

'another Landskip of Life as that does of Countries, and tho' its Appearances may seem strangely jumbled together, we may often observe such Traces and Footsteps of noble Thoughts, as, if carefully pursued, might lead us into a proper Path of Action. There is so much Rapture and Extasie in our fancied Bliss, and something so dismal and shocking in our fancied Misery, that tho' the Inactivity of the Body has given Occasion for calling Sleep the Image of *Death*, the Briskness of the Fancy affords us a strong Intimation of something within us that can never die.

'I have wondered, that *Alexander* the Great, who came into the World sufficiently dreamt of by his Parents, and had himself a tolerable Knack at dreaming, should often say, that *Sleep was one thing which made him sensible he was Mortal*. I who have not such Fields of Action in the Day-time to divert my Attention from this Matter, plainly perceive, that in those Operations of the Mind, while the Body is at rest, there is a certain Vastness of Conception very suitable to the Capacity, and demonstrative of the Force of that Divine Part in our Composition which will last for ever. Neither do I much doubt but had we a true Account of the Wonders the Hero last mentioned performed in his Sleep, his conquering this little Globe would hardly be worth mentioning. I may affirm, without Vanity, that when I compare several Actions in *Quintus Curtius* with some others in my own Noctuary, I appear the greater Hero of the two.

I shall close this Subject with observing, that while we are awake we are at Liberty to fix our Thoughts on what we please, but in Sleep we have not the Command of them. The Ideas which strike the Fancy, arise in us without our Choice, either from the Occurrences of the Day past, the Temper we lye down in, or it may be the Direction of some superior Being.

It is certain the Imagination may be so differently affected in Sleep, that our Actions of the Day might be either rewarded or punished with a little Age of Happiness or Misery. *St. Austin* was of Opinion, that if in *Paradise* there was the same Vicissitude of sleeping and waking as in the present World, the Dreams of its Inhabitants would be very happy.

And so far at present our Dreams are in our Power, that they are generally conformable to our waking Thoughts, so that it is not impossible to convey our selves to a Consort of Musick, the Conversation of Distant Friends, or any other Entertainment which has been before lodged in the Mind.

My Readers, by applying these Hints will find the Necessity of making a *good Day* of it, if they heartily wish themselves a *good Night*.

I have often consider'd *Marcia's* Prayer, and *Lucius's* Account of *Cato*, in this Light.

Marc. *O ye immortal Powers, that guard the
Fust,
Watch round his Couch, and soften his Repose,
Banish his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
With easie Dreams; remember all his Virtues!
And shew Mankind that Goodness is your Care.*

Luc. *Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous
Man!*

*O Marcia, I have seen thy Godlike Father:
Some Pow'r invisible supports his Soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted Greatness.
A kind refreshing Sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretcht at Ease, his Fancy lost
In pleasing Dreams; as I drew near his Couch,
He smil'd, and cry'd, Cæsar! thou canst not hurt
me.*

Mr. *Shadow* acquaints me in a Postscript, that he has no manner of Title to the Vision which succeeded his first Letter; but adds, that as the Gentleman who wrote it Dreams very sensibly, he shall be glad to meet him some Night or other, under the great Elm Tree, by which *Virgil* has given us a fine Metaphorical Image of Sleep, in order to turn over a few of the Leaves together, and oblige the Publick with an Account of the Dreams that lie under them.

No. 594.] WEDNESDAY, Sept. 15, 1714. [

—*Absentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis,
Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger est: hunc tu Romane
caveto.*—Hor.

WERE all the Vexations of Life put together, we should find that a great Part of them proceed from those Calumnies and Reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another.

There is scarce a Man living who is not, in some Degree, guilty of this Offence; tho', at the same time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed, that we all consent in speaking ill of the Persons who are notorious for this Practice. It generally takes its Rise either from an Ill-will to Mankind, a private Inclination to make our selves esteemed, an Ostentation of Wit, a Vanity of being thought in the Secrets of the World, or from a Desire of gratifying any of these Dispositions of Mind in those Persons with whom we converse.

The Publisher of Scandal is more or less odious to Mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing Motives. But whatever may be the Occasion of spreading these false Reports, he ought to consider, that the Effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the Person at whom they are aimed. The Injury is the same, tho' the Principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himself with too much Indulgence, when he passes a Judgment on his own Thoughts or Actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable Proceeding, which is so universally practised, and, at the same time, so universally blamed, I shall lay down three Rules by which I would have a Man examine and search into his own Heart, before he stands acquitted to himself of that evil Disposition of Mind which I am here mentioning.

First of all, Let him consider whether he does not take Delight in hearing the Faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackning Accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured Side.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such Reports as tend to the Disreputation of another.

These are the several Steps by which this Vice proceeds, and grows up into Slander and Defamation.

In the first Place, A Man who takes delight in hearing the Faults of others, shows sufficiently that he has a true Relish of Scandal, and consequently the Seeds of this Vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the Reproaches [which¹] are cast on others, he will find the same Pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A Man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his Mind this criminal Curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such Stories as tend to the Disreputation of others.

In the second Place, a Man should consult his own Heart, whether he be not apt to *believe* such little blackening Accounts, and more enclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured Side.

Such a Credulity is very vicious in it self, and generally arises from a Man's Consciousness of his own secret Corruptions. It is a pretty Saying of *Thales*, Falshood is just as far distant from Truth, as the Ears are from the Eyes.² By which he would intimate, that a wise Man should not easily give Credit to the Reports of Actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this Head, mention two or three remarkable Rules to be observed by the Members of the celebrated Abbey *de la Trappe*, as they are Published in a little *French Book*.³

The Fathers are there ordered, never to give an Ear to any Accounts of Base or Criminal Actions; to turn off all such Discourse if possible; but in Case they hear any thing of this Nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose, that the criminal Action may have proceeded from a good Intention in him who is guilty of it. This is perhaps carrying Charity to an Extravagance, but it is certainly much more Laudable, than to suppose, as the ill-natured part of the World does, that indifferent, and even Good Actions, proceed from bad Principles and wrong Intentions.

In the third Place, a Man should examine his Heart, whether he does not find in it a secret Inclination to propagate such Reports, as tend to the Disreputation of another.

When the Disease of the Mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this Degree of Malignity it discovers its self in its worst Symptoms, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore insist upon the Guilt in this

¹ [that]

² Stobæi, Serm. 61.

³ Felibien, Description de l'Abbaye de la Trappe, Paris, 1671, reprinted in 1682. It is a letter from M. Felibien to the Duchess of Liancon.

last Particular, which every one cannot but disapprove, who is not void of Humanity, or even common Discretion. I shall only add, that whatever Pleasure any Man may take in spreading Whispers of this Nature, he will find an infinitely greater Satisfaction in conquering the Temptation he is under, by letting the Secret die within his own Breast.

No. 595.] FRIDAY, September 17, 1714. [

—Non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.

Hor.

IF ordinary Authors would condescend to write as they think, they would at least be allow'd the Praise of being intelligible. But they really take Pains to be ridiculous; and, by the studied Ornaments of Style, perfectly disguise the little Sense they aim at. There is a Grievance of this Sort in the Common-wealth of Letters, which I have for some time resolved to redress, and accordingly I have set this Day apart for Justice. What I mean is, *the Mixture of inconsistent Metaphors*, which is a Fault but too often found in learned Writers, but in all the unlearned without Exception.

In order to set this Matter in a clear Light to every Reader, I shall in the first Place observe, that a Metaphor is a Simile in one Word, which serves to convey the Thoughts of the Mind under Resemblances and Images which affect the Senses. There is not any thing in the World, which may not be compared to several Things, if considered in several distinct Lights; or, in other Words, the same thing may be expressed by different Metaphors. But the Mischief is, that an unskilful Author shall run these Metaphors so absurdly into one another, that there shall be no Simile, no agreeable Picture, no apt Resemblance, but Confusion, Obscurity, and Noise. Thus I have known a Hero compared to a Thunderbolt, a Lion, and the Sea; all and each of them proper Metaphors for Impetuosity, Courage or Force. But by bad Management it hath so happened, that the Thunder-bolt hath overflowed its Banks; the Lion hath been darted through the Skies, and the Billows have rolled out of the *Libyan* Desart.

The Absurdity in this Instance is obvious. And yet every time that clashing Metaphors are put together, this Fault is committed more or less. It hath already been said, that Metaphors are Images of things which affect the Senses. An Image therefore, taken from what acts upon the Sight, cannot, without Violence, be applied to the Hearing; and so of the rest. It is no less an impropriety to make any Being in Nature or Art to do things in its Metaphorical State, which it could not do in its Original. I shall illustrate what I have said by an Instance which I have read more than once in Controversial Writers. *The heavy Lashes*, saith a celebrated Author, *that have dropp'd from your Pen, &c.* I suppose this Gentleman having frequently heard of *Gall dropping*

from a Pen, and being lashed in a Satyr, he was resolved to have them both at any Rate, and so uttered this compleat Piece of Nonsense. It will most effectually discover the Absurdity of these monstrous Unions, if we will suppose these Metaphors or Images actually Painted. Imagine then a Hand holding a Pen, and several Lashes of Whip-cord falling from it, and you have the true Representation of this sort of Eloquence. I believe, by this very Rule, a Reader may be able to judge of the Union of all Metaphors whatsoever, and determine which are Homogeneous and which Heterogeneous: or to speak more plainly, which are Consistent, and which Inconsistent.

There is yet one Evil more which I must take notice of, and that is the running of Metaphors into tedious Allegories; which, though an Error on the better Hand, causes Confusion as much as the other. This becomes abominable, when the Lustre of one Word leads a Writer out of his Road, and makes him wander from his Subject for a Page together. I remember a young Fellow, of this Turn, who having said by Chance that his Mistress had a *World* of Charms, thereupon took Occasion to consider her as one possessed of Frigid and Torrid Zones, and pursued her from the one Pole to the other.

I shall conclude this Paper with a Letter written in that enormous Style, which I hope my Reader hath by this time set his Heart against. The Epistle hath heretofore received great Applause; but after what hath been said, let any Man commend it if he dare.

SIR,

'After the many heavy *Lashes* that have fallen from your *Pen*, you may justly expect in return all the *Load* that my *Ink* can lay upon your Shoulders. You have *Quartered* all the foul *Language* upon me, that could be *raked* out of the Air of *Billingsgate*, without knowing who I am, or whether I deserve to be *Cupped* and *Scarified* at this rate. I tell you once for all, turn your *Eyes* where you please, you shall never *Smell* me out. Do you think that the *Panicks*, which you *sow* about the Parish, will ever *build* a Monument to your Glory? No, Sir, you may *Fight* these Battles as long as you will, but when you come to *Ballance* the Account you will find that you have been *Fishing* in troubled Waters, and that an *Ignis fatuus* hath bewildered you, and that indeed you have *built* upon a sandy Foundation, and brought your *Hogs* to a fair Market.

I am, SIR,
Yours, &c.

No. 596.] MONDAY, September 20, 1714. [

Molle meum levibus Cor est violabile Telis.
Ovid.

THE Case of my Correspondent who sends me the following Letter has somewhat in it so very whimsical, that I know not how to entertain my Readers better than by laying it before them.

SIR,

'I am fully convinced that there is not upon Earth a more impertinent Creature than an importunate Lover: We are daily complaining of the Severity of our Fate, to People who are wholly unconcerned in it; and hourly improving a Passion, which we would persuade the World is the Torment of our Lives. Notwithstanding this Reflection, Sir, I cannot forbear acquainting you with my own Case. You must know then, Sir, that even from my Childhood, the most prevailing Inclination I could perceive in my self, was a strong Desire to be in Favour with the Fair Sex. I am at present in the one and twentieth Year of my Age, and should have made Choice of a She Bed-fellow many Years since, had not my Father, who has a pretty good Estate of his own getting, and passes in the World for a prudent Man, been pleased to lay it down as a Maxim, That nothing spoils a young Fellow's Fortune so much as marrying early; and that no Man ought to think of Wedlock 'till six and twenty. Knowing his Sentiments upon this Head, I thought it in vain to apply my self to Women of Condition, who expect Settlements; so that all my Amours have hitherto been with Ladies who had no Fortunes: But I know not how to give you so good an Idea of me, as by laying before you the History of my Life.

'I can very well remember, that at my School-mistresses, whenever we broke up, I was always for joining my self with the Miss who *Lay in*, and was constantly one of the first to make a Party in the Play of *Husband and Wife*. This Passion for being well with the Females still increased as I advanced in Years. At the Dancing-School I contracted so many Quarrels by struggling with my Fellow-Scholars for the Partner I liked best, that upon a Ball Night, before our Mothers made their Appearance, I was usually up to the Nose in Blood. My Father, like a discreet Man, soon removed me from this Stage of Softness to a School of Discipline, where I learnt *Latin* and *Greek*. I underwent several Severities in this Place, 'till it was thought convenient to send me to the University; though, to confess the Truth, I should not have arrived so early at that Seat of Learning, but from the Discovery of an Intrigue between me and my Master's House-Keeper; upon whom I had employed my Rhetorick so effectually, that, though she was a very elderly Lady, I had almost brought her to consent to marry me. Upon my Arrival at *Oxford*, I found Logick so dry, that, instead of giving Attention to the Dead, I soon fell to addressing the Living. My first Amour was with a pretty Girl whom I shall call *Parthenope*: Her Mother sold Ale by the Town-Wall. Being often caught there by the Proctor, I was forced at last, that my Mistress's Reputation might receive no Blemish, to confess my Addresses were honourable. Upon this I was immediately sent Home; but *Parthenope* soon after marrying a Shoe-maker, I was again suffered to return. My next Affair was with my Taylor's Daughter, who deserted me for the sake of a young Barber. Upon my complaining to one of my particular Friends of this

‘Misfortune, the cruel Wagg made a meer Jest of
‘my Calamity, and asked me with a Smile,
‘*Where the Needle should turn but to the Pole?*¹
‘After this I was deeply in Love with a Milliner,
‘and at last with my Bed-maker, upon which I
‘was sent away, or in the University Phrase,
‘*Rusticated* for ever.

‘Upon my coming home, I settled to my Studies
‘so heartily, and contracted so great a Reserved-
‘ness by being kept from the Company I most
‘affected, that my Father thought he might ven-
‘ture me at the *Temple*.

‘Within a Week after my Arrival I began to
‘shine again, and became enamour’d with a mighty
‘pretty Creature, who had every thing but Mony
‘to recommend her. Having frequent Oppor-
‘tunities of uttering all the soft things which an
‘Heart formed for Love could inspire me with, I
‘soon gained her Consent to treat of Marriage;
‘but unfortunately for us all, in the Absence of
‘my Charmer I usually talked the same Language
‘to her elder Sister, who is also very pretty.
‘Now I assure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, this did
‘not proceed from any real Affection I had con-
‘ceived for her; but being a perfect Stranger to
‘the Conversation of Men, and strongly addicted
‘to associate with the Women, I knew no other
‘Language but that of Love. I should however
‘be very much obliged to you, if you could free
‘me from the Perplexity I am at present in. I
‘have sent Word to my old Gentleman in the
‘Country, that I am desperately in Love with the
‘younger Sister! and her Father, who knew no
‘better, poor Man! acquainted him by the same
‘Post, that I had for some time made my Ad-
‘dresses to the Elder. Upon this old Testy sends
‘me up Word, that he has heard so much of my
‘Exploits, that he intends immediately to order
‘me to the *South-Sea*. Sir, I have occasionally
‘talked so much of dying, that I begin to think
‘there is not much in it; and if the old Squire
‘persists in his Design, I do hereby give him
‘Notice that I am providing myself with proper
‘Instruments for the Destruction of despairing
‘Lovers; let him therefore look to it, and con-
‘sider that by his Obstinacy he may himself lose
‘the Son of his Strength, the World an hopeful
‘Lawyer, my Mistress a passionate Lover, and
‘you, Mr. SPECTATOR,

Your constant Admirer,

Middle-Temple,

Sept. 18.

Jeremy Lovemore.

No. 597.] WEDNESDAY, Sept. 22, 1714. [Byrom.

—Mens sine Pondere ludit.—Petr.

SINCE I received my Friend *Shadow's* Letter,
several of my Correspondents have been
pleased to send me an Account how they have
been employed in Sleep, and what notable Ad-
ventures they have been engaged in during that
Moonshine in the Brain. I shall lay before my
Readers an Abridgment of some few of their Ex-

¹ Sign of a Barber's shop.

travagancies, in hopes that they will in Time ac-
custom themselves to dream a little more to the
Purpose.

One who styles himself *Gladio*, complains
heavily that his Fair One charges him with In-
constancy, and does not use him with half the
Kindness which the Sincerity of his Passion may
demand; the said *Gladio* having by Valour and
Stratagem put to Death Tyrants, Inchanters,
Monsters, Knights, &c. without Number, and
exposed himself to all manner of Dangers for her
Sake and Safety. He desires in his Postscript to
know, whether, from a constant Success in them,
he may not promise himself to succeed in her
Esteem at last.

Another who is very prolix in his Narrative
writes me Word, that having sent a Venture be-
yond Sea, he took Occasion one Night to fancy
himself gone along with it, and grown on a sudden
the richest Man in all the *Indies*. Having been
there about a Year or two, a Gust of Wind that
forced open his Casement blew him over to his
native Country again, where awaking at Six a
Clock, and the Change of the Air not agreeing
with him, he turned to his Left Side in order to a
second Voyage; but e'er he could get on Ship-
board, was unfortunately apprehended for steal-
ing a Horse, try'd and condemn'd for the Fact,
and in a fair way of being executed, if some Body
stepping hastily into his Chamber had not brought
him a Reprieve. This Fellow too wants Mr.
Shadow's Advice, who, I dare say, would bid him
be content to rise after his first Nap, and learn to
be satisfied as soon as Nature is.

The next is a publick-spirited Gentleman, who
tells me, That on the Second of *September* at
Night the whole City was on Fire, and would cer-
tainly have been reduced to Ashes again by this
Time, if he had not flown over it with the *New*
River on his Back, and happily extinguished the
Flames before they had prevailed too far. He
would be informed whether he has not a Right to
petition the Lord Mayor and Alderman for a Re-
ward.

A Letter dated *September* the Ninth acquaints
me, That the Writer being resolved to try his
Fortune, had fasted all that Day; and that he might
be sure of dreaming upon something at Night,
procured an handsome Slice of Bride-Cake, which
he placed very conveniently under his Pillow. In
the Morning his Memory happen'd to fail him,
and he could recollect nothing but an odd Fancy
that he had eaten his Cake; which being found
upon Search reduced to a few Crums, he is re-
solved to remember more of his Dreams another
Time, believing from this that there may possibly
be somewhat of Truth in them.

I have received numerous Complaints from
several delicious Dreamers, desiring me to invent
some Method of silencing those noisy Slaves,
whose Occupations lead them to take their early
Rounds about the City in a Morning, doing a deal
of Mischief; and working strange Confusion in
the Affairs of its Inhabitants. Several Monarchs
have done me the Honour to acquaint me, how
often they have been shook from their respective
Thrones by the rattling of a Coach or the rumbling
of a Wheel-barrow. And many private Gentle-

men, I find, have been baul'd of vast Estates by Fellows not worth Three-pence. A fair Lady was just upon the Point of being married to a young, handsome, rich, ingenious Nobleman, when an impertinent Tinker passing by, forbid the Banns; and an hopeful Youth, who had been newly advanced to great Honour and Preferment, was forced by a neighbouring Cobler to resign all for an old Song. It has been represented to me, that those inconsiderable Rascals do nothing but go about dissolving of Marriages and spoiling of Fortunes, impoverishing rich and ruining great People, interrupting Beauties in the midst of their Conquests, and Generals in the Course of their Victories. A boisterous Peripatetick hardly goes through a Street without waking half a Dozen Kings and Princes to open their Shops or clean Shoes, frequently transforming Sceptres into Paring-Shovels, and Proclamations into Bills. I have by me a Letter from a young Statesman, who in five or six Hours came to be Emperor of *Europe*, after which he made War upon the Great Turk, routed him Horse and Foot, and was crowned Lord of the Universe in *Constantinople*: the Conclusion of all his Successes is, that on the 12th Instant, about Seven in the Morning, his Imperial Majesty was deposed by a Chimney-Sweeper.

On the other hand, I have Epistolary Testimonies of Gratitude from many miserable People, who owe to this clamorous Tribe frequent Deliverances from great Misfortunes. A Small-coal-man,¹ by waking of one of these distressed Gentlemen, saved him from ten Years Imprisonment. An honest Watchman bidding aloud Good-morrow to another, freed him from the Malice of many potent Enemies, and brought all their Designs against him to nothing. A certain Valetudinarian confesses he has often been cured of a sore Throat by the Hoarseness of a Carman, and relieved from a Fit of the Gout by the Sound of *old Shoes*. A noisy Puppy that plagued a sober Gentleman all Night long with his Impertinence, was silenced by a Cinder-Wench with a Word speaking.

Instead therefore of suppressing this Order of Mortals, I would propose it to my Readers to make the best Advantage of their Morning Salutations. A famous *Macedonian* Prince, for fear of forgetting himself in the midst of his good Fortune, had a Youth to wait on him every Morning, and bid him remember that he was a Man. A Citizen who is waked by one of these Criers, may regard him as a kind of Remembrancer, come to admonish him that it is time to return to the Circumstances he has overlooked all the Night-time, to leave off fancying himself what he is not, and prepare to act suitably to the Condition he is really placed in.

People may dream on as long as they please, but I shall take no Notice of any Imaginary Adventures that do not happen while the Sun is on this Side the Horizon. For which Reason I stifle *Fritilla's* Dream at Church last *Sunday*, who while the rest of the Audience were enjoying the Benefit of an excellent Discourse, was losing her

¹ Thomas Britton. (Old Note.) Why he in particular?

Money and Jewels to a Gentleman at Play, till after a strange Run of ill Luck she was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty Children for her last Stake. When she had thrown them away her Companion went off, discovering himself by his usual Tokens, a cloven Foot and a strong Smell of Brimstone; which last proved only a Bottle of Spirits, which a good old Lady applied to her Nose, to put her in a Condition of hearing the Preacher's third Head concerning Time.

If a Man has no Mind to pass abruptly from his imagined to his real Circumstances, he may employ himself a while in that new kind of Observation which my Onicrocritical Correspondent has directed him to make of himself. Pursuing the Imagination through all its Extravagancies, whether in Sleeping or Waking, is no improper Method of correcting and bringing it to act in Subordinancy to Reason, so as to be delighted only with such Objects as will affect it with Pleasure, when it is never so cool and sedate.

No. 598.] FRIDAY, Sept. 24, 1714. [Addison.

*Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem: flebat contrarius alter?*
Juv.

MANKIND may be divided into the Merry and the Serious, who, both of them, make a very good Figure in the Species, so long as they keep their respective Humours from degenerating into the neighbouring Extreme; there being a natural Tendency in the one to a melancholy Moroseness, and in the other to a fantastick Levity.

The merry Part of the World are very amiable, whilst they diffuse a Chearfulness through Conversation at proper Seasons and on proper Occasions; but, on the contrary, a great Grievance to Society, when they infect every Discourse with insipid Mirth, and turn into Ridicule such Subjects as are not suited to it. For though Laughter is looked upon by the Philosophers as the Property of Reason, the Excess of it has been always considered as the Mark of Folly.

On the other Side, Seriousness has its Beauty whilst it is attended with Chearfulness and Humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good Humour of those with whom we converse.

These two Sets of Men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective Characters, are apt to bear a natural Aversion and Antipathy to one another.

What is more usual, than to hear Men of serious Tempers and austere Morals, enlarging upon the Vanities and Follies of the young and gay Part of the Species; whilst they look with a kind of Horror upon such Poms and Diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the Mind too much?

I could not but smile upon reading a Passage in the Account which Mr. *Daxter* gives of his own Life, wherein he represents it as a great Blessing,

that in his Youth he very narrowly escaped getting a Place at Court.

It must indeed be confessed that Levity of Temper takes a Man off his Guard, and opens a Pass to his Soul for any Temptation that assaults it. It favours all the Approaches of Vice, and weakens all the Resistance of Virtue. For which Reason a renowned Statesman in Queen *Elizabeth's* Days, after having retir'd from Court and publick Business, in order to give himself up to the Duties of Religion; when any of his old Friends used to visit him, had still this Word of Advice in his Mouth, *Be serious.*

An eminent *Italian* Author of this Cast of Mind, speaking of the great Advantage of a serious and composed Temper, wishes very gravely, that for the Benefit of Mankind he had *Trophonius's* Cave in his Possession; which, says he, would contribute more to the Reformation of Manners than all the Work-houses and Bridewells in *Europe.*

We have a very particular Description of this Cave in *Pausanias*, who tells us, that it was made in the Form of a huge Oven, and had many particular Circumstances, which disposed the Person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary; insomuch that no Man was ever observed to laugh all his Life after, who had once made his Entry into this Cave. It was usual in those Times, when any one carried a more than ordinary Gloominess in his Features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of *Trophonius's* Cave.

On the other hand, Writers of a more merry Complexion have been no less severe on the opposite Party; and have had one Advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more Turns of Wit and Humour.

After all, if a Man's Temper were at his own Disposal, I think he would not chuse to be of either of these Parties; since the most perfect Character is that which is formed out of both of them. A Man would neither chuse to be a Hermit nor a Buffoon: Humane Nature is not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a Word, a Man should not live as if there was no God in the World; nor, at the same Time, as if there were no Men in it.

No 599.] MONDAY, September 27, 1714. [

—————*Ubique*—————
Luctus, ubique pavor————— Virg.

IT has been my Custom, as I grow old, to allow myself in some little Indulgencies which I never took in my Youth. Among others is that of an Afternoon's Napp, which I fell into in the Fifty fifth Year of my Age, and have continued for the three Years last past. By this means I enjoy a double Morning, and rise twice a-day fresh to my Speculations. It happens very luckily for me, that some of my Dreams have proved instructive to my Countrymen, so that I may be said to sleep, as well as to wake, for the Good of the Publick. I was Yesterday meditating on the Ac-

count with which I have already entertained my Readers concerning the Cave of *Trophonius.* I was no sooner fallen into my usual Slumber, but I dreamt that this Cave was put into my Possession, and that I gave publick Notice of its Virtue, inviting every one to it, who had a mind to be a serious Man for the remaining Part of his Life. Great Multitudes immediately resorted to me. The first who made the Experiment was a *Merry-Andrew*, who was put into my Hands by a neighbouring Justice of Peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of Life. Poor Pickle-herring had not taken above one Turn in it, when he came out of the Cave, like a Hermit from his Cell, with a penitential Look, and a most rueful Countenance. I then put in a young laughing Fop, and, watching for his Return, asked him, with a Smile, how he liked the Place? He replied, Pr'ythee Friend be not impertinent; and stalked by me as grave as a Judge. A Citizen then desired me to give free Ingress and Egress to his Wife, who was dressed in the gayest coloured Ribbons I had ever seen. She went in with a Flirt of her Fan and a smirking Countenance, but came out with a Severity of a Vestal, and throwing from her several Female Gugaws, told me with a Sigh, that she resolved to go into deep Mourning, and to wear Black all the rest of her Life. As I had many Coquets recommended to me by their Parents, their Husbands, and their Lovers, I let them in all at once, desiring them to divert themselves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into Day-light, you would have fancied my Cave to have been a Nunnery, and that you had seen a solemn Procession of Religious marching out, one behind another, in the most profound Silence and the most exemplary Decency. As I was very much delighted with so edifying a Sight, there came towards me a great Company of Males and Females laughing, singing, and dancing, in such a manner that I could hear them a great while before I saw them. Upon my asking their Leader, what brought them thither? they told me all at once, that they were *French* Protestants lately arrived in *Great-Britain*, and that finding themselves of too Gay a Humour for my Country, they applyed themselves to me in order to compose them for *British* Conversation. I told them, that to oblige them I would soon spoil their Mirth; upon which I admitted a whole Shole of them, who, after having taken a Survey of the Place, came out in very good Order, and with Looks entirely *English.* I afterwards put in a *Dutch* Man, who had a great Fancy to see the *Kelder*, as he called it, but I could not observe that it had made any manner of Alteration in him.

A Comedian who had gained great Reputation in Parts of Humour, told me, that he had a mighty Mind to act *Alexander* the Great, and fancied that he should succeed very well in it, if he could strike two or three laughing Features out of his Face: He tried the Experiment, but contracted so very solid a Look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no Part hereafter but a *Timon* of *Athens*, or a Mute in the *Funeral.*

I then clapt up an empty fantastic Citizen, in order to qualifie him for an Alderman. He was

succeeded by a young Rake of the *Middle-Temple*, who was brought to me by his Grandmother; but to her great Sorrow and Surprize, he came out a *Quaker*. Seeing my self surrounded with a Body of *Free-thinkers*, and Scoffers at Religion, who were making themselves merry at the sober Looks and thoughtful Brows of those who had been in the Cave; I thrust them all in, one after another, and locked the Door upon 'em. Upon my opening it, they all looked, as if they had been frighted out of their Wits, and were marching away with Ropes in their Hands to a Wood that was within Sight of the Place. I found they were not able to bear themselves in their first serious Thoughts; but knowing these would quickly bring them to a better Frame of Mind, I gave them into the Custody of their Friends 'till that happy Change was wrought in them.

The last that was brought to me was a young Woman, who at the first Sight of my short Face fell into an immoderate fit of Laughter, and was forced to hold her Sides all the while her Mother was speaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old Lady, and taking her Daughter by the Hand, Madam, said I, be pleased to retire into my Closet, while your Mother tells me your Case. I then put her into the Mouth of the Cave, when the Mother, after having begg'd Pardon for the Girl's Rudeness, told me, that she often treated her Father and the gravest of her Relations in the same manner; that she would sit giggling and laughing with her Companions from one End of a Tragedy to the other; nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the Middle of a Sermon, and set the whole Congregation a staring at her. The Mother was going on, when the young Lady came out of the Cave to us with a composed Countenance, and a low Curtsie. She was a Girl of such exuberant Mirth, that her Visit to *Trophonius* only reduced her to a more than ordinary Decency of Behaviour, and made a very pretty Prude of her. After having performed innumerable Cures, I looked about me with great Satisfaction, and saw all my Patients walking by themselves in a very Pensive and musing Posture, so that the whole Place seem'd covered with Philosophers. I was at length resolv'd to go into the Cave my self, and see what it was that had produced such wonderful Effects upon the Company; but as I was stooping at the Entrance, the Door being something low, I gave such a Nodd in my Chair, that I awaked. After having recovered my self from my first Startle, I was very well pleas'd at the Accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little Stay in the Place might have spoiled my SPECTATORS.

No. 600.] WEDNESDAY, Sept. 29, 1714. [Addison.

—*Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.*—Virg.

I HAVE always taken a particular Pleasure in examining the Opinions which Men of different Religions, different Ages, and different Countries, have entertained concerning the Immortality of the Soul, and the State of Happiness which they

promise themselves in another World. For whatever Prejudices and Errors human Nature lies under; we find that either Reason, or Tradition from our first Parents, has discovered to all People something in these great Points which bears Analogy to Truth, and to the Doctrines opened to us by Divine Revelation. I was lately discoursing on this Subject with a learned Person who has been very much conversant among the Inhabitants of the more Western Parts of *Africk*.¹ Upon his conversing with several in that Country, he tells me that their Notion of Heaven or of a future State of Happiness is this, That every thing we there wish for will immediately present it self to us. We find, say they, our Souls are of such Nature that they require Variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same Objects. The Supreme Being therefore, in Compliance with this Taste of Happiness which he has planted in the Soul of Man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every Gratification which it is in the Humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in Groves or Bowers, among running Streams or Falls of Water, we shall immediately find our selves in the midst of such a Scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with Musick and the Melody of Sounds, the Consort rises upon our Wish, and the whole Region about us is filled with Harmony. In short, every Desire will be followed by Fruition, and whatever a Man's Inclination directs him to will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power creates in Conformity to our Wishes, or whether he only produces such a Change in our Imagination, as makes us believe our selves conversant among those Scenes which delight us. Our Happiness will be the same, whether it proceed from external Objects, or from the Impressions of the Deity upon our own private Fancies. This is the Account which I have received from my learned Friend. Notwithstanding this System of Belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in its manner of considering the Influence of a Divine Being on a Human Soul. It has also, like most other Opinions of the Heathen World upon these important Points, it has, I say, its Foundation in Truth, as it supposes the Souls of good Men after this Life to be in a State of perfect Happiness, that in this State there will be no barren Hopes, nor fruitless Wishes, and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular Circumstance which I am most pleas'd with in this Scheme, and which arises from a just Reflection upon Human Nature, is that Variety of Pleasures which it supposes the Souls of good Men will be possessed of in another World. This I think highly probable, from the Dictates both of Reason and Revelation. The Soul consists of many Faculties, as the Understanding, and the Will, with all the Senses both outward and inward; or to speak more Philosophically, the Soul can exert herself in many different Ways of Action. She can understand, will, imagine, see, and hear, love, and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like

¹ Addison's father, who wrote an account of West Barbary, died in 1703.

Exercises of different Kinds and Natures; but what is more to be considered, the Soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite Pleasure and Satisfaction from the Exercise of any of these its Powers, when they are gratified with their proper Objects; she can be entirely happy by the Satisfaction of the Memory, the Sight, the Hearing, or any other Mode of Perception. Every Faculty is as a distinct Taste in the Mind, and hath Objects accommodated to its proper Relish. Doctor *Tillotson* somewhere says that he will not presume to determine in what consists the Happiness of the Blest, because God Almighty is capable of making the Soul happy by Ten thousand different Ways. Besides those several Avenues to Pleasure which the Soul is endowed with in this Life; it is not impossible, according to the Opinions of many eminent Divines, but there may be new Faculties in the Souls of good Men made perfect, as well as new Senses in their glorified Bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new Objects offer'd to all those Faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take Notice that every particular Faculty is capable of being employed on a very great Variety of Objects. The Understanding, for Example, may be happy in the Contemplation of Moral, Natural, Mathematical, and other Kinds of Truth. The Memory likewise may turn itself to an infinite Multitude of Objects, especially when the Soul shall have pass'd through the Space of many Millions of Years, and shall reflect with Pleasure on the Days of Eternity. Every other Faculty may be consider'd in the same Extent.

We cannot question but that the Happiness of a Soul will be adequate to its Nature, and that it is not endowed with any Faculties which are to lie useless and unemploy'd. The Happiness is to be the Happiness of the whole Man, and we may easily conceive to our selves the Happiness of the Soul, whilst any one of its Faculties is in the Fruition of its chief Good. The Happiness may be of a more exalted Nature in Proportion as the Faculty employ'd is so, but as the whole Soul acts in the Exertion of any of its particular Powers, the whole Soul is happy in the Pleasure which arises from any of its particular Acts. For notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken Notice of by one of the greatest modern Philosophers,¹ we divide the Soul into several Powers and Faculties, there is no such Division in the Soul it self, since it is the whole Soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of considering the Memory, Understanding, Will, Imagination, and the like Faculties, is for the better enabling us to express our selves in such abstracted Subjects of Speculation, not that there is any such Division in the Soul it self.

Seeing then that the Soul has many different Faculties, or in other Words, many different Ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleas'd, or made happy by all these different Faculties, or Ways of acting; that it may be endow'd with several latent Faculties, which it is not at

present in a Condition to exert; that we cannot believe the Soul is endow'd with any Faculty which is of no Use to it; that whenever any one of these Faculties is transcendently pleas'd, the Soul is in a State of Happiness; and in the last Place considering that the Happiness of another World is to be the Happiness of the whole Man; who can question but that there is an infinite Variety in those Pleasures we are speaking of; and that this Fulness of Joy will be made up of all those Pleasures which the Nature of the Soul is capable of receiving.

We shall be the more confirmed in this Doctrine, if we observe the Nature of Variety, with regard to the Mind of Man. The Soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The Faculties relieve one another by Turns, and receive an additional Pleasure from the Novelty of those Objects about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this Notion, under the different Views which it gives us of our future Happiness. In the Description of the Throne of God, it represents to us all those Objects which are able to gratify the Senses and Imagination: In very many Places it intimates to us all the Happiness which the Understanding can possibly receive in that State, where all Things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know, even as we are known; the Raptures of Devotion, of Divine Love, the Pleasure of conversing with our Blessed Saviour, with an innumerable Host of Angels, and with the Spirits of Just Men made Perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several Parts of the Holy Writings. There are also mentioned those Hierarchies or Governments, in which the Blest shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great Part of our Happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this World, where every one is aiming at Power and Superiority; but on the contrary, every one will find that Station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other Station. These and many other Particulars are marked in Divine Revelation, as the several Ingredients of our Happiness in Heaven, which all imply such a Variety of Joys and such a Gratification of the Soul in all its different Faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the Rabbins tell us, that the Cherubims are a Set of Angels who know most, and the Seraphims a Set of Angels who love most. Whether this Distinction be not altogether Imaginary, I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable that among the Spirits of good Men, there may be some who will be more pleas'd with the Employment of one Faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous Habits or Inclinations which have here taken the deepest Root.

I might here apply this Consideration to the Spirits of wicked Men, with relation to the Pain which they shall suffer in every one of their Faculties, and the respective Miseries which shall be appropriated to each Faculty in particular. But leaving this to the Reflection of my Readers, I shall conclude, with observing how we ought to

¹ Locke.

be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the Being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the Soul susceptible of Pleasure by so many different Ways. We see by what a Variety of Passages, Joy and Gladness may enter into the Thoughts of Man; how wonderfully a human Spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper Satisfaction, and taste the Goodness of its Creator. We may therefore look into our selves with Rapture and Amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our Gratitude to him, who has encompassed us with such a Profusion of Blessings, and opened in us so many Capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger Argument that God has designed us for a State of future Happiness, and for that Heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the Soul for it, and made it a Being capable of receiving so much Bliss. He would never have made such Faculties in vain, and have endowed us with Powers that were not to be exerted on such Objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest, by the inward Frame and Constitution of our Minds, that he has adapted them to an infinite Variety of Pleasures and Gratifications, which are not to be met with in this Life. We should therefore at all times take Care that we do not disappoint this his gracious Purpose and Intention towards us, and make those Faculties which he formed as so many Qualifications for Happiness and Rewards, to be the Instruments of Pain and Punishment.

No. 601.] FRIDAY, Oct. 1, 1714. [Henry Grove.

Ὁ ἄνθρωπος εὐεργετὸς πεφυκὼς.

Antonin. Lib. 9.

THE following Essay comes from an Hand which has entertained my Readers once before.¹

Notwithstanding a narrow contracted Temper be that which obtains most in the World, we must not therefore conclude this to be the genuine Characteristick of Mankind; because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in doing Good, and receive more of their Happiness at second hand, or by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate Sensation. Now tho' these Heroic Souls are but few, and to Appearance so far advanced above the groveling Multitude, as if they were of another Order of Beings, yet in Reality their Nature is the same, moved by the same Springs, and endowed with all the same essential Qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated. Water is the same fluid Body in Winter and in Summer; when it stands stiffened in Ice as when it flows along in gentle Streams gladdening a thousand Fields in its Progress. 'Tis a Property of the Heart of Man to be diffusive: Its kind Wishes spread abroad over the Face of the Creation; and if there be those, as we may ob-

serve too many of them, who are all wrapt up in their own dear selves, without any visible Concern for their Species, let us suppose that their Good-nature is frozen, and by the prevailing Force of some contrary Quality restrained in its Operations. I shall therefore endeavour to assign some of the principal Checks upon this generous Propension of the Human Soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what Method, this most useful Principle may be unfettered, and restored to its native Freedom of Exercise.

The first and leading Cause is an unhappy Complexion of Body. The Heathens, ignorant of the true Source of Moral Evil, generally charged it on the Obliquity of Matter, which, being eternal and independent, was incapable of Change in any of its Properties, even by the Almighty Mind, who, when He came to fashion it into a World of Beings, must take it as he found it. This Notion, as most others of theirs, is a Composition of Truth and Error. That Matter is eternal, that from the first Union of a Soul to it, it perverted its Inclinations, and that the ill Influence it hath upon the Mind is not to be corrected by God himself, are all very great Errors, occasioned by a Truth as evident, that the Capacities and Dispositions of the Soul depend, to a great Degree, on the bodily Temper. As there are some Fools, others are Knaves, by Constitution; and particularly, it may be said of many, that they are born with an illiberal Cast of Mind; the Matter that composes them is tenacious as Birdlime, and a kind of Cramp draws their Hands and their Hearts together, that they never care to open them unless to grasp at more. 'Tis a melancholy Lot this; but attended with one Advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear good Offices, as it is to these Men to perform them; that whereas Persons naturally Beneficent often mistake Instinct for Virtue, by reason of the Difficulty of distinguishing when one rules them and when the other, Men of the opposite Character may be more certain of the Motive that predominates in every Action. If they cannot confer a Benefit with that Ease and Frankness which are necessary to give it a Grace in the Eye of the World, in requital, the real Merit of what they do is inhauc'd by the Opposition they surmount in doing it. The Strength of their Virtue is seen in rising against the Weight of Nature, and every time they have the Resolution to discharge their Duty, they make a Sacrifice of Inclination to Conscience, which is always too grateful to let its Followers go without suitable Marks of its Approbation. Perhaps the entire Cure of this ill Quality is no more possible, than of some Distempers that descend by Inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a Course of Beneficence obstinately persisted in; this, if any thing, being a likely way of establishing a moral Habit, which shall be somewhat of a Counterpoise to the Force of Mechanism. Only it must be remembered, that we do not intermit, upon any Pretence whatsoever, the Custom of doing Good, in regard if there be the least Cessation, Nature will watch the Opportunity to return, and in a short time to recover the Ground it was so long in quitting: For there is this Difference between mental Habits, and

¹ No. 588.

such as have their Foundation in the Body; that these last are in their Nature more forcible and violent, and, to gain upon us, need only not to be opposed; whereas the former must be continually reinforced with fresh Supplies, or they will languish and die away. And this suggests the Reason why good Habits, in general, require longer time for their Settlement than bad, and yet are sooner displaced; the Reason is, that vicious Habits (as Drunkenness for Instance) produce a Change in the Body, which the others not doing, must be maintained the same way they are acquired, by the mere Dint of Industry, Resolution, and Vigilance.

Another Thing which suspends the Operations of Benevolence, is the Love of the World; proceeding from a false Notion Men have taken up, that an Abundance of the World is an essential Ingredient into the Happiness of Life. Worldly Things are of such a Quality as to lessen upon dividing, so that the more Partners there are, the less must fall to every Man's private Share. The Consequence of this is, that they look upon one another with an evil Eye, each imagining all the rest to be embarked in an Interest, that cannot take Place but to his Prejudice. Hence are those eager Competitions for Wealth or Power; hence one Man's Success becomes another's Disappointment; and, like Pretenders to the same Mistress, they can seldom have common Charity for their Rivals. Not that they are naturally disposed to quarrel and fall out, but 'tis natural for a Man to prefer himself to all others, and to secure his own Interest first. If that which Men esteem their Happiness were like the Light, the same sufficient and unconfined Good, whether Ten Thousand enjoy the Benefit of it, or but One, we should see Mens Good-will, and kind Endeavours, would be as universal.

*Homo qui Erranti comiter monstrat Viam,
Quasi Lumen de suo Lumine accendat, facit,
Nihilominus ipsi luceat, cum illi accenderit.*

But, unluckily, Mankind agree in making Choice of Objects, which inevitably engage them in perpetual Differences. Learn therefore, like a wise Man, the true Estimate of Things. Desire not more of the World than is necessary to accommodate you in passing through it; look upon every thing beyond, not as useless only, but burthensome. Place not your Quiet in Things, which you cannot have without putting others beside them, and thereby making them your Enemies; and which, when attain'd, will give you more Trouble to keep, than Satisfaction in the Enjoyment. Virtue is a Good of a nobler kind; it grows by Communication, and so little resembles earthly Riches, that the more Hands it is lodged in, the greater is every Man's particular Stock. So, by propagating and mingling their Fires, not only all the Lights of a Branch together cast a more extensive Brightness, but each single Light burns with a stronger Flame. And lastly, take this along with you, that if Wealth be an Instrument of Pleasure, the greatest Pleasure it can put into your Power, is that of doing Good. 'Tis worth considering, that the Organs of Sense act within a narrow Compass, and the Appetites will soon say they

have enough: Which of the two therefore is the happier Man? He, who confining all his Regard to the Gratification of his own Appetites, is capable but of short Fits of Pleasure? Or the Man, who, reckoning himself a Sharer in the Satisfactions of others, especially those which come to them by his Means, enlarges the Sphere of his Happiness?

The last Enemy to Benevolence I shall mention is Uneasiness of any Kind. A guilty, or a discontented Mind, a Mind ruffled by ill Fortune, disconcerted by its own Passions, sowerd by Neglect, or fretting at Disappointments, hath not Leisure to attend to the Necessity or Reasonableness of a Kindness desired, nor a Taste for those Pleasures which wait on Beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted Heart to relish them. The most miserable of all Beings is the most envious; as, on the other hand, the most communicative is the happiest. And if you are in search of the Seat of perfect Love and Friendship, you will not find it till you come to the Region of the Blessed, where Happiness, like a refreshing Stream, flows from Heart to Heart in an endless Circulation, and is preserv'd sweet and untainted by the Motion. 'Tis old Advice, if you have a Favour to request of any one, to observe the softest times of Address, when the Soul, in a Flush of good Humour, takes a Pleasure to shew it self pleased. Persons conscious of their own Integrity, satisfied with themselves, and their Condition, and full of Confidence in a Supreme Being, and the Hope of Immortality, survey all about them with a Flow of Good-will. As Trees which like their Soil, they shoot out in Expressions of Kindness, and bend beneath their own precious Load, to the Hand of the Gatherer. Now if the Mind be not thus easie, 'tis an infallible Sign that it is not in its natural State: Place the Mind in its right Posture, it will immediately discover its innate Propension to Beneficence.

No. 602.] MONDAY, October 4, 1714. [Budgell.

—Facit hoc illos Hyacinthos.—Juv.

THE following Letter comes from a Gentleman, who, I find, is very diligent in making his Observations, which I think too material not to be communicated to the Publick.

SIR,

'In order to execute the Office of Love-Casuist 'to Great Britain, with which I take my self to 'be invested by your Paper of September 8,¹ I 'shall make some further Observations upon the 'two Sexes in general, beginning with that which 'always ought to have the upper Hand. After 'having observed with much Curiosity the Ac- 'complishments which are apt to captivate female 'Hearts, I find that there is no Person so irre- 'sistable as one who is a Man of Importance, 'provided it be in Matters of no Consequence. 'One who makes himself talked of, tho' it be for 'the particular Cock of his Hat, or for prating

¹ No. 591.

'aloud in the Boxes at a Play, is in a fair way of being a Favourite. I have known a young Fellow make his Fortune by knocking down a Constable; and may venture to say, tho' it may seem a Paradox, that many a Fair One has died by a Duel in which both the Combatants have survived.

'About three Winters ago I took Notice of a young Lady at the Theatre, who conceived a Passion for a notorious Rake that headed a Party of Cat-calls; and am credibly informed, that the Emperor of the Mohocks married a rich Widow within three Weeks after having rendered himself formidable in the Cities of London and Westminster. Scowring and breaking Windows have done frequent Execution upon the Sex; but there is no Sett of these Male Charmers who make their way more successfully, than those who have gained themselves a Name for Intrigue, and have ruined the greatest Number of Reputations. There is a strange Curiosity in the female World to be acquainted with the dear Man who has been loved by others, and to know what it is that makes him so agreeable. His Reputation does more than half his Business. Every one that is ambitious of being a Woman of Fashion, looks out for Opportunities of being in his Company; so that to use the old Proverb, When his Name is up he may lie a-Bed.

'I was very sensible of the great Advantage of being a Man of Importance upon these Occasions on the Day of the King's Entry, when I was seated in a Balcony behind a Cluster of very pretty Country Ladies, who had one of these showy Gentlemen in the midst of them. The first Trick I caught him at was bowing to several Persons of Quality whom he did not know; nay, he had the Impudence to hem at a Blue Garter who had a finer Equipage than ordinary, and seemed a little concerned at the Impertinent Huzzas of the Mob, that hindered his Friend from taking Notice of him. There was indeed one who pull'd off his Hat to him, and upon the Ladies asking who it was, he told them, it was a Foreign Minister that he had been very merry with the Night before; whereas in Truth, it was the City Common Hunt.

'He was never at a Loss when he was asked any Person's Name, tho' he seldom knew any one under a Peer. He found Dukes and Earls among the Aldermen, very good-natured Fellows among the Privy-Counsellors, with two or three agreeable old Rakes among the Bishops and Judges.

'In short, I collected from his whole Discourse, that he was acquainted with every Body, and knew no Body. At the same Time, I am mistaken if he did not that Day make more Advances in the Affections of his Mistress, who sat near him, than he could have done in half a Year's Courtship.

'Ovid has finely touched this Method of making Love, which I shall here give my Reader in Mr. Dryden's Translation.

Page the Eleventh.

*Thus Love in Theatres did first improve,
And Theatres are still the Scene of Love:*

*Nor shun the Chariots, and the Coursers Race;
The Circus is no inconvenient Place.
Nor Need is there of talking on the Hand,
Nor Nods, nor Sighs, which Lovers understand;
But boldly next the Fair your Seat provide,
Close as you can to hers, and Side by Side:
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no Matter; crowding sit;
For so the Laws of publick Shows permit.
Then find Occasion to begin Discourse,
Enquire whose Chariot this, and whose that
Horse;
To whatsoever Side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your Inclinations to her Mind;
Like what she likes, from thence your Court
begin,
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.*

Again, Page the Sixteenth.

*O when will come the Day, by Heav'n design'd,
When thou, the best and fairest of Mankind,
Drawn by white Horses, shalt in Triumph ride,
With conquer'd Slaves attending on thy Side;
Slaves, that no longer can be safe in flight,
O glorious Object! O surprizing Sight!
O Day of publick Joy, too good to end in Night!
On such a Day, if thou, and next to thee
Some Beauty sits, the Spectacle to see;
If she enquire the Names of conquer'd Kings,
Of Mountains, Rivers, and their hidden Springs;
Answer to all thou knowest; and, if Need be,
Of Things unknown seem to speak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, crown'd with Reeds; and
there
Flows the swift Tigris, with his Sea-green Hair.
Invent new Names of Things unknown before;
Call this Armenia, that, the Caspian Shore:
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian Youth;
Talk probably; no Matter for the Truth.*

No. 603.] WEDNESDAY, October 6, 1714. [Byrom.

*Ducite ab Urbe Domum, mea Carmina, ducite
Daphnim.—Virg.*

THE following Copy of Verses comes from one of my Correspondents, and has something in it so Original, that I do not much doubt but it will divert my Readers.¹

I.

*My Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phebe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet Pleasures I felt in my
Breast:*

*Sure never fond Shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a sudden I find?
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.*

II.

*With such a Companion, to tend a few Sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lye down and sleep:*

¹ It is said that John Byrom wrote these verses in honour of Joanna, daughter of his friend, Dr. Richard Bentley, Master of Trinity.

*I was so good-humour'd, so chearful and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown;
So strangely uneasie as ever was known.
My Fair one is gone, and my Joys are all
drown'd,
And my Heart—I am sure it weighs more than
a Pound.*

III.

*The Fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Musick to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide,
Must you be so chearful, while I go in Pain?
Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me
complain.*

IV.

*When my Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their Sporting, how happy the
Time,
When Spring, Love and Beauty were all in
their Prime?
But now in their Frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Grass;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.*

V.

*My Dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his Tail to my Fair one and me;
And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,
Come hither, poor Fellow; and patted his Head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour Look
Cry, Sirrah; and give him a Blow with my
Crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not
Tray
Be as dull as his Master, when Phebe's away?*

VI.

*When walking with Phebe, what Sights have
I seen?
How fair was the Flower, how fresh was the
Green?
What a lovely appearance the Trees and the
Shade,
The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing
made?
But now she has left me, tho' all are still there,
They none of 'em now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes,
Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.*

VII.

*Sweet Musick went with us both all the Wood
thro',
The Lark, Linnet, Thrastle, and Nightingale
too;
Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the Grasshopper under our Feet.
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone:
Her Voice in the Consort, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable Sound.*

VIII.

*Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
Does ought of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile,
That Meadow, those Dasies, why do they not
smile?
Ah! Rivals, I see what it was that you drest
And made your selves fine for; a Place in her
Breast:
You put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,
To be pluckt by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.*

IX.

*How slowly Time creeps, till my Phebe re-
turn!
While amidst the soft Zephyr's cold Breezes I
burn;
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt
down the Lead.
Fly swifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah Colin! old Time is full of Delay,
Nor will budge one Foot faster for all thou canst
say.*

X.

*Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy Passion re-
move;
But what Swain is so silly to live without Love?
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! What shall I do? I shall die with Despair;
Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye love one so fair.*

No. 604.] FRIDAY, October 8, 1714. [

*Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem
tibi,
Finem Dii dederint, Leuconoe; nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros— Hor.*

THE Desire of knowing future Events is one of the strongest Inclinations in the Mind of Man. Indeed an Ability of foreseeing probable Accidents is what, in the Language of Men, is called Wisdom and Prudence: But, not satisfied with the Light that Reason holds out, Mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiously into Futurity. Magick, Oracles, Omens, lucky Hours, and the various Arts of Superstition, owe their Rise to this powerful Cause. As this Principle is founded in Self-Love, every Man is sure to be solicitous in the first Place about his own Fortune, the Course of his Life, and the Time and Manner of his Death.

If we consider that we are free Agents, we shall discover the Absurdity of such Enquiries. One of our Actions, which we might have performed or neglected, is the Cause of another that succeeds it, and so the whole Chain of Life is link'd together. Pain, Poverty, or Infamy, are the natural Product of vicious and imprudent Acts; as the contrary Blessings are of good ones; so that we

cannot suppose our Lot to be determined without Impiety. A great Enhancement of Pleasure arises from its being unexpected; and Pain is doubled by being foreseen. Upon all these, and several other Accounts, we ought to rest satisfied in this Portion bestowed on us; to adore the Hand that hath fitted every Thing to our Nature, and hath not more display'd his Goodness in our Knowledge than in our Ignorance.

It is not unworthy Observation, that superstitious Enquiries into future Events prevail more or less, in proportion to the Improvement of liberal Arts and useful Knowledge in the several Parts of the World. Accordingly we find, that magical Incantations remain in *Lapland*, in the more remote Parts of *Scotland* they have their second Sight, and several of our own Countrymen see abundance of Fairies. In *Asia* this Credulity is strong; and the greatest Part of refined Learning there consists in the Knowledge of Amulets, Talismans, occult Numbers, and the like.

When I was at *Grand Cairo*, I fell into the Acquaintance of a good-natured Mussulman, who promised me many good Offices, which he designed to do me when he became the Prime Minister, which was a Fortune bestowed on his Imagination by a Doctor very deep in the curious Sciences. At his repeated Sollicitations I went to learn my Destiny of this wonderful Sage. For a small Sum I had his Promise, but was requir'd to wait in a dark Apartment till he had run thro' the preparatory Ceremonies. Having a strong Propensity, even then, to Dreaming, I took a Nap upon the Sofa where I was placed, and had the following Vision, the Particulars whereof I picked up the other Day among my Papers.

I found my self in an unbounded Plain, where methought the whole World, in several Habits and with different Tongues, was assembled. The Multitude glided swiftly along, and I found in my self a strong Inclination to mingle in the Train. My Eyes quickly singled out some of the most splendid Figures. Several in rich Castans and glittering Turbans bustled through the Throng, and trampled over the Bodies of those they threw down; till to my great Surprize I found that the great Pace they went only hastened them to a Scaffold or a Bowstring. Many beautiful Damsels on the other Side moved forward with great Gaiety; some danced till they fell all along; and others painted their Faces till they lost their Noses. A Tribe of Creatures with busie Looks falling into a Fit of Laughter at the Misfortunes of the unhappy Ladies, I turn'd my Eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his Pockets with Gold and Jewels, and when there was no Room left for more, these Wretches looking round with Fear and Horror, pined away before my Face with Famine and Discontent.

This Prospect of human Misery struck me dumb for some Miles. Then it was that, to disburthen my Mind, I took Pen and Ink, and did every Thing that hath since happen'd under my Office of SPECTATOR. While I was employing my self for the Good of Mankind, I was surpriz'd to meet with very unsuitable Returns from my Fellow-Creatures. Never was poor Author so beset with Pamphleteers, who sometimes marched

directly against me, but oftner shot at me from strong Bulwarks, or rose up suddenly in Ambush. They were of all Characters and Capacities, some with Ensigns of Dignity, and others in Liveries; but what most surpriz'd me, was to see two or three in black Gowns among my Enemies. It was no small Trouble to me, sometimes to have a Man come up to me with an angry Face, and reproach me for having lampooned him, when I had never seen or heard of him in my Life. With the Ladies it was otherwise: Many became my Enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as there were others who resented the Satyr which they imagined I had directed against them. My great Comfort was in the Company of half a Dozen Friends, who, I found since, were the Club which I have so often mentioned in my Papers. I laugh'd often at Sir *Roger* in my Sleep, and was the more diverted with *Will Honeycomb's* Gallantries, (when we afterwards became acquainted) because I had foreseen his Marriage with a Farmer's Daughter. The Regret which arose in my Mind upon the Death of my Companions, my Anxieties for the Publick, and the many Calamities still fleeting before my Eyes, made me repent my Curiosity; when the Magician entered the Room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was just going to begin.

N. B. I have only deliver'd the Prophecy of that Part of my Life which is past, it being inconvenient to divulge the second Part 'till a more proper Opportunity.

No. 605.] MONDAY, Oct. 11, 1714. [*Budgell.*]

*Exuerint sylvestrem animum, cultuque frequenti
In quascunque voces artes, haud tarda sequuntur.*
Virg.

HAVING perused the following Letter, and finding it to run upon the Subject of Love, I referred it to the Learned *Casulist*, whom I have retained in my Service for Speculations of that Kind. He return'd it to me the next Morning with his Report annexed to it, with both of which I shall here present my Reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' Finding that you have Entertained an useful
' Person in your Service in quality of *Love-Ca-*
' *suist*,¹ I apply my self to you, under a very great
' Difficulty, that hath for some Months perplexed
' me. I have a Couple of humble Servants, one
' of which I have no Aversion to; the other I
' think of very kindly. The first hath the Re-
' putation of a Man of good Sense, and is one of
' those People that your Sex are apt to Value.
' My Spark is reckoned a Coxcomb among the
' Men, but is a Favourite of the Ladies. If I
' marry the Man of Worth, as they call him, I
' shall oblige my Parents and improve my For-
' tune; but with my dear Beau I promise my self
' Happiness, altho' not a Jointure. Now I would

¹ See Nos. 591, 602, 614, 623, 625.

'ask you, whether I should consent to lead my
'Life with a Man that I have only no Objection
'to, or with him against whom all Objections to
'me appear frivolous. I am determin'd to follow
'the *Casuis't's* Advice, and I dare say he will not
'put me upon so serious a thing as Matrimony,
'contrary to my Inclination.

I am, &c.

Fanny Fickle.

P. S. 'I forgot to tell you, that the pretty Gentleman is the most complaisant Creature in the World, and is always of my Mind; but the other, forsooth, fancies he hath as much Wit as my self, slights my Lap-Dog, and hath the Insolence to contradict me when he thinks I am not in the Right. About half an Hour ago, he maintained to my Face, that a Patch always implies a Pimple.

As I look upon it to be my Duty rather to side with the Parents than the Daughter, I shall propose some Considerations to my Gentle Querist, which may encline her to comply with those, under whose Direction she is: And at the same time, convince her, that it is not impossible but she may, in time, have a true Affection for him who is, at present, indifferent to her: Or, to use the old Family Maxim, that *If she marries first, Love will come after.*

The only Objection, that she seems to insinuate against the Gentleman proposed to her, is his want of Complaisance, which, I perceive, she is very willing to return. Now, I can discover from this very Circumstance, that she and her Lover, whatever they may think of it, are very good Friends in their Hearts. It is difficult to determine, whether Love delights more in giving Pleasure or Pain. Let Miss *Fickle* ask her own Heart, if she doth not take a Secret Pride in making this Man of good Sense look very silly. Hath she ever been better pleas'd, than when her Behaviour hath made her Lover ready to hang himself? Or doth she ever rejoice more, than when she thinks she hath driven him to the very Brink of a purling Stream? Let her consider, at the same time, that it is not impossible but her Lover may have discovered her Tricks, and hath a Mind to give her as good as she brings. I remember a handsome young Baggage that treated a hopeful *Greek* of my Acquaintance, just come from *Oxford*, as if he had been a *Barbarian*. The first Week, after she had fixed him, she took a Pinch of Snuff out of his Rival's Box, and apparently touched the Enemy's little Finger. She became a profest Enemy to the Arts and Sciences, and scarce ever wrote a Letter to him without wilfully mis-spelling his Name. The young Scholar, to be even with her, railed at *Coquettes* as soon as he had got the Word; and did not want Parts to turn into Ridicule her Men of Wit and Pleasure of the Town. After having irritated one another for the Space of five Months, she made an Assignation with him fourscore Miles from *London*. But as he was very well acquainted with her Pranks, he took a Journey the quite contrary Way. Accordingly they met, quarrell'd, and in a few Days were Married. Their former Hostilities are now the Subject of their Mirth, being

content at present with that Part of Love only which bestows Pleasure.

Women, who have been married some time, not having it in their Heads to draw after them a numerous Train of Followers, find their Satisfaction in the Possession of one Man's Heart. I know very well, that Ladies in their Bloom desire to be excused in this Particular. But when Time hath worn out their natural Vanity and taught them Discretion, their Fondness settles on its proper Object. And it is probably for this Reason, that among Husbands, you will find more that are fond of Women beyond their Prime, than of those who are actually in the Insolence of Beauty. My Reader will apply the same Observation to the other Sex.

I need not insist upon the Necessity of their pursuing one common Interest, and their united Care, for their Children; but shall only observe, by the Way, that married Persons are both more warm in their Love, and more hearty in their Hatred, than any others whatsoever. Mutual Favours and Obligations, which may be supposed to be greater here than in any other State, naturally beget an Intense Affection in generous Minds. As, on the contrary, Persons who have bestowed such Favours, have a particular Bitterness in their Resentments, when they think themselves ill treated by those of whom they have deserved so much.

Besides, Miss *Fickle* may consider, that as there are often many Faults conceal'd before Marriage, so there are sometimes many Virtues unobserv'd.

To this we may add the great Efficacy of Custom, and constant Conversation, to produce a mutual Friendship and Benevolence in two Persons. It is a nice Reflection, which I have heard a Friend of mine make, that you may be sure a Woman loves a Man, when she uses his Expressions, tells his Stories, or imitates his Manner. This gives a secret Delight; for Imitation is a kind of artless Flattery, and mightily favours the powerful Principle of Self-love. It is certain, that married Persons, who are possest with a mutual Esteem, not only catch the Air and way of Talk from one another, but fall into the same Traces of thinking and liking. Nay, some have carried the Remark so far as to assert, that the Features of Man and Wife grow, in time, to resemble one another. Let my fair Correspondent therefore consider, that the Gentleman recommended will have a good deal of her own Face in two or three Years; which she must not expect from the Beau, who is too full of his dear self to copy after another. And I dare appeal to her own Judgment, if that Person will not be the handsomest, that is the most like her self.

We have a remarkable Instance to our present Purpose in the History of King *Edgar*, which I shall here relate, and leave it with my fair Correspondent to be applied to her self.

This great Monarch, who is so famous in *British* Story, fell in Love, as he made his Progress through his Kingdom, with a certain Duke's Daughter who lived near *Winchester*, and was the most celebrated Beauty of the Age. His Importunities and the Violence of his Passion were so great, that the Mother of the young

Lady promised him to bring her Daughter to his Bed the next Night, though in her Heart she abhor'd so infamous an Office. It was no sooner dark than she convey'd into his Room a young Maid of no disagreeable Figure, who was one of her Attendants, and did not want Address to improve the Opportunity for the Advancement of her Fortune. She made so good use of her Time, that when she offered to rise a little before Day, the King could by no means think of parting with her. So that finding herself under a Necessity of discovering who she was, she did it in so handsome a Manner, that his Majesty was exceeding gracious to her, and took her ever after under his Protection; insomuch that our Chronicles tell us he carried her along with him, made her his first Minister of State, and continued true to her alone, 'till his Marriage with the beautiful *Elfrida*.

No. 606.] WEDNESDAY, Oct. 13, 1714. [

—longum cantu solata laborem
Arguto Conjux percurrit pectine Telas.—Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE a couple of Nieces under my Direction, who so often run gadding abroad, that I don't know where to have them. Their Dress, their Tea, and their Visits take up all their Time, and they go to Bed as tired with doing nothing, as I am after quilting a whole Under-Petticoat. The only time they are not idle, is while they read your SPECTATORS; which being dedicated to the Interests of Virtue, I desire you to recommend the long neglected Art of Needle-work. Those Hours which in this Age are thrown away in Dress, Play, Visits, and the like, were employ'd, in my time, in writing out Receipts, or working Beds, Chairs, and Hangings for the Family. For my Part, I have ply'd my Needle these fifty Years, and by my good Will would never have it out of my Hand. It grieves my Heart to see a couple of proud idle Flirts sipping their Tea, for a whole Afternoon, in a Room hung round with the Industry of their Great Grand-mother. Pray, Sir, take the laudable Mystery of Embroidery into your serious Consideration, and as you have a great deal of the Virtue of the last Age in you, continue your Endeavours to reform the present.

I am, &c.

In Obedience to the Commands of my venerable Correspondent, I have duly weigh'd this important Subject, and promise myself, from the Arguments here laid down, that all the fine Ladies of *England* will be ready, as soon as their Mourning is over,¹ to appear covered with the Work of their own Hands.

What a delightful Entertainment must it be to the Fair Sex, whom their native Modesty, and the Tenderness of Men towards them, exempts from Publick Business, to pass their Hours in imitating Fruits and Flowers, and transplanting all the

¹ Public Mourning for Q. Anne, who died Aug. 1, 1714.

Beauties of Nature into their own Dress, or raising a new Creation in their Closets and Apartments. How pleasing is the Amusement of walking among the Shades and Groves planted by themselves, in surveying Heroes slain by their Needle, or little *Cupids* which they have brought into the World without Pain!

This is, methinks, the most proper way wherein a Lady can shew a fine Genius, and I cannot forbear wishing, that several Writers of that Sex had chosen to apply themselves rather to Tapestry than Rhime. Your Pastoral Poetesses may vent their Fancy in Rural Landskips, and place despairing Shepherds under silken Willows, or drown them in a Stream of Mohair. The Heroick Writers may work up Battles as successfully, and inflame them with Gold or stain them with Crimson. Even those who have only a Turn to a Song or an Epigram, may put many valuable Stitches into a Purse, and crowd a thousand Graces into a Pair of Garters.

If I may, without breach of good Manners, imagine that any pretty Creature is void of Genius, and would perform her Part herein but very awkwardly, I must nevertheless insist upon her working, if it be only to keep her out of Harm's way.

Another Argument for busying good Women in Works of Fancy, is, because it takes them off from Scandal, the usual Attendant of Tea-Tables, and all other unactive Scenes of Life. While they are forming their Birds and Beasts, their Neighbours will be allowed to be the Fathers of their own Children: And *Whig* and *Tory* will be but seldom mentioned, where the great Dispute is, whether Blue or Red is the more proper Colour. How much greater Glory would *Sophronia* do the General, if she would chuse rather to work the Battle of *Blenheim* in Tapestry, than signalize her self with so much Vehemence against those who are *Frenchmen* in their Hearts.

A Third Reason that I shall mention, is the Profit that is brought to the Family where these pretty Arts are encouraged. It is manifest that this way of Life not only keeps fair Ladies from running out into Expences, but is at the same time an actual Improvement. How memorable would that Matron be, who should have it Inscribed upon her Monument, 'that she Wrought out the whole Bible in Tapestry, and died in a good old Age, after having covered three hundred Yards of Wall in the Mansion-House.

The Premises being consider'd, I humbly submit the following Proposals to all Mothers in *Great Britain*.

I. That no young Virgin whatsoever be allow'd to receive the Addresses of her first Lover, but in a Suit of her own Embroidering.

II. That before every fresh Servant, she be oblig'd to appear with a new Stomacher at the least.

III. That no one be actually married, till she hath the Child-bed Pillows, &c. ready Stitched, as likewise the Mantle for the Boy quite finished.

These Laws, if I mistake not, would effectually restore the decay'd Art of Needle-work, and make the Virgins of *Great Britain* exceedingly Nimble-finger'd in their Business.

There is a memorable Custom of the Grecian Ladies in this particular, preserv'd in *Homer*, which I hope will have a very good Effect with my Country-women. A Widow in Ancient Times could not, without Indecency, receive a second Husband, till she had Woven a Shrowd for her deceased Lord, or the next of Kin to him. Accordingly, the Chaste *Penelope* having, as she thought, lost *Ulysses* at Sea, she employed her time in preparing a Winding-sheet for *Laertes*, the Father of her Husband. The Story of her Web being very Famous, and yet not sufficiently known in its several Circumstances, I shall give it to my Reader, as *Homer* makes one of her Wooers relate it.

*Sweet Hope she gave to every Youth apart,
With well-taught Looks, and a deceitful Heart:
A Web she wove of many a slender Twine,
Of curious Texture, and perplex'd Design;
My Youths, she cry'd, my Lord but newly dead,
Forbear a while to court my widow'd Bed,
'Till I have wov'n, as solemn Vows require,
This Web, a Shrowd for poor Ulysses' Sire.
His Limbs, when Fate the Hero's Soul demands,
Shall claim this Labour of his Daughter's
Hands:*

*Lest all the Dames of Greece my Name despise,
While the great King without a Covering lies.
Thus she. Nor did my Friends mistrust the
Guile.*

*All Day she sped the long laborious Toil:
But when the burning Lamps supply'd the Sun,
Each Night unravell'd what the Day begun.
Three live-long Summers did the Fraud prevail.
The Fourth her Maidens told th' amazing Tale.
These Eyes beheld, as close I took my Stand,
The backward Labours of her faithless Hand:
'Till watch'd at length, and press'd on every
Side,
Her Task she ended, and commenc'd a Bride.*

No. 607.] FRIDAY, October 15, 1714. [

*Dicite Iö Pæan, et Iö bis dicite Pæan:
Decidit in casses præda petita meos.—Ovid.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

HAVING in your Paper of Monday last¹ published my Report on the Case of Mrs. *Fanny Fickle*, wherein I have taken Notice, that Love comes after Marriage; I hope your Readers are satisfied of this Truth, that as Love generally produces Matrimony, so it often happens that Matrimony produces Love.

It perhaps requires more Virtues to make a good Husband or Wife, than what go the finishing any the most shining Character whatsoever.

Discretion seems absolutely necessary, and accordingly we find that the best Husbands have been most famous for their Wisdom. *Homer*, who hath drawn a perfect Pattern of a prudent Man, to make it the more compleat, hath celebrated him for the just Returns of Fidelity and

Truth to his *Penelope*; insomuch that he refused the Caresses of a Goddess for her sake, and to use the Expression of the best of Pagan Authors, *vetulam suam prætulit Immortalitati*, his old Woman was dearer to him than Immortality.

Virtue is the next necessary Qualification for this domestick Character, as it naturally produces Constancy and mutual Esteem. Thus *Brutus* and *Porcia* were more remarkable for Virtue and Affection than any others of the Age in which they lived.

Good-Nature is a third necessary Ingredient in the Marriage-State, without which it would inevitably sower upon a thousand Occasions. When Greatness of Mind is joined with this amiable Quality, it attracts the Admiration and Esteem of all who behold it. Thus *Cesar*, not more remarkable for his Fortune and Valour than for his Humanity, stole into the Hearts of the Roman People, when breaking through the Custom, he pronounced an Oration at the Funeral of his first and best beloved Wife.

Good-Nature is insufficient, unless it be steady and uniform, and accompanied with an Evenness of Temper, which is, above all things, to be preserved in this Friendship contracted for Life. A Man must be easie within himself, before he can be so to his other self. *Socrates*, and *Marcus Aurelius*, are Instances of Men, who, by the Strength of Philosophy, having entirely composed their Minds, and subdued their Passions, are celebrated for good Husbands, notwithstanding the first was yoked with *Xantippe*, and the other with *Faustina*. If the wedded Pair would but habituate themselves for the first Year to bear with one another's Faults, the Difficulty would be pretty well conquer'd. This mutual Sweetness of Temper and Complacency, was finely recommended in the Nuptial Ceremonies among the Heathens, who, when they sacrificed to *Juno* at that Solemnity, always tore out the Gaul from the Entrails of the Victim, and cast it behind the Altar.

I shall conclude this Letter with a Passage out of *Dr. Plot's Natural History of Staffordshire*, not only as it will serve to fill up your present Paper; but if I find my self in the Humour, may give Rise to another; I having by me an old Register, belonging to the Place here under-mentioned.

Sir *Philip de Somerville* held the Manors of *Whichenovre*, *Scirescot*, *Ridware*, *Netherton*, and *Cowlee*, all in *Com. Stafford*, of the Earls of *Lancaster*, by this memorable Service. The said Sir *Philip* shall find, maintain, and sustain, one *Bacon Flicht*, hanging in his Hall at *Whichenovre* ready arrayed all times of the Year, but in *Lent*, to be given to every Man or Woman married, after the Day and the Year of their Marriage be past, in Form following.

Whensoever that any one such before named will come to enquire for the Bacon, in their own Person, they shall come to the Bailiff, or to the Porter of the Lordship of *Whichenovre*, and shall say to them in the manner as ensueth;

Bayliff, or Porter, I doo you to know, that I am come for my self, to demand one *Bacon Flyke* hanging in the Hall of the Lord of

¹ No. 605.

' *Whichenovre*, after the Form thereunto belonging.

After which Relation, the Bayliff or Porter shall assign a Day to him, upon Promise by his Faith to return, and with him to bring Twain of his Neighbours. And in the mean Time the said Bailiff shall take with him Twain of the Freeholders of the Lordship of *Whichenovre*, and they three shall go to the Manor of *Rudlow*, belonging to *Robert Knightleye*, and there shall summon the aforesaid *Knightleye*, or his Bayliff, commanding him to be ready at *Whichenovre* the Day appointed, at Prime of Day, with his Carriage, that is to say, a Horse and a Saddle, a Sack and a Pryke, for to convey the said Bacon and Corn a Journey out of the County of *Stafford*, at his Costages. And then the said Bailiff shall, with the said Freeholders, summon all the Tenants of the said Manor, to be ready at the Day appointed, at *Whichenovre*, for to do and perform the Services which they owe to the Bacon. And at the Day assigned, all such as owe Services to the Bacon, shall be ready at the Gate of the Manor of *Whichenovre*, from the Sun-rising to Noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the Bacon. And when he is come, there shall be delivered to him and his Fellows, Chapelets; and to all those which shall be there, to do their Services due to the Bacon. And they shall lead the said Demandant with Trumps and Tabours, and other manner of Minstrels to the Hall-Door, where he shall find the Lord of *Whichenovre*, or his Steward, ready to deliver the Bacon in this Manner.

He shall enquire of him, which demandeth the Bacon, if he have brought twain of his Neighbours with him: Which must answer, *They be here ready*. And then the Steward shall cause these two Neighbours to swear, if the said Demandant be a wedded Man, or have been a Man wedded; and if since his Marriage one Year and a Day be past; and if he be a Free-man, or a Villain. And if his said Neighbours make Oath, that he hath for him all these three Points rehearsed; then shall the Bacon be taken down and brought to the Hall-Door, and shall there be laid upon one half Quarter of Wheat, and upon one other of Rye. And he that demandeth the Bacon shall kneel upon his Knee, and shall hold his right Hand upon a Book, which Book shall be laid upon the Bacon and the Corn, and shall make Oath in this manner.

' Here ye, Sir *Philip de Somerville*, Lord of *Whichenovre*, mayntener and gyver of this *Baconne*: That I *A* sithe I Wedded *B* my Wife, and sithe I had hyr in my kepyng, and at my *Wylle*, by a Year and a Day after our Marriage, I would not have chaunged for none other; farer ne fowler; richer, ne pourer; ne for none other descended of greater Lynage; slepyng ne wak- ing, at noo tyme. And if the seyd *B* were sole and I sole I would take her to be my Wife before all the Wymen of the Worlde, of what condiciones soever they be: good or evylle, as help me God ond his Seyntes, and this Flesh and all *Fleshes*.

And his Neighbours shall make Oath, that they trust verily he hath said truly. And if it be found

by his Neighbours before-named that he be a Free-man, there shall be delivered to him half a Quarter of Wheat and a Cheese; and if he be a Villain, he shall have half a Quarter of Rye without Cheese. And then shall *Knightlye* the Lord of *Rudlow* be called for, to carry all these Things tofore rehearsed; and the said Corn shall be laid on one Horse and the Bacon above it: and he to whom the Bacon appertaineth shall ascend upon his Horse, and shall take the Cheese before him if he have a Horse. And if he have none, the Lord of *Whichenovre* shall cause him to have one Horse and Saddle, to such time as he be past his Lordship: and so shall they depart the Manor of *Whichenovre* with the Corn and the Bacon, tofore him that hath won it, with Trumpets, Tabourets, and other manner of Minstrelsie. And all the Free Tenants of *Whichenovre* shall Conduct him to be passed the Lordship of *Whichenovre*. And then shall they all return; except him, to whom appertaineth to make the Carriage and Journey without the County of *Stafford*, at the Costs of his Lord of *Whichenovre*.

No. 608.] MONDAY, October 18, 1714. [Addison.¹

—Perjuria ridet Amantum.—Ovid.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' ACCORDING to my Promise, I herewith transmit to you a List of several Persons, who from time to time demanded the *Fritch of Bacon* of Sir *Philip de Somerville* and his Descendants; as it is preserved in an ancient Manuscript under the Title of *The Register of Whichenovre-Hall, and of the Bacon Fritch there maintained*.

' In the Beginning of this Record is recited the Law or Institution in Form, as it is already printed in your last Paper: To which are added Two By-Laws, as a Comment upon the General Law, the Substance whereof is, that the Wife shall take the same Oath as the Husband, *mutatis mutandis*; and that the Judges shall, as they think meet, interrogate or cross-examine the Witnesses. After this proceeds the Register in Manner following.

' Aubry de Falstaff, Son of Sir John Falstaff, *Kt. with Dame Maude his Wife, were the first that demanded the Bacon, he having bribed twain of his Father's Companions to swear falsly in his Behoof, whereby he gained the Fritch: But he and his said Wife falling immediately into a Dispute how the said Bacon should be dressed, it was by Order of the Judges taken from him, and hung up again in the Hall*.

¹ Lord Macaulay, in a letter published p. 1433 * * * of Mr Bohn's edition of Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual*, calls this paper 'undoubtedly Addison's, and one of his best,' although not claimed, because he could not own it without admitting what Lord Macaulay rightly considered quite as obvious, his authorship of No. 623. Addison wrote, evidently, some other of these unappropriated papers.

'Alison the Wife of Stephen Freckle, brought her said Husband along with her, and set forth the good Conditions and Behaviour of her Consort, adding withal that she doubted not but he was ready to attest the like of her, his Wife; whereupon he, the said Stephen, shaking his Head, she turned short upon him, and gave him a Box on the Ear.

'Philip de Waverland, having laid his Hand upon the Book, when the Clause, Were I sole and she sole, was rehearsed, found a secret Compunction rising in his Mind, and stole it off again.

'Richard de Loveless, who was a Courtier, and a very well-bred Man, being observed to hesitate at the Words after our Marriage, was thereupon required to explain himself. He reply'd, by talking very largely of his exact Complaisance while he was a Lover; and alledg'd, that he had not in the least disobligh'd his Wife for a Year and a Day before Marriage, which he hoped was the same Thing.

'Rejected.

'Joceline Jolly, Esq., making it appear by unquestionable Testimony, That he and his Wife had preserved full and entire Affection for the Space of the first Month, commonly called the Honey-Moon; he had in Consideration thereof one Rasher bestowed upon him.

'After this, says the Record, many Years passed over before any Demandant appeared at Whichenovre-Hall; insomuch that one would have thought that the whole Country were turned Jews, so little was their Affection to the Flitch of Bacon.

'The next Couple enrolled had like to have carried it, if one of the Witnesses had not deposed, That dining on a Sunday with the Demandant, whose Wife had sate below the Squire's Lady at Church, she the said Wife dropped some Expressions, as if she thought her Husband deserved to be knighted; to which he returned a passionate *Pish!* The Judges taking the Premises into Consideration, declared the aforesaid Behaviour to imply an unwarrantable Ambition in the Wife, and Anger in the Husband.

'It is recorded as a sufficient Disqualification of a certain Wife, that speaking of her Husband, she said, *God forgive him.*

'It is likewise remarkable, that a Couple were rejected upon the Deposition of one of their Neighbours, that the Lady had once told her Husband, that *it was her Duty to obey;* to which he replied, *Oh! my Dear, you are never in the wrong.*

'The violent Passion of one Lady for her Lap-Dog; the turning away of the old House-Maid by another; a Tavern-Bill torn by the Wife, and a Taylor's by the Husband; a Quarrel about the Kissing-Crust; spoiling of Dinners, and coming in late of Nights; are so many several Articles which occasioned the Reprobation of some Scores of Demandants, whose Names are recorded in the aforesaid Register.

'Without enumerating other particular Persons, I shall content myself with observing, that the Sentence pronounced against one *Gervase Poacher* is, that *he might have had Bacon to*

his Eggs, if he had not heretofore scolded his Wife when they were over boiled. And the Deposition against *Dorothy Dolittle* runs in these Words; *That she had so far usurped the Dominion of the Coalfire, (the Stirring whereof her Husband claimed to himself) that by her good Will she never would suffer the Poker out of her Hand.*

'I find but two Couples, in this first Century, that were successful: The first, was a Sea-Captain and his Wife, who since the Day of their Marriage, had not seen one another till the Day of the Claim. The Second, was an honest Pair in the Neighbourhood; The Husband was a Man of plain good Sense, and a peaceable Temper; the Woman was dumb.

No. 609.] WEDNESDAY, October 20, 1714. [

—Farrago libelli.—Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE for some Time desired to appear in your Paper, and have therefore chosen a Day¹ to steal into the SPECTATOR, when I take it for granted you will not have many spare Minutes for Speculations of your own. As I was the other Day walking with an honest Country-Gentleman, he very often was expressing his Astonishment to see the Town so mightily crowded with Doctors of Divinity: Upon which I told him he was very much mistaken if he took all those Gentlemen he saw in Scarfs to be Persons of that Dignity; for, that a young Divine, after his first Degree in the University, usually comes hither only to show himself; and on that Occasion is apt to think he is but half equipp'd with a Gown and Cassock for his publick Appearance, if he hath not the additional Ornament of a Scarf of the first Magnitude to intitle him to the Appellation of Doctor from his Landlady and the Boy at *Childs*. Now since I know that this Piece of Garniture is looked upon as a Mark of Vanity or Affectation, as it is made use of among some of the little spruce Adventurers of the Town, I should be glad if you would give it a Place among those Extravagancies you have justly exposed in several of your Papers: being very well assured that the main Body of the Clergy, both in the Country and the Universities, who are almost to a Man untainted with it, would be very well pleased to see this Venerable Foppery well exposed. When my Patron did me the Honour to take me into his Family, (for I must own myself of this Order) he was pleased to say he took me as a Friend and Companion; and whether he looked upon the Scarf like the Lace and Shoulder-knot of a Footman, as a Badge of Servitude and Dependance, I do not know, but he was so kind as to leave my wearing of it to my own Discretion; and not having any just Title to it from my Degrees, I am content to be without the Ornament. The Privileges of our

¹ Oct. 20, 1714, was the day of the Coronation of George I.

'Nobility to keep a certain Number of Chaplains
'are undisputed, though perhaps not one in ten
'of those reverend Gentlemen have any Relation
'to the noble Families their Scarfs belong to; the
'Right generally of creating all Chaplains except
'the Domestick, where there is one, being nothing
'more than the Perquisite of a Steward's Place,
'who, if he happens to out-live any considerable
'Number of his noble Masters, shall probably, at
'one and the same Time, have fifty Chaplains, all
'in their proper Accoutrements, of his own Cre-
'ation; though perhaps there hath been neither
'Grace nor Prayer said in the Family since the
'Introduction of the first Coronet.

I am, &c.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I WISH you would write a Philosophical Pa-
per about Natural Antipathies, with a Word
or two concerning the Strength of Imagination.
I can give you a List upon the first Notice, of a
Rational *China* Cup, of an Egg that walks upon
two Legs, and a Quart Pot that sings like a
Nightingale. There is in my Neighbourhood a
very pretty prattling Shoulder of Veal, that
squawls out at the Sight of a Knife. Then as
for Natural Antipathies, I know a General Officer
who was never conquered but by a smother'd
Rabbit; and a Wife that domineers over her
Husband by the Help of a Breast of Mutton. A
Story that relates to my self on this Subject may
be thought not unentertaining, especially when I
assure you that it is literally true. I had long
made Love to a Lady, in the Possession of whom
I am now the happiest of Mankind, whose Hand
I shou'd have gained with much Difficulty with-
out the Assistance of a Cat. You must know
then, that my most dangerous Rival had so
strong an Aversion to this Species, that he infal-
libly swooned away at the Sight of that harmless
Creature. My Friend Mrs. *Lucy*, her Maid,
having a greater Respect for me and my Purse
than she had for my Rival, always took Care to
pin the Tail of a Cat under the Gown of her
Mistress, whenever she knew of his coming;
which had such an Effect, that every Time he
entered the Room, he looked more like one of the
Figures in Mrs. *Salmon's* Wax-work, than a
desirable Lover. In short, he grew Sick of her
Company; which the young Lady taking Notice
of, (who no more knew why, than he did) she
sent me a Challenge to meet her in *Lincoln's-*
Inn Chappel, which I joyfully accepted, and
have (amongst other Pleasures) the Satisfaction
of being praised by her for my Stratagem, I am,
&c.

From the Hoop.

Tom. Nimble.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Virgins of *Great Britain* are very much
'oblig'd to you for putting them upon such tedious
'Drudgeries in Needlework as were fit only for
'the *Hilpa's* and the *Nilpa's* that lived before
'the Flood. Here's a stir indeed with your His-
'tories in Embroidery, your Groves with Shades
'of Silk and Streams of Mohair! I would have
'you to know, that I hope to kill a hundred
'Lovers before the best Housewife in *England*
'can stitch out a Battel, and do not fear but to

'provide Boys and Girls much faster than your
'Disciples can embroider them. I love Birds and
'Beasts as well as you, but am content to fancy
'them when they are really made. What do you
'think of Gilt Leather for Furniture? There's
'your pretty Hangings for a Chamber;¹ and what
'is more, our own Country is the only Place in
'*Europe* where Work of that kind is tolerably
'done. Without minding your musty Lessons:
'I am this Minute going to *Paul's* Church-Yard
'to bespeak a Skreen and a Set of Hangings;
'and am resolved to encourage the Manufacture
'of my Country.

Yours,
CLEORA.

No. 610.] FRIDAY, October 22, 1714. [

*Sic, cum transierint mei
Nullo cum strepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar senex.
Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.—Seneca.*

I HAVE often wondered that the *Jews* should
contrive such a worthless Greatness for the
Deliverer whom they expected, as to dress him up
in external Pomp and Pageantry, and represent
him to their Imagination, as making Havock
amongst his Creatures, and acted with the poor
Ambition of a *Cæsar* or an *Alexander*. How
much more illustrious doth he appear in his real
Character, when considered as the Author of uni-
versal Benevolence among Men, as refining our
Passions, exalting our Nature, giving us vast Ideas
of Immortality, and teaching us a Contempt of
that little showy Grandeur, wherein the *Jews*
made the Glory of their *Messiah* to consist!

Nothing (says *Longinus*) can be Great, the
Contempt of which is Great. The Possession of
Wealth and Riches cannot give a Man a Title to
Greatness, because it is looked upon as a Great-
ness of Mind, to contemn these Gifts of Fortune,
and to be above the Desire of them. I have there-
fore been inclined to think, that there are greater
Men who lie concealed among the Species, than
those who come out, and draw upon themselves
the Eyes and Admiration of Mankind. *Virgil*
would never have been heard of, had not his Do-
mestick Misfortunes driven him out of his Ob-
scurity, and brought him to *Rome*.

If we suppose that there are Spirits or Angels
who look into the Ways of Men, as it is highly
probable there are, both from Reason and Revela-
tion; how different are the Notions which they
entertain of us, from those which we are apt to
form of one another? Were they to give us in
their Catalogue of such Worthies as are now liv-
ing, how different would it be from that, which
any of our own Species would draw up?

We are dazzled with the Splendour of Titles,
the Ostentation of Learning, the Noise of Vic-

¹ There was at this time a celebrated manu-
factory of tapestry at Chelsea.

tories ; They, on the contrary, see the Philosopher in the Cottage, who possesses his Soul in Patience and Thankfulness, under the Pressures of what little Minds call Poverty and Distress. They do not look for great Men at the Head of Armies, or among the Poms of a Court, but often find them out in Shades and Solitudes, in the private Walks and By-paths of Life. The Evening's Walk of a wise Man is more illustrious in their Sight, than the March of a General at the Head of a hundred thousand Men. A Contemplation of God's Works ; a voluntary Act of Justice to our own Detriment ; a generous Concern for the Good of Mankind ; Tears that are shed in Silence for the Misery of others ; a private Desire or Resentment broken and subdued ; in short, an unfeigned Exercise of Humility, or any other Virtue ; are such Actions as are glorious in their Sight, and denominate Men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with Pity, with Contempt, or with Indignation ; while those who are most obscure among their own Species, are regarded with Love, with Approbation and Esteem.

The Moral of the present Speculation amounts to this, That we should not be led away by the Censures and Applauses of Men, but consider the Figure that every Person will make, at that Time when Wisdom shall be justified of her Children, and nothing pass for Great or Illustrious, which is not an Ornament and Perfection to humane Nature.

The Story of *Gyges* the rich *Lydian* Monarch, is a memorable Instance to our present Purpose. The Oracle being asked by *Gyges*, who was the happiest Man, replied *Aglaüs*. *Gyges*, who expected to have heard himself named on this Occasion, was much surprized, and very curious to know who this *Aglaüs* should be. After much Enquiry he was found to be an obscure Countryman, who employ'd all his Time in cultivating a Garden, and a few Acres of Land about his House.

Cowley's agreeable Relation of this Story shall close this Day's Speculation.

*Thus Aglaüs (a Man unknown to Men,
But the Gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a Name,
Aglaüs, now consign'd t' eternal Fame.
For Gyges, the rich King, wicked and great,
Presum'd at wise Apollo's Delphick Seat,
Presum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole World's
Eye,
See'st thou a Man that happier is than I ?
The God, who scorn'd to flatter Man, reply'd,
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,
In a proud Rage, Who can that Aglaüs be ?
We've heard as yet of no such King as he.
And true it was, through the whole Earth
around,
No King of such a Name was to be found.
Is some old Hero of that Name alive,
Who his high Race does from the Gods derive ?
Is it some mighty Gen'ral, that has done
Wonders in Fight, and God-like Honours won ?
Is it some Man of endless Wealth ? said he :
None, none of these ; who can this Aglaüs be ?*

*After long Search, and vain Enquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian Vale at last,
(Th' Arcadian Life has always shady been)
Near Sopho's Town (which he but once had seen)
This Aglaüs, who Monarchs Envy drew,
Whose Happiness the Gods stood Witness to,
This mighty Aglaüs was lab'ring found,
With his own Hands, in his own little Ground.
So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
Among those foolish Gods to mention thee)
So let me act, on such a private Stage,
The last dull Scenes of my declining Age ;
After long Toils and Voyages in vain,
This quiet Port let my toss'd Vessel gain ;
Of heav'nly Rest, this Earnest to me lend,
Let my Life sleep, and learn to love her End.*

No. 611.] MONDAY, October 25, 1714. [

*Perfide ! sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hircanæque admbrunt ubera tigres.*
Virg.

I AM willing to postpone every thing, to do any the least Service for the Deserving and Unfortunate. Accordingly I have caused the following Letter to be inserted in my Paper the Moment that it came to my Hands, without altering one Tittle in an Account which the Lady relates so handsomely her self.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I flatter my self, you will not only pity, but, 'if possible, redress a Misfortune my self and 'several others of my Sex lie under. I hope you 'will not be offended, nor think I mean by this to 'justify my own imprudent Conduct, or expect 'You should. No ! I am sensible how severely, 'in some of your former Papers, you have re- 'proved Persons guilty of the like Mismanage- 'ments. I was scarce Sixteen, and, I may say 'without Vanity, Handsome, when courted by a 'false perjured Man ; who, upon Promise of 'Marriage, rendered me the most unhappy of 'Women. After he had deluded me from my 'Parents, who were People of very good Fashion, 'in less than three Months he left me. My Pa- 'rents would not see, nor hear from me ; and had 'it not been for a Servant, who had lived in our 'Family, I must certainly have perished for want 'of Bread. However, it pleased Providence, in 'a very short time, to alter my miserable Con- 'dition. A Gentleman saw me, liked me, and 'married me. My Parents were reconciled ; and 'I might be as happy in the Change of my Con- 'dition, as I was before miserable, but for some 'things, that you shall know, which are insup- 'portable to me ; and I am sure you have so 'much Honour and Compassion as to let those 'Persons know, in some of your Papers, how much 'they are in the wrong. I have been married near 'five Years, and do not know that in all that time I 'ever went abroad without my Husband's Leave 'and Approbation. I am obliged, through the 'Importunities of several of my Relations, to go 'abroad oftner than suits my Temper. Then it is,

'I labour under insupportable Agonies. That
'Man, or rather Monster, haunts every Place I
'go to. Base Villain! By reason I will not ad-
'mit his nauseous wicked Visits and Appointments,
'he strives all the ways he can to ruin me. He
'left me destitute of Friend or Money, nor ever
'thought me worth enquiring after, till he un-
'fortunately happened to see me in a Front Box,
'sparkling with Jewels. Then his Passion re-
'turned. Then the Hypocrite pretended to be a
'Penitent. Then he practised all those Arts that
'helped before to undo me. I am not to be de-
'ceived a second time by him. I hate and abhor
'his odious Passion; and, as he plainly perceives
'it, either out of Spight or Diversion, he makes it
'his Business to expose me. I never fail seeing
'him in all publick Company, where he is always
'most industriously spiteful. He hath, in short,
'told all his Acquaintance of our unhappy Affair,
'they tell theirs; so that it is no Secret among his
'Companions, which are numerous. They, to
'whom he tells it, think they have a Title to be
'very familiar. If they bow to me, and I out of
'good Manners return it, then I am pester'd with
'Freedoms that are no ways agreeable to my self
'or Company. If I turn my Eyes from them, or
'seem displeas'd, they sower upon it, and whisper
'the next Person; he his next; 'till I have at last
'the Eyes of the whole Company upon me. Nay,
'they report abominable Falshoods, under that
'mistaken Notion, *She that will grant Favours
'to one Man, will to a hundred.* I beg you will
'let those who are guilty, know, how ungenerous
'this way of Proceeding is. I am sure he will
'know himself the Person aim'd at, and perhaps
'put a stop to the Insolence of others. Cursed is
'the Fate of unhappy Women! that Men may
'boast and glory in those things that we must
'think of with Shame and Horror! You have the
'Art of making such odious Customs appear de-
'testable. For my Sake, and I am sure, for the
'Sake of several others, who dare not own it, but,
'like me, lie under the same Misfortunes, make
'it as infamous for a Man to boast of Favours, or
'expose our Sex, as it is to take the Lie or a Box
'on the Ear, and not resent it.

*Your Constant Reader,
and Admirer,
LESBIA.*

P. S. 'I am the more Impatient under this
'Misfortune, having receiv'd fresh Provocation,
'last *Wednesday*, in the Abbey.

I entirely agree with the amiable and unfor-
tunate *LESBIA*, that an Insult upon a Woman
in her Circumstances, is as infamous in a Man, as
a tame Behaviour when the Lie or a Buffet is
given; which Truth, I shall beg leave of her to
illustrate by the following Observation.

It is a Mark of Cowardise passively to forbear
resenting an Affront, the Resenting of which
would lead a Man into Danger; it is no less a
Sign of Cowardise to affront a Creature, that
hath not Power to avenge it self. Whatever
Name therefore this ungenerous Man may bestow
on the helpless Lady he hath injur'd, I shall not
scruple to give him in return for it, the Appella-
tion of *Coward*.

A Man, that can so far descend from his Dig-
nity, as to strike a Lady, can never recover his
Reputation with either Sex, because no Provoca-
tion is thought strong enough to justifie such
Treatment from the Powerful towards the Weak.
In the Circumstances, in which poor *LESBIA* is
situated, she can appeal to no Man whatsoever
to avenge an Insult, more grievous than a Blow.
If she could open her Mouth, the base Man
knows, that a Husband, a Brother, a generous
Friend would die to see her righted.

A generous Mind, however enrag'd against an
Enemy, feels its Resentments sink and vanish
away, when the Object of its Wrath falls into its
Power. An estranged Friend, filled with Jealousie
and Discontent towards a Bosom-Acquaintance,
is apt to overflow with Tenderness and Remorse,
when a Creature, that was once dear to him, un-
dergoes any Misfortune. What Name then shall
we give to his Ingratitude, (who forgetting the
Favours he sollicit'd with Eagerness, and receiv'd
with Rapture) can insult the Miseries that he
himself caused, and make Sport with the Pain to
which he owes his greatest Pleasure? There is
but one Being in the Creation whose Province it
is to practise upon the Imbecillities of frail Cre-
atures, and triumph in the Woes which his own
Artifices brought about; and we well know, those
who follow his Example, will receive his Reward.

Leaving my fair Correspondent to the Direction
of her own Wisdom and Modesty; and her
Enemy, and his mean Accomplices, to the Com-
punction of their own Hearts; I shall conclude
this Paper with a memorable Instance of Revenge,
taken by a *Spanish* Lady upon a guilty Lover,
which may serve to show what violent Effects
are wrought by the most tender Passion, when
sower'd into Hatred; and may deter the Young
and unwary from unlawful Love. The Story,
however Romantick it may appear, I have heard
affirmed for a Truth.

Not many Years ago an *English* Gentleman,
who in a Rencounter by Night in the Streets of
Madrid had the Misfortune to kill his Man, fled
into a Church-Porch for Sanctuary. Leaning
against the Door, he was surprized to find it
open, and a glimmering Light in the Church.
He had the Courage to advance towards the
Light; but was terribly startled at the sight of a
Woman in White who ascended from a Grave
with a bloody Knife in her Hand. The Phan-
tome marched up to him, and asked him what he
did there. He told her the Truth, without re-
serve, believing that he had met a Ghost: Upon
which, she spoke to him in the following Manner.
'Stranger, thou art in my Power: I am a Mur-
'derer as thou art. Know then, that I am a Nun
'of a noble Family. A base perjurd Man undid
'me, and boasted of it. I soon had him dispatch-
'ed; but not content with the Murder, I have
'brib'd the Sexton to let me enter his Grave, and
'have now pluck'd out his False Heart from his
'Body; and thus I use a Traitor's Heart. At
these Words she tore it in Pieces, and trampled
it under her Feet.

No. 612.] WEDNESDAY, Oct. 27, 1714. [

Murranum hic atavos et avorum antiqua sonantem

*Nomina per regesque actum genus omne Latinos,
Præcipitem scopulo, atque ingentis turbine saxi
Excutit, effunditque solo.—Virg.*

IT is highly laudable to pay Respect to Men who are descended from worthy Ancestors, not only out of Gratitude to those who have done Good to Mankind, but as it is an Encouragement to others to follow their Example. But this is an Honour to be receiv'd, not demanded, by the Descendants of great Men; and they who are apt to remind us of their Ancestors, only put us upon making Comparisons to their own Disadvantage. There is some Pretence for boasting of Wit, Beauty, Strength or Wealth, because the Communication of them may give Pleasure or Profit to others; but we can have no Merit, nor ought we to claim any Respect, because our Fathers acted well, whether we would or no.

The following Letter ridicules the Folly I have mentioned, in a new, and, I think, not disagreeable Light.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'Were the Genealogy of every Family preserved, there would probably be no Man valued or despis'd on Account of his Birth. There is scarce a Beggar in the Streets, who would not find himself lineally descended from some great Man; nor any one of the highest Title, who would not discover several base and indigent Persons among his Ancestors. It would be a pleasant Entertainment to see one Pedigree of Men appear together, under the same Characters they bore when they acted their respective Parts among the Living. Suppose therefore a Gentleman, full of his illustrious Family, should, in the same manner as *Virgil* makes *Aeneas* look over his Descendants, see the whole Line of his Progenitors pass in a Review before his Eyes, and with how many varying Passions would he behold Shepherds and Soldiers, Statesmen and Artificers, Princes and Beggars, walk in the Procession of five thousand Years! How would his Heart sink or flutter at the several Sports of Fortune in a Scene so diversified with Rags and Purple, Handicraft Tools and Scepters, Ensigns of Dignity and Emblems of Disgrace; and how would his Fears and Apprehensions, his Transports and Mortifications, succeed one another, as the Line of his Genealogy appear'd bright or obscure?

'In most of the Pedigrees hung up in old Mansion Houses, you are sure to find the first in the Catalogue a great Statesman, or a Soldier with an honourable Commission. The Honest Artificer that begot him, and all his frugal Ancestors before him, are torn off from the Top of the Register; and you are not left to imagine, that the noble Founder of the Family ever had a Father. Were we to trace many boasted Lines farther backwards, we should lose them in a Mob of Tradesmen, or a Crowd of Rusticks, without

'hope of seeing them emerge again: Not unlike the old *Appian* Way, which after having run many Miles in Length, loses it self in a Bog.

'I lately made a Visit to an old Country Gentleman, who is very far gone in this sort of *Family Madness*. I found him in his Study perusing an old Register of his Family, which he had just then discover'd, as it was branched out in the Form of a Tree, upon a Skin of Parchment. Having the Honour to have some of his Blood in my Veins, he permitted me to cast my Eye over the Boughs of this venerable Plant; and asked my Advice in the Reforming of some of the superfluous Branches.

'We passed slightly over three or four of our immediate Fore-fathers, whom we knew by Tradition, but were soon stopped by an Alderman of *London*, who, I perceived, made my Kinsman's Heart go pit-a-pat. His Confusion increased when he found the Alderman's Father to be a *Grasier*; but he recovered his Fright upon seeing *Justice of the Quorum* at the end of his Titles. Things went on pretty well, as we threw our Eyes occasionally over the Tree, when unfortunately he perceived a Merchant-Tailor perched on a Bough, who was said greatly to have encreased the Estate; he was just a going to cut him off, if he had not seen *Gent.* after the Name of his Son; who was recorded to have mortgaged one of the Manors his honest Father had purchased. A Weaver, who was burnt for his Religion in the Reign of Queen *Mary*, was pruned away without Mercy; as was likewise a Yeoman, who died of a Fall from his own Cart. But great was our Triumph in one of the Blood who was beheaded for High-Treason; which nevertheless was not a little allayed by another of our Ancestors, who was hanged for stealing Sheep. The Expectations of my good Cousin were wonderfully raised by a Match into the Family of a Knight, but unfortunately for us this Branch proved Barren: On the other hand *Margery* the Milk-maid being twined round a Bough, it flourished out into so many Shoots, and bent with so much Fruit, that the old Gentleman was quite out of Countenance. To comfort me, under this Disgrace, he singled out a Branch ten times more fruitful than the other, which, he told me, he valued more than any in the Tree, and bad me be of good Comfort. This enormous Bough was a Graft out of a *Welsh* Heiress, with so many *Ap's* upon it that it might have made a little Grove by it self. From the Trunk of the Pedigree, which was chiefly composed of Labourers and Shepherds, arose a huge Sprout of Farmers; this was branched out into Yeomen; and ended in a Sheriff of the County, who was Knighted for his good Service to the Crown, in bringing up an Address. Several of the Names that seemed to disparage the Family, being looked upon as Mistakes, were lopped off as rotten or withered; as, on the contrary, no small Number appearing without any Titles, my Cousin, to supply the Defects of the Manuscript, added *Esq.*; at the End of each of them.

'This Tree so pruned, dressed, and cultivated, was, within few Days, transplanted into a large

'Sheet of Vellum and placed in the great Hall,
'where it attracts the Veneration of his Tenants
'every *Sunday* Morning, while they wait till his
'Worship is ready to go to Church; wondering
'that a Man who had so many Fathers before
'him, should not be made a [Knight,]¹ or at least a
'Justice of the Peace.

No. 613.] FRIDAY, October 29, 1714. [

— *Studiis florentem ignobilis oti.*—Virg.

IT is reckoned a Piece of Ill-breeding for one
Man to engross the whole Talk to himself.
For this Reason, since I keep three Visiting-Days
in the Week, I am content now and then to let my
Friends put in a Word. There are several Advan-
tages hereby accruing both to my Readers and
my self. As first, Young and modest Writers
have an Opportunity of getting into Print: Again,
The Town enjoys the Pleasure of Variety; and
Posterity will see the Humour of the present Age,
by the help of these little Lights into private and
domestick Life. The Benefits I receive from
thence, are such as these: I gain more Time for
future Speculations; pick up Hints which I im-
prove for the publick Good; give Advice; redress
Grievances; and, by leaving commodious Spaces
between the several Letters that I print, furnish
out a *Spectator* with little Labour and great Os-
tentation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I was mightily pleased with your Speculation
'of *Friday*. Your Sentiments are Noble, and the
'whole worked up in such a manner, as cannot
'but strike upon every Reader. But give me
'leave to make this Remark: That while you
'write so Pathetically on Contentment, and a re-
'tired Life, you sooth the Passion of Melancholy,
'and depress the Mind from Actions truly Glorious.
'Titles and Honours are the Reward of Virtue:
'We therefore ought to be affected with them:
'And tho' light Minds are too much puffed up with
'exterior Pomp, yet I cannot see why it is not as
'truly Philosophical, to admire the glowing Ruby,
'or the sparkling Green of an Emerald, as the
'fainter and less permanent Beauties of a Rose or
'a Myrtle. If there are Men of extraordinary
'Capacities who lye concealed from the World, I
'should impute it to them as a Blot in their Cha-
'racter, did not I believe it owing to the Meanness
'of their Fortune rather than of their Spirit. *Cow-
'ley*, who tells the Story of *Aglaüs* with so much
'Pleasure, was no Stranger to Courts, nor insens-
'ible of Praise.

*What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the Age to come my own?*

'was the Result of a laudable Ambition. It was
'not till after frequent Disappointments, that he
'termed himself the Melancholy *Cowley*; and he
'praised Solitude, when he despair'd of shining in
'a Court. The Soul of Man is an active Principle.
'He therefore, who withdraws himself from the
'Scene before he has play'd his Part, ought to be

¹ [Lord,]

'hissed off the Stage, and cannot be deemed Vir-
'tuous, because he refuses to answer his End. I
'must own I am fired with an honest Ambition to
'imitate every illustrious Example. The Battles
'of *Blenheim* and *Ramillies* have more than once
'made me wish my self a Soldier. And when I
'have seen those Actions so nobly celebrated by
'our Poets, I have secretly aspir'd to be one of
'that distinguished Class. But in vain I wish, in
'vain I pant with the Desire of Action. I am
'chained down in Obscurity, and the only Pleasure
'I can take is in seeing so many brighter Genius's
'join their friendly Lights, to add to the Splendor
'of the Throne. Farewel then dear *Spec*, and
'believe me to be with great Emulation, and no
'Envy,

Your profess'd Admirer,
Will. Hopeless.

SIR, Middle-Temple, October 26, 1714.

'Tho' you have formerly made *Eloquence* the
'Subject of one or more of your Papers, I do not
'remember that you ever consider'd it as possessed
'by a Set of People, who are so far from making
'*Quintilian's* Rules their Practice, that, I dare
'say for them, they never heard of such an Author,
'and yet are no less Masters of it than *Tully* or
'*Demosthenes* among the Ancients, or whom you
'please amongst the Moderns. The Persons I am
'speaking of are our common Beggars about this
'Town; and that what I say is true, I appeal to
'any Man who has a Heart one Degree softer
'than a Stone. As for my part, who don't pre-
'tend to more Humanity than my Neighbours, I
'have oftentimes gone from my Chambers with
'Money in my Pocket, and returned to them not
'only Pennyless, but destitute of a Farthing, with-
'out bestowing of it any other way than on these
'seeming Objects of Pity. In short, I have seen
'more Eloquence in a *Look* from one of these
'despicable Creatures, than in the *Eye* of the
'fairest *She* I ever saw, yet no one is a greater
'Admirer of that Sex than my self. What I have
'to desire of you is, to lay down some Directions
'in order to guard against these powerful Orators,
'or else I know nothing to the contrary but I must
'my self be forced to leave the Profession of the
'Law, and endeavour to get the Qualifications
'necessary to that more profitable one of Begging.
'But in which soever of these two Capacities I
'shine, I shall always desire to be your constant
'Reader, and ever will be

Your most humble Servant

J. B.

SIR,

'Upon Reading a *Spectator* last Week, where
'Mrs. *Fanny Fickle* submitted the Choice of a
'Lover for Life to your decisive Determination,
'and imagining I might claim the Favour of your
'Advice in an Affair of the like, but much more
'difficult Nature, I called for Pen and Ink, in
'order to draw the Characters of Seven Humble
'Servants, whom I have equally encouraged for
'some time. But alas! while I was reflecting on
'the agreeable Subject, and contriving an advan-
'tageous Description of the dear Person I was
'most inclined to favour, I happened to look into
'my Glass. The sight of the Small-Pox, out of

' which I am just recovered, tormented me at once
' with the loss of my captivating Arts and my
' Captives. The Confusion I was in, on this un-
' happy, unseasonable Discovery, is inexpressible.
' Believe me, Sir, I was so taken up with the
' Thoughts of your fair Correspondent's Case, and
' so intent on my own Design, that I fancied myself
' as Triumphant in my Conquests as ever.

' Now, Sir, finding I was incapacitated to Amuse
' my self on that pleasing Subject, I resolved to
' apply my self to you, or your Casuistical Agent,
' for Advice in my present Circumstances. I am
' sensible the Tincture of my Skin, and the Regu-
' larity of my Features, which the Malice of my
' late Illness has altered, are irrecoverable; yet
' don't despair, but that Loss, by your Assistance,
' may in some measure be reparable, if you'll
' please to propose a way for the Recovery of one
' only of my Fugitives.

' One of them is in a more particular Manner
' beholden to me than the rest; he for some pri-
' vate Reasons being desirous to be a Lover in-
'ognito, always addressed me with *Billet-Doux*,
' which I was so careful of in my Sickness, that I
' secured the Key of my Love-Magazine under my
' Head, and hearing a noise of opening a Lock in
' my Chamber, indangered my Life by getting out
' of Bed, to prevent, if it had been attempted, the
' Discovery of that Amour.

' I have formerly made use of all those Artifices,
' which our Sex daily practises over yours, to draw,
' as it were undesignedly, the eyes of a whole
' Congregation to my Pew; I have taken a Pride
' in the number of Admirers at my Afternoon Le-
'vée; but am now quite another Creature. I
' think, could I regain the attractive Influence I
' once had, if I had a Legion of Suitors, I should
' never be ambitious of Entertaining more than
' one. I have almost contracted an Antipathy to the
' trifling Discourses of Impertinent Lovers, though
' I must needs own, I have thought it very odd
' of late, to hear Gentlemen, instead of their usual
' Complacencies, fall into Disputes before me of
' Politicks, or else weary me with the tedious Repe-
'tition of how thankful I ought to be, and satisfied
' with my Recovery out of so dangerous a Dis-
'temper: This, though I am very sensible of the
' Blessing, yet I cannot but dislike, because such
' Advice from them rather seems to Insult than
' Comfort me, and reminds me too much of what I
' was; which melancholy Consideration I cannot
' yet perfectly surmount, but hope your Sentiments
' on this Head will make it supportable.

' To shew you what a Value I have for your
' Dictates, these are to certify the Persons con-
'cern'd, that unless one of them returns to his
' Colours, (if I may so call them now) before the
' Winter is over, I'll voluntarily confine my self to
' a Retirement, where I'll punish them all with my
' Needle. I'll be reveng'd on them by deciphering
' them on a Carpet, humbly begging Admittance,
' my self scornfully refusing it: If you disapprove
' of this, as favouring too much of Malice, be pleased
' to acquaint me with a Draught you like better,
' and it shall be faithfully performed

By the Unfortunate
Monimia.

No. 614.] MONDAY, November 1, 1714. [

*Si mihi non animo fixum, immotumque sederet,
Ne cui me vinclo vellem sociare jugali,
Postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;
Si non pertæsum thalami, tedæque fuisset:
Huic uni forsân potui succumbere culpæ.*—Virg.

THE following Account hath been transmitted
to me by the Love Casuist.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

' Having, in some former Papers, taken Care of
' the two States of Virginity and Marriage, and
' being willing that all People should be served in
' their Turn; I this Day drew out my Drawer of
' Widows, where I met with several Cases, to each
' whereof I have returned satisfactory Answers by
' the Post. The Cases are as follow:

' Q. Whether *Amoret* be bound by a Promise
' of Marriage to *Philander*, made during her Hus-
'band's Life?

' Q. Whether *Sempronia*, having faithfully
' given a Promise to two several Persons during
' the last Sickness of her Husband, is not thereby
' left at Liberty to chuse which of them she pleases,
' or to reject them both for the sake of a new
' Lover?

' *Cleora* asks me, Whether she be obliged to
' continue single, according to a Vow made to her
' Husband at the time of his presenting her with
' a Diamond Necklace; she being informed by a
' very pretty young Fellow of a good Conscience,
' that such Vows are in their Nature sinful?

' Another enquires, Whether she hath not the
' Right of Widowhood, to dispose of her self to a
' Gentleman of great Merit, who presses very hard;
' her Husband being irrecoverably gone in a Con-
'sumption?

' An unreasonable Creature hath the Confidence
' to ask, Whether it be proper for her to marry a
' Man who is younger than her eldest Son?

' A scrupulous well-spoken Matron, who gives
' me a great many good Words, only doubts,
' Whether she is not obliged in Conscience to shut
' up her two marriageable Daughters, till such
' time as she hath comfortably disposed of her
' self?

' *Sophronia*, who seems by her Phrase and
' Spelling to be a Person of Condition, sets forth,
' That whereas she hath a great Estate, and is
' but a Woman, she desires to be informed,
' whether she would not do prudently to marry
' *Camillus*, a very idle tall young Fellow, who
' hath no Fortune of his own, and consequently
' hath nothing else to do but to manage hers.

Before I speak of Widows, I cannot but observe
one thing, which I do not know how to account
for; a Widow is always more sought after, than
an old Maid of the same Age. It is common
enough among ordinary People, for a stale Virgin
to set up a Shop in a Place where she is not
known; where the large Thumb Ring, supposed
to be given her by her Husband, quickly recom-
mends her to some wealthy Neighbour, who takes
a Liking to the jolly Widow, that would have
overlooked the venerable Spinster.

The Truth of it is, if we look into this Sett of

Women, we find, according to the different Characters or Circumstances wherein they are left, that Widows may be divided into those who raise Love, and those who raise Compassion.

But not to ramble from this Subject, there are two Things in which consists chiefly the Glory of a Widow; The Love of her deceased Husband, and the Care of her Children: To which may be added a third arising out of the former, Such a prudent Conduct as may do Honour to both.

A Widow possessed of all these three Qualities, makes not only a virtuous but a sublime Character.

There is something so great and so generous in this State of Life, when it is accompanied with all its Virtues, that it is the Subject of one of the finest among our modern Tragedies in the Person of *Andromache*; and hath met with an universal and deserved Applause, when introduced upon our *English Stage* by Mr. *Philips*.

The most memorable Widow in History is Queen *Artemisia*, who not only erected the famous *Mausoleum*, but drank up the Ashes of her dead Lord; thereby enclosing them in a nobler Monument than that which she had built, though deservedly esteemed one of the Wonders of Architecture.

This last Lady seems to have had a better Title to a second Husband than any I have read of, since not one Dust of her First was remaining. Our modern Heroines might think a Husband a very bitter Draught, and would have good Reason to complain, if they might not accept of a second Partner, till they had taken such a troublesome Method of losing the Memory of the first.

I shall add to these illustrious Examples out of ancient Story, a remarkable instance of the Delicacy of our Ancestors in Relation to the State of Widowhood, as I find it recorded in *Cowell's Interpreter*. *At East and West-Enborne, in the County of Berks, if a Customary Tenant die, the Widow shall have what the Law calls her Free-Bench in all his Copy-hold Lands, dum sola & casta fuerit; that is, while she lives single and chaste; but if she commit Incontinency, she forfeits her Estate: Yet if she will come into the Court riding backward upon a Black Ram, with his Tail in her Hand, and say the Words following, the Steward is bound by the Custom to re-admit her to her Free-Bench.*¹

*Here I am,
Riding upon a Black Ram,
Like a Whore as I am;
And, for my Crincum Crancum,
Have lost my Bincum Bancum;
And, for my Tail's Game,
Have done this worldly Shame;
Therefore, I pray you Mr. Steward, let
me have my Land again.*

The like Custom there is in the Manor of *Torre* in *Devonshire*, and other Parts of the *West*.

It is not impossible but I may in a little Time present you with a Register of *Berkshire* Ladies and other Western Dames, who rode publickly

¹ Frank Bank or Free bench are copyhold lands which the wife, being married a spinster, had after her husband's death for dower.

upon this Occasion; and I hope the Town will be entertained with a Cavalcade of Widows.

No. 615.] WEDNESDAY, Nov. 3, 1714. [

—Qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque letho flagitium timet:
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patriâ timidus perire.—Hor.

IT must be owned that Fear is a very powerful Passion, since it is esteemed one of the greatest of Virtues to subdue it. It being implanted in us for our Preservation, it is no Wonder it sticks close to us, as long as we have any thing we are willing to preserve. But as Life, and all its Enjoyments, would be scarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual Dread of losing them; it is the Business of Religion and Philosophy to free us from all unnecessary Anxieties, and direct our Fear to its proper Object.

If we consider the Painfulness of this Passion, and the violent Effects it produces, we shall see how dangerous it is to give way to it upon slight Occasions. Some have frightened themselves into Madness, others have given up their Lives to these Apprehensions. The Story of a Man who grew grey in the Space of one Night's Anxiety is very famous;

O! Nox, quam longa es, quæ facis una Senem.

These Apprehensions, if they proceed from a Consciousness of Guilt, are the sad Warnings of Reason; and may excite our Pity, but admit of no Remedy. When the Hand of the Almighty is visibly lifted against the Impious, the Heart of mortal Man cannot withstand him. We have this Passion sublimely represented in the Punishment of the *Egyptians*, tormented with the Plague of Darkness, in the *Apocryphal Book of Wisdom* ascribed to *Solomon*.

'For when unrighteous Men thought to oppress the holy Nation; they being shut up in their Houses, the Prisoners of Darkness, and fetter'd with the Bonds of a long Night, lay there exiled from the eternal Providence. For while they supposed to lye hid in their secret Sins, they were scattered under a dark Veil of Forgetfulness, being horribly astonished and troubled with strange Apparitions—For Wickedness, condemned by her own Witness, is very timorous, and being oppressed with Conscience, always forecasteth grievous things. For Fear is nothing else but a betraying of the Succours which Reason offereth—For the whole World shined with clear Light, and none were hindered in their Labour. Over them only was spread a heavy Night, an Image of that Darkness which should afterwards receive them; but yet were they unto themselves more grievous than the Darkness.'¹

To Fear, so justly grounded, no Remedy can

¹ *Wisd. xvii. passim.*

be proposed; but a Man (who hath no great Guilt hanging upon his Mind, who walks in the plain Path of Justice and Integrity, and yet either by natural Complection, or confirmed Prejudices, or Neglect of serious Reflection, suffers himself to be moved by this abject and unmanly Passion) would do well to consider, That there is nothing which deserves his Fear, but that beneficent Being who is his Friend, his Protector, his Father. Were this one Thought strongly fixed in the Mind, what Calamity would be dreadful? What Load can Infamy lay upon us when we are sure of the Approbation of him, who will repay the Disgrace of a Moment with the Glory of Eternity? What Sharpness is there in Pain and Diseases, when they only hasten us on to the Pleasures that will never fade? What sting is in Death, when we are assured that it is only the Beginning of Life? A Man who lives so, as not to fear to die, is inconsistent with himself, if he delivers himself up to any incidental Anxiety.

The Intrepidity of a just good Man is so nobly set forth by *Horace*, that it cannot be too often repeated.

*The Man resolv'd and steady to his Trust,
Inflexible to Ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude Rabble's Insolence despise,
Their senseless Clamours and tumultuous Cries;
The Tyrant's Fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern Brow, and the harsh Voice defies,
And with superior Greatness smiles.*

*Not the rough Whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black Gulf, and vexes it with Storms,
The stubborn Virtue of his Soul can move;
Not the Red Arm of angry Jove,
That flings the Thunder from the Sky,
And gives it Rage to roar, and Strength to fly.*

*Should the whole Frame of Nature round him
break,
In Ruin and Confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty Crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling World.¹*

The Vanity of Fear may be yet farther illustrated, if we reflect,

First, What we fear may not come to pass. No human Scheme can be so accurately projected, but some little Circumstance intervening may spoil it. He, who directs the Heart of Man at his Pleasure, and understands the Thoughts long before, may by ten thousand Accidents, or an immediate Change in the Inclinations of Men, disconcert the most subtle Project, and turn it to the Benefit of his own Servants.

In the next Place we should consider, though the Evil we imagine should come to pass, it may be much more supportable than it appeared to be. As there is no prosperous State of Life without its Calamities, so there is no Adversity without its Benefits. Ask the Great and Powerful, if they do not feel the Pangs of Envy and Ambition. Enquire of the Poor and Needy, if they have not tasted the Sweets of Quiet and Contentment. Even under the Pains of Body; the Infidelity of Friends; or the Misconstructions put upon our

laudable Actions, our Minds (when for some Time accustomed to these Pressures) are sensible of secret Flowings of Comfort, the present Reward of a pious Resignation. The Evils of this Life appear like Rocks and Precipices, rugged and barren at a Distance, but at our nearer Approach, we find little fruitful Spots, and refreshing Springs, mixed with the Harshness and Deformities of Nature.

In the last Place, we may comfort our selves with this Consideration; that, as the Thing feared may not reach us, so we may not reach what we fear: Our Lives may not extend to that dreadful Point which we have in View. He who knows all our Failings, and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond our Strength, is often pleased in his tender Severity, to separate the Soul from its Body and Miseries together.

If we look forward to him for Help, we shall never be in Danger of falling down those Precipices which our Imagination is apt to create. Like those who walk upon a Line, if we keep our Eye fixed upon one Point, we may step forward securely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly Glance on either Side will infallibly destroy us.

No. 616.] FRIDAY, November 5, 1714. [

Qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est.
Martial.

CICERO hath observed, that a Jest is never uttered with a better Grace, than when it is accompanied with a serious Countenance. When a pleasant Thought plays in the Features, before it discovers it self in Words, it raises too great an Expectation, and loses the Advantage of giving Surprise. Wit and Humour are no less poorly recommended by a Levity of Phrase, and that kind of Language which may be distinguished by the Name of *Cant*. Ridicule is never more strong, than when it is concealed in Gravity. True Humour lies in the Thought, and arises from the Representation of Images in odd Circumstances, and uncommon Lights. A pleasant Thought strikes us by the Force of its natural Beauty; and the Mirth of it is generally rather palled, than heightened by that ridiculous Phraseology, which is so much in Fashion among the Pretenders to Humour and Pleasantry. This Tribe of Men are like our Mountebanks; they make a Man a Wit, by putting him in a fantastick Habit.

Our little Burlesque Authors, who are the Delight of ordinary Readers, generally abound in these pert Phrases, which have in them more Vivacity than Wit.

I lately saw an Instance of this kind of Writing, which gave me so lively an Idea of it, that I could not forbear begging a Copy of the Letter from the Gentleman who shew'd it to me. It is written by a Country Wit, upon the Occasion of the Rejoycings on the Day of the King's Coronation.

[*Past two a Clock and
a frosty Morning.¹*]
Dear Jack,
'I have just left the Right Worshipful and his

¹ Horace, Bk III. Od. 3.

¹ [*Two in the Morning is the Word, old Boy.*]

'Myrmidons about a Sneaker of Five Gallons.
'The whole Magistracy was pretty well disguised
'before I gave 'em the Slip. Our Friend the
'Alderman was half Seas over before the Bonfire
'was out. We had with us the Attorney, and two
'or three other bright Fellows. The Doctor plays
'least in Sight.

'At Nine a Clock in the Evening we set Fire to
'the Whore of *Babylon*. The Devil acted his
'Part to a Miracle. He has made his Fortune by
'it. We equip'd the young Dog with a Tester
'a-piece. Honest old *Brown of England* was
'very drunk, and showed his Loyalty to the Tune
'of a hundred Rockets. The Mob drank the
'King's Health, on their Marrow-bones, in Mother
'*Day's Double*. They whip'd us half a dozen
'Hogsheads. Poor *Tom Tyler* had like to have
'been demolished with the End of a Sky-Rocket,
'that fell upon the Bridge of his Nose as he was
'drinking the King's Health, and spoiled his Tip.
'The Mob were very loyal 'till about Midnight,
'when they grew a little mutinous for more Liquor.
'They had like to have dumfounded the Justice;
'but his Clerk came in to his Assistance, and took
'them all down in Black and White.

'When I had been huzza'd out of my Seven
'Senses, I made a Visit to the Women, who were
'guzzling very comfortably. Mrs. Mayoress
'clip'd the King's *English*. Clack was the
'Word.

'I forgot to tell thee, that every one of the
'Posse had his Hat cocked with a Distich: The
'Senators sent us down a Cargo of Ribbon and
'Metre for the Occasion.

'Sir *Richard*, to shew his Zeal for the Protest-
'ant Religion, is at the Expence of a Tar-Barrel
'and a Ball. I peeped into the Knight's great
'Hall, and saw a very pretty Bevy of Spinsters.
'My dear Relict was amongst them, and ambled
'in a Country-Dance as notably as the best of
'em.

'May all his Majesty's liege Subjects love him
'as well as his good People of this his ancient
'Borough. Adieu.

No. 617.] MONDAY, November 8, 1714. [

*Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
Bassaris, et lyncem Manas flexura corymbis,
Evion ingeminat reparabilis adsonat Echo.*

Persius.

THERE are two Extrems in the Stile of
Humour, one of which consists in the Use of
that little pert Phraseology which I took Notice
of in my last Paper; the other in the Affectation
of strained and pompous Expressions, fetched
from the learned Languages. The first savours
too much of the Town; the other of the College.

As nothing illustrates better than Example, I
shall here present my Reader with a Letter of
Pedantick Humour, which was written by a young
Gentleman of the University to his Friend; on
the same Occasion, and from the same Place, as
the lively Epistle published in my last *Spectator*.

Dear Chum,

'It is now the third Watch of the Night, the
'greatest Part of which I have spent round a
'capacious Bowl of *China*, filled with the choicest
'Products of both the *Indies*. I was placed at a
'quadrangular Table, diametrically opposite to the
'Mace-bearer. The Visage of that venerable
'Herald was, according to Custom, most glori-
'ously illuminated on this joyful occasion. The
'Mayor and Aldermen, those Pillars of our Con-
'stitution, began to totter; and if any one at the
'Board could have so far articulated, as to have
'demanded intelligibly a Reinforcement of Liquor,
'the whole Assembly had been by this time ex-
'tended under the Table.

'The Celebration of this Night's Solemnity was
'opened by the Obstreperous Joy of Drummers,
'who, with their Parchment Thunder, gave a
'signal for the Appearance of the Mob under their
'several Classes and Denominations. They were
'quickly joined by the melodious Clank of Mar-
'row-bone and Cleaver, whilst a Chorus of Bells
'filled up the Consort. A Pyramid of Stack-
'Faggots cheared the Hearts of the Populace with
'the Promise of a Blaze: The Guns had no sooner
'uttered the Prologue, but the Heavens were
'brightned with artificial Meteors, and Stars of
'our own making; and all the *High-street* lighted
'up from one End to another, with a Galaxy of
'Candles. We collected a Largess for the Multi-
'tude, who tipp'd Eleemosynary till they grew
'exceeding Vociferous. There was a Paste-board
'Pontiff with a little swarthy Dæmon at his Elbow,
'who, by his diabolical Whispers and Insinuations
'tempted his Holiness into the Fire, and then left
'him to shift for himself. The Mobile were very
'sarcastick with their Clubs, and gave the old
'Gentleman several Thumps upon his triple Head-
'piece. *Tom Tyler's* Phiz is something damaged
'by the Fall of a Rocket, which hath almost
'spoiled the Gnomon of his Countenance. The
'Mirth of the Commons grew so very outrageous,
'that it found Work for our Friend of the *Quorum*,
'who, by the help of his *Amanuensis*, took down
'all their Names and their Crimes, with a Design
'to produce his Manuscript at the next Quarter-
'Sessions, &c. &c. &c.

I shall subjoin to the foregoing Piece of a Let-
ter, the following Copy of Verses translated from
an *Italian* Poet, who was the *Cleveland* of his
Age, and had Multitudes of Admirers. The Sub-
ject is an Accident that happened under the Reign
of Pope *Leo*, when a Firework, that had been
prepared upon the Castle of *St. Angelo*, begun to
play before its Time, being kindled by a Flash of
Lightning. The Author hath written his Poem¹
in the same kind of Style, as that I have already
exemplified in Prose. Every Line in it is a Riddle,
and the Reader must be forced to consider it twice
or thrice, before he will know that the *Cynick's*
Tenement is a *Tub*, and *Bacchus* his Cast-coat a
Hogs-head, &c.

'Twas Night, and Heav'n, a Cyclops, all the
Day,
An Argus now did countless Eyes display;

¹ Translated from the Latin in *Strada's Pro-
lusions*.

In ev'ry Window Rome her Joy declares,
All bright, and studded with terrestrial Stars.
A blazing Chain of Lights her Roofs entwines,
And round her Neck the mingled Lustre shines,
The Cynick's rowling Tenement conspires,
With Bacchus his Cast-coat, to feed the Fires.

The Pile, still big with undiscover'd Shows,
The Tuscan Pile did last its Freight disclose,
Where the proud Tops of Rome's new Ætna rise,
Whence Giants sally, and invade the Skies.

Whilst now the Multitude expect the Time,
And their tir'd Eyes the lofty Mountain climb,
A thousand Iron Mouths their Voices try,
And thunder out a dreadful Harmony;
In treble Notes the small Artill'ry plays,
The deep-mouth'd Cannon bellows in the Bass.
The lab'ring Pile now heaves; and having giv'n
Proofs of its Travail sighs in Flames to Heav'n.

The Clouds envelop'd Heav'n from Human
Sight,
Quench'd every Star, and put out ev'ry Light;
Now Real Thunder grumbles in the Skies,
And in disdainful Murmurs Rome defies;
Nor doth its answer'd Challenge Rome decline;
But whilst both Parties in full Consort join,
While Heav'n and Earth in Rival Peals re-
sound,
The doubtful Cracks the Hearer's Sense con-
found;
Whether the Claps of Thunderbolts they hear,
Or else the Burst of Canon wounds their Ear;
Whether Clouds raged by struggling Metals rent,
Or struggling Clouds in Roman Metals pent.
But O, my Muse, the whole Adventure tell,
As ev'ry Accident in order fell.

Tall Groves of Trees the Hadrian Tow'r sur-
round,
Fictitious Trees with Paper Garlands crown'd,
These know no Spring, but when their Bodies
sprout
In Fire, and shoot their gilded Blossoms out;
When blazing Leaves appear above their Head,
And into branching Flames their Bodies spread.
Whilst real Thunder splits the Firmament,
And Heav'n's whole Roof in one vast Cleft is rent,
The three-fork'd Tongue amidst the Rupture
lolls,
Then drops and on the Airy Turret falls.
The Trees now kindle, and the Garland burns,
And thousand Thunderbolts for one returns.
Brigades of burning Archers upward fly,
Bright Spears and shining Spear-men mount
on high,
Flash in the Clouds, and glitter in the Sky.
A Seven-fold Shield of Spheres doth Heav'n de-
fend,
And back again the blunted Weapons send;
Unwillingly they fall, and dropping down,
Pour out their Souls, their sulph'rous Souls,
and groan.

With Joy, great Sir, we view'd this pompous
Show,
While Heav'n, that sate Spectator still 'till
now,
It self turn'd Actor, proud to Pleasure you.
And so 'tis fit, when Leo's Fires appear,

That Heav'n it self should turn an Engineer;
That Heav'n it self should all its Wonders show,
And Orbs above consent with Orbs below.

No. 618.] WEDNESDAY, Nov. 10, 1714. [

—Neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis: neque siquis scribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse Poetam.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU having, in your two last Spectators,
given the Town a couple of Remarkable
Letters, in very different Styles: I take this
Opportunity to offer to you some Remarks upon
the Epistolary way of writing in Verse. This
is a Species of Poetry by it self; and has not so
much as been hinted at in any of the Arts of
Poetry, that have ever fallen into my Hands:
Neither has it in any Age, or any Nation, been
so much cultivated, as the other several Kinds
of Poesie. A Man of Genius may, if he pleases,
write Letters in Verse upon all manner of Sub-
jects, that are capable of being embellished with
Wit and Language, and may render them new
and agreeable by giving the proper Turn to
them. But in speaking, at present, of Episto-
lary Poetry, I would be understood to mean
only such Writings in this Kind, as have been
in Use amongst the Ancients, and have been
copied from them by some Moderns. These
may be reduced into two Classes: In the one I
shall range Love-Letters, Letters of Friendship,
and Letters upon mournful Occasions: In the
other I shall place such Epistles in Verse, as may
properly be called Familiar, Critical, and Moral;
to which may be added Letters of Mirth and
Humour. Ovid for the first, and Horace for
the latter, are the best Originals we have left.

He that is ambitious of succeeding in the
Ovidian way, should first examine his Heart
well, and feel whether his Passions (especially
those of the gentler Kind) play easie, since it is
not his Wit, but the Delicacy and Tenderness
of his Sentiments, that will affect his Readers.
His Versification likewise should be soft, and all
his Numbers flowing and querulous.

The Qualifications requisite for writing Epis-
tles, after the Model given us by Horace, are of
a quite different Nature. He that would excel
in this kind must have a good Fund of strong
Masculine Sense: To this there must be joined
a thorough Knowledge of Mankind, together
with an Insight into the Business, and the pre-
vailing Humours of the Age. Our Author must
have his Mind well seasoned with the finest Pre-
cepts of Morality, and be filled with nice Re-
flections upon the bright and the dark sides of
human Life: He must be a Master of refined
Raillery, and understand the Delicacies, as well
as the Absurdities of Conversation. He must
have a lively Turn of Wit, with an easie and
concise manner of Expression; Every thing he
says, must be in a free and disengaged manner.
He must be guilty of nothing that betrays the

'Air of a Recluse, but appear a Man of the World throughout. His Illustrations, his Comparisons, and the greatest part of his Images must be drawn from common Life. Strokes of Satyr and Criticism, as well as Panegyrick, judiciously thrown in (and as it were by the by) give a wonderful Life and Ornament to Compositions of this kind. But let our Poet, while he writes Epistles, though never so familiar, still remember that he writes in Verse, and must for that reason have a more than ordinary care not to fall into Prose, and a vulgar Diction, excepting where the Nature and Humour of the Thing does necessarily require it. In this Point *Horace* hath been thought by some Criticks to be sometimes careless, as well as too negligent of his Versification; of which he seems to have been sensible himself.

'All I have to add is, that both these Manners of Writing may be made as entertaining, in their Way, as any other Species of Poetry, if undertaken by Persons duly qualify'd; and the latter sort may be managed so as to become in a peculiar manner Instructive. *I am, &c.*

I shall add an Observation or two to the Remarks of my ingenious Correspondent, and, in the First place, take Notice, that Subjects of the most sublime Nature are often treated in the Epistolary way with Advantage, as in the famous Epistle of *Horace* to *Augustus*. The Poet surprises us with his Pomp, and seems rather betrayed into his Subject, than to have aimed at it by Design: He appears like the Visit of a King *Incognito*, with a mixture of Familiarity, and Grandeur. In Works of this kind, when the Dignity of the Subject hurries the Poet into Descriptions and Sentiments, seemingly unpremeditated, by a sort of Inspiration; it is usual for him to recollect himself, and fall back gracefully into the natural Stile of a Letter.

I might here mention an Epistolary Poem, just published by Mr. *Eusden* on the King's Accession to the Throne: Wherein, amongst many other noble and beautiful Strokes of Poetry, his Reader may see this Rule very happily observed.

No. 619.] FRIDAY, Nov. 12, 1714. [

Exerce imperia, et ramos compece fluentes.
Virg.

I HAVE often thought, that if the several Letters, which are written to me under the Character of SPECTATOR, and which I have not made use of, were published in a Volume, they would not be an unentertaining Collection. The Variety of the Subjects, Styles, Sentiments, and Informations, which are transmitted to me, would lead a very curious, or very idle Reader, insensibly along, through a great many Pages. I know some Authors, who would pick up a *Secret History* out of such Materials, and make a Bookseller an Alderman by the Copy.¹ I shall there-

¹ Charles Lillie published, in 1725, 'Original and Genuine Letters sent to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*

fore carefully preserve the Original Papers in a Room set apart for that Purpose, to the end that they may be of Service to Posterity; but shall at present content my self, with owning the Receipt of several Letters, lately come to my Hands, the Authors whereof are impatient for an Answer.

CHARISSA, whose Letter is dated from *Cornhill*, desires to be eased in some Scruples relating to the Skill of Astrologers. *Referred to the Dumb Man for an Answer.*

J. C. who proposes a Love-Case, as he calls it, to the Love-Casuist, is hereby desir'd to speak of it to the Minister of the Parish; it being a Case of Conscience.

The poor young Lady, whose Letter is dated *October 26*, who complains of a harsh Guardian, and an unkind Brother, can only have my good Wishes, unless she pleases to be more particular.

The Petition of a certain Gentleman, whose Name I have forgot, famous for renewing the Curls of decayed Perriwigs, is referred to *the Censor of small Wares.*

The Remonstrance of *T. C.* against the Profanation of the Sabbath by Barbers, Shoe-cleaners, &c. had better be offer'd to *the Society of Reformers.*

A learned and laborious Treatise upon the Art of Fencing, *returned to the Author.*

To the Gentleman of *Oxford*, who desires me to insert a Copy of *Latin Verses* which were denied a Place in the University Book. Answer. *Nonnunquam prematur in annum.*

To my learned Correspondent who writes against Master's Gowns, and Poke Sleeves, with a Word in Defence of large Scarves. Answer. *I resolve not to raise Animosities amongst the Clergy.*

To the Lady, who writes with Rage against one of her own Sex, upon the Account of Party Warmth. Answer. *Is not the Lady she writes against reckoned Handsome?*

I desire *Tom Truelove*, (who sends me a Sonnet upon his Mistress, with a desire to print it immediately) to consider, that it is long since I was in Love.

I shall answer a very profound Letter from my old Friend the Upholsterer, who is still inquisitive whether the King of *Sweden* be living or dead, by whispering him in the Ear, *That I believe he is alive.*

Let Mr. *Dapperwit* consider, *What is that long Story of the Cuckoldom to me?*

At the earnest Desire of *Monimia's* Lover, who declares himself very penitent, he is recorded in my Paper by the Name of *The Faithful Castalio.*

The Petition of *Charles Cocksure*, which the Petitioner styles *very reasonable*—*Rejected.*

The Memorial of *Philander*, which he desires may be dispatched out of Hand, *Postponed.*

I desire *S. R.* not to repeat the Expression *under the Sun* so often in his next Letter.

The Letter of *P. S.* who desires either to have it printed entire, or committed to the Flames. *Not to be printed entire.*

'during the time those Works were publishing, none of which have been before printed.'

No. 620.] MONDAY, Nov. 15, 1714. [Tickell.

Hic Vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis.—Virg.

HAVING lately presented my Reader with a Copy of Verses full of the False Sublime, I shall here communicate to him an excellent Specimen of the True: Though it hath not yet been published, the judicious Reader will readily discern it to be the Work of a Master: And if he hath read that noble Poem on *The Prospect of Peace*, he will not be at a Loss to guess at the Author.

[The ROYAL PROGRESS.]

When BRUNSWICK first appear'd, each honest Heart,
Intent on Verse, disdain'd the Rules of Art;
For him the Songsters, in unmeasur'd Odes,
Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the Gods,
In Golden Chains the Kings of India led,
Or rent the Turban from the Sultan's Head.
One, in old Fables, and the Pagan Strain,
With Nymphs and Tritons, wafts him o'er the Main;
Another draws fierce Lucifer in Arms,
And fills th' Infernal Region with Alarms;
A Third awakes some Druid, to foretel
Each future Triumph from his dreary Cell.
Exploded Fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the Mind nauseates what she can't believe.
My [Muse th' expected¹] Hero shall pursue
From Clime to Clime, and keep him still in View:
His shining March describe in faithful Lays,
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise;
Their Charms, if Charms they have, the Truth supplies,
And from the Theme unlabour'd Beauties rise.

By longing Nations for the Throne design'd,
And call'd to guard the Rights of Human-kind;
With secret Grief his God-like Soul repines,
And Britain's Crown with joyless Lustre shines,
While Prayers and Tears his destin'd Progress stay,
And Crowds of Mourners choak their Sovereign's Way.
Not so he march'd, when Hostile Squadrons stood
In Scenes of Death, and fir'd his generous Blood;
When his hot Courser paw'd th' Hungarian Plain,
And adverse Legions stood the Shock in vain.
His Frontiers past, the Belgian Bounds he views,
And cross the level Fields his March pursues.
Here pleas'd the Land of Freedom to survey,
He greatly scorns the Thirst of boundless Sway.
O'er the thin Soil, with silent Joy he spies
Transplanted Woods, and borrow'd Verdure rise;
Where every Meadow won with Toil and Blood,
From haughty Tyrants, and the raging Flood,
With Fruits and Flowers the careful Hind supplies,
And cloathes the Marshes in a rich Disguise.

¹ [artless Muse the]

*Such Wealth for frugal Hands doth Heaven decree,
And such thy Gifts, Celestial Liberty!*

Through stately Towns, and many a fertile Plain,
The Pomp advances to the neighbouring Main.
Whole Nations crowd around with joyful Cries,
And view the Heroe with insatiate Eyes.

In Haga's Towers he waits, 'till Eastern Gales
Propitious rise to swell the British Sails.
Hither the Fame of England's Monarch brings
The Vows and Friendships of the neighb'ring Kings;
Mature in Wisdom, his extensive Mind
Takes in the blended Int'rests of Mankind,
The World's great Patriot. Calm thy anxious Breast,
Secure in him, O Europe take thy Rest;
Henceforth thy Kingdoms shall remain confin'd
By Rocks or Streams, the Mounds which Heav'n design'd;
The Alps their new-made Monarch shall restrain,
Nor shall thy Hills, Pirene, rise in vain.

But see! to Britain's Isle the Squadrons stand,
And leave the sinking Towers, and lessening Land.

The Royal Bark bounds o'er the floating Plain,
Breaks thro' the Billows, and divides the Main.
O'er the vast Deep, Great Monarch, dart thine Eyes,
A watry Prospect bounded by the Skies:
Ten thousand Vessels, from ten thousand Shores,
Bring Gums and Gold, and either India's Stores:
Behold the Tributes hastening to thy Throne,
And see the wide Horizon all thy own.

Still is it thine; tho' now the cheerful Crew
Hail Albion's Cliffs, just whitening to the View.
Before the Wind with swelling Sails they ride,
Till Thames receives them in his opening Tide.
The Monarch hears the thundering Peals around,
From trembling Woods and echoing Hills rebound,
Nor misses yet, amid the deafening Train,
The Roarings of the hoarse-resounding Main.

As in the Flood he sails, from either Side
He views his Kingdom in its rural Pride;
A various Scene the wide-spread Landskip yields,
O'er rich Enclosures and luxuriant Fields:
A lowing Herd each fertile Pasture fills,
And distant Flocks stray o'er a thousand Hills.
Fair Greenwich hid in Woods, with new Delight,
(Shade above Shade) now rises to the Sight:
His Woods ordain'd to visit every Shore,
And guard the Island which they graced before.

The Sun now rowling down the Western Way,
A Blaze of Fires renews the fading Day;
Unnumber'd Barks the Regal Barge infold,
Brightening the Twilight with its beamy Gold;
Less thick the finny Shoals, a countless Fry,
Before the Whale or kingly Dolphin fly.
In one vast Shout he seeks the crowded Strand,
And in a Peal of Thunder gains the Land.

Welcome, great Stranger, to our longing Eyes,
Oh! King desir'd, adopted Albion cries.
For thee the East breath'd out a prosperous Breeze,

Bright were the Suns, and gently swell'd the Seas.

Thy Presence did each doubtful Heart compose,
And Factions wonder'd that they once were Foes;
That joyful Day they lost each Hostile Name,
The same their Aspect, and their Voice the same.

So two fair Twins, whose Features were design'd

At one soft Moment in the Mother's Mind,
Show each the other with reflected Grace,
And the same Beauties bloom in either Face;
The puzzled Strangers which is which enquire,
Delusion grateful to the smiling Sire.

From that fair Hill, where hoary Sages boast
To name the Stars, and count the heavenly Host,
By the next Dawn doth great Augusta rise,
Proud Town! the noblest Scene beneath the Skies.
O'er Thames her thousand Spires their Lustre shed,

And a vast Navy hides his ample Bed,
A floating Forest. From the distant Strand
A Line of Golden Carrs strikes o'er the Land:
Britannia's Peers in Pomp and rich Array,
Before their King, triumphant, lead the Way.
Far as the Eye can reach, the gawdy Train,
A bright Procession, shines along the Plain.

So haply through the Heav'n's wide pathless Ways

A Comet draws a long-extended Blaze;
From East to West [burns through¹] th' ethereal Frame,
And half Heav'n's Convex glitters with the Flame.

Now to the Regal Towers securely brought,
He plans Britannia's Glories in his Thought;
Resumes the delegated Pow'r he gave,
Rewards the Faithful and restores the Brave.
Whom shall the Muse from out the shining Throng

Select to heighten and adorn her Song?
Thee, Halifax. To thy capacious Mind,
O Man approv'd, is Britain's Wealth consign'd.
Her Coin (while Nassau fought) debas'd and rude,

By Thee in Beauty and in Truth renew'd,
An Arduous Work! again thy Charge we see,
And thy own Care once more returns to Thee.
O! form'd in every Scene to awe and please,
Mix Wit with Pomp, and Dignity with Ease:
Tho' call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
To smile on Arts thy self did once adorn:
For this thy Name succeeding Time shall praise,
And envy less thy Garter, than thy Bays.

The Muse, if fir'd with thy enlivening Beams,
Perhaps shall aim at more exalted Themes,
Record our Monarch in a nobler Strain,
And sing the opening Wonders of his Reign;
Bright CAROLINA's heavenly Beauties trace,
Her valiant CONSORT, and his blooming Race.
A Train of Kings their fruitful Love supplies,
A glorious Scene to Albion's ravish'd Eyes;
Who sees by BRUNSWICK's Hand her Sceptre sway'd,
And through his Line from Age to Age convey'd.

¹ [he burns]

No. 621.] WEDNESDAY, November 17, 1714. [

— postquam se lumine puro
Implevit, stellasque vagas miratur et Astra
Fixa Polis, vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret
Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria ——— Lucan.

THE following Letter having in it some Observations out of the common Road, I shall make it the Entertainment of this Day.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The common Topicks against the Pride of Man which are laboured by florid and declamatory Writers, are taken from the Baseness of his Original, the Imperfections of his Nature, or the short Duration of those Goods in which he makes his Boast. Though it be true that we can have nothing in us that ought to raise our Vanity, yet a Consciousness of our own Merit may be sometimes laudable. The Folly therefore lyes here: We are apt to pride our selves in worthless, or perhaps shameful Things; and, on the other hand, count that disgraceful which is our truest Glory.

'Hence it is, that the Lovers of Praise take wrong Measures to attain it. Would a vain Man consult his own Heart, he would find that if others knew his Weaknesses as well as he himself doth, he could not have the Impudence to expect the publick Esteem. Pride therefore flows from want of Reflection, and Ignorance of our selves. Knowledge and Humility come upon us together.

'The proper way to make an Estimate of our selves, is to consider seriously what it is we value or despise in others. A Man who boasts of the Goods of Fortune, a gay Dress or a new Title, is generally the Mark of Ridicule. We ought therefore not to admire in our selves, what we are so ready to laugh at in other Men.

'Much less can we with Reason pride our selves in those things, which at some time of our Life we shall certainly despise. And yet, if we will give our selves the Trouble of looking backward and forward on the several Changes, which we have already undergone and hereafter must try, we shall find that the greater Degrees of our Knowledge and Wisdom, serve only to shew us our own Imperfections.

'As we rise from Childhood to Youth, we look with Contempt on the Toys and Trifles which our Hearts have hitherto been set upon. When we advance to Manhood, we are held wise in proportion to our Shame and Regret for the Rashness and Extravagance of Youth. Old Age fills us with mortifying Reflections upon a Life, mis-spent in the Pursuit of anxious Wealth or uncertain Honour. Agreeable to this Gradation of Thought in this Life, it may be reasonably supposed, that in a future State, the Wisdom, the Experience, and the Maxims of old Age, will be looked upon by a separate Spirit in much the same Light, as an ancient Man now sees the little Follies and Toyings of Infants. The Pomps, the Honours, the Policies, and Arts of mortal Men, will be thought as trifling as Hobby-Horses, Mock Battles, or any other Sports that now em-

‘ ploy all the Cunning, and Strength, and Ambition
‘ of rational Beings from four Years old to nine or
‘ ten.

‘ If the Notion of a gradual Rise in Beings,
‘ from the meanest to the most High, be not a
‘ vain Imagination, it is not improbable that an
‘ Angel looks down upon a Man, as a Man doth
‘ upon a Creature which approaches the nearest to
‘ the rational Nature. By the same Rule (if I
‘ may indulge my Fancy in this Particular) a su-
‘ perior Brute looks with a kind of Pride on one of
‘ an inferior Species. If they could reflect, we
‘ might imagine from the Gestures of some of
‘ them, that they think themselves the Sovereigns
‘ of the World, and that all things were made for
‘ them. Such a Thought would not be more ab-
‘ surd in Brute Creatures, than one which Men
‘ are apt to entertain, namely, That all the Stars
‘ in the Firmament were created only to please
‘ their Eyes and amuse their Imaginations. Mr.
‘ *Dryden*, in his Fable of the *Cock and the Fox*,
‘ makes a Speech for his Hero the Cock, which is
‘ a pretty Instance for this Purpose,

*Then turning, said to Partlet, See, my Dear,
How lavish Nature hath adorn'd the Year;
How the pale Primrose and the Violet spring,
And Birds essay their Throats, disus'd to sing:
All these are ours, and I with Pleasure see
Man strutting on two Legs, and aping me.*

‘ What I would observe from the Whole is this,
‘ That we ought to value our selves upon those
‘ Things only which superior Beings think valuable,
‘ since that is the only way for us not to sink in
‘ our own Esteem hereafter.

No. 622.] FRIDAY, November 19, 1714. [

—*Fallentis Semita Vita.*—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ IN a former Speculation you have observed,
‘ that true Greatness doth not consist in that
‘ Pomp and Noise wherein the Generality of Man-
‘ kind are apt to place it. You have there taken
‘ Notice, that Virtue in Obscurity often appears
‘ more illustrious in the Eye of superior Beings,
‘ than all that passes for Grandeur and Magnifi-
‘ cence among Men.

‘ When we look back upon the History of those
‘ who have born the Parts of Kings, Statesmen, or
‘ Commanders, they appear to us stripped of those
‘ out-side Ornaments that dazzled their Contem-
‘ poraries; and we regard their Persons as great
‘ or little, in Proportion to the Eminence of their
‘ Virtues or Vices. The wise Sayings, generous
‘ Sentiments, or disinterested Conduct of a Philo-
‘ sopher under mean Circumstances of Life, set
‘ him higher in our Esteem than the mighty Po-
‘ tentates of the Earth, when we view them both
‘ through the long Prospect of many Ages. Were
‘ the Memoirs of an obscure Man, who lived up
‘ to the Dignity of his Nature, and according to
‘ the Rules of Virtue, to be laid before us, we
‘ should find nothing in such a Character which

‘ might not set him on a Level with Men of the
‘ highest Stations. The following Extract out of
‘ the private Papers of an honest Country-Gentle-
‘ man will set this Matter in a clear Light. Your
‘ Reader will perhaps conceive a greater Idea of
‘ him from these Actions done in Secret, and
‘ without a Witness, than of those which have
‘ drawn upon them the Admiration of Multitudes.

MEMOIRS.

“ In my 22d Year I found a violent Affection
“ for my Cousin *Charles*'s Wife growing upon me,
“ wherein I was in danger of succeeding, if I had
“ not upon that Account begun my Travels into
“ foreign Countries.

“ A little after my Return into *England*, at a
“ private Meeting with my Uncle *Francis*, I re-
“ fused the Offer of his Estate, and prevailed
“ upon him not to disinherit his Son *Ned*.

“ *Mem.* Never to tell this to *Ned*, lest he should
“ think hardly of his deceased Father; though
“ he continues to speak ill of me for this very
“ Reason.

“ Prevented a scandalous Law-suit betwixt my
“ Nephew *Harry* and his Mother, by allowing
“ her under-hand, out of my own Pocket, so much
“ Money yearly as the Dispute was about.

“ Procured a Benefice for a young Divine, who
“ is Sister's Son to the good Man who was my
“ Tutor, and hath been dead Twenty Years.

“ Gave Ten Pounds to poor Mrs. —, my
“ Friend *H—*'s Widow.

“ *Mem.* To retrench one Dish at my Table, till
“ I have fetched it up again.

“ *Mem.* To repair my House and finish my
“ Gardens in order to employ poor People after
“ Harvest time.

“ Ordered *John* to let out Goodman *D—*'s
“ Sheep that were pounded, by Night: but not
“ to let his Fellow-Servants know it.

“ Prevailed upon *M. T. Esq.*, not to take the
“ Law of the Farmer's Son for shooting a Partridge,
“ and to give him his Gun again.

“ Paid the Apothecary for curing an old Woman
“ that confessed her self a Witch.

“ Gave away my favourite Dog for biting a
“ Beggar.

“ Made the Minister of the Parish and a *Whig*
“ Justice of one Mind, by putting them upon ex-
“ plaining their Notions to one another.

“ *Mem.* To turn off *Peter* for shooting a Doe
“ while she was eating Acorns out of his Hand.

“ When my Neighbour *John*, who hath often
“ injured me, comes to make his Request to Mor-
“ row:

“ *Mem.* I have forgiven him.

“ Laid up my Chariot and sold my Horses, to
“ relieve the Poor in a Scarcity of Corn.

“ In the same Year remitted to my Tenants a
“ Fifth Part of their Rents.

“ As I was airing to-day, I fell into a Thought
“ that warmed my Heart, and shall, I hope, be
“ the better for it as long as I live.

“ *Mem.* To charge my Son in private to erect
“ no Monument for me; but not to put this in my
“ last Will.

No. 623.] MONDAY, Nov. 22, 1714. [Addison.¹

*Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad um-
bras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi noctemque profundam,
Ante, pudor, quam te violem aut tua jura re-
solvam.*

*Ille meos, primos qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit: ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro.*
Virg.

I AM obliged to my Friend, the *Love-Casuis*,² for the following Curious Piece of Antiquity, which I shall communicate to the Publick in his own Words.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'You may remember, that I lately transmitted to you an Account of an ancient Custom, in the Manors of East and West-Enborne, in the County of Berks, and elsewhere. If a Customary Tenant die, the Widow shall have what the Law calls her Free-Bench in all his Copyhold Lands, dum sola et casta fuerit, that is, while she lives single and chaste; but if she commits Incontinency, she forfeits her Estate; Yet if she will come into the Court riding backward upon a Black Ram, with his Tail in her Hand, and say the Words following, the Steward is bound by the Custom to re-admit her to her Free-Bench.

*Here I am,
Riding upon a Black Ram,
Like a Whore as I am;
And, for my Crincum Crancum,
Have lost my Bincum Bancum;
And, for my Tail's Game,
Have done this worldly Shame;
Therefore, I pray you Mr. Steward, let
me have my Land again.*

'After having informed you that my Lord Coke observes, that this is the most frail and slippery Tenure of any in England, I shall tell you, since the Writing of that Letter, I have, according to my Promise, been at great Pains in searching out the Records of the Black Ram; and have at last met with the Proceedings of the Court-Baron, held in that Behalf, for the Space of a whole Day. The Record saith, that a strict Inquisition having been made into the Right of the Tenants to their several Estates, by a crafty old Steward, he found that many of the Lands of the Manor were, by default of the several Widows, forfeited to the Lord, and accordingly would have enter'd on the Premises: Upon which the good Women demanded the Benefit of the Ram. The Steward, after having perused their several Pleas, adjourn'd the Court to Barnaby-bright,³ that they might have Day enough before them.

¹ See note to No. 608.

² See Nos. 591, 602, 605, 614, and 625.

³ Then the 11th, now the 22nd of June, longest day of the year.

'The Court being set, and filled with a great Concourse of People, who came from all Parts to see the Solemnity, the first who entered was the Widow Frontly, who had made her Appearance in the last Year's Cavalcade. The Register observes, that finding it an easy Pad-Ram, and foreseeing she might have further Occasion for it, she purchased it of the Steward.

'Mrs. Sarah Dainty, Relict of Mr. John Dainty, (who was the greatest Prude in the Parish) came next in the Procession. She at first made some Difficulty of taking the Tail in her Hand; and was observed in pronouncing the Form of Penance, to soften the two most emphatical Words into *Clincum Clancum*: But the Steward took care to make her speak plain English before he would let her have her Land again.

'The third Widow that was brought to this worldly Shame, being mounted upon a vicious Ram, had the Misfortune to be thrown by him; upon which she hoped to be excused from going thro' the rest of the Ceremony: But the Steward being well versed in the Law, observed very wisely upon this Occasion, that the breaking of the Rope does not hinder the Execution of the Criminal.

'The fourth Lady upon Record was the Widow Ogle, a famous Coquette, who had kept half a Score young Fellows off and on for the Space of two Years; but having been more kind to her Carter John, she was introduced with the Huzza's of all her Lovers about her.

'Mrs. Sable appearing in her Weeds, which were very new and fresh, and of the same Colour with her whimsical Palfrey, made a very decent Figure in the Solemnity.

'Another, who had been summoned to make her Appearance, was excused by the Steward, as well knowing in his Heart, that the good Squire himself had qualified her for the Ram.

'Mrs. Quick having nothing to object against the Indictment, pleaded her Belly. But it was remembered that she made the same Excuse the Year before. Upon which the Steward observ'd, that she might so contrive it, as never to do the Service of the Manor.

'The Widow Fidget being cited into Court, insisted that she had done no more since the Death of her Husband, than what she used to do in his Life-time; and withal desir'd Mr. Steward to consider his own Wife's Case, if he should chance to die before her.

'The next in order was a Dowager of a very corpulent Make, who would have been excused as not finding any Ram that was able to carry her; upon which the Steward commuted her Punishment, and ordered her to make her Entry upon a black Ox.

'The Widow Maskwell, a Woman who had long lived with a most unblemished Character, having turned off her old Chamber-maid in a Pet, was by that revengeful Creature brought in upon the black Ram Nine times the same Day.

'Several Widows of the Neighbourhood, being brought upon their Tryal, they shewed that they did not hold of the Manor, and were discharged accordingly.

'A pretty young Creature who closed the Pro-
'cession, came ambling in, with so bewitching an
'Air, that the Steward was observ'd to cast a
'Sheep's Eye upon her, and married her within a
'Month after the Death of his Wife.

'N. B. Mrs. Touchwood appeared, according
'to Summons, but had nothing laid to her Charge;
'having liv'd irreproachably since the Decease of
'her Husband, who left her a Widow in the
'Sixty-ninth Year of her Age.

I am, SIR, &c.

No. 624.] WEDNESDAY, Nov. 24, 1714. [

*Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore
Quisquis luxuria*—Hor.

MANKIND is divided into two Parts, the
Busie and the Idle. The Busie World may
be divided into the Virtuous and the Vicious. The
Vicious again into the Covetous, the Ambitious,
and the Sensual. The idle Part of Mankind are
in a State inferior to any one of these. All the
other are engaged in the Pursuit of Happiness,
though often misplaced, and are therefore more
likely to be attentive to such Means, as shall be
proposed to them for that End. The Idle, who
are neither wise for this World, nor the next, are
emphatically called by Dr. Tillotson, *Fools at
large*. They propose to themselves no End, but
run adrift with every Wind. Advice therefore
would be but thrown away upon them, since they
would scarce take the Pains to read it. I shall
not fatigue any of this worthless Tribe with a
long Harangue; but will leave them with this
short Saying of Plato, that *Labour is preferable
to Idleness, as Brightness to Rust*.

The Pursuits of the Active Part of Mankind,
are either in the Paths of Religion and Virtue;
or, on the other Hand, in the Roads to Wealth,
Honours or Pleasure. I shall therefore compare
the Pursuits of Avarice, Ambition and sensual
Delight, with their opposite Virtues; and shall
consider which of these Principles engages Men
in a Course of the greatest Labour, Suffering
and Assiduity. Most Men, in their cool Reason-
ings, are willing to allow that a Course of Virtue
will in the End be rewarded the most amply; but
represent the Way to it as rugged and narrow.
If therefore it can be made appear, that Men
struggle through as many Troubles to be miser-
able, as they do to be happy, my Readers may
perhaps be perswaded to be Good, when they
find they shall lose nothing by it.

First, for Avarice. The Miser is more Indus-
trious than the Saint: The Pains of getting, the
Fears of losing, and the Inability of enjoying his
Wealth, have been the Mark of Satyr in all Ages.
Were his Repentance upon his Neglect of a good
Bargain, his Sorrow for being over-reached, his
Hope of improving a Sum, and his Fear of falling
into Want, directed to their proper Objects; they
would make so many different *Christian* Graces
and Virtues. He may apply to himself a great
Part of St. Paul's Catalogue of Sufferings. In

*journeying often; in Perils of Water, in Perils
of Robbers, in Perils among false Brethren. In
Weariness and Painfulness, in Watchings often,
in Hunger and Thirst, in Fastings often,*—

At how much less Expence might he lay up to
himself Treasures in Heaven; or if I may, in
this Place, be allowed to add the Saying of a
great Philosopher, he may provide such Possess-
ions, as fear neither Arms, nor Men, nor Jove
himself.

In the second Place, if we look upon the Toils
of Ambition, in the same Light as we have con-
sidered those of Avarice, we shall readily own
that far less Trouble is requisite to gain lasting
Glory, than the Power and Reputation of a few
Years; or, in other Words, we may with more
Ease deserve Honour, than obtain it. The Am-
bitious Man should remember Cardinal Woolsey's
Complaint. 'Had I served God, with the same
'Application, wherewith I served my King, he
'would not have forsaken me in my old Age.'
The Cardinal here softens his Ambition by the
specious Pretence of *-serving his King*: Whereas
his Words in the proper Construction, imply, that
if instead of being acted by Ambition, he had
been acted by Religion, he should have now felt
the Comforts of it, when the whole World turned
its Back upon him.

Thirdly, Let us compare the Pains of the Sensu-
al, with those of the Virtuous, and see which
are heavier in the Balance. It may seem strange,
at the first View, that the Men of Pleasure should
be advised to change their Course, because they
lead a painful Life. Yet when we see them so
active and vigilant in quest of Delight; under so
many Disquiets, and the Sport of such various
Passions; let them answer, as they can, if the
Pains they undergo, do not outweigh their En-
joyments. The Infidelities on the one Part be-
tween the two Sexes, and the Caprices on the
other, the Debasement of Reason, the Pangs of
Expectation, the Disappointments in Possession,
the Stings of Remorse, the Vanities and Vexations
attending even the most refined Delights that
make up this Business of Life, render it so silly
and uncomfortable, that no Man is thought wise
till he hath got over it, or happy, but in propor-
tion as he hath cleared himself from it.

The Sum of all is this. Man is made an active
Being. Whether he walks in the Paths of Virtue
or Vice, he is sure to meet with many Difficulties
to prove his Patience, and excite his Industry.
The same if not greater Labour, is required in the
Service of Vice and Folly, as of Virtue and Wis-
dom: And he hath this easie Choice left him,
whether with the Strength he is Master of, he will
purchase Happiness or Repentance.

No. 625.] FRIDAY, Nov. 26, 1714. [

*amores
A tenero meditatur Ungui.*—Hor.

THE *Love Casuist* hath referred to me the
following Letter of Queries, with his An-
swers to each Question, for my Approbation. I

have accordingly consider'd the several Matters therein contained, and hereby confirm and ratifie his Answers, and require the gentle Querist to conform her self thereunto.

SIR,

'I was Thirteen the Ninth of *November* last, and must now begin to think of settling my self in the World, and so I would humbly beg your Advice, what I must do with Mr. *Fondle*, who makes his Addresses to me. He is a very pretty Man, and hath the blackest Eyes and whitest Teeth you ever saw. Though he is but a younger Brother, he dresses like a Man of Quality, and no Body comes into a Room like him. I know he hath refused great Offers, and if he cannot Marry me, he will never have any Body else. But my Father hath forbid him the House, because he sent me a Copy of Verses; for he is one of the greatest Wits in Town. My eldest Sister, who, with her good Will, would call me *Miss* as long as I live, must be married before me, they say. She tells them, that Mr. *Fondle* makes a Fool of me, and will spoil the Child, as she calls me, like a confident thing as she is. In short, I am resolved to marry Mr. *Fondle*, if it be but to spite her. But because I would do nothing that is imprudent, I beg of you to give me your Answers to some Questions I will write down, and desire you to get them printed in the SPECTATOR, and I do not doubt but you will give such Advice, as, I am sure, I shall follow.

'When Mr. *Fondle* looks upon me for half an Hour together, and calls me *Angel*, is he not in Love?

Answer, *No*.

'May not I be certain he will be a kind Husband, that has promised me half my Portion in Pin-money, and to keep me a Coach and Six in the Bargain.

No.

'Whether I, who have been acquainted with him this whole Year almost, am not a better Judge of his Merit, than my Father and Mother, who never heard him talk, but at Table?

No.

'Whether I am not old enough to chuse for my self?

No.

'Whether it would not have been rude in me to refuse a Lock of his Hair?

No.

'Shou'd not I be a very barbarous Creature, if I did not pity a Man that is always Sighing for my Sake?

No.

'Whether you would not advise me to run away with the poor Man?

No.

'Whether you do not think, that if I won't have him, he won't drown himself?

No.

'What shall I say to him the next time he asks me if I will marry him?

No.

The following Letter requires neither Introduction, nor Answer.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I wonder that in the present Situation of Affairs, you can take Pleasure in writing any thing but News; for, in a Word, who minds any thing else? The Pleasure of increasing in Knowledge, and learning something new every Hour of Life, is the noblest Entertainment of a Rational Creature. I have a very good Ear for a Secret, and am naturally of a communicative Temper; by which Means I am capable of doing you great Services in this way. In order to make my self useful, I am early in the Anti-chamber, where I thrust my Head into the thick of the Press, and catch the News, at the opening of the Door, while it is warm. Sometimes I stand by the Beef-Eaters, and take the Buz as it passes by me. At other times I lay my Ear close to the Wall, and suck in many a valuable Whisper, as it runs in a streight Line from Corner to Corner. When I am weary with standing, I repair to one of the neighbouring Coffee-houses, where I sit sometimes for a whole Day, and have the News as it comes from Court fresh and fresh. In short, Sir, I spare no Pains to know how the World goes. A Piece of News loses its Flavour when it hath been an Hour in the Air. I love, if I may so speak, to have it fresh from the Tree; and to convey it to my Friends before it is faded. Accordingly my Expences in Coach-hire make no small Article; which you may believe, when I assure you, that I post away from Coffee-house to Coffee-house, and forestall the *Evening-Post* by two Hours. There is a certain Gentleman who hath given me the slip twice or thrice, and hath been beforehand with me at *Child's*. But I have play'd him a Trick. I have purchas'd a pair of the best Coach-horses I could buy for Money, and now let him out-strip me if he can. Once more, Mr. SPECTATOR, let me advise you to deal in News. You may depend upon my Assistance. But I must break off abruptly, for I have twenty Letters to write.

Yours in haste,
Tho. Quid-nunc.

No. 626.] MONDAY, Nov. 29, 1714. [*Henry Grove*.

—*Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.*

Ov. Met. l. 1.

I HAVE seen a little Work of a learned Man,¹ consisting of extemporary Speculations, which owed their Birth to the most trifling Occurrences of Life. His usual Method was, to write down any sudden Start of Thought which arose in his

¹ Meditations, &c., by the Hon. Robert Boyle.

Mind upon the sight of an odd Gesticulation in a Man, any whimsical Mimickry of Reason in a Beast, or whatever appeared remarkable in any Object of the visible Creation. He was able to moralize upon a Snuff-Box, would flourish eloquently upon a Tucker or a Pair of Ruffles, and draw practical Inferences from a full-bottomed Perriwig. This I thought fit to mention, by way of Excuse, for my ingenious Correspondent, who hath introduced the following Letter by an Image which, I will beg leave to tell him, is too ridiculous in so serious and noble a Speculation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'When I have seen young Puss playing her wanton Gambols, and with a thousand antick Shapes express her own Gayety at the same time that she moved mine, while the old Grannum hath sat by with a most exemplary Gravity, unmov'd at all that past; it hath made me reflect what should be the occasion of Humours so opposite in two Creatures, between whom there was no visible Difference but that of Age; and I have been able to resolve it into nothing else but *the Force of Novelty*.

'In every Species of Creatures, those who have been least Time in the World, appear best pleased with their Condition: For, besides that to a new Comer the World hath a Freshness on it that strikes the Sense after a most agreeable Manner, *Being* it self, unattended with any great Variety of Enjoyments, excites a Sensation of Pleasure. But as Age advances, every thing seems to wither, the Senses are disgusted with their old Entertainments, and Existence turns flat and insipid. We may see this exemplified in Mankind: The Child, let him be free from Pain, and gratified in his Change of Toys, is diverted with the smallest Trifle. Nothing disturbs the Mirth of the Boy, but a little Punishment or Confinement. The Youth must have more violent Pleasures to employ his Time; the Man loves the Hurry of an active Life, devoted to the Pursuits of Wealth or Ambition; and Lastly, old Age, having lost its Capacity for these Avocations, becomes its own insupportable Burthen. This Variety may in part be accounted for by the Vivacity and Decay of the Faculties; but I believe is chiefly owing to this, That the longer we have been in Possession of Being, the less sensible is the Gust we have of it; and the more it requires of adventitious Amusements to relieve us from the Satiety and Weariness it brings along with it.

'And as Novelty is of a very powerful, so of a most extensive influence. Moralists have long since observed it to be the Source of Admiration, which lessens in proportion to our Familiarity with Objects, and upon a thorough Acquaintance is utterly extinguished. But I think it hath not been so commonly remarked, that all the other Passions depend considerably on the same Circumstance. What is it but Novelty that awakens Desire, enhances Delight, kindles Anger, provokes Envy, inspires Horror? To this Cause we must ascribe it, that Love languishes with Fruition, and Friendship it self is recommended by Intervals of Absence: Hence Monsters, by

'use, are beheld without loathing, and the most enchanting Beauty without Rapture. That Emotion of the Spirits in which Passion consists, is usually the Effect of Surprize, and as long as it continues, heightens the agreeable or disagreeable Qualities of its Object; but as this Emotion ceases (and it ceases with the Novelty) things appear in another Light, and affects us even less than might be expected from their proper Energy, for having moved us too much before.

'It may not be an useless Enquiry how far the Love of Novelty is the unavoidable Growth of Nature, and in what Respects it is peculiarly adapted to the present State. To me it seems impossible, that a reasonable Creature should rest absolutely satisfied in any Acquisitions whatever, without endeavouring farther; for after its highest Improvements, the Mind hath an Idea of an Infinity of things still behind worth knowing, to the Knowledge of which therefore it cannot be indifferent; as by climbing up a Hill in the midst of a wide Plain, a Man hath his Prospect enlarged, and, together with that, the Bounds of his Desires. Upon this Account, I cannot think he detracts from the State of the Blessed, who conceives them to be perpetually employed in fresh Searches into Nature, and to Eternity advancing into the fathomless Depths of the Divine Perfections. In this Thought there is nothing but what doth Honour to these glorified Spirits; provided still it be remembered, that their Desire of more proceeds not from their disrelishing what they possess; and the Pleasure of a new Enjoyment is not with them measured by its Novelty (which is a thing merely foreign and accidental) but by its real intrinsick Value. After an Acquaintance of many thousand Years with the Works of God, the Beauty and Magnificence of the Creation fills them with the same pleasing Wonder and profound Awe, which *Adam* felt himself seized with as he first opened his Eyes upon this glorious Scene. Truth captivates with unborrowed Charms, and whatever hath once given Satisfaction will always do it: In all which they have manifestly the Advantage of us, who are so much govern'd by sickly and changeable Appetites, that we can with the greatest Coldness behold the stupendous Displays of Omnipotence, and be in Transports at the puny Essays of humane Skill; throw aside Speculations of the sublimest Nature and vastest Importance into some obscure Corner of the Mind, to make Room for new Notions of no Consequence at all; are even tired of Health, because not enlivened with alternate Pain, and prefer the first Reading of an indifferent Author, to the second or third Perusal of one whose Merit and Reputation are established.

'Our being thus formed serves many useful Purposes in the present State. It contributes not a little to the Advancement of Learning; for, as *Cicero* takes Notice, That which makes Men willing to undergo the Fatigues of Philosophical Disquisitions, is not so much the Greatness of Objects as their Novelty. It is not enough that there is Field and Game for the Chace, and that the Understanding is prompted with a restless Thirst of Knowledge, effectually to rouse the

‘Soul, sunk into the State of Sloth and Indolence ;
 ‘it is also necessary that there be an uncommon
 ‘Pleasure annexed to the first Appearance of
 ‘Truth in the Mind. This Pleasure being ex-
 ‘quisite for the Time it lasts, but transient, it
 ‘hereby comes to pass that the Mind grows into
 ‘an Indifference to its former Notions, and passes
 ‘on after new Discoveries, in hope of repeating
 ‘the Delight. It is with Knowledge as with
 ‘Wealth, the Pleasure of which lies more in mak-
 ‘ing endless Additions, than in taking a Review
 ‘of our old Store. There are some Inconveni-
 ‘encies that follow this Temper, if not guarded
 ‘against, particularly this, that through a too
 ‘great Eagerness of something new we are many
 ‘times impatient of staying long enough upon a
 ‘Question that requires some time to resolve it, or,
 ‘which is worse, persuade our selves that we are
 ‘Masters of the Subject before we are so, only to
 ‘be at the Liberty of going upon a fresh Scent ;
 ‘in Mr. *Lock’s* Words, *We see a little, presume*
 ‘*a great deal, and so jump to the Conclusion.*

‘A farther Advantage of our Inclination for
 ‘Novelty, as at present circumstantiated, is, that
 ‘it annihilates all the boasted Distinctions among
 ‘Mankind. Look not up with Envy to those
 ‘above thee. Sounding Titles, stately Buildings,
 ‘fine Gardens, gilded Chariots, rich Equipages,
 ‘what are they ? They dazzle every one but the
 ‘Possessor : To him that is accustomed to them
 ‘they are cheap and regardless Things : They
 ‘supply him not with brighter Images, or more
 ‘sublime Satisfactions than the plain Man may
 ‘have, whose small Estate will just enable him to
 ‘support the Charge of a simple unencumbered
 ‘Life. He enters heedless into his Rooms of
 ‘State, as you or I do under our poor Sheds. The
 ‘noble Paintings and costly Furniture are lost on
 ‘him ; he sees them not : As how can it be other-
 ‘wise, when by Custom, a Fabrick infinitely more
 ‘grand and finish’d, that of the Universe, stands
 ‘unobserved by the Inhabitants, and the ever-
 ‘lasting Lamps of Heaven are lighted up in vain,
 ‘for any Notice that Mortals take of them ?
 ‘Thanks to indulgent Nature, which not only
 ‘placed her Children originally upon a Level, but
 ‘still, by the Strength of this Principle, in a great
 ‘Measure preserves it, in spite of all the Care of
 ‘a Man, to introduce artificial Distinctions.

‘To add no more, Is not this Fondness for
 ‘Novelty, which makes us out of Conceit with all
 ‘we already have, a convincing Proof of a future
 ‘State ? Either Man was made in vain, or this is
 ‘not the only World he was made for : For there
 ‘cannot be a greater Instance of Vanity, than that
 ‘to which Man is liable, to be deluded from the
 ‘Cradle to the Grave with fleeting Shadows of
 ‘Happiness. His Pleasures, and those not con-
 ‘siderable neither, die in the Possession, and fresh
 ‘Enjoyments do not rise fast enough to fill up half
 ‘his Life with Satisfaction. When I see Persons
 ‘sick of themselves any longer than they are
 ‘called away by something that is of Force to
 ‘chain down the present Thought ; when I see
 ‘them hurry from Country to Town, and then
 ‘from the Town back again into the Country,
 ‘continually shifting Postures, and placing Life
 ‘in all the different Lights they can think of ;

‘*Surely, say I to my self, Life is vain, and the*
 ‘*Man beyond Expression stupid or prejudic’d,*
 ‘*who from the Vanity of Life cannot gather,*
 ‘*He is designed for Immortality.*

No. 627.] WEDNESDAY, December 1, 1714. [

Tantum inter densas umbrosa cacumine fagos
Assidue veniebat ; ibi hæc incondita solus
Montibus et Sylvis studio jactabat inani.—Virg.

THE following Account, which came to my
 Hands some time ago, may be no disagree-
 able Entertainment to such of my Readers, as
 have tender Hearts and nothing to do.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘A Friend of mine died of a Feaver last Week,
 ‘which he caught by walking too late in a dewy
 ‘Evening amongst his Reapers. I must inform
 ‘you that his greatest Pleasure was in Hus-
 ‘bandry and Gardening. He had some Humours
 ‘which seemed inconsistent with that good Sense
 ‘he was otherwise Master of. His Uneasiness in
 ‘the Company of Women was very remarkable in
 ‘a Man of such perfect Good-breeding, and his
 ‘avoiding one particular Walk in his Garden,
 ‘where he had used to pass the greatest Part of
 ‘his Time, raised abundance of idle Conjectures
 ‘in the Village where he lived. Upon looking
 ‘over his Papers we found out the Reason, which
 ‘he never intimated to his nearest Friends. He
 ‘was, it seems, a passionate Lover in his Youth,
 ‘of which a large Parcel of Letters he left behind
 ‘him are a Witness. I send you a Copy of the
 ‘last he ever wrote upon that Subject, by which
 ‘you will find that he concealed the true Name
 ‘of his Mistress under that of *Zelinda*.

*A long Month’s Absence would be insupport-
 able to me, if the Business I am employed in
 were not for the Service of my Zelinda, and of
 such a Nature as to place her every Moment in
 my Mind. I have furnished the House exactly ac-
 cording to your Fancy, or, if you please, my own ;
 for I have long since learned to like nothing but
 what you do. The Apartment designed for your
 Use is so exact a Copy of that which you live in,
 that I often think my self in your House when I
 step into it, but sigh when I find it without its
 proper Inhabitant. You will have the most
 delicious Prospect from your Closet-window that
 England affords : I am sure I should think it so,
 if the Landskip that shows such Variety did not
 at the same time suggest to me the Greatness of
 the Space that lies between us.*

*The Gardens are laid out very beautifully ; I
 have dressed up every Hedge in Woodbines,
 sprinkled Bowers and Arbours in every Corner,
 and made a little Paradise round me ; yet I am
 still like the first Man in his Solitude, but half
 blest without a Partner in my Happiness. I have
 directed one Walk to be made for two Persons,
 where I promise ten thousand Satisfactions to
 my self in your Conversation. I already take
 my Evening’s Turn in it, and have worn a Path
 upon the Edge of this little Alley, while I soothed*

my self with the Thought of your walking by my Side. I have held many imaginary Discourses with you in this Retirement; and when I have been weary have sat down with you in the midst of a Row of Jessamines. The many Expressions of Joy and Rapture I use in these silent Conversations have made me for some Time the Talk of the Parish; but a neighbouring young Fellow, who makes Love to the Farmer's Daughter, hath found me out, and made my Case known to the whole Neighbourhood.

In planting of the Fruit-Trees I have not forgot the Peach you are so fond of. I have made a Walk of Elms along the River Side, and intend to sow all the Place about it with Cowslips, which I hope you will like as well as that I have heard you talk of by your Father's House in the Country.

Oh! Zelinda, What a Scheme of Delight have I drawn up in my Imagination! What Day-Dreams do I indulge my self in! When will the Six Weeks be at an End, that lye between me and my promised Happiness?

How could you break off so abruptly in your last, and tell me you must go and dress for the Play? If you loved as I do, you would find no more Company in a Crowd, than I have in my Solitude.

I am, &c.

'On the Back of this Letter is written, in the Hand of the Deceased, the following Piece of History.

Mem. Having waited a whole Week for an Answer to this Letter, I hurried to Town, where I found the Perfidious Creature married to my Rival. I will bear it as becomes a Man, and endeavour to find out Happiness for my self in that Retirement, which I had prepared in vain for a false ungrateful Woman.

I am, &c.

No. 628.] FRIDAY, December 3, 1714. [

Labituret labetur in omne volubilis ævum.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THERE are none of your Speculations which please me more than those upon Infinity and Eternity.¹ You have already considered that Part of Eternity which is past, and I wish you would give us your Thoughts upon that which is to come.

Your Readers will perhaps receive greater Pleasure from this View of Eternity than the former, since we have every one of us a Concern in that which is to come: Whereas a Speculation on that which is past is rather curious than useful.

Besides, we can easily conceive it possible for successive Duration never to have an End; tho', as you have justly observed, that Eternity which never had a Beginning is altogether incomprehensible; That is, we can conceive an Eternal Duration which may be, though we cannot an

¹ Nos. 565, 571, 580, and 590.

'Eternal Duration which hath been; or, if I may use the Philosophical Terms, we may apprehend a Potential though not an Actual Eternity.

'This Notion of a future Eternity, which is natural to the Mind of Man, is an unanswerable Argument that he is a Being designed for it; especially if we consider that he is capable of being Virtuous or Vicious here; that he hath Faculties improvable to all Eternity, and by a proper or wrong Employment of them, may be happy or miserable throughout that infinite Duration. Our Idea indeed of this Eternity is not of an adequate or fixed Nature, but is perpetually growing and enlarging itself toward the Object, which is too big for human Comprehension. As we are now in the Beginnings of Existence, so shall we always appear to our selves as if we were for ever entering upon it. After a Million or two of Centuries, some considerable Things, already past, may slip out of our Memory; which, if it be not strengthened in a wonderful Manner, may possibly forget that ever there was a Sun or Planets. And yet, notwithstanding the long Race that we shall then have run, we shall still imagine ourselves just starting from the Goal, and find no Proportion between that Space which we know had a Beginning, and what we are sure will never have an End.

'But I shall leave this Subject to your Management, and question not but you will throw it into such Lights as shall at once improve and entertain your Reader.

'I have enclos'd sent you a Translation¹ of the Speech of Cato on this Occasion, which hath accidentally fallen into my Hands, and which for Conciseness, Purity, and Elegance of Phrase, cannot be sufficiently admired.

ACT V. SCEN. I.

CATO solus, &c.

*Sic, sic se habere rem necesse prorsus est,
Ratione vincis, do libens manus, Plato.
Quid enim dedisset, Quæ dedit frustra nihil,
Æternitatis insitam cupidinem
Natura? Quorsum hæc dulcis Expectatio;
Vitæque non explenda melioris sitis?
Quid vult sibi aliud iste redeundi in nihil
Horror, sub imis quemque agens precordiis?
Cur territa in se refugit anima, cur tremit
Attonita, quoties, morte ne pereat, timet?
Particula nempe est cuique nascenti indita
Divinior; quæ corpus incolens agit;
Hominique succinit, Tua est Æternitas,
Æternitas! O lubricum nimis aspici,
Mixtumque dulci Gaudium formidine?*

*Quæ demigrabitur alia hinc in corpora?
Quæ Terra mox incognita? Quis orbis novus
Manet incolendus? Quanta erit mutatio?
Hæc intuenti spatia mihi quaquâ patent
Immensa: Sed caliginosa nox premit;
Nec luce clarâ vult videri singula.
Figendus hinc pes; certa sunt hæc hactenus:*

¹ By Mr., afterwards Dr., Bland, who became Provost of Eton and Dean of Durham.

*Si quod gubernet Numen Humanum genus,
(At, quod gubernet, esse clamant omnia)
Virtute non gaudere certè non potest:
Nec esse non Beata, quâ gaudet, potest.
Sed quâ Beata sede? Quoove in tempore?
Hæc quanta quanta terra, tota est Cæsaris.
Quid dubius hæret animus usque adeo? Brevi
Hic nodum hic omnem expediet. Arma en in-
duor*

Ensi manum admovens,
In utramque partem facta; quæque vim inferant,
Et quæ propulsent! *Dextera intentat necem;
Vitam sinistra: Vulnus hæc dabit manus;
Altera medelam vulneris: Hic ad exitum
Deducet, ictu simplici; hæc vetant mori.
Secura ridet anima mucronis minas,
Ensesque strictos, interire nescia.
Extinguet ætas sidera diuturnior:
Ætate languens ipse Sol, obscurius
Emittet Orbi consenescenti jubar:
Natura et ipsa sentiet quondam vices
Ætatis, annis ipsa deficiet gravis:
At tibi juvenus, at tibi immortalitas,
Tibi parta Divûm est vita. Periment mutuis
Elementa sese, et interibunt ictibus:
Tu permanebis sola semper integra,
Tu cuncta rerum quassa, cuncta naufraga,
Jam portu in ipso tuta, contemplabere.
Compage rupta, corruent in se invicem,
Orbesque fractis ingerentur orbibus;
Illasa tu sedebis extra Fragmina.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

CATO alone, &c.

It must be so — *Plato*, thou reason'st well —
Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
This Longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,
Of falling into Nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on her self, and startles at Destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven it self, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, Thought!
Through what Variety of untry'd Being,
Through what new Scenes and Changes must we
pass!

The wide, th' unbounded Prospect, lyes before me;
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He must delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when! or where! — This World was made
for *Cæsar*.

I'm weary of Conjectures — This must end 'em.
[Laying his Hand on his Sword.

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my Death and Life,
My Bane and Antidote are both before me.
This in a Moment brings me to an End;
But This informs me I shall never die.
The Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smiles
At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point.
The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Years;

But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,
Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,
The Wrecks of Matter and the Crush of Worlds.

No. 629.] MONDAY, December 6, 1714. [

— *Experiar quid concedatur in illos,
Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latinâ.*

Juv.

NEXT to the People who want a Place, there
are none to be pitied more than those who
are solicited for one. A plain Answer, with a
Denial in it, is looked upon as Pride, and a civil
Answer as a Promise.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the Pretensions
of People upon these Occasions. Every thing a
Man hath suffered, whilst his Enemies were in
play, was certainly brought about by the Malice
of the opposite Party. A bad Cause would not
have been lost, if such an one had not been upon
the Bench; nor a profligate Youth disinherited, if
he had not got drunk every Night by toasting an
outed Ministry. I remember a Tory, who having
been fined in a Court of Justice for a Prank that
deserved the Pillory, desir'd upon the Merit of it
to be made a Justice of Peace when his Friends
came into Power; and shall never forget a Whig
Criminal, who, upon being indicted for a Rape,
told his Friends, *You see what a Man suffers for
sticking to his Principles.*

The Truth of it is, the Sufferings of a Man in a
Party are of a very doubtful Nature. When they
are such as have promoted a good Cause, and
fallen upon a Man undeservedly, they have a
Right to be heard and recompensed beyond any
other Pretensions. But when they rise out of
Rashness or Indiscretion, and the Pursuit of such
Measures as have rather ruined, than promoted
the Interest they aim at, (which hath always been
the Case of many great Sufferers) they only serve
to recommend them to the Children of Violence
or Folly.

I have by me a Bundle of Memorials presented
by several Cavaliers upon the Restauration of K.
Charles II. which may serve as so many In-
stances, to our present Purpose.

Among several Persons and Pretensions re-
corded by my Author, he mentions one of a very
great Estate, who, for having roasted an Ox
whole, and distributed a Hogshead upon K.
Charles's Birth-day, desired to be provided for,
as his Majesty in his great Wisdom shall think fit.

Another put in to be Prince *Henry's* Governor,
for having dared to drink his Health in the worst
of Times.

A Third petitioned for a Colonel's Commission,
for having Cursed *Oliver Cromwell*, the Day
before his Death, on a publick Bowling-Green.

But the most whimsical Petition I have met
with is that of *B. B. Esq.*, who desir'd the Honour
of Knighthood, for having Cuckolded Sir *T. W.*
a notorious *Roundhead*.

There is likewise the Petition of one, who having
let his Beard grow from the Martyrdom of K.
Charles the First, till the Restauration of K.

Charles the Second, desired, in Consideration thereof, to be made a Privy-Counsellor.

I must not omit a Memorial setting forth, that the Memorialist had, with great dispatch, carried a Letter from a certain Lord to a certain Lord, wherein, as it afterwards appeared, Measures were concerted for the Restauration, and without which he verily believes that happy Revolution had never been effected; who thereupon humbly prays to be made Post-Master-General.

A certain Gentleman, who seems to write with a great deal of Spirit, and uses the Words *Galantry* and *Gentleman-like* very often in his Petition, begs that (in Consideration of his having worn his Hat for ten Years past in the Loyal Cavalier-Cock, to his great Danger and Detriment) he may be made a Captain of the Guards.

I shall close my Account of this Collection of Memorials, with the Copy of one Petition at length, which I recommend to my Reader as a very valuable Piece.

The Petition of E. H. Esq., humbly Sheweth,

'THAT your Petitioner's Father's Brother's Uncle, Colonel *W. H.* lost the Third Finger of his Left Hand at *Edge-hill* Fight.

'That your Petitioner, notwithstanding the Smallness of his Fortune, (he being a younger Brother) always kept Hospitality, and drank Confusion to the Roundheads in half a Score Bumpers every *Sunday* in the Year, as several honest Gentlemen (whose Names are underwritten) are ready to testify.

'That your Petitioner is remarkable in his Country for having dared to treat Sir *P. P.* a cursed Sequestrator, and three Members of the Assembly of Divines, with Brawn and Minced Pies upon *New Year's* Day.

'That your said humble Petitioner hath been five times imprisoned in five several County-Goals, for having been a Ring-leader in five different Riots; into which his Zeal for the Royal Cause hurried him, when men of greater Estates had not the Courage to rise.

'That he, the said *E. H.* hath had six Duels and four and twenty Boxing-Matches in Defence of his Majesty's Title; and that he received such a Blow upon the Head at a Bonfire in *Stratford* upon *Avon*, as he hath been never the better for from that Day to this.

'That your Petitioner hath been so far from improving his Fortune, in the late damnable Times, that he verily believes, and hath good Reason to imagine, that if he had been Master of an Estate, he had infallibly been plundered and sequestred.

'Your Petitioner, in Consideration of his said Merits and Sufferings, humbly requests that he may have the Place of Receiver of the Taxes, Collector of the Customs, Clerk of the Peace, Deputy Lieutenant, or whatsoever else he shall be thought qualified for.

And your Petitioner shall ever Pray, &c.

No. 630.] WEDNESDAY, Dec. 8, 1714. [

Favete linguis——— Hor.

HAVING no spare Time to write any thing of my own, or to correct what is sent me by others, I have thought fit to publish the following Letters.

SIR,

Oxford, Novemb. 22.

'If you would be so kind to me, as to suspend that Satisfaction, which the Learned World must receive in reading one of your Speculations, by publishing this Endeavour, you will very much oblige and improve one, who has the Boldness to hope, that he may be admitted into the number of your Correspondents.

'I have often wondered to hear Men of good Sense and good Nature profess a Dislike to Musick, when, at the same time, they do not scruple to own, that it has the most agreeable and improving Influences over their Minds: It seems to me an unhappy Contradiction, that those Persons should have an Indifference for an Art, which raises in them such a Variety of sublime Pleasures.

'However, though some few, by their own or the unreasonable Prejudices of others, may be led into a Distaste for those Musical Societies which are erected merely for Entertainment, yet sure I may venture to say, that no one can have the least Reason for Disaffection to that solemn kind of Melody which consists of the Praises of our Creator.

'You have, I presume, already prevented me in an Argument upon this Occasion (which some Divines have successfully advanced upon a much greater) that Musical Sacrifice and Adoration has claimed a Place in the Laws and Customs of the most different Nations; As the *Grecians* and *Romans* of the Prophane, the *Jews* and *Christians* of the Sacred World did as unanimously agree in this, as they disagreed in all other Parts of their OEconomy.

'I know there are not wanting some who are of Opinion that the pompous kind of Musick which is in Use in foreign Churches is the most excellent, as it most affects our Senses. But I am swayed by my Judgment to the Modesty which is observed in the musical Part of our Devotions. Methinks there is something very laudable in the Custom of a *Voluntary* before the first Lesson; by this we are supposed to be prepared for the Admission of those Divine Truths, which we are shortly to receive. We are then to cast all worldly Regards from off our Hearts, all Tumults within are then becalmed, and there should be nothing near the Soul but Peace and Tranquility. So that in this short Office of Praise, the Man is raised above himself, and is almost lost already amidst the Joys of Futurity.

'I have heard some nice Observers frequently commend the Policy of our Church in this Particular, that it leads us on by such easie and regular Methods, that we are perfectly deceived into Piety. When the Spirits begin to languish

'(as they too often do) with a constant Series of
'Petitions, she takes care to allow them a pious
'Respite, and relieves them with the Raptures of
'an Anthem. Nor can we doubt that the sub-
'limest Poetry, softened in the most moving
'Strains of Musick, can ever fail of humbling or
'exalting the Soul to any Pitch of Devotion.
'Who can hear the Terrors of the Lord of Hosts
'described in the most expressive Melody, without
'being awed into a Veneration? or who can hear
'the kind and endearing Attributes of a merciful
'Father, and not be softened into Love towards
'him!

'As the rising and sinking of the Passions, the
'casting soft or noble Hints into the Soul, is the
'natural Privilege of Musick in general, so more
'particularly of that kind which is employed at
'the Altar. Those Impressions which it leaves
'upon the Spirits are more deep and lasting, as
'the Grounds from which it receives its Authority
'are founded more upon Reason. It diffuses a
'Calmness all around us, it makes us drop all
'those vain or immodest Thoughts which would
'be an hindrance to us in the Performance of that
'great Duty of Thanksgiving,¹ which, as we are
'informed by our Almighty Benefactor, is the
'most acceptable Return which can be made for
'those infinite Stores of Blessings which he daily
'condescends to pour down upon his Creatures.
'When we make Use of this pathetic Method of
'addressing our selves to him, we can scarce con-
'tain from Raptures! The Heart is warmed with
'a Sublimity of Goodness. We are all Piety and
'all Love!

'How do the Blessed Spirits rejoice and won-
'der to behold unthinking Man prostrating his
'Soul to his dread Sovereign in such a Warmth
'of Piety as they themselves might not be
'ashamed of!

'I shall close these Reflections with a Passage
'taken out of the Third Book of *Milton's Para-
'dise Lost*, where those harmonious Beings are
'thus nobly described.

*Then Crown'd again, their Gold'n Harps they
took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like Quivers hung, and with Preamble sweet
Of Charming Symphony they introduce
The Sacred Song, and waken Raptures high;
No one exempt, no Voice but well could join
Melodious part, such Concord is in Heav'n.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'The Town cannot be unacquainted, that in
'divers Parts of it there are vociferous Setts of
'Men who are called *Rattling Clubs*; but what
'shocks me most is, they have now the Front to
'invade the Church and institute these Societies
'there, as a Clan of them have in late times done,
'to such a degree of Insolence, as has given the
'Partition where they reside in a Church near
'one of the City Gates, the Denomination of the
'*Rattling Pew*. These gay Fellows, from hum-
'ble Lay Professions, set up for Criticks without

'any Tincture of Letters or Reading, and have
'the Vanity to think they can lay hold of some-
'thing from the Parson, which may be formed
'into Ridicule.

'It is needless to observe, that the Gentlemen
'who every *Sunday* have the hard Province of
'Instructing these Wretches in a way they are in
'no present Disposition to take, have a fixt
'Character for Learning and Eloquence, not to
'be tainted by the weak Efforts of this Con-
'temptible Part of their Audiences. Whether
'the Pulpit is taken by these Gentlemen, or any
'Strangers their Friends, the way of the Club is
'this: If any Sentiments are delivered too Sub-
'lime for their Conception; if any uncommon
'Topick is entered on, or one in use new modi-
'fied with the finest Judgment and Dexterity; or
'any controverted Point be never so elegantly
'handled; In short whatever surpasses the narrow
'Limits of their Theology, or is not suited to their
'Taste, they are all immediately upon their Watch,
'fixing their Eyes upon each other, with as much
'Warmth as our Gladiators of *Hockley in the
Hole*, and waiting like them for a Hit; if one
'touches, all take Fire, and their Noddles in-
'stantly meet in the Centre of the Pew; then, as
'by beat of Drum, with exact Discipline, they
'rear up into a full length of Stature, and with
'odd Looks and Gesticulations confer together in
'so loud and clamorous a manner, continued to
'the close of the Discourse, and during the After-
'Psalm, as is not to be silenced but by the
'Bells. Nor does this suffice them, without
'aiming to propagate their Noise through all the
'Church, by Signals given to the adjoining Seats,
'where others designed for this Fraternity are
'sometimes placed upon Tryal to receive them.

'The Folly as well as Rudeness of this Prac-
'tice is in nothing more conspicuous than this,
'that all that follows in the Sermon is lost; for
'whenever our Sparks take alarm, they blaze out
'and grow so Tumultuous that no After-Explan-
'ation can avail, it being impossible for themselves
'or any near them to give an Account thereof. If
'any thing really Novel is advanced, how averse
'soever it may be to their way of thinking, to
'say nothing of Duty, Men of less Levity than
'these would be led by a natural Curiosity to
'hear the whole.

'Laughter, where things Sacred are transacted,
'is far less pardonable than Whining at a Con-
'venticle; the last has at least a Semblance of
'Grace, and where the Affectation is unseen may
'possibly imprint wholesome Lessons on the Sin-
'cere; but the first has no Excuse, breaking
'through all the Rules of Order and Decency,
'and manifesting a Remissness of Mind in those
'important Matters, which require the strictest
'Composure and Steadiness of Thought; A Proof
'of the greatest Folly in the World.

'I shall not here enter upon the Veneration
'due to the Sanctity of the Place, the Reverence
'owing the Minister, or the Respect that so great
'an Assembly as a whole Parish may justly
'claim. I shall only tell them, that as the *Span-
ish* Cobler, to reclaim a profligate Son, bid him
'*have some regard to the Dignity of his Family*,
'so they as Gentlemen (for we Citizens assume to

¹ A Proclamation appeared the day before this
Paper, ordaining a Thanksgiving for King George's
Accession to be observed on the 20th of January.

'be such one Day in a Week) are bound for the future to Repent of, and Abstain from, the gross Abuses here mentioned, whereof they have been Guilty in Contempt of Heaven and Earth, and contrary to the Laws in this Case made and provided.

I am, SIR,
Your very humble Servant,
R. M.

No. 631.] FRIDAY, December 10, 1714. [

Simplex Munditiis——— Hor.

I HAD occasion to go a few Miles out of Town, some Days since, in a Stage-Coach, where I had for my Fellow-Travellers a dirty Beau, and a pretty young Quaker-Woman. Having no Inclination to Talk much at that time, I placed myself backward, with a design to survey them, and pick a Speculation out of my two Companions. Their different Figures were sufficient of themselves to draw my Attention. The Gentleman was dressed in a Suit, the Ground whereof had been Black, as I perceived from some few Spaces, that had escaped the Powder, which was Incorporated with the greatest part of his Coat: His Perriwig, which cost no small Sum,¹ was after so slovenly a manner cast over his Shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the Year 1712; his Linnen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain *Spanish* from the Chin to the lowest Button, and the Diamond upon his Finger (which naturally dreaded the Water) put me in Mind how it sparkled amidst the Rubbish of the Mine, where it was first discovered. On the other hand, the pretty Quaker appeared in all the Elegance of Cleanliness. Not a Speck was to be found on her. A clear, clean oval Face, just edged about with little thin Plaits of the purest Cambrick, received great Advantages from the Shade of her black Hood; as did the Whiteness of her Arms from that sober-coloured Stuff, in which she had Cloathed her self. The Plainness of her Dress was very well suited to the Simplicity of her Phrases; all which put together, though they could not give me a great Opinion of her Religion, they did of her Innocence.

This Adventure occasioned my throwing together a few hints upon *Cleanliness*, which I shall consider as one of the *Half-Virtues*, as *Aristotle* calls them, and shall recommend it under the three following Heads, As it is a Mark of Politeness: As it produces Love; and As it bears Analogy to Purity of Mind.

First, It is a Mark of Politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one, unadorn'd with this Virtue, can go into Company without giving a manifest Offence. The easier or higher any one's Fortune is, this Duty arises proportionably. The different Nations of the World are as much distinguished by their Cleanliness, as by their Arts and Sciences. The more any Country is

¹ Duumvir's fair wig cost 40 guineas. *Tatler*, No. 54.

civilized, the more they consult this part of Politeness. We need but compare our Ideas of a Female *Hottentot* and an *English* Beauty, to be satisfied of the Truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next Place, Cleanliness may be said to be the Foster-Mother of Love. Beauty indeed most commonly produces that Passion in the Mind, but Cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent Face and Person, kept in perpetual Neatness, had won many a Heart from a pretty Slattern. Age it self is not unamiable, while it is preserved clean and unsullied: Like a piece of Metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more Pleasure than on a new Vessel that is canker'd with Rust.

I might observe farther, that as Cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easie to our selves; that it is an excellent Preservative of Health; and that several Vices, destructive both to Mind and Body, are inconsistent with the Habit of it. But these Reflections I shall leave to the Leisure of my Readers, and shall observe in the Third Place, that it bears a great Analogy with Purity of Mind, and naturally inspires refined Sentiments and Passions.

We find from Experience, that through the Prevalence of Custom, the most vicious Actions lose their Horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the Neighbourhood of good Examples, fly from the first Appearances of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same Manner, as to our Ideas. Our Senses, which are the Inlets to all the Images conveyed to the Mind, can only transmit the Impression of such things as usually surround them. So that pure and unsullied Thoughts are naturally suggested to the Mind, by those Objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the East, where the Warmth of the Climate makes Cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder Countries, it is made one Part of their Religion: The *Jewish* Law, (and the *Mahometan*, which in some things copies after it) is filled with Bathings, Purifications, and other Rites of the like Nature. Though there is the above-named convenient Reason to be assigned for these Ceremonies, the chief Intention undoubtedly was to typifie inward Purity and Cleanness of Heart by those outward Washings. We read several Injunctions of this Kind in the Book of *Deuteronomy*, which confirm this Truth; and which are but ill accounted for by saying, as some do, that they were only instituted for Convenience in the Desert, which otherwise could not have been habitable for so many Years.

I shall conclude this Essay, with a Story which I have somewhere read in an Account of *Mahometan* Superstitions.

A *Dervise* of great Sanctity one Morning had the Misfortune as he took up a Chrystal Cup, which was consecrated to the Prophet, to let it fall upon the Ground, and dash it in Pieces. His Son coming in, some time after, he stretched out his Hands to bless him, as his manner was every Morning; but the Youth going out stumbled over the Threshold and broke his Arm. As the old Man wondered at these Events, a Caravan passed

by in its way from *Mecca*. The *Dervise* approach-
ed it to beg a Blessing ; but as he stroaked one of
the Holy Camels, he received a Kick from the
Beast, that sorely bruised him. His Sorrow and
Amazement increased upon him, till he recollected
that through Hurry and Inadvertency he had
that Morning come abroad without washing his
Hands.

No. 632.] MONDAY, December 13, 1714. [

—*Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.*
Virg.

THE Love of Symmetry and Order, which is
natural to the Mind of Man, betrays him
sometimes into very whimsical Fancies. *This*
noble Principle, says a *French Author*, *loves to*
amuse it self on the most trifling Occasions.
You may see a profound Philosopher, says he,
walk for an Hour together in his Chamber, and
industriously treading, at every Step, upon
every other Board in the Flooring. Every Reader
will recollect several Instances of this Nature
without my Assistance. I think it was *Gregorio*
Leti who had published as many Books as he
was Years old ;¹ which was a Rule he had laid
down and punctually observed to the Year of his
Death. It was, perhaps, a Thought of the like
Nature which determined *Homer* himself to
divide each of his Poems into as many Books,
as there are Letters in the *Greek Alphabet*. *Herodotus*
has in the same manner adapted his Books
to the Number of the *Muses*, for which Reason
many a Learned man hath wished there had been
more than Nine of that Sisterhood.

Several *Epic Poets* have religiously followed
Virgil as to the Number of his Books ; and even
Milton is thought by many to have changed the
Number of his Books from Ten to Twelve, for no
other Reason ; as *Cowley* tells us, it was his De-
sign, had he finished his *Dauidis*, to have also
imitated the *Aeneid* in this Particular. I believe
every one will agree with me, that a Perfection of
this Nature hath no Foundation in Reason ; and,
with due Respect to these great Names, may be
looked upon as something whimsical.

I mention these great Examples in Defence of
my Bookseller, who occasioned this Eighth Volume
of *Spectators*, because, as he said, he thought
Seven a very Odd Number. On the other Side,
several grave Reasons were urged on this im-
portant Subject ; as in particular, that Seven was
the precise Number of the Wise Men, and that
the most Beautiful Constellation in the Heavens
was composed of Seven Stars. This he allowed
to be true, but still insisted, that Seven was an
Odd Number ; suggesting at the same time that
if he were provided with a sufficient Stock of
leading Papers, he should find Friends ready
enough to carry on the Work. Having by this
means got his Vessel launched and set afloat, he

¹ His boast was that he had been the author of
a book and father of a child for 20 years success-
ively.

hath committed the Steerage of it, from time to
time, to such as he thought capable of conduct-
ing it.

The Close of this Volume, which the Town may
now expect in a little time, may possibly ascribe
each Sheet to its proper Author.

It were no hard Task to continue this Paper a
considerable Time longer, by the Help of large
Contributions sent from unknown Hands.

I cannot give the Town a better Opinion of the
SPECTATOR'S Correspondents, than by publishing
the following Letter, with a very fine Copy of
Verses upon a Subject perfectly new.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Dublin, Nov. 30, 1714.

'You lately recommended to your Female
'Readers, the good old Custom of their Grand-
'mothers, who used to lay out a great Part of
'their Time in Needle-work : I entirely agree
'with you in your Sentiments, and think it would
'not be of less Advantage to themselves, and
'their Posterity, than to the Reputation of many
'of their good Neighbours, if they past many of
'those Hours in this innocent Entertainment,
'which are lost at the Tea-Table. I would, how-
'ever, humbly offer to your Consideration, the
'Case of the Poetical Ladies ; who, though they
'may be willing to take any Advice given them
'by the *SPECTATOR*, yet can't so easily quit their
'Pen and Ink, as you may imagine. Pray allow
'them, at least now and then, to indulge them-
'selves in other Amusements of Fancy, when they
'are tired with stooping to their Tapestry. There
'is a very particular kind of Work, which of late
'several Ladies here in our Kingdom are very
'fond of, which seems very well adapted to a
'Poetical Genius : It is the making of *Grotto's*.
'I know a Lady who has a very Beautiful one,
'composed by her self, nor is there one Shell in
'it not stuck up by her own Hands. I here send
'you a Poem to the fair Architect, which I would
'not offer to herself, till I knew whether this
'Method of a Lady's passing her Time were ap-
'proved of by the *British SPECTATOR*, which,
'with the Poem, I submit to your Censure, who
'am,

Your Constant Reader,
and Humble Servant,
A. B.

To Mrs. ——— on her *Grotto*.

*A Grotto so compleat, with such Design,
What Hands, Calypso, cou'd have form'd but
Thine ?*

*Each chequer'd Pebble, and each shining Shell,
So well proportion'd, and dispos'd so well,
Surprizing Lustre from thy Thought receive,
Assuming Beauties more than Nature gave.
To Her their various Shapes, and glossy Hue,
Their curious Symmetry they owe to You.*

*Not fam'd Amphion's Lute, whose powerful
Call*

*Made Willing Stones dance to the Theban
Wall,*

*In more harmonious Ranks cou'd make them
fall.*

*Not Ev'ning Cloud a brighter Arch can show,
Nor richer Colours paint the heav'nly Bow.*

*Where can unpolish'd Nature boast a Piece,
In all her Mossie Cells exact as This?
At the gay parti-colour'd Scene we start,
For Chance too regular, too rude for Art.*

*Charm'd with the sight, my ravish'd Breast is
fir'd
With Hints like those which ancient Bards in-
spir'd;
All the feign'd Tales by Superstition told,
All the bright Train of fabled Nymphs of Old,
Th' enthusiastick Muse believes are true,
Thinks the Spot sacred, and its Genius You.
Lost in wild Rapture, wou'd she fain disclose,
How by degrees the pleasing Wonder rose:
Industrious in a faithful Verse to trace
The various Beauties of the lovely Place;
And while she keeps the glowing Work in View,
Thro' ev'ry Maze thy Artful Hand pursue.*

*Oh were I equal to the bold Design,
Or cou'd I boast such happy Art as Thine!
That cou'd rude Shells in such sweet Order place,
Give common Objects such uncommon Grace!
Like them my well-chose Words in ev'ry Line,
As sweetly temper'd shou'd as sweetly shine.
So just a Fancy shou'd my Numbers warm,
Like the gay Piece shou'd the Description charm.
Then with superior Strength my Voice I'd
raise,
The echoing Grotto shou'd approve my Lays,
Pleas'd to reflect the well-sung Founder's
Praise.*

No. 633.] WEDNESDAY, Dec. 15, 1714. [Z. Pearce.

*Omnia profecto, cum se à caelestibus rebus referet
ad humanas, excelsius magnificentiusque et
dicet et sentiet.—Cicer.*

THE following Discourse is printed, as it came
to my Hands, without Variation.

Cambridge, Dec. 12.

'It was a very common Enquiry among the
'Ancients why the Number of excellent Orators,
'under all the Encouragements the most flourish-
'ing States could give them, fell so far short of
'the Number of those who excelled in all other
'Sciences. A Friend of mine used merrily to
'apply to this Case an Observation of *Herodotus*,
'who says, That the most useful Animals are the
'most fruitful in their Generation; whereas the
'Species of those Beasts that are fierce and mis-
'chievous to Mankind are but scarcely continued.
'The Historian instances in a Hare, which always
'either breeds or brings forth; and a Lioness,
'which brings forth but once, and then loses all
'Power of Conception. But, leaving my Friend
'to his Mirth, I am of Opinion, that in these latter
'Ages we have greater Cause of Complaint than
'the Ancients had. And since that solemn Festival
'is approaching, which calls for all the Power of
'Oratory, and which affords as noble a Subject
'for the Pulpit as any Revelation has taught us,
'the Design of this Paper shall be to show, that
'our Moderns have greater Advantages towards

'true and solid Eloquence, than any which the
'celebrated Speakers of Antiquity enjoy'd.

'The first great and substantial Difference is,
'that their Common-Places, in which almost the
'whole Force of Amplification consists, were drawn
'from the Profit or Honesty of the Action, as they
'regarded only this present State of Duration.
'But Christianity, as it exalts Morality to a
'greater Perfection, as it brings the Considera-
'tion of another Life into the Question, as it pro-
'poses Rewards and Punishments of a higher
'Nature, and a longer Continuance, is more
'adapted to affect the Minds of the Audience,
'naturally inclined to pursue what it imagines
'its greatest Interest and Concern. If *Pericles*,
'as Historians report, could shake the firmest
'Resolutions of his Hearers, and set the Passions
'of all *Greece* in a Ferment, when the present
'Welfare of his Country, or the Fear of hostile
'Invasions, was the Subject: What may be ex-
'pected from that Orator, who warns his Audi-
'ence against those Evils which have no Remedy,
'when once undergone, either from Prudence or
'Time? As much greater as the Evils in a future
'State are than these at present, so much are
'the Motives to Persuasion under Christianity
'greater than those which meer moral Consider-
'ations could supply us with. But what I now
'mention relates only to the Power of moving
'the Affections. There is another Part of Elo-
'quence, which is indeed its Master-piece; I
'mean the Marvellous or Sublime. In this the
'Christian Orator has the Advantage beyond Con-
'tradiction. Our Ideas are so infinitely enlarged
'by Revelation, the Eye of Reason has so wide
'a Prospect into Eternity, the Notions of a Deity
'are so worthy and refined, and the Accounts we
'have of a State of Happiness or Misery so clear
'and evident, that the Contemplation of such
'Objects will give our Discourse a noble Vigour,
'an invincible Force, beyond the Power of any
'human Consideration. *Tully* requires in his
'Perfect Orator some Skill in the Nature of
'Heavenly Bodies, because, says he, his Mind
'will become more extensive and unconfined;
'and when he descends to treat of human Affairs,
'he will both think and write in a more exalted
'and magnificent Manner. For the same Reason
'that excellent Master would have recommended
'the Study of those great and glorious Myste-
'ries which Revelation has discovered to us; to
'which the noblest Parts of this System of the
'World are as much inferiour, as the Creature is
'less excellent than its Creator. The wisest and
'most knowing among the Heathens had very
'poor and imperfect Notions of a future State.
'They had indeed some uncertain Hopes, either
'received by Tradition, or, gathered by Reason,
'that the Existence of virtuous Men would not be
'determined by the Separation of Soul and Body:
'But they either disbelieved a future State of
'Punishment and Misery, or upon the same Ac-
'count that *Apelles* painted *Antigonus* with one
'Side only towards the Spectator, that the Loss
'of his Eye might not cast a Blemish upon the
'whole Piece; so these represented the Condition
'of Man in its fairest View, and endeavoured to
'conceal what they thought was a Deformity to

'human Nature. I have often observed, that
'whenever the abovementioned Orator in his Phi-
'losophical Discourses is led by his Argument to
'the Mention of Immortality, he seems like one
'awaked out of Sleep, rous'd and alarm'd with
'the Dignity of the Subject, he stretches his
'Imagination to conceive something uncommon,
'and with the greatness of his Thoughts, casts,
'as it were, a Glory round the Sentence; Un-
'certain and unsettled as he was, he seems fired
'with the Contemplation of it. And nothing
'but such a Glorious Prospect could have forced
'so great a Lover of Truth, as he was, to declare
'his Resolution never to part with his Persuasion
'of Immortality, though it should be proved to be
'an erroneous one. But had he lived to see all
'that Christianity has brought to Light, how
'would he have lavished out all the Force of Elo-
'quence in those noblest Contemplations which
'humane Nature is capable of, the Resurrection
'and the Judgment that follows it? How had his
'Breast glow'd with Pleasure, when the whole
'Compass of Futurity lay open and exposed to
'his View? How would his Imagination have
'hurried him on in the Pursuit of the Mysteries
'of the Incarnation? How would he have enter'd,
'with the Force of Lightning, into the Affections
'of his Hearers, and fixed their Attention, in spite
'of all the Opposition of corrupt Nature, upon
'those glorious Themes which his Eloquence hath
'painted in such lively and lasting Colours?

'This Advantage Christians have; and it was
'with no small Pleasure I lately met with a Frag-
'ment of *Longinus*, which is preserv'd, as a Tes-
'timony of that Critick's Judgment, at the Begin-
'ning of a Manuscript of the New Testament in
'the *Vatican* Library. After that Author has
'number'd up the most celebrated Orators among
'the *Grecians*, he says, *Add to these Paul of*
'*Tarsus, the Patron of an Opinion not yet fully*
'*proved.* As a Heathen, he condemns the Chris-
'tian Religion; and, as an impartial Critick, he
'judges in Favour of the Promoter and Preacher
'of it. To me it seems, that the latter Part of
'his Judgment adds great Weight to his Opinion
'of *St. Paul's* Abilities, since, under all the Pre-
'judice of Opinions directly opposite, he is con-
'strained to acknowledge the Merit of that Apo-
'stle. And, no doubt, such as *Longinus* describes
'*St. Paul*, such he appeared to the Inhabitants of
'those Countries which he visited and blessed
'with those Doctrines he was divinely commis-
'sioned to preach. Sacred Story gives us, in one
'Circumstance, a convincing Proof of his Elo-
'quence, when the Men of *Lystra* called him
'*Mercury, because he was the chief Speaker*, and
'would have paid Divine Worship to him, as to
'the God who invented and presided over Elo-
'quence. This one Account of our Apostle sets
'his Character, consider'd as an Orator only,
'above all the celebrated Relations of the Skill
'and Influence of *Demosthenes* and his Contem-
'poraries. Their Power in Speaking was admired,
'but still it was thought human: Their Elo-
'quence warmed and ravished the Hearers, but
'still it was thought the Voice of Man, not the
'Voice of God. What Advantage then had *St.*
'*Paul* above those of *Greece*, or *Rome*? I con-

'fess I can ascribe this Excellence to nothing but
'the Power of the Doctrines he delivered, which
'may have still the same Influence on the Hearers;
'which have still the Power, when preached by a
'skilful Orator, to make us break out in the same
'Expressions, as the Disciples who met our
'Saviour in their Way to *Emmaus*, made use of;
'*Did not our Hearts burn within us, when he*
'*talked to us by the Way, and while he opened*
'*to us the Scriptures?* I may be thought bold in
'my Judgment by some; but I must affirm, That
'no one Orator has left us so visible Marks and
'Footsteps of his Eloquence as our Apostle. It
'may perhaps be wondered at, that in his Reason-
'ings upon Idolatry at *Athens*, where Eloquence
'was born and flourished, he confines himself to
'strict Argument only; but my Reader may re-
'member what many Authors of the best Credit
'have assured us, That all Attempts upon the
'Affections and Strokes of Oratory were expressly
'forbidden, by the Laws of that Country, in Courts
'of Judicature. His want of Eloquence therefore
'here, was the Effect of his exact Conformity to
'the Laws. But his Discourse on the Resurrec-
'tion to the *Corinthians*, his Harangue before
'*Agrippa* upon his own Conversion and the Ne-
'cessity of that of others, are truly Great, and
'may serve as full Examples to those excellent
'Rules for the Sublime, which the best of Criticks
'has left us. The Sum of all this Discourse is,
'That our Clergy have no farther to look for an
'Example of the Perfection they may arrive at,
'than to *St. Paul's* Harangues; that when he,
'under the Want of several Advantages of Nature
'(as he himself tells us) was heard, admired, and
'made a Standard to succeeding Ages by the best
'Judge of a different Persuasion in Religion, I
'say our Clergy may learn, That, however in-
'structive their Sermons are, they are capable of
'receiving a great Addition; which *St. Paul* has
'given them a noble Example of, and the Chris-
'tian Religion has furnished them with certain
'Means of attaining to.

No. 634.] FRIDAY, December 17, 1714. [

'Ο ἐλαχίστων δεόμενος ἔγγιστα Θεῶν.
Socrates apud Xen.

IT was the common Boast of the Heathen Phi-
losophers, that by the Efficacy of their several
Doctrines, they made Humane Nature resemble
the Divine. How much mistaken soever they
might be in the several Means they proposed for
this End, it must be owned that the Design was
great and glorious. The finest Works of Inven-
tion and Imagination are of very little Weight,
when put in the Balance with what refines and
exalts the rational Mind. *Longinus* excuses
Homer very handsomely, when he says the Poet
made his Gods like Men, that he might make
his Men appear like the Gods: But it must be
allowed that several of the ancient Philosophers
acted, as *Cicero* wishes *Homer* had done; they
endeavoured rather to make Men like Gods, than
Gods like Men.

According to this general Maxim in Philosophy, some of them have endeavoured to place Men in such a State of Pleasure, or Indolence at least, as they vainly imagined the Happiness of the Supreme Being to consist in. On the other Hand, the most virtuous Sect of Philosophers have created a chimerical wise Man, whom they made exempt from Passion and Pain, and thought it enough to pronounce him All-sufficient.

This last Character, when divested of the Glare of Humane Philosophy that surrounds it, signifies no more, than that a Good and Wise Man should so arm himself with Patience, as not to yield tamely to the Violence of Passion and Pain; that he should learn so to suppress and contract his Desires as to have few Wants; and that he should cherish so many Virtues in his Soul, as to have a perpetual Source of Pleasure in himself.

The Christian Religion requires, that, after having framed the best Idea, we are able, of the Divine Nature, it should be our next Care to conform our selves to it, as far as our Imperfections will permit. I might mention several Passages in the sacred Writings on this Head, to which I might add many Maxims and wise Sayings of Moral Authors among the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

I shall only instance a remarkable Passage, to this Purpose, out of *Julian's Cæsars*. The Emperor having represented all the *Roman Emperors*, with *Alexander the Great*, as passing in Review before the Gods, and striving for the Superiority, lets them all drop, excepting *Alexander*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Augustus Cæsar*, *Trajan*, *Marcus Aurelius*, and *Constantine*. Each of these great Heroes of Antiquity lays in his Claim for the upper Place; and, in Order to it, sets forth his Actions after the most advantageous Manner. But the Gods, instead of being dazzled with the Lustre of their Actions, enquire, by *Mercury*, into the proper Motive and governing Principle that influenced them throughout the whole Series of their Lives and Exploits. *Alexander* tells them, That his Aim was to conquer: *Julius Cæsar*, that his was to gain the highest Post in his Country; *Augustus*, To govern well; *Trajan*, That His was the same as that of *Alexander*, namely, To conquer. The Question, at length, was put to *Marcus Aurelius*, who replied, with great Modesty, That it had always been his Care to imitate the Gods. This Conduct seems to have gained him the most Votes and best Place in the whole Assembly. *Marcus Aurelius* being afterwards asked to explain himself declares, That, by imitating the Gods, he endeavoured to imitate them in the Use of his Understanding, and of all other Faculties; and, in particular, That it was always his Study to have as few Wants as possible in himself, and to do all the Good he could to others.

Among the many Methods by which Revealed Religion has advanced Morality, this is one, That it has given us a more just and perfect Idea of that Being whom every reasonable Creature ought to imitate. The young Man, in a Heathen Comedy, might justify his Lewdness by the Example of *Jupiter*; as, indeed, there was scarce any Crime that might not be countenanced by those Notions of the Deity which prevailed among the common

People in the Heathen World. Revealed Religion sets forth a proper Object for Imitation, in that Being who is the Pattern, as well as the Source, of all spiritual Perfection.

While we remain in this Life, we are subject to innumerable Temptations, which, if listen'd to, will make us deviate from Reason and Goodness, the only Things wherein we can imitate the Supreme Being. In the next Life we meet with nothing to excite our Inclinations that doth not deserve them. I shall therefore dismiss my Reader with this Maxim, *viz. Our Happiness in this World proceeds from the Suppression of our Desires, but in the next World from the Gratification of them.*

No. 635.] MONDAY, Dec. 20, 1714. [Henry Grove.

Sentio Te sedem Hominum ac Domum contemplarique si tibi parva (ut est) ita videtur, hæc caelestia semper Spectato; illa humana contemnit.—Cicero Somn. Scip.

THE following Essay comes from the ingenious Author of the Letter upon *Novelty*, printed in a late *Spectator*: The Notions are drawn from the *Platonick* way of Thinking, but as they contribute to raise the Mind, and may inspire noble Sentiments of our own future Grandeur and Happiness, I think it well deserves to be presented to the Publick.

If the Universe be the Creature of an intelligent Mind, this Mind could have no immediate Regard to himself in producing it. He needed not to make Tryal of his Omnipotence, to be informed what Effects were within its Reach: The World as existing in his eternal Idea was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into Being; and in the immense Abyss of his Essence are contained far brighter Scenes than will be ever set forth to View; it being impossible that the great Author of Nature should bound his own Power by giving Existence to a System of Creatures so perfect that he cannot improve upon it by any other Exertions of his Almighty Will. Between Finite and Infinite there is an unmeasured Interval, not to be filled up in endless Ages; for which Reason, the most excellent of all God's Works must be equally short of what his Power is able to produce as the most imperfect, and may be exceeded with the same Ease.

This Thought hath made some imagine, (what, it must be confest, is not impossible) that the unfathomed Space is ever teeming with new Births, the younger still inheriting a greater Perfection than the elder. But as this doth not fall within my present View, I shall content my self with taking Notice, that the Consideration now mentioned proves undeniably, that the Ideal Worlds in the Divine Understanding yield a Prospect incomparably more ample, various and delightful than any Created World can do: And that therefore as it is not to be supposed that God should make a World merely of inanimate Matter, however diversified; or inhabited only by Creatures

of no higher an Order than Brutes; so the End for which he designed his reasonable Offspring is the Contemplation of his Works, the Enjoyment of himself, and in both to be happy, having, to this Purpose, endowed them with correspondent Faculties and Desires. He can have no greater Pleasure from a bare Review of his Works, than from the Survey of his own Ideas, but we may be assured that he is well pleased in the Satisfaction derived to Beings capable of it, and, for whose Entertainment, he hath erected this immense Theatre. Is not this more than an Intimation of our Immortality? Man, who when considered as on his Probation for a happy Existence hereafter is the most remarkable Instance of Divine Wisdom; if we cut him off from all Relation to Eternity, is the most wonderful and unaccountable Composition in the whole Creation. He hath Capacities to lodge a much greater Variety of Knowledge than he will be ever Master of, and an unsatisfied Curiosity to tread the secret Paths of Nature and Providence: But, with this, his Organs, in their present Structure, are rather fitted to serve the Necessities of a vile Body, than to minister to his Understanding; and from the little Spot to which he is chained, he can frame but wandering Guesses concerning the innumerable Worlds of Light that encompass him, which, tho' in themselves of a prodigious Bigness, do but just glimmer in the remote Spaces of the Heavens; and, when with a great deal of Time and Pains he hath laboured a little way up the steep Ascent of Truth, and beholds with Pity the groveling Multitude beneath, in a Moment, his Foot slides, and he tumbles down headlong into the Grave.

Thinking on this, I am obliged to believe, in Justice to the Creator of the World, that there is another State when Man shall be better situated for Contemplation, or rather have it in his Power to remove from Object to Object, and from World to World; and be accommodated with Senses, and other Helps, for making the quickest and most amazing Discoveries. How doth such a Genius as *Sir Isaac Newton*, from amidst the Darkness that involves human Understanding, break forth, and appear like one of another Species! The vast Machine, we inhabit, lyes open to him, he seems not unacquainted with the general Laws that govern it; and while with the Transport of a Philosopher he beholds and admires the glorious Work, he is capable of paying at once a more devout and more rational Homage to his Maker. But alas! how narrow is the Prospect even of such a Mind? and how obscure to the Compass that is taken in by the Ken of an Angel; or of a Soul but newly escaped from its Imprisonment in the Body! For my Part, I freely indulge my Soul in the Confidence of its future Grandeur; it pleases me to think that I who know so small a portion of the Works of the Creator, and with slow and painful Steps creep up and down on the Surface of this Globe, shall e'er long shoot away with the Swiftness of Imagination, trace out the hidden Springs of Nature's Operations, be able to keep pace with the heavenly Bodies in the Rapidity of their Career, be a Spectator of the long Chain of Events in the natural and Moral Worlds, visit the several Apartments of the Crea-

tion, know how they are furnished and how inhabited, comprehend the Order, and measure the Magnitudes, and Distances of those Orbs, which to us seem disposed without any regular Design, and set all in the same Circle; observe the Dependence of the Parts of each System, and (if our Minds are big enough to grasp the Theory) of the several Systems upon one another, from whence results the Harmony of the Universe. In Eternity a great deal may be done of this kind. I find it of use to cherish this generous Ambition; for besides the secret Refreshment it diffuses through my Soul, it engages me in an Endeavour to improve my Faculties, as well as to exercise them conformably to the Rank I now hold among reasonable Beings, and the Hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted Station.

The other, and that the Ultimate End of Man, is the Enjoyment of God, beyond which he cannot form a Wish. Dim at best are the Conceptions we have of the Supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps his Creatures in Suspence, neither discovering, nor hiding himself; by which Means, the Libertine hath a Handle to dispute his Existence, while the most are content to speak him fair, but in their Hearts prefer every trifling Satisfaction to the Favour of their Maker, and ridicule the good Man for the Singularity of his Choice. Will there not a Time come, when the Free-thinker shall see his impious Schemes overturned, and be made a Convert to the Truths he hates; when deluded Mortals shall be convinced of the Folly of their Pursuits, and the few Wise who followed the Guidance of Heaven, and, scorning the Blandishments of Sense and the sordid Bribery of the World, aspired to a celestial Abode, shall stand possessed of their utmost Wish in the Vision of the Creator? Here the Mind heaves a Thought now and then towards him, and hath some transient Glances of his Presence: When, in the Instant it thinks it self to have the fastest hold, the Object eludes its Expectations, and it falls back tired and baffled to the Ground. Doubtless there is some more perfect way of conversing with heavenly Beings. Are not Spirits capable of Mutual Intelligence, unless immersed in Bodies, or by their Intervention? Must superior Natures depend on inferior for the main Privilege of sociable Beings, that of conversing with, and knowing each other? What would they have done, had Matter never been created? I suppose, not have lived in eternal Solitude. As incorporeal Substances are of a nobler Order, so be sure, their manner of Intercourse is answerably more expedite and intimate. This method of Communication, we call Intellectual Vision, as somewhat Analogous to the Sense of Seeing, which is the Medium of our Acquaintance with this visible World. And in some such way can God make himself the Object of immediate Intuition to the Blessed; and as he can, 'tis not improbable that he will, always condescending, in the Circumstances of doing it, to the Weakness and Proportion of finite Minds. His Works but faintly reflect the Image of his Perfections, 'tis a Second-hand Knowledge: To have a just Idea of him, it may be necessary that we see him as he is. But what is that? 'Tis something, that never entered

into the Heart of Man to conceive; yet what we can easily conceive, will be a Fountain of Unspeakable, of Everlasting Rapture. All created Glories will fade and die away in his Presence. Perhaps it will be my Happiness to compare the World with the fair Exemplar of it in the Divine Mind; perhaps, to view the original Plan of

those wise Designs that have been executing in a long Succession of Ages. Thus employed in finding out his Works, and contemplating their Author! how shall I fall prostrate and adoring, my Body swallowed up in the Immensity of Matter, my Mind in the Infinitude of his Perfections.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

To No. 123.—The following letter, dated July 21, 1711, was sent by Addison to his friend Mr. Wortley Montagu, with No. 123 of the *Spectator*.

‘Dear Sir,
‘Being very well pleased with this day’s *Spectator* I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you have a son I shall be glad to be his Leontine, as my circumstances will probably be like his. I have within this twelvemonth lost a place of £200 per ann., an estate in the Indies of £14,000, and what is worse than all the rest, my mistress. Hear this, and wonder at my philosophy. I find they are going to take away my Irish place from me too: to which I must add, that I have just resigned my fellowship, and that stocks sink every day. If you have any hints or subjects, pray send me up a paper full. I long to talk an evening with you. I believe I shall not go for Ireland this summer, and perhaps would pass a month with you if I knew where. Lady Bellasis is very much your humble servant. Dick Steele and I often remember you.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours eternally.

To Nos. 453, 461, and 465.—The *Retrospective Review*, vol. xi. for 1825, in a cordially appreciative review of the writings of Marvell, says, ‘Captain Thompson was a very incorrect and injudicious editor of Marvell’s works. A very contemptible charge of plagiarism is also preferred by the editor against Addison for the insertion of three hymns in the *Spectator*, Nos. 453, 461, and 465; no proof whatever is vouchsafed that they belong to Marvell, and the hymn inserted in the *Spectator*, No. 461, “When Israel freed

‘from Pharaoh’s land,” is now known to be the ‘noble composition of Dr. Watts.’ Captain Edward Thompson’s edition of Marvell in 3 volumes quarto was printed for the editor in 1776. Its great blunder was immediately disposed of in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for September, 1776, and February, 1777; where it was shown for example that Dr. Watts had claimed and transferred his version of the 114th Psalm (which Captain Thompson supposed to have been claimed by ‘Tickle’) to his volume of *Divine Psalms and Hymns*, published in 1719. In the preface to that volume Dr. Watts wrote, ‘Where I have used three or four lines together of any author I have acknowledged it in the notes.’ He did make frequent acknowledgment of lines or thoughts taken from other poets in Psalms 6, 21, 63, 104, 139. But in a note to Ps. 114 he absolutely spoke of the work as his own. Now the ground upon which Thompson ascribed this piece to Marvell is precisely that on which he also ascribed to Marvell Addison’s poems in Nos. 453 and 465 of the *Spectator*. He found them all in the latter part of a book of extracts of which he said that the first part was in Marvell’s handwriting, ‘and the rest copied by his order.’ It is very doubtful whether even the first part of the MS. book, containing verse of Marvell’s, was really in Marvell’s handwriting, and that the part written later was copied by his order, is an unfounded assumption. Captain Thompson said of the MS. book that it was many years in the care of Mr. Nettleton, and communicated to the editor by Mr. Thomas Raikes.—Probably it was Mr. Nettleton who in his youth had added to the book copies of Addison’s and Dr. Watts’s verses from the *Spectator*, and Mallet’s version of the old ballad of William and Margaret, all of which pieces Captain Edward Thompson therefore supposed to have been written by Marvell.

THE SPECTATOR

TRANSLATIONS OF THE MOTTOS.

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| <p>No.
1. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 143.
One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;
Another out of smoke brings glorious light,
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.—<i>Roscommon.</i></p> <p>2. JUV. Sat. vii. 167.
Six more, at least, join their consenting voice.</p> <p>3. LUCR. l. iv. 959.
—What studies please, what most delight,
And fill men's thoughts, they dream them o'er at
night.—<i>Creech.</i></p> <p>4. HOR. 2 Sat. vi. 58.
One of uncommon silence and reserve.</p> <p>5. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 5.
Admitted to the sight, would you not laugh?</p> <p>6. JUV. Sat. xiii. 54.
'Twas impious then (so much was age revered)
For youth to keep their seats when an old man
appear'd.</p> <p>7. HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 208.
Visions and magic spells can you despise,
And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies?</p> <p>8. VIRG. Æn. i. 415.
They march obscure, for Venus kindly shrouds
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds.
<i>Dryden.</i></p> <p>9. JUV. Sat. xv. 163.
Tiger with tiger, bear with bear, you'll find
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.—<i>Tate.</i></p> <p>10. VIRG. Georg. i. 201.
So the boat's brawny crew the current stem,
And, slow advancing, struggle with the stream:
But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,
Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.
<i>Dryden.</i></p> <p>11. JUV. Sat. ii. 63.
The doves are censured, while the crows are spared.</p> <p>12. PERS. Sat. v. 92.
I root th' old woman from thy trembling heart.</p> <p>13. MART.
Were you a lion, how would you behave?</p> <p>14. OVID, Met. iv. 590.
Wretch that thou art! put off this monstrous shape.</p> <p>15. OVID, Ars Am. i. 159.
Light minds are pleased with trifles.</p> <p>16. HOR. 1 Ep. i. 11.
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all.—<i>Pope.</i></p> <p>17. JUV. x. 191.
—A visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatured.</p> <p>18. HOR. 2 Ep. i. 187.
But now our nobles too are fops and vain,
Neglect the sense, but love the painted scene.
<i>Creech.</i></p> <p>19. HOR. 1 Sat. iv. 17.
Thank Heaven, that made me of an humble mind;
To action little, less to words inclined!</p> <p>20. HOM.
Thou dog in forehead.—<i>Pope.</i></p> <p>21. HOR. 1 Ep. v. 28.
There's room enough, and each may bring his friend.
<i>Creech.</i></p> | <p>No.
22. HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 5.
—Whatever contradicts my sense
I hate to see, and never can believe.—<i>Roscommon.</i></p> <p>23. VIRG. Æn. ix. 420.
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round,
Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound;
Nor knew to fix revenge.—<i>Dryden.</i></p> <p>24. HOR. 1 Sat. ix. 3.
Comes up a fop (I knew him but by fame),
And seized my hand, and call'd me by name—
—My dear!—how dost?</p> <p>25. VIRG. Æn. xii. 46.
And sickens by the very means of health.</p> <p>26. HOR. 1 Od. iv. 13.
With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate
Knocks at the cottage and the palace gate:
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years:
Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go
To storied ghosts, and Pluto's house below.—<i>Creech.</i></p> <p>27. HOR. 1 Ep. i. 20. <i>Imitated.</i>
Long as to him, who works for debt, the day;
Long as the night to her, whose love's away;
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one:
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,
And which not done, the richest must be poor.—<i>Pope.</i></p> <p>28. HOR. 2 Od. x. 19.
Nor does Apollo always bend his bow.</p> <p>29. HOR. 1 Sat. x. 23.
Both tongues united, sweeter sounds produce,
Like Chian mixed with Palernian juice.</p> <p>30. HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 65.
If nothing, as Mimnermus strives to prove,
Can e'er be pleasant without mirth and love,
Then live in mirth and love, thy sports pursue.
<i>Creech.</i></p> <p>31. VIRG. Æn. vi. 266.
What I have heard, permit me to relate.</p> <p>32. HOR. 1 Sat. v. 64.
He wants no tragic vizzor to increase
His natural deformity of face.</p> <p>33. HOR. 1 Od. xxx. 5.
The graces with their zones unloosed;
The nymphs, with beauties all exposed,
From every spring, and every plain;
Thy powerful, hot, and winged boy;
And youth, that's dull without thy joy;
And Mercury, compose thy train.—<i>Creech.</i></p> <p>34. JUV. Sat. xv. 159.
From spotted skins the leopard does refrain.—<i>Tate.</i></p> <p>35. CATULL. Carm. 39. in Enat.
Nothing so foolish as the laugh of fools.</p> <p>36. VIRG. Æn. iii. 583.
Things the most out of nature we endure.</p> <p>37. VIRG. Æn. vii. 805.
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd.—<i>Dryden.</i></p> |
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