

' says, *It is as Sport to a Fool to do mischief;*
 ' and that he might the more emphatically express
 ' the calamitous Circumstances of him who falls
 ' under the displeasure of this wanton Person, the
 ' same Author adds further, *That a Stone is*
 ' *heavy, and the Sand weighty, but a Fool's*
 ' *Wrath is heavier than them both.* It is im-
 ' possible to suppress my own Illustration upon
 ' this Matter, which is, That as the Man of Sa-
 ' gacity bestirs himself to distress his Enemy by
 ' Methods probable and reducible to Reason, so
 ' the same Reason will fortify his Enemy to elude
 ' these his regular Efforts; but your Fool projects,
 ' acts, and concludes with such notable Incon-
 ' sistence, that no regular Course of Thought can
 ' evade or counterplot his prodigious Machinations.
 ' My Frontispiece, I believe, may be extended to
 ' imply, That several of our Misfortunes arise
 ' from Things, as well as Persons, that seem of
 ' very little consequence. Into what tragical Ex-
 ' travagancies does *Shakespear* hurry *Othello*
 ' upon the loss of an Handkerchief only? and what
 ' Barbarities does *Desdemona* suffer from a slight
 ' Inadvertency in regard to this fatal Trifle? If
 ' the Schemes of all enterprizing Spirits were to
 ' be carefully examined, some intervening Acci-
 ' dent, not considerable enough to occasion any
 ' Debate upon, or give 'em any apprehension of
 ' ill Consequence from it, will be found to be the
 ' occasion of their ill Success, rather than any
 ' Error in Points of Moment and Difficulty, which
 ' naturally engag'd their maturest Deliberations.
 ' If you go to the Levee of any great Man, you
 ' will observe him exceeding gracious to several
 ' very insignificant Fellows; and this upon this
 ' Maxim, That the Neglect of any Person must
 ' arise from the mean Opinion you have of his
 ' Capacity to do you any Service or Prejudice;
 ' and that this calling his Sufficiency in question,
 ' must give him Inclination, and where this is,
 ' there never wants Strength or Opportunity to
 ' annoy you. There is no body so weak of In-
 ' vention, that can't aggravate or make some little
 ' Stories to vilify his Enemy; and there are very
 ' few but have good Inclinations to hear 'em, and
 ' 'tis infinite Pleasure to the Majority of Mankind
 ' to level a Person superior to his Neighbours.
 ' Besides, in all matter of Controversy, that Party
 ' which has the greatest Abilities labours under
 ' this Prejudice, that he will certainly be sup-
 ' posed, upon Account of his Abilities, to have
 ' done an Injury, when perhaps he has received
 ' one. It would be tedious to enumerate the
 ' Strokes that Nations and particular Friends have
 ' suffer'd from Persons very contemptible.

' I Think *Henry IV.* of *France*, so formidable
 ' to his Neighbours, could no more be secur'd
 ' against the resolute Villany of *Ravillac*, than
 ' *Villiers*, Duke of *Buckingham*, could be against
 ' that of *Felton*. And there is no incens'd Person
 ' so destitute, but can provide himself with a Knife
 ' or a Pistol, if he finds stomach to apply them.
 ' That Things and Persons of no moment should
 ' give such powerful Revolutions to the progress
 ' of those of the greatest, seems a providential
 ' Disposition to baffle and abate the Pride of
 ' human Sufficiency; as also to engage the Hu-
 ' manity and Benevolence of Superiors to all be

' low 'em, by letting them into this Secret, that
 ' the Stronger depends upon the Weaker.

I am,
 SIR,
 Your very Humble Servant.

Dear Sir, Temple, Paper-Buildings.

' I received a Letter from you some time ago,
 ' which I should have answered sooner, had you
 ' informed me in yours to what part of this Island
 ' I might have directed my Impertinence; but
 ' having been let into the Knowledge of that Mat-
 ' ter, this handsome Excuse is no longer service-
 ' able. My Neighbour *Prettyman* shall be the
 ' Subject of this Letter; who falling in with the
 ' SPECTATOR's Doctrine concerning the Month of
 ' *May*, began from that Season to dedicate him-
 ' self to the Service of the Fair in the following
 ' Manner. I observed at the Beginning of the
 ' Month he bought him a new Night-gown, either
 ' side to be worn outwards, both equally gorgeous
 ' and attractive; but till the End of the Month I
 ' did not enter so fully into the knowledge of his
 ' Contrivance, as the Use of that Garment has
 ' since suggested to me. Now you must know
 ' that all new Clothes raise and warm the Bearer's
 ' Imagination into a Conceit of his being a much
 ' finer Gentleman than he was before, banishing
 ' all Sobriety and Reflection, and giving him up to
 ' Gallantry and Amour. Inflam'd therefore with
 ' this way of thinking, and full of the Spirit of the
 ' Month of *May*, did this merciless Youth resolve
 ' upon the Business of Captivating. At first he
 ' confin'd himself to his Room only, now and then
 ' appearing at his Window in his Night-gown, and
 ' practising that easy Posture which expresses the
 ' very Top and Dignity of Languishment. It was
 ' pleasant to see him diversify his Loveliness,
 ' sometimes obliging the Passengers only with a
 ' Side-Face, with a Book in his Hand; sometimes
 ' being so generous as to expose the whole in the
 ' fulness of its Beauty; at the other times, by a
 ' judicious throwing back of his Perriwig, he
 ' would throw in his Ears. You know he is that
 ' Sort of Person which the Mob call a handsome
 ' jolly Man; which Appearance can't miss of Cap-
 ' tives in this part of the Town. Being em-
 ' boldened by daily Success, he leaves his Room
 ' with a Resolution to extend his Conquests; and
 ' I have apprehended him in his Night-gown
 ' smiting in all Parts of this Neighbourhood.

' This I, being of an amorous Complexion, saw
 ' with Indignation, and had Thoughts of pur-
 ' chasing a Wig in these Parts; into which, being
 ' at a greater Distance from the Earth, I might
 ' have thrown a very liberal Mixture of white
 ' Horse-hair, which would make a fairer, and
 ' consequently a handsomer Appearance, while
 ' my Situation would secure me against any Dis-
 ' coveries. But the Passion to the handsome
 ' Gentleman seems to be so fixed to that part of
 ' the Building, that it will be extremely difficult to
 ' divert it to mine; so that I am resolved to stand
 ' boldly to the Completion of my own Eye-brow,
 ' and prepare me an immense Black Wig of the
 ' same sort of Structure with that of my Rival.
 ' Now, tho' by this I shall not, perhaps, lessen the
 ' number of the Admirers of his Complexion, I

' shall have a fair Chance to divide the Passengers
' by the irresistible Force of mine.

' I expect sudden Dispatches from you, with
' Advice of the Family you are in now, how to
' deport my self upon this so delicate a Con-
' juncture; with some comfortable Resolutions in
' favour of the handsome black Man against the
' handsome fair one.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

C.

N. B. *He who writ this, is a black Man two
Pair of Stairs; the Gentleman of whom he
writes, is fair, and one Pair of Stairs.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' I only say, that it is impossible for me to say
' how much I am

Yours,

Robin Shorter.

P. S. ' I shall think it a little hard, if you do
' not take as much notice of this Epistle, as you
' have of the ingenious Mr. Short's. I am not
' afraid to let the World see which is the Deeper
' Man of the two.

ADVERTISEMENT.

London, September 15.

*Whereas a young Woman on horseback, in an
Equestrian Habit on the 13th Instant in the
Evening, met the SPECTATOR within a Mile and
an half of this Town, and flying in the Face of
Justice, pull'd off her Hat, in which there was a
Feather, with the Mein and Air of a young
Officer, saying at the same time, Your Servant
Mr. SPEC. or Words to that Purpose; This is to
give Notice, that if any Person can discover the
Name, and Place of Abode of the said Offender,
so as she can be brought to Justice, the Informant
shall have all fitting Encouragement.* T.

No. 486.] Wednesday, September 17, 1712. [Steele.

*Audire est operæ pretium procedere recte
Qui mechis non vultis*——— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' THERE are very many of my Acquaintance
' Followers of Socrates, with more parti-
' cular regard to that part of his Philosophy
' which we, among our selves, call his *Domesticks*;
' under which Denomination, or Title, we include
' all the Conjugal Joys and Sufferings. We have
' indeed, with very great Pleasure, observed the
' Honour you do the whole Fraternity of the
' Hen-peck'd, in placing that illustrious Man at
' our Head, and it does in a very great measure
' baffle the Raillery of pert Rogues, who have no
' advantage above us, but in that they are single.
' But when you look about into the Crowd of
' Mankind, you will find the Fair Sex reigns with
' greater Tyranny over Lovers than Husbands.
' You shall hardly meet one in a thousand who is

' wholly exempt from their Dominion, and those
' that are so, are capable of no Taste of Life, and
' breathe and walk about the Earth as Insignifi-
' cants. But I am going to desire your further
' Favour in behalf of our harmless Brotherhood,
' and hope you will shew in a true light the un-
' married Hen-peck'd, as well as you have done
' Justice to us, who submit to the Conduct of our
' Wives. I am very particularly acquainted with
' one who is under entire Submission to a kind
' Girl, as he calls her; and tho' he knows I have
' been Witness both to the ill Usage he has re-
' ceived from her, and his Inability to resist her
' Tyranny, he still pretends to make a Jest of
' me for a little more than ordinary Obsequious-
' ness to my Spouse. No longer than *Tuesday*
' last he took me with him to visit his Mistress;
' and he having, it seems, been a little in Dis-
' grace before, thought by bringing me with him
' she would constrain herself, and insensibly fall
' into general Discourse with him; and so he
' might break the Ice, and save himself all the
' ordinary Compunctions and Mortifications she
' used to make him suffer before she would be re-
' conciled after any Act of Rebellion on his Part.
' When we came into the Room, we were received
' with the utmost Coldness; and when he pre-
' sented me as Mr. Such-a-one, his very good
' Friend, she just had Patience to suffer my
' Salutation; but when he himself, with a very
' gay Air, offered to follow me, she gave him a
' thundering Box on the Ear, called him pitiful
' poor-spirited Wretch, how durst he see her
' Face? His Wig and Hat fell on different Parts
' of the Floor. She seized the Wig too soon for
' him to recover it, and kicking it down Stairs,
' threw herself into an opposite Room, pulling
' the Door after her with a Force, that you
' would have thought the Hinges would have
' given Way. We went down, you must think,
' with no very good Countenances; and as we
' sneaked off, and were driving home together, he
' confessed to me, that her Anger was thus highly
' raised, because he did not think fit to fight a
' Gentleman who had said she was what she was;
' but, says he, a kind Letter or two, or fifty
' pieces, will put her in Humour again. I asked
' him why he did not part with her; he answered,
' he loved her with all the Tenderness imaginable,
' and she had too many Charms to be abandoned
' for a little Quickness of Spirit. Thus does this
' illegitimate Hen-pecked over-look the Hussy's
' having no Regard to his very Life and Fame, in
' putting him upon an infamous Dispute about her
' Reputation; yet has he the Confidence to laugh
' at me, because I obey my poor Dear in keeping
' out of Harm's Way, and not staying too late
' from my own Family, to pass through the
' Hazards of a Town full of Ranters and De-
' bauchees. You that are a Philosopher should
' urge in our behalf, that when we bear with a
' froward Woman, our Patience is preserved, in
' consideration that a breach with her might be a
' Dishonour to Children who are descended from
' us, and whose Concern makes us tolerate a
' thousand Frailties, for fear they should redound
' Dishonour upon the Innocent. This and the
' like Circumstances, which carry with them the

' most valuable Regards of human Life, may be
' mentioned for our long Suffering; but in the
' case of Gallants, they swallow ill Usage from
' one to whom they have no Obligation, but from
' a base Passion, which it is mean to indulge,
' and which it would be glorious to overcome.

' These Sort of Fellows are very numerous,
' and some have been conspicuously such, with-
' out Shame; nay they have carried on the Jest
' in the very Article of Death, and, to the Diminution
' of the Wealth and Happiness of their
' Families, in bar of those honourably near to
' them, have left immense Wealth to their Para-
' mours. What is this but being a Cully in the
' Grave! Sure this is being Hen-peck'd with a
' Vengeance! But without dwelling upon these
' less frequent Instances of eminent Cullyism,
' what is there so common as to hear a Fellow
' curse his Fate that he cannot get rid of a Pas-
' sion to a Jilt, and quote an Half-Line out of a
' Miscellany Poem to prove his Weakness is
' natural? If they will go on thus, I have nothing
' to say to it: But then let them not pretend to be
' free all this while, and laugh at us poor married
' Patients.

' I have known one Wench in this Town carry
' an haughty Dominion over her Lovers so well,
' that she has at the same time been kept by a
' Sea-Captain in the *Straits*, a Merchant in the
' City, a Country Gentleman in *Hampshire*, and
' had all her Correspondences managed by one
' she kept for her own Uses. This happy Man
' (as the Phrase is) used to write very punctually
' every Post, Letters for the Mistress to tran-
' scribe. He would sit in his Night-Gown and
' Slippers, and be as grave giving an Account, only
' changing Names, that there was nothing in those
' idle Reports they had heard of such a Scoundrel
' as one of the other Lovers was; and how could
' he think she could condescend so low, after such
' a fine Gentleman as each of them? For the
' same Epistle said the same thing to and of every
' one of them. And so Mr. Secretary and his
' Lady went to Bed with great Order.

' To be short, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, we Husbands
' shall never make the Figure we ought in the
' Imaginations of young Men growing up in the
' World, except you can bring it about that a Man
' of the Town shall be as infamous a Character as
' a Woman of the Town. But of all that I have
' met in my time, commend me to *Betty Duall*:
' She is the Wife of a Sailor, and the kept Mis-
' tress of a Man of Quality; she dwells with the
' latter during the Sea-faring of the former. The
' Husband asks no Questions, sees his Apartments
' furnished with Riches not his, when he comes
' into Port, and the Lover is as joyful as a Man
' arrived at his Haven when the other puts to Sea.
' *Betty* is the most eminently victorious of any of
' her Sex, and ought to stand recorded the only
' Woman of the Age in which she lives, who has
' possessed at the same time two Abused, and two
' Contented - - - - T.

No. 487.] Thursday, September 18, 1712. [Addison.

—Cum prostrata sopore
Urget membra quies, et mens sine pondere ludit.
Petr.

THO' there are many Authors, who have writ-
ten on Dreams, they have generally con-
sidered them only as Revelations of what has
already happened in distant parts of the World,
or as Presages of what is to happen in future
Periods of time.

I shall consider this Subject in another Light,
as Dreams may give us some Idea of the great
Excellency of an Human Soul, and some Intima-
tion of its Independency on Matter.

In the first Place, our Dreams are great In-
stances of that Activity which is natural to the
human Soul, and which it is not in the power of
Sleep to deaden or abate. When the Man appears
tired and worn out with the Labours of the Day,
this active part in his Composition is still busied
and unwearied. When the Organs of Sense want
their due Repose and necessary Reparations, and
the Body is no longer able to keep pace with that
spiritual Substance to which it is united, the Soul
exerts her self in her several Faculties, and con-
tinues in Action till her Partner is again qualified
to bear her Company. In this case Dreams look
like the Relaxations and Amusements of the Soul,
when she is disincumbred of her Machine, her
Sports and Recreations, when she has laid her
Charge asleep.

In the Second Place, Dreams are an Instance
of that Agility and Perfection which is natural to
the Faculties of the Mind, when they are disen-
gaged from the Body. The Soul is clogged and
retarded in her Operations, when she acts in Con-
junction with a Companion that is so heavy and
unwieldy in its Motions. But in Dreams it is
wonderful to observe with what a Sprightliness
and Alacrity she exerts her self. The slow of
Speech make unpremeditated Harangues, or con-
verse readily in Languages that they are but
little acquainted with. The Grave abound in
Pleasantries, the Dull in Repartees and Points
of Wit. There is not a more painful Action of
the Mind, than Invention; yet in Dreams it works
with that Ease and Activity, that we are not
sensible when the Faculty is employed. For in-
stance, I believe every one, some time or other,
dreams that he is reading Papers, Books, or
Letters; in which case the Invention prompts so
readily, that the Mind is imposed upon, and mis-
takes its own Suggestions for the Compositions of
another.

I shall, under this Head, quote a Passage out
of the *Religio Medici*,¹ in which the ingenious
Author gives an account of himself in his dream-
ing and his waking Thoughts. *We are some-
what more than our selves in our Sleeps, and the
Slumber of the Body seems to be but the Waking
of the Soul. It is the Litigation of Sense, but
the Liberty of Reason; and our waking Concep-
tions do not match the Fancies of our Sleeps.*

¹ Part ii. § 11.

At my Nativity my Ascendant was the watery Sign of Scorpius: I was born in the Planetary Hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden Planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the Mirth and Galliardize of Company; yet in one Dream I can compose a whole Comedy, behold the Action, apprehend the Fests, and laugh my self awake at the Conceits thereof. Were my Memory as faithful as my Reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my Dreams; and this time also would I chuse for my Devotions: but our grosser Memories have then so little hold of our abstracted Understandings, that they forget the Story, and can only relate to our awaked Souls a confused and broken Tale of that that has passed—Thus it is observed that Men sometimes, upon the Hour of their Departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the Soul beginning to be freed from the Ligaments of the Body, begins to reason like her self, and to discourse in a strain above Mortality.

We may likewise observe in the third Place, that the Passions affect the Mind with greater Strength when we are asleep, than when we are awake. Joy and Sorrow give us more vigorous Sensations of Pain or Pleasure at this time, than at any other. Devotion likewise, as the excellent Author above-mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightned and inflamed, when it rises in the Soul at a time that the Body is thus laid at Rest. Every Man's Experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable, that this may happen differently, in different Constitutions. I shall conclude this Head with the two following Problems, which I shall leave to the Solution of my Reader. Supposing a Man always happy in his Dreams, and miserable in his waking Thoughts, and that his Life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a Man a King in his Dreams, and a Beggar awake, and dreamt as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken Schemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a King or Beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

There is another Circumstance, which methinks gives us a very high Idea of the Nature of the Soul, in regard to what passes in Dreams, I mean that innumerable Multitude and Variety of Ideas which then arise in her. Were that active watchful Being only conscious of her own Existence at such a time, what a painful Solitude would her Hours of Sleep be? Were the Soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping Moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she Dreams that she is in such a Solitude?

—*Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam*— Virg.

But this Observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful Power in the Soul, of producing her own Company on these Occasions. She converses with numberless Beings of her own Creation, and is

transported into ten thousand Scenes of her own raising. She is herself the Theatre, the Actors, and the Beholder. This puts me in mind of a Saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus, *That all Men whilst they are awake are in one common World; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a World of his own.*¹ The waking Man is conversant in the World of Nature, when he sleeps he retires to a private World that is particular to himself. There seems something in this Consideration that intimates to us a natural Grandeur and Perfection in the Soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that Argument for the Excellency of the Soul, which I have seen quoted out of Tertullian,² namely, its Power of divining in Dreams. That several such Divinations have been made, none can question, who believes the Holy Writings, or who has but the least degree of a common Historical Faith; there being innumerable Instances of this nature in several Authors, both Antient and Modern, Sacred and Profane. Whether such dark Presages, such Visions of the Night proceed from any latent Power in the Soul, during this her state of Abstraction, or from any Communication with the Supreme Being, or from any Operation of Subordinate Spirits, has been a great Dispute among the Learned; the matter of Fact is, I think, incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest Writers, who have been never suspected either of Superstition or Enthusiasm.

I do not suppose, that the Soul in these Instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the Body: It is sufficient, if she is not so far sunk, and immersed in Matter, nor intangled and perplexed in her Operations, with such Motions of Blood and Spirits, as when she actuates the Machine in its waking Hours. The Corporeal Union is slackned enough to give the Mind more Play. The Soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that Spring which is broke and weakned, when she operates more in concert with the Body.

The Speculations I have here made, if they are not Arguments, they are at least strong Intimations, not only of the Excellency of an Human Soul, but of its Independance on the Body; and if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great Points, which are established by many other Reasons that are altogether unanswerable.

O.

¹ The reference is in the little book 'On Superstition,' where Plutarch quotes Heraclitus to add this comment of his own: 'But to the superstitious man there is no common world, for neither does he use right reason when awake, nor is he freed, when sleeping, from his perturbations.'

² Tertullian, in his book 'On the Soul,' has seven chapters (43—49) on Sleep and Dreams, with abundant recognition of divine communications to the soul in sleep, and quotations of several authors, sacred and profane.

No. 488.] Friday, September 19, 1712. [Addison.

*Quanti emptæ? parvi. Quanti ergo? octo assibus.
Eheu!—Hor.*

I FIND, by several Letters which I receive daily, that many of my Readers would be better pleased to pay Three Half-Pence for my Paper, than Two-Pence. The ingenious *T. W.* tells me, that I have deprived him of the best Part of his Breakfast, for that since the rise of my Paper, he is forced every Morning to drink his Dish of Coffee by it self, without the Addition of the *Spectator*, that used to be better than Lace to it. *Eugenius* informs me very obligingly, that he never thought he should have disliked any Passage in my Paper, but that of late there have been two Words in every one of them, which he could heartily wish left out, *viz. Price Two-Pence.* I have a Letter from a Soap-boiler, who condoles with me very affectionately, upon the necessity we both lie under of setting an higher Price on our Commodities, since the late Tax has been laid upon them, and desiring me, when I write next on that Subject, to speak a Word or two upon the present Duties on Castile-Soap. But there is none of these my Correspondents, who writes with a greater Turn of good Sense and Elegance of Expression, than the generous *Philomedes*, who advises me to value every *Spectator* at Six Pence, and promises that he himself will engage for above a Hundred of his Acquaintance, who shall take it in at that Price.

Letters from the Female World are likewise come to me, in great quantities, upon the same Occasion; and as I naturally bear a great Deference to this Part of our Species, I am very glad to find that those who approve my Conduct in this Particular, are much more numerous than those who condemn it. A large Family of Daughters have drawn me up a very handsome Remonstrance, in which they set forth, that their Father having refused to take in the *Spectator*, since the additional Price was set upon it, they offered him unanimously to bate him the Article of Bread and Butter in the Tea-Table Account, provided the *Spectator* might be served up to them every Morning as usual. Upon this the old Gentleman, being pleased, it seems, with their Desire of improving themselves, has granted them the continuance both of the *Spectator* and their Bread and Butter; having given particular Orders, that the Tea-Table shall be set forth every Morning with its Customary Bill of Fare, and without any manner of Defalcation. I thought my self obliged to mention this Particular, as it does Honour to this worthy Gentleman; and if the young Lady *Latitia*, who sent me this Account, will acquaint me with his Name, I will insert it at length in one of my Papers, if he desires it.

I should be very glad to find out any Expedient that might alleviate the Expence which this my Paper brings to any of my Readers; and, in order to it, must propose two Points to their Consideration. First, that if they retrench any the smallest

Particular in their ordinary Expence, it will easily make up the Half Penny a Day, which we have now under Consideration. Let a Lady sacrifice but a single Ribband to her Morning Studies, and it will be sufficient: Let a Family burn but a Candle a Night less than the usual Number, and they may take in the *Spectator* without Detriment to their private Affairs.

In the next Place, if my Readers will not go to the Price of buying my Papers by Retail, let them have Patience, and they may buy them in the Lump, without the Burthen of a Tax upon them. My Speculations, when they are sold single, like Cherries upon the Stick, are Delights for the Rich and Wealthy; after some time they come to Market in greater Quantities, and are every ordinary Man's Money. The Truth of it is, they have a certain Flavour at their first Appearance, from several accidental Circumstances of Time, Place and Person, which they may lose if they are not taken early; but in this case every Reader is to consider, whether it is not better for him to be half a Year behind-hand with the fashionable and polite part of the World, than to strain himself beyond his Circumstances. My Bookseller has now about Ten Thousand of the Third and Fourth Volumes, which he is ready to publish, having already disposed of as large an Edition both of the First and Second Volume. As he is a Person whose Head is very well turned to his Business, he thinks they would be a very proper Present to be made to Persons at Christenings, Marriages, Visiting-Days, and the like joyful Solemnities, as several other Books are frequently given at Funerals. He has printed them in such a little portable Volume, that many of them may be ranged together upon a single Plate; and is of Opinion, that a Salver of *Spectators* would be as acceptable an Entertainment to the Ladies, as a Salver of Sweetmeats.

I shall conclude this Paper with an Epigram lately sent to the Writer of the *Spectator*, after having returned my Thanks to the ingenious Author of it.

SIR,

'Having heard the following Epigram very much commended, I wonder that it has not yet had a place in any of your Papers: I think the Suffrage of our Poet Laureat should not be overlooked, which shews the Opinion he entertains of your Paper, whether the Notion he proceeds upon be true or false. I make bold to convey it to you, not knowing if it has yet come to your Hands.

On the SPECTATOR.

By Mr. TATE.¹

————— Aliusque et idem
Nasceris ————— Hor.

When first the Tatler to a Mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for her Censor's Silence mourn'd.

¹ Nahum Tate, born and educated at Dublin, and befriended in his youth by Dryden and Dorset, was at this time 60 years old, and poet-laureate, having in 1692 succeeded in that office

*Robb'd of his sprightly Beams, she wept the Night,
'Till the Spectator rose, and blaz'd as bright.
So the first Man the Sun's first Setting view'd,
And sigh'd, till circling Day his Joys renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that second Sun to name,
Whether a bright Successor, or the same.
So we: but now from this Suspence are freed,
Since all agree, who both with Judgment read,
'Tis the same Sun, and does himself succeed.*
O.

No. 489.] Saturday, Sept. 20, 1712. [Addison.

— Βαθυρρέϊταιο μέγα σθένος Ὀκεανοῖο.
Hom.

SIR,
UPON reading your *Essay* concerning the Pleasures of the Imagination, I find, among the three Sources of those Pleasures which you have discovered, [that] *Greatness* is one. This has suggested to me the reason why, of all Objects that I have ever seen, there is none which affects my Imagination so much as the Sea or Ocean. I cannot see the Heavings of this prodigious Bulk of Waters, even in a Calm, without a very pleasing Astonishment; but when it is worked up in a Tempest, so that the Horizon on every side is nothing but foaming Billows and floating Mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable Horror that rises from such a Prospect. A troubled Ocean, to a Man who sails upon it, is, I think, the biggest Object that he can see in motion, and consequently gives his Imagination one of the highest kinds of Pleasure that can arise from Greatness. I must confess, it is impossible for me to survey this World of fluid Matter, without thinking on the Hand that first poured it out, and made a proper Channel for its Reception. Such an Object naturally raises in my Thoughts the Idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his Existence as much as a metaphysical Demonstration. The Imagination prompts the Understanding, and by the Greatness of the sensible Object, produces in it the Idea of a Being who is neither circumscribed by Time nor Space.

Thomas Shadwell, the Whig substitute for Dryden. Besides his version of the Psalms produced in concert with his friend Dr. Nicholas Brady, Tate produced his own notion of an improvement upon Shakespeare's *King Lear* and nine dramatic pieces, with other poetry, of which the above lines are a specimen. Tate was in his younger days the writer of the second part of Dryden's '*Absalom* and *Achithophel*,' to which Dryden himself contributed only the characters of Julian Johnson as Ben Jochanan, of Shadwell as Og, and of Settle as Doeg. His salary as poet-laureate was £100 a year, and a butt of canary. He died three years after the date of this *Spectator* a poor man who had made his home in the Mint to escape his creditors.

As I have made several Voyages upon the Sea, I have often been tossed in Storms, and on that occasion have frequently reflected on the Descriptions of them in ancient Poets. I remember *Longinus* highly recommends one in *Homer*, because the Poet has not amused himself with little Fancies upon the occasion, as Authors of an inferior Genius, whom he mentions, had done, but because he has gathered together those Circumstances which are the most apt to terrify the Imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a Tempest.¹ It is for the same reason, that I prefer the following Description of a Ship in a Storm, which the Psalmist has made, before any other I have ever met with. *They that go down to the Sea in Ships, that do Business in great Waters: These see the Works of the Lord, and his Wonders in the Deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy Wind, which lifteth up the Waters thereof. They mount up to the Heaven, they go down again to the Depths, their Soul is melted because of Trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken Man, and are at their Wits End. Then they cry unto the Lord in their Trouble, and he bringeth them out of their Distresses. He maketh the Storm a Calm, so that the Waves thereof are still. Then they are glad because they be quiet, so he bringeth them unto their desired Haven.*²

By the way, how much more comfortable, as well as rational, is this System of the Psalmist, than the Pagan Scheme in *Virgil*, and other Poets, where one Deity is represented as raising a Storm, and another as laying it? Were we only to consider the Sublime in this Piece of Poetry, what can be nobler than the Idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raising a Tumult among the Elements, and recovering them out of their Confusion; thus troubling and becalming Nature?

Great Painters do not only give us Landscips of Gardens, Groves, and Meadows, but very often employ their Pencils upon Sea-Pieces: I could wish you would follow their Example. If this small Sketch may deserve a Place among your Works, I shall accompany it with a divine Ode, made by a Gentleman³ upon the Conclusion of his Travels.

¹ On the Sublime, § 10, where he compares a description of the terrors of the sea in a lost poem on the Arimaspians, by Aristæus the Proconnesian, with the passage in the 15th Book of the *Iliad*, which Pope thus translates:

*He bursts upon them all:
Bursts as a wave that from the cloud impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every
shroud:
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with
fears,
And instant death on every wave appears.*

² Psalm cvii. 23—30.

³ Addison.

I.

*How are thy Servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their Defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,
Their Help Omnipotence.*

II.

*In foreign Realms, and Lands remote,
Supported by thy Care,
Thro' burning Climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted Air.*

III.

*Thy Mercy sweeten'd ev'ry Soil,
Made ev'ry Region please;
The hoary Alpine Hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene Seas:*

IV.

*Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted Eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended Deep
In all its Horrors rise!*

V.

*Confusion dwelt in ev'ry Face,
And Fear in ev'ry Heart;
When Waves on Waves, and Gulphs in Gulphs,
O'ercame the Pilot's Art.*

VI.

*Yet then from all my Griefs, O Lord,
Thy Mercy set me free,
Whilst in the Confidence of Pray'r
My Soul took hold on thee;*

VII.

*For tho' in dreadful Whirles we hung
High on the broken Wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to Hear,
Nor impotent to Save.*

VIII.

*The Storm was laid, the Winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy Will;
The Sea that roar'd at thy Command,
At thy Command was still.*

IX.

*In midst of Dangers, Fears and Death,
Thy Goodness I'll adore,
And praise Thee for Thy Mercies past;
And humbly hope for more.*

X.

*My Life, if thou preserv'st my Life,
Thy Sacrifice shall be;
And Death, if Death must be my Doom,
Shall join my Soul to thee.* O.¹

¹ Appended to this number is the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author of the SPECTATOR having received the Pastoral Hymn in his 441st Paper, set to Musick by one of the most Eminent Composers of our own Country and by a Foreigner, who has not put his name to his ingenious Letter, thinks himself obliged to return his thanks to those Gentlemen for the Honour they have done him.

No. 490.] Monday, September 22, 1712. [Steele.

Domus et placens Uxor.—Hor.

I HAVE very long entertain'd an Ambition to make the Word *Wife* the most agreeable and delightful Name in Nature. If it be not so in it self, all the wiser Part of Mankind from the Beginning of the World to this Day has consented in an Error: But our Unhappiness in *England* has been, that a few loose Men of Genius for Pleasure, have turn'd it all to the Gratification of ungovern'd Desires, in spite of good Sense, Form and Order; when, in truth, any Satisfaction beyond the Boundaries of Reason, is but a Step towards Madness and Folly. But is the Sense of Joy and Accomplishment of Desire no way to be indulged or attain'd? and have we Appetites given us not to be at all gratify'd? Yes certainly. Marriage is an Institution calculated for a constant Scene of as much Delight as our Being is capable of. Two Persons who have chosen each other out of all the Species, with design to be each other's mutual Comfort and Entertainment, have in that Action bound themselves to be good-humour'd, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful, with respect to each other's Frailties and Perfections, to the End of their Lives. The wiser of the two (and it always happens one of them is such) will for her or his own sake, keep things from Outrage with the utmost Sanctity. When this Union is thus preserved (as I have often said) the most indifferent Circumstance administers Delight. Their Condition is an endless Source of new Gratifications. The married Man can say, If I am unacceptable to all the World beside, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with Joy and Transport, and think herself obliged to double her Kindness and Carresses of me from the Gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not dissemble the Sorrow of my Heart to be agreeable there, that very Sorrow quickens her Affection.

This Passion towards each other, when once well fixed, enters into the very Constitution, and the Kindness flows as easily and silently as the Blood in the Veins. When this Affection is enjoy'd in the most sublime Degree, unskilful Eyes see nothing of it; but when it is subject to be chang'd, and has an Allay in it that may make it end in Distaste, it is apt to break into Rage, or overflow into Fondness, before the rest of the World.

Uxander and *Viramira* are amorous and young, and have been married these two Years; yet do they so much distinguish each other in Company, that in your Conversation with the Dear Things you are still put to a Sort of Cross-Purposes. Whenever you address your self in ordinary Discourse to *Viramira*, she turns her Head another way, and the Answer is made to the dear *Uxander*: If you tell a merry Tale, the Application is still directed to her Dear; and when she should commend you, she says to him, as if he had spoke it, That is, my Dear, so pretty—— This puts me in mind of what I

have somewhere read in the admired Memoirs of the famous *Cervantes*, where, while honest *Sancho Pança* is putting some necessary humble Question concerning *Rozinante*, his Supper, or his Lodgings, the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance is ever improving the harmless lowly Hints of his Squire to the poetical Conceit, Rapture and Flight, in Contemplation of the dear *Dulcinea* of his Affections.

On the other side, *Dictamnus* and *Moria* are ever squabbling, and you may observe them all the time they are in Company in a State of Impatience. As *Uxander* and *Viramira* wish you all gone, that they may be at freedom for Dalliance; *Dictamnus* and *Moria* wait your Absence, that they may speak their harsh Interpretations on each other's Words and Actions during the time you were with them.

It is certain that the greater Part of the Evils attending this Condition of Life, arises from Fashion. Prejudice in this Case is turn'd the wrong way, and instead of expecting more Happiness than we shall meet with in it, we are laugh'd into a Prepossession, that we shall be disappointed if we hope for lasting Satisfaction.

With all Persons who have made good Sense the Rule of Action, Marriage is describ'd as the State capable of the highest human Felicity. *Tully* has Epistles full of affectionate Pleasure, when he writes to his Wife, or speaks of his Children. But above all the Hints of this kind I have met with in Writers of ancient date, I am pleas'd with an Epigram of *Martial*,¹ in honour of the Beauty of his Wife *Cleopatra*. Commentators say it was written the day after his Wedding-Night. When his Spouse was retir'd to the Bathing-room in the Heat of the Day, he, it seems, came in upon her when she was just going into the Water. To her Beauty and Carriage on this occasion we owe the following Epigram, which I shew'd my Friend *WILL. HONEYCOMB* in *French*, who has translated it as follows, without understanding the Original. I expect it will please the *English* better than the *Latin* Reader.

*When my bright Consort, now nor Wife nor Maid,
Asham'd and wanton, of Embrace afraid,
Fled to the Streams, the Streams my Fair betray'd;
To my fond Eyes she all transparent stood,
She blush'd, I smil'd at the slight covering Flood.
Thus thro' the Glass the lovely Lilly glows,
Thus thro' the ambient Gem shines forth the Rose.
I saw new Charms, and plung'd to seize my Store,
Kisses I snatch'd, the Waves prevented more.*

My Friend would not allow that this luscious Account could be given of a Wife, and therefore used the Word *Consort*; which, he learnedly said, would serve for a Mistress as well, and give a more Gentlemanly Turn to the Epigram. But, under favour of him and all other such fine Gentlemen, I cannot be persuaded but that the Passion a Bridegroom has for a virtuous young Wo-

man, will, by little and little, grow into Friendship, and then it is ascended to [a¹] higher Pleasure than it was in its first Fervour. Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate Man who has enter'd into this State, and left the Habitudes of Life he might have enjoy'd with a faithful Friend. But when the Wife proves capable of filling serious as well as joyous Hours, she brings Happiness unknown to Friendship itself. *Spencer* speaks of each kind of Love with great Justice, and attributes the highest Praise to Friendship; and indeed there is no disputing that Point, but by making that Friendship take [Place²] between two married Persons.

*Hard is the Doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of Love together meet,
And to dispart the Heart with Power extreme,
Whether shall weigh the Ballance down; to wit,
The dear Affection unto Kindred sweet,
Or raging Fire of Love to Womenkind,
Or Zeal of Friends combin'd by Virtues meet.
But, of them all, the Band of virtuous Mind
Methinks the gentle Heart should most assured
bind.*

*For natural Affection soon doth cease,
And quenched is with Cupid's greater Flame;
But faithful Friendship doth them both suppress,
And them with mastering Discipline does tame,
Through Thoughts aspiring to eternal Fame.
For as the Soul doth rule the Earthly Mass,
And all the Service of the Body frame;
So Love of Soul doth Love of Body pass,
No less than perfect Gold surmounts the meanest
Brass.* T.

No. 491.] Tuesday, September 23, 1712. [Steele.

— Digna satis fortuna revisit.—Virg.

IT is common with me to run from Book to Book to exercise my Mind with many Objects, and qualify my self for my daily Labours. After an Hour spent in this loitering Way of Reading, something will remain to be Food to the Imagination. The Writings that please me most on such Occasions are Stories, for the Truth of which there is good Authority. The Mind of Man is naturally a Lover of Justice, and when we read a Story wherein a Criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no Quality which is the Object of Pity, the Soul enjoys a certain Revenge for the Offence done to its Nature, in the wicked Actions committed in the preceding Part of the History. This will be better understood by the Reader from the following Narration³ it self, than from any thing which I can say to introduce it.

When *Charles Duke of Burgundy*, surnamed *The Bold*, reigned over spacious Dominions now

[¹ an]

[² its Place]

³ Founded upon note N to the Memoir of *Charles of Burgundy* in *Bayle's Dictionary*, where the authorities cited are *Pontus Heuterus* and others. It is not in *Comines*.

¹ Lib. iv. ep. 22.

swallowed up by the Power of *France*, he heaped many Favours and Honours upon *Claudius Rhynsault*, a *German*, who had serv'd him in his Wars against the Insults of his Neighbours. A great part of *Zealand* was at that time in Subjection to that Dukedom. The Prince himself was a Person of singular Humanity and Justice. *Rhynsault*, with no other real Quality than Courage, had Dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspecting Master for a Person of blunt Honesty and Fidelity, without any Vice that could bias him from the Execution of Justice. His Highness prepossessed to his Advantage, upon the Decease of the Governour of his chief Town of *Zealand*, gave *Rhynsault* that Command. He was not long seated in that Government, before he cast his Eyes upon *Sapphira*, a Woman of Exquisite Beauty, the Wife of *Paul Danvelt*, a wealthy Merchant of the City under his Protection and Government. *Rhynsault* was a Man of a warm Constitution, and violent Inclination to Women, and not unskilled in the soft Arts which win their Favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the Satisfactions which are reaped from the Possession of Beauty, but was an utter Stranger to the Decencies, Honours and Delicacies that attend the Passion towards them in elegant Minds. However he had so much of the World, that he had a great share of the Language which usually prevails upon the weaker Part of that Sex, and he could with his Tongue utter a Passion with which his Heart was wholly untouched. He was one of those brutal Minds which can be gratified with the Violation of Innocence and Beauty, without the least Pity, Passion or Love to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a Vice inseparable to a lustful Man; and the Possession of a Woman by him who has no thought but allaying a Passion painful to himself, is necessarily followed by Distaste and Aversion. *Rhynsault* being resolv'd to accomplish his Will on the Wife of *Danvelt*, left no Arts untried to get into a Familiarity at her House; but she knew his Character and Disposition too well, not to shun all Occasions that might ensnare her into his Conversation. The Governor despairing of Success by ordinary Means, apprehended and Imprisoned her Husband, under pretence of an Information that he was guilty of a Correspondence with the Enemies of the Duke, to betray the Town into their Possession. This Design had its desired Effect; and the Wife of the unfortunate *Danvelt*, the day before that which was appointed for his Execution, presented herself in the Hall of the Governor's House, and as he pass'd thro' the Apartment, threw her self at his Feet, and holding his Knees, beseeched his Mercy. *Rhynsault* beheld her with a dissembled Satisfaction, and assuming an Air of Thought and Authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must follow him to his Closet; and asking her whether she knew the Hand of the Letter he pulled out of his Pocket, went from her, leaving this Admonition aloud, *If you will save your Husband, you must give me an account of all you know without Prevarication; for every body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the Names of the rest of the Conspirators, or any*

other Particulars whatsoever. He went to his Closet, and soon after the Lady was sent to for an Audience. The Servant knew his distance when Matters of State were to be debated; and the Governor, laying aside the Air with which he had appear'd in publick, began to be the Supplicant, to rally an Affliction, which it was in her Power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent Man from his Imprisonment. She easily perceiv'd his Intention, and, bathed in Tears, began to deprecate so wicked a Design. Lust, like Ambition, takes all the Faculties of the Mind and Body into its Service and Subjection. Her becoming Tears, her honest Anguish, the wringing of her Hands, and the many Changes of her Posture and Figure in the Vehemence of speaking, were but so many Attitudes in which he beheld her Beauty, and further Incentives of his Desire. All Humanity was lost in that one Appetite, and he signified to her in so many plain Terms, that he was unhappy till he had possess'd her, and nothing less shou'd be the Price of her Husband's Life; and she must, before the following Noon, pronounce the Death or Enlargement of *Danvelt*. After this Notification, when he saw *Sapphira* enough again distracted to make the Subject of their Discourse to common Eyes appear different from what it was, he called Servants to conduct her to the Gate. Loaded with insupportable Affliction, she immediately repairs to her Husband, and having signified to his Goalers, that she had a Proposal to make to her Husband from the Governor, she was left alone with him, reveal'd to him all that had pass'd, and represented the endless Conflict she was in between Love to his Person, and Fidelity to his Bed. It is easie to imagine the sharp Affliction this honest Pair was in upon such an Incident, in Lives not us'd to any but ordinary Occurrences. The Man was bridled by Shame from speaking what his Fear prompted, upon so near an approach of Death; but let fall Words that signify'd to her, he should not think her polluted, though she had not yet confess'd to him that the Governor had violated her Person, since he knew her Will had no part in the Action. She parted from him with this oblique Permission to save a Life he had not Resolution enough to resign for the safety of his Honour.

The next Morning the unhappy *Sapphira* attended the Governor, and being led into a remote Apartment, submitted to his Desires. *Rhynsault* commended her Charms, claim'd a Familiarity after what had pass'd between them, and with an Air of Gaiety in the Language of a Gallant, bid her return, and take her Husband out of Prison: But, continu'd he, my Fair one must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an Interruption to our future Assignations. These last Words foreboded what she found when she came to the Goal, her Husband executed by the Order of *Rhynsault*.

It was remarkable that the Woman, who was full of Tears and Lamentations during the whole Course of her Affliction, uttered neither Sigh nor Complaint, but stood fix'd with Grief at this Consummation of her Misfortunes. She betook herself to her abode, and after having in Solitude paid her Devotions to him who is the Avenger of

Innocence, she repair'd privately to Court. Her Person and a certain Grandeur of Sorrow negligent of Forms gain'd her Passage into the Presence of the Duke her Sovereign. As soon as she came into the Presence, she broke forth into the following words, *Behold, O mighty Charles, a Wretch weary of Life, though it has always been spent with Innocence and Virtue. It is not in your power to redress my Injuries, but it is to avenge them. And if the Protection of the Distress'd, and the Punishment of Oppressors, is a Task worthy a Prince, I bring the Duke of Burgundy ample matter for doing Honour to his own great Name, and wiping Infamy off of mine.*

When she had spoke this, she deliver'd the Duke a Paper reciting her Story. He read it with all the Emotions that Indignation and Pity could raise in a Prince jealous of his Honour in the Behaviour of his Officers, and Prosperity of his Subjects.

Upon an appointed Day, *Rhynsault* was sent for to Court, and in the Presence of a few of the Council, confronted by *Sapphira*: the Prince asking, *Do you know that Lady?* *Rhynsault*, as soon as he could recover his Surprise, told the Duke he would marry her, if his Highness would please to think that a Reparation. The Duke seem'd contented with this Answer, and stood by during the immediate Solemnization of the Ceremony. At the Conclusion of it he told *Rhynsault*, *Thus far have you done as constrain'd by my Authority: I shall not be satisfied of your kind Usage of her, without you sign a Gift of your whole Estate to her after your Decease.* To the Performance of this also the Duke was a Witness. When these two Acts were executed, the Duke turn'd to the Lady, and told her, it now remains for me to put you in quiet Possession of what your Husband has so bountifully bestow'd on you; and order'd the immediate Execution of *Rhynsault*.

T.

No. 492.] Wednesday, Sept. 24, 1712. [Steele.

Quicquid est boni moris Levitate extinguitur.
Sen.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, Tunbridge, Sept. 18.

I AM a young Woman of Eighteen Years of Age, and, I do assure you, a Maid of unspotted Reputation, founded upon a very careful Carriage in all my Looks, Words and Actions. At the same time I must own to you, that it is with much constraint to Flesh and Blood that my Behaviour is so strictly irreproachable; for I am naturally addicted to Mirth, to Gaiety, to a Free Air, to Motion and Gadding. Now what gives me a great deal of Anxiety, and is some Discouragement in the Pursuit of Virtue, is, that the young Women who run into greater Freedoms with the Men are more taken Notice of than I am. The Men are such unthinking Sots, that they do not prefer her who restrains all her Passions and Affections and keeps much within the Bounds of what is lawful, to her who goes to

the utmost Verge of Innocence, and parlies at the very Brink of Vice, whether she shall be a Wife or a Mistress. But I must appeal to your Spectatorial Wisdom, who, I find, have passed very much of your Time in the Study of Woman, whether this is not a most unreasonable Proceeding. I have read somewhere, that *Hobbes* of *Malmesbury* asserts, that continent Persons have more of what they contain, than those who give a loose to their Desires. According to this Rule, let there be equal Age, equal Wit, and equal Good-Humour, in the Woman of Prudence, and her of Liberty; what Stores has he to expect, who takes the former? What Refuse must he be contented with, who chuses the latter? Well, but I sate down to write to you to vent my Indignation against several pert Creatures who are address'd to and courted in this Place, while poor I, and two or three like me, are wholly unregarded.

Every one of these affect gaining the Hearts of your Sex: This is generally attempted by a particular manner of carrying themselves with Familiarity. *Glycera* has a dancing Walk, and keeps Time in her ordinary Gate. *Chloe*, her Sister, who is unwilling to interrupt her Conquests, comes into the Room before her with a familiar Run. *Dulcissa* takes Advantage of the Approach of the Winter, and has introduc'd a very pretty Shiver; closing up her Shoulders, and shrinking as she moves. All that are in this Mode carry their Fans between both Hands before them. *Dulcissa* herself, who is Author of this Air, adds the pretty Run to it; and has also, when she is in very good Humour, a taking Familiarity in throwing herself into the lowest Seat in the Room, and letting her hoop'd Petticoats fall with a lucky Decency about her. I know she practices this way of sitting down in her Chamber; and indeed she does it as well as you may have seen an Actress fall down dead in a Tragedy. Not the least Indecency in her Posture. If you have observ'd what pretty Carcasses are carry'd off at the end of a Verse at the Theatre, it will give you a Notion how *Dulcissa* plumps into a Chair. Here's a little Country Girl that's very cunning, that makes her use of being young and unbred, and outdoes the Insnarers, who are almost twice her Age. The Air that she takes is to come into Company after a Walk, and is very successfully out of Breath upon occasion. Her Mother is in the Secret, and calls her Romp, and then looks round to see what young Men stare at her.

It would take up more than can come into one of your Papers, to enumerate all the particular Airs of the younger Company in this Place. But I cannot omit *Dulceorella*, whose manner is the most indolent imaginable, but still as watchful of Conquest as the busiest Virgin among us. She has a peculiar Art of staring at a young Fellow, till she sees she has got him, and inflam'd him by so much Observation. When she sees she has him, and he begins to toss his Head upon it, she is immediately short-sighted, and labours to observe what he is at a distance with her Eyes half shut. Thus the Captive, that thought her first struck, is to make very near Approaches, or

'be wholly disregarded. This Artifice has done more Execution than all the ogling of the rest of the Women here, with the utmost Variety of half Glances, attentive Heedlessnesses, childish Inadvertencies, haughty Contempts, or artificial Oversights. After I have said thus much of Ladies among us who fight thus regularly, I am to complain to you of a Set of Familiar Romps, who have broken thro' all common Rules, and have thought of a very effectual way of shewing more Charms than all of us. These, Mr. SPECTATOR, are the Swingers. You are to know these careless pretty Creatures are very Innocents again; and it is to be no matter what they do, for 'tis all harmless Freedom. They get on Ropes, as you must have seen the Children, and are swung by their Men Visitants. The Jest is, that Mr. such a one can name the Colour of Mrs. Such-a-one's Stockings; and she tells him, he is a lying Thief, so he is, and full of Roguery; and she'll lay a Wager, and her Sister shall tell the Truth if he says right, and he can't tell what Colour her Garters are of. In this Diversion there are very many pretty Shrieks, not so much for fear of falling, as that their Petticoats shou'd untye: For there is a great care had to avoid Improprieties; and the Lover who swings the Lady, is to tye her Clothes very close with his Hatband, before she admits him to throw up her Heels.

'Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, except you can note these Wantonnesses in their Beginnings, and bring us sober Girls into Observation, there is no help for it, we must swim with the Tide; the Coquets are too powerful a Party for us. To look into the Merit of a regular and well-behav'd Woman, is a slow thing. A loose trivial Song gains the Affections, when a wise Homily is not attended to. There is no other way but to make war upon them, or we must go over to them. As for my Part, I will shew all the World it is not for want of Charms that I stand so long unasked; and if you do not take measures for the immediate Redress of us Rigids, as the Fellows call us, I can move with a speaking Mien, can look significantly, can lisp, can trip, can loll, can start, can blush, can rage, can weep, if I must do it, and can be frightened as agreeably as any She in England. All which is humbly submitted to your Spectatorial Consideration with all Humility, by

Your most humble Servant,
Matilda Mohair.

T.

No. 493.] Thursday, September 25, 1712. [Steele.

*Qualem commendes etiam atque etiam adspice,
ne mox
Incultant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.*—Hor.

IT is no unpleasant matter of Speculation to consider the recommendatory Epistles that pass round this Town from Hand to Hand, and the abuse People put upon one another in that kind. It is indeed come to that pass, that instead of being the Testimony of Merit in the Person recommended, the true reading of a Letter of this

sort is, *The Bearer hereof is so uneasy to me that it will be an Act of Charity in you to take him off my Hands; whether you prefer him or not, it is all one, for I have no manner of Kindness for him, or Obligation to him or his; and do what you please us to that.* As negligent as Men are in this respect, a point of Honour is concerned in it; and there is nothing a Man should be more ashamed of, than passing a worthless Creature into the Service or Interests of a Man who has never injured you. The Women indeed are a little too keen in their Resentments, to trespass often this Way: But you shall sometimes know that the Mistress and the Maid shall quarrel, and give each other very free Language, and at last the Lady shall be pacified to turn her out of Doors, and give her a very good Word to any body else. Hence it is that you see, in a Year and Half's time, the same Face a Domestick in all parts of the Town. Good-breeding and Good-nature lead People in a great Measure to this Injustice: When Suitors of no Consideration will have Confidence enough to press upon their Superiors, those in Power are tender of speaking the Exceptions they have against them, and are mortgaged into Promises out of their Impatience of Importunity. In this latter Case, it would be a very useful Enquiry to know the History of Recommendations: There are, you must know, certain Abettors of this way of Torment, who make it a Profession to manage the Affairs of Candidates: These Gentlemen let out their Impudence to their Clients, and supply any Defective Recommendation, by informing how such and such a Man is to be attacked. They will tell you, get the least Scrap from Mr. Such-a-one, and leave the rest to them. When one of these Undertakers have your Business in hand, you may be sick, absent in Town or Country, and the Patron shall be worried, or you prevail. I remember to have been shewn a Gentleman some Years ago, who punish'd a whole People for their Facility in giving their Credentials. This Person had belonged to a Regiment which did Duty in the *West-Indies*, and by the Mortality of the Place happened to be commanding Officer in the Colony. He oppressed his Subjects with great frankness, till he became sensible that he was heartily hated by every Man under his Command. When he had carried his Point, to be thus detestable, in a pretended Fit of Dishumour, and feigned Uneasiness of living where he found he was so universally unacceptable, he communicated to the chief Inhabitants a Design he had to return for *England*, provided they would give him ample Testimonials of their Approbation. The Planters came into it to a Man; and in proportion to his deserving the quite contrary, the Words Justice, Generosity, and Courage, were inserted in his Commission, not omitting the general Good-liking of People of all Conditions in the Colony. The Gentleman returns for *England*, and within few Months after came back to them their Governour on the Strength of their own Testimonials.

Such a Rebuke as this cannot indeed happen to easy Recommenders, in the ordinary course of things from one hand to another; but how would a Man bear to have it said to him, the Person I took into Confidence on the Credit you gave him,

has proved false, unjust, and has not answered any way the Character you gave me of him?

I cannot but conceive very good hopes of that Rake *Jack Toper* of the *Temple*, for an honest Scrupulousness in this Point. A Friend of his meeting with a Servant that had formerly lived with *Jack*, and having a mind to take him, sent to him to know what Faults the Fellow had, since he could not please such a careless Fellow as he was. His Answer was as follows:

SIR,

'Thomas that lived with me was turned away because he was too good for me. You know I live in Taverns; he is an orderly sober Rascal, and thinks much to sleep in an Entry till two in a Morning. He told me one day when he was dressing me, that he wondered I was not dead before now, since I went to Dinner in the Evening, and went to Supper at two in the Morning. We were coming down *Essex-street* one Night a little frustrated, and I was giving him the Word to alarm the Watch; he had the Impudence to tell me it was against the Law. You that are married, and live one Day after another the same Way, and so on the whole Week, I dare say will like him, and he will be glad to have his Meat in due Season. The Fellow is certainly very Honest. My Service to your Lady.

Yours, J. T.

Now this was very fair Dealing. *Jack* knew very well, that though the Love of Order made a Man very awkward in his Equipage, it was a valuable Quality among the Queer People who live by Rule; and had too much good Sense and good Nature to let the Fellow starve, because he was not fit to attend his Vivacities.

I shall end this Discourse with a Letter of Recommendation from *Horace* to *Claudius Nero*. You will see in that Letter a Slowness to ask a Favour, a strong Reason for being unable to deny his good Word any longer, and that it is a Service to the Person to whom he recommends, to comply with what is asked: All which are necessary Circumstances, both in Justice and Good-breeding, if a Man would ask so as to have reason to complain of a Denial; and indeed a Man should not in strictness ask otherwise. In hopes the Authority of *Horace*, who perfectly understood how to live with great Men, may have a good Effect towards amending this Facility in People of Condition, and the Confidence of those who apply to them without Merit, I have translated the Epistle.¹

To CLAUDIUS NERO.

SIR,

'*Septimius*, who waits upon you with this, is very well acquainted with the place you are pleased to allow me in your Friendship. For when he beseeches me to recommend him to your Notice, in such a manner as to be received by you, who are delicate in the choice of your Friends and Domesticks, he knows our Inti-

¹ This is a translation from *Horace* of the verse of No. 9 in Book I. of his Epistles; showing how it would read in the customary prose form of a letter of introduction.

'macy, and understands my Ability to serve him better than I do myself. I have defended myself against his Ambition to be yours, as long as I possibly could; but fearing the Imputation of hiding my Power in you out of mean and selfish Considerations, I am at last prevailed upon to give you this Trouble. Thus, to avoid the Appearance of a greater Fault, I have put on this Confidence. If you can forgive this Transgression of Modesty in behalf of a Friend, receive this Gentleman into your Interests and Friendship, and take it from me that he is an honest and a brave Man. I.

No. 494.] Friday, September 26, 1712. [Addison.

Ægritudinem laudare, unam rem maximè detestabilem, quorum est tandem Philosophorum?
Cic.

ABOUT an Age ago it was the fashion in *England*, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much Sanctity as possible into his Face, and in particular to abstain from all Appearances of Mirth and Pleasantry, which were looked upon as the Marks of a Carnal Mind. The Saint was of a sorrowful Countenance, and generally eaten up with Spleen and Melancholy. A Gentleman, who was lately a great Ornament to the Learned World,¹ has diverted me more than once with an Account of the Reception which he met with from a very famous Independent Minister, who was Head of a College in those times.² This Gentleman was then a young Adventurer in the Republick of Letters, and just fitted out for the University with a good Cargo of *Latin* and *Greek*. His Friends were resolved that he should try his Fortune at an Election which was drawing near in the College, of which the Independent Minister whom I have before mentioned was Governor. The Youth, according to Custom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the Door by a Servant, who was one of that gloomy

¹ Supposed to be Anthony Henley, a gentleman of property, who corresponded with Swift, was a friend of Steele's, and contributed some unidentified papers to the *Tatler*. He died in August, 1711.

² Dr. Thomas Goodwin, who was born in 1600, and educated at Cambridge. He was one of those who, like Milton's tutor, Dr. Thomas Young, went to Holland to escape from persecution, and was pastor of the English church at Arnheim, till in the Civil Wars he came to London, and sat at Westminster as one of the Assembly of Divines. In 1649 Cromwell made him President of Magdalen College. As Oliver Cromwell's chaplain, he prayed with and for him in his last illness. At the Restoration, Dr. Goodwin was deprived of his post at Oxford, and he then preached in London to an Assembly of Independents till his death, in 1679. His works were collected in five volumes folio.

Generation that were then in fashion. He conducted him, with great Silence and Seriousness, to a long Gallery which was darkned at Noon-day, and had only a single Candle burning in it. After a short stay in this melancholy Apartment, he was led into a Chamber hung with Black, where he entertained himself for some time by the glimmering of a Taper, till at length the Head of the College came out to him, from an inner Room, with half a Dozen Night Caps upon his Head, and a religious Horror in his Countenance. The young Man trembled; but his Fears increased when, instead of being ask'd what Progress he had made in Learning, he was examined how he abounded in Grace. His *Latin* and *Greek* stood him in little stead; he was to give an account only of the state of his Soul, whether he was of the Number of the Elect; what was the Occasion of his Conversion; upon what Day of the Month, and Hour of the Day it happened; how it was carried on, and when completed. The whole Examination was summed up with one short Question, namely, *Whether he was prepared for Death?* The Boy, who had been bred up by honest Parents, was frighted out of his Wits at the Solemnity of the Proceeding, and by the last dreadful Interrogatory; so that upon making his Escape out of this House of Mourning, he could never be brought a second time to the Examination, as not being able to go through the Terrors of it.

Notwithstanding this general Form and Outside of Religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many Persons, who, by a natural Uncheerfulness of Heart, mistaken Notions of Piety, or Weakness of Understanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of Life, and give up themselves a Prey to Grief and Melancholy. Superstitious Fears and groundless Scruples cut them off from the Pleasures of Conversation, and all those social Entertainments, which are not only innocent, but laudable; as if Mirth was made for Reprobates, and Cheerfulness of Heart denied those who are the only Persons that have a proper Title to it.

Sombrius is one of these Sons of Sorrow. He thinks himself obliged in Duty to be sad and disconsolate. He looks on a sudden fit of Laughter as a Breach of his Baptismal Vow. An innocent Jest startles him like Blasphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a Title of Honour, he lifts up his Hands and Eyes; describe a publick Ceremony, he shakes his Head; shew him a gay Equipage, he blesses himself. All the little Ornaments of Life are Poms and Vanities. Mirth is wanton, and Wit profane. He is scandalized at Youth for being lively, and at Childhood for being playful. He sits at a Christening, or a Marriage Feast, as at a Funeral; sighs at the Conclusion of a merry Story, and grows devout when the rest of the Company grow pleasant. After all, *Sombrius* is a religious Man, and would have behaved himself very properly, had he lived when Christianity was under a general Persecution.

I would by no means presume to tax such Characters with Hypocrisy, as is done too frequently; that being a Vice which I think none

but He, who knows the Secrets of Men's Hearts, should pretend to discover in another, where the Proofs of it do not amount to a Demonstration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent Persons, who are weighed down by this habitual Sorrow of Heart, they rather deserve our Compassion than our Reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider, whether such a Behaviour does not deter Men from a Religious Life, by representing it as an unsociable State, that extinguishes all Joy and Gladness, darkens the Face of Nature, and destroys the Relish of Being it self.

I have, in former Papers, shewn how great a Tendency there is to Cheerfulness in Religion, and how such a Frame of Mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous Person. In short, those who represent Religion in so unamiable a Light, are like the Spies sent by *Moses* to make a Discovery of the Land of *Promise*, when by their Reports they discouraged the People from entering upon it. Those who shew us the Joy, the Cheerfulness, the Good-humour, that naturally spring up in this happy State, are like the Spies bringing along with them the Clusters of Grapes, and delicious Fruits, that might invite their Companions into the pleasant Country which produced them.

An eminent Pagan Writer¹ has made a Discourse, to shew that the Atheist, who denies a God, does him less Dishonour than the Man who owns his Being, but at the same time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to Human Nature. For my own part, says he, I would rather it should be said of me, that there was never any such Man as *Plutarch*, than that *Plutarch* was ill-natured, capricious, or inhuman.

If we may believe our Logicians, Man is distinguished from all other Creatures by the Faculty of Laughter. He has an Heart capable of Mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the Business of Virtue to extirpate the Affections of the Mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish Gladness from the Heart of Man. Religion contracts the Circle of our Pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her Votaries to expatiate in. The Contemplation of the Divine Being, and the Exercise of Virtue, are in their own Nature so far from excluding all Gladness of Heart, that they are perpetual Sources of it. In a word, the true Spirit of Religion cheers, as well as composes the Soul; it banishes indeed all Levity of Behaviour, all vicious and dissolute Mirth, but in exchange fills the Mind with a perpetual Serenity, uninterrupted Cheerfulness, and an habitual Inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in it self. O.

¹ Plutarch, in his short Treatise 'On Superstition.'

No. 495.] Saturday, Sept. 27, 1712. [Addison.

*Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.*—Hor.

AS I am one, who, by my Profession, am obliged to look into all kinds of Men, there are none whom I consider with so much Pleasure, as those who have any thing new or extraordinary in their Characters, or Ways of living. For this reason I have often amused my self with Speculations on the Race of People called *Jews*, many of whom I have met with in most of the considerable Towns which I have passed through in the Course of my Travels. They are, indeed, so disseminated through all the trading parts of the World, that they are become the Instruments by which the most distant Nations converse with one another, and by which Mankind are knit together in a general Correspondence: They are like the Pegs and Nails in a great Building, which, though they are but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole Frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten Tracks of Observation, I shall consider this People in three Views: First, with regard to their Number; Secondly, their Dispersion; and, Thirdly, their Adherence to their Religion: and afterwards endeavour to shew, First, what Natural Reasons, and, Secondly, what Providential Reasons may be assigned for these three remarkable Particulars.

The *Jews* are looked upon by many to be as numerous at present, as they were formerly in the Land of *Canaan*.

This is wonderful, considering the dreadful Slaughter made of them under some of the *Roman* Emperors, which Historians describe by the Death of many Hundred Thousands in a War; and the innumerable Massacres and Persecutions they have undergone in *Turkey*, as well as in all Christian Nations of the World. The *Rabbins*, to express the great Havock which has been sometimes made of them, tell us, after their usual manner of Hyperbole, that there were such Torrents of Holy Blood shed as carried Rocks of an hundred Yards in Circumference above three Miles into the Sea.

Their Dispersion is the second remarkable Particular in this People. They swarm over all the *East*; and are settled in the remotest Parts of *China*: They are spread through most of the Nations of *Europe* and *Africk*, and many Families of them are established in the *West-Indies*: not to mention whole Nations bordering on *Prester-John's* Country, and some discovered in the inner Parts of *America*, if we may give any Credit to their own Writers.

Their firm Adherence to their Religion, is no less remarkable than their Numbers and Dispersion, especially considering it as persecuted or contemned over the Face of the whole Earth. This is likewise the more remarkable, if we con-

sider the frequent Apostacies of this People, when they lived under their Kings, in the Land of *Promise*, and within sight of their Temple.

If in the next place we examine, what may be the Natural Reasons for these three Particulars which we find in the *Jews*, and which are not to be found in any other Religion or People, I can, in the first place, attribute their Numbers to nothing but their constant Employment, their Abstinence, their Exemption from Wars, and above all, their frequent Marriages; for they look on Celibacy as an accursed State, and generally are married before Twenty, as hoping the *Messiah* may descend from them.

The Dispersion of the *Jews* into all the Nations of the Earth, is the second remarkable Particular of that People, though not so hard to be accounted for. They were always in Rebellions and Tumults while they had the Temple and Holy City in View, for which reason they have often been driven out of their old Habitations in the Land of *Promise*. They have as often been banished out of most other Places where they have settled, which must very much disperse and scatter a People, and oblige them to seek a Livelihood where they can find it. Besides, the whole People is now a Race of such Merchants as are Wanderers by Profession, and at the same time, are in most if not all Places incapable of either Lands or Offices, that might engage them to make any Part of the World their Home.

This Dispersion would probably have lost their Religion, had it not been secured by the Strength of its Constitution: For they are to live all in a Body, and generally within the same Enclosure; to marry among themselves, and to eat no Meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This shuts them out from all Table Conversation, and the most agreeable Intercourses of Life; and, by consequence, excludes them from the most probable Means of Conversion.

If, in the last place, we consider what Providential Reason may be assigned for these three Particulars, we shall find that their Numbers, Dispersion, and Adherence to their Religion, have furnished every Age, and every Nation of the World, with the strongest Arguments for the Christian Faith, not only as these very Particulars are foretold of them, but as they themselves are the Depositories of these and all the other Prophecies, which tend to their own Confusion. Their Number furnishes us with a sufficient Cloud of Witnesses that attest the Truth of the Old Bible. Their Dispersion spreads these Witnesses thro' all parts of the World. The Adherence to their Religion makes their Testimony unquestionable. Had the whole Body of the *Jews* been converted to Christianity, we should certainly have thought all the Prophecies of the old Testament, that relate to the Coming and History of our Blessed Saviour, forged by Christians, and have looked upon them, with the Prophecies of the *Sybils*, as made many Years after the Events they pretended to foretell.

O.

No. 496.] Monday, September 29, 1712. [Steele.

*Gnatum pariter uti his decuit aut etiam amplius,
Quod illa ætas magis ad hæc utenda idonea est.*
Terent. Heaut. A. 1. Sc. 1.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THOSE Ancients who were the most accurate in their Remarks on the Genius and Temper of Mankind, by considering the various Bent and Scope of our Actions throughout the Progress of Life, have with great Exactness allotted Inclinations and Objects of Desire particular to every Stage, according to the different Circumstances of our Conversation and Fortune, thro' the several Periods of it. Hence they were disposed easily to excuse those Excesses which might possibly arise from a too eager Pursuit of the Affections more immediately proper to each State: They indulged the Levity of Childhood with Tenderness, overlooked the Gayety of Youth with Good-nature, tempered the forward Ambition and Impatience of ripen'd Manhood with Discretion, and kindly imputed the tenacious Avarice of old Men to their want of relish for any other Enjoyment. Such Allowances as these were no less advantageous to common Society than obliging to particular Persons; for by maintaining a Decency and Regularity in the Course of Life, they supported the Dignity of human Nature, which then suffers the greatest Violence when the Order of things is inverted; and in nothing is it more remarkably vilify'd and ridiculous, than when Feebleness preposterously attempts to adorn it self with that outward Pomp and Lustre, which serve only to set off the Bloom of Youth with better advantage. I was insensibly carried into Reflections of this nature, by just now meeting *Paulino* (who is in his Climacterick) bedeck'd with the utmost Splendour of Dress and Equipage, and giving an unbounded Loose to all manner of Pleasure, whilst his only Son is debarr'd all innocent Diversion, and may be seen frequently solacing himself in the *Mall* with no other Attendance than one antiquated Servant of his Father's for a Companion and Director.

It is a monstrous want of Reflection, that a Man cannot consider, that when he cannot resign the Pleasures of Life in his Decay of Appetite and Inclination to them, his Son must have a much uneasier Task to resist the Impetuosity of growing Desires. The Skill therefore should, methinks, be to let a Son want no lawful Diversion, in proportion to his future Fortune, and the Figure he is to make in the World. The first Step towards Virtue that I have observed in young Men of Condition that have run into Excesses, has been that they had a regard to their Quality and Reputation in the Management of their Vices. Narrowness in their Circumstances has made many Youths, to supply themselves as Debauchees, commence Cheats and Rascals. The Father who allows his Son to his utmost ability avoids this latter Evil, which as to the World is much greater than the former. But the contrary Practice has prevail'd so much among some Men, that I have known them deny them

what was merely necessary for Education suitable to their Quality. Poor young *Antonio* is a lamentable Instance of ill Conduct in this kind. The young Man did not want natural Talents; but the Father of him was a Coxcomb, who affected being a fine Gentleman so unmercifully, that he could not endure in his sight, or the frequent mention of one, who was his Son, growing into Manhood, and thrusting him out of the gay World. I have often thought the Father took a secret Pleasure in reflecting that when that fine House and Seat came into the next hands, it would revive his Memory, as a Person who knew how to enjoy them, from Observation of the Rusticity and Ignorance of his Successor. Certain it is that a Man may, if he will, let his Heart close to the having no regard to any thing but his dear self, even with exclusion of his very Children. I recommend this Subject to your Consideration, and am,

SIR, Your most humble Servant, T. B.

Mr. SPECTATOR, London, Sept. 26, 1712.

I am just come from *Tunbridge*, and have since my return read Mrs. *Matilda Mohair's* Letter to you: She pretends to make a mighty Story about the Diversion of Swinging in that Place. What was done, was only among Relations; and no Man swung any Woman who was not second Cousin at farthest. She is pleased to say, care was taken that the Gallants tied the Ladies Legs before they were wafted into the Air. Since she is so spiteful, I'll tell you the plain Truth; there was no such Nicety observed, since we were all, as I just now told you, near Relations; but Mrs. *Mohair* her self has been swung there, and she invents all this Malice, because it was observed she has crooked Legs, of which I was an Eye-Witness.

Your humble Servant,
Rachel Shoestring.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge*, Sept. 26, 1712.

We have just now read your Paper, containing Mrs. *Mohair's* Letter. It is an Invention of her own from one end to the other; and I desire you would print the enclosed Letter by it self, and shorten it so as to come within the Compass of your Half-Sheet. She is the most malicious Minx in the World, for all she looks so innocent. Don't leave out that Part about her being in love with her Father's Butler, which makes her shun Men; for that is the truest of it all.

Your humble Servant,
Sarah Trice.

P. S. 'She has crooked Legs.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge*, Sept. 26, 1712.

All that Mrs. *Mohair* is so vexed at against the good Company of this Place, is, that we all know she has crooked Legs. This is certainly true. I don't care for putting my Name, because one would not be in the Power of the Creature.

Your humble Servant unknown.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge*, Sept. 26, 1712.

That insufferable Prude Mrs. *Mohair*, who has told such Stories of the Company here, is with Child, for all her nice Airs and her crooked

'Legs. Pray be sure to put her in for both those
'two Things, and you'll oblige every Body here,
'especially

Your humble Servant,

T.

Alice Bluegarter.

No. 497.] *Tuesday, September 30, 1712.* [Steele.

Ἄουτός ἐστι γαλεώτης γέρων.—Menander.

A FAVOUR well bestow'd, is almost as great an Honour to him who confers it, as to him who receives it. What indeed makes for the superior Reputation of the Patron in this case, is, that he is always surrounded with specious Pretences of unworthy Candidates, and is often alone in the kind Inclination he has towards the Well-deserving. Justice is the first Quality in the Man who is in a Post of Direction; and I remember to have heard an old Gentleman talk of the Civil Wars, and in his Relation give an Account of a General Officer, who with this one Quality, without any shining Endowments, became so peculiarly beloved and honoured, that all Decisions between Man and Man were laid before him by the Parties concerned in a private Way; and they would lay by their Animosities implicitly, if he bid them be Friends, or submit themselves in the Wrong without Reluctance, if he said it, without waiting the Judgment of Court-Martials. His Manner was to keep the Dates of all Commissions in his Closet, and wholly dismiss from the Service such who were deficient in their Duty; and after that, took Care to prefer according to the Order of Battel. His Familiars were his entire Friends, and could have no interested Views in courting his Acquaintance; for his Affection was no Step to their Preferment, tho' it was to their Reputation. By this means a kind Aspect, a Salutation, a Smile, and giving out his Hand, had the weight of what is esteem'd by vulgar Minds more substantial. His Business was very short, and he who had nothing to do but Justice, was never affronted with a Request of a familiar daily Visitant for what was due to a brave Man at a Distance. Extraordinary Merit he used to recommend to the King for some Distinction at home, till the Order of Battel made way for his rising in the Troops. Add to this, that he had an excellent Manner of getting rid of such whom he observed were good at *an Halt*, as his Phrase was. Under this Description he comprehended all those who were contented to live without Reproach, and had no Promptitude in their Minds towards Glory. These Fellows were also recommended to the King, and taken off of the General's hands into Posts wherein Diligence and common Honesty were all that were necessary. This General had no weak Part in his Line; but every Man had as much Care upon him, and as much Honour to lose as himself. Every Officer could answer for what pass'd where he was, and the General's Presence was never necessary any where, but where he had placed himself at the first Disposition, except that Accident happen'd from extraordinary Efforts of the Enemy which he could not foresee;

but it was remarkable that it never fell out from Failure in his own Troops. It must be confess'd, the World is just so much out of order, as an unworthy Person possesses what should be in the Direction of him who has better Pretensions to it.

Instead of such a Conduct as this old Fellow us'd to describe in his General, all the Evils which have ever happen'd among Mankind have arose from the wanton Disposition of the Favours of the Powerful. It is generally all that Men of Modesty and Virtue can do, to fall in with some whimsical Turn in a Great Man, to make way for things of real and absolute Service. In the time of *Don Sebastian of Portugal*, or some time since, the first Minister would let nothing come near him but what bore the most profound Face of Wisdom and Gravity. They carry'd it so far, that, for the greater Shew of their profound Knowledge, a Pair of Spectacles tied on their Noses, with a black Ribband round their Heads, was what compleated the Dress of those who made their court at his Levee, and none with naked Noses were admitted to his Presence. A blunt honest Fellow, who had a Command in the Train of Artillery, had attempted to make an Impression upon the Porter day after day in vain, till at length he made his appearance in a very thoughtful dark sute of Clothes, and two Pair of Spectacles on at once. He was conducted from Room to Room with great deference, to the Minister; and carrying on the Farce of the Place, he told his Excellence, That he had pretended in this manner to be wiser than he really was, but with no ill Intention; but he was honest Such-a-one of the Train, and he came to tell him that they wanted Wheel-barrows and Pick-axes. The thing happened not to displease, the Great Man was seen to smile, and the successful Officer was reconducted with the same profound Ceremony out of the House.

When *Leo X.* reigned Pope of *Rome*, his Holiness, tho' a Man of Sense, and of an excellent Taste of Letters, of all things affected Fools, Buffoons, Humourists, and Coxcombs: Whether it were from Vanity, and that he enjoy'd no Talents in other Men but what were inferiour to him, or whatever it was, he carried it so far, that his whole Delight was in finding out new Fools, and, as our Phrase is, playing them off, and making them shew themselves to advantage. A Priest of his former Acquaintance suffered a great many Disappointments in attempting to find access to him in a regular Character, till at last in despair he retired from *Rome*, and returned in an Equipage so very fantastical, both as to the Dress of himself and Servants, that the whole Court were in an Emulation who should first introduce him to his Holiness.¹ What added to the Expectation his Holiness had of the Pleasure he should have in his Follies, was, that this Fellow, in a Dress the most exquisitely ridiculous, desired he might speak to him alone, for he had Matters of the highest Importance, upon which he wanted a Conference. Nothing could be denied to a Coxcomb of so great hope; but when they were apart,

¹ Founded on Note F to Bayle's account of *Leo X.*

the Impostor revealed himself, and spoke as follows:

Do not be surprized, most holy Father, at seeing, instead of a Coxcomb to laugh at, your old Friend who has taken this way of Access to admonish you of your own Folly. Can any thing shew your Holiness how unworthily you treat Mankind, more than my being put upon this Difficulty to speak with you? It is a degree of Folly to delight to see it in others, and it is the greatest Insolence imaginable to rejoice in the Disgrace of human Nature. It is a criminal Humility in a Person of your Holiness's Understanding, to believe you cannot excel but in the Conversation of Half-wits, Humorists, Coxcombs, and Buffoons. If your Holiness has a mind to be diverted like a rational Man, you have a great opportunity for it, in disrobing all the Impertinents you have favour'd, of all their Riches and Trappings at once, and bestowing them on the Humble, the Virtuous, and the Meek. If your Holiness is not concerned for the sake of Virtue and Religion, be pleased to reflect, that for the sake of your own Safety it is not proper to be so very much in jest. When the Pope is thus merry, the People will in time begin to think many things, which they have hitherto beheld with great Veneration, are in themselves Objects of Scorn and Derision. If they once get a Trick of knowing how to laugh, your Holiness's saying this Sentence in one Night-Cap and t'other with the other, the change of your Slippers, bringing you your Staff in the midst of a Prayer, then stripping you of one Vest and clapping on a second during divine Service, will be found out to have nothing in it. Consider, Sir, that at this rate a Head will be reckoned never the wiser for being Bald; and the ignorant will be apt to say, that going bare-foot does not at all help on in the way to Heaven. The red Cap and the Coull will fall under the same Contempt; and the Vulgar will tell us to our Faces that we shall have no Authority over them, but from the Force of our Arguments, and the Sanctity of our Lives. T.

No. 498.] Wednesday, October 1, 1712. [Steele.

*Frustra retinacula tendens
Fertur equis Auriga, neque audit currus habenas.*

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL of Great Britain.

From the farther end of the Widow's Coffee-house in Devereaux Court, Monday Evening, twenty eight Minutes and a Half past Six.

Dear Dumb,

IN short, to use no further Preface, if I should tell you that I have seen a Hackney-Coachman, when he has come to set down his Fare, which has consisted of two or three very fine Ladies, hand them out, and salute every one of them with an Air of Familiarity, without giving the least Offence, you would perhaps think me guilty of a Gasconade. But to clear my self from that Imputation, and to explain this Matter to you, I assure you that there are many Illustrious

‘Youths within this City, who frequently recreate themselves by driving of a Hackney-Coach: But those whom, above all others, I would commend to you, are the young Gentlemen belonging to our Inns of Court. We have, I think, about a dozen Coachmen, who have Chambers here in the *Temple*; and as it is reasonable to believe others will follow their Example, we may perhaps in time (if it shall be thought convenient) be drove to *Westminster* by our own Fraternity, allowing every fifth Person to apply his Meditations in this way, which is but a modest Computation, as the Humour is now likely to take. It is to be hop'd likewise, that there are in the other Nurseries of the Law to be found a proportionable number of these hopeful Plants, springing up to the everlasting Renown of their native Country. Of how long standing this Humour has been, I know not; the first time I had any particular Reason to take notice of it, was about this time twelvemonth, when being upon *Hampstead-Heath* with some of these studious young Men, who went thither purely for the Sake of Contemplation, nothing would serve them but I must go thro' a Course of this Philosophy too; and being ever willing to embellish my self with any commendable Qualification, it was not long e'er they persuaded me into the Coach-box; nor indeed much longer, before I underwent the Fate of my Brother *Phaeton*, for having drove about fifty Paces with pretty good Success, through my own natural Sagacity, together with the good Instructions of my Tutors, who, to give them their due, were on all Hands encouraging and assisting me in this laudable Undertaking; I say, Sir, having drove about fifty Paces with pretty good Success, I must needs be exercising the Lash, which the Horses resented so ill from my Hands, that they gave a sudden Start, and thereby pitched me directly upon my Head, as I very well remembered about Half an Hour afterwards, which not only deprived me of all the Knowledge I had gain'd for fifty Yards before, but had like to have broken my Neck into the Bargain. After such a severe Reprimand, you may imagine I was not very easily prevail'd with to make a second Attempt; and indeed, upon mature Deliberation, the whole Science seem'd, at least to me, to be surrounded with so many Difficulties, that notwithstanding the unknown Advantages which might have accrued to me thereby, I gave over all Hopes of attaining it; and I believe had never thought of it more, but that my Memory has been lately refreshed by seeing some of these ingenious Gentlemen ply in the open Streets, one of which I saw receive so suitable a Reward of his Labours, that tho' I know you are no Friend to Story-telling, yet I must beg leave to trouble you with this at large. About a fortnight since, as I was diverting my self with a pennyworth of Walnuts at the *Temple-Gate*, a lively young Fellow in a Fustian Jacket shot by me, beckon'd a Coach, and told the Coachman he wanted to go as far as *Chelsey*: They agreed upon the Price, and this young Gentleman mounts the Coach-box; the Fellow staring at him, desir'd to know if he should not drive till they were out of Town? No, no, replied

‘he: He was then going to climb up to him, but
 ‘received another Check, and was then ordered to
 ‘get into the Coach, or behind it, for that he
 ‘wanted no Instructors; but be sure you Dog you,
 ‘says he, don’t you bilk me. The Fellow there-
 ‘upon surrender’d his Whip, scratch’d his Head,
 ‘and crept into the Coach. Having my self oc-
 ‘casion to go into the *Strand* about the same
 ‘Time, we started both together; but the Street
 ‘being very full of Coaches, and he not so able a
 ‘Coachman as perhaps he imagined himself, I had
 ‘soon got a little Way before him; often, how-
 ‘ever, having the curiosity to cast my Eye back
 ‘upon him, to observe how he behaved himself in
 ‘this high Station; which he did with great Com-
 ‘posure till he came to the Pass, which is a Mili-
 ‘tary Term the Brothers of the Whip have given
 ‘the Strait at *St Clement’s Church*: when he was
 ‘arrived near this Place, where are always Coaches
 ‘in waiting, the Coachmen began to suck up the
 ‘Muscles of their Cheeks, and to tip the Wink
 ‘upon each other, as if they had some Roguery in
 ‘their Heads, which I was immediately convinced
 ‘of; for he no sooner came within Reach, but the
 ‘first of them with his Whip took the exact Di-
 ‘mension of his Shoulders, which he very ingeni-
 ‘ously call’d Endorsing; and indeed I must say,
 ‘that every one of them took due Care to endorse
 ‘him as he came thro’ their Hands. He seem’d
 ‘at first a little uneasy under the Operation, and
 ‘was going in all haste to take the Numbers of
 ‘their Coaches; but at length by the Mediation
 ‘of the worthy Gentleman in the Coach, his Wrath
 ‘was asswaged, and he prevail’d upon to pursue
 ‘his Journey; tho’ indeed I thought they had
 ‘clapt such a Spoke in his Wheel, as had disabled
 ‘him from being a Coachman for that Day at least:
 ‘For I am only mistaken, Mr SPEC. if some of
 ‘these Endorsements were not wrote in so strong
 ‘a Hand, that they are still legible. Upon my
 ‘enquiring the Reason of this unusual Salutation,
 ‘they told me, that it was a Custom among them,
 ‘whenever they saw a Brother tottering or unstable
 ‘in his Post, to lend him a hand in order to settle
 ‘him again therein: For my part I thought their
 ‘Allegations but reasonable, and so march’d off.
 ‘Besides our Coachmen, we abound in divers
 ‘other Sorts of ingenious robust Youth, who, I
 ‘hope, will not take it ill if I refer giving you an
 ‘account of their several Recreations to another
 ‘Opportunity. In the mean time, if you would
 ‘but bestow a little of your wholesome Advice
 ‘upon our Coachmen, it might perhaps be a Re-
 ‘prieve to some of their Necks. As I understand
 ‘you have several Inspectors under you, if you
 ‘would but send one amongst us here in the
 ‘*Temple*, I am persuaded he would not want Em-
 ‘ployment. But I leave this to your own Con-
 ‘sideration, and am,

SIR, Your very humble Servant,
 Moses Greenbag.

‘P.S. I have heard our Criticks in the Coffee-
 ‘houses hereabout talk mightily of the Unity of
 ‘Time and Place: According to my Notion of the
 ‘Matter, I have endeavoured at something like it
 ‘in the Beginning of my Epistle. I desire to be
 ‘inform’d a little as to that Particular. In my next

‘I design to give you some account of excellent
 ‘Watermen, who are bred to the Law, and far
 ‘outdo the Land-Students abovementioned. T.

No. 499.] Thursday, October 2, 1712. [Addison.

—Nimis uncis
 Naribus indulges— Pers.

MY Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB has told me,
 for above this half Year, that he had a great
 mind to try his Hand at a *Spectator*, and that he
 would fain have one of his writing in my Works.
 This Morning I received from him the following
 Letter, which, after having rectified some little
 Orthographical Mistakes, I shall make a Present
 of to the Publick.

Dear SPEC.

‘I was, about two Nights ago, in Company with
 ‘very agreeable young People of both Sexes,
 ‘where talking of some of your Papers which are
 ‘written on Conjugal Love, there arose a Dispute
 ‘among us, whether there were not more bad
 ‘Husbands in the World than bad Wives. A
 ‘Gentleman, who was Advocate for the Ladies,
 ‘took this occasion to tell us the story of a famous
 ‘Siege in *Germany*, which I have since found re-
 ‘lated in my Historical Dictionary, after the fol-
 ‘lowing manner. When the Emperor *Conrade*
 ‘the Third had besieged *Guelphus*, Duke of *Ba-*
 ‘*varia*, in the City of *Hensberg*, the Women find-
 ‘ing that the Town could not possibly hold out
 ‘long, petitioned the Emperor that they might
 ‘depart out of it, with so much as each of them
 ‘could carry. The Emperor knowing they could
 ‘not convey away many of their Effects, granted
 ‘them their Petition; When the Women, to his
 ‘great Surprize, came out of the Place with every
 ‘one her Husband upon her back. The Emperor
 ‘was so moved at the sight, that he burst into
 ‘Tears, and after having very much extolled the
 ‘Women for their conjugal Affection, gave the
 ‘Men to their Wives, and received the Duke into
 ‘his Favour.

‘The Ladies did not a little triumph at this
 ‘Story, asking us at the same time, whether in
 ‘our Consciences we believed that the Men of any
 ‘Town in *Great Britain* would, upon the same
 ‘Offer, and at the same Conjuncture, have loaden
 ‘themselves with their Wives; or rather, whether
 ‘they would not have been glad of such an oppor-
 ‘tunity to get rid of them? To this my very good
 ‘Friend *Tom Dapperwit*, who took upon him to
 ‘be the Mouth of our Sex, replied, that they would
 ‘be very much to blame if they would not do the
 ‘same good Office for the Women, considering
 ‘that their Strength would be greater, and their
 ‘Burdens lighter. As we were amusing our selves
 ‘with Discourses of this nature, in order to pass
 ‘away the Evening, which now begins to grow
 ‘tedious, we fell into that laudable and primitive
 ‘Diversion of Questions and Commands. I was
 ‘no sooner vested with the regal Authority, but I
 ‘enjoined all the Ladies, under pain of my Dis-
 ‘pleasure, to tell the Company ingenuously, in

'case they had been in the Siege abovementioned, and had the same Offers made them as the good Women of that Place, what every one of them would have brought off with her, and have thought most worth the saving? There were several merry Answers made to my Question, which entertained us till Bed-time. This filled my Mind with such a huddle of Ideas, that upon my going to sleep, I fell into the following Dream.

'I saw a Town of this Island, which shall be nameless, invested on every side, and the Inhabitants of it so straitned as to cry for Quarter. The General refused any other Terms than those granted to the abovementioned Town of *Hensberg*, namely, that the married Women might come out with what they could bring along with them. Immediately the City-Gates flew open, and a Female Procession appeared. Multitudes of the Sex following one another in a row, and staggering under their respective Burdens. I took my Stand upon an Eminence in the Enemies Camp, which was appointed for the general Rendezvous of these Female Carriers, being very desirous to look into their several Ladings. The first of them had a huge Sack upon her Shoulders, which she set down with great Care: Upon the opening of it, when I expected to have seen her Husband shot out of it, I found it was filled with China-Ware. The next appeared in a more decent Figure, carrying a handsome young Fellow upon her Back: I could not forbear commending the young Woman for her Conjugal Affection, when to my great Surprize, I found that she had left the good Man at home, and brought away her Gallant. I saw the third, at some distance, with a little withered Face peeping over her Shoulder, whom I could not suspect for any but her Spouse, till upon her setting him down I heard her call him dear Pugg, and found him to be her Favourite Monkey. A fourth brought a huge Bale of Cards along with her; and the fifth a *Bolonia* Lap-Dog; for her Husband, it seems, being a very Burly Man, she thought it would be less trouble for her to bring away little *Cupid*. The next was the Wife of a rich Usurer, loaden with a Bag of Gold; she told us that her Spouse was very old, and by the course of Nature could not expect to live long; and that to shew her tender regards for him, she had saved that which the poor Man loved better than his Life. The next came towards us with her Son upon her Back, who, we were told, was the greatest Rake in the Place, but so much the Mother's Darling, that she left her Husband behind with a large Family of hopeful Sons and Daughters, for the sake of this Graceless Youth.

'It would be endless to mention the several Persons, with their several Loads that appeared to me in this strange Vision. All the Place about me was covered with packs of Ribbands, Brocades, Embroidery, and Ten thousand other Materials, sufficient to have furnished a whole Street of Toy-shops. One of the Women, having an Husband who was none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon her Shoulders, at the same time that she carried a great bundle of *Flanders-lace* under her Arm; but finding herself so over-loaden, that she could not save both of them, she

'dropp'd the good Man, and brought away the Bundle. In short, I found but one Husband among this great Mountain of Baggage, who was a lively Cobler, that kick'd and spurr'd all the while his Wife was carrying him on, and, as it was said, had scarce passed a Day in his Life without giving her the Discipline of the Strap.

'I cannot conclude my Letter, Dear SPEC. without telling thee one very odd Whim in this my Dream, I saw, methoughts, a dozen Women employed in bringing off one Man; I could not guess who it should be, till upon his nearer approach I discover'd thy short Phiz. The Women all declared that it was for the sake of thy Works, and not thy Person, that they brought thee off, and that it was on condition that thou should'st continue the *Spectator*. If thou thinkest this Dream will make a tolerable one, it is at thy Service, from,

Dear SPEC.

Thine, Sleeping and Waking,

WILL. HONEYCOMB.

The Ladies will see, by this Letter, what I have often told them, that WILL. is one of those old-fashioned Men of Wit and Pleasure of the Town, that shews his Parts by Raillery on Marriage, and one who has often tried his Fortune that way without Success. I cannot however dismiss his Letter, without observing, that the true Story on which it is built does Honour to the Sex, and that in order to abuse them, the Writer is obliged to have recourse to Dream and Fiction.¹

No. 500.] Friday, October 3, 1712. [Addison.

—*Huc natas adjice septem,
Et totidem juvenes, et mox generosque nurusque.
Quærite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia
causam.*—Ov. Met.

SIR,
'YOU who are so well acquainted with the Story of *Socrates*, must have read how, upon his making a Discourse concerning Love, he pressed his Point with so much Success, that all the Batchelors in his Audience took a Resolution to Marry by the first Opportunity, and that all the married Men immediately took Horse and galloped home to their Wives. I am apt to think your Discourses, in which you have drawn so many agreeable Pictures of Marriage, have had a very good Effect this way in *England*.

¹ At the end of this number and in all following numbers there is a change in the colophon, caused by the addition of Tonson's name to Buckley's. It runs henceforth thus: LONDON: Printed for S. Buckley and J. Tonson: And Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane. But an announcement at the head of the advertisements sets forth that

'Advertisements for this Paper continue to be taken in by S. Buckley at the Dolphin in Little-Britain, J. Tonson at Shakespear's Head in the Strand, C. Lillie at the Corner of Beauford Buildings, and A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane.'

'We are obliged to you, at least for having taken
'off that Senseless Ridicule, which for many Years
'the Witlings of the Town have turned upon their
'Fathers and Mothers. For my own part, I was
'born in Wedlock, and I don't care who knows it;
'for which Reason, among many others, I should
'look upon my self as a most insufferable Cox-
'comb, did I endeavour to maintain that Cuck-
'oldom was inseparable from Marriage, or to make
'use of *Husband* and *Wife* as Terms of Reproach.
'Nav. Sir, I will go one step further, and declare
'to you before the whole World, that I am a mar-
'ried Man, and at the same time I have so much
'Assurance as not to be ashamed of what I have
'done.

'Among the several Pleasures that accompany
'this state of Life, and which you have described
'in your former Papers, there are two you have
'not taken Notice of, and which are seldom cast
'into the Account, by those who write on this Sub-
'ject. You must have observed, in your Specu-
'lations on Human Nature, that nothing is more
'gratifying to the Mind of Man than Power or
'Dominion; and this I think my self amply pos-
'sessed of, as I am the Father of a Family. I am
'perpetually taken up in giving out Orders, in
'prescribing Duties, in hearing Parties, in ad-
'ministring Justice, and in distributing Rewards
'and Punishments. To speak in the Language
'of the Centurion, *I say unto one, Go, and he
'goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh;
'and to my Servant, Do This, and he doth it.*
'In short, Sir, I look upon my Family as a Patri-
'archal Sovereignty, in which I am my self both
'King and Priest. All great Governments are
'nothing else but Clusters of these little private
'Royalties, and therefore I consider the Masters
'of Families as small Deputy-Governors presiding
'over the several little Parcels and Divisions of
'their Fellow Subjects. As I take great pleasure
'in the Administration of my Government in par-
'ticular, so I look upon my self not only as a
'more useful, but as a much greater and happier
'Man than any Batchelor in *England* of [my¹]
'Rank and Condition.

'There is another accidental Advantage in Mar-
'riage, which has likewise fallen to my share, I
'mean the having a Multitude of Children. These
'I cannot but regard as very great Blessings.
'When I see my little Troop before me, I rejoice
'in the Additions which I have made to my
'Species, to my Country, and to my Religion, in
'having produced such a Number of reasonable
'Creatures, Citizens, and Christians. I am pleased
'to see my self thus perpetuated; and as there is
'no Production comparable to that of a human
'Creature, I am more proud of having been
'the Occasion of ten such glorious Productions,
'than if I had built a hundred Pyramids at my
'own Expence, or published as many Volumes of
'the finest Wit and Learning. In what a beauti-
'ful Light has the Holy Scripture represented
'*Abdon*, one of the Judges of *Israel*, who had
'forty Sons and thirty Grandsons, that rode on
'Threescore and Ten Ass-Colts, according to the
'Magnificence of the Eastern Countries? How

¹ [my own]

'must the Heart of the old Man rejoice, when he
'saw such a beautiful Procession of his own De-
'scendants, such a numerous Cavalcade of his
'own raising? For my own part, I can sit in my
'Parlour with great content, when I take a re-
'view of half a dozen of my little Boys mounting
'upon Hobby-Horses, and of as many little Girls
'tutoring their Babies, each of them endeavouring
'to excel the rest, and to do something that may
'gain my Favour and Approbation. I cannot
'question but he who has blessed me with so many
'Children, will assist my Endeavours in providing
'for them. There is one thing I am able to give
'each of them, which is a virtuous Education. I
'think it is *Sir Francis Bacon's* Observation, that
'in a numerous Family of Children the eldest is
'often spoiled by the Prospect of an Estate, and
'the youngest by being the Darling of the Parent;
'but that some one or other in the middle, who
'has not perhaps been regarded, has made his
'way in the World, and over-topped the rest. It
'is my Business to implant in every one of my
'Children the same Seeds of Industry, and the
'same honest Principles. By this Means I think
'I have a fair Chance, that one or other of them
'may grow considerable in some or other way of
'Life, whether it be in the Army, or in the Fleet,
'in Trade, or any of the three learned Professions;
'for you must know, Sir, that from long Experience
'and Observation, I am persuaded of what seems
'a Paradox to most of those with whom I con-
'verse, namely, That a Man who has many Chil-
'dren, and gives them a good Education, is more
'likely to raise a Family, than he who has but
'one, notwithstanding he leaves him his whole
'Estate. For this reason I cannot forbear amus-
'ing my self with finding out a General, an Ad-
'miral, or an Alderman of *London*, a Divine, a
'Physician, or a Lawyer, among my little People
'who are now perhaps in Petticoats; and when I
'see the Motherly Airs of my little Daughters
'when they are playing with their Puppets, I
'cannot but flatter my self that their Husbands
'and Children will be happy in the Possession of
'such Wives and Mothers.

'If you are a Father, you will not perhaps think
'this Letter impertinent: but if you are a single
'Man, you will not know the Meaning of it, and
'probably throw it into the Fire: Whatever you
'determine of it, you may assure yourself that it
'comes from one who is

Your most humble Servant,
and Well-wisher,
Philogamus.

No. 501.] Saturday, October 4, 1712. [Parnell.

*Durum: sed levius fit patientiâ
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.*—Hor.

AS some of the finest Compositions among the
Ancients are in Allegory, I have endea-
voured, in several of my Papers, to revive that
way of Writing, and hope I have not been alto-
gether unsuccessful in it; for I find there is al-
ways a great Demand for those particular Papers,

and cannot but observe that several Authors have endeavoured of late to excel in Works of this Nature. Among these, I do not know any one who has succeeded better than a very ingenious Gentleman, to whom I am much obliged for the following Piece, and who was the Author of the Vision in the CCCCLXth Paper. O.

How are we tortured with the Absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears to be lost to us! What Excursions does the Soul make in Imagination after it! And how does it turn into itself again, more foolishly fond and dejected, at the Disappointment? Our Grief, instead of having recourse to Reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further Nourishment. It calls upon Memory to relate the several Passages and Circumstances of Satisfactions which we formerly enjoyed: the Pleasures we purchased by those Riches that are taken from us; or the Power and Splendour of our departed Honours; or the Voice, the Words, the Looks, the Temper, and Affections of our Friends that are deceased. It needs must happen from hence that the Passion should often swell to such a Size as to burst the Heart which contains it, if Time did not make these Circumstances less strong and lively, so that Reason should become a more equal Match for the Passion, or if another Desire which becomes more present did not overpower them with a livelier Representation. These are Thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of Vision upon this Subject, and may therefore stand for a proper Introduction to a Relation of it.

I found my self upon a naked Shore, with Company whose afflicted Countenances witnessed their Conditions. Before us flowed a Water deep, silent, and called the River of *Tears*, which issuing from two Fountains on an upper Ground, encompassed an Island that lay before us. The Boat which plied in it was old and shattered, having been sometimes overset by the Impatience and Haste of single Passengers to arrive at the other side. This immediately was brought to us by *Misfortune* who steers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a Woman of a mild and composed Behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by representing the Dangers which would attend our Voyage. Hereupon some who knew her for *Patience*, and some of those too who till then cry'd the loudest, were persuaded by her, and returned back. The rest of us went in, and she (whose Good-nature would not suffer her to forsake Persons in Trouble) desired leave to accompany us, that she might at least administer some small Comfort or Advice while we sailed. We were no sooner embarked but the Boat was push'd off, the Sheet was spread; and being filled with *Sighs*, which are the Winds of that Country, we made a passage to the farther Bank, through several Difficulties of which the most of us seemed utterly regardless.

When we landed, we perceived the Island to be strangely overcast with Fogs, which no Brightness could pierce, so that a kind of gloomy Horror sat always brooding over it. This had something in it very shocking to easy Tempers, insomuch that some others, whom *Patience* had by this time

gained over, left us here, and privily convey'd themselves round the Verge of the Island to find a Ford by which she told them they might escape.

For my part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the Centre of the Place; and joining our selves to others whom we found upon the same Journey, we marched solemnly as at a Funeral, through bordering Hedges of Rosemary, and through a Grove of Yew-trees, which love to over-shadow Tombs and flourish in Churchyards. Here we heard on every side the Wailings and Complaints of several of the Inhabitants, who had cast themselves disconsolately at the Feet of Trees; and as we chanced to approach any of these, we might perceive them wringing their Hands, beating their Breasts, tearing their Hair, or after some other manner visibly agitated with Vexation. Our Sorrows were heightened by the Influence of what we heard and saw, and one of our Number was wrought up to such a Pitch of Wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a Bough which shot temptingly across the Path we travelled in; but he was restrained from it by the kind Endeavours of our above-mentioned Companion.

We had now gotten into the most dusky silent part of the Island, and by the redoubled Sounds of Sighs, which made a doleful Whistling in the Branches, the thickness of Air which occasioned faintish Respiration, and the violent Throbings of Heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the *Grotto of Grief*. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy Cave, sunk deep in a Dale, and watered by Rivulets that had a Colour between Red and Black. These crept slow and half congealed amongst its Windings, and mixed their heavy Murmur with the Echo of Groans that rolled through all the Passages. In the most retired Part of it sat the *Doleful Being* her self; the Path to her was strowed with Goads, Stings and Thorns; and her Throne on which she sat was broken into a Rock, with ragged Pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy Mist hung above her, her Head oppressed with it reclined upon her Arm: Thus did she reign over her disconsolate Subjects, full of her self to stupidity, in eternal Pensiveness, and the profoundest Silence. On one side of her stood *Dejection* just dropping into a Swoon, and *Paleness* wasting to a Skeleton; on the other side were *Care* inwardly tormented with Imaginations, and *Anguish* suffering outward *Troubles* to suck the Blood from her Heart in the shape of *Vultures*. The whole Vault had a genuine Dismalness in it, which a few scattered Lamps, whose bluish Flames arose and sunk in their Urns, discovered to our Eyes with Encrease. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the way, and were given over to those Tormentors that stood on either hand of the Presence; others, galled and mortified with Pain, recover'd the Entrance, where *Patience*, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

With her (whose Company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the Grotto, and ascended at the back of it, out of the mournful Dale in whose Bottom it lay. On this Eminence we

halted, by her Advice, to pant for Breath; and lifting our Eyes, which till then were fixed downwards, felt a sullen sort of Satisfaction, in observing through the Shades what Numbers had entred the Island. This Satisfaction, which appears to have Ill-nature in it, was excusable, because it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concern, to have respect to that of others; and therefore we did not consider them as suffering, but ourselves as not suffering in the most forlorn Estate. It had also the Ground-work of Humanity and Compassion in it, tho' the Mind was then too dark and too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards, it began to discover it self, and from observing that others were unhappy, we came to question one another, when it was that we met, and what were the sad Occasions that brought us together. Then we heard our Stories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received Pity, and so by degrees became tolerable Company.

A considerable part of the troublesome Road was thus deceived; at length the Openings among the Trees grew larger, the Air seemed thinner, it lay with less oppression upon us, and we could now and then discern tracks in it of a lighter Greyness, like the Breakings of Day, short in duration, much enlivening, and called in that Country *Gleams of Amusement*. Within a short while these Gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer continuance; the *Sighs* that hitherto filled the Air with so much Dolefulness, altered to the Sound of common Breezes, and in general the Horrors of the Island were abated.

When we had arrived at last at the Ford by which we were to pass out, we met with those fashionable Mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and who being unwilling to go as far as we, had coasted by the Shore to find the place, where they waited our coming; that by shewing themselves to the World only at the time when we did, they might seem also to have been among the Troubles of the Grotto. Here the Waters that rolled on the other side so deep and silent, were much dried up, and it was an easier matter for us to wade over.

The River being crossed, we were received upon the further Bank by our Friends and Acquaintance, whom *Comfort* had brought out to congratulate our Appearance in the World again. Some of these blamed us for staying so long away from them, others advised us against all Temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our Trouble, by asking any particulars of the Journey; and all concluded, that in a case of so much Melancholy and Affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter Companion than *Patience*. Here *Patience*, appearing serene at her Praises, delivered us over to *Comfort*. *Comfort* smiled at his receiving the Charge; immediately the Sky purpled on that side to which he turned, and double Day at once broke in upon me.

No. 502.] Monday, October 6, 1712. [Steele.

Melius, pejus, prosit, obsit, nil vident nisi quod lubent.—Ter.

WHEN Men read, they taste the Matter with which they are entertained, according as their own respective Studies and Inclinations have prepared them, and make their Reflections accordingly. Some perusing *Roman* Writers, would find in them, whatever the Subject of the Discourses were, parts which implied the Grandeur of that People in their Warfare or their Politicks. As for my part, who am a meer SPECTATOR, I drew this Morning Conclusions of their Eminence in what I think great, to wit, in having worthy Sentiments, from the reading a Comedy of *Terence*. The Play was the *Self-Tormentor*. It is from the Beginning to the End a perfect Picture of human Life, but I did not observe in the whole one Passage that could raise a Laugh. How well disposed must that People be, who could be entertained with Satisfaction by so sober and polite Mirth? In the first Scene of the Comedy, when one of the old Men accuses the other of Impertinence for interposing in his Affairs, he answers, *I am a Man, and cannot help feeling any Sorrow that can arrive at Man*. It is said, this Sentence was received with an universal Applause. There cannot be a greater Argument of the general good Understanding of a People, than a sudden Consent to give their Approbation of a Sentiment which has no Emotion in it. If it were spoken with never so great Skill in the Actor, the Manner of uttering that Sentence could have nothing in it which could strike any but People of the greatest Humanity, nay People elegant and skilful in Observations upon it. It is possible he might have laid his Hand on his Breast, and with a winning Insinuation in his Countenance, expressed to his Neighbour that he was a Man who made his case his own; yet I'll engage a Player in *Covent-Garden* might hit such an Attitude a thousand times before he would have been regarded. I have heard that a Minister of State in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth* had all manner of Books and Ballads brought to him, of what kind soever, and took great Notice how much they took with the People; upon which he would, and certainly might, very well judge of their present Dispositions, and the most proper way of applying them according to his own purposes.¹ What passes on the Stage, and the Reception it meets with from the Audience, is a very useful Instruction of this Kind. According to what you may observe there on our Stage, you see them often moved so directly against all common Sense and

¹ Is this another version of the very wise man whom Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, in a letter to Montrose, said that he knew, who 'believed, that 'if a Man were permitted to make all the ballads, 'he need not care who should make the laws of a 'nation'? Andrew Fletcher, who could not have known any of Elizabeth's statesmen, was yet alive when this paper was written.

Humanity, that you would be apt to pronounce us a Nation of Savages. It cannot be called a Mistake of what is pleasant, but the very contrary to it is what most assuredly takes with them. The other Night an old Woman carried off with a Pain in her Side, with all the Distortions and Anguish of Countenance which is natural to one in that Condition, was laughed and clapped off the Stage. *Terence's* Comedy, which I am speaking of, is indeed written as if he hoped to please none but such as had as good a Taste as himself. I could not but reflect upon the natural Description of the innocent young Woman made by the Servant to his Master. *When I came to the House, said he, an old Woman opened the Door, and I followed her in, because I could by entring upon them unawares better observe what was your Mistress's ordinary manner of spending her Time, the only way of judging any one's Inclinations and Genius. I found her at her Needle in a sort of second Mourning, which she wore for an Aunt she had lately lost. She had nothing on but what shewed she dressed only for herself. Her Hair hung negligently about her Shoulders. She had none of the Arts with which others use to set themselves off, but had that Negligence of Person which is remarkable in those who are careful of their Minds*———Then she had a Maid who was at work near her, that was a Slattern, because her Mistress was careless; which I take to be another Argument of your security in her; for the Go-betweens of Women of Intrigue are rewarded too well to be dirty. *When you were named, I told her you desired to see her, she threw down her Work for Joy, covered her Face, and decently hid her Tears*———

He must be a very good Actor, and draw Attention rather from his own Character than the Words of the Author, that could gain it among us for this Speech, though so full of Nature and good Sense.

The intollerable Folly and Confidence of Players putting in Words of their own, does in a great measure feed the absurd Taste of the Audience. But however that is, it is ordinary for a Cluster of Coxcombs to take up the House to themselves, and equally insult both the Actors and the Company. These Savages, who want all manner of Regard and Deference to the rest of Mankind, come only to shew themselves to us, without any other Purpose than to let us know they despise us.

The gross of an Audience is composed of two sorts of People, those who know no Pleasure but of the Body, and those who improve or command corporeal Pleasures by the addition of fine Sentiments of the Mind. At present the intelligent part of the Company are wholly subdued, by the Insurrections of those who know no Satisfaction but what they have in common with all other Animals.

This is the reason that when a Scene tending to Procreation is acted, you see the whole Pit in such a Chuckle, and old Letchers, with Mouths open, stare at the loose Gesticulations on the Stage with shameful Earnestness; when the justest Pictures of human Life in its calm Dignity, and the pro-

perest Sentiments for the Conduct of it, pass by like meer Narration, as conducing only to somewhat much better which is to come after. I have seen the whole House at some times in so proper a Disposition, that indeed I have trembled for the Boxes, and feared the Entertainment would end in the Representation of the Rape of the *Sabines*.

I would not be understood in this Talk to argue, that nothing is tolerable on the Stage but what has an immediate Tendency to the Promotion of Virtue. On the contrary, I can allow, provided there is nothing against the Interests of Virtue, and is not offensive to Good-manners, that things of an indifferent nature may be represented. For this Reason I have no Exception to the well-drawn Rusticities in the *Country-Wake*; ¹ and there is something so miraculously pleasant in *Dogget's* acting the awkward Triumph and comick Sorrow of *Hob* in different Circumstances, that I shall not be able to stay away whenever it is acted. All that vexes me is, that the Gallantry of taking the Cudgels for *Gloucestershire*, with the Pride of Heart in tucking himself up, and taking Aim at his Adversary, as well as the other's Protestation in the Humanity of low Romance, That he could not promise the Squire to break *Hob's* Head, but he would, if he could, do it in Love; then flourish and begin: I say, what vexes me is, that such excellent Touches as these, as well as the Squire's being out of all patience at *Hob's* Success, and venturing himself into the Croud, are Circumstances hardly taken Notice of, and the height of the Jest is only in the very Point that Heads are broken. I am confident, were there a Scene written, wherein *Penkethman* should break his Leg by wrestling with *Bullock*, and *Dicky* come in to set it, without one word said but what should be according to the exact Rules of Surgery in making this Extention, and binding up the Leg, the whole House should be in a Roar of Applause at the dissembled Anguish of the Patient, the help given by him who threw him down, and the handy Address and arch Looks of the Surgeon. To enumerate the entrance of Ghosts, the Embattling of Armies, the Noise of Heroes in Love, with a thousand other Enormities, would be to transgress the bounds of this Paper, for which reason it is possible they may have hereafter distinct Discourses; not forgetting any of the Audience who shall set up for Actors, and interrupt the Play on the Stage; and Players who shall prefer the Applause of Fools to that of the reasonable part of the Company. T.

¹ *Dogget* had been acting a few nights before in the *Country Wake*. The part of *Hob* was his own in every sense, he being the author of the farce, which afterwards was made into a very popular ballad opera called *Flora*, or *Hob in the Well*.

¹ *Heautontimoroumenos*, Act ii. sc. 2.

No. 503.] Tuesday, October 7, 1712. [Steele.

Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo Mulieres.—Ter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU have often mention'd with great Vehemence and Indignation the Misbehaviour of People at Church; but I am at present to talk to you on that Subject, and complain to you of one, whom at the same time I know not what to accuse of, except it be looking too well there, and diverting the Eyes of the Congregation to that one Object. However I have this to say, that she might have stay'd at her own Parish, and not come to perplex those who are otherwise intent upon their Duty.

Last Sunday was Seven-night I went into a Church not far from London-Bridge; but I wish I had been contented to go to my own Parish, I am sure it had been better for me: I say, I went to Church thither, and got into a Pew very near the Pulpit. I had hardly been accommodated with a Seat, before there entered into the Isle a young Lady in the very Bloom of Youth and Beauty, and dressed in the most elegant manner imaginable. Her Form was such, that it engaged the Eyes of the whole Congregation in an Instant, and mine among the rest. Tho' we were all thus fixed upon her, she was not in the least out of Countenance, or under the least Disorder, tho' unattended by any one, and not seeming to know particularly where to place her self. However, she had not in the least a confident Aspect, but moved on with the most graceful Modesty, every one making Way till she came to a Seat just over-against that in which I was placed. The Deputy of the Ward sat in that Pew, and she stood opposite to him; and at a Glance into the Seat, tho' she did not appear the least acquainted with the Gentleman, was let in, with a Confusion that spoke much Admiration at the Novelty of the Thing. The Service immediately began, and she compos'd her self for it with an Air of so much Goodness and Sweetness, that the Confession which she uttered so as to be heard where I sat, appeared an Act of Humiliation more than she had Occasion for. The Truth is, her Beauty had something so innocent, and yet so sublime, that we all gazed upon her like a Phantom. None of the Pictures which we behold of the best Italian Painters, have any thing like the Spirit which appeared in her Countenance, at the different Sentiments expressed in the several Parts of Divine Service: That Gratitude and Joy at a Thanksgiving, that Lowliness and Sorrow at the Prayers for the Sick and Distressed, that Triumph at the Passages which gave Instances of the divine Mercy, which appeared respectively in her Aspect, will be in my Memory to my last Hour. I protest to you, Sir, she suspended the Devotion of every one around her; and the Ease she did every thing with, soon dispersed the churlish Dislike and Hesitation in approving what is excellent, too frequent amongst us, to a general Attention and Entertainment in observing her Behaviour. All the while that we were gazing at her, she took No-

tice of no Object about her, but had an Art of seeming awkwardly attentive, whatever else her Eyes were accidentally thrown upon. One Thing indeed was particular, she stood the whole Service, and never kneeled or sat; I do not question but that was to shew her self with the greater Advantage, and set forth to better Grace her Hands and Arms, lifted up with the most ardent Devotion, and her Bosom, the fairest that ever was seen, bare to Observation; while she, you must think, knew nothing of the Concern she gave others, any other than as an Example of Devotion, that threw her self out, without regard to Dress or Garment, all Contrition, and loose of all Worldly Regards, in Ecstasy of Devotion. Well, now the Organ was to play a Voluntary, and she was so skilful in Musick, and so touched with it, that she kept time not only with some Motion of her Head, but also with a different Air in her Countenance. When the Musick was strong and bold, she look'd exalted, but serious; when lively and airy, she was smiling and gracious; when the Notes were more soft and languishing, she was kind and full of Pity. When she had now made it visible to the whole Congregation, by her Motion and Ear, that she could dance, and she wanted now only to inform us that she could sing too, when the Psalm was given out, her Voice was distinguished above all the rest, or rather People did not exert their own in order to hear her. Never was any heard so sweet and so strong. The Organist observed it, and he thought fit to play to her only, and she swelled every Note; when she found she had thrown us all out, and had the last Verse to herself in such a manner as the whole Congregation was intent upon her, in the same manner as we see in the Cathedrals they are on the Person who sings alone the Anthem. Well, it came at last to the Sermon, and our young Lady would not lose her Part in that neither; for she fixed her Eye upon the Preacher, and as he said any thing she approved, with one of Charles Mathers's fine Tablets she set down the Sentence, at once shewing her fine Hand, the Gold-Pen, her Readiness in Writing, and her Judgment in chusing what to write. To sum up what I intend by this long and particular Account, I mean to appeal to you, whether it is reasonable that such a Creature as this shall come from a jaunty Part of the Town, and give herself such violent Airs, to the disturbance of an innocent and inoffensive Congregation, with her Sublimities. The Fact, I assure you, was as I have related; but I had like to have forgot another very considerable Particular. As soon as Church was done, she immediately stepp'd out of her Pew, and fell into the finest pitty-pat Air, forsooth, wonderfully out of Countenance, tossing her Head up and down as she swam along the Body of the Church. I, with several others of the Inhabitants, follow'd her out, and saw her hold up her Fan to an Hackney-Coach at a Distance, who immediately came up to her, and she whipp'd into it with great Nimbleness, pull'd the Door with a bowing Mein, as if she had been used to a better Glass. She said aloud, *You know where to go*, and drove off. By this time the best of the Congregation was at

'the Church-Door, and I could hear some say, *A very fine Lady*; others, *I'll warrant ye, she's no better than she should be*; and one very wise old Lady said, *She ought to have been taken up*. Mr. SPECTATOR, I think this Matter lies wholly before you: for the Offence does not come under any Law, tho' it is apparent this Creature came among us only to give herself Airs, and enjoy her full Swing in being admir'd. I desire you would print this, that she may be confin'd to her own Parish; for I can assure you there is no attending any thing else in a Place where she is a Novelty. She has been talked of among us ever since under the Name of the *Phantom*: But I would advise her to come no more; for there is so strong a Party made by the Women against her, that she must expect they will not be excell'd a second time in so outrageous a manner, without doing her some Insult. Young Women, who assume after this rate, and affect exposing themselves to view in Congregations at t'other end of the Town, are not so mischievous, because they are rivall'd by more of the same Ambition, who will not let the rest of the Company be particular: But in the Name of the whole Congregation where I was, I desire you to keep these agreeable Disturbances out of the City, where Sobriety of Manners is still preserv'd, and all glaring and ostentatious Behaviour, even in things laudable, discountenanced. I wish you may never see the *Phantom*, and am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Ralph Wonder.

T.

No. 504.] Wednesday, October 8, 1712. [Steele.

Lepus tute es, et pulpamentum quæris.—Ter.

IT is a great Convenience to those who want Wit to furnish out a Conversation, that there is something or other in all Companies where it is wanted substituted in its stead, which according to their Taste, does the Business as well. Of this nature is the agreeable Pastime in Country-Halls of Cross-purposes, Questions and Commands, and the like. A little superior to these are those who can play at Crambo, or cap Verses. Then above them are such as can make Verses, that is, Rhime; and among those who have the *Latin* Tongue, such as use to make what they call golden Verses. Commend me also to those who have not Brains enough for any of these Exercises, and yet do not give up their Pretensions to Mirth. These can slap you on the Back unawares, laugh loud, ask you how you do with a Twang on your Shoulders, say you are dull today, and laugh a Voluntary to put you in Humour; the laborious Way among the minor Poets, of making thing come into such and such a Shape, as that of an Egg, an Hand, an Ax, or any thing that no body had ever thought on before for that purpose, or which would have cost a great deal of Pains to accomplish it if they did. But all these Methods, tho' they are mechanical, and may be arrived at with the smallest Capacity, do not serve

an honest Gentleman who wants Wit for his Ordinary Occasions; therefore it is absolutely necessary that the Poor in Imagination should have something which may be serviceable to them at all Hours upon all common Occurrences. That which we call Punning is therefore greatly affected by Men of small Intellects. These Men need not be concerned with you for the whole Sentence; but if they can say a quaint thing, or bring in a Word which sounds like any one Word you have spoken to them they can turn the Discourse, or distract you so that you cannot go on, and by consequence if they cannot be as witty as you are, they can hinder your being any wittier than they are. Thus if you talk of a Candle, he *can deal* with you; and if you ask him to help you to some Bread, a Punster should think himself very *ill-bred* if he did not; and if he is not as well-bred as your self, he hopes for *Grains* of Allowance. If you do not understand that last Fancy, you must recollect that Bread is made of Grain; and so they go on for ever, without Possibility of being exhausted.

There are another Kind of People of small Faculties, who supply want of Wit with want of Breeding; and because Women are both by Nature and Education more offended at any thing which is immodest than we Men are, these are ever harping upon things they ought not to allude to, and deal mightily in double Meanings. Every ones own Observation will suggest Instances enough of this kind, without my mentioning any; for your double Meaners are dispersed up and down thro' all Parts of Town or City where there are any to offend, in order to set off themselves. These Men are mighty loud Laughers, and held very pretty Gentlemen with the sillier and unbred Part of Womankind. But above all already mentioned, or any who ever were, or ever can be in the World, the happiest and surest to be pleasant, are a Sort of People whom we have not indeed lately heard much of, and those are your *Biters*.

A *Biter*¹ is one who tells you a thing you have no reason to disbelieve in it self; and perhaps has given you, before he bit you, no reason to disbelieve it for his saying it; and if you give him Credit, laughs in your Face, and triumphs that he has deceiv'd you. In a Word, a *Biter* is one who thinks you a Fool, because you do not think him a Knave. This Description of him one may insist upon to be a just one; for what else but a Degree of Knavery is it, to depend upon Deceit

¹ See No. 47. Swift writes, 'I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. Johnson; it is a new fashioned way of being witty, and they call it a *Bite*. You must ask a bantering question, or tell some lie in a serious manner, then she will answer, or speak as if you were in earnest, and then cry you, "Madam, there's a *Bite*." I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement in Court, and every where else among the great people; and I let you know it, in order to have it among you, and to teach you a new refinement.'—Journal to Stella. Although 'bite' and 'biter' have not retained this sense, it remains in an occasional use of the word 'bitten.'

for what you gain of another, be it in point of Wit, or Interest, or any thing else?

This way of Wit is called *Biting*, by a Metaphor taken from Beasts of Prey, which devour harmless and unarmed Animals, and look upon them as their Food wherever they meet them. The Sharpers about Town very ingeniously understood themselves to be to the undesigning Part of Mankind what Foxes are to Lambs, and therefore used the Word *Biting* to express any Exploit wherein they had over-reach'd any innocent and inadvertent Man of his Purse. These Rascals of late Years have been the Gallants of the Town, and carried it with a fashionable haughty Air, to the discouragement of Modesty and all honest Arts. Shallow Fops, who are govern'd by the Eye, and admire every thing that struts in vogue, took up from the Sharpers the Phrase of *Biting*, and used it upon all Occasions, either to disown any nonsensical Stuff they should talk themselves, or evade the Force of what was reasonably said by others. Thus, when one of these cunning Creatures was enter'd into a Debate with you, whether it was practicable in the present State of Affairs to accomplish such a Proposition, and you thought he had let fall what destroy'd his Side of the Question, as soon as you look'd with an Earnestness ready to lay hold of it, he immediately cry'd, *Bite*, and you were immediately to acknowledge all that Part was in Jest. They carry this to all the Extravagance imaginable, and if one of these Witlings knows any Particulars which may give Authority to what he says, he is still the more ingenious if he imposes upon your Credulity. I remember a remarkable Instance of this Kind. There came up a shrewd young Fellow to a plain young Man, his Countryman, and taking him aside with a grave concern'd Countenance, goes on at this rate: I see you here, and have you heard nothing out of *Yorkshire*—You look so surpriz'd you could not have heard of it—and yet the Particulars are such, that it cannot be false: I am sorry I am got into it so far that I now must tell you; but I know not but it may be for your Service to know—on *Tuesday* last, just after Dinner—you know his Manner is to smoke, opening his Box, your Father fell down dead in an Apoplexy. The Youth shew'd the filial Sorrow which he ought—Upon which the witty Man cry'd, *Bite, there was nothing in all this* - - -

To put an end to this silly, pernicious, frivolous Way at once, I will give the Reader one late Instance of a *Bite*, which no *Biter* for the future will ever be able to equal, tho' I heartily wish him the same Occasion. It is a Superstition with some Surgeons who beg the Bodies of condemn'd Malefactors, to go to the Gaol, and bargain for the Carcase with the Criminal himself. A good honest Fellow did so last Sessions, and was admitted to the condemned Men on the Morning wherein they died. The Surgeon communicated his Business, and fell into discourse with a little Fellow, who refused Twelve Shillings, and insisted upon Fifteen for his Body. The Fellow, who kill'd the Officer of *Newgate*, very forwardly, and like a Man who was willing to deal, told him, Look you, Mr. Surgeon, that little dry Fellow, who has been half-

starved all his Life, and is now half-dead with Fear, cannot answer your Purpose. I have ever liv'd high and freely, my Veins are full, I have not pined in Imprisonment; you see my Crest swells to your Knife, and after *Jack-Catch* has done, upon my Honour you'll find me as sound as e'er a Bullock in any of the Markets. Come, for Twenty Shillings I am your Man—Says the Surgeon, Done, there's a Guinea—This witty Rogue took the Money, and as soon as he had it in his Fist, cries, *Bite, I am to be hang'd in Chains*. T.

No. 505.] Thursday, October 9, 1712. [Addison.

*Non habeo denique nauci Marsum Augurem,
Non vicanos Aruspices, non de circo Astrologos,
Non Isiacos Conjectores, non Interpletes somnium:*

*Non enim sunt ii aut scientiâ, aut arte Divini,
Sed superstitiosi vates, impudentesque harioli,
Aut inertes, aut insani, aut quibus egestas imperat:*

*Qui sui questus causa fictas suscitant sententias,
Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam,*

Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt;

De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cætera.
Ennius.

THOSE who have maintain'd that Men would be more miserable than Beasts, were their Hopes confin'd to this Life only; among other Considerations take notice that the latter are only afflicted with the Anguish of the present Evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the Reflection on what is passed, and the Fear of what is to come. This Fear of any Future Difficulties or Misfortunes is so natural to the Mind, that were a Man's Sorrows and Disquietudes summ'd up at the End of his Life, it would generally be found that he had suffer'd more from the Apprehension of such Evils as never happen'd to him, than from those Evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among those Evils which befall us, there are many that have been more painful to us in the Prospect, than by their actual Pressure.

This natural Impatience to look into Futurity, and to know what Accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous Arts and Inventions. Some found their Prescience on the Lines of a Man's Hand, others on the Features of his Face; some on the Signatures which Nature has impressed on his Body, and others on his own Hand-Writing: Some read Mens Fortunes in the Stars, as others have searched after them in the Entrails of Beasts, or the Flights of Birds. Men of the best Sense have been touched, more or less, with these groundless Horrors and Presages of Futurity, upon surveying the most indifferent Works of Nature. Can any thing be more surprizing than to consider *Cicero*, who made the greatest Figure at the Bar, and in the Senate of the Roman Commonwealth, and, at the same time, outshined all the Philosophers of Antiquity

in his Library and in his Retirements, as busying himself in the College of Augurs, and observing, with a religious Attention, after what manner the Chickens peck'd the several Grains of Corn which were thrown to them?

Notwithstanding these Follies are pretty well worn out of the Minds of the Wise and Learned in the present Age, Multitudes of weak and ignorant Persons are still Slaves to them. There are numberless Arts of Prediction among the Vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate; and infinite Observations, of Days, Numbers, Voices, and Figures, which are regarded by them as Portents and Prodigies. In short, every thing Prophesies to the superstitious Man, there is scarce a Straw or a rusty Piece of Iron that lies in his way by Accident.

It is not to be conceiv'd how many Wizards, Gypsies, and Cunning-Men are dispers'd thro' all the Countries and Market-Towns of *Great-Britain*, not to mention the Fortune-tellers and Astrologers, who live very comfortably upon the Curiosity of several well-dispos'd Persons in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

Among the many pretended Arts of Divination, there is none which so universally amuses as that by Dreams. I have indeed observ'd in a late Speculation, that there have been sometimes, upon very extraordinary Occasions, supernatural Revelations made to certain Persons by this means; but as it is the chief Business of this Paper to root out popular Errors, I must endeavour to expose the Folly and Superstition of those Persons, who, in the common and ordinary course of Life, lay any stress upon things of so uncertain, shadowy, and chimerical a nature. This I cannot do more effectually than by the following Letter, which is dated from a Quarter of the Town that has always been the Habitation of some prophetick *Philomath*; it having been usual, time out of Mind, for all such People as have lost their Wits, to resort to that Place either for their Cure¹ or for their Instruction.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Moor-Fields*, Oct. 4, 1712.

'Having long consider'd whether there be any Trade wanting in this great City, after having survey'd very attentively all kinds of Ranks and Professions, I do not find in any Quarter of the Town an *Oνειροcritick*, or, in plain *English*, an Interpreter of Dreams. For want of so useful a Person, there are several good People who are very much puzzled in this Particular, and dream a whole Year together without being ever the wiser for it. I hope I am pretty well qualify'd for this Office, having studied by Candlelight all the Rules of Art which have been laid down upon this Subject. My great Uncle by my Wife's Side was a *Scotch* Highlander, and second-sighted. I have four Fingers and two Thumbs upon one Hand, and was born on the longest Night of the Year. My Christian and Sir-Name begin and end with the same Letters. I am lodg'd in *Moorfields*, in a House that for these fifty years has been always tenanted by a Con-jurer.

'If you had been in Company, so much as my

¹ Bedlam was then in Moorfields.

'self, with ordinary Women of the Town, you must know that there are many of them who every day in their Lives, upon seeing or hearing of any thing that is unexpected, cry, *My Dream is out*; and cannot go to sleep in quiet the next night, till something or other has happen'd which has expounded the Visions of the preceding one. There are others who are in very great pain for not being able to recover the Circumstances of a Dream, that made strong Impressions upon them while it lasted. In short, Sir, there are many whose waking Thoughts are wholly employ'd on their sleeping ones. For the benefit therefore of this curious and inquisitive Part of my Fellow-Subjects, I shall in the first place tell those Persons what they dreamt of, who fancy they never dream at all. In the next place, I shall make out any Dream, upon hearing a single Circumstance of it; and in the last place, shall expound to them the good or bad Fortune which such Dreams portend. If they do not presage good luck, I shall desire nothing for my Pains; not questioning at the same time that those who consult me will be so reasonable as to afford me a moderate Share out of any considerable Estate, Profit or Emolument which I shall thus discover to them. I interpret to the Poor for nothing, on condition that their Names may be inserted in Publick Advertisements, to attest the Truth of such my Interpretations. As for People of Quality or others, who are indisposed, and do not care to come in Person, I can interpret their Dreams by seeing their Water. I set aside one Day in the Week for Lovers; and interpret by the great for any Gentlewoman who is turned of Sixty, after the rate of half a Crown *per* Week, with the usual Allowances for good Luck. I have several Rooms and Apartments fitted up, at reasonable rates, for such as have not Conveniences for dreaming at their own Houses.

Titus Trophonius.

'N. B. I am not dumb. O.

No. 506.] Friday, October 10, 1712. [Budgell.

*Candida perpetuo reside, concordia, lecto,
Tamque pari semper sit Venus aqua jugo.
Diligat illa senem quondam: Sed et ipsa marito,
Tunc quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.*

Mart.

THE following Essay is written by the Gentleman, to whom the World is oblig'd for those several excellent Discourses which have been marked with the Letter X.

I have somewhere met with a Fable that made *Wealth* the Father of *Love*. It is certain a Mind ought, at least, to be free from the Apprehensions of Want and Poverty, before it can fully attend to all the Softnesses and Endearments of this Passion. Notwithstanding we see Multitudes of married People, who are utter Strangers to this delightful Passion amidst all the Affluence of the most plentiful Fortunes.

It is not sufficient to make a Marriage happy,

that the Humours of two People should be alike ; I could instance an hundred Pair, who have not the least Sentiment of Love remaining for one another, yet are so like in their Humours, that if they were not already married, the whole World would design them for Man and Wife.

The Spirit of Love has something so extremely fine in it, that it is very often disturbed and lost, by some little Accidents which the Careless and Unpolite never attend to, till it is gone past Recovery.

Nothing has more contributed to banish it from a married State, than too great a Familiarity, and laying aside the common Rules of Decency. Tho' I could give Instances of this in several Particulars, I shall only mention that of *Dress*. The Beaus and Belles about Town, who dress purely to catch one another, think there is no further occasion for the Bait, when their first Design has succeeded. But besides the too common Fault in point of Neatness, there are several others which I do not remember to have seen touched upon, but in one of our modern Comedies,¹ where a *French* Woman offering to undress and dress herself before the Lover of the Play, and assuring his Mistress that it was very useful in *France*, the Lady tells her that's a Secret in Dress she never knew before, and that she was so unpolish'd an *English* Woman, as to resolve never to learn even to dress before her Husband.

There is something so gross in the Carriage of some Wives, that they lose their Husbands Hearts for Faults, which, if a Man has either Good-Nature or Good-Breeding, he knows not how to tell them of. I am afraid, indeed, the Ladies are generally most faulty in this Particular, who, at their first giving into Love, find the Way so smooth and pleasant, that they fancy 'tis scarce possible to be tired in it.

There is so much Nicety and Discretion requir'd to keep Love alive after Marriage, and make Conversation still new and agreeable after twenty or thirty years, that I know nothing which seems readily to promise it, but an earnest endeavour to please on both sides, and superior good Sense on the part of Man.

By a Man of Sense, I mean one acquainted with Business and Letters.

A Woman very much settles her Esteem for a Man, according to the Figure he makes in the World, and the Character he bears among his own Sex. As Learning is the chief Advantage we have over them, it is, methinks, as scandalous and inexcusable for a Man of Fortune to be illiterate, as for a Woman not to know how to behave herself on the most ordinary Occasions. It is this which sets the two Sexes at the greatest Distance ; a Woman is vexed and surpriz'd, to find nothing more in the Conversation of a Man, than in the common Tattle of her own Sex.

Some small Engagement at least in Business, not only sets a Man's Talents in the fairest Light, and allots him a Part to act, in which a Wife cannot well intermeddle ; but gives fre-

quent occasions for those little Absences, which, whatever seeming Uneasiness they may give, are some of the best Preservatives of Love and Desire.

The Fair Sex are so conscious to themselves, that they have nothing in them which can deserve entirely to engross the whole Man, that they heartily despise one, who, to use their own Expression, is always hanging at their Apron-Strings.

Lætitia is pretty, modest, tender, and has Sense enough ; she married *Erastus*, who is in a Post of some Business, and has a general Taste in most Parts of polite Learning. *Lætitia*, where ever she visits, has the pleasure to hear of something which was handsomly said or done by *Erastus*. *Erastus*, since his Marriage, is more gay in his Dress than ever, and in all Companies is as complaisant to *Lætitia* as to any other Lady. I have seen him give her her Fan, when it has dropped, with all the Gallantry of a Lover. When they take the Air together, *Erastus* is continually improving her Thoughts, and with a Turn of Wit and Spirit which is peculiar to him, giving her an Insight into things she had no notions of before. *Lætitia* is transported at having a new World thus open'd to her, and hangs upon the Man that gives her such agreeable Informations. *Erastus* has carried this Point still further, as he makes her daily not only more fond of him, but infinitely more satisfied with herself. *Erastus* finds a Justness or Beauty in whatever she says or observes, that *Lætitia* herself was not aware of ; and, by his Assistance, she has discovered an hundred good Qualities and Accomplishments in herself, which she never before once dreamed of. *Erastus*, with the most artful Complaisance in the World, by several remote Hints, finds the means to make her say or propose almost whatever he has a mind to, which he always receives as her own Discovery, and gives her all the Reputation of it.

Erastus has a perfect Taste in Painting, and carried *Lætitia* with him the other day to see a Collection of Pictures. I sometimes visit this happy Couple. As we were last Week walking in the long Gallery before Dinner, *I have lately laid out some Mony in Paintings*, says *Erastus* ; *I bought that Venus and Adonis purely upon Lætitia's Judgment ; it cost me threescore Guineas, and I was this morning offer'd [a¹] hundred for it.* I turned towards *Lætitia*, and saw her Cheeks glow with Pleasure, while at the same time she cast a look upon *Erastus*, the most tender and affectionate I ever beheld.

Flavilla married *Tom Tawdry* ; she was taken with his laced Coat and rich Sword-knot ; she has the mortification to see *Tom* despised by all the worthy Part of his own Sex. *Tom* has nothing to do after Dinner, but to determine whether he will pare his Nails at *St. James's*, *White's*, or his own House. He has said nothing to *Flavilla* since they were married, which she might not have heard as well from her own Woman. He however takes great care to keep up the saucy ill-natur'd Authority of a Husband. Whatever

¹ Steele's *Funeral*, or *Grief a la Mode*, Act III.

¹ [an] and in first reprint.

Flavilla happens to assert, *Tom* immediately contradicts with an Oath, by way of Preface, and, *My Dear, I must tell you, you talk most confoundedly silly.* *Flavilla* had a Heart naturally as well dispos'd for all the Tenderness of Love as that of *Lætitia*; but as Love seldom continues long after Esteem, it is difficult to determine, at present, whether the unhappy *Flavilla* hates or despises the Person most, whom she is obliged to lead her whole Life with. X.

No. 507.] Saturday, October 11, 1712. [Addison.

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone Phalanges.
Juv.

THERE is something very Sublime, tho' very fanciful, in *Plato's* Description of the Supreme Being, That *Truth is his Body, and Light his Shadow.* According to this Definition, there is nothing so contradictory to his Nature, as Error and Falshood. The Platonists have so just a Notion of the Almighty's Aversion to every thing which is false and erroneous, that they looked upon *Truth* as no less necessary than *Virtue*, to qualifie an human Soul for the Enjoyment of a separate State. For this reason as they recommended Moral Duties to qualifie and season the Will for a future Life, so they prescribed several Contemplations and Sciences to rectifie the Understanding. Thus *Plato* has called Mathematical Demonstrations the Catharticks or Purgatives of the Soul, as being the most proper Means to cleanse it from Error, and to give it a Relish of Truth; which is the natural Food and Nourishment of the Understanding, as *Virtue* is the Perfection and Happiness of the Will.

There are many Authors who have shewn wherein the Malignity of a *Lie* consists, and set forth in proper Colours, the Heinousness of the Offence. I shall here consider one Particular Kind of this Crime, which has not been so much spoken to; I mean that abominable Practice of *Party-lying.* This Vice is so very predominant among us at present, that a Man is thought of no Principles, who does not propagate a certain System of Lies. The Coffee-Houses are supported by them, the Press is choaked with them, eminent Authors live upon them. Our Bottle-Conversation is so infected with them, that a Party-Lie is grown as fashionable an Entertainment, as a lively Catch or a merry Story: The Truth of it is, half the great Talkers in the Nation would be struck dumb, were this Fountain of Discourse dried up. There is however one Advantage resulting from this detestable Practice; the very Appearances of Truth are so little regarded, that Lies are at present discharg'd in the Air, and begin to hurt no Body. When we hear a Party-story from a Stranger, we consider whether he is a Whig or a Tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are Words of course, in which the honest Gentleman designs to recommend his Zeal, without any Concern for his Veracity. A Man is looked upon as bereft of common Sense, that gives Credit to the Relations of Party-Writers; [nay] his own Friends shake

their Heads at him, and consider him in no other Light than as an officious Tool or a well-meaning Ideot. When it was formerly the Fashion to husband a Lie, and trump it up in some extraordinary Emergency, it generally did Execution, and was not a little serviceable to the Faction that made use of it; but at present every Man is upon his Guard, the Artifice has been too often repeated to take Effect.

I have frequently wonder'd to see Men of Probity, who would scorn to utter a Falshood for their own particular Advantage, give so readily into a Lie when it becomes the Voice of their Faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are Men of Honour in their Persons, thus to become notorious Liars in their Party? If we look into the Bottom of this Matter, we may find, I think, three Reasons for it, and at the same time discover the Insufficiency of these Reasons to justify so Criminal a Practice.

In the first place, Men are apt to think that the Guilt of a Lie, and consequently the Punishment, may be very much diminish'd, if not wholly worn out, by the Multitudes of those who partake in it. Tho' the Weight of a Falshood would be too heavy for *one* to bear, it grows light in their Imaginations, when it is shared among *many.* But in this Case a Man very much deceives himself; Guilt, when it spreads thro' numbers, is not so properly divided as multiplied: Every one is criminal in proportion to the Offence which he commits, not to the Number of those who are his Companions in it. Both the Crime and the Penalty lie as heavy upon every Individual of an offending Multitude, as they would upon any single Person had none shared with him in the Offence. In a word, the Division of Guilt is like that of Matter; tho' it may be separated into infinite Portions, every Portion shall have the whole Essence of Matter in it, and consist of as many Parts as the Whole did before it was divided.

But in the second place, tho' Multitudes, who join in a Lie, cannot exempt themselves from the Guilt, they may from the Shame of it. The Scandal of a Lie is in a manner lost and annihilated, when diffused among several Thousands; as a Drop of the blackest Tincture wears away and vanishes, when mixed and confused in a considerable Body of Water; the Blot is still in it, but is not able to discover it self. This is certainly a very great Motive to several Party-Offenders, who avoid Crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their Virtue, but to their Reputation. It is enough to shew the Weakness of this Reason, which palliates Guilt without removing it, that every Man who is influenced by it declares himself in effect an infamous Hypocrite, prefers the Appearance of Virtue to its Reality, and is determined in his Conduct neither by the Dictates of his own Conscience, the Suggestions of true Honour, nor the Principles of Religion.

The third and last great Motive for Mens joining in a popular Falshood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a Party-Lie, notwithstanding they are convinced of it as such, is the doing Good to a Cause which every Party may be supposed to

look upon as the most meritorious. The Unsoundness of this Principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a Man must be an utter Stranger to the Principles, either of natural Religion or Christianity, who suffers himself to be guided by it. If a Man might promote the supposed Good of his Country by the blackest Calumnies and Falshoods, our Nation abounds more in Patriots than any other of the Christian World. When *Pompey* was desired not to set Sail in a Tempest that would hazard his Life, *It is necessary for me*, says he, *to Sail, but it is not necessary for me to Live*:¹ Every Man should say to himself, with the same Spirit, It is my Duty to speak Truth, tho' it is not my Duty to be in an Office. One of the Fathers hath carried this Point so high, as to declare, *He would not tell a Lie, tho' he were sure to gain Heaven by it*. However extravagant such a Protestation may appear, every one will own, that a Man may say very reasonably, *He would not tell a Lie, if he were sure to gain Hell by it*; or, if you have a mind to soften the Expression, that he would not tell a Lie to gain any Temporal Reward by it, when he should run the hazard of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain. O.

No. 508.] Monday, October 13, 1712. [Steele.

Omnes autem et habentur et dicuntur Tyranni, qui potestate sunt perpetua, in ea Civitate quae libertate usa est.—Corn. Nepos.

THE following Letters complain of what I have frequently observed with very much Indignation; therefore I shall give them to the Publick in the Words with which my Correspondents, who suffer under the Hardships mention'd in them, describe them.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

In former Ages all Pretensions to Dominion have been supported and submitted to, either upon Account of Inheritance, Conquest or Election; and all such Persons who have taken upon 'em any Sovereignty over their Fellow-Creatures upon any other Account, have been always called Tyrants, not so much because they were guilty of any particular Barbarities, as because every Attempt to such a Superiority was in its Nature tyrannical. But there is another sort of Potentates, who may with greater Propriety be call'd Tyrants, than those last mention'd, both as they assume a despotick Dominion over those as free as themselves, and as they support it by Acts of notable Oppression and Injustice; and these are the Rulers in all Clubs and Meetings. In other Governments, the Punishments of some have been alleviated by the Reward of others; but what makes the Reign of these Potentates so particularly grievous, is, that they are exquisite

¹ Quoted from Plutarch's Life, § 50. Terser in the original:—*Πλεῖν ἀνάγκη, ζῆν οὐκ ἀνάγκη.*

in punishing their Subjects, at the same time they have it not in their power to reward 'em. That the Reader may the better comprehend the Nature of these Monarchs, as well as the miserable State of those that are their Vassals, I shall give an Account of the King of the Company I am fallen into, whom for his particular Tyranny I shall call *Dionysius*; as also of the Seeds that sprung up to this odd sort of Empire.

Upon all Meetings at Taverns, 'tis necessary some one of the Company should take it upon him to get all things in such order and readiness, as may contribute as much as possible to the Felicity of the Convention; such as hastening the Fire, getting a sufficient number of Candles, tasting the Wine with a judicious Smack, fixing the Supper, and being brisk for the Dispatch of it. Know then, that *Dionysius* went thro' these Offices with an Air that seem'd to express a Satisfaction rather in serving the Publick, than in gratifying any particular Inclination of his own. We thought him a Person of an exquisite Palate, and therefore by consent beseeched him to be always our Proveditor; which Post, after he had handsomely denied, he could do no otherwise than accept. At first he made no other use of his Power, than in recommending such and such things to the Company, ever allowing these Points to be disputable; insomuch that I have often carried the Debate for Partridge, when his Majesty has given Intimation of the high Relish of Duck, but at the same time has cheerfully submitted, and devour'd his Partridge with most gracious Resignation. This Submission on his side naturally produc'd the like on ours; of which he in a little time made such barbarous Advantage, as in all those Matters, which before seem'd indifferent to him, to issue out certain Edicts as uncontrollable and unalterable as the Laws of the *Medes and Persians*. He is by turns outrageous, peevish, froward and jovial. He thinks it our Duty for the little Offices, as Proveditor, that in Return all Conversation is to be interrupted or promoted by his Inclination for or against the present Humour of the Company. We feel, at present, in the utmost Extremity, the Insolence of Office; however, I being naturally warm, ventur'd to oppose him in a Dispute about a Haunch of Venison. I was altogether for roasting, but *Dionysius* declar'd himself for boiling with so much Prowess and Resolution, that the Cook thought it necessary to consult his own Safety rather than the Luxury of my Proposition. With the same Authority that he orders what we shall eat and drink, he also commands us where to do it, and we change our Taverns according as he suspects any Treasonable Practices in the settling the Bill by the Master, or sees any bold Rebellion in point of Attendance by the Waiters. Another Reason for changing the Seat of Empire, I conceive to be the Pride he takes in the Promulgation of our Slavery, tho' we pay our Club for our Entertainments even in these Palaces of our grand Monarch. When he has a mind to take the Air, a Party of us are commanded out by way of Life-Guard, and we march under as great Restrictions as they do. If we meet a neighbouring King, we

'give or keep the Way according as we are out-number'd or not; and if the Train of each is equal in number, rather than give Battle, the Superiority is soon adjusted by a Desertion from one of 'em.

'Now, the Expulsion of these unjust Rulers out of all Societies, would gain a Man as everlasting a Reputation, as either of the *Brutus's* got from their Endeavours to extirpate Tyranny from among the *Romans*. I confess my self to be in a Conspiracy against the Usurper of our Club; and to shew my Reading, as well as my merciful Disposition, shall allow him till the Ides of *March* to dethrone himself. If he seems to affect Empire till that time, and does not gradually recede from the Incursions he has made upon our Liberties, he shall find a Dinner dress'd which he has no Hand in, and shall be treated with an Order, Magnificence and Luxury as shall break his proud Heart; at the same time that he shall be convinc'd in his Stomach he was unfit for his Post, and a more mild and skilful Prince receive the Acclamations of the People, and be set up in his room: but, as *Milton* says,

'———*These Thoughts*
'*Full Counsel must mature. Peace is despair'd,*
'*And who can think Submission? War, then*
War
'*Open, or understood, must be resolv'd.*¹

'I am, Sir, Your most obedient humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a young Woman at a Gentleman's Seat in the Country, who is a particular Friend of my Father's, and came hither to pass away a Month or two with his Daughters. I have been entertained with the utmost Civility by the whole Family, and nothing has been omitted which can make my Stay easy and agreeable on the Part of the Family; but there is a Gentleman here, a Visitant as I am, whose Behaviour has given me great Uneasinesses. When I first arrived here, he used me with the utmost Complaisance; but, forsooth, that was not with regard to my Sex, and since he has no Designs upon me, he does not know why he should distinguish me from a Man in things indifferent. He is, you must know, one of those familiar Coxcombs, who have observed some well-bred Men with a good Grace converse with Women, and say no fine things, but yet treat them with that sort of Respect which flows from the Heart and the Understanding, but is exerted in no Professions or Compliments. This Puppy, to imitate this Excellence, or avoid the contrary Fault of being troublesome in Complaisance, takes upon him to try his Talent upon me, insomuch that he contradicts me upon all Occasions, and one day told me I lied. If I had stuck him with my Bodkin, and behaved my self like a Man, since he won't treat me as a Woman, I had, I think, served him right. I wish, Sir, you would please to give him some Maxims of Behaviour in these Points, and resolve me if all Maids are not in point of Conversation to be treated by all Batchelors as their Mistresses? if

¹ *Paradise Lost*, i. 659—662.

'not so, are they not to be used as gently as their Sisters? Is it sufferable, that the Fop of whom I complain should say, as he would rather have such a-one without a Groat, than me with the *Indies*? What right has any Man to make Suppositions of things not in his Power, and then declare his Will to the dislike of one that has never offended him? I assure you these are things worthy your Consideration, and I hope we shall have your Thoughts upon them. I am, tho' a Woman justly offended, ready to forgive all this, because I have no Remedy but leaving very agreeable Company sooner than I desire. This also is an heinous Aggravation of his Offence, that he is inflicting Banishment upon me. Your printing this Letter may perhaps be an Admonition to reform him: Assoon as it appears I will write my Name at the End of it, and lay it in his Way; the making which just Reprimand, I hope you will put in the Power of,

SIR,

Your constant Reader,
and humble Servant.

T.

No. 509.] Tuesday, October 14, 1712. [Steele.

Hominis frugi et temperantis functus officium.
Ter.

THE useful Knowledge in the following Letter shall have a Place in my Paper, tho' there is nothing in it which immediately regards the Polite or the Learned World; I say immediately, for upon Reflection every Man will find there is a remote Influence upon his own Affairs, in the Prosperity or Decay of the Trading Part of Mankind. My present Correspondent, I believe, was never in Print before; but what he says well deserves a general Attention, tho' delivered in his own homely Maxims, and a Kind of Proverbial Simplicity; which Sort of Learning has rais'd more Estates than ever were, or will be, from attention to *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Tully*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, or any of the rest, whom, I dare say, this worthy Citizen would hold to be indeed ingenious, but unprofitable Writers. But to the Letter.

Mr. WILLIAM SPECTATOR,

SIR, Broadstreet, Oct. 10, 1712.

'I accuse you of many Discourses on the Subject of Money, which you have heretofore promis'd the Publick, but have not discharg'd your self thereof. But, forasmuch as you seem to depend upon Advice from others what to do in that Point, have sate down to write you the Needful upon that Subject. But, before I enter thereupon, I shall take this Opportunity to observe to you, that the thriving frugal Man shews it in every Part of his Expence, Dress, Servants, and House; and I must in the first place, complain to you, as SPECTATOR, that in these Particulars there is at this Time, throughout the City of *London*, a lamentable Change from that Simplicity of Manners, which is the true Source of Wealth and Prosperity. I just now said, the Man of Thrift shews Regularity in every thing; but you may,

perhaps, laugh that I take Notice of such a Particular as I am going to do, for an Instance that this City is declining, if their antient Oeconomy is not restor'd. The Thing which gives me this Prospect, and so much Offence, is the Neglect of the *Royal-Exchange*, I mean the Edifice so called, and the Walks appertaining thereunto. The *Royal-Exchange* is a Fabrick that well deserves to be so called, as well to express that our Monarchs highest Glory and Advantage consists in being the Patrons of Trade, as that it is commodious for Business, and an Instance of the Grandeur both of Prince and People. But alas! at present it hardly seems to be set apart for any such Use or Purpose. Instead of the Assembly of honourable Merchants, substantial Tradesmen, and knowing Masters of Ships; the Mumpers, the Halt, the Blind, and the Lame; your Venders of Trash, Apples, Plumbs; your Ragga-muffins, Rakeshames, and Wenches, have justled the greater Number of the former out of that Place. Thus it is, especially on the Evening-Change; so that what with the Din of Squalings, Oaths and Cries of Beggars, Men of the greatest Consequence in our City absent themselves from the Place. This Particular, by the way, is of evil Consequence; for if the *Change* be no Place for Men of the highest Credit to frequent, it will not be a Disgrace to those of less Abilities to absent. I remember the time when Rascally Company were kept out, and the unlucky Boys with Toys and Balls were whipped away by a Beadle. I have seen this done indeed of late, but then it has been only to chase the Lads from Chuck, that the Beadle might seize their Copper.

I must repeat the Abomination, that the Walnut Trade is carry'd on by old Women within the Walks, which makes the Place impassable by reason of Shells and Trash. The Benches around are so filthy, that no one can sit down, yet the Beadles and Officers have the Impudence at *Christmas* to ask for their Box, though they deserve the Strapado. I do not think it impertinent to have mentioned this, because it speaks a neglect in the Domestick Care of the City, and the Domestick is the truest Picture of a Man every where else.

But I designed to speak on the Business of Money and Advancement of Gain. The Man proper for this, speaking in the general, is of a sedate, plain, good Understanding, not apt to go out of his way, but so behaving himself at home, that Business may come to him. Sir *William Turner*, that valuable Citizen, has left behind him a most excellent Rule, and couched it in very few Words, suited to the meanest Capacity. He would say, *Keep your Shop and your Shop will keep you*. It must be confessed, that if a Man of a great Genius could add Steadiness to his Vivacities, or substitute slower Men of Fidelity to transact the methodical part of his Affairs, such a one would outstrip the rest of the World: But Business and Trade is not to be managed by the same Heads which write Poetry, and make Plans for the Conduct of Life in general. So tho' we are at this day beholden to the late witty and inventive Duke of *Buckingham* for the whole Trade and Manufacture of Glass, yet

I suppose there is no one will aver, that, were his Grace yet living, they would not rather deal with my diligent Friend and Neighbour, Mr. *Gumley*, for any Goods to be prepared and delivered on such a Day, than he would with that illustrious Mechanick abovementioned.

No, no, Mr. SPECTATOR, you Wits must not pretend to be rich; and it is possible the Reason may be, in some Measure, because you despise, or at least you do not value it enough to let it take up your chief Attention; which the Trader must do, or lose his Credit, which is to him what Honour, Reputation, Fame, or Glory is to other sort of Men.

I shall not speak to the Point of Cash it self, till I see how you approve of these my Maxims in general: But, I think, a Speculation upon *Many a Little makes a Mickle, A Penny sav'd is a Penny got, Penny wise and Pound foolish, It is Need that makes the old Wife trot*, would be very useful to the World, and if you treated them with Knowledge would be useful to your self, for it would make Demands for your Paper among those who have no Notion of it at present. But of these Matters more hereafter. If you did this, as you excel many Writers of the present Age for Politeness, so you would outgo the Author of the true Strops of Razors for Use.

I shall conclude this Discourse with an Explanation of a Proverb, which by vulgar Error is taken and used when a Man is reduced to an Extremity, whereas the Propriety of the Maxim is to use it when you would say, there is Plenty, but you must make such a Choice, as not to hurt another who is to come after you.

Mr *Tobias Hobson*, from whom we have the Expression, was a very honourable Man, for I shall ever call the Man so who gets an Estate honestly. Mr. *Tobias Hobson* was a Carrier, and being a Man of great Abilities and Invention, and one that saw where there might good Profit arise, though the duller Men overlooked it; this ingenious Man was the first in this Island who let out Hackney-Horses. He lived in *Cambridge*, and observing that the Scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large Stable of Horses, with Boots, Bridles, and Whips to furnish the Gentlemen at once, without going from College to College to borrow, as they have done since the Death of this worthy Man: I say, Mr *Hobson* kept a Stable of forty good Cattle, always ready and fit for travelling; but when a Man came for a Horse, he was led into the Stable, where there was great Choice, but he obliged him to take the Horse which stood next to the Stable-Door; so that every Customer was alike well served according to his Chance, and every Horse ridden with the same Justice: From whence it became a Proverb, when what ought to be your Election was forced upon you, to say, *Hobson's Choice*. This memorable Man stands drawn in Fresco at an Inn (which he used) in *Bishopsgate-street*, with an hundred Pound Bag under his Arm, with this Inscription upon the said Bag,

The fruitful Mother of an Hundred more.

Whatever Tradesman will try the Experiment,

'and begin the day after you publish this my Discourse to treat his Customers all alike, and all reasonably and honestly, I will ensure him the same Success.

I am,
SIR,
Your loving Friend,
Hezekiah Thrift.

T.

No. 510.] Wednesday, October 15, 1712. [Steele.

— Si sapiis
*Neque præterquam quas ipse amor molestias
Habet addas; et illas, quas habet, recte feras.*
Ter.

I WAS the other day driving in [a¹] Hack thro' Gerrard-street, when my Eye was immediately catch'd with the prettiest Object imaginable, the Face of a very fair Girl, between Thirteen and Fourteen, fixed at the Chin to a painted Sash, and made part of the Landskip. It seemed admirably done, and upon throwing my self eagerly out of the Coach to look at it, it laugh'd and flung from the Window. This amiable Figure dwelt upon me; and I was considering the Vanity of the Girl, and her pleasant Coquettry in acting a Picture till she was taken Notice of, and raised the Admiration of her Beholders. This little Circumstance made me run into Reflections upon the Force of Beauty, and the wonderful Influence the Female Sex has upon the other part of the Species. Our Hearts are seized with their Enchantments, and there are few of us, but brutal Men, who by that Hardness lose the chief Pleasure in them, can resist their Insinuations, tho' never so much against our own Interest and Opinion. It is common with Women to destroy the good Effects a Man's following his own Way and Inclination might have upon his Honour and Fortune, by interposing their Power over him in matters wherein they cannot influence him, but to his Loss and Disparagement. I do not know therefore a Task so difficult in human Life, as to be proof against the Importunities of a Woman a Man loves. There is certainly no Armour against Tears, sullen Looks, or at best constrained Familiarities, in her whom you usually meet with Transport and Alacrity. Sir *Walter Rawleigh* was quoted in a Letter (of a very ingenious Correspondent of mine) on this Subject. That Author, who had lived in Courts, Camps, travelled through many Countries, and seen many Men under several Climates, and of as various Complexions, speaks of our Impotence to resist the Wiles of Women, in very severe Terms. His words are as follows:²

What Means did the Devil find out, or what Instruments did his own Subtlety present him, as fittest and aptest to work his Mischief by? Even the unquiet Vanity of the Woman; so as by Adam's hearkening to the Voice of his Wife, contrary to the express Commandment of the

living God, Mankind by that her Incantation became the subject of Labour, Sorrow, and Death; the Woman being given to Man for a Comforter and Companion, but not for a Counsellor. It is also to be noted by whom the Woman was tempted; even by the most ugly and unworthy of all Beasts, into whom the Devil entered and persuaded. Secondly, What was the Motive of her Disobedience? Even a desire to know what was most unfitting her Knowledge; an Affection which has ever since remained in all the Posterity of her Sex. Thirdly, What was it that moved the Man to yield to her Persuasions; even the same Cause which hath moved all Men since to the like Consent, namely, an Unwillingness to grieve her or make her sad, lest she should pine, and be overcome with Sorrow. But if Adam in the state of Perfection, and Solomon the Son of David, God's chosen Servant, and himself a Man endued with the greatest Wisdom, did both of them disobey their Creator by the Persuasion and for the Love they bare to a Woman, it is not so wonderful as lamentable, that other Men in succeeding Ages have been allured to so many inconvenient and wicked Practices by the Persuasion of their Wives, or other beloved Darlings, who cover over and shadow many malicious Purposes with a counterfeit Passion of dissimulate Sorrow and Unquietness.

The Motions of the Minds of Lovers are nowhere so well described, as in the Works of skillful Writers for the Stage. The Scene between *Fulvia* and *Curius*, in the second Act of *Johnson's Catiline*, is an excellent Picture of the Power of a Lady over her Gallant. The Wench plays with his Affections; and as a Man of all Places in the World wishes to make a good Figure with his Mistress, upon her upbraiding him with Want of Spirit, he alludes to Enterprizes which he cannot reveal but with the Hazard of his Life. When he is worked thus far, with a little Flattery of her Opinion of his Gallantry, and desire to know more of it out of her overflowing Fondness to him, he brags to her till his Life is in her Disposal.

When a Man is thus liable to be vanquished by the Charms of her he loves, the safest Way is to determine what is proper to be done, but to avoid all Expostulation with her before he executes what he has resolved. Women are ever too hard for us upon a Treaty, and one must consider how senseless a thing it is to argue with one whose Looks and Gestures are more prevalent with you, than your Reason and Arguments can be with her. It is a most miserable Slavery to submit to what you disapprove, and give up a Truth for no other Reason, but that you had not Fortitude to support you in asserting it. A Man has enough to do to conquer his own unreasonable Wishes and Desires; but he does that in vain, if he has those of another to gratify. Let his Pride be in his Wife and Family, let him give them all the Conveniences of Life in such a manner as if he were proud of them; but let it be his own innocent Pride, and not their exorbitant Desires, which are indulged by him. In this case all the little Arts imaginable are used to soften a Man's Heart, and raise his Passion above his Understanding; but in

¹ [an] and in first reprint.

² History of the World, Bk. i. ch. 4, sect. 4.

all Concessions of this Kind, a Man should consider whether the Present he makes flows from his own Love, or the Importunity of his Beloved: If from the latter, he is her Slave; if from the former, her Friend. We laugh it off, and do not weigh this Subjection to Women with that Seriousness which so important a Circumstance deserves. Why was Courage given to Man, if his Wife's Fears are to frustrate it? When this is once indulged, you are no longer her Guardian and Protector, as you were designed by Nature; but, in Compliance to her Weaknesses, you have disabled your self from avoiding the Misfortunes into which they will lead you both, and you are to see the Hour in which you are to be reproached by her self for that very Complaisance to her. It is indeed the most difficult Mastery over our selves we can possibly attain, to resist the Grief of her who charms us; but let the Heart ake, be the Anguish never so quick and painful, it is what must be suffered and passed through, if you think to live like a Gentleman, or be conscious to your self that you are a Man of Honesty. The old Argument, that *You do not love me if you deny me this*, which first was used to obtain a Trifle, by habitual Success will oblige the unhappy Man who gives Way to it, to resign the Cause even of his Country and his Honour.

T.

No. 511.] Thursday, October 16, 1712. [Addison.

Quis non invenit turbâ quod amaret in illâ?
Ovid.

Dear SPEC.

FINDING that my last Letter took, I do intend to continue my epistolary Correspondence with thee, on those dear confounded Creatures, *Women*. Thou knowest, all the little Learning I am Master of is upon that Subject; I never looked in a Book, but for their sakes. I have lately met with two pure Stories for a *Spectator*, which I am sure will please mightily, if they pass through thy Hands. The first of them I found by chance in an *English* Book called *Herodotus*, that lay in my Friend *Dapperwit's* Window, as I visited him one Morning. It luckily opened in the Place where I met with the following Account. He tells us that it was the Manner among the *Persians* to have several Fairs in the Kingdom, at which all the young unmarried Women were annually exposed to Sale. The Men who wanted Wives came hither to provide themselves: Every Woman was given to the highest Bidder, and the Money which she fetched laid aside for the publick Use, to be employed as thou shalt hear by and by. By this means the richest People had the Choice of the Market, and culled out all the most extraordinary Beauties. As soon as the Fair was thus picked, the Refuse was to be distributed among the Poor, and among those who could not go to the Price of a *Beauty*. Several of these married the *Agreeables*, without paying a Farthing for them,

unless somebody chanced to think it worth his while to bid for them, in which Case the best Bidder was always the Purchaser. But now you must know, SPEC. it happened in *Persia* as it does in our own Country, that there were as many *ugly Women*, as *Beauties* or *Agreeables*; so that by Consequence, after the Magistrates had put off a great many, there were still a great many that stuck upon their Hands. In order therefore to clear the Market, the Money which the Beauties had sold for, was disposed of among the Ugly; so that a poor Man, who could not afford to have a Beauty for his Wife, was forced to take up with a Fortune; the greatest Portion being always given to the most Deformed. To this the Author adds, that every poor Man was forced to live kindly with his Wife, or in case he repented of his Bargain, to return her Portion with her to the next publick Sale.

What I would recommend to thee on this Occasion is, to establish such an imaginary Fair in *Great Britain*: Thou couldst make it very pleasant, by matching Women of Quality with Coblers and Carmen, or describing Titles and Garters leading off in great Ceremony Shopkeepers and Farmers Daughters. Tho' to tell thee the Truth, I am confoundedly afraid that as the love of Money prevails in our Island more than it did in *Persia*, we should find that some of our greatest Men would chuse out the Portions, and rival one another for the richest Piece of Deformity; and that on the contrary, the Toasts and Belles would be bought up by extravagant Heirs, Gamesters and Spendthrifts. Thou couldst make very pretty Reflections upon this Occasion in Honour of the *Persian* Politicks, who took care, by such Marriages, to beautify the upper part of the Species, and to make the greatest Persons in the Government the most graceful. But this I shall leave to thy judicious Pen.

I have another Story to tell thee, which I likewise met with in a Book. It seems the General of the *Tartars*, after having laid siege to a strong Town in *China*, and taken it by Storm, would set to Sale all the Women that were found in it. Accordingly, he put each of them into a Sack, and after having thoroughly considered the Value of the Woman who was inclosed, marked the Price that was demanded for her upon the Sack. There were a great Confluence of Chapmen, that resorted from every Part, with a Design to purchase, which they were to do *unsight unseen*. The Book mentions a Merchant in particular, who observing one of the Sacks to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried it off with him to his House. As he was resting with it upon a half-way Bridge, he was resolved to take a Survey of his Purchase: Upon opening the Sack, a little old Woman popped her Head out of it; at which the Adventurer was in so great a Rage, that he was going to shoot her out into the River. The old Lady, however, begged him first of all to hear her Story, by which he learned that she was sister to a great *Mandarin*, who would infallibly make the Fortune of his

' Brother-in-Law as soon as he should know to whose Lot she fell. Upon which the Merchant again tied her up in his Sack, and carried her to his House, where she proved an excellent Wife, and procured him all the Riches from her Brother that she had promised him.

' I fancy, if I was disposed to dream a second time, I could make a tolerable Vision upon this Plan. I would suppose all the unmarried Women in *London* and *Westminster* brought to Market in Sacks, with their respective Prices on each Sack. The first Sack that is sold is marked with five thousand Pound: Upon the opening of it, I find it filled with an admirable Housewife, of an agreeable Countenance: The Purchaser, upon hearing her good Qualities, pays down her Price very cheerfully. The second I would open, should be a five hundred Pound Sack: The Lady in it, to our surprize, has the Face and Person of a Toast: As we are wondering how she came to be set at so low a Price, we hear that she would have been valued at ten thousand Pound, but that the Publick had made those Abatements for her being a Scold. I would afterwards find some beautiful, modest, and discreet Woman, that should be the top of the Market; and perhaps discover half a dozen Romps tyed up together in the same Sack, at one hundred Pound an Head. The Prude and the Coquet should be valued at the same Price, tho' the first should go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldst like such a Vision, had I time to finish it; because, to talk in thy own way, there is a Moral in it. Whatever thou may'st think of it, pr'ythee do not make any of thy queer Apologies for this Letter, as thou didst for my last. The Women love a gay lively Fellow, and are never angry at the Railleries of one who is their known Admirer. I am always bitter upon them, but well with them.

Thine,

O.

HONEYCOMB.

No. 512.] Friday, October 27, 1712. [Addison.

Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.—Hor.

THERE is nothing which we receive with so much Reluctance as Advice. We look upon the Man who gives it us as offering an Affront to our Understanding, and treating us like Children or Ideots. We consider the Instruction as an implicit Censure, and the Zeal which any one shews for our Good on such an Occasion as a Piece of Presumption or Impertinence. The Truth of it is, the Person who pretends to advise, does, in that particular, exercise a Superiority over us, and can have no other Reason for it, but that in comparing us with himself, he thinks us defective either in our Conduct or our Understanding. For these Reasons, there is nothing so difficult as the Art of making Advice agreeable; and indeed all the Writers, both Ancient and Modern, have distinguished themselves among one another, accord-

ing to the Perfection at which they have arrived in this Art. How many Devices have been made use of, to render this bitter Potion palatable? Some convey their Instructions to us in the best chosen Words, others in the most harmonious Numbers, some in Points of Wit, and others in short Proverbs.

But among all the different Ways of giving Counsel, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is *Fable*, in whatsoever shape it appears. If we consider this way of instructing or giving Advice, it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and the least subject to those Exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect in the first place, that upon the reading of a *Fable* we are made to believe we advise ourselves. We peruse the Author for the sake of the Story, and consider the Precepts rather as our own Conclusions, than his Instructions. The Moral insinuates it self imperceptibly, we are taught by Surprise, and become wiser and better unawares. In short, by this method a Man is so far over-reached as to think he is directing himself, whilst he is following the Dictates of another, and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most displeasing Circumstance in Advice.

In the next place, if we look into human Nature, we shall find that the Mind is never so much pleased, as when she exerts her self in any Action that gives her an Idea of her own Perfections and Abilities. This natural Pride and Ambition of the Soul is very much gratified in the reading of a *Fable*: for in Writings of this kind, the Reader comes in for half of the Performance; every thing appears to him like a Discovery of his own; he is busied all the while in applying Characters and Circumstances, and is in this respect both a Reader and a Composer. It is no wonder therefore that on such Occasions, when the Mind is thus pleased with it self, and amused with its own Discoveries, that it is highly delighted with the Writing which is the occasion of it. For this reason the *Absalom* and *Achitophel*¹ was one of the most popular Poems that ever appeared in *English*. The poetry is indeed very fine, but had it been much finer, it would not have so much pleased, without a plan which gave the Reader an Opportunity of exerting his own Talents.

This oblique manner of giving Advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into ancient Histories, we find the wise Men of old very often chose to give Counsel to their Kings in *Fables*. To omit many which will occur to every one's Memory, there is a pretty Instance of this Nature in a *Turkish Tale*, which I do not like the worse for that little Oriental Extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan *Mahmoud*, by his perpetual Wars abroad, and his Tyranny at home, had filled his Dominions with Ruin and Desolation, and half unpeopled the *Persian Empire*. The Visier to this great Sultan (whether an Hu-

¹ Dryden's satire on the intrigues of the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Shaftesbury to exclude the King's brother from the Throne. Monmouth was *Absalom*, and Shaftesbury *Achitophel*.

mourist or an Enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervise to understand the Language of Birds, so that there was not a Bird that could open his Mouth, but the Visier knew what it was he said. As he was one Evening with the Emperor, in their return from Hunting, they saw a couple of Owls upon a Tree that grew near an old Wall out of an Heap of Rubbish. *I would fain know, says the Sultan, what those two Owls are saying to one another; listen to their Discourse, and give me an account of it.* The Visier approached the Tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two Owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, *Sir, says he, I have heard part of their Conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.* The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an Answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the Owls had said. *You must know then, said the Visier, that one of these Owls has a Son, and the other a Daughter, between whom they are now upon a Treaty of Marriage. The Father of the Son said to the Father of the Daughter, in my hearing, Brother, I consent to this Marriage, provided you will settle upon your Daughter fifty ruined Villages for her Portion. To which the Father of the Daughter replied, Instead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long Life to Sultan Mahmoud; whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined Villages.*

The Story says, the Sultan was so touched with the Fable, that he rebuilt the Towns and Villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the Good of his People.¹

To fill up my Paper, I shall add a most ridiculous piece of natural Magic, which was taught by no less a Philosopher than *Democritus*, namely, that if the Blood of certain Birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a Serpent of such a wonderful Virtue, that whoever did eat it should be skill'd in the Language of Birds, and understand every thing they said to one another. Whether the Dervise above-mentioned might not have eaten such a Serpent, I shall leave to the Determinations of the Learned. O.

No. 513.] Saturday, October 18, 1712. [Addison.

—*Afflata est numine quando
Jam propiore Dei*— Virg.

THE following Letter comes to me from that excellent Man in Holy Orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that Society who assist me in my Speculations. It is a *Thought in Sickness*, and of a very serious Nature, for which Reason I give it a place in the Paper of this Day.

SIR,

'The Indisposition which has long hung upon me, is at last grown to such [a²] Head, that it

¹ Pilpay's Fables. ² [an] and in first reprint.

'must quickly make an End of me, or of it self. You may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad state of Health, there are none of your Works which I read with greater Pleasure than your *Saturday's Papers*. I should be very glad if I could furnish you with any Hints for that Day's Entertainment. Were I able to dress up several Thoughts of a serious nature, which have made great Impressions on my Mind during a long Fit of Sickness, they might not be an improper Entertainment for that Occasion.

'Among all the Reflections which usually rise in the Mind of a sick Man, who has Time and Inclination to consider his approaching End, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear Naked and Unbodied before Him who made him. When a Man considers, that as soon as the vital Union is dissolved, he shall see that Supreme Being, whom he now contemplates at a Distance, and only in his Works; or, to speak more philosophically, when by some Faculty in the Soul he shall apprehend the Divine Being, and be more sensible of his Presence, than we are now of the Presence of any Object which the Eye beholds, a Man must be lost in Carelessness and Stupidity, who is not alarmed at such a Thought. Dr. *Sherlock*, in his excellent Treatise upon Death, has represented, in very strong and lively Colours, the State of the Soul in its first Separation from the Body, with regard to that invisible World which every where surrounds us, tho' we are not able to discover it through this grosser World of Matter, which is accommodated to our Senses in this Life. His Words are as follow.

'*That Death, which is our leaving this World, is nothing else but our putting off these Bodies, teaches us, that it is only our Union to these Bodies, which intercepts the sight of the other World: The other World is not at such a distance from us, as we may imagine; the Throne of God indeed is at a great remove from this Earth, above the third Heavens, where he displays his Glory to those blessed Spirits which encompass his Throne; but as soon as we step out of these Bodies, we step into the other World, which is not so properly another World, (for there is the same Heaven and Earth still) as a new state of Life. To live in these Bodies is to live in this World; to live out of them is to remove into the next: For while our Souls are confined to these Bodies, and can look only thro' these material Casements, nothing but what is material can affect us; nay, nothing but what is so gross, that it can reflect Light, and convey the Shapes and Colours of Things with it to the Eye: So that though within this visible World, there be a more glorious Scene of Things than what appears to us, we perceive nothing at all of it; for this Veil of Flesh parts the visible and invisible World: But when we put off these Bodies, there are new and surprizing Wonders present themselves to our Views; when these material Spectacles are taken off, the Soul, with its own naked Eyes, sees what was invisible before: And then we are in the other World, when we can see it, and con-*

'verse with it: Thus St. Paul tell us, That when we are at home in the Body, we are absent from the Lord; but when we are absent from the Body, we are present with the Lord, 2 Cor. 5. 6, 8. And methinks this is enough to cure us of our Fondness for these Bodies, unless we think it more desirable to be confined to a Prison, and to look through a Grate all our Lives, which gives us but a very narrow prospect, and that none of the best neither, than to be set at liberty to view all the Glories of the World. What would we give now for the least Glimpse of that invisible World, which the first step we take out of these Bodies will present us with? There are such things as Eye hath not seen, nor Ear heard, neither hath it entered into the Heart of Man to conceive: Death opens our Eyes, enlarges our Prospect, presents us with a new and more glorious World, which we can never see while we are shut up in Flesh; which should make us as willing to part with this Veil, as to take the Film off of our Eyes, which hinders our Sight.

'As a thinking Man cannot but be very much affected with the Idea of his appearing in the presence of that Being whom none can see and live; he must be much more affected when he considers that this Being whom he appears before, will examine all the Actions of his past Life, and reward or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I think there is no Scheme of Religion, besides that of Christianity, which can possibly support the most virtuous Person under this Thought. Let a Man's Innocence be what it will, let his Virtues rise to the highest pitch of Perfection attainable in this Life, there will be still in him so many secret Sins, so many human Frailties, so many Offences of Ignorance, Passion and Prejudice, so many unguarded Words and Thoughts, and in short, so many Defects in his best Actions, that, without the Advantages of such an Expiation and Atonement as Christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his Sovereign Judge, or that he should be able to stand in his Sight. Our Holy Religion suggests to us the only Means whereby our Guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect Obedience accepted.

'It is this Series of Thought that I have endeavoured to express in the following Hymn, which I have composed during this my Sickness.

I.

*When rising from the Bed of Death,
O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear,
I see my Maker, Face to Face,
O how shall I appear!*

II.

*If yet, while Pardon may be found,
And Mercy may be sought,
My Heart with inward Horrour shrinks,
And trembles at the Thought;*

III.

*When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,*

*And sit in Judgment on my Soul,
O how shall I appear!*

IV.

*But thou hast told the troubled Mind,
Who does her Sins lament,
The timely Tribute of her Tears
Shall endless Woe prevent.*

V.

*Then see the Sorrows of my Heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,
To give those Sorrows Weight.*

VI.

*For never shall my Soul despair
Her Pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
To make her Pardon sure.*

'There is a noble Hymn in French, which Monsieur Bayle has celebrated for a very fine one, and which the famous Author of the Art of Speaking calls an Admirable one, that turns upon a Thought of the same Nature. If I could have done it Justice in English, I would have sent it you translated; it was written by Monsieur Des Barreaux; who had been one of the greatest Wits and Libertines in France, but in his last Years was as remarkable a Penitent.¹

*Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité;
Toujours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice:
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera sans choquer ta Justice.
Ouy, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du suplice:
Ton interest s'oppose à ma félicité;
Et ta clemence même attend que je perisse.
Contente ton desir puis qu'il t'est glorieux;
Offense toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;
Tonne, frappe, il est temps, rens moi guerre pour
guerre.
J'adore en perissant la raison qui t'aigrit:
Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de JESUS
CHRIST.*

'If these Thoughts may be serviceable to you, I desire you would place them in a proper Light, and am ever, with great Sincerity,

SIR,

O.

Yours, &c.

¹ Jacques Vallée Seigneur des Barreaux, born in Paris in 1602, was Counsellor of the Parliament of Paris, and gave up his charge to devote himself to pleasure. He was famous for his songs and verses, for his affability and generosity and irreligion. A few years before his death he was converted, and wrote the pious sonnet given above, which had been very widely praised and quoted. In his religious days he lived secluded at Châlon sur Saône, where he died, in 1673.

No. 514.] Monday, October 20,¹ 1712. [Steele.

*Me Parnassi deserta per ardua, dulcis
Raptat Amor; juvat ire jugis qua nulla pri-
orum
Castaliam molle divertitur Orbita Clivo.—Virg.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I CAME home a little later than usual the other Night, and not finding my self inclined to sleep, I took up *Virgil* to divert me till I should be more disposed to Rest. He is the Author whom I always chuse on such Occasions, no one writing in so divine, so harmonious, nor so equal a Strain, which leaves the Mind composed, and softened into an agreeable Melancholy; the Temper in which, of all others, I chuse to close the Day. The Passages I turned to were those beautiful Raptures in his *Georgicks*, where he professes himself entirely given up to the Muses, and smit with the Love of Poetry, passionately wishing to be transported to the cool Shades and Retirements of the Mountain *Hæmus*. I clos'd the Book and went to Bed. What I had just before been reading made so strong an Impression on my Mind, that Fancy seemed almost to fulfil to me the Wish of *Virgil*, in presenting to me the following Vision.

Methought I was on a sudden plac'd in the Plains of *Bœotia*, where at the end of the Horizon I saw the Mountain *Parnassus* rising before me. The Prospect was of so large an Extent, that I had long wander'd about to find a Path which should directly lead me to it, had I not seen at some distance a Grove of Trees, which in a Plain that had nothing else remarkable enough in it to fix my Sight, immediately determin'd me to go thither. When I arrived at it, I found it parted out into a great Number of Walks and Alleys, which often widened into beautiful Openings, as Circles or Ovals, set round with Yews and Cypresses, with Niches, Grotto's, and Caves placed on the Sides, encompassed with Ivy. There was no Sound to be heard in the whole Place, but only that of a gentle Breeze passing over the Leaves of the Forest, every thing beside was buried in a profound Silence. I was captivated with the Beauty and Retirement of the Place, and never so much, before that Hour, was pleas'd with the Enjoyment of my self. I indulg'd the Humour, and suffered my self to wander without Choice or Design. At length, at the end of a Range of Trees, I saw three Figures seated on a Bank of Moss, with a silent Brook creeping at their Feet. I ador'd them as the tutelar Divinities of the Place, and stood still to take a particular View of each of them. The Middlemost, whose Name was *Solitude*, sat with her Arms across each other, and seem'd rather pensive and wholly taken up with her own Thoughts, than any ways griev'd or displeas'd. The only Companions which she admitted into that Retirement, was the Goddess *Silence*, who sat on her right Hand with her

Finger on her Mouth, and on her left *Contemplation*, with her Eyes fixed upon the Heavens. Before her lay a celestial Globe, with several Schemes of Mathematical Theorems. She prevented my Speech with the greatest Affability in the World: Fear not, said she, I know your Request before you speak it; you would be led to the Mountain of the Muses; the only way to it lies thro' this Place, and no one is so often employ'd in conducting Persons thither as my self. When she had thus spoken, she rose from her Seat, and I immediately placed my self under her Direction; but whilst I passed through the Grove, I could not help enquiring of her who were the Persons admitted into that sweet Retirement. Surely, said I, there can nothing enter here but Virtue and virtuous Thoughts: The whole Wood seems design'd for the Reception and Reward of such Persons as have spent their Lives according to the Dictates of their Conscience and the Commands of the Gods. You imagine right, said she; assure your self this Place was at first designed for no other: Such it continued to be in the Reign of *Saturn*, when none entered here but holy Priests, Deliverers of their Country from Oppression and Tyranny, who repos'd themselves here after their Labours, and those whom the Study and Love of Wisdom had fitted for divine Conversation. But now it is become no less dangerous than it was before desirable: Vice has learned so to mimic Virtue, that it often creeps in hither under its Disguise. See there! just before you, *Revenge* stalking by, habited in the Robe of *Honour*. Observe not far from him *Ambition* standing alone; if you ask him his Name, he will tell you it is *Emulation* or *Glory*. But the most frequent Intruder we have is *Lust*, who succeeds now the Deity to whom in better Days this Grove was entirely devoted. *Virtuous Love*, with *Hymen*, and the Graces attending him, once reign'd over this happy Place; a whole Train of Virtues waited on him, and no dishonourable Thought durst presume for Admittance: But now! how is the whole Prospect changed? and how seldom renew'd by some few who dare despise sordid Wealth, and imagine themselves fit Companions for so charming a Divinity?

The Goddess had no sooner said thus, but we were arriv'd at the utmost Boundaries of the Wood, which lay contiguous to a Plain that ended at the Foot of the Mountain. Here I kept close to my Guide, being sollicitated by several Phantomes, who assured me they would shew me a nearer Way to the Mountain of the Muses. Among the rest *Vanity* was extremely importunate, having deluded infinite Numbers, whom I saw wandering at the Foot of the Hill. I turned away from this despicable Troop with Disdain, and addressing my self to my Guide, told her, that as I had some Hopes I should be able to reach up part of the Ascent, so I despaired of having Strength enough to attain the Plain on the Top. But being inform'd by her that it was impossible to stand upon the Sides, and that if I did not proceed onwards, I should irrecoverably fall down to the lowest Verge, I resolv'd to hazard any Labour and Hardship in

¹ Room is made for this paper, in the original issue, by printing it in smaller type.

'the Attempt : So great a desire had I of enjoying
'the Satisfaction I hoped to meet with at the End
'of my Enterprize !

'There were two Paths, which led up by differ-
'ent Ways to the Summit of the Mountain ; the
'one was guarded by the Genius which presides
'over the Moment of our Births. He had it in
'charge to examine the several Pretensions of
'those who desired a Pass that Way, but to ad-
'mit none excepting those only on whom *Melpo-*
'*mene* had look'd with a propitious Eye at the
'Hour of their Nativity. The other Way was
'guarded by *Diligence*, to whom many of those
'Persons apply'd who had met with a Denial the
'other Way ; but he was so tedious in granting
'their Request, and indeed after Admittance the
'Way was so very intricate and laborious, that
'many after they had made some Progress, chose
'rather to return back than proceed, and very few
'persisted so long as to arrive at the End they
'proposed. Besides these two Paths, which at
'length severally led to the Top of the Mountain,
'there was a third made up of these two, which a
'little after the Entrance joined in one. This
'carried those happy Few, whose good Fortune
'it was to find it, directly to the Throne of *Apollo*.
'I don't know whether I should even now have
'had the Resolution to have demanded Entrance
'at either of these Doors, had I not seen a
'Peasant-like Man (followed by a numerous and
'lovely Train of Youths of both Sexes) insist upon
'Entrance for all whom he led up. He put me
'in mind of the Country Clown who is painted in
'the Map for leading Prince *Eugene* over the
'*Alps*. He had a Bundle of Papers in his Hand,
'and producing several, which he said, were given
'to him by Hands which he knew *Apollo* would
'allow as Passes ; among which, methoughts, I
'saw some of my own Writing ; the whole As-
'sembly was admitted, and gave, by their Pre-
'sence, a new Beauty and Pleasure to these happy
'Mansions. I found the Man did not pretend to
'enter himself, but served as a kind of Forester
'in the Lawns to direct Passengers, who by their
'own Merit, or Instructions he procured for them,
'had Virtue enough to travel that way. I looked
'very attentively upon this kind homely Bene-
'factor, and forgive me, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, if I own
'to you I took him for your self. We were no
'sooner entered, but we were sprinkled three
'times with the Water of the Fountain *Aganippe*,
'which had Power to deliver us from all Harms,
'but only Envy, which reached even to the End
'of our Journey. We had not proceeded far in
'the middle Path when we arrived at the Sum-
'mit of the Hill, where there immediately ap-
'peared to us two Figures, which extremely en-
'gaged my Attention : the one was a young
'Nymph in the Prime of her Youth and Beauty ;
'she had Wings on her Shoulders and Feet, and
'was able to transport herself to the most distant
'Regions in the smallest Space of Time. She was
'continually varying her Dress, sometimes into
'the most natural and becoming Habits in the
'World, and at others into the most wild and
'freakish Garb that can be imagined. There
'stood by her a Man full-aged, and of great
'Gravity, who corrected her Inconsistences, by

'shewing them in his Mirror, and still flung her
'affected and unbecoming Ornaments down the
'Mountain, which fell in the Plain below, and
'were gathered up and wore with great Satis-
'faction by those that inhabited it. The Name of
'the Nymph was *Fancy*, the Daughter of *Liberty*,
'the most beautiful of all the Mountain-Nymphs.
'The other was *Judgment*, the Off-spring of
'*Time*, and the only Child he acknowledged to
'be his. A Youth, who sat upon a Throne just
'between them, was their genuine Off-spring ; his
'Name was *Wit*, and his Seat was composed of
'the Works of the most celebrated Authors. I
'could not but see with a secret Joy, that though
'the *Greeks* and *Romans* made the Majority, yet
'our own Countrymen were the next both in
'Number and Dignity. I was now at Liberty
'to take a full Prospect of that delightful Region.
'I was inspired with new Vigour and Life, and
'saw every thing in nobler and more pleasing
'Views than before ; I breathed a purer *Æther* in
'a Sky which was a continued Azure, gilded with
'perpetual Sun-shine. The two Summits of the
'Mountain rose on each Side, and formed in the
'midst a most delicious Vale, the Habitation of
'the Muses, and of such as had composed Works
'worthy of Immortality. *Apollo* was seated upon
'a Throne of Gold, and for a Canopy an aged
'Laurel spread its Boughs and its Shade over his
'Head. His Bow and Quiver lay at his Feet.
'He held his Harp in his Hand, whilst the Muses
'round about him celebrated with Hymns his
'Victory over the Serpent *Python*, and sometimes
'sung in softer Notes the Loves of *Leucothoe* and
'*Daphnis*. *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton* were
'seated the next to them. Behind were a great
'Number of others, among whom I was surprized
'to see some in the Habit of *Laplanders*, who,
'notwithstanding the Uncouthness of their Dress,
'had lately obtained a Place upon the Mountain.
'I saw *Pindar* walking all alone, no one daring
'to accost him, till *Cowley* join'd himself to him ;
'but growing weary of one who almost walked
'him out of breath, he left him for *Horace* and
'*Anacreon*, with whom he seemed infinitely de-
'lighted.

'A little further I saw another Groupe of Fi-
'gures ; I made up to them, and found it was
'*Socrates* dictating to *Xenophon*, and the Spirit
'of *Plato* ; but most of all, *Musæus* had the
'greatest Audience about him. I was at too
'great a Distance to hear what he said, or to dis-
'cover the Faces of his Hearers ; only I thought
'I now perceived *Virgil*, who had joined them,
'and stood in a Posture full of Admiration at the
'Harmony of his Words.

'Lastly, At the very Brink of the Hill I saw
'*Boccalini* sending Dispatches to the World
'below of what happened upon *Parnassus* ; but
'I perceived he did it without leave of the Muses,
'and by stealth, and was unwilling to have them
'revised by *Apollo*. I could now from this Height
'and serene Sky behold the infinite Cares and
'Anxieties with which Mortals below sought out
'their way through the Maze of Life. I saw the
'Path of Virtue lie strait before them, whilst In-
'terest, or some malicious Demon, still hurry'd
'them out of the Way. I was at once touched

‘with Pleasure at my own Happiness, and Com-
 ‘passion at the sight of their inextricable Errors.
 ‘Here the two contending Passions rose so high,
 ‘that they were inconsistent with the sweet Re-
 ‘pose I enjoy’d, and awaking with a sudden start,
 ‘the only Consolation I could admit of for my
 ‘Loss, was the Hopes that this Relation of my
 ‘Dream will not displease you.¹ T.

No. 515.] Tuesday, October 21, 1712. [Steele.

*Pudet me et miseret qui harum mores cantabat
 mihi
 Monuisse frustra*——— Ter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘I AM obliged to you for printing the Account
 ‘I lately sent you of a Coquet who disturbed
 ‘a sober Congregation in the City of London.
 ‘That Intelligence ended at her taking Coach,
 ‘and bidding the Driver go where he knew. I
 ‘could not leave her so, but dogged her, as hard
 ‘as she drove, to Paul’s Church-Yard, where
 ‘there was a Stop of Coaches attending Company
 ‘coming out of the Cathedral. This gave me
 ‘opportunity to hold up a Crown to her Coach-
 ‘man, who gave me the Signal, that he would
 ‘hurry on, and make no Haste, as you know the
 ‘Way is when they favour a Chase. By his many
 ‘kind Blunders, driving against other Coaches,
 ‘and slipping off some of his Tackle, I could keep
 ‘up with him, and lodged my fine Lady in the
 ‘Parish of St. James’s. As I guessed when I
 ‘first saw her at Church, her Business is to win
 ‘Hearts and throw ’em away, regarding nothing
 ‘but the Triumph. I have had the Happiness, by
 ‘tracing her through all with whom I heard she
 ‘was acquainted, to find one who was intimate
 ‘with a Friend of mine, and to be introduced to
 ‘her Notice. I have made so good use of my
 ‘Time, as to procure from that Intimate of hers
 ‘one of her Letters, which she writ to her when
 ‘in the Country. This Epistle of her own may
 ‘serve to alarm the World against her in ordinary
 ‘Life, as mine, I hope, did those, who shall be-
 ‘hold her at Church. The Letter was written
 ‘last Winter to the Lady who gave it me; and I
 ‘doubt not but you will find it the Soul of an
 ‘happy self-loving Dame, that takes all the Ad-
 ‘miration she can meet with, and returns none of
 ‘it in Love to her Admirers.

Dear Fenny,

‘I am glad to find you are likely to be dispos’d
 ‘of in Marriage so much to your Approbation as

¹ This Advertisement follows:

*A Letter written October 14, dated Middle
 Temple, has been overlooked, by reason it was not
 directed to the SPECTATOR at the usual Places;
 and the Letter of the 18th, dated from the same
 Place, is groundless, the Author of the Paper of
 Friday last not having ever seen the Letter of the
 14th. In all circumstances except the Place of
 Birth of the Person to whom the Letters were
 written, the Writer of them is misinformed.*

‘you tell me. You say you are afraid only of
 ‘me, for I shall laugh at your Spouse’s Airs. I
 ‘beg of you not to fear it, for I am too nice
 ‘a Discerner to laugh at any, but whom most
 ‘other People think fine Fellows; so that your
 ‘Dear may bring you hither as soon as his Horses
 ‘are in Case enough to appear in Town, and you
 ‘be very safe against any Raillery you may ap-
 ‘prehend from me; for I am surrounded with
 ‘Coxcombs of my own making, who are all
 ‘ridiculous in a manner: your Good-man, I pre-
 ‘sume, can’t exert himself. As Men who cannot
 ‘raise their Fortunes, and are uneasy under the
 ‘Incapacity of shining in Courts, rail at Ambition;
 ‘so do [awkard¹] and insipid Women, who cannot
 ‘warm the Hearts and charm the Eyes of Men,
 ‘rail at Affectation: But she that has the Joy of
 ‘seeing a Man’s Heart leap into his Eyes at be-
 ‘holding her, is in no Pain for want of Esteem
 ‘among a Crew of that Part of her own Sex, who
 ‘have no Spirit but that of Envy, and no Language
 ‘but that of Malice. I do not in this, I hope,
 ‘express my self insensible of the Merit of *Leo-
 ‘dacia*, who lowers her Beauty to all but her
 ‘Husband, and never spreads her Charms but to
 ‘gladden him who has a Right in them: I say, I
 ‘do Honour to those who can be Coquets, and
 ‘are not such; but I despise all who would be so,
 ‘and in Despair of arriving at it themselves, hate
 ‘and vilify all those who can. But, be that as it
 ‘will, in Answer to your Desire of knowing my
 ‘History: One of my chief present Pleasures is
 ‘in Country-Dances: and, in Obedience to me,
 ‘as well as the Pleasure of coming up to me with
 ‘a good Grace, shewing themselves in their Ad-
 ‘dress to others in my Presence, and the like
 ‘Opportunities, they are all Proficients that Way:
 ‘And I had the Happiness of being the other
 ‘Night where we made six Couple, and every
 ‘Woman’s Partner a profess’d Lover of mine.
 ‘The wildest Imagination cannot form to it self
 ‘on any Occasion, higher Delight than I acknow-
 ‘ledge my self to have been in all that Evening.
 ‘I chose out of my Admirers a Set of Men who
 ‘most love me, and gave them Partners of such
 ‘of my own Sex who most envy’d me.

‘My way is, when any Man who is my Ad-
 ‘mirer pretends to give himself Airs of Merit, as
 ‘at this Time a certain Gentleman you know did,
 ‘to mortify him by favouring in his Presence the
 ‘most insignificant Creature I can find. At this
 ‘Ball I was led into the Company by pretty Mr.
 ‘*Fansly*, who, you know, is the most obsequious,
 ‘well-shaped, well-bred Woman’s Man in Town.
 ‘I at first Entrance declared him my Partner if
 ‘I danced at all; which put the whole Assembly
 ‘into a Grin, as forming no Terrours from such a
 ‘Rival. But we had not been long in the Room,
 ‘before I overheard the meritorious Gentleman
 ‘above-mention’d say with an Oath, There is no
 ‘Raillery in the Thing, she certainly loves the
 ‘Puppy. My Gentleman, when we were danc-
 ‘ing, took an Occasion to be very soft in his
 ‘Oglings upon a Lady he danced with, and whom
 ‘he knew of all Women I love most to outshine.

¹ Spelt generally in the first issue *awkard*, in
 the first reprint *aukward*.

“The Contest began who should plague the other
 “most. I, who do not care a Farthing for him,
 “had no hard Task to out-vex him. I made *Fansly*,
 “with a very little Encouragement, cut Capers
 “*Coupee*, and then sink with all the Air and Ten-
 “derness imaginable. When he perform’d this,
 “I observed the Gentleman you know of fall into
 “the same way, and imitate as well as he could
 “the despised *Fansly*. I cannot well give you,
 “who are so grave a Country Lady, the Idea of
 “the Joy we have when we see a stubborn Heart
 “breaking, or a Man of Sense turning Fool for
 “our sakes; but this happened to our Friend, and
 “I expect his Attendance whenever I go to
 “Church, to Court, to the Play, or the Park. This is
 “a Sacrifice due to us Women of Genius, who have
 “the Eloquence of Beauty, an easie Mein. I
 “mean by an easie Mein, one which can be on
 “Occasion easily affected: For I must tell you,
 “dear *Jenny*, I hold one Maxim, which is an un-
 “common one, to wit, That our greatest Charms
 “are owing to Affectation. ’Tis to That that our
 “Arms can lodge so quietly just over our Hips,
 “and the Fan can play without any Force or Mo-
 “tion but just of the Wrist. ’Tis to Affectation
 “we owe the pensive Attention of *Deidamia* at a
 “Tragedy, the scornful Approbation of *Dulcia-*
 “*mara* at a Comedy, and the lowly Aspect of
 “*Lanquicelsa* at a Sermon.

“To tell you the plain Truth, I know no Plea-
 “sure but in being admir’d, and have yet never
 “failed of attaining the Approbation of the Man
 “whose Regard I had a Mind to. You see all
 “the Men who make a Figure in the World (as
 “wise a Look as they are pleased to put upon the
 “Matter) are moved by the same Vanity as I am.
 “What is there in Ambition, but to make other
 “People’s Wills depend upon yours? This indeed
 “is not to be aim’d at by one who has a Genius
 “no higher than to think of being a very good
 “Housewife in a Country Gentleman’s Family.
 “The Care of Poultreys and Piggs are great En-
 “emies to the Countenance: The vacant Look of
 “a fine Lady is not to be preserved, if she admits
 “any thing to take up her Thoughts but her own
 “dear Person. But I interrupt you too long
 “from your Cares, and my self from my Con-
 “quests.

*I am, Madam,
 Your most humble Servant.*

‘Give me leave, Mr. SPECTATOR, to add her
 ‘Friend’s Answer to this Epistle, who is a very
 ‘discreet ingenious Woman.

Dear Gatty,

“I take your Raillery in very good Part,
 “and am obliged to you for the free Air with
 “which you speak of your own Gayeties. But this
 “is but a barren superficial Pleasure; [indeed,¹]
 “*Gatty*, we are made for Man, and in serious
 “Sadness I must tell you, whether you yourself
 “know it or no, all these Gallantries tend to no
 “other End but to be a Wife and Mother as fast
 “as you can.

*I am, Madam,
 T. Your most [humble²] Servant.*

¹ [for indeed,]

² [obedient]

No. 516.] Wednesday, October 22, 1712. [Steele.]

*Immortale odium et nunquam sanabile vulnus.
 Inde furor vulgo, quod Numina vicinorum
 Odit uterque locus, quum solos credit habendos
 Esse Deos quos ipse colat*——— Juv.

OF all the monstrous Passions and Opinions
 which have crept into the World, there is
 none so wonderful as that those who profess the
 common Name of *Christians*, should pursue each
 other with Rancour and Hatred for Differences
 in their Way of following the Example of their
 Saviour. It seems so natural that all who pursue
 the Steps of any Leader should form themselves
 after his Manners, that it is impossible to account
 for Effects so different from what we might expect
 from those who profess themselves Followers of
 the highest Pattern of Meekness and Charity, but
 by ascribing such Effects to the Ambition and Cor-
 ruption of those who are so audacious, with Souls
 full of Fury, to serve at the Altars of the God of
 Peace.

The Massacres to which the Church of *Rome*
 has animated the ordinary People, are dreadful
 Instances of the Truth of this Observation; and
 whoever reads the History of the *Irish* Rebellion,
 and the Cruelties which ensued thereupon, will be
 sufficiently convinced to what Rage poor Ignor-
 ants may be worked up by those who profess
 Holiness, and become Incendiaries, and under the
 Dispensation of Grace, promote Evils abhorrent
 to Nature.

This Subject and Catastrophe, which deserve so
 well to be remarked by the Protestant World,
 will, I doubt not, be considered by the Reverend
 and Learned Prelate that Preaches to-morrow be-
 fore many of the Descendants of those who
 perished on that lamentable Day, in a manner
 suitable to the Occasion, and worthy his own great
 Virtue and Eloquence.

I shall not dwell upon it any further, but only
 transcribe out of a little Tract, called, *The Chris-
 tian Hero*, published in 1701, what I find there in
 Honour of the renowned Hero *William III.* who
 rescued that Nation from the Repetition of the same
 Disasters. His late Majesty, of glorious Memory,
 and the most Christian King, are considered at
 the Conclusion of that Treatise as Heads of the
 Protestant and Roman Catholick World in the
 following Manner.

‘There were not ever, before the Entrance of
 ‘the Christian Name into the World, Men who
 ‘have maintained a more renowned Carriage, than
 ‘the two great Rivals who possess the full Fame
 ‘of the present Age, and will be the Theme and
 ‘Examination of the future. They are exactly
 ‘form’d by Nature for those Ends to which
 ‘Heaven seems to have sent them amongst us:
 ‘Both animated with a restless Desire of Glory, but
 ‘pursue it by different Means, and with different
 ‘Motives. To one it consists in an extensive undis-
 ‘puted Empire over his Subjects, to the other in
 ‘their rational and voluntary Obedience: One’s

'Happiness is founded in their want of Power, the other's in their want of Desire to oppose him. The one enjoys the Summit of Fortune with the Luxury of a *Persian*, the other with the Moderation of a *Spartan*: One is made to oppress, the other to relieve the Oppressed: The one is satisfy'd with the Pomp and Ostentation of Power to prefer and debase his Inferiours, the other delighted only with the Cause and Foundation of it to cherish and protect 'em. To one therefore Religion is but a convenient Disguise, to the other a vigorous Motive of Action.

'For without such Ties of real and solid Honour, there is no way of forming a Monarch, but after the Machiavillian Scheme, by which a Prince must ever seem to have all Virtues, but really to be Master of none, but is to be liberal, merciful and just, only as they serve his Interests; while, with the noble Art of Hypocrisy, Empire would be to be extended, and new Conquests be made by new Devices, by which prompt Address his Creatures might insensibly give Law in the Business of Life, by leading Men in the Entertainment of it.¹

'Thus when Words and Show are apt to pass for the substantial things they are only to express, there would need no more to enslave a Country but to adorn a Court; for while every Man's Vanity makes him believe himself capable of becoming Luxury, Enjoyments are a ready Bait for Sufferings, and the Hopes of Preferment Invitations to Servitude; which Slavery would be colour'd with all the Agreements, as they call it, imaginable. The noblest Arts and Artists, the finest Pens and most elegant Minds, jointly employ'd to set it off, with the various Embellishments of sumptuous Entertainments, charming Assemblies, and polished Discourses; and those apostate Abilities of Men, the adored Monarch might profusely and skilfully encourage, while they flatter his Virtue, and gild his Vice at so high a rate, that he, without Scorn of the one, or Love of the other, would alternately and occasionally use both: So that his Bounty should support him in his Rapines, his Mercy in his Cruelties.

'Nor is it to give things a more severe Look than is natural, to suppose such must be the Consequences of a Prince's having no other Pursuit than that of his own Glory; for, if we consider an Infant born into the World, and beholding it self the mightiest thing in it, it self the present Admiration and future Prospect of a fawning People, who profess themselves great or mean, according to the Figure he is to make amongst them, what Fancy would not be de-

¹ The extract is from very near the close of Steele's *Christian Hero*. At this part a few lines have been omitted. In the original the paragraph closed thus: . . . 'the Entertainment of it, and making their great Monarch the Fountain of all that's delicate and refined, and his Court the Model for Opinions in Pleasure, as well as the Pattern in Dress; which might prevail so far upon an undiscerning world as (to accomplish it or its approaching Slavery) to make it receive a superfluous Babble for an Universal Language.'

'bauched to believe they were but what they professed themselves, his mere Creatures, and use them as such by purchasing with their Lives a boundless Renown, which he, for want of a more just Prospect, would place in the Number of his Slaves, and the Extent of his Territories? Such undoubtedly would be the tragical Effects of a Prince's living with no Religion, which are not to be surpassed but by his having a false one.

'If Ambition were spirited with Zeal, what would follow, but that his People should be converted into an Army, whose Swords can make Right in Power, and solve Controversy in Belief? And if Men should be stiff-neck'd to the Doctrine of that visible Church, let them be contented with an Oar and a Chain, in the midst of Stripes and Anguish, to contemplate on him, *whose Yoke is easy, and whose Burthen is light*.

'With a Tyranny begun on his own Subjects, and Indignation that others draw their Breath independent of his Frown or Smile, why should he not proceed to the Seizure of the World? And if nothing but the Thirst of Sway were the Motive of his Actions, why should Treaties be other than mere Words, or solemn national Compacts be any thing but an Halt in the March of that Army, who are never to lay down their Arms, till all Men are reduc'd to the necessity of hanging their Lives on his wayward Will; who might supinely, and at leisure, expiate his own Sins by other Mens Sufferings, while he daily meditates new Slaughter, and new Conquest?

'For mere Man, when giddy with unbridled Power, is an insatiate Idol, not to be appeased with Myriads offer'd to his Pride, which may be puffed up by the Adulation of a base and prostrate World, into an Opinion that he is something more than human, by being something less: And, alas, what is there that mortal Man will not believe of himself, when complimented with the Attributes of God? Can he then conceive Thoughts of a Power as *Omnipresent* as his! But should there be such a Foe of Mankind now upon Earth, have our Sins so far provoked Heaven, that we are left utterly naked to his Fury? Is there no Power, no Leader, no Genius, that can conduct and animate us to our Death or our Defence? Yes; our great God never gave one to reign by his Permission, but he gave to another also to reign by his Grace.

'All the Circumstances of the illustrious Life of our Prince, seem to have conspired to make him the Check and Bridle of Tyranny; for his Mind has been strengthened and confirmed by one continual Struggle, and Heaven has educated him by Adversity to a quick Sense of the Distresses and Miseries of Mankind, which he was born to redress: In just scorn of the trivial Glories and light Ostentations of Power, that glorious Instrument of Providence moves, like that, in a stedly, calm, and silent Course, independent either of Applause or Calumny; which renders him, if not in a political, yet in a moral, a philosophick, an heroick, and a Christian Sense, an absolute Monarch; who satisfy'd with this unchangeable, just, and ample Glory, must needs turn all his Regards from himself to the Service of others; for he begins his Enterprize with his

'own Share in the Success of them ; for Integrity
'bears in it self its Reward, nor can that which
'depends not on Event ever know Disappoint-
'ment.

'With the undoubted Character of a glorious
'Captain, and (what he much more values than
'the most splendid Titles) that of a sincere and
'honest Man, he is the Hope and Stay of *Europe*,
'an universal Good not to be engrossed by us
'only, for distant Potentates implore his Friend-
'ship, and injur'd Empires court his Assistance.
'He rules the World, not by an Invasion of the
'People of the Earth, but the Address of its
'Princes ; and if that World should be again
'rous'd from the Repose which his prevailing
'Arms had given it, why should we not hope that
'there is an Almighty, by whose Influence the
'terrible Enemy that thinks himself prepar'd for
'Battel, may find he is but ripe for Destruction ?
'and that there may be in the Womb of Time
'great Incidents, which may make the Cata-
'strophe of a prosperous Life as unfortunate as
'the particular Scenes of it were successful ? For
'there does not want a skilful Eye and resolute
'Arm to observe and grasp the Occasion : A
'Prince, who from¹

— *Fuit Ilium et ingens*
'Gloria ———— Virg.

T.

No. 517.] Thursday, October 23, 1712. [Addison.

Heu Pietas ! heu prisca Fides ! ———— Virg.

WE last night received a Piece of ill News at
our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every
one of us. I question not but my Readers them-
selves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To
keep them no longer in Suspence, Sir ROGER DE
COVERLY is dead.² He departed this Life at his

¹ Here Steele abruptly breaks with 'Fuit Ilium'
—the glory has departed—on the sentence : 'A
'Prince who from just Notion of his Duty to that
'Being to whom he must be accountable, has in
'the Service of his Fellow Creatures a noble Con-
'tempt of Pleasures, and Patience of Labours, to
'whom 'tis Hereditary to be the Guardian and
'Asserter of the native Rights and Liberties
'of Mankind ;' A few more clauses to the
sentence formed the summary of William's cha-
racter before the book closed with a prayer that
Heaven would guard his important life.

² In No. 1 of the *Bee* (for February, 1733)
Eustace Budgell, who set up that publication, and
who probably was the intimate friend of Addison's
to whom he there refers, said of Sir Roger de
Coverley, 'Mr. Addison was so fond of this cha-
'racter that a little before he laid down the *Spec-*
'*tator* (foreseeing that some nimble gentleman
'would catch up his pen the moment he quitted
'it) he said to an intimate friend, with a certain
'warmth in his expression which he was not often
'guilty of, By God, I'll kill Sir Roger, that no-
'body else may murder him.' Accordingly the

House in the Country, after a few Weeks Sick-
ness. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a Letter from
one of his Correspondents in those Parts, that
informs him the old Man caught a Cold at the
County-Sessions, as he was very warmly promot-
ing an Address of his own penning, in which he
succeeded according to his Wishes. But this Par-
ticular comes from a Whig-Justice of Peace, who
was always Sir ROGER's Enemy and Antagonist.
I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Cap-
tain *Sentry* which mention nothing of it, but are
filled with many Particulars to the Honour of the
good old Man. I have likewise a Letter from the
Butler, who took so much care of me last Summer
when I was at the Knight's House. As my
Friend the Butler mentions, in the Simplicity of
his Heart, several Circumstances the others have
passed over in Silence, I shall give my Reader a
Copy of his Letter, without any Alteration or
Diminution.

Honoured Sir,

'Knowing that you was my old Master's good
'Friend, I could not forbear sending you the
'melancholy News of his Death, which has af-
'flicted the whole Country, as well as his poor
'Servants, who loved him, I may say, better than
'we did our Lives. I am afraid he caught his
'Death the last County Sessions, where he would
'go to see Justice done to a poor Widow Woman,
'and her Fatherless Children, that had been
'wronged by a neighbouring Gentleman ; for you
'know, Sir, my good Master was always the poor
'Man's Friend. Upon his coming home, the first
'Complaint he made was, that he had lost his
'Roast-Beef Stomach, not being able to touch a
'Sirloin, which was served up according to Cus-
'tom ; and you know he used to take great De-
'light in it. From that time forward he grew
'worse and worse, but still kept a good Heart to
'the last. Indeed we were once in great [Hope¹]
'of his Recovery, upon a kind Message that was
'sent him from the Widow Lady whom he had
'made love to the Forty last Years of his Life ;
'but this only proved a Lightning before Death.
'He has bequeathed to this Lady, as a token of
'his Love, a great Pearl Necklace, and a Couple
'of Silver Bracelets set with Jewels, which be-
'longed to my good old Lady his Mother : He
'has bequeathed the fine white Gelding, that he
'used to ride a hunting upon, to his Chaplain, be-
'cause he thought he would be kind to him, and
'has left you all his Books. He has, moreover,
'bequeathed to the Chaplain a very pretty Tene-
'ment with good Lands about it. It being a very
'cold Day when he made his Will, he left for
'Mourning, to every Man in the Parish, a great

whole *Spectator* No. 517 consists of nothing but
an account of the old knight's death, and some
moving circumstances which attended it. Steele
had by this date resolved on bringing his *Spectator*
to a close, and Addison's paper on the death of
Sir Roger, the first of several which are to dis-
pose of all members of the *Spectator's* Club and
break up the Club itself, was the first clear warning
to the public that he had such an intention.

¹ [Hopes]

'Frize-Coat, and to every Woman a black Riding-hood. It was a most moving Sight to see him take leave of his poor Servants, commending us all for our Fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a Word for weeping. As we most of us are grown Gray-headed in our Dear Master's Service, he has left us Pensions and Legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining part of our Days. He has bequeath'd a great deal more in Charity, which is not yet come to my Knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the Parish, that he has left Mony to build a Steeple to the Church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two Years longer, Coverly Church should have a Steeple to it. The Chaplain tells every body that he made a very good End, and never speaks of him without Tears. He was buried according to his own Directions, among the Family of the Coverly's, on the Left Hand of his Father Sir Arthur. The Coffin was carried by Six of his Tenants, and the Pall held up by Six of the Quorum: The whole Parish follow'd the Corps with heavy Hearts, and in their Mourning Suits, the Men in Frize, and the Women in Riding-Hoods. Captain SENTRY, my Master's Nephew, has taken Possession of the Hall-House, and the whole Estate. When my old Master saw him a little before his Death, he shook him by the Hand, and wished him Joy of the Estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make good Use of it, and to pay the several Legacies, and the Gifts of Charity which he told him he had left as Quit-rents upon the Estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous Man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my Master loved, and snews great Kindness to the old House-dog, that you know my poor Master was so fond of. It would have gone to your Heart to have heard the Moans the dumb Creature made on the Day of my Master's Death. He has ne'er joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest Day for the poor People that ever happened in *Worcestershire*. This being all from,

*Honoured Sir,
Your most Sorrowful Servant,
Edward Biscuit.*

P. S. My Master desired, some Weeks before he died, that a Book which comes up to you by the Carrier should be given to Sir *Andrew Freeport*, in his Name.

This Letter, notwithstanding the poor Butler's Manner of writing it, gave us such an Idea of our good old Friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry Eye in the Club. Sir *Andrew* opening the Book, found it to be a Collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some Passages in it marked by Sir *Roger's* own Hand. Sir *Andrew* found that they related to two or three Points, which he had disputed with Sir *Roger* the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir *Andrew*, who would have been merry at such an Incident on another Occasion, at the sight of the old Man's Hand-writing burst into Tears, and put the Book into his Pocket. Captain *Sentry* informs me,

that the Knight has left Rings and Mourning for every one in the Club. O.

—◆—

No. 518.] *Friday, October 24, 1712.* [Steele.¹

—Miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ,
Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.

Juv.

THIS being a Day of Business with me, I must make the present Entertainment like a Treat at an House-warming, out of such Presents as have been sent me by my Guests. The first Dish which I serve up is a Letter come fresh to my Hand.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'It is with inexpressible Sorrow that I hear of the Death of good Sir *Roger*, and do heartily condole with you upon so melancholy an Occasion. I think you ought to have blacken'd the Edges of a Paper which brought us so ill News, and to have had it stamped likewise in Black. It is expected of you that you should write his Epitaph, and, if possible, fill his Place in the Club with as worthy and diverting a Member. I question not but you will receive many Recommendations from the publick of such as will appear Candidates for that Post.

'Since I am talking of Death, and have mentioned an Epitaph, I must tell you, Sir, that I have made discovery of a Church-Yard in which I believe you might spend an Afternoon, with great Pleasure to your self and to the Publick: It belongs to the Church of *Stebon-Heath*, commonly called *Stepney*. Whether or no it be that the People of that Parish have a particular Genius for an Epitaph, or that there be some Poet among them who undertakes that Work by the Great, I can't tell; but there are more remarkable Inscriptions in that place than in any other I have met with, and I may say without Vanity, that there is not a Gentleman in *England* better read in Tomb-stones than my self, my Studies having laid very much in Church-yards. I shall beg leave to send you a Couple of Epitaphs, for a Sample of those I have just now mentioned. They are written in a different manner; the first being in the diffused and luxuriant, the second in the close contracted Style. The first has much of the Simple and Pathetick; the second is something Light, but Nervous. The first is thus:

*Here Thomas Sapper lyes interr'd. Ah why!
Born in New England, did in London dye;
Was the third Son of Eight, begot upon
His Mother Martha by his Father John.
Much favour'd by his Prince he 'gan to be,
But nipt by Death at th' Age of Twenty Three.
Fatal to him was that we Small-pox name,*

¹ Of the two letters which form this number the second is by John Henley, known afterwards as 'Orator Henley,' of whom see a note to No. 396.

*By which his Mother and two Brethren came
Also to breathe their last nine Years before,
And now have left their Father to deplore
The loss of all his Children, with his Wife,
Who was the Joy and Comfort of his Life.*

The Second is as follows:

*Here lies the Body of Daniel Saul,
Spittle-fields Weaver, and that's all.*

'I will not dismiss you, whilst I am upon this
'Subject, without sending a short Epitaph which
'I once met with, though I cannot possibly recol-
'lect the Place. The Thought of it is serious, and
'in my Opinion, the finest that I ever met with
'upon this Occasion. You know, Sir, it is usual,
'after having told us the Name of the Person who
'lies interr'd to lanch out into his Praises. This
'Epitaph takes a quite contrary Turn, having
'been made by the Person himself some time be-
'fore his Death.

*Hic jacet R. C. in expectatione diei supremi.
Qualis erat dies iste indicabit.*¹

'Here lieth R. C. in expectation of the last
'Day. What sort of a Man he was, that Day
'will discover.

I am, SIR, &c.

The following Letter is dated from Cambridge.²

SIR,

'Having lately read among your Speculations, an
'Essay upon Physiognomy, I cannot but think
'that if you made a Visit to this ancient Uni-
'versity, you might receive very considerable
'Lights upon that Subject, there being scarce a
'young Fellow in it who does not give certain
'Indications of his particular Humour and Dispos-
'ition conformable to the Rules of that Art. In
'Courts and Cities every body lays a Constraint
'upon his Countenance, and endeavours to look
'like the rest of the World; but the Youth of
'this Place, having not yet formed themselves by
'Conversation, and the Knowledge of the World,
'give their Limbs and Features their full Play,

'As you have considered Human Nature in all
'its Lights, you must be extremely well apprized,
'that there is a very close Correspondence be-
'tween the outward and the inward Man; that
'scarce the least Dawning, the least Parturiency
'towards a Thought can be stirring in the Mind
'of Man, without producing a suitable Revolu-
'tion in his Exteriors, which will easily dis-
'cover it self to an Adept in the Theory of
'the Phiz. Hence it is, that the intrinsic
'Worth and Merit of a Son of *Alma Mater*
'is ordinarily calculated from the Cast of his
'Visage, the Contour of his Person, the Me-
'chanism of his Dress, the Disposition of his
'Limbs, the Manner of his Gate and Air, with a

¹ The European Magazine for July, 1787, says that the exact copy of this Epitaph, which is on a Thomas Crouch, who died in 1679, runs thus:

*Aperiet Deus tumulos et educet nos de sepulchris
Qualis eram, dies isti hæc cum venerit, scies.*

² By John Henley.

'number of Circumstances of equal Consequence
'and Information: The Practitioners in this Art
'often make use of a Gentleman's Eyes to give
'em Light into the Posture of his Brains; take a
'Handle from his Nose, to judge of the Size of his
'Intellects; and interpret the over-much Visibility
'and Pertness of one Ear, as an infallible mark of
'Reprobation, and a Sign the Owner of so saucy
'a Member fears neither God nor Man. In con-
'formity to this Scheme, a contracted Brow, a
'lumpish down-cast Look, a sober sedate Pace,
'with both Hands dangling quiet and stedly in
'Lines exactly parallel to each Lateral Pocket
'of the Galligaskins, is Logick, Metaphysicks
'and Mathematicks in Perfection. So likewise
'the *Belles Lettres* are typified by a Saunter in
'the Gate; a Fall of one Wing of the Peruke
'backward, an Insertion of one Hand in the Fobb,
'and a negligent Swing of the other, with a Pinch
'of right and fine *Barcelona* between Finger and
'Thumb, a due Quantity of the same upon the
'upper Lip, and a Noddle-Case loaden with Pul-
'vil. Again, a grave solemn stalking Pace is
'Heroick Poetry, and Politicks; an Unequal one,
'a Genius for the Ode, and the modern Ballad:
'and an open Breast, with an audacious Display
'of the Holland Shirt, is construed a fatal Tend-
'ency to the Art Military.

'I might be much larger upon these Hints, but
'I know whom I write to. If you can graft any
'Speculation upon them, or turn them to the Ad-
'vantage of the Persons concerned in them, you
'will do a Work very becoming the *British Spec-*
'*tator*, and oblige

Your very Humble Servant,
Tom. Twæcr.

No. 519.] Saturday, October 25, 1712. [Addison.]

*Inde Hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque vo-
lantum,
Et quæ marmoreo fert Monstra sub æquore
pontus.—Virg.*

THOUGH there is a great deal of Pleasure in
contemplating the material World, by which
I mean that System of Bodies into which Nature
has so curiously wrought the Mass of dead Mat-
ter, with the several Relations which those Bodies
bear to one another; there is still, methinks,
something more wonderful and surprizing in Con-
templations on the World of Life, by which I
mean all those Animals with which every Part of
the Universe is furnished. The Material World
is only the Shell of the Universe: The World of
Life are its Inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the Material
World which lie the nearest to us, and are there-
fore subject to our Observations and Enquiries,
it is amazing to consider the Infinity of Animals
with which it is stocked. Every part of Matter
is peopled: Every green Leaf swarms with In-
habitants. There is scarce a single Humour in
the Body of a Man, or of any other Animal, in
which our Glasses do not discover Myriads of
living Creatures. The Surface of Animals is also

covered with other Animals, which are in the same manner the Basis of other Animals, that live upon it; nay, we find in the most solid Bodies, as in Marble it self, innumerable Cells and Cavities that are crouded with such imperceptible Inhabitants, as are too little for the naked Eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of Nature, we see the Seas, Lakes and Rivers teeming with numberless kinds of living Creatures: We find every Mountain and Marsh, Wilderness and Wood, plentifully stocked with Birds and Beasts, and every part of Matter affording proper Necessaries and Conveniencies for the Livelihood of Multitudes which inhabit it.

The Author of the *Plurality of Worlds*¹ draws a very good Argument from this Consideration, for the *peopling* of every Planet; as indeed it seems very probable from the Analogy of Reason, that if no Part of Matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great Bodies which are at such a Distance from us should not be desart and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with Beings adapted to their respective Situations.

Existence is a Blessing to those Beings only which are endowed with Perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead Matter, any further than as it is subservient to Beings which are conscious of their Existence. Accordingly we find, from the Bodies which lie under our Observation, that Matter is only made as the Basis and Support of Animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is necessary for the Existence of the other.

Infinite Goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of Existence upon every Degree of [Perceptive²] Being. As this is a Speculation, which I have often pursued with great Pleasure to my self, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the Scale of Beings which comes within our Knowledge.

There are some living Creatures which are raised but just above dead Matter. To mention only that Species of Shell-fish, which are form'd in the Fashion of a Cone, that grow to the Surface of several Rocks, and immediately die upon their being sever'd from the Place where they grow. There are many other Creatures but one Remove from these, which have no other Sense besides that of Feeling and Taste. Others have still an additional one of Hearing; others of Smell, and others of Sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual Progress the World of Life advances through a prodigious Variety of Species, before a Creature is form'd that is compleat in all its Senses; and even among these there is such a different Degree of Perfection in the Sense which one Animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the Sense in different Animals be distinguished by the same common Denomination, it seems almost of a different Nature. If after this we look into the

several inward Perfections of Cunning and Sagacity, or what we generally call Instinct, we find them rising after the same Manner, imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional Improvements, according to the Species in which they are implanted. This Progress in Nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior Species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing Goodness of the Supreme Being, whose Mercy extends to all his Works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little Matter, at least what falls within our Knowledge, that does not swarm with Life: Nor is his Goodness less seen in the Diversity, than in the Multitude of living Creatures. Had he only made one Species of Animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the Happiness of Existence; he has, therefore, *specified* in his Creation every degree of Life, every Capacity of Being. The whole Chasm in Nature, from a Plant to a Man, is filled up with diverse Kinds of Creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy Ascent, that the little Transitions and Deviations from one Species to another, are almost insensible. This intermediate Space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of Perception which does not appear in some one part of the World of Life. Is the Goodness, or Wisdom of the divine Being, more manifested in this his Proceeding?

There is a Consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing Considerations. If the Scale of Being rises by such a regular Progress, so high as Man, we may by a parity of Reason suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those Beings which are of a Superior Nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different Degrees of Perfection, between the Supreme Being and Man, than between Man and the most despicable Insect. This Consequence of so great a variety of Beings which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. *Lock*, in a Passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between Man and his Maker for the Creative Power to exert it self in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite Gap or Distance between the highest created Being, and the Power which produced him.

That there should be more Species of intelligent Creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; That in all the visible corporeal World, we see no Chasms, or no Gaps. All quite down from us, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued Series of things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are Fishes that have Wings, and are not Strangers to the airy Region: and there are some Birds, that are Inhabitants of the Water; whose Blood is cold as Fishes, and their Flesh so like in taste, that the Scrupulous are allowed them on Fish-days. There are Animals so near

¹ Fontenelle, *Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes*. Troisième Soir.

² [Preceptive] and in first reprint.

of kin both to Birds and Beasts, that they are in the middle between both: Amphibious Animals link the Terrestrial and Aquatick together; Seals live at Land and at Sea, and Porpoises have the warm Blood and Entrails of a Hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of Mermaids or Sea-Men. There are some Brutes, that seem to have as much Knowledge and Reason, as some that are called Men; and the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms are so nearly join'd, that if you will take the lowest of one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them: and so on till we come to the lowest and the most in-organical parts of Matter, we shall find every where that the several Species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And when we consider the infinite Power and Wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent Harmony of the Universe, and the great Design and infinite Goodness of the Architect, that the Species of Creatures should also, by gentle degrees, ascend upward from us toward his infinite Perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downwards: Which if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more Species of Creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in degrees of Perfection much more remote from the infinite Being of God, than we are from the lowest State of Being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct Species, we have no clear distinct Ideas.¹

In this System of Being, there is no Creature so wonderful in its Nature, and which so much deserves our particular Attention, as Man, who fills up the middle Space between the Animal and Intellectual Nature, the visible and invisible World, and is that Link in the Chain of Beings, which has been often termed the *nexus utriusque Mundi*. So that he who in one respect is associated with Angels and Arch-Angels, may look upon a Being of infinite Perfection as his Father, and the highest Order of Spirits as his Brethren, may in another respect say to Corruption, thou art my Father, and to the Worm, thou art my Mother and my Sister.² O.

No. 520.] Monday, October 27, 1712. [Francham.³

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis!*—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE just Value you have expressed for the Matrimonial State, is the Reason that I now venture to write to you, without Fear of being ridiculous; and confess to you, that

¹ Essay concerning Human Understanding, Bk. III. ch. vi. § 12.

² Job xvii. 14.

³ The Mr. Francham who wrote this letter was of Norwich, whence it is dated.

though it is three Months since I lost a very agreeable Woman, who was my Wife, my Sorrow is still fresh; and I am often, in the midst of Company, upon any Circumstance that revives her Memory, with a Reflection what she would say or do on such an Occasion: I say, upon any Occurrence of that Nature, which I can give you a Sense of, though I cannot express it wholly, I am all over Softness, and am obliged to retire, and give Way to a few Sighs and Tears, before I can be easy. I cannot but recommend the Subject of Male Widowhood to you, and beg of you to touch upon it by the first Opportunity. To those who have not lived like Husbands during the Lives of their Spouses, this would be a tasteless Jumble of Words; but to such (of whom there are not a few) who have enjoyed that State with the Sentiments proper for it, you will have every Line, which hits the Sorrow, attended with a Tear of Pity and Consolation. For I know not by what Goodness of Providence it is, that every Gush of Passion is a step towards the Relief of it; and there is a certain Comfort in the very Act of Sorrowing, which, I suppose, arises from a secret Consciousness in the Mind, that the Affliction it is under flows from a virtuous Cause. My Concern is not indeed so outrageous as at the first Transport; for I think it has subsided rather into a soberer State of Mind, than any actual Perturbation of Spirit. There might be Rules formed for Men's Behaviour on this great Incident, to bring them from that Misfortune into the Condition I am at present; which is, I think, that my Sorrow has converted all Roughness of Temper into Meekness, Good-nature, and Complacency: But indeed, when in a serious and lonely Hour I present my departed Consort to my Imagination, with that Air of Perswasion in her Countenance when I have been in Passion, that sweet Affability when I have been in good Humour, that tender Compassion when I have had any thing which gave me Uneasiness; I confess to you I am inconsolable, and my Eyes gush with Grief as if I had seen her but just then expire. In this Condition I am broken in upon by a charming young Woman, my Daughter, who is the Picture of what her Mother was on her Wedding-Day. The good Girl strives to comfort me; but how shall I let you know that all the Comfort she gives me is to make my Tears flow more easily? The Child knows she quickens my Sorrows, and rejoices my Heart at the same Time. Oh, ye Learned! tell me by what Word to speak a Motion of the Soul, for which there is no name. When she kneels and bids me be comforted, she is my Child; when I take her in my Arms, and bid her say no more, she is my very Wife, and is the very Comforter I lament the Loss of. I banish her the Room, and weep aloud that I have lost her Mother, and that I have her.

Mr. SPECTATOR, I wish it were possible for you to have a Sense of these pleasing Perplexities; you might communicate to the guilty part of Mankind, that they are incapable of the Happiness which is in the very Sorrows of the Virtuous.