

'But pray spare me a little longer; give me
'Leave to tell you the Manner of her Death. She
'took leave of all her Family, and bore the vain
'Application of Medicines with the greatest
'Patience imaginable. When the Physician told
'her she must certainly die, she desired, as well
'as she could, that all who were present, except
'my self, might depart the Room. She said she
'had nothing to say, for she was resigned, and I
'knew all she knew that concerned us in this
'World; but she desired to be alone, that in the
'presence of God only she might, without Inter-
'ruption, do her last Duty to me, of thanking
'me for all my Kindness to her; adding, that she
'hoped in my last Moments I should feel the
'same Comfort for my Goodness to her, as she
'did in that she had acquitted herself with
'Honour, Truth and Virtue to me.

'I curb my self, and will not tell you that this
'Kindness cut my Heart in twain, when I ex-
'pected an Accusation for some passionate Starts
'of mine, in some Parts of our Time together, to
'say nothing, but thank me for the Good, if there
'was any Good suitable to her own Excellence!
'All that I had ever said to her, all the Circum-
'stances of Sorrow and Joy between us, crowded
'upon my Mind in the same Instant; and
'when immediately after I saw the Pangs of
'Death come upon that dear Body which I had
'often embraced with Transport, when I saw
'those cherishing Eyes begin to be ghastly, and
'their last Struggle to be to fix themselves on me,
'how did I lose all patience? She expired in my
'Arms, and in my Distraction I thought I saw
'her Bosom still heave. There was certainly Life
'yet still left; I cried she just now spoke to me:
'But alas! I grew giddy, and all things moved
'about me from the Distemper of my own Head;
'for the best of Women was breathless, and gone
'for ever.

'Now the Doctrine I would, methinks, have
'you raise from this Account I have given you is,
'That there is a certain Equanimity in those who
'are good and just, which runs into their very
'Sorrow, and disappoints the Force of it. Though
'they must pass through Afflictions in common
'with all who are in human Nature, yet their
'conscious Integrity shall undermine their Afflic-
'tion; nay, that very Affliction shall add Force
'to their Integrity, from a Reflection of the Use of
'Virtue in the Hour of Affliction. I sat down
'with a Design to put you upon giving us Rules
'how to overcome such Grievs as these, but I
'should rather advise you to teach Men to be capa-
'ble of them.

'You Men of Letters have what you call the
'fine Taste in their Apprehensions of what is
'properly done or said: There is something like
'this deeply grafted in the Soul of him who is
'honest and faithful in all his Thoughts and
'Actions. Every thing which is false, vicious or
'unworthy, is despicable to him, though all the
'World should approve it. At the same time he
'has the most lively Sensibility in all Enjoyments
'and Sufferings which it is proper for him to have,
'where any Duty of Life is concerned. To want
'Sorrow when you in Decency and Truth should
'be afflicted, is, I should think, a greater Instance

'of a Man's being a Blockhead, than not to know
'the Beauty of any Passage in *Virgil*. You
'have not yet observed, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, that
'the fine Gentlemen of this Age set up for Hard-
'ness of Heart, and Humanity has very little
'share in their Pretences. He is a brave Fellow
'who is always ready to kill a Man he hates,
'but he does not stand in the same Degree of
'Esteem who laments for the Woman he loves. I
'should fancy you might work up a thousand
'pretty Thoughts, by reflecting upon the Persons
'most susceptible of the sort of Sorrow I have
'spoken of; and I dare say you will find upon
'Examination, that they are the wisest and
'the bravest of Mankind who are most capable
'of it.

I am,
SIR,
Your most humble Servant,
F. J.

Norwich,
7^o Octobris,
1712.
T.

No. 521.] Tuesday, October 28, 1712. [Steele.

Vera redivit facies, dissimulata perit.—P. Arb.

Mr. SPECTATOR,
'I HAVE been for many Years loud in this
'Assertion, That there are very few that can
'see or hear, I mean that can report what they
'have seen or heard; and this thro' Incapacity or
'Prejudice, one of which disables almost every
'Man who talks to you from representing things
'as he ought. For which Reason I am come to a
'Resolution of believing nothing I hear; and I
'contemn the Men given to Narration under the
'Appellation of a Matter of Fact Man: And
'according to me, a Matter of Fact Man is one
'whose Life and Conversation is spent in the Re-
'port of what is not Matter of Fact.
'I remember when Prince *Eugene* was here,
'there was no knowing his Height or Figure, till
'you, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, gave the Publick Satis-
'faction in that Matter. In Relations, the Force
'of the Expression lies very often more in the
'Look, the Tone of Voice, or the Gesture, than
'the Words themselves; which being repeated in
'any other Manner by the Undiscerning, bear a
'very different Interpretation from their original
'Meaning. I must confess, I formerly have
'turn'd this Humour of mine to very good Account;
'for whenever I heard any Narration utter'd with
'extraordinary Vehemence, and grounded upon
'considerable Authority, I was always ready to
'lay any Wager that it was not so. Indeed I
'never pretended to be so rash, as to fix the
'Matter in any particular Way in Opposition to
'theirs; but as there are a hundred Ways of any
'thing happening, besides that it has happen'd, I
'only controverted its falling out in that one
'Manner as they settled it, and left it to the
'Ninety nine other Ways, and consequently had
'more Probability of Success. I had arrived at a
'particular skill in warming a Man so far in his
'Narration, as to make him throw in a little of
'the Marvelous, and then, if he has much Fire,

' the next Degree is the Impossible. Now this is
' always the Time for fixing the Wager. But this
' requires the nicest Management, otherwise very
' probably the Dispute may arise to the old De-
' termination by Battle. In these Conceits I have
' been very fortunate, and have won some Wagers
' of those who have professedly valued themselves
' upon Intelligence, and have put themselves to
' great Charge and Expence to be misinformed
' considerably sooner than the Rest of the World.

' Having got a comfortable Sum by this my
' Opposition to publick Report, I have brought
' my self now to so great a Perfection in Inatten-
' tion, more especially to Party Relations, that at
' the same time I seem with greedy Ears to devour
' up the Discourse, I certainly don't know one
' Word of it, but pursue my own Course of
' Thought, whether upon Business or Amuse-
' ment, with much Tranquility: I say Inattention,
' because a late Act of Parliament has secur'd all
' Party-Lyars from the Penalty of a Wager,¹
' and consequently made it unprofitable to attend
' them. However, good Breeding obliges a Man
' to maintain the Figure of the keenest Attention,
' the true Posture of which in a Coffee-house I
' take to consist in leaning over a Table, with the
' Edge of it pressing hard upon your Stomach;
' for the more Pain the Narration is received
' with, the more gracious is your bending over:
' Besides that the Narrator thinks you forget
' your Pain by the Pleasure of hearing him.

' Fort Knock has occasioned several very per-
' plexed and inelegant Heats and Animosities;
' and there was one t'other day in a Coffee-house
' where I was, that took upon him to clear that
' Business to me, for he said he was there. I
' knew him to be that sort of Man that had not
' strength of Capacity to be inform'd of any thing
' that depended merely upon his being an Eye-
' Witness, and therefore was fully satisfied he
' could give me no Information, for the very same
' Reason he believed he could, for he was there.
' However, I heard him with the same Greediness
' as *Shakespear* describes in the following Lines:

' *I saw a Smith stand on his Hammer, thus,
' With open Mouth swallowing a Taylor's News.*

' I confess of late I have not been so much
' amazed at the Declaimers in Coffee-houses as I
' formerly was, being satisfied that they expect to
' be rewarded for their Vociferations. Of these
' Liars there are two Sorts. The Genius of the
' first consists in much Impudence and a strong
' Memory; the others have added to these Quali-
' fications a good Understanding and smooth Lan-
' guage. These therefore have only certain
' Heads, which they are as eloquent upon as they
' can, and may be call'd Embellishers; the others
' repeat only what they hear from others as literally
' as their Parts or Zeal will permit, and are called
' Reciters. Here was a Fellow in Town some
' Years ago, who used to divert himself by telling
' a Lie at *Charing-Cross* in the Morning at eight
' of [the] Clock, and then following it through all

¹ By 7 Anne, cap. 17, all wagers laid upon a contingency relating to the war with France were declared void.

' Parts of the Town till eight at Night; at which
' time he came to a Club of his Friends, and di-
' verted them with an Account what Censure it
' had at *Will's* in *Covent-Garden*, how dangerous
' it was believed to be at *Child's*, and what In-
' ference they drew from it with Relation to Stocks
' at *Jonathan's*. I have had the Honour to travel
' with this Gentleman I speak of in Search of one
' of his Falshoods; and have been present when
' they have described the very Man they have
' spoken to, as him who first reported it, tall or
' short, black or fair, a Gentleman or a Ragga-
' muffin, according as they liked the Intelligence.
' I have heard one of our ingenious Writers of
' News say, that when he has had a Customer
' come with an Advertisement of an Apprentice
' or a Wife run away, he has desired the Adver-
' tiser to compose himself a little, before he dic-
' tated the Description of the Offender: For when
' a Person is put into a publick Paper by a Man
' who is angry with him, the real Description of
' such Person is hid in the Deformity with which
' the angry Man described him; therefore this
' Fellow always made his Customers describe him
' as he would the Day before he offended, or else
' he was sure he would never find him out. These
' and many other Hints I could suggest to you
' for the Elucidation of all Fictions; but I leave
' it to your own Sagacity to improve or neglect
' this Speculation.

*I am, SIR,
Your most Obedient,
Humble Servant.*

Postscript to the Spectator, Number 502.

N. B. *There are in the Play of the Self-Tor-
mentor of Terence's, which is allowed a most
excellent Comedy, several Incidents which would
draw Tears from any Man of Sense, and not
one which would move his Laughter.* T.

No. 522.] Wednesday, October 29, 1712. [Steele.

*Adjuro nunquam eam me deserturum,
Non, si capiundos mihi sciam esse inimicos
omneis homines.*

*Hanc mihi expetivi, contigit: conveniunt mores:
valeant*

*Qui inter nos dissidium volunt: hanc, nisi mors,
Mi adimet nemo.—Ter.*

I SHOULD esteem my self a very happy Man,
if my Speculations could in the least con-
tribute to the rectifying the Conduct of my Read-
ers in one of the most important Affairs of Life,
to wit their Choice in Marriage. This State is
the Foundation of Community, and the chief Band
of Society; and I do not think I can be too fre-
quent on Subjects which may give Light to my
unmarried Readers, in a particular which is so
essential to their following Happiness or Misery.
A virtuous Disposition, a good Understanding,
an agreeable Person, and an easy Fortune, are
the things which should be chiefly regarded on
this Occasion. Because my present View is to

direct a young Lady, who, I think, is now in doubt whom to take of many Lovers, I shall talk at this time to my female Reader. The Advantages, as I was going to say, of Sense, Beauty and Riches, are what are certainly the chief Motives to a prudent young Woman of Fortune for changing her Condition; but as she is to have her Eye upon each of these, she is to ask herself whether the Man who has most of these Recommendations in the Lump is not the most desirable. He that has excellent Talents, with a moderate Estate, and an agreeable Person, is preferable to him who is only rich, if it were only that good Faculties may purchase Riches, but Riches cannot purchase worthy Endowments. I do not mean that Wit, and a Capacity to entertain, is what should be highly valued, except it is founded upon Good-nature and Humanity. There are many ingenious Men, whose Abilities do little else but make themselves and those about them uneasy: Such are those who are far gone in the Pleasures of the Town, who cannot support Life without quick Sensations and gay Reflections, and are Strangers to Tranquility, to right Reason, and a calm Motion of Spirits without Transport or Dejection. These ingenious Men, of all Men living, are most to be avoided by her who would be happy in [a¹] Husband. They are immediately sated with Possession, and must necessarily fly to new Acquisitions of Beauty, to pass away the whiling Moments and Intervals of Life; for with them every Hour is heavy that is not joyful. But there is a sort of Man of Wit and Sense, that can reflect upon his own Make, and that of his Partner, with the Eyes of Reason and Honour, and who believes he offends against both these, if he does not look upon the Woman (who chose him to be under his Protection in Sicknes and Health) with the utmost Gratitude, whether from that Moment she is shining or defective in Person or Mind: I say, there are those who think themselves bound to supply with Good-nature the Failings of those who love them, and who always think those the Objects of Love and Pity, who came to their Arms the Objects of Joy and Admiration.

Of this latter sort is *Lysander*, a Man of Wit, Learning, Sobriety and Good-nature, of Birth and Estate below no Woman to accept, and of whom it might be said, should he succeed in his present Wishes, his Mistress rais'd his Fortune, but not that she made it. When a Woman is deliberating with herself whom she shall chuse of many near each other in other Pretensions, certainly he of best Understanding is to be prefer'd. Life hangs heavily in the repeated Conversation of one who has no Imagination to be fired at the several Occasions and Objects which come before him, or who cannot Strike out of his Reflections new Paths of pleasing Discourse. Honest *Will Thrash* and his Wife, tho' not married above four Months, have scarce had a Word to say to each other this six weeks; and one cannot form to one's self a sillier Picture, than these two Creatures in solemn Pomp and Plenty unable to enjoy their Fortunes, and at a full stop among a Crowd of Servants, to whose Taste of Life they are be-

holden for the little Satisfaction by which they can be understood to be so much as barely in Being. The Hours of the Day, the Distinctions of Noon and Night, Dinner and Supper, are the greatest Notices they are capable of. This is perhaps representing the Life of a very modest Woman, joined to dull Fellow, more insipid than it really deserves; but I am sure it is not to exalt the Commerce with an ingenious Companion too high, to say that every new Accident or Object which comes into such a Gentleman's way, gives his Wife new Pleasures and Satisfaction. The Approbation of his Words and Actions is a continual new Feast to her, nor can she enough applaud her good Fortune in having her Life varied every hour, her Mind more improv'd, and her Heart more glad from every Circumstance which they meet with. He will lay out his Invention in forming new Pleasures and Amusements, and make the Fortune she has brought him subservient to the Honour and Reputation of her and hers. A Man of Sense who is thus oblig'd, is ever contriving the Happiness of her who did him so great a Distinction; while the Fool is ungrateful without Vice, and never returns a Favour because he is not sensible of it. I would, methinks, have so much to say for my self, that if I fell into the hands of him who treated me ill, he should be sensible when he did so: His Conscience should be of my side, whatever became of his Inclination. I do not know but it is the insipid Choice which has been made by those who have the Care of young Women, that the Marriage State it self has been liable to so much Ridicule. But a well-chosen Love, mov'd by Passion on both sides, and perfected by the Generosity of one Party, must be adorn'd with so many handsome Incidents on the other side, that every particular Couple would be an example in many Circumstances to all the rest of the Species. I shall end the Chat upon this Subject with a couple of Letters, one from a Lover who is very well acquainted with the way of Bargaining on these Occasions; and the other from his Rival, who has a less Estate, but great Gallantry of Temper. As for my Man of Prudence, he makes love, as he says, as if he were already a Father, and laying aside the Passion, comes to the Reason of the Thing.

Madam,

'My Counsel¹ has perused the Inventory of your 'Estate, and consider'd what Estate you have, 'which it seems is only yours, and to the Male- 'Heirs of your Body; but, in Default of such 'Issue, to the right Heirs of your Uncle *Edward* 'for ever. Thus, Madam, I am advis'd you can- 'not (the Remainder not being in you) dock the 'Entail; by which means my Estate, which is 'Fee-Simple, will come by the Settlement pro- 'pos'd to your Children begotten by me, whether 'they are Males or Females; but my Children 'begotten upon you will not inherit your Lands, 'except I beget a Son. Now, Madam, since things 'are so, you are a Woman of that Prudence, and

¹ [an] and in first reprint.

¹ Spelt Council in the first issue and first reprint.

'understand the World so well, as not to expect
'I should give you more than you can give me.

*I am, Madam,
(with great Respect)
Your most obedient humble Servant,
T. W.*

The other Lover's Estate is less than this Gentleman's, but he express'd himself as follows.

Madam,
'I have given in my Estate to your Counsel,¹
'and desired my own Lawyer to insist upon no
'Terms which your Friends can propose for your
'certain Ease and Advantage: For indeed I
'have no notion of making Difficulties of present-
'ing you with what cannot make me happy with-
'out you.

*I am, Madam,
Your most devoted humble Servant,
B. T.*

You must know the Relations have met upon this, and the Girl being mightily taken with the latter Epistle, she is laugh'd out, and Uncle *Edward* is to be dealt with to make her a suitable Match to the worthy Gentleman who has told her he does not care a farthing for her. All I hope for is, that the Lady *Fair* will make use of the first light Night to show *B. T.* she understands a Marriage is not to be considered as a common Bargain. T.

No. 523.] Thursday, October 30, 1712. [Addison.

*Nunc augur Apollo,
Nunc Lyciæ sortes, nunc et Jove missus ab ipso
Interpres Divum fert horrida jussa per auras.
Scilicet is superis labor—— Virg.*

I AM always highly delighted with the discovery of any rising Genius among my Countrymen. For this reason I have read over, with great pleasure, the late Miscellany published by Mr. *Pope*,² in which there are many excellent Compositions of that ingenious Gentleman. I have had a pleasure of the same kind, in perusing a Poem that is just publish'd on the Prospect of Peace, and which, I hope, will meet with such a Reward from its Patrons, as so noble a Performance deserves. I was particularly well pleased to

¹ Spelt Council in the first issue and first reprint.

² In this year, 1712, Bernard Lintot, having observed the success of Tonson's volumes of Miscellanies, produced a Miscellany edited by Pope (now 24 years old), and containing the first sketch of his 'Rape of the Lock,' translations from Statius and Ovid, and other pieces. Addison's delight with the discovery of rising genius leads him to dispose in a sentence of 'that ingenious gentleman' who had just published a 'Rape of the Lock,' and proceed to warm praise of his personal friends, Thomas Tickell and Ambrose Philips. In his Poem to his Excellency the Lord Privy Seal on the Prospect of Peace, Tickell invites Strafford to 'One hour, oh! listen while the 'Muses sing.'

find that the Author had not amused himself with Fables out of the Pagan Theology, and that when he hints at any thing of [this¹] nature, he alludes to it only as to a Fable.

Many of our Modern Authors, whose Learning very often extends no farther than *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, do not know how to celebrate a Great Man, without mixing a parcel of School-Boy Tales with the Recital of his Actions. If you read a Poem on a fine Woman, among the Authors of this Class, you shall see that it turns more upon *Venus* or *Helen*, than on the Party concerned. I have known a Copy of Verses on a great Hero highly commended; but upon asking to hear some of the beautiful Passages, the Admirer of it has repeated to me a Speech of *Apollo*, or a Description of *Polypheme*. At other times when I have search'd for the Actions of a great Man, who gave a Subject to the Writer, I have been entertained with the Exploits of a River-God, or have been forced to attend a Fury in her mischievous Progress, from one end of the Poem to the other. When we are at School it is necessary for us to be acquainted with the System of Pagan Theology, and may be allowed to enliven a Theme, or point an Epigram with an Heathen God; but when we would write a manly Panegyrick, that should carry in it all the Colours of Truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourse to our *Jupiters* and *Junos*.

No Thought is beautiful which is not just, and no Thought can be just which is not founded in Truth, or at least in that which passes for such.

In Mock-Heroick Poems, the Use of the Heathen Mythology is not only excusable but graceful, because it is the Design of such Compositions to divert, by adapting the fabulous Machines of the Ancients to low Subjects, and at the same time by ridiculing such kinds of Machinery in modern Writers. If any are of opinion, that there is a Necessity of admitting these Classical Legends into our serious Compositions, in order to give them a more Poetical Turn; I would recommend to their Consideration the Pastorals of Mr. *Philips*. One would have thought it impossible for this Kind of Poetry to have subsisted without Fawns and Satyrs, Wood-Nymphs, and Water-Nymphs, with all the Tribe of rural Deities. But we see he has given a new Life, and a more natural Beauty to this way of Writing by substituting in the place of these Antiquated Fables, the superstitious Mythology which prevails among the Shepherds of our own Country.

Virgil and *Homer* might compliment their Heroes, by interweaving the Actions of Deities with their Achievements; but for a Christian Author to write in the Pagan Creed, to make Prince *Eugene* a Favourite of *Mars*, or to carry on a Correspondence between *Bellona* and the Marshal *de Villars*, would be downright Puerility, and unpardonable in a Poet that is past Sixteen. It is want of sufficient Elevation in a Genius to describe Realities, and place them in a shining Light, that makes him have recourse to such trifling antiquated Fables; as a Man may write a fine Description of *Bacchus* or *Apollo*, that does

¹ [that]

not know how to draw the Character of any of his Contemporaries.

In order therefore to put a stop to this absurd Practice, I shall publish the following Edict, by virtue of that Spectatorial Authority with which I stand invested.

‘Whereas the Time of a General Peace is, in all appearance, drawing near, being inform’d that there are several ingenious Persons who intend to shew their Talents on so happy an Occasion, and being willing, as much as in me lies, to prevent that Effusion of Nonsense, which we have good Cause to apprehend; I do hereby strictly require every Person, who shall write on this Subject, to remember that he is a Christian, and not to Sacrifice his Catechism to his Poetry. In order to it, I do expect of him in the first place, to make his own Poem, without depending upon *Phæbus* for any part of it, or calling out for Aid upon any one of the Muses by Name. I do likewise positively forbid the sending of *Mercury* with any particular Message or Dispatch relating to the Peace, and shall by no means suffer *Minerva* to take upon her the Shape of any Plenipotentiary concerned in this Great Work. I do further declare, that I shall not allow the Destinies to have had an hand in the Deaths of the several thousands who have been slain in the late War, being of opinion that all such Deaths may be very well accounted for by the Christian System of Powder and Ball. I do therefore strictly forbid the Fates to cut the Thread of Man’s Life upon any pretence whatsoever, unless it be for the sake of the Rhyme. And whereas I have good Reason to fear, that *Neptune* will have a great deal of Business on his Hands, in several Poems which we may now suppose are upon the Anvil, I do also prohibit his Appearance, unless it be done in Metaphor, Simile, or any very short Allusion, and that even here he be not permitted to enter, but with great Caution and Circumspection. I desire that the same Rule may be extended to his whole Fraternity of Heathen Gods, it being my design to condemn every Poem to the Flames in which *Jupiter* Thunders, or exercises any other Act of Authority which does not belong to him: In short, I expect that no Pagan Agent shall be introduc’d, or any Fact related which a Man cannot give Credit to with a good Conscience. Provided always, that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, to several of the Female Poets in this Nation, who shall be still left in full Possession of their Gods and Goddesses, in the same manner as if this Paper had never been written. O.

No. 524.] Friday, October 31, 1712. [

Nos populo damus——— Sen.

WHEN I first of all took it in my Head to write Dreams and Visions, I determin’d

¹ The dream in this Paper is taken to have

to Print nothing of that nature, which was not of my own Invention. But several laborious Dreamers have of late communicated to me Works of this Nature, which, for their Reputations and my own, I have hitherto suppressed. Had I printed every one that came to my Hands, my Book of Speculations would have been little else but a Book of Visions. Some of my Correspondents have indeed been so very modest, as to offer at an Excuse for their not being in a Capacity to dream better. I have by me, for example, the Dream of a young Gentleman not past Fifteen. I have likewise by me the Dream of a Person of Quality, and another called the Lady’s Dream. In these, and other Pieces of the same nature, it is suppos’d the usual Allowances will be made to the Age, Condition and Sex of the Dreamer. To prevent this Inundation of Dreams, which daily flows in upon me, I shall apply to all Dreamers of Dreams, the Advice which *Epictetus* has couched, after his manner, in a very simple and concise Precept. *Never tell thy Dreams,* says that Philosopher, *for tho’ thou thy self may’st take a Pleasure in telling thy Dream, another will take no Pleasure in hearing it.* After this short Preface, I must do Justice to two or three Visions which I have lately publish’d, and which I have owned to have been written by other Hands. I shall add a Dream to these, which comes to me from *Scotland*, by one who declares himself of that Country, and for all I know may be second-sighted. There is, indeed, something in it of the Spirit of *John Bunyan*; but at the same time a certain Sublime, which that Author was never master of. I shall publish it, because I question not but it will fall in with the Taste of all my popular Readers, and amuse the Imaginations of those who are more profound; declaring at the same time, that this is the last Dream which I intend to publish this Season.

SIR,

‘I was last *Sunday* in the Evening led into a serious Reflection on the Reasonableness of Virtue, and great Folly of Vice, from an excellent Sermon I had heard that Afternoon in my Parish-Church. Among other Observations, the Preacher shew’d us that the Temptations which the Tempter propos’d, were all on a Supposition, that we are either Madmen or Fools, or with an Intention to render us such; that in no other Affair we would suffer ourselves to be thus imposed upon, in a Case so plainly and clearly against our visible Interest. His illustrations and Arguments carried so much Persuasion and Conviction with them, that they remained a considerable while fresh, and working

been the joint production of Alexander Dunlop, Professor of Greek in Glasgow University, and a Mr. Montgomery, who traded to Sweden, and of whom it is hinted that he disordered his wits by falling in love with Queen Christina. Alexander Dunlop, born (1684) in America, where his father was an exile till the Revolution, as Greek Professor at Glasgow, published a Grammar, which was used for many years in Scottish Universities. He died in 1742.

'in my Memory; till at last the Mind, fatigued
'with Thought, gave way to the forcible Oppres-
'sions of Slumber and Sleep, whilst Fancy, un-
'willing yet to drop the Subject, presented me
'with the following Vision.

'Methought I was just awoke out of a Sleep,
'that I could never remember the beginning of;
'the Place where I found my self to be, was a
'wide and spacious Plain, full of People that
'wandered up and down through several beaten
'Paths, whereof some few were strait, and in
'direct lines, but most of them winding and turn-
'ing like a Labyrinth; but yet it appear'd to me
'afterwards, that these last all met in one Issue,
'so that many that seemed to steer quite contrary
'Courses, did at length meet and face one another.
'to the no little Amazement of many of them.

'In the midst of the Plain there was a great
'Fountain: They called it the Spring of *Self-*
'*Love*; out of it issued two Rivulets to the East-
'ward and Westward, the Name of the first was
'*Heavenly-Wisdom*, its Water was wonderfully
'clear, but of a yet more wonderful Effect;
'the other's Name was *Worldly-Wisdom*, its
'Water was thick, and yet far from dormant or
'stagnating, for it was in a continual violent Agi-
'tation; which kept the Travellers whom I shall
'mention by and by, from being sensible of the
'Foulness and Thickness of the Water; which
'had this Effect, that it intoxicated those who
'drank it, and made 'em mistake every Object
'that lay before them: both Rivulets were parted
'near their Springs into so many others, as there
'were strait and crooked Paths, which they at-
'tended all along to their respective Issues.

'I observ'd from the several Paths many now
'and then diverting, to refresh and otherwise
'qualify themselves for their Journey, to the
'respective Rivulets that ran near them; they
'contracted a very observable Courage and
'Steadiness in what they were about, by drinking
'these Waters. At the end of the Perspective of
'every strait Path, all which did end in one Issue
'and Point, appeared a high Pillar, all of Diamond,
'casting Rays as bright as those of the Sun into
'the Paths; which Rays had also certain sympathiz-
'ing and alluring Virtues in them, so that whosoever
'had made some considerable progress in his
'Journey onwards towards the Pillar, by the re-
'peated impression of these Rays upon him, was
'wrought into an habitual Inclination and Con-
'version of his Sight towards it, so that it grew at
'last in a matter natural to him to look and gaze
'upon it, whereby he was kept steady in the strait
'Paths, which alone led to that radiant Body, the
'beholding of which was now grown a Gratifi-
'cation to his Nature.

'At the Issue of the crooked Paths there was a
'great black Tower, out of the Centre of which
'streamed a long Succession of Flames, which did
'rise even above the Clouds; it gave a very great
'Light to the whole Plain, which did sometimes
'outshine the Light, and oppress the Beams of the
'Adamantine Pillar; tho' by the Observation I
'made afterwards, it appeared that it was not for
'any Diminution of Light, but that this lay in the
'Travellers, who would sometimes step out of the
'strait Paths, where they lost the full Prospect

'of the Radiant Pillar, and saw it but side-ways:
'but the great Light from the black Tower, which
'was somewhat particularly scorching to them,
'would generally light and hasten them to their
'proper Climate again.

'Round about the black Tower there were,
'methoughts, many thousands of huge mis-shapen
'ugly Monsters; these had great Nets, which
'they were perpetually plying and casting towards
'the crooked Paths, and they would now and then
'catch up those that were nearest to them: these
'they took up streight, and whirled over the
'Walls into the flaming Tower, and they were no
'more seen nor heard of.

'They would sometimes cast their Nets towards
'the right Paths to catch the Stragglers, whose
'Eyes for want of frequent drinking at the Brook
'that ran by them grew dim, whereby they lost
'their way; these would sometimes very narrowly
'miss being catched away, but I could not hear
'whether any of these had ever been so unfortun-
'ate, that had been before very hearty in the
'strait Paths.

'I considered all these strange Sights with great
'Attention, till at last I was interrupted by a
'Cluster of the Travellers in the crooked Paths,
'who came up to me, bid me go along with them,
'and presently fell to singing and dancing; they
'took me by the Hand, and so carried me away
'along with them. After I had follow'd them a
'considerable while, I perceiv'd I had lost the
'black Tower of Light, at which I greatly won-
'der'd; but as I looked and gazed round about
'me, and saw nothing, I begun to fancy my first
'Vision had been but a Dream, and there was no
'such thing in reality: but then I consider'd, that
'if I could fancy to see what was not, I might as
'well have an Illusion wrought on me at present,
'and not see what was really before me. I was
'very much confirmed in this Thought, by the Ef-
'fect I then just observ'd the Water of *Worldly-*
'*Wisdom* had upon me; for as I had drunk a
'little of it again, I felt a very sensible Effect in
'my Head; methought it distracted and dis-
'order'd all there: this made me stop of a sudden,
'suspecting some Charm or Inchantment. As I
'was casting about within my self what I should
'do, and whom to apply to in this Case, I spy'd
'at some distance off me a Man beckning, and
'making signs to me to come over to him. I
'cry'd to him, *I did not know the Way*. He
'then called to me audibly, to step at least out of
'the Path I was in; for if I staid there any longer
'I was in danger to be catched in a great Net
'that was just hanging over me, and ready to
'catch me up; that he wonder'd I was so blind,
'or so distracted, as not to see so imminent and
'visible a Danger; assuring me, that as soon as I
'was out of that Way, he would come to me to
'lead me into a more secure Path. This I did,
'and he brought me his Palm full of the Water of
'*Heavenly-Wisdom*, which was of very great use
'to me, for my Eyes were streight cleared, and I
'saw the great black Tower just before me; but
'the great Net which I spy'd so near me, cast me
'in such a Terror, that I ran back as far as I could
'in one Breath, without looking behind me: then
'my Benefactor thus bespoke me, You have made

'the wonderful'st Escape in the World, the Water
'you used to drink is of a bewitching Nature, you
'would else have been mightily shocked at the
'Deformities and Meanness of the Place; for be-
'side the Set of blind Fools, in whose Company
'you was, you may now observe many others who
'are only bewitched after another no less danger-
'ous manner. Look a little that way, there goes
'a Crowd of Passengers, they have indeed so
'good a Head, as not to suffer themselves to be
'blinded by this bewitching Water; the black
'Tower is not vanished out of their sight, they
'see it whenever they look up to it; but see how
'they go side-ways, and with their Eyes down-
'wards, as if they were mad, that they may thus
'rush into the Net, without being beforehand
'troubled at the Thought of so miserable a De-
'struction. Their Wills are so perverse, and their
'Hearts so fond of the Pleasures of the Place,
'that rather than forgo them they will run all
'Hazards, and venture upon all the Miseries and
'Woes before them.

'See there that other Company, tho' they should
'drink none of the bewitching Water, yet they
'take a Course bewitching and deluding; see how
'they chuse the crookedest Paths, whereby they
'have often the black Tower behind them, and
'sometimes see the radiant Column side-ways,
'which gives them some weak Glimpse of it.
'These Fools content themselves with that, not
'knowing whether any other have any more of its
'Influence and Light than themselves: this Road
'is called that of *Superstition* or *Human Inven-
'tion*; they grossly over-look that which the
'Rules and Laws of the Place prescribe to them,
'and contrive some other Scheme and Set of Di-
'rections and Prescriptions for themselves, which
'they hope will serve their turn. He shewed me
'many other kind of Fools, which put me quite
'out of humour with the Place. At last he carried
'me to the right Paths, where I found true and
'solid Pleasure, which entertained me all the way,
'till we came in closer sight of the Pillar, where
'the Satisfaction increased to that measure that
'my Faculties were not able to contain it; in the
'straining of them I was violently waked, not a
'little grieved at the vanishing of so pleasing a
'Dream.

Glascow, Sept. 29.

No. 525.] Saturday, Nov. 1, 1712. [John Hughes.

'Οδ' εἰς τὸ σῶφρον ἐπ' ἀρετὴν τ' ἄγων
ἔρωσ,
Ζηλωτὸς ἀνθρώποισιν ——— Eurip.

I T is my Custom to take [frequent] Oppor-
tunities of enquiring from time to time, what
Success my Speculations meet with in the Town.
I am glad to find in particular, that my Discourses
on Marriage have been well received. A Friend
of mine gives me to understand, from *Doctors-
Commons*, that more Licences have been taken
out there of late than usual. I am likewise in-
formed of several pretty Fellows, who have re-

solved to commence Heads of Families by the
first favourable Opportunity: One of them writes
me word, that he is ready to enter into the Bonds
of Matrimony, provided I will give it him under
my Hand (as I now do) that a Man may shew his
Face in good Company after he is married, and
that he need not be ashamed to treat a Woman
with Kindness, who puts herself into his Power
for Life.

I have other Letters on this Subject, which say
that I am attempting to make a Revolution in the
World of Gallantry, and that the Consequence of
it will be, that a great deal of the sprightliest Wit
and Satyr of the last Age will be lost. That a
bashful Fellow, upon changing his Condition, will
be no longer puzzled how to stand the Raillery of
his facetious Companions; that he need not own
he married only to plunder an Heiress of her
Fortune, nor pretend that he uses her ill, to avoid
the [ridiculous¹] Name of a fond Husband.

Indeed if I may speak my Opinion of great
part of the Writings which once prevail'd among
us under the Notion of Humour, they are such as
would tempt one to think there had been an As-
sociation among the Wits of those times to rally
Legitimacy out of our Island. A State of Wed-
lock was the common Mark for all the Adventurers
in Farce and Comedy, as well as the Essayers in
Lampoon and Satyr, to shoot at, and nothing was
a more standing Jest in all Clubs of fashionable
Mirth, and gay Conversation. It was determined
among those airy Criticks, that the Appellation of
a *Sober Man* should signify a *Spiritless Fellow*.
And I am apt to think it was about the same Time,
that *Good-Nature*, a Word so peculiarly elegant
in our Language that some have affirmed it can-
not well be expressed in any other, came first to
be render'd suspicious, and in danger of being
transferred from its original Sense to so distant an
Idea as that of *Folly*.

I must confess it has been my Ambition, in the
course of my Writings, to restore, as well as I was
able, the proper Ideas of things. And as I have
attempted this already on the Subject of Marriage,
in several Papers, I shall here add some further
Observations which occur to me on the same
Head.

Nothing seems to be thought, by our fine
Gentlemen, so indispensable an Ornament in
fashionable Life, as Love. *A Knight Errant*,
says *Don Quixot*, without a Mistress, is like a
Tree without Leaves; and a Man of Mode among
us, who has not some Fair One to sigh for, might
as well pretend to appear dressed, without his
Periwig. We have Lovers in Prose innumerable.
All our Pretenders to Rhyme are professed In-
amorato's; and there is scarce a Poet, good or bad,
to be heard of, who has not some real or supposed
Sacharissa to improve his Vein.

If Love be any Refinement, *Conjugal Love*
must be certainly so in a much higher Degree.
There is no comparison between the frivolous Af-
fectionation of attracting the Eyes of Women with
whom you are only captivated by Way of Amuse-
ment, and of whom perhaps you know nothing
more than their Features, and a regular and uni-

¹ [scandalous]

form Endeavour to make your self valuable, both as a Friend and Lover, to one whom you have chosen to be the Companion of your Life. The first is the Spring of a thousand Fopperies, silly Artifices, Falshoods, and perhaps Barbarities; or at best arises no higher than to a kind of Dancing-School Breeding, to give the Person a more sparkling Air. The latter is the Parent of substantial Virtues and agreeable Qualities, and cultivates the Mind while it improves the Behaviour. The Passion of Love to a Mistress, even where it is most sincere, resembles too much the Flame of a Fever; that to a Wife is like the Vital Heat.

I have often thought, if the Letters written by Men of Good-nature to their Wives, were to be compared with those written by Men of Gallantry to their Mistresses, the former, notwithstanding any Inequality of Style, would appear to have the Advantage. Friendship, Tenderness and Constancy, drest in a Simplicity of Expression, recommend themselves by a more native Elegance, than passionate Raptures, extravagant Encomiums, and slavish Adoration. If we were admitted to search the Cabinet of the beautiful *Narcissa*, among Heaps of Epistles from several Admirers, which are there preserv'd with equal Care, how few should we find but would make any one Sick in the Reading, except her who is flattered by them? But in how different a Style must the wise *Benevolus*, who converses with that good Sense and good Humour among all his Friends, write to a Wife who is the worthy Object of his utmost Affection? *Benevolus*, both in Publick and Private, on all Occasions of Life, appears to have every good Quality and desirable Ornament. Abroad he is revered and esteemed; at home beloved and happy. The Satisfaction he enjoys there, settles into an habitual Complacency, which shines in his Countenance, enlivens his Wit, and seasons his Conversation: Even those of his Acquaintance, who have never seen him in his Retirement, are Sharers in the Happiness of it; and it is very much owing to his being the best and best beloved of Husbands, that he is the most steadfast of Friends, and the most agreeable of Companions.

There is a sensible Pleasure in contemplating such beautiful Instances of Domestick Life. The Happiness of the Conjugal State appears heighten'd to the highest degree it is capable of, when we see two Persons of accomplished Minds, not only united in the same Interests and Affections, but in their Taste of the same Improvements, Pleasures and Diversions. *Pliny*, one of the finest Gentlemen, and politest Writers of the Age in which he lived, has left us, in his Letter to *Hispulla*, his Wife's Aunt, one of the most agreeable Family-Pieces of this Kind I have ever met with. I shall end this Discourse with a Translation of it; and I believe the Reader will be of my opinion, that *Conjugal Love* is drawn in it with a Delicacy which makes it appear to be, as I have represented it, an Ornament as well as a Virtue.

PLINY to HISPULLA.¹

'As I remember the great Affection which was

¹ Bk iv. ep. 19.

'between you and your excellent Brother, and
'know you love his Daughter as your own, so as
'not only to express the Tenderness of the best
'of Aunts, but even to supply that of the best of
'Fathers; I am sure it will be a pleasure to you
'to hear that she proves worthy of her Father,
'worthy of you, and of your and her Ancestors.
'Her Ingenuity is admirable; her Frugality ex-
'traordinary. She loves me, the surest Pledge of
'her Virtue; and adds to this a wonderful Dis-
'position to Learning, which she has acquir'd from
'her Affection to me. She reads my Writings,
'studies them, and even gets them by heart.
'You'd smile to see the Concern she is in when
'I have a Cause to plead, and the Joy she shews
'when it is over. She finds means to have the
'first News brought her of the Success I meet
'with in Court, how I am heard, and what Decree
'is made. If I recite any thing in publick, she
'cannot refrain from placing her self privately in
'some Corner to hear, where with the utmost de-
'light she feasts upon my Applauses. Sometimes
'she sings my Verses, and accompanies them with
'the Lute, without any Master, except Love, the
'best of Instructors. From these Instances I take
'the most certain Omens of our perpetual and
'encreasing Happiness; since our Affection is not
'founded on my Youth and Person, which must
'gradually decay, but she is in love with the im-
'mortal Part of me, my Glory and Reputation.
'Nor indeed could less be expected from one who
'had the Happiness to receive her Education
'from you, who in your House was accustomed
'to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and
'even began to love me by your Recommenda-
'tion. For, as you had always the greatest Re-
'spect for my Mother, you were pleas'd from my
'Infancy to form me, to commend me, and kindly
'to presage I should be one day what my Wife
'fancies I am. Accept therefore our united
'Thanks; mine, that you have bestowed her on
'me, and hers, that you have given me to her,
'as a mutual Grant of Joy and Felicity.

No. 526.] Monday, November 3, 1712. [Steele.

—Fortius utere Loris.—Ovid.

I AM very loth to come to Extremities with the young Gentlemen mention'd in the following Letter, and do not care to chastise them with my own Hand, till I am forc'd by Provocations too great to be suffer'd without the absolute Destruction of my Spectatorial Dignity. The Crimes of these Offenders are placed under the Observation of one of my chief Officers, who is posted just at the entrance of the Pass between *London* and *Westminster*. As I have great Confidence in the Capacity, Resolution and Integrity of the Person deputed by me to give an Account of Enormities, I doubt not but I shall soon have before me all proper Notices which are requisite for the Amendment of Manners in Publick, and the Instruction of each Individual of the Human Species in what is due from him, in respect to the whole Body of

Mankind. The present Paper shall consist only of the above-mentioned Letter, and the Copy of a Deputation which I have given to my trusty Friend Mr. *John Sly*; wherein he is charged to notify to me all that is necessary for my Animadversion upon the Delinquents mentioned by my Correspondent, as well as all others described in the said Deputation.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL of Great Britain.

'I grant it does look a little familiar, but I must call you

'*Dear Dumb,*

'Being got again to the farther End of the *Widow's* Coffee-house, I shall from hence give you some account of the Behaviour of our Hackney-Coachmen since my last. These indefatigable Gentlemen, without the least Design, I dare say, of Self-Interest or Advantage to themselves, do still ply as Volunteers Day and Night for the Good of their Country. I will not trouble you with enumerating many Particulars, but I must by no means omit to inform you of an Infant about six foot high, and between twenty and thirty Years of Age, who was seen in the Arms of a Hackney Coach-man driving by *Will's* Coffee-house in *Covent-Garden*, between the Hours of four and five in the Afternoon of that very Day, wherein you publish'd a Memorial against them. This impudent young Cur, tho' he could not sit in a Coach-box without holding, yet would he venture his Neck to bid defiance to your Spectatorial Authority, or to any thing that you countenanced. Who he was I know not, but I heard this Relation this Morning from a Gentleman who was an Eye-Witness of this his Impudence; and I was willing to take the first opportunity to inform you of him, as holding it extremely requisite that you should nip him in the Bud. But I am my self most concerned for my Fellow-Templers, Fellow-Students, and Fellow-Labourers in the Law, I mean such of them as are dignified and distinguish'd under the Denomination of Hackney-Coachmen. Such aspiring Minds have these ambitious young Men, that they cannot enjoy themselves out of a Coach-Box. It is however an unspeakable Comfort to me, that I can now tell you, that some of them are grown so bashful as to study only in the Night-time, or in the Country. The other Night I spied one of our young Gentlemen very diligent at his Lucubrations in *Fleet-Street*; and by the way, I should be under some concern, lest this hard Student should one time or other crack his Brain with studying, but that I am in hopes Nature has taken care to fortify him in proportion to the great Undertakings he was design'd for. Another of my Fellow-Templers, on *Thursday* last, was getting up into his Study at the Bottom of *Grays-Inn-Lane*, in order, I suppose, to contemplate in the fresh Air. Now, Sir, my Request is, that the great Modesty of these two Gentlemen may be recorded as a Pattern to the rest; and if you would but give them two or three Touches with your own Pen, tho' you might not perhaps prevail with them to desist entirely from their Meditations, yet I doubt not but you

would at least preserve them from being publick Spectacles of Folly in our Streets. I say, two or three Touches with your own Pen; for I have really observed, Mr. SPEC. that those *Spectators* which are so prettily laced down the sides with little c's, how instructive soever they may be, do not carry with them that Authority as the others. I do again therefore desire, that for the sake of their dear Necks, you will bestow one Penful of your own Ink upon them. I know you are loth to expose them; and it is, I must confess, a thousand Pities that any young Gentleman, who is come of honest Parents, should be brought to publick Shame: And indeed I should be glad to have them handled a little tenderly at the first; but if fair means will not prevail, there is then no other Way to reclaim them, but by making use of some wholesome Severities; and I think it is better that a Dozen or two of such good-for-nothing Fellows should be made Examples of, than that the Reputation of some Hundreds of as hopeful young Gentlemen as myself should suffer thro' their Folly. It is not, however, for me to direct you what to do; but, in short, if our Coachmen will drive on this Trade, the very first of them that I do find meditating in the Street, I shall make Bold to take the Number of his Chambers, together with a Note of his Name, and dispatch them to you, that you may chastise him at your own Discretion.

I am, Dear SPEC.

For ever Yours,

Moses Greenbag,

Esq., if you please.

P. S. *Tom Hammercloth*, one of our Coachmen, is now pleading at the Bar at the other end of the Room, but has a little too much Vehemence, and throws out his Arms too much to take his Audience with a good Grace.

To my Loving and Well-beloved John Sly, Haberdasher of Hats and Tobacconist, between the Cities of London and Westminster.

Whereas frequent Disorders, Affronts, Indignities, Omissions, and Trespasses, for which there are no Remedies by any Form of Law, but which apparently disturb and disquiet the Minds of Men, happen near the Place of your Residence; and that you are, as well by your commodious Situation as the good Parts with which you are endowed, properly qualified for the Observation of the said Offences; I do hereby authorize and depute you from the hours of Nine in the Morning, till Four in the Afternoon, to keep a strict Eye upon all Persons and Things that are convey'd in Coaches, carried in Carts, or walk on Foot from the City of *London* to the City of *Westminster*, or from the City of *Westminster* to the City of *London*, within the said Hours. You are therefore not to depart from your Observatory at the end of *Devereux-Court* during the said space of each Day; but to observe the Behaviour of all Persons who are suddenly transported from stamping on Pebbles to sit at ease in Chariots, what Notice they take of their Foot-Acquaintance, and send me the speediest Advice, when they are guilty of overlooking, turning from, or

appearing grave and distant to their old Friends. When Man and Wife are in the same Coach, you are to see whether they appear pleased or tired with each other, and whether they carry the due Mein in the Eye of the World between Fondness and Coldness. You are carefully to behold all such as shall have Addition of Honour or Riches, and Report whether they preserve the Countenance they had before such Addition. As to Persons on Foot, you are to be attentive whether they are pleased with their Condition, and are dress'd suitable to it; but especially to distinguish such as appear discreet, by a low-heel Shoe, with the decent Ornament of a Leather-Garter: To write down the Name of such Country Gentlemen as, upon the Approach of Peace, have left the Hunting for the Military Cock of the Hat: Of all who strut, make a Noise, and swear at the Drivers of Coaches to make haste, when they see it impossible they should pass: Of all young Gentlemen in Coach-boxes, who labour at a Perfection in what they are sure to be excelled by the meanest of the People. You are to do all that in you lies that Coaches and Passengers give way according to the Course of Business, all the Morning in Term-Time towards *Westminster*, the rest of the Year towards the *Exchange*. Upon these Directions, together with other secret Articles herein inclosed, you are to govern your self, and give Advertisement thereof to me at all convenient and spectatorial Hours, when Men of Business are to be seen. Hereof you are not to fail. Given under my Seal of Office.

T.

The SPECTATOR.

No. 527.] Tuesday, November 4, 1712. [

*Facile invenies, et pejorem, et pejus moratam,
Meliorem neque tu reperes, neque sol videt.*

Plautus in Sticho.

I AM so tender of my Women-Readers, that I cannot defer the Publication of any thing which concerns their Happiness or Quiet. The Repose of a married Woman is consulted in the first of the following Letters, and the Felicity of a Maiden Lady in the second. I call it a Felicity to have the Addresses of an agreeable Man: and I think I have not any where seen a prettier Application of a Poetical Story than that of his, in making the Tale of *Cephalus* and *Procris* the History-Picture of a Fan in so gallant a manner as he addresses it.¹ But see the Letters.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Tis now almost three months since I was in Town about some Business; and the Hurry of it being over, took Coach one Afternoon, and drove to see a Relation, who married about six Years ago a wealthy Citizen. I found her at home, but her Husband gone to the *Exchange*, and expected back within an Hour at the

¹ This second letter and the verses were from Pope.

'farthest. After the usual Salutations of Kindness, and a hundred Questions about Friends in the Country, we sat down to Piquet, played two or three Games, and drank Tea. I should have told you that this was my second time of seeing her since Marriage, but before she lived at the same Town where I went to School; so that the Plea of a Relation, added to the Innocence of my Youth, prevailed upon her good Humour to indulge me in a Freedom of Conversation as often, and oftner, than the strict Discipline of the School would allow of. You may easily imagine after such an Acquaintance we might be exceeding merry without any Offence, as in calling to mind how many Inventions I had been put to in deluding the Master, how many Hands forged for Excuses, how many times been sick in perfect Health; for I was then never sick but at School, and only then because out of her Company. We had whiled away three Hours after this manner, when I found it past Five; and not expecting her Husband would return till late, rose up, told her I should go early next Morning for the Country: She kindly answered she was afraid it would be long before she saw me again; so I took my leave and parted. Now, Sir, I had not been got home a Fortnight, when I received a Letter from a Neighbour of theirs, that ever since that fatal Afternoon the Lady had been most inhumanly treated, and the Husband publicly stormed that he was made a Member of too numerous a Society. He had, it seems, listened most of the time my Cousin and I were together. As jealous Ears always hear double, so he heard enough to make him mad; and as jealous Eyes always see thro' Magnifying Glasses, so he was certain it could not be I whom he had seen, a beardless Stripling, but fancied he saw a gay Gentleman of the *Temple*, ten Years older than my self; and for that reason, I presume, durst not come in, nor take any Notice when I went out. He is perpetually asking his Wife if she does not think the time long (as she said she should) till she see her Cousin again. Pray, Sir, what can be done in this Case? I have writ to him to assure him I was at his House all that afternoon expecting to see him: His Answer is, 'tis only a Trick of hers, and that he neither can nor will believe me. The parting Kiss I find mightily nettles him, and confirms him in all his Errors. *Ben. Johnson*, as I remember, makes a Foreigner in one of his Comedies, admire the desperate Valour of the bold English, who let out their Wives to all Encounters. The general Custom of Salutation should Excuse the Favour done me, or you should lay down Rules when such Distinctions are to be given or omitted. You cannot imagine, Sir, how troubled I am for this unhappy Lady's Misfortune; and beg you would insert this Letter, that the Husband may reflect upon this Accident coolly. It is no small Matter, the Ease of a virtuous Woman for her whole Life: I know she will conform to any Regularities (tho' more strict than the common Rules of our Country require) to which his particular Temper shall incline him to oblige her. This Accident puts me in mind how generously *Pisistratus* the

'Athenian Tyrant behaved himself on a like Oc-
'casion, when he was instigated by his Wife to
'put to death a young Gentleman, because being
'passionately fond of his Daughter, he kissed
'her in publick as he met her in the Street; *What*
'(says he) *shall we do to those who are our*
'*Enemies, if we do thus to those who are our*
'*Friends?* I will not trouble you much longer,
'but am exceedingly concern'd lest this Accident
'may cause a virtuous Lady to lead a miserable
'Life with a Husband, who has no Grounds for
'his Jealousy but what I have faithfully related,
'and ought to be reckon'd none. 'Tis to be fear'd
'too, if at last he sees his Mistake, yet People
'will be as slow and unwilling in disbelieving
'Scandal as they are quick and forward in be-
'lieving it. I shall endeavour to enliven this
'plain honest Letter, with *Ovid's* Relation about
'*Cybele's* Image. The Ship wherein it was aboard
'was stranded at the mouth of the *Tyber*, and the
'Men were unable to move it, till *Claudia*, a
'Virgin, but suspected of Unchastity, by a slight
'Pull hawled it in. The Story is told in the
'fourth Book of the *Fasti*.

Parent of Gods, began the weeping Fair,
Reward or punish, but oh! hear my Pray'r.
If Lewdness e'er defil'd my Virgin Bloom,
From Heav'n with Justice I receive my Doom;
But if my Honour yet has known no Stain,
Thou, Goddess, thou my Innocence maintain;
Thou, whom the nicest Rules of Goodness sway'd,
Vouchsafe to follow an unblemish'd Maid.
She spoke, and touch'd the Cord with glad Sur-
prise,
(The truth was witness'd by ten thousand Eyes)
The pitying Goddess easily comply'd,
Follow'd in triumph, and adorn'd her Guide;
While Claudia, blushing still for past Disgrace,
March'd silent on with a slow solemn Pace:
Nor yet from some was all Distrust remov'd,
Tho' Heav'n such Virtue by such Wonders prov'd.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,
Philagnotes.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You will oblige a languishing Lover, if you
'will please to print the enclosed Verses in your
'next Paper. If you remember the *Metamor-*
'*phosis*, you know *Procris*, the fond Wife of
'*Cephalus*, is said to have made her Husband,
'who delighted in the Sports of the Wood, a Pre-
'sent of an unerring Javelin. In process of time
'he was so much in the Forest, that his Lady
'suspected he was pursuing some Nymph, under
'the pretence of following a Chace more innocent.
'Under this Suspicion she hid herself among the
'Trees, to observe his Motions. While she lay
'conceal'd, her Husband, tired with the Labour
'of Hunting, came within her hearing. As he was
'fainting with Heat, he cried out, *Aura veni;*
'*Oh charming Air approach.*

'The unfortunate Wife, taking the Word *Air*
'to be the name of a Woman, began to move
'among the Bushes; and the Husband believing
'it a Deer, threw his Javelin and kill'd her. This
'History painted on a Fan, which I presented
'to a Lady, gave occasion to my growing poetical.

Come gentle Air! th' Eolian Shepherd said,
While Procris fainted in the secret Shade;
Come gentle Air! the fairer Delia cries,
While at her Feet her Swain expiring lies.
Lo the glad Gales o'er all her Beauties stray,
Breathe on her Lips, and in her Bosom play.
In Delia's Hand this Toy is fatal found,
Nor did that fabled Dart more surely wound.
Both Gifts destructive to the Givers prove,
Alike both Lovers fall by those they love:
Yet guiltless too this bright Destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the Wound she
gives.

She views the Story with attentive Eyes,
And pities Procris, while her Lover dies.

No. 528.] Wednesday, Nov. 5, 1712. [Steele.

Dum potuit solite gemitum virtute repressit.
Ovid.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I WHO now write to you, am a Woman loaded
'with Injuries, and the Aggravation of my
'Misfortune is, that they are such which are over-
'looked by the Generality of Mankind, and tho'
'the most afflicting imaginable, not regarded as
'such in the general Sense of the World. I have
'hid my Vexation from all Mankind; but have
'now taken Pen, Ink, and Paper, and am resolv'd
'to unbosom my self to you, and lay before you
'what grieves me and all the Sex. You have very
'often mentioned particular Hardships done to
'this or that Lady; but, methinks, you have not
'in any one Speculation directly pointed at the
'partial Freedom Men take, the unreasonable
'Confinement Women are obliged to, in the only
'Circumstance in which we are necessarily to have
'a Commerce with them, that of Love. The
'Case of Celibacy is the great Evil of our Nation;
'and the Indulgence of the vicious Conduct of
'Men in that State, with the Ridicule to which
'Women are exposed, though ever so virtuous, if
'long unmarried, is the Root of the greatest Ir-
'regularities of this Nation. To shew you, Sir,
'that tho' you never have given us the Catalogue
'of a Lady's Library as you promised, we read
'good Books of our own chusing, I shall insert on
'this occasion a Paragraph or two out of *Echard's*
'*Roman History*. In the 44th Page of the second
'Volume the Author observes, that *Augustus*,
'upon his Return to *Rome* at the end of a War,
'received Complaints that too great a Number of
'the young Men of Quality were unmarried.
'The Emperor thereupon assembled the whole
'*Equestrian* Order; and having separated the
'Married from the Single, did particular Honours
'to the former, but he told the latter, that is to
'say, Mr. SPECTATOR, he told the Batchelors,
'That their Lives and Actions had been so pe-
'culiar, that he knew not by what Name to call
'em; not by that of Men, for they performed
'nothing that was manly; not by that of Citizens,
'for the City might perish notwithstanding their
'Care; nor by that of *Romans*, for they de-
'signed to extirpate the *Roman* Name." Then

'proceeding to shew his tender Care and hearty
 'Affection for his People, he further told them,
 "That their Course of Life was of such pernicious
 "Consequence to the Glory and Grandeur of the
 "Roman Nation, that he could not chuse but tell
 "them, that all other Crimes put together could
 "not equalize theirs: For they were guilty of
 "Murder, in not suffering those to be born which
 "should proceed from them; of Impiety, in
 "causing the Names and Honours of their An-
 "cestors to cease; and of Sacrilege, in destroying
 "their Kind, which proceeded from the immortal
 "Gods, and Human Nature, the principal thing
 "consecrated to 'em: Therefore in this Respect
 "they dissolved the Government, in disobeying
 "its Laws; betrayed their Country, by making
 "it barren and waste; nay and demolished their
 "City, in depriving it of Inhabitants. And he
 "was sensible that all this proceeded not from
 "any kind of Virtue or Abstinence, but from a
 "Looseness and Wantonness, which ought never
 "to be encouraged in any Civil Government."
 'There are no Particulars dwelt upon that let us
 'into the Conduct of these young Worthies, whom
 'this great Emperor treated with so much Justice
 'and Indignation; but any one who observes what
 'passes in this Town, may very well frame to
 'himself a Notion of their Riots and Debaucheries
 'all Night, and their apparent Preparations for
 'them all Day. It is not to be doubted but these
 'Romans never passed any of their Time in-
 'nocently but when they were asleep, and never
 'slept but when they were weary and heavy with
 'Excesses, and slept only to prepare themselves
 'for the Repetition of them. If you did your
 'Duty as a SPECTATOR, you would carefully ex-
 'amine into the Number of Births, Marriages,
 'and Burials; and when you had deducted out of
 'your Deaths all such as went out of the World
 'without marrying, then cast up the number of
 'both Sexes born within such a Term of Years
 'last past, you might from the single People de-
 'parted make some useful Inferences or Guesses
 'how many there are left unmarried, and raise some
 'useful Scheme for the Amendment of the Age
 'in that particular. I have not Patience to pro-
 'ceed gravely on this abominable Libertinism;
 'for I cannot but reflect, as I am writing to you,
 'upon a certain lascivious Manner which all our
 'young Gentlemen use in publick, and examine
 'our Eyes with a Petulancy in their own, which
 'is a downright Affront to Modesty. A disdainful
 'Look on such an Occasion is return'd with a
 'Countenance rebuked, but by averting their Eyes
 'from the Woman of Honour and Decency to
 'some flippant Creature, who will, as the Phrase
 'is, be kinder. I must set down things as they
 'come into my Head, without standing upon
 'Order. Ten thousand to one but the gay Gentle-
 'man who stared, at the same time is an House-
 'keeper; for you must know they have got into a
 'Humour of late of being very regular in their
 'Sins, and a young Fellow shall keep his four
 'Maids and three Footmen with the greatest
 'Gravity imaginable. There are no less than six
 'of these venerable House-keepers of my Ac-
 'quaintance. This Humour among young Men
 'of Condition is imitated by all the World below

'them, and a general Dissolution of Manners
 'arises from the one Source of Libertinism, with-
 'out Shame or Reprehension in the Male Youth.
 'It is from this one Fountain that so many Beauti-
 'ful helpless young Women are sacrific'd and
 'given up to Lewdness, Shame, Poverty and
 'Disease. It is to this also that so many excellent
 'young Women, who might be Patterns of con-
 'jugal Affection and Parents of a worthy Race,
 'pine under unhappy Passions for such as have
 'not Attention enough to observe, or Virtue
 'enough to prefer them to their common Wenches.
 'Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, I must be free to own to
 'you, that I my self suffer a tasteless insipid
 'Being, from a Consideration I have for a Man
 'who would not, as he has said in my hearing,
 'resign his Liberty, as he calls it, for all the Beauty
 'and Wealth the whole Sex is possessed of. Such
 'Calamities as these would not happen, if it
 'could possibly be brought about, that by fining
 'Batchelors as Papists Convict, or the like, they
 'were distinguished to their disadvantage from
 'the rest of the World, who fall in with the Mea-
 'sures of Civil Society. Lest you should think I
 'speak this as being, according to the senseless
 'rude Phrase, a malicious old Maid, I shall ac-
 'quaint you I am a Woman of Condition not now
 'three and twenty, and have had Proposals from
 'at least ten different Men, and the greater Num-
 'ber of them have upon the Upshot refused me.
 'Something or other is always amiss when the
 'Lover takes to some new Wench: A Settlement
 'is easily excepted against; and there is very
 'little Recourse to avoid the vicious Part of our
 'Youth, but throwing one's self away upon some
 'lifeless Blockhead, who tho' he is without Vice,
 'is also without Virtue. Now-a-days we must be
 'contented if we can get Creatures which are not
 'bad, good are not to be expected. Mr. SPECTA-
 'TOR, I sat near you the other Day, and think I
 'did not displease your Spectatorial Eyesight;
 'which I shall be a better Judge of when I see
 'whether you take notice of these Evils your own
 'way, or print this Memorial dictated from the
 'disdainful heavy Heart of,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

T.

Rachael Welladay.

No. 529.] Thursday, November 6, 1712. [Addison.

Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.
 Hor.

UPON the hearing of several late Disputes
 concerning Rank and Precedence, I could
 not forbear amusing my self with some Observa-
 tions, which I have made upon the Learned
 World, as to this great Particular. By the Learned
 World I here mean at large, all those who are
 any way concerned in Works of Literature, whe-
 ther in the Writing, Printing or Repeating Part.
 To begin with the Writers; I have observed that
 the Author of a *Folio*, in all Companies and Con-
 versations, sets himself above the Author of a
Quarto; the Author of a *Quarto* above the

Author of an *Octavo*; and so on, by a gradual Descent and Subordination, to an Author in *Twenty Fours*. This Distinction is so well observed, that in an Assembly of the Learned, I have seen a *Folio* Writer place himself in an Elbow-Chair, when the Author of a *Duo-decimo* has, out of a just Deference to his superior Quality, seated himself upon a Squabb. In a word, Authors are usually ranged in Company after the same manner as their Works are upon a Shelf.

The most minute Pocket-Author hath beneath him the Writers of all Pamphlets, or Works that are only stitched. As for the Pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the Authors of single Sheets, and of that Fraternity who publish their Labours on certain Days, or on every Day of the Week. I do not find that the Precedency among the Individuals, in this latter Class of Writers, is yet settled.

For my own part, I have had so strict a regard to the Ceremonial which prevails in the Learned World, that I never presumed to take place of a Pamphleteer till my daily Papers were gathered into those two first Volumes, which have already appeared. After which, I naturally jumped over the Heads not only of all Pamphleteers, but of every *Octavo* Writer in *Great Britain*, that had written but one Book. I am also informed by my Bookseller, that six *Octavo's* have at all times been look'd upon as an Equivalent to a *Folio*, which I take notice of the rather, because I would not have the Learned World surprized, if after the Publication of half a dozen Volumes I take my Place accordingly. When my scattered Forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular Bodies, I flatter my self that I shall make no despicable Figure at the Head of them.

Whether these Rules, which have been received time out of Mind in the Common-Wealth of Letters, were not originally established with an Eye to our Paper Manufacture, I shall leave to the Discussion of others, and shall only remark further in this place, that all Printers and Booksellers take the Wall of one another, according to the abovementioned Merits of the Authors to whom they respectively belong.

I come now to that point of Precedency which is settled among the three Learned Professions, by the Wisdom of our Laws. I need not here take Notice of the Rank which is allotted to every Doctor in each of these Professions, who are all of them, though not so high as Knights, yet a Degree above Squires; this last Order of Men being the illiterate Body of the Nation, are consequently thrown together into a Class below the three Learned Professions. I mention this for the sake of several Rural 'Squires, whose Reading does not rise so high as to *the Present State of England*, and who are often apt to usurp that Precedency which by the Laws of their Country is not due to them. Their Want of Learning, which has planted them in this Station, may in some measure extenuate their Misdemeanour; and our Professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this Particular, considering that they are in a State of Ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not know their Right Hand from their Left.

There is another Tribe of Persons who are Retainers to the Learned World, and who regulate themselves upon all Occasions by several Laws peculiar to their Body. I mean the Players or Actors of both Sexes. Among these it is a standing and uncontroverted Principle, that a Tragedian always takes place of a Comedian; and 'tis very well known the merry Drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower End of the Table, and in every Entertainment give way to the Dignity of the Buskin. It is a Stage Maxim, *Once a King, and always a King*. For this Reason it would be thought very absurd in Mr. *Bullock*, notwithstanding the Height and Gracefulness of his Person, to sit at the Right Hand of an Hero, tho' he were but five Foot high. The same Distinction is observed among the Ladies of the Theatre. Queens and Heroines preserve their Rank in private Conversation, while those who are Waiting-Women and Maids of Honour upon the Stage, keep their Distance also behind the Scenes.

I shall only add, that by a Parity of Reason, all Writers of Tragedy look upon it as their due to be seated, served, or saluted before Comick Writers: Those who deal in Tragi-Comedy usually taking their Seats between the Authors of either Side. There has been a long Dispute for Precedency between the Tragick and Heroick Poets. *Aristotle* would have the latter yield the *Pas* to the former, but Mr. *Dryden* and many others would never submit to this Decision. Burlesque Writers pay the same Deference to the Heroick, as Comick Writers to their Serious Brothers in the Drama.

By this short Table of Laws, Order is kept up, and Distinction preserved in the whole Republick of Letters. O.

No. 530.] Friday, November 7, 1712. [Addison.

*Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.*—Hor.

IT is very usual for those who have been severe upon Marriage, in some part or other of their Lives to enter into the Fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their Raillery return upon their own Heads. I scarce ever knew a Woman-hater that did not, sooner or later, pay for it. Marriage, which is a Blessing to another Man, falls upon such a one as a Judgment. Mr. *Congreve's Old Batchelor*¹ is set forth to us with much Wit and Humour, as an Example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by railing at the Sex in general, very often make an honourable Amends, by chusing one of the most worthless Persons of it, for a Companion and Yoke-fellow. *Hymen*

¹ Heartwell in the play of the *Old Batchelor*. Addison here continues the winding up of the *Spectator* by finally disposing of another member of the club.

takes his Revenge in kind, on those who turn his Mysteries into Ridicule.

My Friend *Will Honeycomb*, who was so unmercifully witty upon the Women, in a couple of Letters, which I lately communicated to the Publick, has given the Ladies ample Satisfaction by marrying a Farmer's Daughter; a piece of News which came to our Club by the last Post. The *Templer* is very positive that he has married a Dairy-maid: But *Will*, in his Letter to me on this Occasion, sets the best Face upon the Matter that he can, and gives a more tollerable Account of his Spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the Letter I found that *Will* was fallen off from his former Gayety, having changed *Dear Spec.* which was his usual Salute at the Beginning of the Letter, into *My Worthy Friend*, and subscribed himself in the latter End of it at full length *William Honeycomb*. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain *Will Honeycomb*, who had made Love to every great Fortune that has appeared in Town for [above¹] thirty Years together, and boasted of Favours from Ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain Country Girl.

His Letter gives us the Picture of a converted Rake. The sober Character of the Husband is dashed with the Man of the Town, and enlivened with those little Cant-phrases which have made my Friend *Will* often thought very pretty Company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

My Worthy Friend,

'I question not but you, and the rest of my Acquaintance, wonder that I, who have lived in the Smoak and Gallantries of the Town for thirty Years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a Country Life. Had not my Dog [of a²] Steward run away as he did, without making up his Accounts, I had still been immersed in Sin and Sea-Coal. But since my late forced Visit to my Estate, I am so pleased with it, that I am resolved to live and die upon it. I am every Day abroad among my Acres, and can scarce forbear filling my Letter with Breezes, Shades, Flowers, Meadows, and purling Streams. The Simplicity of Manners, which I have heard you so often speak of, and which appears here in Perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an Instance of it, I must acquaint you, and by your means the whole Club, that I have lately married one of my Tenants Daughters. She is born of honest Parents, and though she has no Portion, she has a great deal of Virtue. The natural Sweetness and Innocence of her Behaviour, the Freshness of her Complexion, the unaffected Turn of her Shape and Person, shot me through and through every time I saw her, and did more Execution upon me in Grogam, than the greatest Beauty in Town or Court had ever done in Brocade. In short, she is such an one as promises me a good Heir to my Estate; and if by her means I cannot leave to my Children what are falsely called the Gifts of Birth; high Titles and Alliances: I hope to convey to them the

¹ [about]

² [the]

'more real and valuable Gifts of Birth; strong Bodies, and Healthy Constitutions. As for your fine Women, I need not tell thee that I know them. I have had my share in their Graces, but no more of that. It shall be my Business hereafter to live the Life of an honest Man, and to act as becomes the Master of a Family. I question not but I shall draw upon me the Raillery of the Town, and be treated to the Tune of *the Marriage-Hater match'd*; but I am prepared for it. I have been as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly, I saw such a Tribe of Fashionable young fluttering Coxcombs shot up, that I did not think my Post of an *homme de ruelle* any longer tenable. I felt a certain Stiffness in my Limbs, which entirely destroyed that Jauntyness of Air I was once Master of. Besides, for I may now confess my Age to thee, I have been eight and forty above these Twelve Years. Since my Retirement into the Country will make a Vacancy in the Club, I could wish you would fill up my Place with my Friend *Tom Dapperwit*. He has an infinite deal of Fire, and knows the Town. For my own part, as I have said before, I shall endeavour to live hereafter suitable to a Man in my Station, as a prudent Head of a Family, a good Husband, a careful Father (when it shall so happen) and as

*Your most Sincere Friend,
and Humble Servant,*

O. WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.

No. 531.] Saturday, November 8, 1712. [Addison.

*Qui mare et terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis:*

*Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.—Hor.*

SIMONIDES being ask'd by *Dionysius* the Tyrant what God was, desired a Day's time to consider of it before he made his Reply. When the Day was expired, he desired two Days; and afterwards, instead of returning his Answer, demanded still double the Time to consider of it. This great Poet and Philosopher, the more he contemplated the Nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his Depth; and that he lost himself in the Thought, instead of finding an End of it.¹

If we consider the Idea which wise Men, by the Light of Reason, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this: That he has in him all the Perfection of a Spiritual Nature; and since we have no Notion of any kind of spiritual Perfection but what we discover in our own Souls, we joyn Infinitude to each kind of these Perfections, and what is a Faculty in an human Soul becomes an Attribute in God. *We* exist in Place and Time, the Divine Being fills the Immensity of Space with his Presence, and Inhabits Eternity.

¹ This story is taken from Book I. of Cicero *De Naturâ Deorum*.

We are possessed of a little Power and a little Knowledge, the Divine Being is Almighty and Omniscient. In short, by adding Infinity to any kind of Perfection we enjoy, and by joyning all these different kinds of Perfections in one Being, we form our Idea of the great Sovereign of Nature.

Though every one who thinks must have made this Observation, I shall produce Mr. Locke's Authority to the same purpose, out of his Essay on Human Understanding. 'If we examine the *Idea* we have of the incomprehensible Supreme Being, we shall find, that we come by it the same way; and that the complex *Ideas* we have both of God and separate Spirits, are made up of the simple *Ideas* we receive from *Reflection*: *v. g.* having from what we experiment in our selves, got the *Ideas* of Existence and Duration, of Knowledge and Power, of Pleasure and Happiness, and of several other Qualities and Powers, which it is better to have, than to be without; when we would frame an *Idea* the most suitable we can to the Supreme Being, we enlarge every one of these with our *Idea* of Infinity; and so putting them together, make our *Complex Idea of God*.¹

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of Spiritual Perfection, besides those which are lodged in an human Soul; but it is impossible that we should have *Ideas* of any kinds of Perfection, except those of which we have some small Rays and short imperfect Strokes in our selves. It would be therefore a very high Presumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more Attributes than those which enter into our Conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of Spiritual Perfection which is not marked out in an human Soul, it belongs in its Fulness to the Divine Nature.

Several eminent Philosophers have imagined that the Soul, in her separate State, may have new Faculties springing up in her, which she is not capable of exerting during her present Union with the Body; and whether these Faculties may not correspond with other Attributes in the Divine Nature, and open to us hereafter new Matter of Wonder and Adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of Nature, has in him all possible Perfection, as well in *Kind* as in *Degree*; to speak according to our Methods of [conceiving.]² I shall only add under this Head, that when we have raised our Notion of this Infinite Being as high as it is possible for the Mind of Man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what He really is. *There is no end of his Greatness*: The most exalted Creature he has made, is only capable of adoring it, none but himself can comprehend it.

The Advice of the Son of *Sirach* is very just and sublime in this Light. *By his Word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short: wherefore in sum, he is all. How*

*shall we be able to magnify him? For he is great above all his Works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his Power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can; for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him, that he might tell us? And who can magnify him as he is? There are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his Works.*¹

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the Light of Reason and Philosophy. If we would see him in all the Wonders of his Mercy we must have recourse to Revelation, which represents him to us, not only as infinitely Great and Glorious, but as infinitely Good and Just in his Dispensations towards Man. But as this is a Theory which falls under every one's Consideration, tho' indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual Worship and Veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our Minds with the Thought of him, and annihilate our selves before him, in the Contemplation of our own Worthlessness, and of his transcendent Excellency and Perfection. This would imprint in our Minds such a constant and uninterrupted Awe and Veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of incessant Prayer, and reasonable Humiliation of the Soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little Seeds of Pride, Vanity and Self-conceit, which are apt to shoot up in the Minds of such whose Thoughts turn more on those comparative Advantages which they enjoy over some of their Fellow-Creatures, than on that infinite Distance which is placed between them and the Supreme Model of all Perfection. It would likewise quicken our Desires and Endeavours of uniting our selves to him by all the Acts of Religion and Virtue.

Such an habitual Homage to the Supreme Being would, in a particular manner, banish from among us that prevailing Impiety of using his Name on the most trivial Occasions.

I find the following Passage in an excellent Sermon, preached at the Funeral of a Gentleman who was an Honour to his Country, and a more diligent as well as successful Enquirer into the Works of Nature, than any other our Nation has ever produced.² 'He had the profoundest Veneration for the Great God of Heaven and Earth that I have ever observed in any Person. The very Name of God was never mentioned by him without a Pause and a visible Stop in his Discourse; in which, one that knew him most particularly above twenty Years, has told me, that he was so exact, that he does not remember to have observed him once to fail in it.

Every one knows the Veneration which was paid by the *Jews* to a Name so great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious Discourses. What can we then think of

¹ *Human Understanding*, Book II. ch. xxiii. § 33. [conceiving him.]

¹ *Ecclus.* xliii. 26—32.

² Bishop Burnet's sermon at the funeral of the Hon. Robert Boyle (who died in 1691).

those who make use of so tremendous a Name in the ordinary Expressions of their Anger, Mirth, and most impertinent Passions? Of those who admit it into the most familiar Questions and Assertions, ludicrous Phrases and Works of Humour? not to mention those who violate it by solemn Perjuries? It would be an Affront to Reason to endeavour to set forth the Horror and Prophaneness of such a Practice. The very mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the Light of Nature, not to say Religion, is not utterly extinguished. O.

No. 532.] Monday, November 10, 1712. [Steele.

—Fungor vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.
Hor.

IT is a very honest Action to be studious to produce other Men's Merit; and I make no scruple of saying I have as much of this Temper as any Man in the World. It would not be a thing to be bragged of, but that it is what any Man may be Master of who will take Pains enough for it. Much Observation of the Unworthiness in being pained at the Excellence of another, will bring you to a Scorn of yourself for that Unwillingness: And when you have got so far, you will find it a greater Pleasure than you ever before knew, to be zealous in promoting the Fame and Welfare of the Praise-worthy. I do not speak this as pretending to be a mortified self-denying Man, but as one who has turned his Ambition into a right Channel. I claim to my self the Merit of having extorted excellent Productions from a Person of the greatest Abilities,¹ who would not have let them appear by any other Means; to have animated a few young Gentlemen into worthy Pursuits, who will be a Glory to our Age; and at all Times, and by all possible Means in my Power, undermined the Interests of Ignorance, Vice, and Folly, and attempted to substitute in their Stead, Learning, Piety, and good Sense. It is from this honest Heart that I find myself honoured as a Gentleman-Usher to the Arts and Sciences. Mr. Tickell and Mr. Pope have, it seems, this Idea of me. The former has writ me an excellent Paper of Verses in Praise, forsooth, of my self; and the other enclosed for my perusal an admirable Poem,² which, I hope, will shortly see the Light. In the mean time I cannot suppress any Thought of his, but insert his Sentiment about the dying Words of *Adrian*. I won't determine in the Case he mentions; but have thus much to say in favour of his Argument, that many of his own Works which I have seen, convince me that very pretty and very sublime Sentiments may be lodged in the same Bosom without diminution to its Greatness.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I was the other day in Company with five or six Men of some Learning; where chancing to

¹ Addison.

² The Temple of Fame.

'mention the famous Verses which the Emperor *Adrian* spoke on his Death-bed, they were all agreed that 'twas a Piece of Gayety unworthy that Prince in those Circumstances. I could not but dissent from this Opinion: Methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very serious Soliloquy to his Soul at the Point of his Departure: in which Sense I naturally took the Verses at my first reading them when I was very young, and before I knew what Interpretation the World generally put upon them:

'*Animula vagula, blandula,*
'*Hospes Comesque corporis,*
'*Quæ nunc abibis in loca?*
'*Pallidula, rigida, nudula,*
'*Nec (ut soles) dabis Foca!*

'Alas, my Soul! thou pleasing Companion of this Body, thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it! whither art thou flying? to what unknown Region? Thou art all trembling, fearful, and pensive. Now what is become of thy former Wit and Humour? thou shalt jest and be gay no more. I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the Trifling in all this; 'tis the most natural and obvious Reflection imaginable to a dying Man: and if we consider the Emperor was a Heathen, that Doubt concerning the Future Fate of his Soul will seem so far from being the Effect of Want of Thought, that 'twas scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is a plain Confession included of his Belief in its Immortality. The diminutive Epithets of *Vagula*, *Blandula*, and the rest, appear not to me as Expressions of Levity, but rather of Endearment and Concern; such as we find in *Catullus*, and the Authors of *Hendeca-syllabi* after him, where they are used to express the utmost Love and Tenderness for their Mistresses - - - - If you think me right in my Notion of the last Words of *Adrian*, be pleased to insert this in the *Spectator*; if not, to suppress it.¹

I am, &c.

¹ Pope republished this in his 'Letters' in 1735, adding a metrical translation of *Adrian's* lines:

Ah, fleeting spirit! wandering fire,
That long hast warm'd my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire?
No more a pleasing, cheerful guest?
Whither, ah, whither art thou flying,
To what dark, undiscover'd shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,
And wit and humour are no more.

Two days after the insertion of this letter from Pope, Steele wrote to the young poet (Nov. 12): 'I have read over your "Temple of Fame" twice; and cannot find anything amiss of weight enough to call a fault, but see in it a thousand thousand beauties. Mr. Addison shall see it tomorrow: after his perusal of it I will let you know his thoughts. I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not? I have a design which I shall open a month or two hence, with the assistance of a few like yourself.

To the supposed Author of the *Spectator*.
In Courts licentious, and a shameless Stage,
How long the War shall Wit with Virtue wage?
Enchanted by this prostituted Fair,
Our Youth run headlong in the fatal Snare;

'If your thoughts are unengaged I shall explain myself further.' This design was the *Guardian*, which Steele was about to establish as the successor to the *Spectator*; and here we find him at work on the foundations of his new journal while the finishing strokes are being given to the *Spectator*. Pope in his reply to Steele said (Nov. 16): 'I shall be very ready and glad to contribute to any design that tends to the advantage of mankind, which, I am sure, all yours do. I wish I had but as much capacity as leisure, for I am perfectly idle (a sign I have not much capacity). If you will entertain the best opinion of me, be pleased to think me your friend. Assure Mr. Addison of my most faithful service; of every one's esteem he must be assured already.' About a fortnight later, returning to the subject of Adrian's verses, Pope wrote to Steele in reply to subsequent private discussion of the subject (Nov. 29): 'I am sorry you published that notion about Adrian's verses as mine; had I imagined you would use my name, I should have expressed my sentiments with more modesty and diffidence. I only wrote to have your opinion, and not to publish my own, which I distrusted.' Then after defending his view of the poem, and commenting upon the Latin diminutives, he adds, 'perhaps I should be much better pleased if I were told you called me "your little friend," than if you complimented me with the title of "a great genius," or "an eminent hand," as Jacob [Tonson] does all his authors.' Steele's genial reply produced from Pope, as final result of the above letter to the *Spectator*, one of the most popular of his short pieces. Steele wrote (Dec. 4): 'This is to desire of you that you would please to make an ode as of a cheerful dying spirit; that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's "*animula vagula*," put into two or three stanzas for music. If you will comply with this, and send me word so, you will very particularly oblige RICHARD STEELE.' This was written two days before the appearance of the last number of his *Spectator*. Pope answered, 'I do not send you word I will do, but have already done the thing you desire of me,' and sent his poem of three stanzas, called THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

'Vital spark of heavenly flame,' &c.

These two letters were published by Warburton, but are not given by Pope in the edition of his correspondence, published in 1737, and the poem has no place in the collected works of 1717. It has been said that if the piece had been written in 1712 Steele would have inserted it in the *Spectator*. But it was not received until the last number of the *Spectator* had been published. Three months then elapsed before the appearance of the *Guardian*, to which Pope contributed eight papers. Pope, on his part, would be naturally unwilling to connect with the poem the few words he had sent with it to Steele, saying, 'You have it (as Cowley

In height of Rapture clasp unheeded Pains,
And suck Pollution thro' their tingling Veins.

Thy spotless Thoughts unshock'd the Priest
may hear,
And the pure Vestal in her Bosom wear.
To conscious Blushes and diminish'd Pride,
Thy Glass betrays what treach'rous Love would
hide;
Nor harsh thy Precepts, but infused by stealth,
Please while they cure, and cheat us into Health.
Thy Works in Chloe's Toilet gain a part,
And with his Tailor share the Fopling's Heart:
Lash'd in thy Satire, the penurious Cit
Laughs at himself, and finds no harm in Wit:
From Felon Gamesters the raw Squire is free,
And Britain owes her rescu'd Oaks to thee.
His Miss the frolick Viscount dreads to toast,
Or his third Cure the shallow Templar boast;
And the rash Fool who scorn'd the beaten Road,
Dares quake at Thunder, and confess his God.

The brainless Stripling, who, expell'd to Town,
Damn'd the stiff College and pedantick Gown,
Aw'd by thy Name, is dumb, and thrice a Week
Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.
A sauntering Tribe! such born to wide Estates,
With Yea and No in Senates hold Debates:
At length despis'd, each to his Fields retires,
First with the Dogs, and King amidst the Squires;
From Pert to Stupid sinks supinely down,
In Youth a Coxcomb, and in Age a Clown.

Such Readers scorn'd, thou wings't thy daring
Flight
Above the Stars, and tread'st the Fields of Light;
Fame, Heav'n and Hell, are thy exalted Theme,
And Visions such as Jove himself might dream;
Man sunk to Slav'ry, tho' to Glory born,
Heaven's Pride when upright, and depriv'd his
Scorn.

Such Hints alone could British Virgil lend,
And thou alone deserve from such a Friend:
A Debt so borrow'd, is illustrious Shame,
And Fame when shar'd with him is double Fame.
So flush'd with Sweets, by Beauty's Queen be-
stow'd,
With more than mortal Charms Æneas glow'd.

'calls it) just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning. Yet, you will see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho, &c.' The &c. being short for Thomas Flatman, whose name would not have stood well by that of Sappho, though he was an accomplished man in his day, who gave up law for poetry and painting, and died in 1688, one of the best miniature painters of his time, and the author of 'Songs and Poems,' published in 1674, which in ten years went through three editions. Flatman had written—

'When on my sick-bed I languish,
'Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
'Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
'Panting, groaning, speechless, dying;
'Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
"Be not fearful, come away!"'

*Such gen'rous Strifes Eugene and Marlbro' try,
And as in Glory, so in Friendship vie.*

*Permit these Lines by Thee to live—nor blame
A Muse that pants and languishes for Fame;
That fears to sink when humbler Themes she
sings,*

*Lost in the Mass of mean forgotten things.
Receiv'd by Thee, I prophesy my Rhymes
The Praise of Virgins in succeeding Times:
Mix'd with thy Works, their Life no Bounds
shall see,*

But stand protected, as inspir'd by thee.

*So some weak Shoot, which else would poorly rise,
Jove's Tree adopts, and lifts him to the Skies;
Through the new Pupil fost'ring Juices flow,
Thrust forth the Gems, and give the Flow'rs to blow
Aloft; immortal reigns the Plant unknown,
With borrow'd Life, and Vigour not his own.¹*

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

Mr. John Sly humbly sheweth,

'That upon reading the Deputation given to
'the said Mr. John Sly, all Persons passing by his
'Observatory behaved themselves with the same
'Decorum, as if your Honour your self had been
'present.

'That your said Officer is preparing, according
'to your Honour's secret Instructions, Hats for
'the several kind of Heads that make Figures in
'the Realms of Great Britain, with Cocks sig-
'nificant of their Powers and Faculties.

'That your said Officer has taken due Notice of
'your Instructions and Admonitions concerning
'the Internals of the Head from the outward
'Form of the same. His Hats for Men of the
'Faculties of Law and Physick do but just turn
'up, to give a little Life to their Sagacity; his
'military Hats glare full in the Face; and he has
'prepared a familiar easy Cock for all good Com-
'panions between the above-mentioned Extrems.
'For this End he has consulted the most Learned
'of his Acquaintance for the true Form and Di-
'mensions of the *Lepidum Caput*, and made a
'Hat fit for it.

'Your said Officer does further represent, That
'the young Divines about Town are many of
'them got into the Cock Military, and desires
'your Instructions therein.

'That the Town has been for several Days
'very well behaved; and further your said Officer
'saith not. T.

No. 533.] Tuesday, November 11, 1712. [Steele.

*Immo duas dabo, inquit ille, una si parum est:
Et si duarum pœnitebit, addentur duæ.—Plaut.*

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'YOU have often given us very excellent Dis-
'courses against that unnatural Custom of
'Parents, in forcing their Children to marry con-
'trary to their Inclinations. My own Case, with-
'out further Preface, I will lay before you, and

¹ From Thomas Tickell.

'leave you to judge of it. My Father and Mo-
'ther both being in declining Years, would fain
'see me, their eldest Son, as they call it settled.
'I am as much for that as they can be; but I must
'be settled, it seems, not according to my own,
'but their liking. Upon this account I am teaz'd
'every Day, because I have not yet fallen in love,
'in spite of Nature, with one of a neighbouring
'Gentleman's Daughters; for out of their abund-
'ant Generosity, they give me the choice of four.
'Jack, begins my Father, Mrs. Catherine is a
'fine Woman——Yes, Sir, but she is rather too
'old——She will make the more discreet
'Manager, Boy. Then my Mother plays her
'part. Is not Mrs. Betty exceeding fair? Yes,
'Madam, but she is of no Conversation; she has
'no Fire, no agreeable Vivacity; she neither
'speaks nor looks with Spirit. True, Son; but
'for those very Reasons, she will be an easy, soft,
'obliging, tractable Creature. After all, cries an
'old Aunt, (who belongs to the Class of those
'who read Plays with Spectacles on) what think
'you, Nephew, of proper Mrs. Dorothy? What
'do I think? why I think she cannot be above six
'foot two inches high. Well, well, you may
'banter as long as you please, but Height of
'Stature is commanding and majestick. Come,
'come, says a Cousin of mine in the Family, I'll
'fit him; *Fidelia* is yet behind——Pretty
'Miss *Fiddy* must please you——Oh! your
'very humble Servant, dear Cos. she is as much
'too young as her eldest Sister is too old. Is it
'so indeed, quoth she, good Mr. *Pert*? You who
'are but barely turned of twenty two, and Miss
'*Fiddy* in half a Year's time will be in her Teens,
'and she is capable of learning any thing. Then
'she will be so observant; she'll cry perhaps now
'and then, but never be angry. Thus they will
'think for me in this matter, wherein I am more
'particularly concerned than any Body else. If
'I name any Woman in the World, one of these
'Daughters has certainly the same Qualities.
'You see by these few Hints, Mr. SPECTATOR,
'what a comfortable Life I lead. To be still more
'open and free with you, I have been passionately
'fond of a young Lady (whom give me leave to
'call *Miranda*) now for these three Years. I
'have often urged the Matter home to my Parents
'with all the Submission of a Son, but the Im-
'patience of a Lover. Pray, Sir, think of three
'Years; what inexpressible Scenes of Inquietude,
'what Variety of Misery must I have gone thro'
'in three long whole Years? *Miranda's* Fortune
'is equal to those I have mention'd; but her
'Relations are not Intimates with mine. Ah!
'there's the Rub. *Miranda's* Person, Wit, and
'Humour, are what the nicest Fancy could im-
'agine; and though we know you to be so elegant
'a Judge of Beauty, yet there is none among all
'your various Characters of fine Women prefer-
'able to *Miranda*. In a Word, she is never
'guilty of doing any thing but one amiss, (if she
'can be thought to do amiss by me) in being as
'blind to my Faults, as she is to her own Perfec-
'tions.

I am, SIR,
Your very humble obedient Servant,
Dustererastus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

When you spent so much time as you did lately in censuring the ambitious young Gentlemen who ride in Triumph through Town and Country in Coach-boxes, I wished you had employed those Moments in consideration of what passes sometimes within-side of those Vehicles. I am sure I suffered sufficiently by the Insolence and Ill-breeding of some Persons who travelled lately with me in a Stage-Coach out of *Essex* to *London*. I am sure, when you have heard what I have to say, you will think there are Persons under the Character of Gentlemen that are fit to be no where else but in the Coach-box. Sir, I am a young Woman of a sober and religious Education, and have preserved that Character; but on Monday was Fortnight it was my Misfortune to come to *London*. I was no sooner clapt in the Coach, but to my great Surprize, two Persons in the Habit of Gentlemen attack'd me with such indecent Discourse as I cannot repeat to you, so you may conclude not fit for me to hear. I had no relief but the Hopes of a speedy End of my short Journey. Sir, form to your self what a Persecution this must needs be to a virtuous and a chaste Mind; and in order to your proper handling such a Subject, fancy your Wife or Daughter, if you had any, in such Circumstances, and what Treatment you would think then due to such Dragoons. One of them was called a Captain, and entertained us with nothing but silly stupid Questions, or lewd Songs, all the way. Ready to burst with Shame and Indignation, I repined that Nature had not allowed us as easily to shut our Ears as our Eyes. But was not this a kind of Rape? Why should there be Accessories in Ravishment any more than Murder? Why should not every Contributor to the Abuse of Chastity suffer Death? I am sure these shameless Hell-hounds deserved it highly. Can you exert your self better than on such an Occasion? If you do not do it effectually, I'll read no more of your Papers. Has every impertinent Fellow a Privilege to torment me, who pay my Coach-hire as well as he? Sir, pray consider us in this respect as the weakest Sex, and have nothing to defend our selves; and I think it is as Gentleman-like to challenge a Woman to fight, as to talk obscenely in her Company, especially when she has not power to stir. Pray let me tell you a Story which you can make fit for publick View. I knew a Gentleman, who having a very good Opinion of the Gentlemen of the Army, invited ten or twelve of them to sup with him; and at the same time invited two or three Friends, who were very severe against the Manners and Morals of Gentlemen of that Profession. It happened one of them brought two Captains of his Regiment newly come into the Army, who at first Onset engaged the Company with very lewd Healths and suitable Discourse. You may easily imagine the Confusion of the Entertainer, who finding some of his Friends very uneasy, desired to tell them a Story of a great Man, one Mr. *Locke* (whom I find you frequently mention) that being invited to dine with the then Lords *Hallifax*, *Anglesey*, and *Shaftsbury*; immediately after Dinner, instead

of Conversation, the Cards were called for, where the bad or good Success produced the usual Passions of Gaming. Mr. *Locke* retiring to a Window, and writing, my Lord *Anglesey* desired to know what he was writing: *Why, my Lords,* answered he, *I could not sleep last Night for the Pleasure and Improvement I expected from the Conversation of the greatest Men of the Age.* This so sensibly stung them, that they gladly compounded to throw their Cards in the Fire if he would his Paper, and so a Conversation ensued fit for such Persons. This Story prest so hard upon the young Captains, together with the Concurrence of their superior Officers, that the young Fellows left the Company in Confusion. Sir, I know you hate long things; but if you like it, you may contract it, or how you will; but I think it has a Moral in it.

But, Sir, I am told you are a famous Mechanick as well as a Looker-on, and therefore humbly propose you would invent some Padlock, with full Power under your Hand and Seal, for all modest Persons, either Men or Women, to clap upon the Mouths of all such impertinent impudent Fellows: And I wish you would publish a Proclamation, that no modest Person who has a Value for her Countenance, and consequently would not be put out of it, presume to travel after such a Day without one of them in their Pockets. I fancy a smart *Spectator* upon this Subject would serve for such a Padlock; and that publick Notice may be given in your Paper where they may be had with Directions, Price 2d. and that part of the Directions may be, when any Person presumes to be guilty of the above-mentioned Crime, the Party aggrieved may produce it to his Face, with a Request to read it to the Company. He must be very much hardened that could outface that Rebuke; and his further Punishment I leave you to prescribe.

Your humble Servant,

Penance Cruel.

T.¹

No. 534.] Wednesday, November 12, 1712. [Steele.

*Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illâ
Fortunâ——— Juv.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a young Woman of Nineteen, the only Daughter of very wealthy Parents; and have my whole Life been used with a Tenderness which did me no great Service in my Education. I have perhaps an uncommon Desire for Knowledge of what is suitable to my Sex and Quality;

¹ To this number is appended the advertisement:

This Day is Published,
a very neat Pocket Edition of the 3rd and 4th Volumes of the Spectator in 12°. To which is added a compleat Index to the whole 4 volumes. Printed for S. Buckley at the Dolphin in Little Britain and J. Tonson at Shakespear's Head over against Catherine Street in the Strand.

‘but as far as I can remember, the whole Dispute
‘about me has been, whether such a thing was
‘proper for the Child to do, or not? Or whether
‘such or such Food was the more wholesome for
‘the young Lady to eat? This was ill for my
‘Shape, that for my Complexion, and t’other for
‘my Eyes. I am not extravagant when I tell
‘you, I do not know that I have trod upon the
‘very Earth since I was ten Years old: A Coach
‘or Chair I am obliged to for all my Motions
‘from one Place to another ever since I can re-
‘member. All who had to do to instruct me,
‘have ever been bringing Stories of the notable
‘things I have said and the Womanly manner of
‘my behaving my self upon such and such an
‘Occasion. This has been my State, till I came
‘towards Years of Womanhood; and ever since
‘I grew towards the Age of Fifteen, I have been
‘abused after another Manner. Now, forsooth, I
‘am so killing, no one can safely speak to me.
‘Our House is frequented by Men of Sense, and
‘I love to ask Questions when I fall into such
‘Conversation; but I am cut short with some-
‘thing or other about my bright Eyes. There is,
‘Sir, a Language particular for talking to Women
‘in; and none but those of the very first good
‘Breeding (who are very few, and who seldom
‘come into my way) can speak to us without re-
‘gard to our Sex. Among the generality of those
‘they call Gentlemen, it is impossible for me to
‘speak upon any subject whatsoever, without
‘provoking somebody to say, *Oh! to be sure fine*
‘*Mrs. such-a-one must be very particularly ac-*
‘*quainted with all that; all the World will*
‘*contribute to her Entertainment and Informa-*
‘*tion.* Thus, Sir, I am so handsome, that I murder
‘all who approach me; so wise, that I want no
‘new Notices; and so well bred, that I am treated
‘by all that know me like a Fool, for no one will
‘answer as if I were their Friend or Companion.
‘Pray, Sir, be pleased to take the part of us Beauties
‘and Fortunes into your Consideration, and do
‘not let us be thus flattered out of our Senses. I
‘have got an Hussey of a Maid, who is most
‘craftily given to this ill Quality. I was at first
‘diverted with a certain Absurdity the Creature
‘was guilty of in every thing she said: She is a
‘Country Girl, and in the Dialect of the Shire
‘she was born in, would tell me that every body
‘reckon’d her Lady had the purest Red and White
‘in the World: Then she would tell me, I was the
‘most like one *Sisly Dobson* in their Town, who
‘made the Miller make away with himself, and
‘walk afterwards in the Corn-Field where they
‘used to meet. With all this, this cunning Hussey
‘can lay Letters in my way, and put a Billet in
‘my Gloves, and then stand in it she knows nothing
‘of it. I do not know, from my Birth to this
‘Day, that I have been ever treated by any one
‘as I ought; and if it were not for a few Books
‘which I delight in, I should be at this Hour a
‘Novice to all common Sense. Would it not be
‘worth your while to lay down Rules for Be-
‘haviour in this Case, and tell People, that we
‘Fair-ones expect honest plain Answers as well as
‘other People? Why must I, good Sir, because
‘I have a good Air, a fine Complexion, and am in
‘the Bloom of my Years, be mis-led in all my

‘Actions? and have the Notions of Good and Ill
‘confounded in my Mind, for no other Offence,
‘but because I have the Advantages of Beauty and
‘Fortune? Indeed, Sir, what with the silly Homage
‘which is paid to us by the sort of People I have
‘above spoken of, and the utter Negligence which
‘others have for us, the Conversation of us young
‘Women of Condition is no other than what must
‘expose us to Ignorance and Vanity, if not Vice.
‘All this is humbly submitted to your Spectatorial
‘Wisdom, by,

SIR,

Your humble Servant,
 Sharlott Wealthy.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Will’s Coffee-house.

‘Pray, Sir, it will serve to fill up a Paper, if you
‘put in this; which is only to ask, whether that
‘Copy of Verses, which is a Paraphrase of *Isaiah*,
‘in one of your Speculations, is not written by
‘Mr. *Pope*? Then you get on another Line, by
‘putting in, with proper Distances, as at the end
‘of a Letter,

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,
 Abraham Dapperwit.

Mr. Dapperwit,

‘I am glad to get another Line forward, by
‘saying that excellent Piece is Mr. *Pope*’s; and
‘so, with proper Distances,

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

S - - - r.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘I was a wealthy Grocer in the City, and as
‘fortunate as diligent; but I was a single Man,
‘and you know there are Women. One in parti-
‘cular came to my Shop, who I wished might,
‘but was afraid never would, make a Grocer’s
‘Wife. I thought, however, to take an effectual
‘Way of Courting, and sold to her at less Price
‘than I bought, that I might buy at less Price
‘than I sold. She, you may be sure, often came,
‘and helped me to many Customers at the same
‘Rate, fancying I was obliged to her. You must
‘needs think this was a good living Trade, and
‘my Riches must be vastly improved. In fine, I
‘was nigh being declared Bankrupt, when I de-
‘clared my self her Lover, and she herself mar-
‘ried. I was just in a Condition to support my
‘self, and am now in Hopes of growing rich by
‘losing my Customers.

Yours,

Jeremy Comfit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘I am in the Condition of the Idol you was once
‘pleased to mention, and Bar-keeper of a Coffee-
‘house. I believe it is needless to tell you the
‘Opportunities I must give, and the Importuni-
‘ties I suffer. But there is one Gentleman who
‘besieges me as close as the *French* did *Bouchain*.
‘His Gravity makes him work cautious, and his
‘regular Approaches denote a good Engineer.
‘You need not doubt of his Oratory, as he is a
‘Lawyer; and especially since he has had so little
‘Use of it at *Westminster*, he may spare the more
‘for me.

‘What then can weak Woman do? I am will-

'ing to surrender, but he would have it at Discretion, and I with Discretion. In the mean time, whilst we parly, our several Interests are neglected. As his Siege grows stronger, my Tea grows weaker; and while he pleads at my Bar, none come to him for Counsel but *in Forma Pauperis*. Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, advise him not to insist upon hard Articles, nor by his irregular Desires contradict the well-meaning Lines of his Countenance. If we were agreed we might settle to something, as soon as we could determine where we should get most, by the Law, at the Coffee-house, or at *Westminster*.

Your humble Servant,
Lucinda Parly.

A Minuit from Mr. John Sly.

'The World is pretty regular for about forty Rod East, and ten West of the Observatory of the said Mr. Sly; but he is credibly informed, that when they are got beyond the Pass into the Strand, or those who move City-ward are got within Temple-Bar, they are just as they were before. It is therefore humbly proposed that Moving-Centries may be appointed all the busy Hours of the Day between the Exchange and Westminster, and report what passes to your Honour, or your subordinate Officers, from Time to Time.

Ordered,

That Mr. Sly name the said Officers, provided he will answer for their Principles and Morals. T.

No. 535.] Thursday, November 13, 1712. [Addison.

Spem longam reseces——— Hor.

MY Four Hundred and Seventy First Speculation turned upon the Subject of Hope in general. I design this Paper as a Speculation upon that vain and foolish Hope, which is misemployed on Temporal Objects, and produces many Sorrows and Calamities in human Life.

It is a Precept several times inculcated by *Horace*, that we should not entertain an Hope of any thing in Life which lies at a great Distance from us. The Shortness and Uncertainty of our Time here, makes such a kind of Hope unreasonable and absurd. The Grave lies unseen between us and the Object which we reach after: Where one Man lives to enjoy the Good he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the Pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unluckily, that one Hope no sooner dies in us but another rises up in its stead. We are apt to fancy that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess ourselves of such and such particular Enjoyments; but either by reason of their Emptiness, or the natural Inquietude of the Mind, we have no sooner gained one Point but we extend our Hopes to another. We still find new inviting Scenes and Landscips lying behind those which at a Distance terminated our View.

The natural Consequences of such Reflections are these; that we should take Care not to let our

Hopes run out into too great a Length; that we should sufficiently weigh the Objects of our Hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what we propose in their Fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our Life extend itself so far. If we hope for things which are at too great a Distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by Death in our Progress towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our Disappointment will be greater than our Pleasure in the Fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make Life a greater Dream and Shadow than it really is.

Many of the Miseries and Misfortunes of Life proceed from our Want of Consideration, in one or all of these Particulars. They are the Rocks on which the sanguine Tribe of Lovers daily split, and on which the Bankrupt, the Politician, the Alchymist and Projector are cast away in every Age. Men of warm Imaginations and towering Thoughts are apt to overlook the Goods of Fortune [which are¹] near them, for something that glitters in the Sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial Happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to contemn that Good which lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its Schemes for a long and durable Life; presses forward to imaginary Points of Bliss; and grasps at Impossibilities; and consequently very often ensnares Men into Beggary, Ruin and Dishonour.

What I have here said, may serve as a Moral to an *Arabian Fable*, which I find translated into *French* by Monsieur *Galland*.² The Fable has in it such a wild, but natural Simplicity, that I question not but my Reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the several Amusements of Hope which have sometimes passed in his Mind, as a near Relation to the *Persian Glass-Man*.

Alnaschar, says the Fable, was a very idle Fellow, that never would set his Hand to any Business during his Father's Life. When his Father died, he left him to the value of an hundred Drachmas in *Persian Mony*. *Alnaschar*, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in Glasses, Bottles, and the finest Earthen Ware. These he piled up in a large open Basket, and having made choice of a very little Shop, placed the Basket at his Feet, and leaned his Back upon the Wall, in Expectation of Customers. As he sat in this Posture with his Eyes upon the Basket, he fell into a most amusing Train of Thought, and was over-heard by one of his Neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner: *This Basket, says he, cost me at the Wholesale Merchant's an Hundred Drachmas, which is all I have in the World. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in Retail. These two hundred Drachmas will in a very little while rise to four*

¹ [that lie]

² *Arabian Nights*, translated by Antony Galland, who died 1715.

Hundred, which of course will amount in time to four Thousand. Four Thousand Drachmas cannot fail of making Eight Thousand. As soon as by this means I am Master of Ten Thousand, I will lay aside my Trade of a Glass-Man, and turn Jeweller. I shall then deal in Diamonds, Pearls, and all sorts of rich Stones. When I have got together as much Wealth as I can well desire, I will make a Purchase of the finest House I can find, with Lands, Slaves, Eunuchs and Horses. I shall then begin to enjoy my self, and make a noise in the World. I will not, however, stop there, but still continue my Traffick, till I have got together an Hundred Thousand Drachmas. When I have thus made my self Master of an hundred thousand Drachmas, I shall naturally set my self on the foot of a Prince, and will demand the Grand Visier's Daughter in Marriage, after having represented to that Minister the Information which I have received of the Beauty, Wit, Discretion, and other high Qualities which his Daughter possesses. I will let him know at the same time, that it is my Intention to make him a Present of a thousand Pieces of Gold on our Marriage-Night. As soon as I have married the Grand Visier's Daughter, I'll buy her ten black Eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be got for Money. I must afterwards make my Father-in-Law a Visit with a great Train and Equipage. And when I am placed at his Right-hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to Honour his Daughter, I will give him the thousand Pieces of Gold which I promised him, and afterwards, to his great Surprise, will present him another Purse of the same Value, with some short Speech; as, Sir, you see I am a Man of my Word: I always give more than I promise.

When I have brought the Princess to my House, I shall take particular care to breed in her a due Respect for me, before I give the Reins to Love and Dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own Apartment, make her a short Visit, and talk but little to her. Her Women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my Unkindness, and beg me with Tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my Back upon her all the first Night. Her Mother will then come and bring her Daughter to me, as I am seated upon my Sofa. The Daughter, with Tears in her Eyes, will fling herself at my Feet, and beg of me to receive her into my Favour: Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough Veneration for my Person, draw up my Legs and spurn her from me with my Foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several Paces from the Sofa.

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this Chimerical Vision, and could not forbear acting with his Foot what he had in his Thoughts: So that unluckily striking his Basket of brittle Ware, which was the Foundation of all his Grandeur, he kicked his Glasses to a great distance from him into the Street, and broke them into ten thousand Pieces.

No. 536.] Friday, November 14, 1712. [Addison.

O veræ Phrygiæ neque enim Phryges!— Virg.

AS I was the other day standing in my Bookseller's Shop, a pretty young Thing about Eighteen Years of Age, stept out of her Coach, and brushing by me, beck'ned the Man of the Shop to the further end of his Counter, where she whispered something to him with an attentive Look, and at the same time presented him with a Letter: After which, pressing the End of her Fan upon his Hand, she delivered the remaining part of her Message, and withdrew. I observed, in the midst of her Discourse, that she flushed, and cast an Eye upon me over her Shoulder, having been informed by my Bookseller, that I was the Man of the short Face, whom she had so often read of. Upon her passing by me, the pretty blooming Creature smiled in my Face, and dropped me a Curtsie. She scarce gave me time to return her Salute, before she quitted the Shop with an easie Scuttle, and stepped again into her Coach, giving the Footman Directions to drive where they were bid. Upon her Departure, my Bookseller gave me a Letter, superscribed, *To the ingenious Spectator*, which the young Lady had desired him to deliver into my own Hands, and to tell me that the speedy Publication of it would not only oblige her self, but a whole Tea-Table of my Friends. I opened it therefore, with a Resolution to publish it, whatever it should contain, and am sure, if any of my Male Readers will be so severely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleased with it as my self, had they seen the Face of the pretty Scribe.

Mr. SPECTATOR, London, Nov. 1712.

'You are always ready to receive any useful Hint or Proposal, and such, I believe, you will think one that may put you in a way to employ the most idle part of the Kingdom; I mean that part of Mankind who are known by the Name of the Womens-Men or Beaus, &c. Mr. SPECTATOR, you are sensible these pretty Gentlemen are not made for any Manly Employments, and for want of Business are often as much in the Vapours as the Ladies. Now what I propose is this, that since Knotting is again in fashion, which has been found a very pretty Amusement, that you would recommend it to these Gentlemen as something that may make them useful to the Ladies they admire. And since 'tis not inconsistent with any Game, or other Diversion, for it may be done in the Play-house, in their Coaches, at the Tea-Table, and, in short, in all Places where they come for the sake of the Ladies (except at Church, be pleased to forbid it there, to prevent Mistakes) it will be easily complied with. 'Tis beside an Employment that allows, as we see by the Fair Sex, of many Graces, which will make the Beaus more readily come into it; it shews a white Hand and Diamond Ring to great advantage; it leaves the Eyes at full liberty to be employed as before, as also the Thoughts, and the Tongue. In short, it seems in every respect so proper, that 'tis needless to

'urge it further, by speaking of the Satisfaction
'these Male-Knotters will find, when they see
'their Work mixed up in a Fringe, and worn by
'the fair Lady for whom and with whom it was
'done. Truly, *Mr. SPECTATOR*, I cannot but be
'pleas'd I have hit upon something that these
'Gentlemen are capable of; for 'tis sad so con-
'siderable a part of the Kingdom (I mean for
'Numbers) should be of no manner of use. I
'shall not trouble you farther at this time, but
'only to say, that I am always your Reader,
'and generally your Admirer, C. B.

P. S. 'The sooner these fine Gentlemen are
'set to Work the better; there being at this time
'several fine Fringes that stay only for more
'Hands.

I shall, in the next place, present my Reader
with the Description of a Set of Men who are
common enough in the World, tho' I do not re-
member that I have yet taken notice of them, as
they are drawn in the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Since you have lately, to so good purpose,
'enlarged upon Conjugal Love, it's to be hop'd
'you'll discourage every Practice that rather pro-
'ceeds from a regard to Interest, than to Happi-
'ness. Now you cannot but observe, that most
'of our fine young Ladies readily fall in with the
'Direction of the graver sort, to retain in their
'Service, by some small Encouragement, as great
'a Number as they can of supernumerary and
'insignificant Fellows, which they use like Whif-
'flers, and commonly call *Shoeing-Horns*. These
'are never designed to know the length of the
'Foot, but only, when a good Offer comes, to whet
'and spur him up to the Point. Nay, 'tis the
'Opinion of that grave Lady, *Madam Matchwell*,
'that it's absolutely convenient for every prudent
'Family to have several of these Implements
'about the House, to clap on as Occasion serves,
'and that every Spark ought to produce a Certifi-
'cate of his being a *Shoeing-Horn*, before he be
'admitted as a Shoe. A certain Lady, whom I
'could name, if it was necessary, has at present
'more *Shoeing-Horns* of all Sizes, Countries, and
'Colours, in her Service, than ever she had new
'Shoes in her Life. I have known a Woman make
'use of a *Shoeing-Horn* for several Years, and
'finding him unsuccessful in that Function, con-
'vert him at length into a Shoe. I am mistaken
'if your Friend *Mr. WILLIAM HONEYCOMB*, was
'not a cast *Shoeing-Horn* before his late Marriage.
'As for my self, I must frankly declare to you,
'that I have been an errant *Shoeing-Horn* for
'above these twenty Years. I served my first
'Mistress in that Capacity above five of the Num-
'ber, before she was shod. I confess, though she
'had many who made their Applications to her,
'I always thought my self the best Shoe in her
'Shop, and it was not till a Month before her
'Marriage that I discovered what I was. This
'had like to have broke my Heart, and rais'd
'such Suspicions in me, that I told the next I
'made Love to, upon receiving some unkind
'Usage from her, that I began to look upon my
'self as no more than her *Shoeing-Horn*. Upon

'which, my Dear, who was a Coquet in her Na-
'ture, told me I was Hypochondriacal, and that I
'might as well look upon my self to be an Egg
'or a Pipkin. But in a very short time after she
'gave me to know that I was not mistaken in my
'self. It would be tedious to recount to you the
'Life of an unfortunate *Shoeing-Horn*, or I might
'entertain you with a very long and melancholy
'Relation of my Sufferings. Upon the whole, I
'think, Sir, it would very well become a Man in
'your Post, to determine in what Cases a Woman
'may be allow'd, with Honour, to make use of a
'*Shoeing-Horn*, as also to declare whether a
'Maid on this side Five and Twenty, or a Widow
'who has not been three Years in that State, may
'be granted such a Privilege, with other Diffi-
'culties which will naturally occur to you upon
'that Subject.

I am, *SIR*,

With the most profound Veneration,

Yours, &c.

O.

No. 537.] Saturday, Nov. 15, 1712. [*J. Hughes.*]

Τοῦ μὲν γὰρ γένος ἐσμὲν—

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'IT has been usual to remind Persons of Rank,
'on great Occasions in Life, of their Race
'and Quality, and to what Expectations they were
'born; that by considering what is worthy of
'them, they may be withdrawn from mean Pur-
'suits, and encouraged to laudable Undertakings.
'This is turning Nobility into a Principle of Vir-
'tue, and making it productive of Merit, as it is
'understood to have been originally a Reward
'of it.

'It is for the like reason, I imagine, that you
'have in some of your Speculations asserted to
'your Readers the *Dignity of Human Nature*.
'But you cannot be insensible that this is a con-
'troverted Doctrine; there are Authors who con-
'sider Human Nature in a very different View,
'and Books of Maxims have been written to shew
'the *Falsity of all Human Virtues*. The Re-
'flections which are made on this Subject usually
'take some Tincture from the Tempers and Cha-
'racters of those that make them. Politicians
'can resolve the most shining Actions among Men
'into Artifice and Design; others, who are soured
'by Discontent, Repulses, or ill Usage, are apt to
'mistake their Spleen for Philosophy; Men of
'profligate Lives, and such as find themselves in-
'capable of rising to any Distinction among their
'Fellow-Creatures, are for pulling down all Ap-
'pearances of Merit, which seem to upbraid them:
'and Satirists describe nothing but Deformity.
'From all these Hands we have such Draughts of
'Mankind as are represented in those burlesque
'Pictures, which the *Italians* call *Caracatura's*;
'where the Art consists in preserving, amidst dis-
'torted Proportions and aggravated Features,
'some distinguishing Likeness of the Person, but

'in such a manner as to transform the most agreeable Beauty into the most odious Monster.

'It is very disingenuous to level the best of Mankind with the worst, and for the Faults of Particulars to degrade the whole Species. Such Methods tend not only to remove a Man's good Opinion of others, but to destroy that Reverence for himself, which is a great Guard of Innocence, and a Spring of Virtue.

'It is true indeed that there are surprizing Mixtures of Beauty and Deformity, of Wisdom and Folly, Virtue and Vice, in the Human Make; such a Disparity is found among Numbers of the same Kind, and every Individual, in some Instances, or at some Times, is so unequal to himself, that *Man* seems to be the most wavering and inconsistent Being in the whole Creation. So that the Question in Morality, concerning the Dignity of our Nature, may at first sight appear like some difficult Questions in Natural Philosophy, in which the Arguments on both Sides seem to be of equal Strength. But as I began with considering this Point as it relates to Action, I shall here borrow an admirable Reflection from *Monsieur Pascal*, which I think sets it in its proper Light.

'*It is of dangerous Consequence, says he, to represent to Man how near he is to the Level of Beasts, without shewing him at the same time his Greatness. It is likewise dangerous to let him see his Greatness, without his Meanness. It is more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant of either; but very beneficial that he should be made sensible of both.*¹ Whatever Imperfections we may have in our Nature, it is the Business of Religion and Virtue to rectify them, as far as is consistent with our present State. In the mean time, it is no small Encouragement to generous Minds to consider that we shall put them all off with our Mortality. That sublime Manner of Salutation with which the *Jews* approached their Kings,

'O King, *live for ever!*

'may be addressed to the lowest and most despised Mortal among us, under all the Infirmities and Distresses with which we see him surrounded. And whoever believes the *Immortality of the Soul*, will not need a better Argument for the Dignity of his Nature, nor a stronger Incitement to Actions suitable to it.

'I am naturally led by this Reflection to a Subject I have already touched upon in a former Letter, and cannot without pleasure call to mind the Thoughts of *Cicero* to this purpose, in the close of his Book concerning *Old Age*. Every one who is acquainted with his Writings, will remember that the elder *Cato* is introduced in that Discourse as the Speaker, and *Scipio* and *Lelius* as his Auditors. This venerable Person is represented looking forward as it were from the Verge of extreme Old Age, into a future State, and rising into a Contemplation on the unperishable Part of his Nature, and its Existence after Death. I shall collect Part of his Discourse. And as you have formerly offered some Argu-

ments for the Soul's Immortality, agreeable both to Reason and the Christian Doctrine, I believe your Readers will not be displeas'd to see how the same great Truth shines in the Pomp of *Roman Eloquence*.

"This, says *Cato*, is my firm Persuasion, that since the human Soul exerts it self with so great Activity, since it has such a Remembrance of the Past, such a Concern for the Future, since it is enriched with so many Arts, Sciences and Discoveries, it is impossible but the Being which contains all these must be Immortal.

"The elder *Cyrus*, just before his Death, is represented by *XENOPHON* speaking after this Manner." "Think not, my dearest Children, that when I depart from you I shall be no more, but remember, that my Soul, even while I lived among you, was invisible to you; yet by my Actions you were sensible it existed in this Body. Believe it therefore existing still, though it be still unseen. How quickly would the Honours of illustrious Men perish after Death, if their Souls performed nothing to preserve their Fame? For my own part, I never could think that the Soul while in a mortal Body, lives, but when departed out of it, dies; or that its Consciousness is lost when it is discharged out of an unconscious Habitation. But when it is freed from all corporeal Alliance, then it truly exists. Further, since the Human Frame is broken by Death, tell us what becomes of its Parts? It is visible whither the Materials of other Beings are translated, namely to the Source from whence they had their Birth. The Soul alone, neither present nor departed, is the Object of our Eyes.¹

"Thus *Cyrus*. But to proceed. No one shall persuade me, *Scipio*, that your worthy Father, or your Grandfathers *Paulus* and *Africanus*, or *Africanus* his Father, or Uncle, or many other excellent Men whom I need not name, performed so many Actions to be remembered by Posterity, without being sensible that Futurity was their Right. And, if I may be allowed an old Man's Privilege, to speak of my self, do you think I would have endured the Fatigue of so many wearisome Days and Nights both at home and abroad, if I imagined that the same Boundary which is set to my Life must terminate my Glory? Were it not more desirable to have worn out my days in Ease and Tranquility, free from Labour, and without Emulation? But I know not how, my Soul has always raised it self, and looked forward on Futurity, in this View and Expectation, that when it shall depart out of Life, it shall then live for ever; and if this were not true, that the Mind is immortal, the Souls of the most worthy would not, above all others, have the strongest Impulse to Glory. "What besides this is the Cause that the wisest Men die with the greatest *Æquanimity*, the ignorant with the greatest Concern? Does it not seem that those Minds which have the most extensive Views, foresee they are removing to a happier Condition, which those of a narrower Sight do not perceive? I, for my part, am

¹ *Pensées*. Part I. Art. iv. 7.

¹ *Cyropædia*, Book viii.

“transported with the Hope of seeing your Ancestors, whom I have honoured and loved, and am earnestly desirous of meeting not only those excellent Persons whom I have known, but those too of whom I have heard and read, and of whom I myself have written: nor would I be detained from so pleasing a Journey. O happy Day, when I shall escape from this Croud, this Heap of Pollution, and be admitted to that Divine Assembly of exalted Spirits! When I shall go not only to those great Persons I have named, but to my *Cato*, my Son, than whom a better Man was never born, and whose Funeral Rites I myself performed, whereas he ought rather to have attended mine. Yet has not his Soul deserted me, but, seeming to cast back a Look on me, is gone before to those Habitations to which it was sensible I should follow him. And though I might appear to have born my Loss with Courage, I was not unaffected with it, but I comforted myself in the Assurance that it would not be long before we should meet again, and be divorced no more.

I am, SIR, &c.

I question not but my Reader will be very much pleased to hear, that the Gentleman who has obliged the World with the foregoing Letter, and who was the Author of the 210th Speculation on the Immortality of the Soul, [the 375th on Virtue in Distress,] the 525th on Conjugal Love, and two or three other very fine ones among those which are not lettered at the end, will soon publish a noble Poem, Intituled An Ode to the Creator of the World, occasioned by the Fragments of Orpheus.

No. 538.] Monday, Nov. 17, 1712. [Addison.

—Ultra
Finem tendere opus.—Hor.

SURPRIZE is so much the Life of Stories, that every one aims at it, who endeavours to please by telling them. Smooth Delivery, an elegant Choice of Words, and a sweet Arrangement, are all beautifying *Graces*, but not the particulars in this Point of Conversation which either long command the Attention, or strike with the Violence of a sudden Passion, or occasion the burst of Laughter which accompanies Humour. I have sometimes fancied that the Mind is in this case like a Traveller who sees a fine Seat in Haste; he acknowledges the Delightfulness of a Walk set with Regularity, but would be uneasy if he were obliged to pass it over, when the first View had let him into all its Beauties from one End to the other.

However, a knowledge of the Success which Stories will have when they are attended with a Turn of Surprise, as it has happily made the Characters of some, so has it also been the Ruin of the Characters of others. There is a Set of Men who outrage Truth, instead of affecting us with a Manner in telling it; who over-leap the Line of Probability, that they may be seen to move

out of the common Road; and endeavour only to make their Hearers stare, by imposing upon them with a kind of Nonsense against the Philosophy of Nature, or such a Heap of Wonders told upon their own Knowledge, as it is not likely one Man should ever have met with.

I have been led to this Observation by a Company into which I fell accidentally. The Subject of *Antipathies* was a proper Field wherein such false Surprizes might expatiate, and there were those present who appeared very fond to shew it in its full Extent of traditional History. Some of them, in a learned manner, offered to our Consideration the miraculous Powers which the Effluvioms of Cheese have over Bodies whose Pores are dispos'd to receive them in a noxious manner; others gave an account of such who could indeed bear the sight of Cheese, but not the Taste; for which they brought a Reason from the Milk of their Nurses. Others again discours'd, without endeavouring at Reasons, concerning an unconquerable Aversion which some Stomachs have against a Joint of Meat when it is whole, and the eager Inclination they have for it, when, by its being cut up, the Shape which had affected them is altered. From hence they passed to Eels, then to Parsnips, and so from one Aversion to another, till we had work'd up our selves to such a pitch of Complaisance, that when the Dinner was to come in, we enquired the name of every Dish, and hop'd it would be no Offence to any in Company, before it was admitted. When we had sat down, this Civility amongst us turned the Discourse from Eatables to other sorts of Aversions; and the eternal Cat, which plagues every Conversation of this nature, began then to engross the Subject. One had sweated at the Sight of it, another had smelled it out as it lay concealed in a very distant Cupboard; and he who croed the whole set of these Stories, reckon'd up the Number of Times in which it had occasion'd him to swoon away. At last, says he, that you may all be satisfy'd of my invincible Aversion to a Cat, I shall give an unanswerable Instance: As I was going through a Street of *London*, where I had never been till then, I felt a general Damp and Faintness all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, till I chanced to cast my Eyes upwards, and found that I was passing under a Sign-Post on which the Picture of a Cat was hung.

The Extravagance of this Turn in the way of Surprise, gave a stop to the Talk we had been carrying on: Some were silent because they doubted, and others because they were conquered in their own Way; so that the Gentleman had Opportunity to press the Belief of it upon us, and let us see that he was rather exposing himself than ridiculing others.

I must freely own that I did not all this while disbelieve every thing that was said; but yet I thought some in the Company had been endeavouring who should pitch the Bar farthest; that it had for some time been a measuring Cast, and at last my Friend of the Cat and Sign-post had thrown beyond them all.

I then consider'd the Manner in which this Story had been received, and the Possibility that

it might have pass'd for a Jest upon others, if he had not labour'd against himself. From hence, thought I, there are two Ways which the well-bred World generally takes to correct such a Practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The first of these is a general Silence, which I would not advise any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the Effect of Prudence in avoiding a Quarrel, when they see another drive so fast, that there is no stopping him without being run against; and but very seldom the Effect of Weakness in believing suddenly. The generality of Mankind are not so grossly ignorant, as some over-bearing Spirits would persuade themselves; and if the Authority of a Character or a Caution against Danger make us suppress our Opinions, yet neither of these are of force enough to suppress our Thoughts of them. If a Man who has endeavour'd to amuse his Company with Improbabilities could but look into their Minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly esteems of their Sense when he thinks to impose upon them, and that he is less esteemed by them for his Attempt in doing so. His endeavour to glory at their Expence becomes a Ground of Quarrel, and the Scorn and Indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate Punishment: And indeed (if we should even go no further) Silence, or a negligent Indifference has a deeper way of wounding than Opposition; because Opposition proceeds from an Anger that has a sort of generous Sentiment for the Adversary mingling along with it, while it shews that there is some Esteem in your Mind for him; in short, that you think him worth while to contest with: But Silence, or a negligent Indifference, proceeds from Anger, mixed with a Scorn that shews another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other Method which the World has taken for correcting this Practice of false Surprise, is to over-shoot such Talkers in their own Bow, or to raise the Story with further Degrees of Impossibility, and set up for a Voucher to them in such a manner as must let them see they stand detected. Thus I have heard a Discourse was once managed upon the Effects of Fear. One of the Company had given an account how it had turn'd his Friend's Hair grey in a Night, while the Terrors of a Shipwreck encompassed him. Another taking the Hint from hence, began, upon his own Knowledge, to enlarge his Instances of the like nature to such a Number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them; and as he still grounded these upon different Causes, for the sake of Variety, it might seem at last, from his Share of the Conversation, almost impossible that any one who can feel the Passion of Fear should all his Life escape so common an Effect of it. By this time some of the Company grew negligent, or desirous to contradict him: But one rebuked the rest with an appearance of Severity, and with the known old Story in his Head, assured them they need not scruple to believe that the Fear of any thing can make a Man's Hair grey, since he knew one whose Perriwig had suffered so by it. Thus he stopped the Talk, and made them easy. Thus is the same Method taken to bring us to

Shame, which we fondly take to increase our Character. It is indeed a kind of Mimickry, by which another puts on our Air of Conversation to show us to our selves: He seems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a Resemblance you bear to him, or that you may know he will not lie under the Imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are struck dumb immediately with a conscientious Shame for what you have been saying, Then it is that you are inwardly grieved at the Sentiments which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In short, you are against your self; the Laugh of the Company runs against you; the censuring World is obliged to you for that Triumph which you have allowed them at your own Expence; and Truth, which you have injured, has a near way of being revenged on you, when by the bare Repetition of your Story you become a frequent Diversion for the [Publick.¹]

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The other Day, walking in Pancras Church-yard, I thought of your Paper wherein you mention Epitaphs, and am of opinion this has a Thought in it worth being communicated to your Readers.

*Here Innocence and Beauty lies, whose Breath
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely Death.
Hence did she go, just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
Death, that does Sin and Sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next Blessing to a Life well spent.*

[I am, SIR,
Your Servant.]

No. 539.] Tuesday, Nov. 18, 1712. [Budgell.

Heteroclyta sunt.—Quæ Genus.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young Widow of a good Fortune and Family, and just come to Town; where I find I have Clusters of pretty Fellows come already to visit me, some dying with Hopes, others with Fears, tho' they never saw me. Now what I would beg of you, would be to know whether I may venture to use these pert Fellows with the same Freedom as I did my Country Acquaintance. I desire your Leave to use them as to me shall seem meet, without Imputation of a Jilt; for since I make Declaration that not one of them shall have me, I think I ought to be allowed the Liberty of insulting those who have the Vanity to believe it is in their power to make me break that Resolution. There are Schools for learning to use Foils, frequented by those who never design to fight; and this useless way of aiming at the Heart, without design to wound it on either side, is the Play with which I am resolved to divert my self: The Man who pretends to win, I shall use like him who comes into

¹ [Publick.

I am, Sir, your Servant.]

'a Fencing-School to pick a Quarrel. I hope, upon this Foundation, you will give me the free use of the natural and artificial Force of my Eyes, Looks, and Gestures. As for verbal Promises, I will make none, but shall have no mercy on the conceited Interpreters of Glances and Motions. I am particularly skill'd in the down-cast Eye, and the Recovery into a sudden full Aspect, and away again, as you may have seen sometimes practised by us Country Beauties beyond all that you have observed in Courts and Cities. Add to this, Sir, that I have a ruddy heedless Look, which covers Artifice the best of any thing. Tho' I can dance very well, I affect a tottering untaught way of walking, by which I appear an easy Prey and never exert my instructed Charms till I find I have engaged a Pursuer. Be pleased, Sir, to print this Letter; which will certainly begin the Chace of a rich Widow: The many Foldings, Escapes, Returns and Doublings which I make, I shall from time to time communicate to you, for the better Instruction of all Females who set up, like me, for reducing the present exorbitant Power and Insolence of Man.

I am,
SIR,
Your faithful Correspondent,
Relicta Lovely.

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I depend upon your profess'd Respect for virtuous Love, for your immediate answering the Design of this Letter; which is no other than to lay before the World the Severity of certain Parents who desire to suspend the Marriage of a discreet young Woman of eighteen, three Years longer, for no other reason but that of her being too young to enter into that State. As to the consideration of Riches, my Circumstances are such, that I cannot be suspected to make my Addresses to her on such low Motives as Avarice or Ambition. If ever Innocence, Wit and Beauty, united their utmost Charms, they have in her. I wish you would expatiate a little on this Subject, and admonish her Parents that it may be from the very Imperfection of Human Nature it self, and not any personal Frailty of her or me, that our Inclinations baffled at present may alter; and while we are arguing with our selves to put off the Enjoyment of our present Passions, our Affections may change their Objects in the Operation. It is a very delicate Subject to talk upon; but if it were but hinted, I am in hopes it would give the Parties concern'd some Reflection that might expedite our Happiness. There is a Possibility, and I hope I may say it without Imputation of Immodesty to her I love with the highest Honour; I say, there is a Possibility this Delay may be as painful to her as it is to me. If it be as much, it must be more, by reason of the severe Rules the Sex are under in being denied even the Relief of Complaint. If you oblige me in this, and I succeed, I promise you a Place at my Wedding, and a Treatment suitable to your Spectatorial Dignity.

Your most humble Servant,
Eustace.

SIR,

'I Yesterday heard a young Gentleman, that look'd as if he was just come to the Town, and a Scarf, upon Evil-speaking; which Subject, you know, Archbishop Tillotson has so nobly handled in a Sermon in his *Folio*. As soon as ever he had named his Text, and had opened a little the Drift of his Discourse, I was in great hopes he had been one of Sir ROGER's Chaplains. I have conceived so great an Idea of the charming Discourse above, that I should have thought one part of my Sabbath very well spent in hearing a Repetition of it. But alas! Mr. SPECTATOR, this Reverend Divine gave us his Grace's Sermon, and yet I don't know how; even I, that I am sure have read it at least twenty times, could not tell what to make of it, and was at a loss sometimes to guess what the Man aim'd at. He was so just indeed, as to give us all the Heads and the Sub-divisions of the Sermon; and farther I think there was not one beautiful Thought in it but what we had. But then, Sir, this Gentleman made so many pretty Additions; and he could never give us a Paragraph of the Sermon, but he introduced it with something which, methought, look'd more like a Design to shew his own Ingenuity, than to instruct the People. In short, he added and curtailed in such a manner that he vexed me; insomuch that I could not forbear thinking (what, I confess, I ought not to have thought of in so holy a Place) that this young Spark was as justly blameable as *Bullock* or *Penkethman* when they mend a noble Play of *Shakespear* or *Johnson*. Pray, Sir, take this into your Consideration; and if we must be entertained with the Works of any of those great Men, desire these Gentlemen to give them us as they find them, that so, when we read them to our Families at home, they may the better remember they have heard them at Church.

SIR,
Your humble Servant.

No. 540.] Wednesday, November 19, 1712. [Steele.

—Non Deficit Alter.—Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is no Part of your Writings which I have in more Esteem than your Criticism upon *Milton*. It is an honourable and candid Endeavour to set the Works of our Noble Writers in the graceful Light which they deserve. You will lose much of my kind Inclination towards you, if you do not attempt the Encomium of *Spencer* also, or at least indulge my Passion for that charming Author so far as to print the loose Hints I now give you on that Subject.

'Spencer's general Plan is the Representation of six Virtues, Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice and Courtesy, in six Legends by six Persons. The six Personages are supposed under proper Allegories suitable to their respective Characters, to do all that is necessary for the full Manifestation of the respective Virtues which they are to exert.

'These one might undertake to shew under the several Heads, are admirably drawn; no Images improper, and most surprizingly beautiful. The Red-cross Knight runs through the whole Steps of the Christian Life; *Guyon* does all that Temperance can possibly require; *Britomartis* (a Woman) observes the true Rules of unaffected Chastity; *Arthegal* is in every Respect of Life strictly and wisely just; *Calidore* is rightly courteous.

'In short, in *Fairy-Land*, where Knights Errant have a full Scope to range, and to do even what *Ariosto's* or *Orlando's* could not do in the World without breaking into Credibility, *Spencer's* Knights have, under those six Heads, given a full and a truly Poetical System of Christian, Public, and Low Life.

'His Legend of Friendship is more diffuse, and yet even there the Allegory is finely drawn, only the Heads various, one Knight could not there support all the Parts.

'To do honour to his Country, Prince *Arthur* is an Universal Hero; in Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, and Justice super-excellent. For the same Reason, and to compliment Queen *Elizabeth*, *Gloriana*, Queen of Fairies, whose Court was the Asylum of the Oppressed, represents that Glorious Queen. At her Commands all these Knights set forth, and only at her's the Red-cross Knight destroys the Dragon. *Guyon* overturns the Bower of Bliss, *Arthegal* (i. e. Justice) beats down *Geryoneo* (i. e. *Phil. II.* King of *Spain*) to rescue *Belge* (i. e. *Holland*) and he beats the *Grantorto* (the same *Philip* in another Light) to restore *Irena* (i. e. Peace to Europe.)

'Chastity being the first Female Virtue, *Britomartis* is a *Britain*; her Part is fine, though it requires Explication. His stile is very Poetical; no Puns, Affectations of Wit, forced Antitheses, or any of that low Tribe.

'His old Words are all true *English*, and numbers exquisite; and since of Words there is the *Multa Renascentur*, since they are all proper, such a Poem should not (any more than *Milton's*) subsist all of it of common ordinary Words. See Instances of Descriptions.

Causeless Jealousy in *Britomartis*, V. 6, 14, in its Restlessness.

*Like as a wayward Child whose sounder Sleep
Is broken with some fearful Dream's Affright,
With froward Will doth set himself to weep,
Ne can be still'd for all his Nurse's Might,
But kicks, and squalls, and shrieks for fell
Despight;*

*Now scratching her, and her loose Locks mis-
using,
Now seeking Darkness, and now seeking
Light;*

*Then craving Suck, and then the Suck refusing:
Such was this Lady's Loves in her Love's fond
accusing.*

Curiosity occasioned by Jealousy, upon occasion of her Lover's Absence. *Ibid.* Stan. 8, 9.

*Then as she looked long, at last she spy'd
One coming towards her with hasty Speed,*

*Well ween'd she then, e'er him she plain descri'd,
That it was one sent from her Love indeed;
Whereat her Heart was fill'd with Hope and
Dread,*

*Ne would she stay till he in Place could come,
But ran to weet him forth to know his Tidings
somme;*

*Even in the Door him meeting, she begun,
And where is he, thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once; and hath he lost or won?*

Care and his House are described thus,
IV. 6, 33, 34, 35.

*Not far away, not meet for any Guest,
They spy'd a little Cottage, like some poor Man's
Nest.*

34.

*There entring in, they found the Good-Man's
self,*

*Full busily unto his Work ybent,
Who was so weel a wretched wearish Elf,
With hollow Eyes and raw-bone Cheeks for-
spent,*

*As if he had in Prison long been pent.
Full black and griesly did his Face appear,
Besmear'd with Smoke that nigh his Eye-
sight blent,*

*With rugged Beard and Hoary shaggy Heare,
The which he never wont to comb, or comely
shear.*

35.

*Rude was his Garment and to Rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared;
His blistred Hands amongst the Cinders brent,
And Fingers filthy, with long Nails prepared,
Right fit to rend the Food on which he fared.
His Name was Care; a Blacksmith by his Trade,
That neither Day nor Night from working
spared,*

*But to small purpose Iron Wedges made:
These be unquiet Thoughts that careful Minds
invade.*

'Homer's Epithets were much admired by Antiquity: See what great Justness and Variety there is in these Epithets of the Trees in the Forest where the Red-cross Knight lost Truth, B. I. Cant. i. St. 8, 9,

*The sailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The Vine-prop Elm, the Poplar never dry,
The Builder Oak, sole King of Forests all.
The Aspine good for Staves, the Cypress Fu-
neral.*

9.

*The Laurel, Meed of mighty Couquerors,
And Poets sage; the Fir that weepeth still,
The Willow worn of forlorn Paramours,
The Yew obedient to the Bender's Will.
The Birch for Shafts, the Sallow for the Mill;
The Myrrhe sweet bleeding in the bitter Wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Plantane round,
The Carver Holm, the Maple seldom inward
sound.*

'I shall trouble you no more, but desire you to let me conclude with these Verses, though I

'think they have already been quoted by you;
'They are Directions to young Ladies opprest
'with Calumny. VI. 6, 14.

*The best (said he) that I can you advise,
Is to avoid the Occasion of the Ill;
For when the Cause whence Evil doth arise
Removed is, the Effect surceaseth still.
Abstain from Pleasure, and restrain your Will,
Subdue Desire, and bridle loose Delight,
Use scanted Diet, and forbear your Fill,
Shun Secrecy, and talk in open Sight;
So shall you soon repair your present evil
Plight.* T.

No. 541.] Thursday, Nov. 20, 1712. [John Hughes.

*Format enim Natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum; juvat, aut impellit ad
iram,
Aut ad humum mærore gravi deducit et angit;
Post effert animi motus interprete Lingua.* Hor.

MY Friend the *Templar*, whom I have so often mentioned in these Writings, having determined to lay aside his Poetical Studies, in order to a closer Pursuit of the Law, has put together, as a Farewel Essay, some Thoughts concerning [*Pronunciation and Action*],¹ which he has given me leave to communicate to the Publick. They are chiefly collected from his Favourite Author, *Cicero*, who is known to have been an intimate Friend of *Roscious* the Actor, and a good Judge of [*Dramatick*]² Performances, as well as the most Eloquent Pleader of the Time in which he lived.

Cicero concludes his celebrated Books *de Oratore* with some Precepts for Pronunciation and Action, without which Part he affirms that the best Orator in the World can never succeed; and an indifferent one, who is Master of this, shall gain much greater Applause. What could make a stronger Impression, says he, than those Exclamations of *Gracchus*—*Whither shall I turn? Wretch that I am! To what Place betake my self? Shall I go to the Capitol?—Alas! it is overflowed with my Brother's Blood. Or shall I retire to my House? Yet there I behold my Mother plung'd in Misery, weeping and despairing!* These Breaks and Turns of Passion, it seems, were so enforced by the Eyes, Voice, and Gesture of the Speaker, that his very Enemies could not refrain from Tears. I insist, says *Tully*, upon this the rather, because our Orators, who are as it were Actors of the Truth it self, have quitted this manner of speaking; and the Players, who are but the Imitators of Truth, have taken it up.

I shall therefore pursue the Hint he has here given me, and for the Service of the *British Stage* I shall copy some of the Rules which this great *Roman Master* has laid down; yet, without

¹ [*Action and Pronunciation*].

² [*Dramatick*], and in first reprint.

confining my self wholly to his Thoughts or Words: and to adapt this Essay the more to the Purpose for which I intend it, instead of the Examples he has inserted in his Discourse, out of the ancient Tragedies, I shall make use of parallel Passages out of the most celebrated of our own.

The Design of Art is to assist Action as much as possible in the Representation of Nature; for the Appearance of Reality is that which moves us in all Representations, and these have always the greater Force, the nearer they approach to Nature, and the less they shew of Imitation.

Nature herself has assigned to every Emotion of the Soul, its peculiar Cast of the Countenance, Tone of Voice, and Manner of Gesture; and the whole Person, all the Features of the Face and Tones of the Voice, answer, like Strings upon musical Instruments, to the Impressions made on them by the Mind. Thus the Sounds of the Voice, according to the various Touches which raise them, form themselves into an Acute or Grave, Quick or Slow, Loud or Soft Tone. These too may be subdivided into various kinds of Tones, as the gentle, the rough, the contracted, the diffuse, the continued, the intermitted, the broken, abrupt, winding, softned, or elevated. Every one of these may be employed with Art and Judgment; and all supply the Actor, as Colours do the Painter, with an expressive Variety.

Anger exerts its peculiar Voice in an acute, raised, and hurrying sound. The passionate Character of *King Lear*, as it is admirably drawn by *Shakespear*, abounds with the strongest Instances of this kind.

—Death! Confusion!
*Fiery!—what Quality?—why Gloster! Gloster!
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his
Wife.
Are they inform'd of this? My Breath and Blood!
Fiery? the fiery Duke?—&c.*

Sorrow and Complaint demand a Voice quite different, flexible, slow, interrupted, and modulated in a mournful Tone; as in that pathetic Soliloquy of *Cardinal Wolsey* on his Fall.

*Farewel!—a long Farewel to all my Greatness!
This is the State of Man!—to-day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hopes; to-morrow Blossoms,
And bears his blushing Honours thick upon him,
The third Day comes a Frost, a killing Frost,
And when he thinks, good easie Man, full surely
His Greatness is a ripening, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do.*

We have likewise a fine Example of this in the whole Part of *Andromache* in the *Distrest-Mother*, particularly in these Lines.

*I'll go, and in the Anguish of my Heart
Weep o'er my Child—If he must die, my Life
Is wrapt in his, I shall not long survive.
'Tis for his sake that I have suffer'd Life,
Groan'd in Captivity, and out-liv'd Hector.
Yes, my Astyanax, we'll go together!
Together to the Realms of Night we'll go;
There to thy ravish'd Eyes thy Sire I'll show,
And point him out among the Shades below.* }

Fear expresses it self in a low, hesitating and abject Sound. If the Reader considers the following Speech of Lady *Macbeth*, while her husband is about the Murder of *Duncan* and his Grooms, he will imagine her even affrighted with the Sound of her own Voice, while she is speaking it.

*Alas! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' Attempt, and not the
Deed,
Confounds us — Hark! — I laid the Daggers
ready,
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had done it.*

Courage assumes a louder tone, as in that Speech of *Don Sebastian*.¹

*Here satiate all your Fury;
Let Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,
I have a Soul that like an ample Shield
Can take in all, and Verge enough for more.*

Pleasure dissolves into a luxurious, mild, tender, and joyous Modulation; as in the following Lines in *Caius Marius*.²

*Lavinia! O there's Musick in the Name,
That softning me to infant Tenderness,
Makes my Heart spring, like the first Leaps of
Life.*

And Perplexity is different from all these; grave, but not bemoaning, with an earnest uniform Sound of Voice; as in that celebrated Speech of *Hamlet*.

*To be, or not to be?—that is the Question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep;
No more; and by a Sleep to say we end
The Heart-ach, and the thousand natural Shocks
That Flesh is Heir to; 'tis a Consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep—
To sleep; perchance to dream! Ay, there's the
Rub.
For in that sleep of Death what Dreams may
come,
When we have shuffled off this Mortal Coil,
Must give us pause—There's the Respect
That makes Calamity of so long Life;
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of
Time,
Th' Oppressor's Wrongs, the proud Man's Con-
tumely,
The Pangs of despis'd Love, the Law's Delay,
The Insolence of Office, and the Spurs
That patient Merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his Quietus make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would Fardles bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary Life?
But that the Dread of something after Death,
The undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
And makes us rather chuse those Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.*

¹ Dryden's.

² Otway's.

As all these Varieties of Voice are to be directed by the Sense, so the Action is to be directed by the Voice, and with a beautiful Propriety, as it were to enforce it. The Arm, which by a strong Figure *Tully* calls *The Orator's Weapon*, is to be sometimes raised and extended; and the Hand, by its Motion, sometimes to lead, and sometimes to follow the Words, as they are uttered. The Stamping of the Foot too has its proper Expression in Contention, Anger, or absolute Command. But the Face is the Epitome of the whole Man, and the Eyes are as it were the Epitome of the Face; for which Reason, he says, the best Judges among the *Romans* were not extremely pleased, even with *Roscius* himself in his Masque. No Part of the Body, besides the Face, is capable of as many Changes as there are different Emotions in the Mind, and of expressing them all by those Changes. Nor is this to be done without the Freedom of the Eyes; therefore *Theophrastus* call'd one, who barely rehearsed his Speech with his Eyes fix'd, an *absent Actor*.

As the Countenance admits of so great Variety, it requires also great Judgment to govern it. Not that the Form of the Face is to be shifted on every Occasion, lest it turn to Farce and Buffoonery; but it is certain that the Eyes have a wonderful Power of marking the Emotions of the Mind, sometimes by a steadfast Look, sometimes by a careless one, now by a sudden Regard, then by a joyful Sparkling, as the Sense of the Words is diversified: for Action is, as it were, the Speech of the Features and Limbs, and must therefore conform itself always to the Sentiments of the Soul. And it may be observed, that in all which relates to the Gesture, there is a wonderful Force implanted by Nature, since the Vulgar, the Unskilful, and even the most Barbarous are chiefly affected by this. None are moved by the Sound of Words, but those who understand the Language; and the Sense of many things is lost upon Men of a dull Apprehension: but Action is a kind of Universal Tongue; all Men are subject to the same Passions, and consequently know the same Marks of them in others, by which they themselves express them.

Perhaps some of my Readers may be of Opinion, that the Hints I have here made use of, out of *Cicero*, are somewhat too refined for the Players on our Theatre; In answer to which, I venture to lay it down as a Maxim, that without Good Sense no one can be a good Player, and that he is very unfit to personate the Dignity of a *Roman Hero*, who cannot enter into the Rules for Pronunciation and Gesture delivered by a *Roman Orator*.

There is another thing which my Author does not think too minute to insist on, though it is purely mechanical: and that is the right pitching of the Voice. On this occasion he tells the Story of *Gracchus*, who employed a Servant with a little Ivory Pipe to stand behind him, and give him the right Pitch, as often as he wandered too far from the proper Modulation. Every Voice, says *Tully*,¹ has its particular Medium and Compass, and the Sweetness of Speech consists in

¹ Near the end of the *De Oratore*.

leading it through all the Variety of Tones naturally, and without touching any Extreme. Therefore, says he, *Leave the Pipe at home, but carry the Sense of this Custom with you.*

No. 542.] Friday, November 21, 1712. [Addison.

Et sibi præferri se gaudet—— Ovid.

WHEN I have been present in Assemblies where my Paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleased to hear those who would detract from the Author of it observe, that the Letters which are sent to the *Spectator* are as good, if not better than any of his Works. Upon this Occasion many Letters of Mirth are usually mentioned, which some think the *Spectator* writ to himself, and which others commend because they fancy he received them from his Correspondents: Such are those from the *Valetudinarian*; the Inspector of the Sign-Posts; the Master of the Fan-Exercise: with that of the Hoop'd Petticoat; that of *Nicholas Hart* the annual Sleeper; that from Sir *John Enwill*; that upon the *London Cries*; with multitudes of the same nature. As I love nothing more than to mortify the Ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I must acquaint them, they have very often praised me when they did not design it, and that they have approved my Writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard several of these unhappy Gentlemen proving, by undeniable Arguments, that I was not able to pen a Letter which I had written the Day before. Nay, I have heard some of them throwing out ambiguous Expressions, and giving the Company reason to suspect that they themselves did me the Honour to send me such or such a particular Epistle, which happened to be talked of with the Esteem or Approbation of those who were present. These rigid Criticks are so afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be positive whether the Lion, the wild Boar, and the Flower-pots in the Play-house, did not actually write those Letters which came to me in their Names. I must therefore inform these Gentlemen, that I often chuse this way of casting my Thoughts into a Letter, for the following Reasons; First, out of the Policy of those who try their Jest upon another, before they own it themselves. Secondly, because I would extort a little Praise from such who will never applaud any thing whose Author is known and certain. Thirdly, because it gave me an Opportunity of introducing a great variety of Characters into my Work, which could not have been done, had I always written in the Person of the *Spectator*. Fourthly, because the Dignity Spectatorial would have suffered, had I published as from my self those several ludicrous Compositions which I have ascribed to fictitious Names and Characters. And lastly, because they often serve to bring in, more naturally, such additional Reflections as have been placed at the End of them.

There are others who have likewise done me a very particular Honour, though undesignedly.

These are such who will needs have it, that I have translated or borrowed many of my Thoughts out of Books which are written in other Languages. I have heard of a Person, who is more famous for his Library than his Learning, that has asserted this more than once in his private Conversation. Were it true, I am sure he could not speak it from his own Knowledge; but had he read the Books which he has collected, he would find this Accusation to be wholly groundless. Those who are truly learned will acquit me in this Point, in which I have been so far from offending, that I have been scrupulous perhaps to a Fault in quoting the Authors of several Passages which I might have made my own. But as this Assertion is in reality an Encomium on what I have published, I ought rather to glory in it, than endeavour to confute it.

Some are so very willing to alienate from me that small Reputation which might accrue to me from any of these my Speculations, that they attribute some of the best of them to those imaginary Manuscripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I must confess, whose Objections have given me a greater Concern, as they seem to reflect, under this Head, rather on my Morality than on my Invention. These are they who say an Author is guilty of Falshood, when he talks to the Publick of Manuscripts which he never saw, or describes Scenes of Action or Discourse in which he was never engaged. But these Gentlemen would do well to consider, there is not a Fable or Parable which ever was made use of, that is not liable to this Exception; since nothing, according to this Notion, can be related innocently, which was not once Matter of Fact. Besides, I think the most ordinary Reader may be able to discover, by my way of writing, what I deliver in these Occurrences as Truth, and what as Fiction.

Since I am unawares engaged in answering the several Objections which have been made against these my Works, I must take Notice that there are some who affirm a Paper of this Nature should always turn upon diverting Subjects, and others who find Fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate Tendency to the Advancement of Religion or Learning. I shall leave these Gentlemen to dispute it out among themselves; since I see one half of my Conduct patronized by each side. Were I serious on an improper Subject, or trifling in a serious one, I should deservedly draw upon me the Censure of my Readers; or were I conscious of any thing in my Writings that is not innocent at least, or that the greatest part of them were not sincerely designed to discountenance Vice and Ignorance, and support the Interest of true Wisdom and Virtue, I should be more severe upon my self than the Publick is disposed to be. In the mean while I desire my Reader to consider every particular Paper or Discourse as a distinct Tract by it self, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I shall end this Paper with the following Letter, which was really sent me, as some others have been which I have published, and for which I must own my self indebted to their respective Writers.

SIR,

'I was this Morning in a Company of your Well-wishers, when we read over, with great Satisfaction, *Tully's* Observations on Action adapted to the *British* Theatre: Though, by the way, we were very sorry to find that you have disposed of another Member of your Club. Poor Sir *Roger* is dead, and the worthy Clergyman dying. Captain *Sentry* has taken Possession of a fair Estate; *Will. Honeycomb* has married a Farmer's Daughter; and the *Templar* withdraws himself into the Business of his own Profession. What will all this end in? We are afraid it portends no Good to the Publick. Unless you very speedily fix a Day for the Election of new Members, we are under Apprehensions of losing the *British Spectator*. I hear of a Party of Ladies who intend to address you on this Subject, and question not, if you do not give us the Slip very suddenly, that you will receive Addresses from all Parts of the Kingdom to continue so useful a Work. Pray deliver us out of this perplexity, and among the Multitude of your Readers you will particularly oblige

Your most Sincere Friend and Servant,

O.

Philo-Spec.

No. 543.] Saturday, Nov. 22, 1712. [Addison.

—Facies non omnibus una
Nec diversa tamen— Ov.

THOSE who were skillful in Anatomy among the Ancients, concluded from the outward and inward Make of an Human Body, that it was the Work of a Being transcendently Wise and Powerful. As the World grew more enlightened in this Art, their Discoveries gave them fresh Opportunities of admiring the Conduct of Providence in the Formation of an Human Body. *Galen* was converted by his Dissections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a Survey of this his Handy-work. There were, indeed, many Parts of which the old Anatomists did not know the certain Use; but as they saw that most of those which they examined were adapted with admirable Art to their several Functions, they did not question but those, whose Uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same Wisdom for respective Ends and Purposes. Since the Circulation of the Blood has been found out, and many other great Discoveries have been made by our modern Anatomists, we see new Wonders in the Human Frame, and discern several important Uses for those Parts, which Uses the Ancients knew nothing of. In short, the Body of Man is such a Subject as stands the utmost Test of Examination. Though it appears formed with the nicest Wisdom, upon the most superficial Survey of it, it still mends upon the Search, and produces our Surprize and Amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of an Human Body, may be applied to the Body of every Animal which has been the Subject of Anatomical Observations.

The Body of an Animal is an Object adequate

to our Senses. It is a particular System of Providence, that lies in a narrow Compass. The Eye is able to command it, and by successive Enquiries can search into all its Parts. Could the Body of the whole Earth, or indeed the whole Universe, be thus submitted to the Examination of our Senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our Enquiries, too unwieldy for the Management of the Eye and Hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a Frame as that of an Human Body. We should see the same Concatenation and Subserviency, the same Necessity and Usefulness, the same Beauty and Harmony in all and every of its Parts, as what we discover in the Body of every single Animal.

The more extended our Reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense Objects, the greater still are those Discoveries which it makes of Wisdom and Providence in the Work of the Creation. A Sir *Isaac Newton*, who stands up as the Miracle of the Present Age, can look through a whole Planetary System; consider it in its Weight, Number, and Measure; and draw from it as many Demonstrations of infinite Power and Wisdom, as a more confined Understanding is able to deduce from the System of an Human Body.

But to return to our Speculations on Anatomy. I shall here consider the Fabrick and Texture of the Bodies of Animals in one particular View; which, in my Opinion, shews the Hand of a thinking and all-wise Being in their Formation, with the Evidence of a thousand Demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontestable Principle, that Chance never acts in a perpetual Uniformity and Consistence with it self. If one should always fling the same number with ten thousand Dice, or see every Throw just five times less, or five times more in Number than the Throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is some invisible Power which directs the Cast? This is the Proceeding which we find in the Operations of Nature. Every kind of Animal is diversified by different Magnitudes, each of which gives rise to a different Species. Let a Man trace the Dog or Lion-Kind, and he will observe how many of the Works of Nature are published, if I may use the Expression, in a variety of Editions. If we look into the Reptile World, or into those different Kinds of Animals that fill the Element of Water, we meet with the same Repetitions among several Species, that differ very little from one another, but in Size and Bulk. You find the same Creature that is drawn at large, copied out in several Proportions, and ending in Miniature. It would be tedious to produce Instances of this regular Conduct in Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural History of Animals. The magnificent Harmony of the Universe is such, that we may observe innumerable Divisions running upon the same Ground. I might also extend this Speculation to the dead Parts of Nature, in which we may find Matter disposed into many similar Systems, as well in our Survey of Stars and Planets, as of Stones, Vegetables, and other sublunary Parts of the Creation.

In a Word, Providence has shewn the Richness of its Goodness and Wisdom, not only in the Production of many Original Species, but in the Multiplicity of Descants which it has made on every Original Species in particular.

But to pursue this Thought still farther; Every living Creature, considered in it self, has many very complicated Parts, that are exact copies of some other Parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same Manner. One *Eye* would have been sufficient for the Subsistence and Preservation of an Animal; but in order to better his Condition, we see another placed with a Mathematical Exactness in the same most advantageous Situation, and in every particular of the same Size and Texture. Is it possible for Chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her Operations? Should a Million of Dice turn up twice together the same Number, the Wonder would be nothing in comparison with this. But when we see this Similitude and Resemblance in the Arm, the Hand, the Fingers; when we see one half of the Body entirely correspond with the other in all those minute Strokes, without which a Man might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single Part repeated an hundred times in the same Body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless Fibres, and these Parts differing still in Magnitude, as the Convenience of their particular Situation requires; sure a Man must have a strange Cast of Understanding, who does not discover the Finger of God in so wonderful a Work. These Duplicates in those Parts of the Body, without which a Man might have very well subsisted, though not so well as with them, are a plain Demonstration of an all-wise Contriver; as those more numerous Copyings, which are found among the Vessels of the same Body, are evident Demonstrations that they could not be the Work of Chance. This Argument receives additional Strength, if we apply it to every Animal and Insect within our Knowledge, as well as to those numberless living Creatures that are Objects too minute for a Human Eye; and if we consider how the several Species in this whole World of Life resemble one another in very many Particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective States of Existence; it is much more probable that an hundred Million of Dice should be casually thrown a hundred Million of Times in the same number, than that the Body of any single Animal should be produced by the fortuitous Concourse of Matter. And that the like Chance should arise in innumerable Instances, requires a degree of Credulity that is not under the direction of Common Sense. [We may carry this Consideration yet further, if we reflect on the two Sexes in every living Species, with their Resemblances to each other, and those particular Distinctions that were necessary for the keeping up of this great World of Life.]

There are many more Demonstrations of a Supreme Being, and of his transcendent Wisdom, Power, and Goodness in the Formation of the Body of a living Creature, for which I refer my Reader to other Writings, particularly to the

Sixth Book of the Poem, entitled *Creation*,¹ where the Anatomy of the human Body is described with great Perspicuity and Elegance. I have been particular on the Thought which runs through this Speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others. O.

No. 544.] Monday, November 24, 1712. [Steele.

*Nunquam ita quisquam bene subducta ratione
advitam fuit
Quia res, Ætas usus semper aliquid apportet
novi
Aliquid moneat, ut illa, quæ te scire credas,
nescias
Et, quæ tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut
repudies.—Ter.*

THERE are, I think, Sentiments in the following Letter from my Friend Captain SENTRY, which discover a rational and equal Frame of Mind, as well prepared for an advantageous as an unfortunate Change of Condition.

Coverley-Hall, Nov. 15, Worcester-shire.

SIR,

I am come to the Succession of the Estate of my honoured Kinsman Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY; and I assure you I find it no easy Task to keep up the Figure of Master of the Fortune which was so handsomely enjoyed by that honest plain Man. I cannot (with respect to the great Obligations I have, be it spoken) reflect upon his Character, but I am confirmed in the Truth which I have, I think, heard spoken at the Club, to wit, That a Man of a warm and well-disposed Heart with a very small Capacity, is highly superior in human Society to him who with the greatest Talents is cold and languid in his Affections. But, alas! why do I make a difficulty in speaking of my worthy Ancestor's Failings? His little Absurdities and Incapacity for the Conversation of the politest Men are dead with him, and his greater Qualities are even now useful to him. I know not whether by naming those Disabilities I do not enhance his Merit, since he has left behind him a Reputation in his Country which would be worth the Pains of the wisest Man's whole Life to arrive at. By the way I must observe to you, that many of your Readers have mistook that Passage in your Writings, wherein Sir ROGER is reported to have enquired into the private Character of the young Woman at the Tavern. I know you mentioned that Circumstance as an Instance of the Simplicity and Innocence of his Mind, which made him imagine it a very easy thing to reclaim one of those Criminals, and not as an Inclination in him to be guilty with her. The less discerning of your Readers cannot enter into that Delicacy of Description in the Character: But indeed my chief Business at this time is to represent to you my present State of

¹ Blackmore's.

‘Mind, and the Satisfaction I promise to my self
 ‘in the Possession of my new Fortune. I have
 ‘continued all Sir ROGER’s Servants, except such
 ‘as it was a Relief to dismiss into little Beings within
 ‘my Manor: Those who are in a List of the good
 ‘Knight’s own Hand to be taken care of by me,
 ‘I have quartered upon such as have taken new
 ‘Leases of me, and added so many Advantages
 ‘during the Lives of the Persons so quartered,
 ‘that it is the Interest of those whom they are
 ‘joined with, to cherish and befriend them upon
 ‘all Occasions. I find a considerable Sum of
 ‘ready Money, which I am laying out among my
 ‘Dependants at the common Interest, but with a
 ‘Design to lend it according to their Merit, rather
 ‘than according to their Ability. I shall lay a
 ‘Tax upon such as I have highly obliged, to
 ‘become Security to me for such of their own
 ‘poor Youth, whether Male or Female, as want
 ‘Help towards getting into some Being in the
 ‘World. I hope I shall be able to manage my
 ‘Affairs so, as to improve my Fortune every Year,
 ‘by doing Acts of Kindness. I will lend my
 ‘Money to the Use of none but indigent Men,
 ‘secured by such as have ceased to be indigent by
 ‘the Favour of my Family or my self. What
 ‘makes this the more practicable, is, that if they
 ‘will do any one Good with my Money, they are
 ‘welcome to it upon their own Security: And I
 ‘make no Exception against it, because the Per-
 ‘sons who enter into the Obligations, do it for
 ‘their own Family. I have laid out four thousand
 ‘Pounds this way, and it is not to be imagined
 ‘what a Crowd of People are obliged by it. In
 ‘Cases where Sir ROGER has recommended, I
 ‘have lent Money to put out Children, with a
 ‘Clause which makes void the Obligation, in case
 ‘the Infant dies before he is out of his Appren-
 ‘ticeship; by which means the Kindred and Masters
 ‘are extremely careful of breeding him to In-
 ‘dustry, that he may repay it himself by his
 ‘Labour, in three Years Journeywork after his
 ‘Time is out, for the Use of his Securities. Op-
 ‘portunities of this kind are all that have occurred
 ‘since I came to my Estate; but I assure you I
 ‘will preserve a constant Disposition to catch at
 ‘all the Occasions I can to promote the Good and
 ‘Happiness of my Neighbourhood.

‘But give me leave to lay before you a little
 ‘Establishment which has grown out of my past
 ‘Life, that I doubt not, will administer great
 ‘Satisfaction to me in that Part of it, whatever
 ‘that is, which is to come.

‘There is a Prejudice in favour of the Way of
 ‘Life to which a Man has been educated, which I
 ‘know not whether it would not be faulty to over-
 ‘come: It is like a Partiality to the Interest of
 ‘one’s own Country before that of any other
 ‘Nation. It is from an Habit of Thinking, grown
 ‘upon me from my Youth spent in Arms, that
 ‘I have ever held Gentlemen, who have preserved
 ‘Modesty, Good-nature, Justice, and Humanity
 ‘in a Soldier’s Life, to be the most valuable and
 ‘worthy Persons of the human Race. To pass
 ‘through imminent Dangers, suffer painful Watch-
 ‘ings, frightful Alarms, and laborious Marches
 ‘for the greater part of a Man’s Time, and pass
 ‘the rest in a Sobriety conformable to the Rules of

‘the most virtuous civil Life, is a Merit too great
 ‘to deserve the Treatment it usually meets with
 ‘among the other part of the World. But I
 ‘assure you, Sir, were there not very many who
 ‘have this Worth, we could never have seen the
 ‘glorious Events which we have in our Days. I
 ‘need not say more to illustrate the Character of
 ‘a Soldier, than to tell you he is the very contrary
 ‘to him you observe loud, sawcy, and over-bear-
 ‘ing in a red Coat about Town. But I was going
 ‘to tell you, that in Honour of the Profession of
 ‘Arms, I have set apart a certain Sum of Money
 ‘for a Table for such Gentlemen as have served
 ‘their Country in the Army, and will please from
 ‘Time to Time to sojourn all, or any Part of the
 ‘Year, at *Coverley*. Such of them as will do me
 ‘that Honour, shall find Horses, Servants, and all
 ‘things necessary for their Accommodation and
 ‘Enjoyment of all the Conveniences of Life in a
 ‘pleasant various Country. If Colonel *Camperfelt*
 ‘be in Town, and his Abilities are not employ’d
 ‘another way in the Service, there is no Man
 ‘would be more welcome here. That Gentle-
 ‘man’s thorough Knowledge in his Profession,
 ‘together with the Simplicity of his Manners,
 ‘and Goodness of his Heart, would induce others
 ‘like him to honour my Abode; and I should be
 ‘glad my Acquaintance would take themselves to
 ‘be invited or not, as their Characters have an
 ‘Affinity to his.

‘I would have all my Friends know, that they
 ‘need not fear (though I am become a Country
 ‘Gentleman) I will trespass against their Tem-
 ‘perance and Sobriety. No, Sir, I shall retain so
 ‘much of the good Sentiments for the Conduct of
 ‘Life, which we cultivated in each other at our
 ‘Club, as to contemn all inordinate Pleasures:
 ‘But particularly remember, with our beloved
 ‘*Tully*, that the Delight in Food consists in
 ‘Desire, not Satiety. They who most passion-
 ‘ately pursue Pleasure, seldome arrive at it.
 ‘Now I am writing to a Philosopher, I cannot
 ‘forbear mentioning the Satisfaction I took in the
 ‘Passage I read Yesterday in the same *Tully*. A
 ‘Nobleman of *Athens* made a Compliment to
 ‘*Plato* the Morning after he had supped at his
 ‘House, *Your Entertainments do not only please*
 ‘*when you give them, but also the Day after.*

I am,

My worthy Friend,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

WILLIAM SENTRY.

No. 545.] Tuesday, November 25, 1712. [Steele.

Quin potius Pacem Æternam pactosque Hy-
menæos
Exercemus ——— *Virg.*

I CANNOT but think the following Letter
 from the Emperor of *China* to the Pope of
Rome, proposing a Coalition of the *Chinese* and
Roman Churches, will be acceptable to the Cur-
 ious. I must confess I my self being of opinion
 that the Emperor has as much Authority to be

Interpreter to him he pretends to expound, as the Pope has to be Vicar to the Sacred Person he takes upon him to represent, I was not a little pleased with their Treaty of Alliance. What Progress the Negotiation between his Majesty of Rome, and his Holiness of China makes (as we daily Writers say upon Subjects where we are at a Loss) Time will let us know. In the mean time, since they agree in the Fundamentals of Power and Authority, and differ only in Matters of Faith, we may expect the Matter will go on without Difficulty.

Copia di Littera del Re della China al Papa, interpretata dal Padre Segretario dell' India della Compagna di Gesu.¹

A Voi Benedetto sopra i benedetti PP, ed interprete grande de Pontifici e Pastore Xmo dispensatore dell' oglio de i Rè d'Europe Clemente XI.

Il Favorito amico di Dio Gionata 7^o Potentissimo sopra tutti i potentissimi della terra, Altissimo sopra tutti gl' Altissimi sotto il sole e la Luna, che sede nella sede di smeraldo della China sopra cento scalini d'oro, ad interpretare la lingua di Dio a tutti i descendent fedeli d'Abramo, che da la vita e la morte a cento quindici regni, ed a cento settante Isole, scrive con la penna dello Struzzo vergine, e manda salute ed accrescimento di vecchiezza.

Essendo arrivato il tempo in cui il fiore della reale nostro gioventu deve maturare i Frutti della nostra vecchiezza, e confortare con quell i desiderii dei populi nostri divoti, e propogare il seme di quella pianta che deve proteggerli, habbiamo stabilito d'accompagnarci con una virgine eccelsa ed amorosa allattata alla mammella della leonessa forte e dell' Agnella mansueta. Percio essendo ci stato figurato sempre il vostro populo Europeo Romano par paese di donne invitte, i forte, e caste; allongiamo la nostra mano potente, a stringere una di loro, e questa sara una vostra nipote, o nipote di qualche altro gran Sacerdote Latino, che sia guardata dall' occhio dritto di Dio. Sara seminata in lei l'Autorita di Sarra, la Fedelta d'Esther, e la Sapienza di Abba; la vogliamo con l'occhio della colomba che guarda il cielo, e la terra e con la bocca dello Conchiglia che si pasce della ruggiada del matino. La sua eta non passi ducento corsi della Luna, la sua statura sia alta quanto la spicca dritta del grano verde, e la sua grossezza quanto un manipolo di grano secco. Noi la mandaremmo a vestire per li nostri mandatici Ambasciadori, e chi la condurranno a noi, e noi incontraremmo alla riva del fiume grande facendola salire su nostro cocchio. Ella potra adorare appresso di noi il suo Dio, con venti quattro altre vergini a sua elezzione, e potra cantare con loro come la Tortora alla Primavera.

Sodisfando O Padre e amico nostro questa nostro brama, sarete caggione di unire in perpetua amicitia cotesti vostri Regni d'Europa al nostro dominante Imperio, e si abbracciranno le vostri leggi come l'edera abbraccia la pianta, e

¹ No suggestion has been made as to the authorship of this squib on the Jesuits in China.

noi medesemi Spargeremo del nostro seme reale in coteste Provincie, riscaldando i letti di vostri Principi con il fuoco amoroso delle nostre Amazoni, d'alcune delle quali i nostri mandatici Ambasciadori vi porteranno le Somiglianze dipinte. Vi Confermiamo di tenere in pace le due buone religiose famiglie delli Missionarii gli Figlioli d'Ignazio, e li bianchi e neri figlioli di Dominico; il cui consiglio degl' uni e degl' altri ci serve di scorta nel nostro regimento e di lume ad interpretare le divine Legge come appunto fa lume l'oglio che si getta in Mare. In tanto Alzandoci dal nostro Trono per Abbracciarvi, vi dichiariamo nostro congiunto e Confederato; ed ordiniamo che questo foglio sia segnato col nostro Segno Imperiale dalla nostra Citta, Capo del Mondo, il quinto giorno della terza lunatione l'anno quarto del nostro Imperio.

Sigillo e un sole nelle cui faccia e anche quella della Luna ed intorno tra i Raggi vi sono traposte alcune Spade.

Dico il Traduttore che secondo il Ceremonial di questo Lettere e recedentissimo specialmente Fessere scritto con la penna della Struzzo vergine con la quella non soglionsi scrivere quei Re che le preghiere a Dio e scrivendo a qualche altro Principe del Mondo, la maggior Finezza che usino, e scrivergli con la penna del Pavone.

A Letter from the Emperor of China to the Pope, interpreted by a Father Jesuit, Secretary of the Indies.

To you blessed above the Blessed, great Emperor of Bishops, and Pastor of Christians, Dispenser of the Oil of the Kings of Europe, Clement XI.

The Favourite Friend of God Giounata the VIIth, most Powerful above the most Powerful of the Earth, Highest above the Highest under the Sun and Moon, who sits on a Throne of Emerald of China, above 100 Steps of Gold, to interpret the Language of God to the faithful, and who gives Life and Death to 115 Kingdoms, and 170 Islands; he writes with the Quill of a Virgin Ostrich, and sends Health and Increase of old Age.

Being arrived at the time of our Age, in which the Flower of our Royal Youth ought to ripen into Fruit towards old Age, to comfort therewith the Desire of our devoted People, and to propagate the Seed of that Plant which must protect them; We have determined to accompany our selves with an high Amorous Virgin, suckled at the Breast of a wild Lioness, and a meek Lamb; and imagining with our selves that your European Roman People is the Father of many unconquerable and chaste Ladies: We stretch out our powerful Arm to embrace one of them, and she shall be one of your Neices, or the Neice of some other great Latin Priest, the Darling of God's Right Eye. Let the Authority of Sarah be sown in her, the Fidelity of Esther, and the Wisdom of Abba. We would have her Eye like that of a Dove, which may look upon Heaven and Earth, with the Mouth of a Shell-Fish to feed upon the Dew of the Morning; Her Age must not exceed 200 Courses of the

"Moon; let her Stature be equal to that of an
"Ear of green Corn, and her Girth a Handful.

"We will send our *Mandarine's* Embassadors
"to clothe her, and to conduct her to us, and we
"will meet her on the Bank of the great River,
"making her to leap up into our Chariot. She
"may with us worship her own God; together
"with twenty four Virgins of her own chusing;
"and she may sing with them, as the *Turtle* in
"the Spring. You, O Father and Friend, com-
"plying with this our Desire, may be an occasion
"of uniting in perpetual Friendship our high Em-
"pire with your *European* Kingdoms, and we
"may embrace your Laws, as the *Ivy* embraces
"the Tree; and we our selves may scatter our
"Royal Blood into your Provinces, warming the
"chief of your Princes with the amorous Fire of
"our *Amazons*, the resembling Pictures of some
"of which our said *Mandarine's* Embassadors
"shall convey to you.

"We exhort you to keep in Peace two good
"Religious Families of *Missionaries*, the black
"Sons of *Ignatius*, and the white and black Sons
"of *Dominicus*; that the Counsel, both of the
"one and the other, may serve as a Guide to us
"in our Government, and a Light to interpret the
"Divine Law, as the Oil cast into the Sea pro-
"duces Light.

"To conclude, we rising up in our Throne to
"embrace you, we declare you our Ally and Con-
"federate; and have ordered this Leaf to be
"sealed with our Imperial Signet, in our Royal
"City the Head of the World, the 8th Day of
"the third Lunation, and the 4th Year of our
"Reign.

Letters from *Rome* say, the whole Conversa-
tion both among Gentlemen and Ladies has turn-
ed upon the Subject of this Epistle, ever since it
arrived. The Jesuit who translated it says, it
loses much of the Majesty of the Original in the
Italian. It seems there was an Offer of the same
nature made by a Predecessor of the present Em-
peror to *Lewis* the XIIIth of *France*, but no
Lady of that Court would take the Voyage, that
Sex not being at that time so much used in poli-
tick Negotiations. The manner of treating the
Pope is, according to the *Chinese* Ceremonial,
very respectful: For the Emperor writes to him
with the Quill of a Virgin *Ostrich*, which was
never used before but in Writing Prayers. In-
structions are preparing for the Lady who shall
have so much Zeal as to undertake this Pilgrim-
age, and be an Empress for the sake of her Reli-
gion. The Principal of the *Indian* Missionaries
has given in a List of the reigning Sins in *China*,
in order to prepare the Indulgences necessary to
this Lady and her Retinue, in advancing the In-
terests of the *Roman Catholic Religion* in those
Kingdoms.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

May it please your Honour,

'I have of late seen *French* Hats, of a pro-
digious Magnitude, pass by my Observatory.

T,

John Sly.

No. 546.] Wednesday, Nov. 26, 1712. [Steele.

*Omnia patefacienda ut ne quid omnino quod
venditor norit, emptor ignoret.*—Tull.

IT gives me very great Scandal to observe,
I where-ever I go, how much Skill, in buying
all manner of Goods, there is necessary to defend
yourself from being cheated in whatever you see
exposed to Sale. My Reading makes such a
strong impression upon me, that I should think
my self a Cheat in my Way, if I should translate
any thing from another Tongue, and not acknow-
ledge it to my Readers. I understood from com-
mon Report, that Mr. *Cibber* was introducing a
French Play upon our Stage, and thought my
self concerned to let the Town know what was
his, and what foreign.¹ When I came to the Re-
hearsal, I found the House so partial to one of
their own Fraternity, that they gave every thing
which was said such Grace, Emphasis, and Force
in their Action, that it was no easy matter to
make any Judgment of the Performance. Mrs.
Oldfield, who, it seems, is the Heroick Daughter,
had so just a Conception of her Part, that her
Action made what she spoke appear decent, just,
and noble. The Passions of Terrour and Com-
passion, they made me believe were very artfully
raised, and the whole Conduct of the Play artful
and surprizing. We Authors do not much relish
the Endeavours of Players in this kind; but have
the same Disdain as Physicians and Lawyers
have when Attorneys and Apothecaries give Ad-
vice *Cibber* himself took the liberty to tell me,
that he expected I would do him Justice, and
allow the Play well-prepared for his Spectators,
whatever it was for his Readers. He added very
many Particulars not uncurious concerning the
manner of taking an Audience, and laying wait
not only for their superficial Applause, but also

¹ *Ximena*, or the *Heroic Daughter*, a Tragedy
taken from the *Cid* of *Corneille*, by *Colley* *Cibber*.
The play was not published until after
Steele's pamphlet, 'The Crisis,' had exposed him
to political and (as it necessarily followed in those
days) personal detraction. *Cibber* then dedicated
his play to Steele, referring to the custom of
his calumniators, since they could not deny his
literary services, to transfer all the merit of them
to Addison, upon whom he had so generously
heaped more than the half of his own fame, and
said: 'Your Enemies therefore, thus knowing
that your own consent had partly justified their
insinuations, saved a great deal of their malice
from being ridiculous, and fairly left you to apply
to such your singular conduct what *Mark* *Antony*
says of *Octavius* in the play—

*Fool that I was! upon my Eagle's wings
I bore this Wren, 'till I was tired with soaring,
And now, he mounts above me.'*

True-hearted Steele never read his relation to
his friend in this fashion. With how fine a dis-
regard of conventional dignity is the latter part of
this paper given by Steele to the kind effort to
help in setting a fallen man upon his legs again!

for insinuating into their Affections and Passions, by the artful Management of the Look, Voice, and Gesture of the Speaker. I could not but consent that the Heroick Daughter appeared in the Rehearsal a moving Entertainment wrought out of a great and exemplary Virtue.

The Advantages of Action, Show, and Dress on these Occasions are allowable, because the Merit consists in being capable of imposing upon us to our Advantage and Entertainment. All that I was going to say about the Honesty of an Author in the Sale of his Ware, was that he ought to own all that he had borrowed from others, and lay in a clear light all that he gives his Spectators for their Money, with an Account of the first Manufacturers. But I intended to give the Lecture of this Day upon the common and prostituted Behaviour of Traders in ordinary Commerce. The Philosopher made it a Rule of Trade, that your Profit ought to be the common Profit; and it is unjust to make any Step towards Gain, wherein the Gain of even those to whom you sell is not also consulted. A Man may deceive himself if he thinks fit, but he is no better than a Cheat who sells any thing without telling the Exceptions against it, as well as what is to be said to its Advantage. The scandalous abuse of Language and hardening of Conscience, which may be observed every Day in going from one Place to another, is what makes a whole City to an unprejudiced Eye a Den of Thieves. It was no small pleasure to me for this reason to remark, as I passed by *Cornhill*, that the Shop of that worthy, honest, tho' lately unfortunate, Citizen, Mr. *John Moreton*,¹ so well known in the Linnen Trade, is fitting up a-new. Since a Man has been in a distressed Condition, it ought to be a great Satisfaction to have passed thro' it in such a Manner as not to have lost the Friendship of those who suffered with him, but to receive an honourable Acknowledgment of his Honesty from those very Persons to whom the Law had consigned his Estate.

The Misfortune of this Citizen is like to prove of a very general Advantage to those who shall deal with him hereafter: For the Stock with which he now sets up being the Loan of his Friends, he cannot expose that to the Hazard of giving Credit, but enters into a Ready-Money Trade, by which Means he will both buy and sell the best and cheapest. He imposes upon himself a Rule of affixing the Value of each Piece he sells to the Piece it self; so that the most ignorant Servant or Child will be as good a Buyer at his Shop as the most skilful in the Trade. For all which, you have all his Hopes and Fortune for your Security. To encourage Dealing after this Way, there is not only the avoiding the most infamous Guilt in ordinary Bartering; but this Observation, That he who buys with ready Money saves as much to his Family, as the State exacts out of his Land for the Security and Service of his Country; that is to say, in plain *English*, Sixteen will do as much as Twenty Shillings.

¹ See No. 248. To this Mr. Moreton was addressed the letter signed W. S., from Sir William Scawen.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'My Heart is so swelled with grateful Sentiments on account of some Favours which I have lately received, that I must beg leave to give them Utterance amongst the Croud of other anonymous Correspondents; and writing, I hope, will be as great a Relief to my forced Silence, as it is to your natural Taciturnity—My generous Benefactor will not suffer me to speak to him in any Terms of Acknowledgment, but ever treats me as if he had the greatest Obligations, and uses me with a Distinction that is not to be expected from one so much my Superiour in Fortune, Years, and Understanding. He insinuates, as if I had a certain Right to his Favours from some Merit, which his particular Indulgence to me has discovered; but that is only a beautiful Artifice to lessen the Pain an honest Mind feels in receiving Obligations, when there is no probability of returning them.

'A gift is doubled when accompanied with such a Delicacy of Address; but what to me gives it an inexpressible Value, is its coming from the Man I most esteem in the World. It pleases me indeed, as it is an Advantage and Addition to my Fortune; but when I consider it is an Instance of that good Man's Friendship, it overjoys, it transports me; I look on it with a Lover's Eye, and no longer regard the Gift, but the Hand that gave it. For my Friendship is so entirely void of any gainful Views, that it often gives me Pain to think it should have been chargeable to him; and I cannot at some melancholy Hours help doing his Generosity the Injury of fearing it should cool on this account, and that the last Favour might be a sort of Legacy of a departing Friendship.

'I Confess these Fears seem very groundless and unjust, but you must forgive them to the Apprehension of one possessed of a great Treasure, who is frighted at the most distant Shadow of Danger.

'Since I have thus far open'd my Heart to you, I will not conceal the secret Satisfaction I feel there of knowing the Goodness of my Friend will not be unrewarded. I am pleased with thinking the Providence of the Almighty hath sufficient Blessings in store for him, and will certainly discharge the Debt, though I am not made the happy Instrument of doing it.

'However, nothing in my power shall be wanting to shew my Gratitude; I will make it the Business of my Life to thank him, and shall esteem (next to him) those my best Friends, who give me greatest Assistance in this good Work. Printing this Letter would be some little Instance of my Gratitude; and your Favour herein will very much oblige

Nov. 24. Your most humble Servant, &c.
T. W. C.

No. 547.] Thursday, Nov. 27, 1712. [Addison.

*Si vulnus tibi monstratâ radice vel herbâ
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ
Proficiente nihil curarier* ——— Hor.

IT is very difficult to praise a Man without putting him out of Countenance. My following Correspondent has found out this uncommon Art, and, together with his Friends, has celebrated some of my Speculations after such a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my Readers think I am to blame in Publishing my own Commendations, they will allow I should have deserved their Censure as much, had I suppressed the Humour in which they are convey'd to me.

SIR,

I am often in a private Assembly of Wits of both Sexes, where we generally descant upon your Speculations, or upon the Subjects on which you have treated. We were last Tuesday talking of those two Volumes which you have lately published. Some were commending one of your Papers, and some another; and there was scarce a single Person in the Company that had not a favourite Speculation. Upon this a Man of Wit and Learning told us, he thought it would not be amiss if we paid the *Spectator* the same Compliment that is often made in our publick Prints to Sir William Read, Dr. Grant, Mr. Moor the Apothecary;¹ and other eminent Physicians, where it is usual for the Patients to publish the Cures which have been made upon them, and the several Distempers under which they laboured. The Proposal took, and the Lady where we visited having the two last Volumes in large Paper interleav'd for her own private use, ordered them to be brought down, and laid in the Window, whither every one in the Company retired, and writ down a particular Advertisement in the Style and Phrase of the like inge-

¹ Sir William Read, a doctor who could hardly read, was one of the most pertinacious advertisers of his time. He advertised in the *Tatler* that he had been 35 years in the practice of 'couching' cataracts, taking off all sorts of wens, curing wry necks and hair-lips without blemish, though never 'so deformed.' His wife assisted him, and after his death carried on his business, advertising that, 'The Lady Read, in Durham Yard, in the Strand, having obtained a peculiar method of couching cataracts and curing all diseases of the eyes, by Sir William Read's method and medicines, and having had above 15 years' experience - - - - - Note, Sir William Read has left only with his lady the true receipt of his Styptich Water,' &c., &c.

Dr. Grant was another advertising oculist, illiterate and celebrated, originally a tinker or cobbler, afterwards a Baptist preacher in Southwark.

Mr. Moore sold a powder which, according to his advertisements, brought off worms of incredible length.

nious Compositions which we frequently meet with at the end of our News-Papers. When we had finish'd our Work, we read them with a great deal of Mirth at the Fire-side, and agreed, *Nemine contradicente*, to get them transcrib'd, and sent to the *Spectator*. The Gentleman who made the Proposal enter'd the following Advertisement before the Title-Page, after which the rest succeeded in order.

Remedium efficax et universum; or, An effectual Remedy adapted to all Capacities; shewing how any Person may Cure himself of Ill-Nature, Pride, Party-Spleen, or any other Distemper incident to the human System, with an easie way to know when the Infection is upon him. This Panacea is as innocent as Bread, agreeable to the Taste, and requires no Confinement. It has not its Equal in the Universe, as Abundance of the Nobility and Gentry throughout the Kingdom have experienced.

N. B. 'No Family ought to be without it.

Over the two Spectators on Jealousy, being the two first in the third Volume.

'I William Crazy, aged Threescore and seven, having been for several Years afflicted with uneasie Doubts, Fears and Vapours, occasion'd by the Youth and Beauty of Mary my Wife, aged twenty five, do hereby for the Benefit of the Publick give Notice, that I have found great Relief from the two following Doses, having taken them two Mornings together with a Dish of Chocolate. Witness my Hand, &c.

For the Benefit of the Poor.

'In charity to such as are troubled with the Disease of Levee-Haunting, and are forced to seek their Bread every Morning at the Chamber Doors of great Men, I A. B. do testifie, that for many Years past I laboured under this fashionable Distemper, but was cured of it by a Remedy which I bought of Mrs. Baldwin, contain'd in an Half-Sheet of Paper, marked No. 193. where any one may be provided with the same Remedy at the price of a single Penny.

'An infallible Cure for *Hypocondriack Melancholy*. No. 173. 184. 191. 203. 209. 221. 233. 235. 239. 245. 247. 251.

Probatum est.

Charles Easy.

'I Christopher Query having been troubled with a certain Distemper in my Tongue, which shewed it self in impertinent and superfluous Interrogatories, have not asked one unnecessary Question since my Perusal of the Prescription marked No. 228.

'The *Britannick Beautifyer*, being an Essay on Modesty, No. 231. which gives such a delightful Blushing Colour to the Cheeks of those that are White or Pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine Complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest Friend: Is nothing of Paint, or in the least hurtful. It renders the Face delightfully handsome; is not subject to be rubbed off, and cannot be paralleled by either

Wash, Powder, Cosmetick, &c. It is certainly the best Beautifier in the World.

Martha Gloworm.

I Samuel Self, of the Parish of St. James's, having a Constitution which naturally abounds with Acids, made use of a Paper of Directions marked No. 177. recommending a healthful Exercise called *Good-Nature*, and have found it a most excellent Sweetner of the Blood.

Whereas I, Elizabeth Rainbow, was troubled with that Distemper in my Head, which about a Year ago was pretty Epidemical among the Ladies, and discover'd it self in the Colour of their Hoods, having made use of the Doctor's Cephalick Tincture, which he exhibited to the Publick in one of his last Year's Papers, I recover'd in a very few Days.

I George Gloom have for a long time been troubled with the Spleen, and being advis'd by my Friends to put my self into a Course of Steele, did for that end make use of Remedies convey'd to me several Mornings, in short Letters, from the Hands of the invisible Doctor. They were marked at the bottom Nathaniel Henroost, Alice Threadneedle, Rebecca Nettletop, Tom. Loveless, Mary Meanwell, Thomas Smoaky, Anthony Freeman, Tom Meggot, Rustick Sprightly, &c. which have had so good an Effect upon me, that I now find my self chearful, lightsome and easie; and therefore do recommend them to all such as labour under the same Distemper.

Not having room to insert all the Advertisements which were sent me, I have only picked out some few from the Third Volume, reserving the Fourth for another Opportunity. O.

No. 548.] Friday, November 28, 1712. [

—Vitiis nemo sine nascitur, optimus illo
Qui minimis urgetur— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Nov. 27, 1712.
I HAVE read this Day's Paper with a great deal of Pleasure, and could send you an Account of several Elixirs and Antidotes in your third Volume, which your Correspondents have not taken Notice of in their Advertisements; and at the same time must own to you, that I have seldom seen a Shop furnished with such a Variety of Medicaments, and in which there are fewer Soporifics. The several Vehicles you have invented for conveying your unacceptable Truths to us, are what I most particularly admire, as I am afraid they are Secrets which will die with you. I do not find that any of your Critical Essays are taken Notice of in this Paper, notwithstanding I

¹ Unacknowledged, but doubtless by Addison, who took this indirect way of answering Dennis. Addison's hand is further shown by the addition made to the reprint.

look upon them to be excellent Cleansers of the Brain, and could venture to superscribe them with an Advertisement which I have lately seen in one of our News-Papers, wherein there is an Account given of a Sovereign Remedy for restoring the Taste of all such Persons whose Palates have been vitiated by Distempers, unwholesome Food, or any the like Occasions. But to let fall the Allusion, notwithstanding your Criticisms, and particularly the Candour which you have discovered in them, are not the least taking Part of your Works, I find your Opinion concerning *Poetical Justice*, as it is expressed in the first Part of your Fortieth *Spectator*, is controverted by some eminent Criticks; and as you now seem, to our great Grief of Heart, to be winding up your Bottoms, I hoped you would have enlarged a little upon that Subject. It is indeed but a single Paragraph in your Works, and I believe those who have read it with the same Attention I have done, will think there is nothing to be objected against it. I have however drawn up some additional Arguments to strengthen the Opinion which you have there delivered, having endeavoured to go to the Bottom of that Matter, which you may either publish or suppress as you think fit.

Horace in my Motto says, that all Men are vicious, and that they differ from one another, only as they are more or less so. Boileau has given the same Account of our Wisdom, as Horace has of our Virtue.

*Tous les hommes sont fous, et, malgré tous leurs soins,
Ne different entre eux, que du plus et du moins.*

All Men, says he, are Fools, and, in spite of their Endeavours to the contrary, differ from one another only as they are more or less so.

Two or three of the old Greek Poets have given the same turn to a Sentence which describes the Happiness of Man in this Life;

Tò ζῆν ἀλύπως, ἀνδρός ἐστι εὐτυχοῦς.

That Man is most happy who is the least miserable. It will not perhaps be unentertaining to the Polite Reader to observe how these three beautiful Sentences are formed upon different Subjects by the same way of thinking; but I shall return to the first of them.

Our Goodness being of a comparative, and not an absolute nature, there is none who in strictness can be called a Virtuous Man. Every one has in him a natural Alloy, tho' one may be fuller of Dross than another: For this reason I cannot think it right to introduce a perfect or a faultless Man upon the Stage; not only because such a Character is improper to move Compassion, but because there is no such a thing in Nature. This might probably be one Reason why the SPECTATOR in one of his Papers took notice of that late invented Term called *Poetical Justice*, and the wrong Notions into which it has led some Tragick Writers. The most perfect Man has Vices enough to draw down Punishments upon his Head, and to justify Providence in regard to any Miseries that may befall him. For this reason I cannot think, but that the Instruction

and Moral are much finer, where a Man who is virtuous in the main of his Character falls into Distress, and sinks under the Blows of Fortune at the End of a Tragedy, than when he is represented a Happy and Triumphant. Such an Example corrects the Insolence of Human Nature, softens the Mind of the Beholder with Sentiments of Pity and Compassion, comforts him under his own private Affliction, and teaches him not to judge Mens Virtues by their Successes. I cannot think of one real Hero in all Antiquity so far raised above Human Infirmities, that he might not be very naturally represented in a Tragedy as plunged in Misfortunes and Calamities. The Poet may still find out some prevailing Passion or Indiscretion in his Character, and shew it in such a Manner, as will sufficiently acquit the Gods of any Injustice in his Sufferings. For as *Horace* observes in my Text, the best Man is faulty, tho' not in so great a degree as those whom we generally call vicious Men.

If such a strict Poetical Justice, as some Gentlemen insist upon, was to be observed in this Art, there is no manner of Reason why it should not extend to Heroick Poetry, as well as Tragedy. But we find it so little observed in *Homer*, that his *Achilles* is placed in the greatest point of Glory and Success, though his Character is Morally Vicious, and only Poetically Good, if I may use the Phrase of our modern Criticks. The *Aeneid* is filled with Innocent, unhappy Persons. *Nisus* and *Eurialus*, *Lausus* and *Pallas* come all to unfortunate Ends. The Poet takes Notice in particular, that in the Sacking of *Troy*, *Ripheus* fell, who was the most just Man among the *Trojans*.

—*Cadit et Ripheus justissimus unus,
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus Aequi:
Dij's aliter visum est*—

And that *Pantheus* could neither be preserved by his transcendent Piety, nor by the holy Fillets of *Apollo*, whose Priest he was.

—*nec Te tua plurima Pantheu
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula texit.*

Æn. l. 2.

I might here mention the Practice of ancient Tragick Poets, both *Greek* and *Latin*; but as this Particular is touched upon in the Paper above-mentioned, I shall pass it over in Silence. I could produce Passages out of *Aristotle* in favour of my Opinion, and if in one Place he says that an absolutely Virtuous Man should not be represented as unhappy, this does not justify any one who shall think fit to bring in an absolutely virtuous Man upon the Stage. Those who are acquainted with that Author's Way of Writing, know very well, that to take the whole extent of his Subject into his Divisions of it, he often makes use of such Cases as are imaginary, and not reducible to Practice: He himself declares that such Tragedies as ended unhappily bore away the Prize in Theatrical Contentions, from those which ended happily; and for the Fortieth Speculation, which I am now considering, as it

has given Reasons why these are more apt to please an Audience, so it only proves that these are generally preferable to the other, tho' at the same time it affirms that many excellent Tragedies have and may be written in both kinds.

[I shall conclude with observing, that though the *Spectator* above-mentioned is so far against the Rule of Poetical Justice, as to affirm, that good Men may meet with an unhappy Catastrophe in Tragedy, it does not say that ill Men may go off unpunished. The Reason for this Distinction is very plain, namely, because the best of Men are vicious enough to justify Providence for any Misfortunes and Afflictions which may befall them, but there are many Men so criminal that they can have no Claim or Pretence to Happiness. The best of Men may deserve Punishment, but the worst of Men cannot deserve Happiness.]

No. 549.] Saturday, Nov. 29, 1712. [Addiscn.

*Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen*— Juv.

I BELIEVE most People begin the World with a Resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of Solitude or Retirement, when they have made themselves easie in it. Our Unhappiness is, that we find out some Excuse or other for deferring such our good Resolutions till our intended Retreat is cut off by Death. But among all kinds of People there are none who are so hard to part with the World, as those who are grown old in the heaping up of Riches. Their Minds are so warped with their constant Attention to Gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their Souls another Bent, and convert them towards those Objects, which, though they are proper for every Stage of Life, are so more especially for the last. *Horace* describes an old Usurer as so charmed with the Pleasures of a Country Life, that in order to make a Purchase he called in all his Money; but what was the Event of it? Why in a very few Days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this Series of Thought by a Discourse which I had last Week with my worthy Friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Man of so much natural Eloquence, good Sense, and Probity of Mind, that I always hear him with a particular Pleasure. As we were sitting together, being the sole remaining Members of our Club, Sir ANDREW gave me an Account of the many busie Scenes of Life in which he had been engaged, and at the same time reckoned up to me abundance of those lucky Hits, which at another time he would have called pieces of good Fortune; but in the Temper of Mind he was then, he termed them Mercies, Favours of Providence, and Blessings upon an honest Industry. Now, says he, you must know my good Friend, I am so used to consider my self as Creditor and Debtor, that I often state my Accounts after the same manner with regard to Heaven and my own Soul. In this case, when I look upon the Debtor-side, I find such innumerable Articles, that I want

Arithmetick to cast them up; but when I look upon the Creditor-side, I find little more than blank Paper. Now though I am very well satisfied that it is not in my power to ballance Accounts with my Maker, I am resolved however to turn all my future Endeavours that way. You must not therefore be surprized, my Friend, if you hear that I am betaking myself to a more thoughtful kind of Life, and if I meet you no more in this Place.

I could not but approve so good a Resolution, notwithstanding the Loss I shall suffer by it. Sir ANDREW has since explained himself to me more at large in the following Letter, which is just come to my hands.

Good Mr. SPECTATOR,

Notwithstanding my Friends at the Club have always rallied me, when I have talked of retiring from Business, and repeated to me one of my own Sayings, *That a Merchant has never enough till he has got a little more*; I can now inform you, that there is one in the World who thinks he has enough, and is determined to pass the Remainder of his Life in the Enjoyment of what he has. You know me so well, that I need not tell you, I mean, by the Enjoyment of my Possessions, the making of them useful to the Publick. As the greatest part of my Estate has been hitherto of an unsteady and volatile nature, either tost upon Seas or fluctuating in Funds; it is now fixed and settled in Substantial Acres and Tenements. I have removed it from the Uncertainty of Stocks, Winds and Waves, and disposed of it in a considerable Purchase. This will give me great Opportunity of being charitable in my way, that is, in setting my poor Neighbours to Work, and giving them a comfortable Subsistence out of their own Industry. My Gardens, my Fish-ponds, my Arable and Pasture Grounds shall be my several Hospitals, or rather Work-houses, in which I propose to maintain a great many indigent Persons, who are now starving in my Neighbourhood. I have got a fine Spread of improveable Lands, and in my own Thoughts am already plowing up some of them, fencing others; planting Woods, and draining Marshes. In fine, as I have my share in the Surface of this Island, I am resolved to make it as beautiful a Spot as any in her Majesty's Dominions; at least there is not an Inch of it which shall not be cultivated to the best Advantage, and do its utmost for its Owner. As in my Mercantile Employment I so disposed of my Affairs, that from whatever Corner of the Compass the Wind blew, it was bringing home one or other of my Ships; I hope, as a Husbandman, to contrive it so, that not a Shower of Rain, or a Glimpse of Sunshine, shall fall upon my Estate without bettering some part of it, and contributing to the Products of the Season. You know it has been hitherto my Opinion of Life, that it is thrown away when it is not some way useful to others. But when I am riding out by my self, in the fresh Air on the open Heath that lies by my House, I find several other Thoughts growing up in me. I am now of opinion that a Man [of my Age] may find Business enough on

himself, by setting his Mind in order, preparing it for another World, and reconciling it to the Thoughts of Death. I must therefore acquaint you, that besides those usual Methods of Charity, of which I have before spoken, I am at this very Instant finding out a convenient Place where I may build an Alms-house, which I intend to endow very handsomely, for a Dozen superannuated Husbandmen. It will be a great pleasure to me to say my Prayers twice a-day with Men of my own [Years],¹ who all of them, as well as my self, may have their Thoughts taken up how they shall die, rather than how they shall live. I remember an excellent Saying that I learned at School, *Finis coronat opus*. You know best whether it be in *Virgil* or in *Horace*, it is my business to apply it. If your Affairs will permit you to take the Country Air with me sometimes, you shall find an Apartment fitted up for you, and shall be every day entertained with Beef or Mutton of my own feeding; Fish out of my own Ponds; and Fruit out of my own Garden[s]. You shall have free Egress and Regress about my House, without having any Questions asked you, and in a Word such an hearty Welcome as you may expect from

Your most sincere Friend

and humble Servant,

ANDREW FREEPORT.

The Club, of which I am Member, being entirely dispersed, I shall consult my Reader next Week, upon a Project relating to the Institution of a new one. O.

No. 550.] Monday, December 1, 1712. [Addison.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor HIATU?
Hor.

SINCE the late Dissolution of the Club whereof I have often declared myself a Member, there are very many Persons who by Letters, Petitions, and Recommendations, put up for the next Election. At the same time I must complain, that several indirect and underhand Practices have been made use of upon this Occasion. A certain Country Gentleman begun to *tapp* upon the first Information he received of Sir ROGER's Death; when he sent me up word, that if I would get him chosen in the Place of the Deceased, he would present me with a Barrel of the best *October* I had ever drank in my Life. The Ladies are in great Pain to know whom I intend to elect in the Room of WILL. HONEYCOMBE. Some of them indeed are of Opinion that Mr. HONEYCOMBE did not take sufficient care of their Interests in the Club, and are therefore desirous of having in it hereafter a Representative of their own Sex. A Citizen who subscribes himself *Y. Z.* tells me that he has one and twenty Shares in the *African* Company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in case he may succeed Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, which he thinks would

¹ [Age.]

raise the Credit of that Fund. I have several Letters, dated from *Jenny Man's*, by Gentlemen who are Candidates for Capt. SENTRY'S Place, and as many from a Coffee-House in *Paul's Church-yard* of such who would fill up the Vacancy occasioned by the Death of my worthy Friend the Clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular Respect.

Having maturely weighed these several Particulars, with the many Remonstrances that have been made to me on this Subject, and considering how invidious an Office I shall take upon me, if I make the whole Election depend upon my single Voice, and being unwilling to expose myself to those Clamours, which, on such an Occasion, will not fail to be raised against me for Partiality, Injustice, Corruption, and other Qualities which my Nature abhors, I have formed to myself the Project of a Club as follows.

I have thoughts of issuing out Writs to all and every of the Clubs that are established in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, requiring them to chuse out of their respective Bodies a Person of the greatest Merit, and to return his name to me before *Lady-day*, at which time I intend to sit upon Business.

By this means I may have Reason to hope, that the Club over which I shall preside will be the very Flower and Quintessence of all other Clubs. I have communicated this my Project to none but a particular Friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his Happiness in that kind of Wit which is commonly known by the Name of a Punn. The only Objection he makes to it is, that I shall raise up Enemies to myself if I act with so regal an Air; and that my Detractors, instead of giving me the usual Title of SPECTATOR, will be apt to call me the *King of Clubs*.

But to proceed on my intended Project: It is very well known that I at first set forth in this Work with the Character of a silent Man; and I think I have so well preserved my Taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three Sentences in the space of almost two Years. As a Monosyllable is my Delight, I have made very few Excursions in the Conversations which I have related, beyond a Yes or a No. By this Means my Readers have lost many good things which I have had in my Heart, though I did not care for uttering them.

Now in order to diversify my Character, and to shew the World how well I can talk if I have a Mind, I have Thoughts of being very loquacious in the Club which I have now under Consideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this Affair, I design, upon the first Meeting of the said Club, to have *my Mouth opened* in form; intending to regulate myself in this Particular by a certain Ritual which I have by me, that contains all the Ceremonies which are practised at the opening of the Mouth of a Cardinal. I have likewise examined the forms which were used of old by *Pythagoras*, when any of his Scholars, after an Apprenticeship of Silence, was made free of his Speech. In the mean time, as I have of late found my Name in foreign Gazettes upon less Occasions, I question not but in their next Arti-

cles from *Great Britain*, they will inform the World that *the SPECTATOR'S Mouth is to be opened on the twenty-fifth of March next.*¹ I may perhaps publish a very useful Paper at that Time of the Proceedings in that Solemnity, and of the Persons who shall assist at it. But of this more hereafter.

No. 551.] Tuesday, December 2, 1712. [

Sic Honor et Nomen divinis vatibus atque Carminibus venit.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

WHEN Men of worthy and excelling Genius's have obliged the World with beautiful and instructive Writings, it is in the nature of Gratitude that Praise should be returned them, as one proper consequent Reward of their Performances. Nor has Mankind ever been so degenerately sunk, but they have made this Return, and even when they have not been wrought up by the generous Endeavour so as to receive the Advantages designed by it. This Praise, which arises first in the Mouth of particular Persons, spreads and lasts according to the Merit of Authors; and when it thus meets with a full Success changes its Denomination, and is called *Fame*. They who have happily arrived at this, are, even while they live, enflamed by the Acknowledgments of others, and spurred on to new Undertakings for the Benefit of Mankind, notwithstanding the Detraction which some abject Tempers would cast upon them: But when they decease, their Characters being freed from the Shadow which *Envy* laid them under, begin to shine out with greater Splendour; their Spirits survive in their Works; they are admitted into the highest Companies, and they continue pleasing and instructing Posterity from Age to Age. Some of the best gain a Character, by being able to shew that they are no Strangers to them; and others obtain a new Warmth to labour for the Happiness and Ease of Mankind, from a Reflection upon those Honours which are paid to their Memories.

The Thought of this took me up as I turned over those Epigrams which are the Remains of several of the *Wits of Greece*, and perceived many dedicated to the Fame of those who had excelled in beautiful poetick Performances. Wherefore, in pursuance to my Thought, I concluded to do something along with them to bring their Praises into a new Light and Language, for the Encouragement of those whose modest Tempers may be deterr'd by the Fear of Envy or Detraction from fair Attempts, to which their Parts might render them equal. You will perceive them as they follow to be conceived in the form of Epitaphs, a sort of Writing which is wholly set apart for a short pointed Method of Praise.

¹ On the twelfth of the following March appeared the first number of Steele's *Guardian*. Addison's attempt to revive the *Spectator* was not made until June, 1714.

On *Orpheus*, written by *Antipater*.

*No longer, Orpheus, shall thy sacred Strains
Lead Stones, and Trees, and Beasts along the
Plains;
No longer sooth the boistrous Wind to sleep,
Or still the Billows of the raging Deep:
For thou art gone, the Muses mourn'd thy Fall
In solemn Strains, thy Mother most of all.
Ye Mortals, idly for your Sons ye moan,
If thus a Goddess could not save her own.*

Observe here, that if we take the Fable for granted, as it was believed to be in that Age when the Epigram was written, the Turn appears to have Piety to the Gods, and a resigning Spirit in its Application. But if we consider the Point with respect to our present Knowledge, it will be less esteem'd; though the Author himself, because he believed it, may still be more valued than any one who should now write with a Point of the same Nature.

On *Homer*, by *Alpheus of Mytilene*.

*Still in our Ears Andromache complains,
And still in sight the Fate of Troy remains;
Still Ajax fights, still Hector's dragg'd along,
Such strange Enchantment dwells in Homer's
Song;
Whose Birth cou'd more than one poor Realm
adorn,
For all the World is proud that he was born.*

The Thought in the first part of this is natural, and depending upon the Force of Poesy: In the latter part it looks as if it would aim at the History of seven Towns contending for the Honour of *Homer's* Birth-place; but when you expect to meet with that common Story, the Poet slides by, and raises the whole *World* for a kind of *Arbiter*, which is to end the Contention amongst its several Parts.

On *Anacreon* by *Antipater*.

*This Tomb be thine, Anacreon; all around
Let Ivy wreath, let Flourets deck the Ground,
And from its Earth, enrich'd with such a Prize,
Let Wells of Milk and Streams of Wine arise:
So will thine Ashes yet a Pleasure know,
If any Pleasure reach the Shades below.*

The Poet here written upon, is an easy gay Author, and he who writes upon him has filled his own Head with the Character of his Subject. He seems to love his Theme so much, that he thinks of nothing but pleasing him as if he were still alive, by entering into his Libertine Spirit; so that the Humour is easy and gay, resembling *Anacreon* in its Air, raised by such Images, and pointed with such a Turn as he might have used. I give it a place here, because the Author may have design'd it for his Honour; and I take an Opportunity from it to advise others, that when they would praise, they cautiously avoid every looser Qualification, and fix only where there is a real Foundation in Merit.

On *Euripides*, by *Ion*.

*Divine Euripides, this Tomb we see
So fair, is not a Monument for thee,*

*So much as thou for it, since all will own
Thy Name and lasting Praise adorns the Stone.*

The Thought here is fine, but its Fault is, that it is general, that it may belong to any great Man, because it points out no particular Character. It would be better, if when we light upon such a Turn, we join it with something that circumscribes and bounds it to the Qualities of our Subject. He who gives his Praise in gross, will often appear either to have been a Stranger to those he writes upon, or not to have found any thing in them which is Praise-worthy.

On *Sophocles*, by *Simonides*.

*Winde, gentle Ever-green, to form a Shade
Around the Tomb where Sophocles is laid;
Sweet Ivy winde thy Boughs, and intertwine
With blushing Roses and the clustring Vine:
Thus will thy lasting Leaves, with Beauties
hung,
Prove grateful Emblems of the Lays he sung;
Whose Soul, exalted like a God of Wit,
Among the Muses and the Graces writ.*

This Epigram I have open'd more than any of the former: The Thought towards the latter End seemed closer couched, so as to require an Explication. I fancied the Poet aimed at the Picture which is generally made of *Apollo* and the *Muses*, he sitting with his Harp in the Middle, and they around him. This look'd beautiful to my Thought, and because the Image arose before me out of the Words of the Original as I was reading it, I venture to explain them so.

On *Menander*, the Author unnamed.

*The very Bees, O sweet Menander, hung
To taste the Muses Spring upon thy Tongue;
The very Graces made the Scenes you writ
Their happy Point of fine Expression hit.
Thus still you live, you make your Athens shine,
And raise its Glory to the Skies in thine.*

This Epigram has a respect to the Character of its Subject; for *Menander* writ remarkably with a Justness and Purity of Language. It has also told the Country he was born in, without either a set or a hidden Manner, while it twists together the Glory of the Poet and his Nation, so as to make the Nation depend upon his for an Encrease of its own.

I will offer no more Instances at present, to shew that they who deserve Praise have it returned them from different Ages. Let these which have been laid down, shew Men that Envy will not always prevail. And to the End that Writers may more successfully enliven the Endeavours of one another, let them consider, in some such Manner as I have attempted, what may be the justest Spirit and Art of Praise. It is indeed very hard to come up to it. Our Praise is trifling when it depends upon Fable; it is false when it depends upon wrong Qualifications; it means nothing when it is general; it is extremely difficult to hit when we propose to raise Characters high, while we keep to them justly. I shall end this with transcribing that excellent Epitaph of *Mr. Cowley*, wherein, with a kind of grave and philosophick Humour, he very beautifully speaks

of himself (withdrawn from the World, and dead to all the Interests of it) as of a Man really deceased. At the same time it is an Instruction how to leave the Publick with a good Grace.

Epitaphium Vivi Authoris.

*Hic, O Viator, sub Lare parvulo
Couleius hic est conditus, hic jacet
Defunctus Humani Laboris
Sorte, supervacuaque Vita,
Non Indecora pauperie nitens,
Et non inertis Nobilis Otio,
Vanoque dilectis popello
Divitiis animosus hostis.
Possis ut illum dicere mortuum
En Terra jam nunc Quantula sufficit?
Exempta sit Curis, Viator,
Terra sit illa lævis, precare.
Hic sparge Flores, sparge breves Rosas,
Nam Vita gaudet Mortua Floribus,
Herbisque Odoratis Corona
Vatis adhuc Cinerem Calentem.*

[The Publication of these Criticisms having procured me the following Letter from a very ingenious Gentleman, I cannot forbear inserting it in the Volume, though it did not come soon enough to have a place in any of my single Papers.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

Having read over in your Paper, No. 551. some of the Epigrams made by the Grecian Wits, in commendation of their celebrated Poets, I could not forbear sending you another, out of the same Collection; which I take to be as great a Compliment to *Homer*, as any that has yet been paid him.

Τίς ποθ' ὁ τὸν Τροίης πόλεμον, &c.

*Who first transcrib'd the famous Trojan War,
And wise Ulysses' Acts, O Jove, make known:
For since 'tis certain, Thine those Poems are,
No more let Homer boast they are his own.*

'If you think it worthy of a Place in your Speculations, for ought I know (by that means) it may in time be printed as often in *English*, as it has already been in *Greek*. I am (like the rest of the World)

SIR,

4th Dec.

Your great Admirer,
G. R.

The Reader may observe that the Beauty of this Epigram is different from that of any in the foregoing. An Irony is look'd upon as the finest Palliative of Praise; and very often conveys the noblest Panegyrick under the Appearance of Satire. *Homer* is here seemingly accused and treated as a Plagiary; but what is drawn up in the form of an Accusation is certainly, as my Correspondent observes, the greatest Compliment that could have been paid to that Divine Poet.]

Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I am a Gentleman of a pretty good Fortune, and of a Temper impatient of any thing which I think an Injury; however I always quarrell'd according to Law, and instead of attacking my

'Adversary by the dangerous Method of Sword and Pistol, I made my Assaults by that more secure one of Writ or Warrant. I cannot help telling you, that either by the Justice of my Causes, or the Superiority of my Counsel, I have been generally successful; and to my great Satisfaction I can say it, that by three Actions of Slander, and half a dozen Trespasses, I have for several Years enjoy'd a perfect Tranquility in my Reputation and Estate. By these means also I have been made known to the Judges, the Serjeants of our Circuit are my intimate Friends, and the Ornamental Counsel pay a very profound Respect to one who has made so great a Figure in the Law. Affairs of Consequence having brought me to Town, I had the Curiosity to other day to visit *Westminster-Hall*; and having placed myself in one of the Courts, expected to be most agreeably entertained. After the Court and Counsel were, with due Ceremony, seated, up stands a learned Gentleman, and began, When this Matter was last stirr'd before your Lordship: The next humbly moved to *quash* an *Indictment*; another complain'd that his Adversary had *snapp'd* a *Judgment*; the next informed the Court that his Client was *stripp'd* of his *Possession*; another begg'd Leave to acquaint his Lordship, that they had been *saddled* with Costs. At last up got a grave Serjeant, and told us his Client had been *hung up* a whole Term by a *Writ of Error*. At this I could bear it no longer, but came hither, and resolv'd to apply my self to your Honour to interpose with these Gentlemen, that they would leave off such low and unnatural Expressions: For surely tho' the Lawyers subscribe to hideous *French* and false *Latin*, yet they should let their Clients have a little decent and proper *English* for their Money. What Man that has a Value for a good Name would like to have it said in a publick Court, that Mr. such-a-one was *stripp'd*, *saddled* or *hung up*? This being what has escaped your Spectatorial Observation, be pleas'd to correct such an illiberal Cant among profess'd Speakers, and you'll infinitely oblige

Joe's Coffee-house, Your humble Servant,
Novemb. 28. Philonicus.

No 552.] Wednesday, December 3, 1712. [Steele.

— Quæ prægravat artes
Infra se positas extinctus amabitur idem.—Hor.

AS I was tumbling about the Town the other Day in an Hackney-Coach, and delighting my self with busy Scenes in the Shops of each Side of me, it came into my Head, with no small Remorse, that I had not been frequent enough in the Mention and Recommendation of the industrious Part of Mankind. It very naturally, upon this Occasion, touched my Conscience in particular, that I had not acquitted my self to my Friend Mr. *Peter Motteux*.¹ That industrious

¹ See note on p. 414.

Man of Trade, and formerly Brother of the Quill, has dedicated to me a Poem upon Tea. It would injure him, as a Man of Business, if I did not let the World know that the Author of so good Verses writ them before he was concern'd in Traffick. In order to expiate my Negligence towards him, I immediately resolv'd to make him a Visit. I found his spacious Warehouses fill'd and adorn'd with Tea, *China* and *Indian* Ware. I could observe a beautiful Ordonnance of the whole; and such different and considerable Branches of Trade carried on, in the same House, I exulted in seeing dispos'd by a Poetical Head. In one place were exposed to view Silks of various Shades and Colours, rich Brocades, and the wealthiest Products of foreign Looms. Here you might see the finest Laces held up by the fairest Hands, and there examin'd by the beauteous Eyes of the Buyers, the most delicate Cambricks, Muslins, and Linnens. I could not but congratulate my Friend on the humble, but, I hoped, beneficial Use he had made of his Talents, and wished I could be a Patron to his Trade, as he had been pleas'd to make me of his Poetry. The honest Man has, I know, that modest Desire of Gain which is peculiar to those who understand better Things than Riches: and I dare say he would be contented with much less than what is called Wealth at that Quarter of the Town which he inhabits, and will oblige all his Customers with Demands agreeable to the Moderation of his Desires.

Among other Omissions of which I have been also guilty, with relation to Men of Industry of a superior Order, I must acknowledge my Silence towards a Proposal frequently enclosed to me by Mr. *Renatus Harris, Organ-BUILDER*. The ambition of this Artificer is to erect an Organ in *St. Paul's Cathedral*, over the West Door, at the Entrance into the Body of the Church, which in Art and Magnificence shall transcend any Work of that kind ever before invented. The Proposal in perspicuous Language sets forth the Honour and Advantage such a Performance would be to the *British* Name, as well as that it would apply the Power of Sounds in a manner more amazingly forcible than, perhaps, has yet been known, and I am sure to an End much more worthy. Had the vast Sums which have been laid out upon Opera's without Skill or Conduct, and to no other Purpose but to suspend or vitiate our Understandings, been disposed this Way, we should now perhaps have an Engine so formed as to strike the Minds of half a People at once in a Place of Worship with a Forgetfulness of present Care and Calamity, and a Hope of endless Rapture, Joy, and Hallelujah hereafter.

When I am doing this Justice, I am not to forget the best Mechanick of my Acquaintance, that useful Servant to Science and Knowledge, Mr. *John Rowley*; but I think I lay a great Obligation on the Publick, by acquainting them with his Proposals for a Pair of new Globes. After his Preamble, he promises in the said Proposals that,

In the Celestial Globe,

'Care shall be taken that the fixed Stars be

'placed according to their true Longitude and
'Latitude, from the many and correct Observa-
'tions of *Hevelius*, *Cassini*, Mr. *Flamsteed*,
'Reg. Astronomer, Dr. *Halley Savilian* Pro-
'fessor of Geometry in *Oxon*; and from what-
'ever else can be procured to render the Globe
'more exact, instructive, and useful.

'That all the Constellations be drawn in a
'curious, new, and particular manner; each Star
'in so just, distinct, and conspicuous a Proportion,
'that its true Magnitude may be readily known
'by bare Inspection, according to the different
'*Light* and *Sizes* of the Stars. That the Track
'or Way of such Comets as have been well ob-
'serv'd, but not hitherto expressed in any Globe,
'be carefully delineated in this.

In the Terrestrial Globe.

'That by reason the Descriptions formerly
'made, both in the *English* [and ¹] *Dutch* great
'Globes, are erroneous, *Asia*, *Africa*, and *Amer-*
'*ica*, be drawn in a Manner wholly new; by
'which means it is to be noted, that the Under-
'takers will be obliged to alter the Latitude of
'some Places in 10 Degrees, the Longitude of
'others in 20 Degrees: besides which great
'and necessary Alterations, there be many re-
'markable Countries, Cities, Towns, Rivers, and
'Lakes, omitted in other Globes, inserted here
'according to the best Discoveries made by our
'late Navigators. Lastly, That the Course of
'the Trade-Winds, the *Monsoons*, and other
'Winds periodically shifting between the Tro-
'picks, be visibly express'd.

'Now in Regard that this Undertaking is of so
'universal Use, as the Advancement of the most
'necessary Parts of the Mathematicks, as well as
'tending to the Honour of the *British* Nation,
'and that the Charge of carrying it on is very
'expensive; it is desired that all Gentlemen who
'are willing to promote so great a Work, will be
'pleas'd to subscribe on the following Conditions.

'I. The Undertakers engage to furnish each
'Subscriber with a Celestial and Terrestrial Globe,
'each of 30 Inches Diameter, in all Respects curi-
'ously adorned, the Stars gilded, the Capital
'Cities plainly distinguished, the Frames, Meri-
'dians, Horizons, Hour Circles and Indexes so
'exactly finished up, and accurately divided, that
'a Pair of these Globes will really appear in the
'Judgment of any disinterested and intelligent
'Person, worth Fifteen Pounds more than will be
'demanded for them by the Undertakers.

'II. Whosoever will be pleas'd to subscribe,
'and pay Twenty Five Pounds in the Manner fol-
'lowing for a Pair of these Globes, either for
'their own Use, or to present them to any College
'in the Universities, or any publick Library or
'School, shall have his Coat of Arms, Name,
'Title, Seat, or Place of Residence, &c., inserted
'in some convenient Place of the Globe.

'III. That every Subscriber do at first pay
'down the Sum of Ten Pounds, and Fifteen
'Pounds more upon the delivery of each Pair of
'Globes perfectly fitted up. And that the said
'Globes be deliver'd within Twelve Months after

¹ [or]

'the Number of Thirty Subscribers be compleated ;
'and that the Subscribers be served with Globes
'in the Order in which they subscribed.

'IV. That a Pair of these Globes shall not
'hereafter to be sold to any Person but the Sub-
'scribers under Thirty Pounds.

'V. That if there be not thirty Subscribers
'within four Months after the first of *Decem-*
'*ber*, 1712, the Money paid shall be return'd on
'Demand by Mr. *John Warner* Goldsmith near
'*Temple-Bar*, who shall receive and pay the
'same according to the above-mention'd Articles.

T.

No. 553.] Thursday, Dec. 4, 1712. [Addison.

Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.—Hor.

THE Project which I published on *Monday*
last has brought me in several Packets of
Letters. Among the rest I have receiv'd one
from a certain Projector, wherein after having
represented, that in all probability the Solemnity
of *opening my Mouth* will draw together a great
Confluence of Beholders, he proposes to me the
hiring of *Stationer's-Hall* for the more convenient
exhibiting of that Publick Ceremony. He under-
takes to be at the Charge of it himself, provided
he may have the erecting of Galleries on every
side, and the letting of them out upon that Occa-
sion. I have a Letter also from a Bookseller,
petitioning me in a very humble manner, that he
may have the Printing of the Speech which I
shall make to the Assembly upon the first opening
of my Mouth. I am informed from all Parts,
that there are great Canvassings in the several
Clubs about Town, upon the chusing of a proper
Person to sit with me on those arduous Affairs, to
which I have summoned them. Three Clubs
have already proceeded to Election, whereof one
has made a double Return. If I find that my
Enemies shall take Advantage of my Silence to
begin Hostilities upon me, or if any other Exi-
gency of Affairs may so require, since I see Elec-
tions in so great a forwardness, we may possibly
meet before the Day appointed ; or if matters go
on to my Satisfaction, I may perhaps put off the
Meeting to a further Day ; but of this Publick
Notice shall be given.

In the mean time, I must confess that I am not
a little gratify'd and oblig'd by that Concern
which appears in this great City upon my present
Design of laying down this Paper. It is likewise
with much Satisfaction, that I find some of the
most outlying Parts of the Kingdom alarm'd
upon this Occasion, having receiv'd Letters to
expostulate with me about it, from several of my
Readers of the remotest Boroughs of *Great Bri-*
tain. Among these I am very well pleased with
a Letter dated from *Berwick upon Tweed*,
wherein my Correspondent compares the Office
which I have for some time executed in these
Realms to the Weeding of a great Garden ; which,
says he, it is not sufficient to weed once for all,
and afterwards to give over, but that the Work
must be continued daily, or the same Spots of

Ground which are cleared for a while, will in a
little time be over-run as much as ever. Another
Gentleman lays before me several Enormities
that are already sprouting, and which he believes
will discover themselves in their Growth imme-
diately after my Disappearance. There is no
doubt, says he, but the Ladies Heads will shoot
up as soon as they know they are no longer under
the *Spectator's* Eye ; and I have already seen
such monstrous broad-brimmed Hats under the
Arms of Foreigners, that I question not but they
will overshadow the Island within a Month or two
after the dropping of your Paper. But among all
the Letters which are come to my hands, there is
none so handsomely written as the following one,
which I am the more pleased with, as it is sent me
from Gentlemen who belong to a Body which I
shall always Honour, and where (I cannot speak it
without a secret Pride) my Speculations have met
with a very kind Reception. It is usual for Poets,
upon the publishing of their Works, to print be-
fore them such Copies of Verses as have been
made in their Praise. Not that you must imagine
they are pleased with their own Commendations,
but because the elegant Compositions of their
Friends should not be lost. I must make the
same Apology for the Publication of the ensuing
Letter, in which I have suppressed no Part of
those Praises that are given my Speculations with
too lavish and good-natured an Hand ; though
my Correspondents can witness for me, that at
other times I have generally blotted out those
Parts in the Letters which I have received from
them. [O.]

Mr. SPECTATOR, Oxford, Nov. 25.

'In spite of your Invincible Silence you have
'found out a Method of being the most agreeable
'Companion in the World: That kind of Con-
'versation which you hold with the Town, has
'the good Fortune of being always pleasing to
'the Men of Taste and Leisure, and never offens-
'ive to those of Hurry and Business. You are
'never heard, but at what *Horace* calls *dextro*
'*tempore*, and have the Happiness to observe
'the politick Rule, which the same discerning
'Author gave his Friend, when he enjoind him
'to deliver his Book to *Augustus*,

Si validus, si lætus erit, si denique poscet.

'You never begin to talk, but when People are
'desirous to hear you ; and I defy any one to be
'out of humour till you leave off. But I am led
'unawares into Reflections, foreign to the original
'Design of this Epistle ; which was to let you
'know, that some unfeigned Admirers of your ini-
'mitable Papers, who could, without any Flat-
'tery, greet you with the Salutation used to the
'Eastern Monarchs, viz. *O Spec, live for ever*,
'have lately been under the same Apprehensions,
'with Mr. *Philo-Spec* ; that the haste you have
'made to dispatch your best Friends portends no
'long Duration to your own short Visage. We could
'not, indeed, find any just Grounds for Com-
'plaint in the Method you took to dissolve that
'venerable Body : No, the World was not worthy
'of your Divine. WILL. HONEYCOMB could not,
'with any Reputation, live single any longer. It
'was high time for the *TEMPLAR* to turn himself

'to *Coke*: And Sir ROGER's dying was the wisest thing he ever did in his Life. It was, however, matter of great Grief to us, to think that we were in danger of losing so Elegant and Valuable an Entertainment. And we could not, without Sorrow, reflect that we were likely to have nothing to interrupt our Sips in a Morning, and to suspend our Coffee in mid-air, between our Lips and Right Ear, but the ordinary Trash of News-Papers. We resolved, therefore, not to part with you so. But since, to make use of your own Allusion, the Cherries began now to crowd the Market, and their Season was almost over, we consulted our future Enjoyments, and endeavoured to make the exquisite Pleasure that delicious Fruit gave our Taste as lasting as we could, and by drying them protract their stay beyond its natural Date. We own that thus they have not a Flavour equal to that of their juicy Bloom; but yet, under this Disadvantage, they pique the Palate, and become a Salver better than any other Fruit at its first Appearance. To speak plain, there are a Number of us who have begun your Works afresh, and meet two Nights in the Week in order to give you a Rehearing. We never come together without drinking your Health, and as seldom part without general Expressions of Thanks to you for our Night's Improvement. This we conceive to be a more useful Institution than any other Club whatever, not excepting even that of *ugly Faces*. We have one manifest Advantage over that renowned Society, with respect to Mr. *Spectator's* Company. For though they may brag, that you sometimes make your personal Appearance amongst them, it is impossible they should ever get a Word from you. Whereas you are with us the Reverse of what *Phædria* would have his Mistress be in his Rival's Company, *Present in your Absence*. We make you talk as much and as long as we please; and let me tell you, you seldom hold your Tongue for the whole Evening. I promise my self you will look with an Eye of Favour upon a Meeting which owes its Original to a mutual Emulation among its Members, who shall shew the most profound Respect for your Paper; not but we have a very great Value for your Person: and I dare say you can no where find four more sincere Admirers, and humble Servants, than

T. F., G. S., J. T., E. T.

No. 554.] Friday, Dec. 5, 1712. [John Hughes.

—tentanda Via est, quæ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, Victorque virum volitare per
Ora.—Virg.

I AM obliged for the following Essay, as well as for that which lays down Rules out of *Tully* for Pronunciation and Action, to the Ingenious Author of a Poem just Published, Entitled, *An Ode to the Creator of the World*, occasioned by the Fragments of *Orpheus*.

It is a Remark made, as I remember, by a celebrated *French* Author, that *no Man ever pushed*

his Capacity as far as it was able to extend. I shall not enquire whether this Assertion be strictly true. It may suffice to say, that Men of the greatest Application and Acquirements can look back upon many vacant Spaces, and neglected Parts of Time, which have slipped away from them unemployed; and there is hardly any one considering Person in the World, but is apt to fancy with himself, at some time or other, that if his Life were to begin again, he could fill it up better.

The Mind is most provoked to cast on it self this ingenuous Reproach, when the Examples of such Men are presented to it, as have far outshot the generality of their Species, in Learning, Arts, or any valuable Improvements.

One of the most extensive and improved Genius's we have had any Instance of in our own Nation, or in any other, was that of Sir *Francis Bacon* Lord *Verulam*. This great Man, by an extraordinary Force of Nature, Compass of Thought, and indefatigable Study, had amassed to himself such stores of Knowledge as we cannot look upon without Amazement. His Capacity seems to have grasped All that was revealed in Books before his Time; and not satisfied with that, he began to strike out new Tracks of Science, too many to be travelled over by any one Man, in the Compass of the longest Life. These, therefore, he could only mark down, like imperfect Coastings in Maps, or supposed Points of Land, to be further discovered, and ascertained by the Industry of After-Ages, who should proceed upon his Notices or Conjectures.

The Excellent Mr. *Boyle* was the Person, who seems to have been designed by Nature to succeed to the Labours and Enquiries of that extraordinary Genius I have just mentioned. By innumerable Experiments He, in a great Measure, filled up those Planns and Out-Lines of Science, which his Predecessor had sketched out. His Life was spent in the Pursuit of Nature, through a great Variety of Forms and Changes, and in the most rational, as well as devout Adoration of its Divine Author.

It would be impossible to name many Persons who have extended their Capacities so far as these two, in the Studies they pursued; but my learned Readers, on this Occasion, will naturally turn their Thoughts to a *Third*,¹ who is yet living, and is likewise the Glory of our own Nation. The Improvements which others had made in Natural and Mathematical Knowledge have so vastly increased in his Hands, as to afford at once a wonderful Instance how great the Capacity is of a Human Soul, and how inexhaustible the Subject of its Enquiries; so true is that Remark in Holy Writ, that, *though a wise Man seek to find out the Works of God from the Beginning to the End, yet shall he not be able to do it*.

I cannot help mentioning here one Character more, of a different kind indeed from these, yet such a one as may serve to shew the wonderful Force of Nature and of Application, and is the most singular Instance of an Universal Genius I have ever met with. The Person I mean is *Leonardo da Vinci*, an *Italian* Painter, descended

¹ Newton.

from a noble Family in *Tuscany*, about the beginning of the sixteenth Century. In his Profession of History-Painting he was so great a Master, that some have affirmed he excelled all who went before him [It is certain], that he raised the Envy of *Michael Angelo*, who was his Contemporary, and that from the Study of his Works *Raphael* himself learned his best Manner of Designing. He was a Master too in Sculpture and Architecture, and skilful in Anatomy, Mathematicks, and Mechanicks. The Aquæduct from the River *Adda* to *Milan*, is mentioned as a Work of his Contrivance. He had learned several Languages, and was acquainted with the Studies of History, Philosophy, Poetry, and Musick. Though it is not necessary to my present Purpose, I cannot but take notice, that all who have writ of him mention likewise his Perfections of Body. The Instances of his Strength are almost incredible. He is described to have been of a well-formed Person, and a Master of all genteel Exercises. And lastly, we are told that his moral Qualities were agreeable to his natural and intellectual Endowments, and that he was of an honest and generous Mind, adorned with great Sweetness of Manners. I might break off the Account of him here, but I imagine it will be an Entertainment to the Curiosity of my Readers, to find so remarkable a Character distinguished by as remarkable a Circumstance at his Death. The Fame of his Works having gained him an universal Esteem, he was invited to the Court of *France*, where, after some time, he fell sick; and *Francis the First* coming to see him, he raised himself in his Bed to acknowledge the Honour which was done him by that Visit. The King embraced him, and *Leonardo* fainting at the same Instant, expired in the Arms of that great Monarch.

It is impossible to attend to such Instances as these, without being raised into a Contemplation on the wonderful Nature of an Human Mind, which is capable of such Progressions in Knowledge, and can contain such a Variety of Ideas without Perplexity or Confusion. How reasonable is it from hence to infer its Divine Original? And whilst we find unthinking Matter endued with a Natural Power to last for ever, unless annihilated by Omnipotence, how absurd would it be to imagine, that a Being so much Superior to it should not have the same Privilege?

At the same time it is very surprizing, when we remove our Thoughts from such Instances as I have mentioned, to consider those we so frequently meet with in the Accounts of barbarous Nations among the *Indians*; where we find Numbers of People who scarce shew the first Glimmerings of Reason, and seem to have few Ideas above those of Sense and Appetite. These, methinks, appear like large Wilds, or vast uncultivated Tracts of Human Nature; and when we compare them with Men of the most exalted Characters in Arts and Learning, we find it difficult to believe that they are Creatures of the same Species.

Some are of Opinion that the Souls of Men are all naturally equal, and that the great Disparity we so often observe, arises from the different Organization or Structure of the Bodies to which they are United. But whatever constitutes this

first Disparity, the next great Difference which we find between Men in their several Acquirements is owing to accidental Differences in their Education, Fortunes, or Course of Life. The Soul is a kind of rough Diamond, which requires Art, Labour, and Time to polish it. For want of which, many a good natural Genius is lost, or lies unfashioned, like a Jewel in the Mine.

One of the strongest Incitements to excel in such Arts and Accomplishments as are in the highest Esteem among Men, is the natural Passion which the Mind of Man has for Glory; which, though it may be faulty in the Excess of it, ought by no means to be discouraged. Perhaps some Moralists are too severe in beating down this Principle, which seems to be a Spring implanted by Nature to give Motion to all the latent Powers of the Soul, and is always observed to exert it self with the greatest Force in the most generous Dispositions. The Men whose Characters have shone the brightest among the ancient *Romans*, appear to have been strongly animated by this Passion. *Cicero*, whose Learning and Services to his Country are so well known, was enflamed by it to an extravagant degree, and warmly presses *Luceius*,¹ who was composing a History of those Times, to be very particular and zealous in relating the Story of his Consulship; and to execute it speedily, that he might have the Pleasure of enjoying in his Life-time some Part of the [Honour²] which he foresaw wou'd be paid to his Memory. This was the Ambition of a great Mind; but he is faulty in the Degree of it, and cannot refrain from solliciting the Historian upon this Occasion to neglect the strict Laws of History, and, in praising him, *even to exceed the Bounds of Truth*. The younger *Pliny* appears to have had the same Passion for Fame, but accompanied with greater Chastness and Modesty. His Ingenuous manner of owning it to a Friend, who had prompted him to undertake some great Work, is exquisitely beautiful, and raises him to a certain Grandeur above the Imputation of Vanity. *I must confess*, says he, *that nothing employs my Thoughts more than the Desire I have of perpetuating my Name; which in my Opinion is a Design worthy of a Man, at least of such a one, who being conscious of no Guilt, is not afraid to be remember'd by Posterity.*³

I think I ought not to conclude, without interesting all my Readers in the Subject of this Discourse: I shall therefore lay it down as a Maxim, that though all are not capable of shining in Learning or the Politer Arts; yet *every one is capable of excelling in something*. The Soul has in this Respect a certain vegetative Power, which cannot lie wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a regular and beautiful Garden, it will of it self shoot up in Weeds or Flowers of a wilder Growth.

¹ Epist. ad Diversos. v. 12.

² [Glory]

³ Lib. v. ep. 8, to Titinius Capito. In which, also, Pliny quotes the bit of Virgil taken for the motto of this paper.