citizen or a Courtier, whether he buried *Xantippe*, with many other particulars: For that by his Sayings he appears to have been a very Wise Man and a good Christian. Another, who writes himself *Benjamin Bamboo*, tells me, that being coupled with a Shrew, he had endeavoured to tame her by such lawful means as those which I mentioned in my last *Tuesday's* Paper, and that in his Wrath he had often gone further than *Bracton* allows in those cases; but that for the future he was resolved to bear it like a Man of Temper and Learning, and consider her only as one who lives in his House to teach him Philosophy. *Tom Dapperwit* says, that he agrees with me in that whole Discourse, excepting only the last Sentence, where I affirm the married State to be either an Heaven or an Hell. *Tom*. has been at the charge of a Penny upon this occasion, to tell me, that by his Experience it is neither one nor the other, but rather that middle kind of State, commonly known by the Name of *Purgatory*.

The Fair Sex have likewise obliged me with their Reflections upon the same Discourse. A Lady, who calls herself *Euterpe*, and seems a Woman of Letters, asks me whether I am for establishing the *Salick* Law in every Family, and why it is not fit that a Woman who has Discretion and Learning should sit at the Helm, when the Husband is weak and illiterate? Another, of a quite contrary Character, subscribes herself *Xantippe*, and tells me, that she follows the Example of her Name-sake; for being married to a Bookish Man, who has no Knowledge of the World, she is forced to take their Affairs into her own Hands, and to spirit him up now and then, that he may not grow musty, and unfit for Conversation.

After this Abridgment of some Letters which are come to my hands upon this Occasion, I shall publish one of them at large.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You have given us a lively Picture of that kind of Husband who comes under the De-

'nomination of the Hen-peck'd; but I do not
'remember that you have ever touched upon one
'that is of the quite different Character, and who,
'in several Places of *England*, goes by the Name
'of a Cot-Quean. I have the Misfortune to be
'joined for Life with one of this Character, who
'in reality is more a Woman than [I am.¹] He
'was bred up under the Tuition of a tender
'Mother, till she had made him as good a House-
'wife as her self. He could preserve Apricots,
'and make Gellies, before he had been two Years
'out of the Nursery. He was never suffered to
'go abroad, for fear of catching Cold: when he
'should have been hunting down a Buck, he was
'by his Mother's Side learning how to Season it,
'or put it in Crust; and was making Paper-Boats
'with his Sisters, at an Age when other young
'Gentlemen are crossing the Seas, or travelling
'into Foreign Countries. He has the whitest
'Hand that you ever saw in your Life, and raises
'Paste better than any Woman in *England*.
'These Qualifications make him a sad Husband:
'He is perpetually in the Kitchin, and has a
'thousand Squabbles with the Cook-maid. He is
'better acquainted with the Milk-Score, than
'his Steward's Accounts. I fret to Death when
'I hear him find fault with a Dish that is not
'dressed to his liking, and instructing his Friends
'that dine with him in the best Pickle for a Wal-
'nut, or Sauce for an Haunch of Venison. With
'all this, he is a very good-natured Husband, and
'never fell out with me in his Life but once, upon
'the over-roasting of a Dish of Wild-Fowl: At the
'same time I must own I would rather he was a
'Man of a rough Temper, that would treat me
'harshly sometimes, than of such an effeminate
'busy Nature in a Province that does not belong
'to him. Since you have given us the Character
'of a Wife who wears the Breeches, pray say
'something of a Husband that wears the Petticoat.
'Why should not a Female Character be as ridi-
'culous in a Man, as a Male Character in one of
'our Sex?

O.

I am, &c.

No. 483.] Saturday, Sept. 13, 1712. [Addison.

*Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit*——— Hor.

WE cannot be guilty of a greater Act of Uncharitableness, than to interpret the Afflictions which befall our Neighbours, as *Punishments* and *Judgments*. It aggravates the Evil to him who suffers, when he looks upon himself as the Mark of Divine Vengeance, and abates the Compassion of those towards him, who regard him in so dreadful a Light. This Humour of turning every Misfortune into a Judgment, proceeds from wrong Notions of Religion, which, in its own nature, produces Good-will towards Men, and puts the mildest Construction upon every Accident that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is not Religion that sours a Man's Temper, but it

¹ [my self.]

is his Temper that sours his Religion: People of gloomy uncheerful Imaginations, or of envious malignant Tempers, whatever kind of Life they are engaged in, will discover their natural Tincture of Mind in all their Thoughts, Words, and Actions. As the finest Wines have often the Taste of the Soil, so even the most religious Thoughts often draw something that is particular from the Constitution of the Mind in which they arise. When Folly or Superstition strike in with this natural Depravity of Temper, it is not in the power, even of Religion it self, to preserve the Character of the Person who is possessed with it, from appearing highly absurd and ridiculous.

An old Maiden Gentlewoman, whom I shall conceal under the Name of *Nemesis*, is the greatest Discoverer of Judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what Sin it was that set such a Man's House on fire, or blew down his Barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young Lady that lost her Beauty by the Small-Pox, she fetches a deep Sigh, and tells you, that when she had a fine Face she was always looking on it in her Glass. Tell her of a Piece of good Fortune that has befallen one of her Acquaintance; and she wishes it may prosper with her, but her Mother used one of her Nieces very barbarously. Her usual Remarks turn upon People who had great Estates, but never enjoyed them, by reason of some Flaw in their own, or their Father's Behaviour. She can give you the Reason why such a one died Childless: Why such an one was cut off in the Flower of his Youth: Why such an one was Unhappy in her Marriage: Why one broke his Leg on such a particular Spot of Ground, and why another was killed with a Back-Sword, rather than with any other kind of Weapon. She has a Crime for every Misfortune that can befall any of her Acquaintance, and when she hears of a Robbery that has been made, or a Murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the Guilt of the suffering Person, than on that of the Thief, or the Assassin. In short, she is so good a Christian, that whatever happens to her self is a Tryal, and whatever happens to her Neighbours is a Judgment.

The very Description of this Folly, in ordinary Life, is sufficient to expose it; but when it appears in a Pomp and Dignity of Style, it is very apt to amuse and terrify the Mind of the Reader. *Herodotus* and *Plutarch* very often apply their Judgments as impertinently as the old Woman I have before mentioned, though their manner of relating them makes the Folly it self appear venerable. Indeed, most Historians, as well Christian as Pagan, have fallen into this idle Superstition, and spoken of ill [Success,¹] unforeseen Disasters, and terrible Events, as if they had been let into the Secrets of Providence, and made acquainted with that private Conduct by which the World is governed. One would think several of our own Historians in particular had many Revelations of this kind made to them. Our old *English* Monks seldom let any of their Kings depart in Peace, who had endeavoured to diminish the Power or Wealth of which the Ecclesiasticks were in those

¹ [Successes,]

times possessed. *William the Conqueror's* Race generally found their Judgments in the *New Forest*, where their Father had pulled down Churches and Monasteries. In short, read one of the Chronicles written by an Author of this frame of Mind, and you would think you were reading an History of the Kings of *Israel* or *Judah*, where the Historians were actually inspired, and where, by a particular Scheme of Providence, the Kings were distinguished by Judgments or Blessings, according as they promoted Idolatry or the Worship of the true God.

I cannot but look upon this manner of judging upon Misfortunes, not only to be very uncharitable, in regard to the Person whom they befall, but very presumptuous in regard to him who is supposed to inflict them. It is a strong Argument for a State of Retribution hereafter, that in this World virtuous Persons are very often unfortunate, and vicious Persons prosperous; which is wholly repugnant to the Nature of a Being who appears infinitely wise and good in all his Works, unless we may suppose that such a promiscuous and undistinguishing Distribution of Good and Evil, which was necessary for carrying on the Designs of Providence in this Life, will be rectified and made amends for in another. We are not therefore to expect that Fire should fall from Heaven in the ordinary Course of Providence; nor when we see triumphant Guilt or depressed Virtue in particular Persons, that Omnipotence will make bare its holy Arm in the Defence of the one, or Punishment of the other. It is sufficient that there is a Day set apart for the hearing and requiting of both according to their respective Merits.

The Folly of ascribing Temporal Judgments to any particular Crimes, may appear from several Considerations. I shall only mention two: First, That, generally speaking, there is no Calamity or Affliction, which is supposed to have happened as a Judgment to a vicious Man, which does not sometimes happen to Men of approved Religion and Virtue. When *Diagoras* the Atheist¹ was on board one of the *Athenian* Ships, there arose a very violent Tempest; upon which the Mariners told him, that it was a just Judgment upon them for having taken so impious a Man on board. *Diagoras* begged them to look upon the rest of the Ships that were in the same Distress, and ask'd them whether or no *Diagoras* was on board every Vessel in the Fleet. We are all involved in the same Calamities, and subject to the same Accidents: and when we see any one of the Species under any particular Oppression, we should look upon it as arising from the common Lot of human Nature, rather than from the Guilt of the Person who suffers.

Another Consideration, that may check our Presumption in putting such a Construction upon a Misfortune, is this, That it is impossible for us to know what are Calamities, and what are Bless-

¹ *Diagoras* the Melian, having attacked the popular religion and the Eleusinian mysteries, had a price set on his head, and left Athens B.C. 411. The Athenians called him Atheist, and destroyed his writings. The story in the text is from the third book of Cicero 'de Natura Deorum.'

ings. How many Accidents have pass'd for Misfortunes, which have turned to the Welfare and Prosperity of the Persons in whose Lot they have fallen? How many Disappointments have, in their Consequences, saved a man from Ruin? If we could look into the Effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon Blessings and Judgments; but for a Man to give his Opinion of what he sees but in part, and in its Beginnings, is an unjustifiable Piece of Rashness and Folly. The Story of *Biton* and *Clitobus*, which was in great Reputation among the Heathens, (for we see it quoted by all the ancient Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, who have written upon the Immortality of the Soul,) may teach us a Caution in this Matter. These two Brothers, being the Sons of a Lady who was Priestess to *Juno*, drew their Mother's Chariot to the Temple at the time of a great Solemnity, the Persons being absent who by their Office were to have drawn her Chariot on that Occasion. The Mother was so transported with this Instance of filial Duty, that she petition'd her Goddess to bestow upon them the greatest Gift that could be given to Men; upon which they were both cast into a deep Sleep, and the next Morning found dead in the Temple. This was such an Event, as would have been construed into a Judgment, had it happen'd to the two Brothers after an Act of Disobedience, and would doubtless have been represented as such by any Ancient Historian who had given us an Account of it. O.

No. 484.] Monday, September 15, 1712. [Steele.

Neque cuiquam tam statim clarum ingenium est, ut possit emergere; nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor etiam, commendatorque contingat.

Plin. Epist.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

OF all the young Fellows who are in their Progress thro' any Profession, none seem to have so good a Title to the Protection of the Men of Eminence in it as the modest Man; not so much because his Modesty is a certain Indication of his Merit, as because 'tis a certain Obstacle to the producing of it. Now, as of all Professions this Virtue is thought to be more particularly unnecessary in that of the Law than in any other, I shall only apply myself to the Relief of such who follow this Profession with this Disadvantage. What aggravates the matter is, that those Persons who, the better to prepare themselves for this Study, have made some Progress in others, have, by addicting themselves to Letters, encreased their natural Modesty, and consequently heighten'd the Obstruction to this sort of Preferment; so that every one of these may emphatically be said to be such a one as *laboureth and taketh pains, and is still the more behind*. It may be a Matter worth discussing then, Why that which made a Youth so amiable to the Ancients, should make him appear so ridiculous to the Moderns? and, Why in our days there should be Neglect, and even Oppres-

sion of young Beginners, instead of that Protection which was the Pride of theirs? In the Profession spoken of, 'tis obvious to every one whose Attendance is required at *Westminster-Hall*, with what Difficulty a Youth of any Modesty has been permitted to make an Observation, that could in no wise detract from the Merit of his Elders, and is absolutely necessary for the advancing his own. I have often seen one of these not only molested in his Utterance of something very pertinent, but even plunder'd of his Question, and by a strong Serjeant shoulder'd out of his Rank, which he has recover'd with much Difficulty and Confusion. Now as great part of the Business of this Profession might be dispatched by one that perhaps

—*Abest virtute disertis*

Messalæ, nec scit quantum Causellius Aulus;
Hor.

so I can't conceive the Injustice done to the Publick, if the Men of Reputation in this Calling would introduce such of the young ones into Business, whose Application to this Study will let them into the Secrets of it, as much as their Modesty will hinder them from the Practice: I say, it would be laying an everlasting Obligation upon a young Man, to be introduc'd at first only as a Mute, till by this Countenance, and a Resolution to support the good Opinion conceiv'd of him in his Betters, his Complexion shall be so well settled, that the Litigious of this Island may be secure of his obstreperous Aid. If I might be indulg'd to speak in the Style of a Lawyer, I would say, That any one about thirty years of Age, might make a common Motion to the Court with as much Elegance and Propriety as the most aged Advocates in the Hall.

I can't advance the Merit of Modesty by any Argument of my own so powerfully, as by enquiring into the Sentiments the greatest among the Ancients of different Ages entertain'd upon this Virtue. If we go back to the Days of *Solon*, we shall find Favour a necessary Consequence to a shame-fac'd Man. *Pliny*, the greatest Lawyer and most Elegant Writer of the Age he lived in, in several of his Epistles is very solicitous in recommending to the Publick some young Men of his own Profession, and very often undertakes to become an Advocate, upon condition that some one of these his Favourites might be joined with him, in order to produce the Merit of such, whose Modesty otherwise would have suppressed it. It may seem very marvellous to a saucy Modern, that *Multum sanguinis, multum verecundiæ, multum sollicitudinis in ore; to have the Face first full of Blood, then the Countenance dashed with Modesty, and then the whole Aspect as of one dying with Fear, when a Man begins to speak*; should be esteem'd by *Pliny* the necessary Qualifications of a fine Speaker.¹ *Shakespear* also has express'd

¹ The citation is from a charming letter in which *Pliny* (Bk. v. letter 17) tells *Spurinna* the pleasure he had just received from a recitation by a noble youth in the house of *Calpurnius Piso*, and how, when it was over, he gave the youth many kisses

'himself in the same favourable Strain of Modesty,
'when he says,

—In the Modesty of fearful Duty
I read as much as from the rattling Tongue
Of saucy and audacious Eloquence—¹

'Now since these Authors have profess'd them-
'selves for the Modest Man, even in the utmost
'Confusions of Speech and Countenance, why
'should an intrepid Utterance and a resolute Vo-
'ciferation thunder so successfully in our Courts
'of Justice? And why should that Confidence of
'Speech and Behaviour, which seems to acknow-
'ledge no Superior, and to defy all Contradiction,
'prevail over that Deference and Resignation
'with which the Modest Man implores that favour-
'able Opinion which the other seems to command?

'As the Case at present stands, the best Conso-
'lation that I can administer to those who cannot
'get into that Stroke of Business (as the Phrase is)
'which they deserve, is to reckon every particular
'Acquisition of Knowledge in this Study as a real
'Increase of their Fortune; and fully to believe,
'that one day this imaginary Gain will certainly
'be made out by one more substantial. I wish
'you would talk to us a little on this Head, you
would oblige,

SIR,
Your most humble Servant.

The Author of this Letter is certainly a Man of
good Sense; but I am perhaps particular in my
Opinion on this Occasion; for I have observed,
that under the Notion of Modesty, Men have in-
dulged themselves in a spiritless Sheepishness,
and been for ever lost to themselves, their Families,
their Friends, and their Country. When a Man
has taken care to pretend to nothing but what he
may justly aim at, and can execute as well as any
other, without Injustice to any other; it is ever
want of Breeding or Courage to be brow-beaten
or elbow'd out of his honest Ambition. I have
said often, Modesty must be an Act of the Will,
and yet it always implies Self-Denial: For if a
Man has an ardent Desire to do what is laudable
for him to perform, and, from an unmanly Bash-
fulness, shrinks away, and lets his Merit languish
in Silence, he ought not to be angry at the World
that a more unskilful Actor succeeds in his Part,
because he has not Confidence to come upon the
Stage himself. The Generosity my Correspondent
mentions of *Pliny*, cannot be enough applauded.
To cherish the Dawn of Merit, and hasten its
Maturity, was a Work worthy a noble *Roman*
and a liberal Scholar. That Concern which is
described in the Letter, is to all the World the
greatest Charm imaginable: but then the modest
Man must proceed, and shew a latent Resolution

and praises, congratulated his mother and his
brother, in whom, as the reciter tried his powers,
first fear for him and then delight in him was
manifest. To the sentences quoted above the
next is 'Etenim, nescio quo pacto, magis in studiis
'homines timor quam fiducia decet.' 'I don't
'know how it is, but in brain-work mistrust better
'becomes men than self-confidence.'

¹ *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v. sc. 1.

in himself; for the Admiration of his Modesty
arises from the Manifestation of his Merit. I
must confess we live in an Age wherein a few
empty Blusterers carry away the Praise of Speak-
ing, while a Crowd of Fellows over-stock'd with
Knowledge are run down by them. I say Over-
stock'd, because they certainly are so as to their
Service of Mankind, if from their very Store they
raise to themselves Ideas of Respect, and Great-
ness of the Occasion, and I know not what, to
disable themselves from explaining their Thoughts.
I must confess, when I have seen *Charles Frank-*
air rise up with a commanding Mien, and Tor-
rent of handsome Words, talk a Mile off the Pur-
pose, and drive down twenty bashful Boobies of
ten times his Sense, who at the same time were
envying his Impudence and despising his Under-
standing, it has been matter of great Mirth to me;
but it soon ended in a secret Lamentation, that
the Fountains of every thing praise-worthy in
these Realms, the Universities, should be so
muddied with a false Sense of this Virtue, as to
produce Men capable of being so abused. I will
be bold to say, that it is a ridiculous Education
which does not qualify a Man to make his best
Appearance before the greatest Man and the
finest Woman to whom he can address himself.
Were this judiciously corrected in the Nurseries
of Learning, pert Coxcombs would know their
Distance: But we must bear with this false Mo-
desty in our young Nobility and Gentry, till they
cease at *Oxford* and *Cambridge* to grow dumb in
the Study of Eloquence. T.

—◆—

No. 485.] Tuesday, September 16, 1712. [Steele.

*Nihil tam firmum est, cui periculum non sit,
etiam ab Invalido.*—Quint. Curt.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
'MY Lord Clarendon has observed, That
'few Men have done more harm than
'those who have been thought to be able to do
'least; and there cannot be a greater Error,
'than to believe a Man whom we see qualified
'with too mean Parts to do good, to be therefore
'incapable of doing hurt. There is a Supply of
'Malice, of Pride, of Industry, and even of
'Folly, in the Weakest, when he sets his heart
'upon it, that makes a strange progress in Mis-
'chief.¹ What may seem to the Reader the
'greatest Paradox in the Reflection of the His-
'torian, is, I suppose, that Folly, which is gener-
'ally thought incapable of contriving or executing
'any Design, should be so formidable to those
'whom it exerts it self to molest. But this will
'appear very plain, if we remember that *Solomon*

¹ When this was quoted Clarendon had been
dead only 38 years, and his *History of the Re-*
bellion, first published in Queen Anne's reign, was
almost a new Book. It was published at Oxford
in three folio volumes, which appeared in the suc-
cessive years 1702, 3, 4, and in this year, 1712,
there had appeared a new edition of it (the sixth).