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ADDISON'S PAPERS

IN THE

TATLER, SPECTATOR,

AND

GUARDIAN:

WITH SELECT ESSAYS FROM THE

FREEHOLDER,

AND HIS TREATISE OF THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

TICKELL'S LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND EXTRACTS FROM

DR JOHNSON'S REMARKS ON HIS PROSE WRITNGS.

WITH NOTES.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ADDISON's

PAPERS

IN THE

SPECTATOR.

Wednesday, May 9, 1711*.

Hoc est quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat, hoc est?
Pers. Sat. iii. 85.

Is it for this you gain those meagre looks,
And sacrifice your dinner to your books?

SEVERAL kinds of false wit that vanished in the refined ages of the world, discovered themselves again in the times of monkish ignorance.

As the monks were the masters of all that little learning, which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely disengaged from business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the composition of such tricks in writing as required much time and little capacity. I have seen half the Æneid turned into Latin rhymes by one of the Beaux Esprits of that dark age; who says in his preface to it, that the Æneid wanted nothing but the sweets of rhyme to make it the most perfect work in its kind. I have likewise seen an hymn in hexameters to the Virgin Mary, which filled a whole book, though it consisted but of the eight following words:

Tot, tibi, ſunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, ſidera, cœlo.

Thou haſt as many virtues, O Virgin, as there are ſtars in heaven.

THE poet rung the changes upon theſe eight ſeveral words, and by that means made his verſes almoſt as numerous as the virtues and the ſtars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had ſo much time upon their hands did not only reſtore all the antiquated pieces of falſe wit, but enriched the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the production of anagrams, which is nothing elſe but a tranſmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the ſame ſet of letters into different words: which may change night into day, or black into white, if Chance, who is the goddeſs that preſides over theſe ſorts of compoſition, ſhall ſo direct. I remember a witty author, in alluſion to this kind of writing, calls his rival, who (it ſeems) was diſtorted, and had his limbs ſet in places that did not properly belong to them, The anagram of a man.

When the anagrammatiſt takes a name to work upon, he conſiders it at firſt as a mine not broken up, which will not ſhew the treaſure it contains, till he ſhall have ſpent many hours in ſearch of it; for it is his buſineſs to find out one word that conceals itſelf in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of ſtations in which they can poſſibly be ranged. I have heard of a gentleman who, when this kind of wit was in faſhion, endeavoured to gain his miſtreſs's heart by it. She was one of the fineſt women of her age, and known by the name of the lady Mary Boon. The lover not being able to make any thing of Mary, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing, converted it into Moll; and after having ſhut himſelf up for half a year, with indefatigable induſtry produced an anagram. Upon the preſenting it to his miſtreſs, who was a little vexed in her heart to ſee herſelf degraded into Moll Boon, ſhe told him, to his infinite ſurpriſe, that he had miſtaken her ſirname, for that it was not Boon, but Bohun.

Effuſus

——— Ibi omnis
Effusus labor———

The lover was thunder-ſtruck with his misfortune, inſomuch that in a little time after he loſt his ſenſes, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his anagram.

The acroſtick was probably invented about the ſame time with the anagram, though it is impoſſible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The ſimple acroſtick is nothing but the name or title of a perſon, or thing, made out of the initial letters of ſeveral verſes, and by that means written, after the manner of the Chineſe, in a perpendicular line. But beſides theſe there are compound acroſticks, when the principal letters ſtand two or three deep. I have ſeen ſome of them where the verſes have not only been edged by a name at each extremity, but have had the ſame name running down like a ſeam through the middle of the poem. There is another near relation of the anagrams and acroſticks, which is commonly called a Chronogram. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, eſpecially thoſe of Germany, when they repreſent in the inſcription the year in which they were coined. Thus we ſee on a medal of Guſtavus Adolphus the following words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the ſeveral words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was ſtamped; for as ſome of the letters diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt, and overtop their fellows, they are to be conſidered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of theſe ingenious devices. A man would think they were ſearching after an apt claſſical term, but inſtead of that, they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of theſe inſcriptions, we are not ſo much to look in them for the thought as for the year of the Lord.

The Bouts-Rimez were the favourites of the French nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a list of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a poet, who was to make a poem to the rhymes in the same order that they were placed upon the list: the more uncommon the rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the poet that could accommodate his verses to them. I do not know any greater instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French (which generally follows the declension of empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish kind of wit. If the reader will be at the trouble to see examples of it, let him look into the new Mercure Gallant; where the author every month gives a list of rhymes to be filled up by the ingenious, in order to be communicated to the public in the Mercure for the succeeding month. That for the month of November last, which now lies before me, is as follows.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Lauriers*
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Guerriers*
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Musette*
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Lisette*
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Cesars*
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Etendars*
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Houlette*
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Folette*

One would be amazed to see so learned a man as Menage talking seriously on this kind of trifle in the following passage:

"Monsieur de la Chambre has told me, that he "never knew what he was going to write when "he took his pen into his hand; but that one sen-"tence always produced another. For my own part, "I never knew what I should write next when I was "making verses. In the first place, I got all my rhymes "together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four "months in filling them up. I one day shewed

"Monsieur

" Monſieur Gombaud a compoſition of this nature, in " which, among others, I had made uſe of the four " following rhymes. *Amaryllis*, *Phyllis*, *Marne*, *Arne*, " deſiring him to give me his opinion of it. He told " me immediately, that my verſes were good for no- " thing. And upon my aſking his reaſon, he ſaid " becauſe the rhymes are too common; and for that " reaſon eaſy to be put into verſe. Marry, ſays I, " if it be ſo, I am very well rewarded for all the pains " I have been at. But by Monſieur Gombaud's leave, " notwithſtanding the ſeverity of the criticiſm, the " verſes were good." *Vid.* Menagiana. Thus far the learned Menage, whom I have tranſlated word for word.

The firſt occaſion of theſe Bouts Rimez made them in ſome manner excuſable, as they were taſks which the French ladies uſed to impoſe on their lovers. But when a grave author, like him above-mentioned, taſked himſelf, could there be any thing more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the author played booty, and did not make his liſt of rhymes till he had finiſhed his poem?

I ſhall only add, that this piece of falſe wit has been finely ridiculed by Monſieur Saraſin, in a poem intitled, *La defaite des Bouts Rimez*, The Rout of the Bouts Rimez.

I muſt ſubjoin to this laſt kind of wit the double rhymes, which are uſed in doggerel poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought of the couplet in ſuch compoſitions is good, the rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the power of the rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great numbers of thoſe who admire the incomparable Hudibras, do it more on account of theſe doggerel rhymes, than of the parts that really deſerve admiration. I am ſure I have heard the

Pulpit, drum eccleſiaſtick,
Was beat with fiſt, inſtead of a ſtick;

and

There was an ancient ſage philoſopher
Who had read Alexander Roſs over,

more

more frequently quoted, than the fineſt pieces of wit in the whole poem.

Thurſday, May 10, 1711*.

Non equidem ſtudeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgeſcat, dare pondus idonea fumo.

Perſ. Sat. v. 19.

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to ſwell my page
With wind and noiſe. DRYDEN.

THERE is no kind of falſe wit which has been ſo recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which conſiſts in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of Punning. It is indeed impoſſible to kill a weed, which the ſoil has a natural diſpoſition to produce. The ſeeds of punning are in the minds of all men; and though they may be ſubdued by reaſon, reflection, and good ſenſe, they will be very apt to ſhoot up in the greateſt genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raiſe the mind to poetry, painting, muſick, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Ariſtotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of rhetorick, deſcribes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces inſtances of them out of ſome of the greateſt authors in the Greek tongue. Cicero has ſprinkled ſeveral of his works with puns, and in his book, where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of ſayings as pieces of wit, which alſo upon examination prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flouriſhed, was in the reign of King James the Firſt. That learned monarch was himſelf a tolerable punſter, and made very few biſhops or privy-

* NO. 61. counſellors

counſellors that had not ſome time or other ſignalized themſelves by a clinch, or a conundrum. It was therefore in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had before been admitted into merry ſpeeches and ludicrous compoſitions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the moſt ſolemn manner at the council-table. The greateſt authors, in their moſt ſerious works, made frequent uſe of puns. The ſermons of Biſhop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakeſpeare, are full of them. The ſinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more uſual than to ſee a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I muſt add to theſe great authorities, which ſeem to have given a kind of ſanction to this piece of falſe wit, that all the writers of rhetorick have treated of punning with very great reſpect, and divided the ſeveral kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of ſpeech, and recommended as ornaments in diſcourſe. I remember a country ſchoolmaſter of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greateſt Paragrammatiſt among the moderns. Upon enquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr Swan, the famous punſter; and deſiring him to give me ſome account of Mr Swan's converſation, he told me that he generally talked in the Paranomaſia, that he ſometimes gave in to the Plocè, but that in his humble opinion he ſhined moſt in the Antanaclaſis.

I muſt not here omit, that a famous univerſity of this land was formerly very much infeſted with puns; but whether or no this might not ariſe from the fens and marſhes in which it was ſituated, and which are now drained, I muſt leave to the determination of more ſkilful naturaliſts.

After this ſhort hiſtory of punning, one would wonder how it ſhould be ſo entirely baniſhed out of the learned world as it is at preſent, eſpecially ſince it had found a place in the writings of the moſt ancient polite authors. To account for this we muſt conſider, that the

the firſt race of authors, who were the great heroes in writing were deſtitute of all rules and arts of criticiſm; and for that reaſon, though they excel later writers in greatneſs of genius, they fall ſhort of them in accuracy and correctneſs. The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furniſhed with theſe authors of the firſt eminence, there grew up another ſet of writers, who gained themſelves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of thoſe who preceded them. It was one of the employments of theſe ſecondary authors, to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral kinds of wit by terms of art, and to conſider them as more or leſs perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even ſuch authors as Iſocrates, Plato, and Cicero, ſhould have ſuch little blemiſhes as are not to be met with in authors of a much inferior character, who have written ſince thoſe ſeveral blemiſhes were diſcovered. I do not find that there was a proper ſeparation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient authors, except Quintilian and Longinus. But when this diſtinction was once ſettled, it was very natural for all men of ſenſe to agree in it. As for the revival of this falſe wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters; but as ſoon as it was once detected, it immediately vaniſhed and diſappeared. At the ſame time there is no queſtion, but as it has ſunk in one age and roſe in another, it will again recover itſelf in ſome diſtant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance ſhall prevail upon wit and ſenſe. And to ſpeak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by ſome of the laſt winter's productions, which had their ſets of admirers, that our poſterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of punſters: at leaſt, a man may be very excuſeable for any apprehenſions of this kind, that has ſeen Acroſticks handed about the town with great ſecrecy and applauſe; to which I muſt alſo add a little epigram called the *Witches Prayer*, that fell into verſe when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it curſed one way, and bleſſed the other. When one ſees

there

there are actually ſuch pains-takers among our Britiſh wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we muſt laſh one another, let it be with the manly ſtrokes of wit and ſatire; for I am of the old philoſopher's opinion, that if I muſt ſuffer from one or the other, I would rather it ſhould be from the paw of a lion, than the hoof of an aſs. I do not ſpeak this out of any ſpirit of party. There is a moſt crying dulneſs on both ſides. I have ſeen Tory Acroſtics and Whig Anagrams, and do not quarrel with either of them, becauſe they are Whigs or Tories, but becauſe they are Anagrams and Acroſtics.

But to return to punning. Having purſued the hiſtory of a pun from its original to its downfal, I ſhall here define it to be a conceit ariſing from the uſe of two words that agree in the ſound, but differ in the ſenſe. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to tranſlate it into a different language. If it bears the teſt, you may pronounce it true; but if it vaniſhes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a pun. In ſhort, one may ſay of a pun, as the country man deſcribed his nightingale, that it is *vox et præterea nihil*, a ſound, and nothing but a ſound. On the contrary, one may repreſent true wit by the deſcription which Ariſtenetus makes of a fine woman; when ſhe is dreſſed ſhe is beautiful, when ſhe is undreſſed ſhe is beautiful; or as Mercerus has tranſlated it more emphatically, *Induitur, formoſa eſt: exuitur, ipſa forma eſt.*

Friday, May, 11, 1711*.

Scribendi recte ſapere eſt et principium, et fons.
Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 309.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.
ROSCOMMON.

MR Locke has an admirable reflection upon the difference of wit and judgment, whereby he en-

endeavours to ſhew the reaſon why they are not always the talents of the ſame perſon. His words are as follow: "And hence, perhaps, may be given ſome "reaſon of that common obſervation, That men who "have a great deal of wit, and prompt memories, have "not always the cleareſt judgment, or deepeſt reaſon. "For wit lying moſt in the aſſemblage of ideas, "and putting thoſe together with quickneſs and va-"riety, wherein can be found any reſemblance or "congruity, thereby to make up pleaſant pictures and "agreeable viſions in the fancy; judgment, on the "contrary, lies quite on the other ſide, in ſeparating "carefully one from another, ideas wherein can be "found the leaſt difference, thereby to avoid being "mis-led by ſimilitude, and by affinity to take one "thing for another. This is a way of proceeding "quite contrary to metaphor and alluſion: wherein, "for the moſt part, lies that entertainment and plea-"ſantry of wit, which ſtrikes ſo lively on the fancy, "and is therefore ſo acceptable to all people."

This is, I think, the beſt and moſt philoſophical account that I have ever met with of wit, which generally, though not always, conſiſts in ſuch a reſemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I ſhall only add to it, by way of explanation, That every reſemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unleſs it be ſuch an one that gives delight and ſurpriſe to the reader. Theſe two properties ſeem eſſential to wit, more particularly the laſt of them. In order therefore that the reſemblance in the ideas be wit, it is neceſſary that the ideas ſhould not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for where the likeneſs is obvious, it gives no ſurpriſe. To compare one man's ſinging to that of another, or to repreſent the whiteneſs of any object by that of milk and ſnow, or the variety of its colours by thoſe of the rainbow, cannot be called wit, unleſs, beſides this obvious reſemblance, there be ſome further congruity diſcovered in the two ideas, that is capable of giving the reader ſome ſurpriſe. Thus when a poet tells us the boſom of his miſtreſs is as white as ſnow, there is no wit in the compariſon; but

when

when he adds, with a ſigh, it is as cold too, it then grows into wit. Every reader's memory may ſupply him with innumerable inſtances of the ſame nature. For this reaſon, the ſimilitudes in heroic poets, who endeavour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions, than to divert it with ſuch as are new and ſurpriſing, have ſeldom any thing in them that can be called wit. Mr Locke's account of wit, with this ſhort explanation, comprehends moſt of the ſpecies of wit, as metaphors, ſimilitudes, allegories, enigmas, mottos, parables, fables, dreams, viſions, dramatic writings, burleſque, and all the methods of alluſion. There are many other pieces of wit, (how remote ſoever they may appear at firſt ſight from the foregoing deſcription) which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As true wit generally conſiſts in this reſemblance and congruity of ideas, falſe wit chiefly conſiſts in the reſemblance and congruity ſometimes of ſingle letters, as in anagrams, chronograms, lipograms, and acroſtics: ſometimes of ſyllables, as in echoes and doggerel rhymes; ſometimes of words, as in puns and quibbles; and ſometimes of whole ſentences or poems, caſt into the figures of eggs, axes, or altars: nay, ſome carry the notion of wit ſo far, as to aſcribe it even to external mimicry; and to look upon a man as an ingenious perſon, that can reſemble the tone, poſture, or face of another.

As true wit conſiſts in the reſemblance of ideas, and falſe wit in the reſemblance of words, according to the foregoing inſtances; there is another kind of wit which conſiſts partly in the reſemblance of ideas, and partly in the reſemblance of words, which for diſtinction ſake I ſhall call *mixt wit*. This kind of wit is that which abounds in Cowley, more than in any author that ever wrote. Mr Waller has likewiſe a great deal of it. Mr Dryden is very ſparing in it. Milton had a genius much above it. Spenſer is in the ſame claſs with Milton. The Italians, even in their epic poetry, are full of it. Monſieur Boileau, who formed himſelf upon the ancient poets, has every where rejected it with ſcorn. If

we look after mixt wit among the Greek writers, we ſhall find it no where but in the epigrammatiſts. There are indeed ſome ſtrokes of it in the little poem aſcribed to Muſæus, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays itſelf to be a modern compoſition. If we look into the Latin writers, we find none of this mixt wit in Virgil, Lucretius, or Catullus; very little in Horace, but a great deal of it in Ovid, and ſcarce any thing elſe in Martial.

Out of the innumerable branches of mixt wit, I ſhall chooſe one inſtance which may be met with in all the writers of this claſs. The paſſion of love in its nature has been thought to reſemble fire; for which reaſon the words Fire and Flame are made uſe of to ſignify love. The witty poets therefore have taken an advantage from the double meaning of the word Fire, to make an infinite number of witticiſms. Cowley obſerving the cold regard of his miſtreſs's eyes, and at the ſame time their power of producing love in him, conſiders them as burning glaſſes made of ice; and finding himſelf able to live in the greateſt extremities of love, concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. When his miſtreſs has read his letter written in juice of lemon, by holding it to the fire, he deſires her to read it over a ſecond time by love's flames. When ſhe weeps, he wiſhes it were inward heat, that diſtilled thoſe drops from the limbeck. When ſhe is abſent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the pole than when ſhe is with him. His ambitious love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy love is the beams of heaven, and his unhappy love flames of hell. When it does not let him ſleep, it is a flame that ſends up no ſmoke; when it is oppoſed by counſel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the winds blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree in which he had cut his loves, he obſerves that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree. When he reſolves to give over his paſſion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the fire. His heart is an Ætna, that inſtead of Vulcan's ſhop, incloſes Cupid's forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his love in wine, is

throwing

throwing oil upon the fire. He would insinuate to his mistress, that the fire of love, like that of the sun, (which produces so many living creatures) should not only warm, but beget. Love in another place cooks pleasure at his fire. Sometimes the poet's heart is frozen in every breast, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ship set on fire in the middle of the sea.

The reader may observe in every one of these instances, that the poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love; and in the same sentence speaking of it both as a passion and as real fire, surprises the reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions, that make up all the wit in this kind of writing. Mixt wit therefore is a composition of pun and true wit, and is more or less perfect, as the resemblance lies in the ideas or in the words. Its foundations are laid partly in falsehood and partly in truth; reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province therefore for this kind of wit is epigram, or those little occasional poems, that in their own nature are nothing else but a tissue of epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of mixt wit, without owning that the admirable poet, out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any author that ever writ; and indeed all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr Dryden's definition of wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is "a propriety of words and thoughts "adapted to the subject." If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper. It is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that author has made use of in his elements. I shall only appeal to my reader if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit. If it be a true one, I am sure Mr Dryden

was

was not only a better poet, but a greater wit than Mr Cowley; and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the moſt penetrating of all the French criticks has taken pains, to ſhew, that it is impoſſible for any thought to be beautiful which is not juſt, and has not its foundation in the nature of things; that the baſis of all wit is truth; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good ſenſe is not the ground-work. Boileau has endeavoured to inculcate the ſame notion in ſeveral parts of his writings, both in proſe and verſe. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful ſimplicity, which we ſo much admire in the compoſitions of the ancients; and which no body deviates from, but thoſe who want ſtrength of genius to make a thought ſhine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this ſtrength of genius to give that majeſtick ſimplicity to nature, which we ſo much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of wit of what kind ſoever eſcape them. I look upon theſe writers as Goths in poetry, who, like thoſe in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful ſimplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to ſupply its place with all the extravagancies of an irregular fancy. Mr Dryden makes a very handſome obſervation on Ovid's writing a letter from Dido to Æneas, in the following words: 'Ovid '(ſays he, ſpeaking of Virgil's fiction of Dido and 'Æneas) takes it up after him, even in the ſame age, 'and makes an ancient heroine of Virgil's new-created 'Dido; dictates a letter for her juſt before her death 'to the ungrateful fugitive, and very unluckily for 'himſelf, is for meaſuring a ſword with a man ſo 'much ſuperior in force to him on the ſame ſubject. 'I think I may be judge of this, becauſe I have tranſ-'lated both. The famous author of the Art of love 'has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a 'greater maſter in his own profeſſion, and, which is 'worſe, improves nothing which he finds. Nature 'fails him, and being forced to his old ſhift, he has

'recourſe

'recourſe to witticiſm. This paſſes indeed with his 'ſoft admirers, and gives him the preference to Virgil 'in their eſteem.'

Were not I ſupported by ſo great an authority as that of Mr Dryden, I ſhould not venture to obſerve, that the taſte of moſt of our Engliſh poets, as well as readers, is extremely Gothic. He quotes Monſieur Segrais for a threefold diſtinction of the readers of poetry: in the firſt of which he comprehends the rabble of readers, whom he does not treat as ſuch with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarſeneſs of their taſte. His words are as follow: 'Segrais has diſtinguiſhed the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three claſſes.' [He might have ſaid the ſame of writers too if he had pleaſed.] 'In the loweſt form he places 'thoſe whom he calls *Les Petits Eſprits*, ſuch things 'as are our upper-gallery audience in a playhouſe; 'who like nothing but the huſk and rhind of wit, prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before ſolid 'ſenſe and elegant expreſſion. Theſe are mob-readers. If Virgil and Martial ſtood for parliament-men, 'we know already who would carry it. But though 'they made the greateſt appearance in the field, and 'cry the loudeſt, the beſt on it is, they are but a ſort 'of French Huguenots, or Dutch Boors, brought over 'in herds, but not naturalized; who have not lands of 'two pounds per annum in Parnaſſus, and therefore 'are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the 'ſame level, fit to repreſent them on a mountebank's ſtage, or to be maſters of the ceremonies in a bear-'garden: yet theſe are they who have the moſt admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, 'that as their readers improve their ſtock of ſenſe, (as 'they may by reading better books, and by converſation with men of judgment) they ſoon forſake them.'

I muſt not diſmiſs this ſubject without obſerving, that as Mr Locke in the paſſage above-mentioned has diſcovered the moſt fruitful ſource of wit, ſo there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewiſe branch itſelf out into ſeveral kinds. For not only the reſemblance, but the oppoſition of ideas, does

very

very often produce wit; as I could ſhew in ſeveral little points, turns, and antitheſes, that I may poſſibly enlarge upon in ſome future Speculation.

Saturday, May, 12, 1711*.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere ſi velit, et varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne;
Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis amici?
Credite, Piſones, iſti tabulæ fore librum
Per ſimilem, cujus, velut ægri ſomnia, vanæ
Finguntur ſpecies——— Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 1.

If in a picture, Piſo, you ſhould ſee
A handſome woman with a fiſh's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horſe's neck,
Or limbs of beaſts, of the moſt different kinds,
Cover'd with feathers of all ſorts of birds;
Wou'd you not laugh, and think the painter mad?
Truſt me that book is as ridiculous,
Whoſe incoherent ſtyle, like ſick men's dreams,
Varies all ſhapes, and mixes all extremes. ROSCOM.

IT is very hard for the mind to diſengage itſelf from a ſubject in which it has been long employed. The thoughts will be riſing of themſelves from time to time, though we give them no encouragement; as the toſſings and fluctations of the ſea continue ſeveral hours after the winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my laſt night's dream or viſion, which formed into one continued allegory the ſeveral ſchemes of wit, whether falſe, mixed, or true, that have been the ſubject of my late Papers.

Methought I was tranſported into a country that was filled with prodigies and enchantments, governed by the goddeſs of Falſehood, and intitled *The Region of falſe wit*. There was nothing in the fields, the woods,

* NO. 63. and

and the rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the trees bloſſomed in leaf-gold, ſome of them produced bone-lace, and ſome of them precious ſtones. The fountains bubbled in an opera tune, and were filled with ſtags, wild-boars, and mermaids, that lived among the waters; at the ſame time that dolphins and ſeveral kinds of fiſh played upon the banks, or took their paſtime in the meadows. The birds had many of them golden beaks, and human voices. The flowers perfumed the air with ſmells of incenſe, amber-greaſe, and pulvillos; and were ſo interwoven with one another, that they grew up in pieces of embroidery. The winds were filled with ſighs and meſſages of diſtant lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted wilderneſs, I could not forbear breaking out into ſoliloquies upon the ſeveral wonders which lay before me; when, to my great ſurpriſe, I found there were artificial echoes in every walk, that by repetitions of certain words which I ſpoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I ſaid. In the midſt of my converſation with theſe inviſible companions, I diſcovered in the centre of a very dark grove a monſtrous fabric built after the Gothick manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of ſculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple conſecrated to the god of Dulneſs. Upon my entrance I ſaw the deity of the place dreſſed in the habit of a Monk, with a book in one hand, and a rattle in the other. Upon his right hand was Induſtry, with a lamp burning before her; and on his left Caprice, with a Monkey ſitting on her ſhoulder. Before his feet there ſtood an Altar of a very odd make, which, as I afterwards found, was ſhaped in that manner to comply with the inſcription that ſurrounded it. Upon the altar lay ſeveral offerings of Axes, Wings, and Eggs, cut out in paper, and inſcribed with verſes. The temple was filled with votaries, who applied themſelves to different diverſions, as their fancies directed them. In one part of it I ſaw a regiment of Anagrams, who were continually in motion, turning to the right

or to the left, facing about, doubling their ranks, ſhifting their ſtations, and throwing themſelves into all the figures and counter-marches of the moſt changeable and perplexed exerciſe.

Not far from theſe was a body of Acroſtics, made up of very diſproportioned perſons. It was diſpoſed into three columns, the officers planting themſelves in a line on the left hand of each column. The officers were all of them at leaſt ſix feet high, and made three rows of very proper men; but the common ſoldiers, who filled up the ſpaces between the officers, were ſuch dwarfs, cripples, and ſcarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the Acroſtics two or three files of Chronograms, which differed only from the former, as their officers were equipped (like the figure of Time) with an hour-glaſs in one hand, and a ſcythe in the other, and took their poſts promiſcuouſly among the private men whom they commanded.

In the body of the temple, and before the very face of the deity, methought I ſaw the phantom of Tryphiodorus, the Lipogrammatiſt, engaged in a ball with four and twenty perſons, who purſued him by turns thro' all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country-dance, without being able to overtake him.

Obſerving ſeveral to be very buſy at the weſtern end of the Temple, I inquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that quarter the great magazine of Rebuffes. There were ſeveral things of the moſt different natures tied up in bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like faggots. You might behold an anchor, a night-rail, and a hobby-horſe bound up together. One of the workmen ſeeing me very much ſurpriſed, told me, there was an infinite deal of wit in ſeveral of thoſe bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleaſed. I thanked him for his civility, but told him I was in a very great haſte at that time. As I was going out of the temple, I obſerved in one corner of it a cluſter of men and women laughing very heartily, and diverting themſelves at a game of Crambo.

I heard

I heard ſeveral double rhymes, as I paſſed by them, which raiſed a great deal of mirth.

Not far from theſe was another ſet of merry people engaged at a diverſion, in which the whole jeſt was to miſtake one perſon for another. To give occaſion for theſe ludicrous miſtakes, they were divided into pairs, every pair being covered from head to foot with the ſame kind of dreſs, though perhaps there was not the leaſt reſemblance in their faces. By this means an old man was ſometimes miſtaken for a boy, a woman for a man, and a black-a-moor for an European, which very often produced great peals of laughter. Theſe I gueſſed to be a party of Puns. But being very deſirous to get out of this world of magick, which had almoſt turned my brain, I left the temple, and croſſed over the fields that lay about it with all the ſpeed I could make. I was not gone far, before I heard the ſound of trumpets and alarms, which ſeemed to proclaim the march of an enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great diſtance a very ſhining light, and in the midſt of it, a perſon of a moſt beautiful aſpect; her name was Truth. On her right hand there marched a male deity, who bore ſeveral quivers on his ſhoulder, and graſped ſeveral arrows in his hand. His name was Wit. The approach of theſe two enemies filled all the territories of Falſe Wit with an unſpeakable conſternation, inſomuch that the goddeſs of thoſe regions appeared in perſon upon her frontiers, with the ſeveral inferior deities, and the different bodies of forces which I had before ſeen in the temple, who were now drawn up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. As the march of the enemy was very ſlow, it gave time to the ſeveral inhabitants who bordered upon the Regions of Falſehood, to draw their forces into a body, with a deſign to ſtand upon their guards as neuters, and attend the iſſue of the combat.

I muſt here inform my reader, that the frontiers of the enchanted region, which I have before deſcribed, were inhabited by the ſpecies of Mixed Wit, who made a very odd appearance when they were muſtered toge-

ther in an army. There were men whoſe bodies were ſtuck full of darts, and women whoſe eyes were burning-glaſſes: men that had hearts of fire, and women that had breaſts of ſnow. It would be endleſs to deſcribe ſeveral monſters of the like nature, that compoſed this great army; which immediately fell aſunder, and divided itſelf into two parts, the one half throwing themſelves behind the banners of Truth, and the others behind thoſe of Falſehood.

The goddeſs of Falſehood was of a gigantic ſtature, and advanced ſome paces before the front of her army; but as the dazzling light which flowed from Truth began to ſhine upon her, ſhe faded inſenſibly; inſomuch that in a little ſpace ſhe looked rather like an huge phantom, than a real ſubſtance. At length, as the goddeſs of Truth approached ſtill nearer to her, ſhe fell away entirely, and vaniſhed amidſt the brightneſs of her preſence; ſo that there did not remain the leaſt trace or impreſſion of her figure in the place where ſhe had been ſeen.

As at the riſing of the ſun the conſtellations grow thin, and the ſtars go out one after another, till the whole hemiſphere is extinguiſhed; ſuch was the vaniſhing of the goddeſs: and not only of the goddeſs herſelf, but of the whole army that attended her, which ſympathized with their leader, and ſhrunk into nothing, in proportion as the goddeſs diſappeared. At the ſame time the whole temple ſunk, the fiſh betook themſelves to the ſtreams, and the wild beaſts to the woods, the fountains recovered their murmurs, the birds their voices, the trees their leaves, the flowers their ſcents, and the whole face of nature its true and genuine appearance. Though I ſtill continued aſleep, I fancied myſelf as it were awakened out of a dream, when I ſaw this region of prodigies reſtored to woods and rivers, fields and meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild ſcene of wonders, which had very much diſturbed my imagination, I took a full ſurvey of the perſons of Wit and Truth; for indeed it was impoſſible to look upon the firſt, without ſeeing the other at the ſame time. There was

behind

behind them a ſtrong and compact body of figures. The genius of Heroic Poetry appeared with a ſword in her hand, and a laurel on her head. Tragedy was crowned with cypreſs, and covered with robes dipped in blood. Satire had ſmiles in her look, and a dagger under her garment. Rhetoric was known by her thunderbolts, and Comedy by her maſk. After ſeveral other figures, Epigram marched up in the rear, who had been poſted there at the beninning of the expedition, that he might not revolt to the enemy, whom he was ſuſpected to favour in his heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the appearance of the god of Wit; there was ſomething ſo amiable, and yet ſo piercing in his looks, as inſpired me at once with love and terror. As I was gazing on him, to my unſpeakable joy, he took a quiver of arrows from his ſhoulder, in order to make me a preſent of it: but as I was reaching out my hand to receive it of him, I knocked it againſt a chair, and by that means awaked.

Friday, May 18, 1711*.

Nos duo turba ſumus—— Ovid, Met. i. 355.

We two are a multitude.

ONE would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and ſubjects would be ſtarted in diſcourſe; but inſtead of this, we find that converſation is never ſo much ſtraitened and confined as in numerous aſſemblies. When a multitude meet together on any ſubject of diſcourſe, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general poſitions; nay, if we come into a more contracted aſſembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, faſhions, news, and the like public topics. In proportion as converſation gets into clubs and knots of friends, it

* NO. 68. deſcends

deſcends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the moſt open, inſtructive, and unreſerved diſcourſe, is that which paſſes between two perſons who are familiar and intimate friends. On theſe occaſions, a man gives a looſe to every paſſion and every thought that is uppermoſt, diſcovers his moſt retired opinions of perſons and things, tries the beauty and ſtrength of his ſentiments, and expoſes his whole ſoul to the examination of his friend.

Tully was the firſt who obſerved, that friendſhip improves happineſs and abates miſery, by the doubling of our joy, and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the eſſayers upon friendſhip that have written ſince his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely deſcribed other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendſhip; and indeed there is no ſubject of morality which has been better handled and more exhauſted than this. Among the ſeveral fine things which have been ſpoken of it, I ſhall beg leave to quote ſome out of a very ancient author, whoſe book would be regarded by our modern wits as one of the moſt ſhining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a Confucius, or of any celebrated Grecian philoſopher: I mean the little apocryphal treatiſe, intitled *The wiſdom of the Son of Sirach*. How finely has he deſcribed the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour! And laid down that precept, which a late excellent author has delivered as his own, 'That we ſhould 'have many well-wiſhers, but few friends.' "Sweet "language will multiply friends: and a fair-ſpeaking "tongue will increaſe kind greetings. Be in peace "with many, nevertheleſs have but one counſellor of "a thouſand." With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends! And with what ſtrokes of nature (I could almoſt ſay of humour) has he deſcribed the behaviour of a treacherous and ſelf-intereſted friend! "If thou wouldeſt get a friend, "prove him firſt, and be not haſty to credit him: for "ſome man is a friend for his own occaſion, and will "not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is

"a friend

" a friend, who being turned to enmity and ſtrife, " will diſcover thy reproach." Again, " Some friend " is a companion at the table, and will not continue " in the day of thy affliction: but in thy proſperity " he will be as thyſelf, and will be bold over thy ſer- " vants. If thou be brought low he will be againſt " thee, and hide himſelf from thy face." What can be more ſtrong and pointed than the following verſe? " Separate thyſelf from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends." In the next words he particulariſes one of thoſe fruits of friendſhip which is deſcribed at length by the two famous authors above mentioned, and falls into a general eulogium of friendſhip, which is very juſt, as well as very ſublime, " A faithful friend " is a ſtrong defence. and he that hath found ſuch " an one, hath found a treaſure. Nothing doth coun- " tervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is unvalu- " able. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they " that fear the Lord ſhall find him. Whoſo feareth the " Lord ſhall direct his friendſhip aright; for as he is, " ſo ſhall his neighbour (that is his friend) be alſo." I do not remember to have met with any ſaying that has pleaſed me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to expreſs the efficacy of friendſhip in healing the pains and anguiſh which naturally cleave to our exiſtence in this world; and am wonderfully pleaſed with the turn in the laſt ſentence, that a virtuous man ſhall as a bleſſing meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himſelf. There is another ſaying in the ſame author, which would have been very much admired in an heathen writer: " Forſake not an old " friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new " friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou ſhalt " drink it with pleaſure." With what ſtrength of alluſion, and force of thought, has he deſcribed the breaches and violations of friendſhip? " Whoſo caſt- " eth a ſtone at the birds frayeth them away; and he " that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendſhip. " Though thou draweſt a ſword at a friend, yet deſ- " pair not, for there may be a returning to favour. " If thou haſt opened thy mouth againſt thy friend

" fear

" fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except " for upbraiding, or pride, or diſcloſing of ſecrets, or " a treacherous wound; for, for theſe things every " friend will depart." We may obſerve in this, and ſeveral other precepts in this author, thoſe little familiar inſtances and illuſtrations which are ſo much admired in the moral writings of Horace and Epictetus. There are very beautiful inſtances of this nature in the following paſſages, which are likewiſe written upon the ſame ſubject; " Whoſo diſcovereth ſecrets, loſeth his " credit, and ſhall never find a friend to his mind. " Love thy friend, and be faithful unto him; but if " thou bewrayeſt his ſecrets, follow no more after " him: for as a man hath deſtroyed his enemy, ſo " haſt thou loſt the love of thy friend; as one that " letteth a bird go out of his hand, ſo haſt thou let " thy friend go, and ſhalt not get him again: follow " after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a " roe eſcaped out of the ſnare. As for a wound, it " may be bound up, and after reviling there may be " reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth ſecrets, is " without hope."

Among the ſeveral qualifications of a good friend, this wiſe man has very juſtly ſingled out conſtancy and faithfulneſs as the principal: To theſe, others have added virtue, knowledge, diſcretion, equality in age and fortune, and as Cicero calls it, *morum comitas*, a pleaſantneſs of temper. If I were to give my opinion upon ſuch an exhauſted ſubject, I ſhould join to theſe other qualifications a certain equability or evenneſs of behaviour. A man often contracts a friendſhip with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a year's converſation; when on a ſudden ſome latent ill-humour breaks out upon him, which he never diſcovered or ſuſpected at his firſt entering into an intimacy with him. There are ſeveral perſons who in ſome certain periods of their lives are inexpreſſibly agreeable, and in others as odious and deteſtable. Martial has given us a very pretty picture of one of this ſpecies, in the following epigram;

Difficili

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te. Epig. xii. 47.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee.
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendship with one, who by these changes and vicissitudes of humour is sometimes amiable, and sometimes odious: and as most men are at some times in an admirable frame and disposition of mind, it should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep ourselves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character.

Saturday, May 19, 1711*.

Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:
Arborei fœtus alibi, atque injussa virescunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus.
Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
Continuo has leges, æternaque fœdera certis
Imposuit natura locis—— Virg. Georg. i. 54.

This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits;
That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground:
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd;
India black ebon and white iv'ry bears;
And soft Idume weeps her od'rous tears:
Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far;
And naked Spaniards temper steel for war:
Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds
(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.

This

This is th' original contract; these the laws
Impos'd by nature, and by nature's cause. DRYDEN.

THERE is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners, consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon High-Change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan, and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am justled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a groupe of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times: or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, That he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir Andrew, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to Grand Cairo; but as I am not versed in the modern

Coptic,

Coptic, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand ſcene of buſineſs gives me an infinite variety of ſolid and ſubſtantial entertainment. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleaſure at the ſight of a proſperous and happy multitude, inſomuch that at many public ſolemnities I cannot forbear expreſſing my joy with tears that have ſtolen down my cheeks. For this reaſon I am wonderfully delighted to ſee ſuch a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the ſame time promoting the public ſtock; or, in other words, raiſing eſtates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is ſuperfluous.

Nature ſeems to have taken a particular care to diſſeminate her bleſſings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourſe and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the ſeveral parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common intereſt. Almoſt every degree produces ſomething peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the ſauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Bardadoes, and the infuſion of a China plant is ſweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippic iſlands give a flavour to our European bowls. The ſingle dreſs of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The ſcarf is ſent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat riſes out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indoſtan.

If we conſider our own country in its natural proſpect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable ſpot of earth falls to our ſhare! Natural hiſtorians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, beſides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of itſelf, and without the

assistance of art, can make no farther advances toward a plumb than a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater a perfection than a crab: that our melons, our peaches, our figs, apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate. Our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines. Our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan. Our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth. We repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the spice-islands our hot-beds; the Persians our silk-weavers, and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessaries of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges its wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When

When I have been upon the 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings ſtanding in perſon, where he is repreſented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourſe of people with which that place is every day filled. In this caſe, how would he be ſurpriſed to hear all the languages of Europe ſpoken in this little ſpot of his former dominions, and to ſee ſo many private men, who in his time would have been the vaſſals of ſome powerful baron, negociating like princes for greater ſums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treaſury! Trade, without enlarging the Britiſh territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed eſtates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an acceſſion of other eſtates as valuable as the lands themſelves.

Monday, May 21, 1711*.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt. Hor. 1. Ep. ii. 63.

Sometimes the vulgar ſee and judge aright.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the ſongs and fables that are come from father to ſon, and are moſt in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I paſſed; for it is impoſſible that any thing ſhould be univerſally taſted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it ſome peculiar aptneſs to pleaſe and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the ſame in all reaſonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it, will meet with admirers amongſt readers of all qualities and conditions. Moliere, as we are told by Monſieur Boileau, uſed to read all his comedies to an old woman who was his houſekeeper, as ſhe ſat with him at her

work by the chimney-corner; and could foretell the ſucceſs of his play in the theatre, from the reception it met at his fire-ſide: for he tells us the audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the ſame place.

I know nothing which more ſhews the eſſential and inherent perfection of ſimplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothic manner in writing, than this, that the firſt pleaſes all kinds of palates, and the latter only ſuch as have formed to themſelves a wrong artificial taſte upon little fanciful authors and writers of epigram. Homer, Virgil, or Milton, ſo far as the language of their poems is underſtood, will pleaſe a reader of plain common ſenſe, who would neither reliſh nor comprehend an epigram of Martial, or a poem of Cowley: ſo, on the contrary, an ordinary ſong or ballad that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to pleaſe all ſuch readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or ignorance; and the reaſon is plain, becauſe the ſame paintings of nature, which recommend it to the moſt ordinary reader, will appear beautiful to the moſt refined.

The old ſong of Chevy-Chace is the favourite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonſon uſed to ſay he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney, in his diſcourſe of poetry, ſpeaks of it in the following words: "I never "heard the old ſong of Piercy and Douglas, that I "found not my heart more moved than with a trum-"pet; and yet it is ſung by ſome blind crowder with no "rougher voice than rude ſtile; which being ſo evil "appraelled in the duſt and cobweb of that uncivil "age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous "eloquence of Pindar?" For my own part, I am ſo profeſſed an admirer of this antiquated ſong, that I ſhall give my reader a *critique* upon it, without any further apology for ſo doing.

The greateſt modern critics have laid it down as a rule, That an heroic poem ſhould be founded upon ſome important precept of morality, adapted to the conſtitution of the country in which the poet writes.

Homer

Homer and Virgil have formed their plans in this view. As Greece was a collection of many governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the Persian emperor, who was their common enemy many advantages over them by their mutual jealousies and animosities, Homer, in order to establish among them an union, which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his poem upon the discords of the several Grecian princes who were engaged in a confederacy against an Asiatic prince, and the several advantages which the enemy gained by such their discords. At the time the poem we are now treating of was written, the dissensions of the Barons, who were then so many petty princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves, or with their neighbours, and produced unspeakable calamities to the country. The poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battle and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an English and Scotch nobleman. That he designed this for the instruction of his poem, we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his readers.

God save the King, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

The next point observed by the greatest heroic poets, hath been to celebrate persons and actions which do honour to their country: thus Virgil's hero was the founder of Rome, Homer's a prince of Greece; and for this reason Valerius Flaccus and Statius, who were both Romans, might be justly derided for having chosen the expedition of the Golden Fleece, and the Wars of Thebes, for the subjects of their Epic writings.

The poet before us has not only found out an hero in his own country, but raises the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents. The English are the first

who

who take the field, and the laſt who quit it. The Engliſh bring only fifteen hundred to the battle, the Scotch two thouſand. The Engliſh keep the field with fifty-three; the Scotch retire with fifty-five: all the reſt on each ſide being ſlain in battle. But the moſt remarkable circumſtance of this kind, is the different manner in which the Scotch and Engliſh kings receive the news of this fight, and of the great men's deaths who commanded in it.

This news was brought to Edinburgh
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas ſuddenly
Was with an arrow ſlain.

O heavy news, King James did ſay;
Scotland can witneſs be,
I have not any captain more
Of ſuch account as he.

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was ſlain at Chevy-Chace.

Now God be with him, ſaid our King,
Sith 'twill no better be,
I truſt I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

Yet ſhall not Scot, nor Scotland ſay,
But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Piercy's ſake.

This vow full well the king perform'd
After on Humble-down,
In one day fifty knights were ſlain,
With lords of great renown.

And of the reſt of ſmall account
Did many thouſands die, &c.

At

At the ſame time that our poet ſhews a laudable partiality to his countrymen, he repreſents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming ſo bold and brave a people.

Earl Douglas on a milk-white ſteed,
Moſt like a baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the company,
Whoſe armour ſhone like gold.

His ſentiments and actions are every way ſuitable to an hero. One of us two, ſays he, muſt die: I am an Earl as well as yourſelf, ſo that you can have no pretence for refuſing the combat: however, ſays he, it is pity, and indeed would be a ſin, that ſo many innocent men ſhould periſh for our ſakes, rather let you and I end our quarrel in ſingle fight.

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two ſhall die;
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, ſo am I.

But truſt me, Piercy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,
And ſet our men aſide;
Accurſt be he, Lord Piercy ſaid,
By whom it is deny'd.

When theſe brave men had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the battle, and in ſingle combat with each other, in the midſt of a generous parley, full of heroic ſentiments, the Scotch Earl falls; and, with his dying words, encourages his men to revenge his death, repreſenting to them, as the moſt bitter circumſtance of it, that his rival ſaw him fall.

With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an Engliſh bow,

Which ſtruck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never ſpoke more words than theſe,
Fight on, my merry-men all,
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Piercy ſees my fall.

Merry-men, in the language of thoſe times, is no more than a chearful word for companions and fellow-ſoldiers. A paſſage in the eleventh book of Virgil's Æneids is very much to be admired, where Camilla, in her laſt agonies, inſtead of weeping over the wound ſhe had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her ſex, conſiders only, like the hero of whom we are now ſpeaking, how the battle ſhould be continued after her death.

Tum ſic expirans, &c. Æn. xi. 820.

A gathering miſt o'erclouds her chearful eyes;
And from her cheeks the roſy colour flies,
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She truſted moſt, and thus ſhe ſpeaks with pain:
Acca, 'tis paſt! he ſwims before my ſight,
Inexorable death; and claims his right.
Bear my laſt words to Turnus; fly with ſpeed,
And bid him timely to my charge ſucceed:
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewell.——— DRYDEN.

Turnus did not die in ſo heroic a manner; though our poet ſeems to have had his eye upon Turnus's ſpeech in the laſt verſe,

Lord Piercy ſees my fall.

——*Viciſti, et victum tendere palmas.*
Auſonii videre—— Æn. xii. 936.

The Latian Chiefs have ſeen me beg my life.
DRYDEN.

Earl

Earl Piercy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and paſſionate; I muſt only caution the reader not to let the ſimplicity of the ſtile, which one may well pardon in ſo old a poet, prejudice him againſt the greatneſs of the thought.

Then leaving life, Earl Piercy took
The dead man by the hand,
And ſaid, Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had loſt my land.

O Chriſt! my very heart doth bleed
With ſorrow for thy ſake;
For ſure a more renowned knight
Miſchance did never take.

That beautiful line, *Taking the dead man by the hand*, will put the reader in mind of Æneas's behaviour towards Lauſus, whom he himſelf had ſlain as he came to the reſcue of his aged father.

At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora
Ora modis Anchiſiades pallentia miris;
Ingemuit, miſerans graviter, dexteramque tetendit.
Æn. xii. 822.

The pious prince beheld young Lauſus dead;
He griev'd, he wept, then graſp'd his hand and ſaid, &c.
DRYDEN.

I ſhall take another opportunity to conſider the other parts of this old ſong.

Wedneſday, May 23, 1711*.

——*Genus immortale manet, multoſque per annos*
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.
Virg. Georg. iv. 208.

* NO. 72.

Th' im-

Th' immortal line in ſure ſucceſſion reigns,
The fortune of the family remains,
And grandſires grandſons the long liſt contains.

DRYDEN.

HAVING already given my reader an account of ſeveral extraordinary clubs both ancient and modern, I did not deſign to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature; but I have lately received information of a club, which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare ſay will be no leſs ſurpriſing to my reader, than it was to myſelf; for which reaſon, I ſhall communicate it to the public as one of the greateſt curioſities in its kind.

A friend of mine complaining of a tradeſman who is related to him, after having repreſented him as a very idle worthleſs fellow, who neglected his family, and ſpent moſt of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the *Everlaſting Club*. So very odd a title raiſed my curioſity to enquire into the nature of a club that had ſuch a ſounding name; upon which my friend gave me the following account:

THE *Everlaſting Club* conſiſts of a hundred members, who divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in ſuch a manner, that the club ſits day and night from one end of the year to another; no party preſuming to riſe till they are relieved by thoſe who are in courſe to ſucceed them. By this means a member of the *Everlaſting Club* never wants company; for though he is not upon duty himſelf, he is ſure to find ſome who are; ſo that if he be diſpoſed to take a whet, a nooning, an evening's draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

It is a maxim in this club, That the ſteward never dies; for as they ſucceed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair which ſtands at the upper end of the table, till his ſucceſſor is in a readineſs to fill it: inſomuch, that there has not been a *ſede vacante* in the memory of man.

This

This club was inſtituted towards the end, or as ſome of them ſay, about the middle, of the civil wars, and continued without interruption till the time of the **great fire*, which burned them out, and diſperſed them for ſeveral weeks. The ſteward, at that time, maintained his poſt till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring-houſe, which was demoliſhed in order to ſtop the fire; and would not leave the chair at laſt, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the club to withdraw himſelf. This ſteward is frequently talked of in the club, and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man than the famous captain mentioned in my Lord Clarendon, who was burned in his ſhip becauſe he would not quit it without orders. It is ſaid, that towards the cloſe of 1700, being the great year of jubilee, the club had it under conſideration whether they ſhould break up or continue their ſeſſion; but, after many ſpeeches and debates, it was at length agreed to ſit out the other century. This reſolution paſſed in a general club, *nemine contradicente*.

Having given this ſhort account of the inſtitution and continuation of the *Everlaſting Club*, I ſhould here endeavour to ſay ſomething of the manners and characters of its ſeveral members, which I ſhall do according to the beſt lights I have received in this matter.

It appears by their books in general, that, ſince their firſt inſtitution, they have ſmoked fifty tons of tobacco, drank thirty thouſand butts of ale, one thouſand hogſheads of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and a kilderkin of ſmall beer. There has been likewiſe a great conſumption of cards. It is alſo ſaid, that they obſerve the law in Ben Jonſon's Club, which orders the fire to be always kept in, *focus perennis eſto*, as well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampneſs of the club-room. They have an old woman in the nature of a veſtal, whoſe buſineſs it is to cheriſh and perpetuate the fire, which burns from generation to generation, and has ſeen the glaſs-houſe fires in and out above an hundred times.

The

* *Anno* 1666.

The *Everlasting Club* treats all other clubs with an eye of contempt, and talks even of the Kit-Cat and October as of a couple of upstarts. Their ordinary discourse, as much as I have been able to learn of it, turns altogether upon such adventures as have passed in their own assembly; of members who have taken the glass in their turns for a week together, without stirring out of the club; of others who have smoked an hundred pipes at a sitting; of others who have not missed their morning's-draught for twenty years together. Sometimes they speak in raptures of a run of ale in King Charles's reign; and sometimes reflect with astonishment upon games at whist, which have been miraculously recovered by members of the society, when in all human probability the case was desperate.

They delight in several old catches, which they sing at all hours to encourage one another to moisten their clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying exhortations of the like nature.

There are four general clubs held in a year, at which times they fill up vacancies, appoint waiters, confirm the old fire-maker, or elect a new one, settle contributions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other necessaries.

The senior member has out-lived the whole club twice over, and has been drunk with the grandfathers of some of the present sitting members.

Thursday, May 24, 1711*.

———*O dea certe!* Virg. Æn. i. 332.

O goddess! for no less you seem.

IT is very strange to consider, that a creature like man, who is sensible of so many weaknesses and imperfections, should be actuated by a love of fame; that vice and ignorance, imperfection and misery,

* NO. 73.

should

ſhould contend for praiſe, and endeavour as much as poſſible to make themſelves objects of admiration.

But notwithſtanding man's eſſential perfection is but very little, his comparative perfection may be very conſiderable. If he looks upon himſelf in an abſtracted light, he has not much to boaſt of; but if he conſiders himſelf with regard to others, he may find occaſion of glorying, if not in his own virtues, at leaſt in the abſence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflections of the wiſe man and the fool. The firſt endeavours to ſhine in himſelf, and the laſt to outſhine others. The firſt is humbled by the ſenſe of his own infirmities, the laſt is lifted up by the diſcovery of thoſe which he obſerves in other men. The wiſe man conſiders what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wiſe man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himſelf to the applauſe of thoſe about him.

But however unreaſonable and abſurd this paſſion for admiration may appear in ſuch a creature as man, it is not wholly to be diſcouraged; ſince it often produces very good effects, not only as it reſtrains him from doing any thing which is mean and contemptible, but as it puſhes him to actions which are great and glorious. The principle may be defective or faulty, but the conſequences it produces are ſo good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguiſhed.

It is obſerved by Cicero, that men of the greateſt and the moſt ſhining parts are the moſt actuated by ambition: and if we look into the two ſexes, I believe we ſhall find this principle of action ſtronger in women than in men.

The paſſion for praiſe, which is ſo very vehement in the fair ſex, produces excellent effects in women of ſenſe, who deſire to be admired for that only which deſerves admiration: and I think we may obſerve, without a compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform courſe of virtue, but with an infinitely greater regard to their honour, than

what

what we find in the generality of our own ſex. How many inſtances have we of chaſtity, fidelity, devotion? How many ladies diſtinguiſh themſelves by the education of their children, care of their familes, and love of their huſbands, which are the great qualities and atchievements of womankind: as the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the adminiſtration of juſtice, are thoſe by which men grow famous, and get themſelves a name.

But as this paſſion for admiration, when it works according to reaſon, improves the beautiful part of our ſpecies in every thing that is laudable; ſo nothing is more deſtructive to them when it is governed by vanity and folly. What I have therefore here to ſay, only regards the vain part of the ſex, whom for certain reaſons, which the reader will hereafter ſee at large, I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of *Idols*. An Idol is wholly taken up in the adorning of her perſon. You ſee in every poſture of her body, air of her face, and motion of her head, that it is her buſineſs and employment to gain adorers. For this reaſon your Idols appear in all public places and aſſemblies, in order to ſeduce men to their worſhip. The playhouſe is very frequently filled with Idols: ſeveral of them are carried in proceſſion every evening about the ring, and ſeveral of them ſet up their worſhip even in churches. They are to be accoſted in the language proper to the Deity. Life and death are in their power: joys of heaven, and pains of hell, are at their diſpoſal: paradiſe is in their arms, and eternity in every moment that you are preſent with them. Raptures, tranſports, and ecſtaſies, are the rewards which they confer: ſighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts, are the offerings which are paid to them. Their ſmiles make men happy; their frowns drive them to deſpair. I ſhall only add under this head, that Ovid's book of the Art of Love is a kind of heathen ritual, which contains all the forms of worſhip which are made uſe of to an Idol.

It would be as difficult a taſk to reckon up theſe different kinds of Idols, as Milton's was to number

thoſe

thoſe that were known in Canaan, and the lands adjoining. Moſt of them are worſhipped, like Moloch, in fires and flames. Some of them, like Baal, love to ſee their votaries cut and flaſhed, and ſhedding their blood for them. Some of them, like the Idol in the Apocrypha, muſt have treats and collations prepared for them every night. It has indeed been known, that ſome of them have been uſed by their incenſed worſhippers like the Chineſe Idols, who are whipped and ſcourged when they refuſe to comply with the prayers that are offered to them.

I muſt here obſerve, that thoſe idolaters who devote themſelves to the Idols I am here ſpeaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of idolaters. For as others fall out becauſe they worſhip different Idols, theſe idolaters quarrel becauſe they worſhip the ſame.

The intention therefore of the Idol is quite contrary to the wiſhes of the idolaters; as the one deſires to confine the idol to himſelf, the whole buſineſs and ambition of the other is to multiply adorers. This humour of an Idol is prettily deſcribed in a tale of Chaucer. He repreſents one of them ſitting at a table with three of her votaries about her, who are all of them courting her favours and paying their adorations. She ſmiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's foot which was under the table. Now which of theſe three, ſays the old bard, do you think was the favourite? In troth, ſays he, not one of all the three.

The behaviour of this old Idol in Chaucer puts me in mind of the beautiful Clarinda, one of the greateſt Idols among the moderns. She is worſhipped once a-week by candle-light, in the midſt of a large congregation, generally called an Aſſembly. Some of the gayeſt youths in the nation endeavour to plant themſelves in her eye, while ſhe ſits in form with multitudes of tapers burning about her. To encourage the zeal of her idolaters, ſhe beſtows a mark of her favour upon every one of them, before they go out of her preſence. She aſks a queſtion of one, tells a ſtory to another, glances an ogle upon a third, takes a pinch of ſnuff

from the fourth, lets her fan drop by accident to give the fifth an occaſion of taking it up. In ſhort, every one goes away ſatisfied with his ſucceſs, and encouraged to renew his devotions on the ſame canonical hour that day ſevennight.

An Idol may be undeified by many accidental cauſes. Marriage in particular is a kind of counter Apotheoſis, or a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddeſs, ſhe quickly ſinks into a woman.

Old age is likewiſe a great decayer of your Idol. The truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy being than a ſuperannuated Idol, eſpecially when ſhe has contracted ſuch airs and behaviour as are only graceful when her worſhippers are about her.

Conſidering therefore that in theſe and many other caſes the Woman generally outlives the Idol, I muſt return to the moral of this Paper, and deſire my fair readers to give a proper direction to their paſſion for being admired; in order to which, they muſt endeavour to make themſelves the objects of a reaſonable and laſting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dreſs, or faſhion; but from thoſe inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or ſickneſs, and which appear moſt amiable to thoſe who are moſt acquainted with them.

Friday, May 25, 1711*.

——*Pendent opera interrupta*—— Virg. Æn. iv. 88.

The works unfiniſh'd and neglected lie.

IN my laſt Monday's Paper I gave ſome general inſtances of thoſe beautiful ſtrokes which pleaſe the reader in the old ſong of Chevy Chace; I ſhall here, according to my promiſe, be more particular, and ſhew

* No. 74.

that

that the ſentiments in that ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the majeſtick ſimplicity which we admire in the greateſt of the ancient poets: for which reaſon I ſhall quote ſeveral paſſages of it, in which the thought is altogether the ſame with what we meet in ſeveral paſſages of the Æneid: not that I would infer from thence, that the poet (whoever he was) propoſed to himſelf any imitation of thoſe paſſages, but that he was directed to them in general by the ſame kind of poetical genius, and by the ſame copyings after nature.

Had this old ſong been filled with epigrammatical turns and points of wit, it might perhaps have pleaſed the wrong taſte of ſome readers; but it would never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir Philip Sidney like the ſound of a trumpet; it is only nature that can have this effect, and pleaſe thoſe taſtes which are the moſt unprejudiced, or the moſt refined. I muſt however beg leave to diſſent from ſo great an authority as that of Sir Philip Sidney, in the judgment which he has paſſed as to the rude ſtile and evil apparel of this antiquated ſong; for there are ſeveral parts in it where not only the thought but the language is majeſtick, and the numbers ſonorous; at leaſt, the apparel is much more gorgeous than many of the poets made uſe of in Queen Elizabeth's time, as the reader will ſee in ſeveral of the following quotations.

What can be greater than either the thought or the expreſſion in that ſtanza,

To drive the deer with hound and horn
  Earl Piercy took his way!
The child may rue that is unborn
  The hunting of that day!

This way of conſidering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon poſterity, not only on thoſe who were born immediately after the battle, and loſt their fathers in it, but on thoſe alſo who periſhed in future battles which took their riſe from this quarrel

of the two Earls, is wonderfully beautiful and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets.

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juventus. Hor. 1 Od. ii. 23.

Posterity, thinn'd by their fathers' crimes,
Shall read, with grief, the story of their times.

What can be more sounding and poetical, or resemble more the majestic simplicity of the ancients, than the following stanzas?

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

——Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

Georg. iii. 43.

Cithæron loudly calls me to my way;
Thy hounds, Taygetus, open, and pursue the prey:
High Epidaurus urges on my speed,
Fam'd for his hills, and for his horses breed:
From hills and dales the chearful cries rebound;
For Echo hunts along, and propagates the sound.

DRYDEN.

Lo,

Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottiſh ſpears,
All marching in our ſight.

All men of pleaſant Tividale,
Faſt by the river Tweed, &c.

The country of the Scotch warriors, deſcribed in theſe two laſt verſes, has a fine romantick ſituation, and affords a couple of ſmooth words for verſe. If the reader compares the foregoing ſix lines of the ſong with the following Latin verſes, he will ſee how much they are written in the ſpirit of Virgil.

Adverſi campo apparent, haſtaſque reductis
Protendunt longe dextris; & ſpicula vibrant:——
Quique altum Præneſte viri, quique arva Gabinæ
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, & roſcida rivis
Hernica ſaxa colunt: qui roſea rura Velini
Qui Tetricæ horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,
Caſperiamque colunt, Foruloſque & flumen Himellæ;
Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt.——————
Æn. xi. 605. vii. 682, 712.

Advancing in a line, they couch their ſpears——
——Præneſte ſends a choſen band,
With thoſe who plow Saturnia's gabine land:
Beſides the ſuccours which cold Anien yields;
The rocks of Hernicus—beſides a band,
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land——
And Mountaineers that from Severus came:
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica;
And thoſe where yellow Tiber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play:
Caſperia ſends her arms, with thoſe that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli. DRYDEN.

But to proceed:

Earl Douglas on a milk-white ſteed,
Moſt like a Baron bold,

Rode

Rode foremoſt of the company,
Whoſe armour ſhone like gold.

Turnus ut antevolans tardum præceſſerat agmen, &c.
Vidiſti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
Aureus———————

Our Engliſh archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the firſt flight of arrows ſent,
Full threeſcore Scots they ſlew.

They clos'd full faſt on ev'ry ſide,
No ſlackneſs there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gaſping on the ground.

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an Engliſh bow,
Which ſtruck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

Æneas was wounded after the ſame manner by an unknown hand in the midſt of a parley.

Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro ſtridens alis allapſa ſagitta eſt,
Incertum qua pulſa manu——— Æn. xii. 318.

Thus while he ſpake, unmindful of defence,
A winged arrow ſtruck the pious prince;
But whether from an human hand it came,
Or hoſtile God, is left unknown by fame.

DRYDEN.

But of all the deſcriptive parts of this ſong, there are none more beautiful than the four following ſtanzas, which have a great force and ſpirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumſtances. The thought in the third ſtanza was never touched by any other poet, and is ſuch an one as would have ſhined in Homer or in Virgil. So

So thus did both theſe nobles die,
Whoſe courage none could ſtain;
An Engliſh archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was ſlain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a truſty tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Unto the head drew he.

Againſt Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his ſhaft he ſet,
The grey-gooſe wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did laſt from break of day
Till ſetting of the ſun:
For when they rung the ev'ning bell
The battle ſcarce was done.

One may obſerve likewiſe, that, in the catalogue of the ſlain, the author has followed the example of the great ancient poets, not only in giving a long liſt of the dead, but by diverſifying it with little characters of particular perſons.

And with Earl Douglas there was ſlain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field
One foot would never fly:

Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too,
His ſiſter's ſon was he;
Sir David Lamb, ſo well eſteem'd,
Yet ſaved could not be.

The familiar ſound in theſe names deſtroys the majeſty of the deſcription: for this reaſon I do not mention this part of the poem but to ſhew the natural caſt of thought which appears in it, as the two laſt verſes look almoſt like a tranſlation of Virgil.

Cadit

——Cadit & Ripheus justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris & servantissimus æqui,
Diis aliter visum est—— Æn. ii. 426.

Then Ripheus fell in the unequal fight,
Just of his word, observant of the right:
Heav'n thought not so. DRYDEN.

In the catalogue of the English who fell, Witherington's behaviour is in the same manner particularized very artfully, as the reader is prepared for it by that account which is given of him in the beginning of the battle; though I am satisfied your little buffoon readers (who have seen that passage ridiculed in Hudibras) will not be able to take the beauty of it: for which reason I dare not so much as quote it.

Then stept a gallant 'squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.

We meet with the same heroic sentiment in Virgil.

Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui
Non sumus——? Æn. xii. 229.

For shame, Rutilians, can you bear the sight
Of one expos'd for all in single fight?
Can we before the face of heav'n confess
Our courage colder, or our numbers less?
DRYDEN.

What can be more natural, or more moving, than the circumstances in which he describes the behaviour of those women who had left their husbands on this fatal day?

Next

Next day did many widows come
  Their husbands to bewail:
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
  But all would not prevail.

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
  They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
  When they were clad in clay.

Thus we see how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit.

If this song had been written in the Gothick manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions. I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of Latin quotations; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own judgement would have looked too singular on such a subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of Virgil.

Saturday, June, 2, 1711*.

Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure tigris
Horruit in maculas—— Stat. Theb. II. 128.

"As when the tigress hears the hunter's din,
"Dark angry spots distain her glossy skin."

ABOUT the middle of last winter I went to see an Opera at the Theatre in the Hay-market, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine

women, that had placed themſelves in the oppoſite ſide-boxes, and ſeemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one againſt another. After a ſhort ſurvey of them, I found they were patched differently; the faces on one hand being ſpotted on the right ſide of the forehead, and thoſe upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that they caſt hoſtile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in thoſe different ſituations, as party-ſignals to diſtinguiſh friends from foes. In the middle-boxes between theſe two oppoſite bodies, were ſeveral ladies who patched indifferently on both ſides of their faces, and ſeemed to ſit there with no other intention but to ſee the Opera. Upon inquiry, I found that the body of Amazons on my right hand were Whigs, and thoſe on my left, Tories; and that thoſe who had placed themſelves in the middle-boxes were a neutral party, whoſe faces had not yet declared themſelves. Theſe laſt, however, as I afterwards found, diminiſhed daily, and took their party with one ſide or the other: inſomuch that I obſerved in ſeveral of them, the patches, which were before diſperſed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory ſide of the face. The cenſorious ſay, that the men, whoſe hearts are aimed at, are very often the occaſions that one part of the face is thus diſhonoured, and lies under a kind of diſgrace, while the other is ſo much ſet off and adorned by the owner; and that the patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is moſt in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantaſtical coquettes, who do not patch for the public good ſo much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are ſeveral women of honour who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the intereſt of the country. Nay, I am informed that ſome of them adhere ſo ſtedfaſtly to their party, and are ſo far from ſacrificing their zeal for the public to their paſſion for any particular perſon, that in a late draught of marriage-articles a lady has ſtipulated with her huſband, that, whatever his opinions are, ſhe ſhall be at liberty to patch on which ſide ſhe pleaſes.

I muſt

I muſt here take notice, that Roſalinda, a famous Whig partiſan, has moſt unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead; which being very conſpicuous, has occaſioned many miſtakes, and given a handle to her enemies to miſrepreſent her face, as though it had revolted from the Whig intereſt. But whatever this natural patch may ſeem to intimate, it is well known that her notions of government are ſtill the ſame. This unlucky mole, however, has miſled ſeveral coxcombs; and, like the hanging out of falſe colours, made ſome of them converſe with Roſalinda in what they thought the ſpirit of her party, when on a ſudden ſhe has given them an unexpected fire, that has ſunk them all at once. If Roſalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, againſt her inclinations, to patch on the Whig ſide.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial ſpotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled, by a zeal for their cauſe, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the tigreſs, that ſeveral ſpots riſe in her ſkin when ſhe is angry, or, as Mr Cowley has imitated the verſes that ſtand as the motto of this paper,

——She ſwells with angry pride,
And calls forth all her ſpots on every ſide.

When I was in the theatre the time above-mentioned, I had the curioſity to count the patches on both ſides, and found the Tory patches to be about twenty ſtronger than the Whig; but to make amends for this ſmall inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-ſhow filled with faces ſpotted after the Whiggiſh manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces I cannot tell; but the next night they came in ſo great a body to the opera, that they out-number'd the enemy.

This account of party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to thoſe who live at a diſtance from the faſhionable world: but as it is a diſtinction of a very ſingular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I ſhould not have diſcharged the office of a faithful Spectator, had not I recorded it.

I have, in former Papers, endeavoured to expoſe this party-rage in women, as it only ſerves to aggravate the hatreds and animoſities that reign among men, and in a great meaſure deprives the fair ſex of thoſe peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and juſt upon the point of giving battle, the women, who were allied to both of them, interpoſed with ſo many tears and intreaties, that they prevented the mutual ſlaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and laſting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our Britiſh ladies, at a time when their country is torn with ſo many unnatural diviſions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The Greeks thought it ſo improper for women to intereſt themſelves in competitions and contentions, that for this reaſon, among others, they forbad them, under pain of death, to be preſent at the Olympic games, notwithſtanding theſe were the public diverſions of all Greece.

As our Engliſh women excel thoſe of all nations in beauty, they ſhould endeavour to outſhine them in all other accompliſhments proper to the ſex, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves as tender mothers, and faithful wives, rather than as furious partizans. Female virtues are of a domeſtic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to ſhine in. If they muſt be ſhewing their zeal for the public, let it not be againſt thoſe who are perhaps of the ſame family, or at leaſt of the ſame religion or nation, but againſt thoſe who are the open, profeſſed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty, and country. When the Romans were preſſed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contribu-

ted

ted all their rings and jewels to assist the government under a public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our English ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, shew themselves so truly public-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honour of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedemonians. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience; 'And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few words: Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation, not to be talked of one way or other.'

Tuesday, June 5, 1711*.

———*Animum pictura pascit inani.*

Virg. Æn. i. 468.

"And with the shadowy picture feeds his mind."

WHEN the weather hinders me from taking my diversions without doors, I frequently make a little party with two or three select friends, to visit any thing curious that may be seen under covert. My

* No. 83.

principal

principal entertainments of this nature are pictures, insomuch that when I have found the weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole day's journey to see a gallery that is furnished by the hands of great masters. By this means, when the heavens are filled with clouds, when the earth swims in rain, and all nature wears a lowring countenance, I withdraw myself from these uncomfortable scenes into the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay ideas, and disperse that gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate seasons.

I was some weeks ago in a course of these diversions; which had taken such an entire possession of my imagination, that they formed in it a short morning's dream, which I shall communicate to my reader, rather as the first sketch and outlines of a vision, than as a finished piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long spacious gallery, which had one side covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters that are dead.

On the side of the Living, I saw several persons busy in drawing, colouring, and designing. On the side of the Dead painters, I could not discover more than one person at work, who was exceeding slow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches.

I was resolved to examine the several artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied myself to the side of the Living. The first I observed at work in this part of the gallery was Vanity, with his hair tied behind him in a ribbon, and dressed like a Frenchman. All the faces he drew were very remarkable for their smiles, and a certain smirking air which he bestowed indifferently on every age and degree of either sex. The *toujours gai* appeared even in his judges, bishops, and privy-counsellors. In a word, all his men were *Petits Maitres*, and all his women *Coquettes*. The drapery of his figures was extremely well-suited to his faces, and was made up of all the glaring colours that could be

be mixed together; every part of the dreſs was in a flutter, and endeavoured to diſtinguiſh itſelf above the reſt.

On the left hand of Vanity ſtood a laborious workman, who I found was his humble admirer, and copied after him. He was dreſſed like a German, and had a very hard name, that ſounded ſomething like Stupidity.

The third artiſt that I looked over was Fantaſque, dreſſed like a Venetian ſcaramouch. He had an excellent hand at Chimera, and dealt very much in diſtortions and grimaces. He would ſometimes affright himſelf with the phantoms that flowed from his pencil. In ſhort, the moſt elaborate of his pieces was at beſt but a terrifying dream; and one could ſay nothing more of his fineſt figures, than that they were agreeable monſters.

The fourth perſon I examined was very remarkable for his haſty hand, which left his pictures ſo unfiniſhed, that the beauty in the picture (which was deſigned to continue as a monument of it to poſterity) faded ſooner than in the perſon after whom it was drawn. He made ſo much haſte to diſpatch his buſineſs, that he neither gave himſelf time to clean his pencils, nor mix his colours. The name of this expeditious workman was Avarice.

Not far from this artiſt I ſaw another of a quite different nature, who was dreſſed in the habit of a Dutchman, and known by the name of Induſtry. His figures were wonderfully laboured. If he drew the portraiture of a man, he did not omit a ſingle hair in his face; if the figure of a ſhip, there was not a rope among the tackle that eſcaped him. He had likewiſe hung a great part of the wall with night-pieces, that ſeemed to ſhew themſelves by the candles which were lighted up in ſeveral parts of them; and were ſo inflamed by the ſun-ſhine which accidentally fell upon them, that at firſt ſight I could ſcarce forbear crying out Fire.

The five foregoing artiſts were the moſt conſiderable on this ſide the gallery; there were indeed ſeveral others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however,

however, I could not forbear obſerving, who was very buſy in retouching the fineſt pieces, tho' he produced no originals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature that was before over-charged, loaded every defect, and poiſoned every colour it touched. Though this workman did ſo much miſchief on the ſide of the Living, he never turned his eye towards that of the Dead. His name was Envy.

Having taken a curſory view of one ſide of the gallery, I turned myſelf to that which was filled by the works of thoſe great maſters that were Dead; when immediately I fancied myſelf ſtanding before a multitude of Spectators, and thouſands of eyes looking upon me at once: for all before me appeared ſo like men and women, that I almoſt forgot they were pictures. Raphael's figures ſtood in one row, Titian's in another, Guido Rheni's in a third. One part of the wall was peopled by Hannibal Carrache, another by Corregio, and another by Rubens. To be ſhort, there was not a great maſter among the Dead who had not contributed to the embelliſhment of this ſide of the gallery. The perſons that owed their being to theſe ſeveral maſters, appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the variety of their ſhapes, complexions, and clothes; ſo that they looked like different nations of the ſame ſpecies.

Obſerving an old man (who was the ſame perſon I before mentioned, as the only artiſt that was at work on this ſide of the gallery) creeping up and down from one picture to another, and retouching all the fine pieces that ſtood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his motions. I found his pencil was ſo very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thouſand touches, ſcarce produced any viſible effect in the picture on which he was employed. However, as he buſied himſelf inceſſantly, and repeated touch after touch without reſt or intermiſſion, he wore off inſenſibly every little diſagreeable gloſs that hung upon a figure. He alſo added ſuch a beautiful brown to the ſhades, and mellowneſs to the colours, that he made every picture appear more perfect than when it

came

came freſh from the maſter's pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the face of this ancient workman, and immediately, by the long lock of hair upon his forehead, diſcovered him to be Time.

Whether it were becauſe the thread of my dream was at an end I cannot tell, but upon my taking a ſurvey of this imaginary old man, my ſleep left me.

Thurſday, June 7, 1711*.

Interdum ſpecioſa locis, morataque recte
FABULA, *nullius veneris, ſine pondere & arte,*
Valdius oblectat populum, meliuſque moratur,
Quam verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 319.

——" when the ſentiments and manners pleaſe,
" And all the characters are wrought with eaſe,
" Your 'TALE,' tho' void of beauty, force, and art,
" More ſtrongly ſhall delight, and warm the heart;
" Than where a lifeleſs pomp of verſe appears,
" And with ſonorous trifles charms our ears."

FRANCIS.

IT is the cuſtom of the Mahometans, if they ſee any printed or written paper upon the ground, to take it up and lay it aſide carefully, as not knowing but it may contain ſome piece of their Alcoran. I muſt confeſs I have ſo much of the Muſſulman in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every printed paper which comes in my way, under whatſoever deſpicable circumſtances it may appear; for as no mortal author, in the ordinary fate and viciſſitudes of things, knows to what uſe his works may ſome time or other be applied, a man may often meet with very celebrated names in a paper of tobacco. I have lighted my pipe more than once with the writings of a prelate; and know a friend

of mine, who, for theſe ſeveral years, has converted the eſſays of a man of quality into a kind of fringe for his candleſticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a poem of an eminent author on a victory, I met with ſeveral fragments of it upon the next rejoicing day, which had been employed in ſquibs and crackers, and by that means celebrated its ſubject in a double capacity. I once met with a page of Mr Baxter under a Chriſtmas pie. Whether or no the paſtry-cook had made uſe of it through chance or waggery, for the defence of that ſuperſtitious viand, I know not; but upon the peruſal of it, I conceived ſo good an idea of the author's piety, that I bought the whole book. I have often profited by theſe accidental readings, and have ſometimes found very curious pieces, that are either out of print, or not to be met with in the ſhops of our London bookſellers. For this reaſon, when my friends take a ſurvey of my library, they are very much ſurpriſed, to find upon the ſhelf of folio's, two long band-boxes ſtanding upright among my books; till I let them ſee that they are both of them lined with deep erudition and abſtruſe literature. I might likewiſe mention a paper-kite, from which I have received great improvement; and a hat-caſe, which I would not exchange for all the beavers in Great-Britain. This my inquiſitive temper, or rather impertinent humour, of prying into all ſorts of writing, with my natural averſion to loquacity, gives me a good deal of employment when I enter any houſe in the country; for I cannot for my heart leave a room, before I have thoroughly ſtudied the walls of it, and examined the ſeveral printed papers which are uſually paſted upon them. The laſt piece that I met with upon this occaſion gave me a moſt exquiſite pleaſure. My reader will think I am not ſerious, when I acquaint him that the piece I am going to ſpeak of, was the old ballad of *The two children in the wood*, which is one of the darling ſongs of the common people, and has been the delight of moſt Engliſhmen in ſome part of their age.

This

This ſong is a plain ſimple copy of nature, deſtitute of the helps and ornaments of art. The tale of it is a pretty tragical ſtory, and pleaſes for no other reaſon but becauſe it is a copy of nature. There is even a deſpicable ſimplicity in the verſe; and yet becauſe the ſentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the moſt polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compaſſion. The incidents grow out of the ſubject, and are ſuch as are the moſt proper to excite pity; for which reaſon the whole narration has ſomething in it very moving, notwithſtanding the author of it (whoever he was) has delivered it in ſuch an abject phraſe and poorneſs of expreſſion, that the quoting any part of it would look like a deſign of turning it into ridicule. But though the language is mean, the thoughts, as I have before ſaid, from one end to the other are natural, and therefore cannot fail to pleaſe thoſe who are not judges of language, or thoſe who, notwithſtanding they are judges of language, have a true and unprejudiced taſte of nature. The condition, ſpeech, and behaviour of the dying parents, with the age, innocence, and diſtreſs of the children, are ſet forth in ſuch tender circumſtances, that it is impoſſible for a reader of common humanity not to be affected with them. As for the circumſtance of the Robin-red-breaſt, it is indeed a little poetical ornament; and to ſhew the genius of the author amidſt all his ſimplicity, it is juſt the ſame kind of fiction which one of the greateſt of the Latin poets has made uſe of upon a parallel occaſion; I mean that paſſage in Horace, where he deſcribes himſelf when he was a child, fallen aſleep in a deſart wood, and covered with leaves by the turtles that took pity on him.

Me fabuloſæ vulture in Apulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque ſomno
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texere———

4 Od. iii.

" Me when a child, as tir'd with play
" Upon the Apulian hills I lay
" In careleſs ſlumbers bound,
" The gentle doves protecting found,
" And cover'd me with myrtle leaves."

I have heard that the late Lord Dorſet, who had the greateſt wit tempered with the greateſt candour, and was one of the fineſt critics as well as the beſt poets of his age, had a numerous collection of old Engliſh ballads, and took a particular pleaſure in the reading of them. I can affirm the ſame of Mr Dryden, and know ſeveral of the moſt refined writers of our preſent age who are of the ſame humour.

I might likewiſe refer my reader to Moliere's thoughts on this ſubject, as he has expreſſed them in the character of the Miſanthrope; but thoſe only who are endowed with a true greatneſs of ſoul and genius, can diveſt themſelves of the little images of ridicule, and admire nature in her ſimplicity and nakedneſs. As for the little conceited wits of the age, who can only ſhew their judgment by finding fault, they cannot be ſuppoſed to admire theſe productions which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to reliſh even thoſe compoſitions that, with all the beauties of nature, have alſo the additional advantages of art.

Friday, June 8, 1711*.

Heu quam difficile eſt crimen non prodere vultu!
Ovid. Met. ii. 447.

" How in the looks does conſcious guilt appear!"
ADDISON.

THERE are ſeveral arts which all men are in ſome meaſure maſters of, without having been at the

* No. 86.

pains

pains of learning them. Every one that ſpeaks or reaſons is a grammarian and a logician, though he may be wholly unacquainted with the rules of grammar or logic, as they are delivered in books and ſyſtems. In the ſame manner, every one is in ſome degree a maſter of that art which is generally diſtinguiſhed by the name of Phyſiognomy; and naturally forms to himſelf the character or fortune of a ſtranger, from the features and lineaments of his face. We are no ſooner preſented to any one we never ſaw before, but we are immediately ſtruck with the idea of a proud, a reſerved, an affable or a good-natured man; and upon our firſt going into a company of ſtrangers, our benevolence or averſion, awe or contempt, riſes naturally towards ſeveral particular perſons, before we have heard them ſpeak a ſingle word, or ſo much as know who they are.

Every paſſion gives a particular caſt to the countenance, and is apt to diſcover itſelf in ſome feature or other. I have ſeen an eye curſe for half an hour together, and an eye-brow call a man a ſcoundrel. Nothing is more common than for lovers to complain, reſent, languiſh, deſpair, and die in dumb ſhow. For my own part, I am ſo apt to frame a notion of every man's humour or circumſtances by his looks, that I have ſometimes employed myſelf from Charing-Croſs to the Royal-Exchange in drawing the characters of thoſe who have paſſed by me. When I ſee a man with a ſour rivell'd face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife; and when I meet with an open ingenuous countenance, think on the happineſs of his friends, his family, and relations.

I cannot recollect the author of a famous ſaying to a ſtranger who ſtood ſilent in his company, "Speak that "I may ſee thee." But, with ſubmiſſion, I think we may be better known by our looks than by our words, and that a man's ſpeech is much more eaſily diſguiſed than his countenance. In this caſe, however, I think the air of the whole face is much more expreſſive than the lines of it. The truth of it is, the air is generally nothing elſe but the inward diſpoſition of the mind made viſible.

Thoſe

Thoſe who have eſtabliſhed phyſiognomy into an art, and laid down rules of judging men's tempers by their faces, have regarded the features much more than the air. Martial has a pretty epigram on this ſubject;

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læſus:
Rem magnam præſtas, Zoile, ſi bonus es.
Epig. liv. 12.

Thy beard and head are of a different dye;
Short of one foot, diſtorted in an eye:
With all theſe tokens of a knave complete,
Should'ſt thou be honeſt, thou'rt a deviliſh cheat.

I have ſeen a very ingenious author on this ſubject, who founds his ſpeculations on the ſuppoſition, that as a man hath in the mould of his face a remote likneſs to that of an ox, a ſheep, a lion, a hog, or any other creature; he hath the ſame reſemblance in the frame of his mind, and is ſubject to thoſe paſſions which are predominant in the creature that appears in his countenance. Accordingly he gives the prints of ſeveral faces that are of a different mould, and by a little overcharging the likeneſs, diſcovers the figures of theſe ſeveral kinds of brutal faces in human features. I remember, in the life of the famous prince of Condé, the writer obſerves, the face of that prince was like the face of an eagle, and that the prince was very well pleaſed to be told ſo. In this caſe therefore we may be ſure, that he had in his mind ſome general notion of this Art of Phyſiognomy which I have juſt now mentioned; and that when his courtiers told him his face was made like an eagle's, he underſtood them in the ſame manner as if they had told him, there was ſomething in his looks, which ſhewed him to be ſtrong, active, piercing, and of a royal deſcent. Whether or no the different motions of the animal ſpirits, in different paſſions, may have any effect on the mould of the face when the lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the ſame kind of ſouls require the ſame kind of habi-

habitations, I ſhall leave to the conſideration of the curious. In the mean time, I think nothing can be more glorious than for a man to give the lye to his face, and to be an honeſt, juſt, good-natured man, in ſpite of all thoſe marks and ſignatures which nature ſeems to have ſet upon him for the contrary. This very often happens among thoſe, who, inſtead of being exaſperated by their own looks, or envying the looks of others, apply themſelves entirely to the cultivating of their minds, and getting thoſe beauties which are more laſting, and more ornamental. I have ſeen many an amiable piece of deformity; and have obſerved a certain chearfulneſs in as bad a ſyſtem of features as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an inſolent beauty. There is a double praiſe due to virtue, when it is lodged in a body that ſeems to have been prepared for the reception of vice; in many ſuch caſes the ſoul and the body do not ſeem to be fellows.

Socrates was an extraordinary inſtance of this nature. There chanced to be a great phyſiognomiſt in his time at Athens, who had made ſtrange diſcoveries of men's tempers and inclinations by their outward appearances. Socrates' diſciples, that they might put this artiſt to the trial, carried them to their maſter, whom he had never ſeen before, and did not know he was then in company with him. After a ſhort examination of his face, the phyſiognomiſt pronounced him the moſt lewd, libidinous, drunken old fellow, that he had ever met with in his whole life. Upon which the diſciples all burſt out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the falſehood and vanity of his art. But Socrates told them, that the principles of his art might be very true, notwithſtanding his preſent miſtake; for that he himſelf was naturally inclined to thoſe particular vices which the phyſiognomiſt had diſcovered in his countenance, but that he had conquered the ſtrong diſpoſitions he was born with, by the dictates of philoſophy.

We are indeed told by an ancient author, that Socrates very much reſembled Silenus in his face; which we find to have been very rightly obſerved from the

ſtatues

ſtatues and buſts of both, that are ſtill extant; as well as on ſeveral antique ſeals and precious ſtones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the cabinets of the curious. But however obſervations of this nature may ſometimes hold, a wiſe man ſhould be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a man's outward appearance. It is an irreparable injuſtice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the looks and features of thoſe whom we do not know. How often do we conceive hatred againſt a perſon of worth, or fancy a man to be proud or ill-natured by his aſpect, whom we think we cannot eſteem too much when we are acquainted with his real character? Dr Moore, in his admirable Syſtem of Ethics, reckons this particular inclination to take a prejudice againſt a man for his looks, among the ſmaller vices in morality, and, if I remember, gives it the name of a *Proſopolepſia*.

Tueſday, June 12, 1711*.

——Petite hinc, juveneſque ſeneſque,
Finem animo certum, miſeriſque viatica canis.
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quaſi magnum,
Nempe diem donas? ſed cum lux altera venit,
Jam cras heſternum conſumpſimus; ecce aliud cras,
Egerit hos annos, & ſemper paulum erit ultra.
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone ſub uno,
Vertentem ſeſe fruſtra, ſectabere canthum.

Perſ. Sat. v. 64.

" *Perſ.* From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
" The bounds of good and evil to diſcern.
" *Corn.* Unhappy he, who does this work adjourn,
" And to To-morrow wou'd the ſearch delay:
" His lazy morrow will be like To-day.
" *Perſ.* But is one day of eaſe too much to borrow?
" *Corn.* Yes, ſure; for Yeſterday was once To-morrow.
" That Yeſterday is gone, and nothing gain'd;

* No. 89. " And

" And all thy fruitleſs days will thus be drain'd:
" For thou haſt more To-morrows yet to aſk,
" And wilt be ever to begin thy taſk;
" Who, like the hindmoſt chariot-wheels, art curſt,
" Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the firſt." DRYDEN.

AS my correſpondents upon the ſubject of love are very numerous, it is my deſign, if poſſible, to range them under ſeveral heads, and addreſs myſelf to them at different times. The firſt branch of them, to whoſe ſervice I ſhall dedicate this Paper, are thoſe that have to do with women of dilatory tempers, who are for ſpinning out the time of courtſhip to an immoderate length, without being able either to cloſe with their lovers, or to diſmiſs them. I have many letters by me filled with complaints againſt this ſort of women. In one of them no leſs a man than a brother of the coif tells me, that he began his ſuit *Viceſimo nono Caroli ſecundi*, before he had been a twelvemonth at the Temple; that he proſecuted it for many years after he was called to the bar; that at preſent he is a ſerjeant at law; and notwithſtanding he hoped that matters would have been long ſince brought to an iſſue, the fair one ſtill demurs. I am ſo well pleaſed with this gentleman's phraſe, that I ſhall diſtinguiſh this ſect of women by the title of Demurrers. I find by another letter from one that calls himſelf Thyrſis, that his miſtreſs has been demurring above theſe ſeven years. But among all my plaintiffs of this nature, I moſt pity the unfortunate Philander, a man of a conſtant paſſion and plentiful fortune, who ſets forth that the timorous and irreſolute Sylvia has demurred till ſhe is paſt child-bearing. Strephon appears by his letter to be a very choleric lover, and irrevocably ſmitten with one that demurs out of ſelf-intereſt. He tells me with great paſſion that ſhe has bubbled him out of his youth; that ſhe drilled him on to five and fifty, and that he verily believes ſhe will drop him in his old age, if ſhe can find her account in another. I ſhall conclude this narrative with a letter from honeſt Sam Hopewell, a very pleaſant fellow, who it ſeems has at

 laſt

laſt married a Demurrer. I muſt only premiſe, that Sam, who is a very good bottle-companion, has been the diverſion of his friends, upon account of his paſſion, ever ſince the year one thouſand ſix hundred and eighty-one.

'Dear Sir,

'YOU know very well my paſſion for Mrs Martha, 'and what a dance ſhe has led me. She took 'me out at the age of two and twenty, and dodged 'with me above thirty years. I have loved her till 'ſhe is grown as gray as a cat, and am with much ado 'become the maſter of her perſon, ſuch as it is at pre-'ſent. She is, however, in my eye a very charming old 'woman. We often lament that we did not marry 'ſooner, but ſhe has nobody to blame for it but her-'ſelf. You know very well that ſhe would never 'think of me whilſt ſhe had a tooth in her head. I 'have put the date of my paſſion (*Anno Amoris Tri-'geſimo primo*) inſtead of a poſy on my wedding ring. 'I expect you ſhould ſend me a congratulatory letter, 'or, if you pleaſe, an *Epithalamium*, upon this occa-'ſion.

'Mrs Martha's and yours eternally,

'Sam Hopewell.'

In order to baniſh an evil out of the world, that does not only produce great uneaſineſs to private perſons, but has alſo a very bad influence on the public, I ſhall endeavour to ſhow the folly of demurrage from two or three reflections which I earneſtly recommend to the thoughts of my fair readers.

Firſt of all I would have them ſeriouſly think on the ſhortneſs of their time. Life is not long enough for a coquette to play all her tricks in. A timorous woman drops into her grave before ſhe has done deliberating. Were the age of man the ſame that it was before the flood, a lady might ſacrifice half a century to a ſcruple, and be two or three ages in demurring. Had ſhe nine hundred

hundred years good, ſhe might hold out to the converſion of the Jews before ſhe thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas! ſhe ought to play her part in haſte, when ſhe conſiders that ſhe is ſuddenly to quit the ſtage, and make room for others.

In the ſecond place, I would deſire my female readers to conſider, that as the term of Life is ſhort, that of Beauty is much ſhorter. The fineſt ſkin wrinkles in a few years, and loſes the ſtrength of its colouring ſo ſoon, that we have ſcarce time to admire it. I might embelliſh this ſubject with roſes and rainbows, and ſeveral other ingenious conceits, which I may poſſibly reſerve for another opportunity.

There is a third conſideration which I would likewiſe recommend to a Demurrer, and that is the great danger of her falling in love when ſhe is about threeſcore, if ſhe cannot ſatisfy her doubts and ſcruples before that time. There is a kind of latter ſpring, that ſometimes gets into the blood of an old woman, and turns her into a very odd ſort of an animal. I would therefore have the Demurrer conſider what a ſtrange figure ſhe will make, if ſhe chances to get over all difficulties, and comes to a final reſolution, in that unſeaſonable part of her life.

I would not however be underſtood, by any thing I have here ſaid, to diſcourage that natural modeſty in the ſex, which renders a retreat from the firſt approaches of a lover both faſhionable and graceful. All that I intend is, to adviſe them, when they are prompted by reaſon and inclination, to demur only out of form, and ſo far as decency requires. A virtuous woman ſhould reject the firſt offer of marriage, as a good man does that of a biſhopric; but I would adviſe neither the one nor the other to perſiſt in refuſing what they ſecretly approve. I would in this particu- a propoſe the example of Eve to all her daughters, as Milton has repreſented her in the following paſſage, which I cannot forbear tranſcribing entire, though only the twelve laſt lines are to my preſent purpoſe.

The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex; so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before:
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heaven could bestow
To make her amiable. On she came,
Led by her heavenly Maker, tho' unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud:
" This turn hath made amends: thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!
Giver of all things fair; but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my self."....
She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd
The more desirable; or, to say all,
Nature herself, tho' pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn'd.
I follow'd her: She what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial power
I led her blushing like the morn———

Par. Lost. b. viii. 469.

Wednesday,

Wednesday, June 13, 1711.

———*Magnus sine viribus ignis*
Incassum furit———

Virg. Georg. iii. 99.

" In all the rage of impotent desire
" They feel a quenchless flame, a fruitless fire."

THERE is not, in my opinion, a consideration more effectual to extinguish inordinate desires in the soul of man, than the notions of Plato and his followers upon that subject. They tell us, that every passion which has been contracted by the soul during her residence in the body, remains with her in a separate state; and that the soul in the body, or out of the body, differs no more than the man does from himself when he is in his house, or in open air. When therefore the obscene passions in particular have once taken root, and spread themselves in the soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever, after the body is cast off and thrown aside. As an argument to confirm this their doctrine, they observe, that a lewd youth, who goes on in a continued course of voluptuousness, advances by degrees into a libidinous old man; and that the passion survives in the mind when it is altogether dead in the body; nay, that the desire grows more violent, and (like all other habits) gathers strength by age, at the same time when it has no power of executing its own purposes. If, say they, the soul is the most subject to these passions at a time when it has the least instigations from the body, we may well suppose she will still retain them when she is entirely divested of it. The very substance of the soul is festered with them, the gangrene is gone too far to be ever cured; the inflammation will rage to all eternity.

In this therefore (ſay the Platoniſts) conſiſts the puniſhment of a voluptuous man after death. He is tormented with deſires which it is impoſſible for him to gratify; ſolicited by a paſſion that has neither objects nor organs adapted to it. He lives in a ſtate of invincible deſire and impotence, and always burns in the purſuit of what he always deſpairs to poſſeſs. It is for this reaſon (ſays Plato) that the ſouls of the dead appear frequently in cœmeteries, and hover about the places where their bodies are buried, as ſtill hankering after their old brutal pleaſures, and deſiring again to enter the body that gave them an opportunity of fulfilling them.

Some of our moſt eminent divines have made uſe of this Platonic notion, ſo far as it regards the ſubſiſtence of our paſſions after death, with great beauty and ſtrength of reaſon. Plato indeed carries the thought very far, when he grafts upon it his opinion of ghoſts appearing in places of burial. Though, I muſt confeſs, if one did believe that the departed ſouls of men and women wandered up and down theſe lower regions, and entertained themſelves with the ſight of their ſpecies, one could not deviſe a more proper hell for an impure ſpirit than that which Plato has touched upon.

The ancients ſeem to have drawn ſuch a ſtate of torments in the deſcription of Tantalus, who was puniſhed with the rage of an eternal thirſt, and ſet up to the chin in water that fled from his lips whenever he attempted to drink it.

Virgil, who has caſt the whole ſyſtem of Platonic philoſophy, ſo far as it relates to the ſoul of man, into beautiful allegories, in the ſixth book of his Æneid gives us the puniſhment of a voluptuary after death, not unlike that which we are here ſpeaking of.

——*Lucent genialibus altis*
Aurea fulcra toris, epulæque ante ora paratæ
Regifico luxu: Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat, & manibus prohibet contingere menſas;
Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.

They

They lie below on golden beds display'd,
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made:
The queen of Furies by their side is set,
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat;
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,
Tossing her torch, and thundering in their ears.

DRYDEN.

That I may a little alleviate the severity of this my Speculation (which otherwise may lose me several of my polite readers,) I shall translate a story that has been quoted upon another occasion by one of the most learned men of the present age, as I find it in the original. The reader will see it is not foreign to my present subject, and I dare say will think it a lively representation of a person lying under the torments of such a kind of Tantalism, or Platonic hell, as that which we have now under consideration. Monsieur Pontignan speaking of a love-adventure that happened to him in the country, gives the following account of it:

'When I was in the country last summer, I was 'often in company with a couple of charming wo-'men, who had all the wit and beauty one could de-'sire in female companions, with a dash of coquetry, 'that from time to time gave me a great many agree-'able torments. I was, after my way, in love with 'both of them, and had such frequent opportunities 'of pleading my passion to them when they were a-'sunder, that I had reason to hope for particular fa-'vours from each of them. As I was walking one 'evening in my chamber with nothing about me but 'my night-gown, they both came into my room, and 'told me they had a very pleasant trick to put upon 'a gentleman that was in the same house, provided 'I would bear a part in it. Upon this they told me 'such a plausible story, that I laughed at their contri-'vance, and agreed to do whatever they should re-'quire of me. They immediately began to swaddle 'me up in my night-gown with long pieces of linen, 'which they folded about me till they had wrapt me in

'above

' above an hundred yards of ſwathe. My arms were
' preſſed to my ſides, and my legs cloſed together by ſo
' many wrappers one over another, that I looked like an
' Ægyptian mummy. As I ſtood bolt upright upon one
' end in this antique figure, one of the ladies burſt out
' a laughing: " And now, Pontignan, ſays ſhe, we
" intend to perform the promiſe that we find you
" have extorted from each of us. You have often aſked
" the favour of us, and I dare ſay you are a better
" bred cavalier than to refuſe to go to bed to two la-
" dies that deſire it of you." After having ſtood a
' fit of laughter, I begged them to uncaſe me, and do
' with me what they pleaſed, " No, no, ſaid they,
" we like you very well as you are;" and upon
' that, ordered me to be carried to one of their
' houſes, and put to bed in all my ſwaddles. The
' room was lighted up on all ſides; and I was laid
' very decently between a pair of ſheets, with my head
' (which was indeed the only part I could move) up-
' on a very high pillow: This was no ſooner done,
' but my two female friends came into bed to me in
' their fineſt night-clothes. You may eaſily gueſs at
' the condition of a man that ſaw a couple of the moſt
' beautiful women in the world undreſt and a-bed with
' him, without being able to ſtir hand or foot. I beg-
' ged them to releaſe me, and ſtruggled all I could to
' get looſe, which I did with ſo much violence, that
' about midnight they both leaped out of the bed,
' crying out they were undone, But ſeeing me ſafe,
' they took their poſts again, and renewed their rail-
' lery. Finding all my prayers and endeavours were
' loſt, I compoſed myſelf as well as I could, and told
' them, that if they would not unbind me, I would fall
' aſleep between them, and by that means diſgrace
' them for ever. But alas! this was impoſſible; could
' I have been diſpoſed to it, they would have prevent-
' ed me by ſeveral little ill-natured careſſes and en-
' dearments which they beſtowed upon me. As much
' devoted as I am to womankind, I would not paſs ſuch
' another night to be maſter of the whole ſex. My
' reader will doubtleſs be curious to know what be-
' came

'came of me the next morning. Why truly my bed-'fellows left me about an hour before day, and told 'me, if I would be good, and lie ſtill, they would ſend 'ſomebody to take me up as ſoon as it was time for 'me to riſe. Accordingly about nine o'clock in the 'morning an old woman came to unſwathe me. I 'bore all this very patiently, being reſolved to take 'my revenge of my tormentors, and to keep no mea-'ſures with them as ſoon as I was at liberty; but up-'on aſking my old woman what was become of the 'two ladies, ſhe told me ſhe believed they were by 'that time within ſight of Paris, for that they went 'away in a coach and ſix before five o'clock in the 'morning.'

Friday, June 15, 1711*.

——*Convivæ prope diſſentire videntur,*
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato;
Quid dem; Quid non dem?

Hor. 2. Ep. ii. 61.

IMITATED.

——"What would you have me do,
"When out of twenty I can pleaſe not two?—
"One likes the pheaſant's wing, and one the leg;
"The vulgar boil, the learned roaſt an egg:
"Hard taſk, to hit the palate of ſuch guests."

POPE.

LOOKING over the late packets of letters which have been ſent to me, I found the following one.

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'YOUR Paper is a part of my tea-equipage; 'and my ſervant knows my humour ſo well, 'that calling for my breakfaſt this morning (it being 'paſt my uſual hour,) ſhe anſwered, the Spectator 'was not yet come in; but that the tea-kettle boiled,

 * No 92. and

'and ſhe expected it every moment. Having thus in 'part ſignified to you the eſteem and veneration which I have for you, I muſt put you in mind of the 'catalogue of books which you have promiſed to re-'commend to our ſex: for I have deferred furniſhing 'my cloſet with authors, till I receive your advice in 'this particular, being your daily diſciple and humble 'ſervant,

'LEONORA.'

In anſwer to my fair diſciple, whom I am very proud of, I muſt acquaint her and the reſt of my readers, that ſince I have called out for help in my catalogue of a Lady's Library, I have received many letters upon that head, ſome of which I ſhall give an account of.

In the firſt claſs, I ſhall take notice of thoſe which come to me from eminent bookſellers, who every one of them mention with reſpect the authors they have printed, and conſequently have an eye to their own advantage more than to that of the ladies. One tells me, that he thinks it abſolutely neceſſary for women to have true notions of right and equity, and that therefore they cannot peruſe a better book than "Dal-"ton's Country Juſtice." Another thinks they cannot be without "The Complete Jockey.' A third obſerving the curioſity and deſire of prying into ſecrets, which he tells me is natural to the fair ſex, is of opinion this female inclination, if well directed, might turn very much to their advantage, and therefore recommends to me "Mr Mede upon the Revelations." A fourth lays it down as an unqueſtioned truth, that a lady cannot be thoroughly accompliſhed who has not read "The ſecret Treaties and Negociations of Mar-"ſhal d'Eſtrades." Mr Jacob Tonſon junior is of opinion, that "Bayle's Dictionary" might be of very great uſe to the ladies, in order to make them general ſcholars. Another, whoſe name I have forgotten, thinks it highly proper that every woman with child ſhould read "Mr Wall's Hiſtory of Infant Baptiſm;" as another is very importunate with me to recommend

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to all my female readers "The Finishing Stroke; "being a vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme," &c.

In the second class I shall mention books which are recommended by husbands, if I may believe the writers of them. Whether or no they are real husbands or personated ones I cannot tell, but the books they recommend are as follows: A Paraphrase on the History of Susanna." "Rules to keep Lent." "The "Christian's Overthrow prevented." "A dissuasive "from the Play-house." "The Virtues of Camphire, "with Directions to make Camphire Tea." "The "Pleasures of a Country Life." "The Government "of the Tongue." A letter dated from Cheapside desires me that I would advise all young wives to make themselves mistresses of "Wingate's Arithmetic," and concludes with a postscript, that he hopes I will not forget "The Countess of Kent's Receipts."

I may reckon the ladies themselves as a third class among these my correspondents and privy-counsellors. In a letter from one of them, I am advised to place "Pharamond" at the head of my catalogue, and, if I think proper, to give the second place to "Cassandra." Coquetilla begs me not to think of nailing women upon their knees with manuals of devotion, nor of scorching their faces with books of housewifery. Florella desires to know if there are any books written against prudes, and intreats me, if there are, to give them a place in my library. Plays of all sorts have their several advocates: "All for Love" is mentioned in above fifteen letters: "Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Over-"throw," in a dozen; "The Innocent Adultery" is likewise highly approved of; "Mithridates King of "Pontus" has many friends; "Alexander the Great" and "Aurengzebe" have the same number of voices; but "Theodosius, or, The Force of Love," carries it from all the rest.

I should, in the last place, mention such books as have been proposed by men of learning, and those who appear competent judges of this matter, and must here take occasion to thank A. B. whoever it is that conceals himself under these two letters, for his advice

upon this ſubject. But as I find the work I have undertaken to be very difficult, I ſhall defer the executing of it till I am further acquainted with the thoughts of my judicious contemporaries, and have time to examine the ſeveral books they offer to me: being reſolved, in an affair of this moment, to proceed with the greateſt caution.

In the mean while, as I have taken the ladies under my particular care, I ſhall make it my buſineſs to find out, in the beſt authors ancient and modern, ſuch paſſages as may be for their uſe, and endeavour to accommodate them as well as I can to their taſte; not queſtioning but the valuable part of the ſex will eaſily pardon me, if from time to time I laugh at thoſe little vanities and follies which appear in the behaviour of ſome of them, and which are more proper for ridicule than a ſerious cenſure. Moſt books being calculated for male readers, and generally written with an eye to men of learning, makes a work of this nature the more neceſſary; beſides, I am the more encouraged, becauſe I flatter myſelf that I ſee the ſex daily improving by theſe my Speculations. My fair readers are already deeper ſcholars than the beaus. I could name ſome of them who talk much better than ſeveral gentlemen that make a figure at Will's; and as I frequently receive letters from the fine ladies and pretty fellows, I cannot but obſerve that the former are ſuperior to the others, not only in the ſenſe, but in the ſpelling. This cannot but have a good effect upon the female world, and keep them from being charmed by thoſe empty coxcombs that have hitherto been admired mong the women, though laughed at among the men.

I am credibly informed that Tom Tattle paſſes for an impertinent fellow, that Will Trippet begins to be ſmoked, and that Frank Smoothly himſelf is within a month of a coxcomb, in caſe I think fit to continue this Paper. For my part, as it is my buſineſs in ſome meaſure to detect ſuch as would lead aſtray weak minds by their falſe pretences to wit and judgment, humour and gallantry, I ſhall not fail to lend the beſt lights I

am

am able to the fair ſex for the continuation of theſe their diſcoveries.

Saturday, June 16, 1711*.

——————Spatio brevi
Spem longam reſeces: dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas: Carpe diem, quam minimum credula poſtero.
Hor. 1 Od. xi. 6.

"They lengthen'd hopes with prudence bound
"Proportion'd to the flying hour:

"While thus we talk in careleſs eaſe
"The envious moments wing their flight:
"Inſtant the fleeting pleaſures ſeize,
"Nor truſt tô-morrow's doubtful light."

FRANCIS.

WE all of us complain of the ſhortneſs of time, ſaith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, ſays he, are ſpent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpoſe, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philoſopher has deſcribed our inconſiſtency with ourſelves in this particular, by all thoſe various turns of expreſſion and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often conſider mankind as wholly inconſiſtent with itſelf in a point that bears ſome affinity to the former. Though we ſeem grieved at the ſhortneſs of life in general, we are wiſhing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of buſineſs, then to make up an eſtate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus although the whole

* No. 93.

life

life is allowed by every one to be ſhort, the ſeveral diviſions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our ſpan in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is compoſed. The uſurer would be very well ſatisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the preſent moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to loſe three years in his life, could he place things in the poſture which he fancies they will ſtand in after ſuch a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to ſtrike out of his exiſtence all the moments that are to paſs away before the happy meeting. Thus, as faſt as our time runs, we ſhould be very glad in moſt parts of our lives that it ran much faſter than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay we wiſh away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty waſtes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at thoſe ſeveral little ſettlements or imaginary points of reſt which are diſperſed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of moſt men into twenty parts, we ſhall find that at leaſt nineteen of them are mere gaps and chaſms, which are neither filled with pleaſure nor buſineſs. I do not however include in this calculation the life of thoſe men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of thoſe only who are not always engaged in ſcenes of action; and I hope I ſhall not do an unacceptable piece of ſervice to theſe perſons if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty ſpaces of life. The methods I ſhall propoſe to them are as follows:

The firſt is the exerciſe of Virtue, in the moſt general acceptation of the word. That particular ſcheme, which comprehends the ſocial virtues, may give employment to the moſt induſtrious temper, and find a man in buſineſs more than the moſt active ſtation of life. To adviſe the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almoſt every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities, of mitigating the fierceneſs of a party; of doing juſtice to the character of a deſerving man; of ſoften-

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ing the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments ſuited to a reaſonable nature, and bring great ſatisfaction to the perſon who can buſy himſelf in them with diſcretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for thoſe retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourſelves, and deſtitute of company and converſation; I mean that intercourſe and communication which every reaſonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual ſenſe of the divine preſence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulneſs of temper, and enjoys every moment the ſatisfaction of thinking himſelf in company with his deareſt and beſt of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impoſſible for him to be alone. His thoughts and paſſions are the moſt buſied at ſuch hours when thoſe of other men are the moſt unactive. He no ſooner ſteps out of the world, but his heart burns with devotion, ſwells with hope, and triumphs in the conſcioufneſs of that preſence which every where ſurrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its ſorrows, its apprehenſions, to the great ſupporter of its exiſtence.

I have here only conſidered the neceſſity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have ſomething to do; but if we conſider further, that the exerciſe of virtue is not only an amuſement for the time it laſts, but that its influence extends to thoſe parts of our exiſtence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from thoſe hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us for putting in practice this method of paſſing away our time.

When a man has but a little ſtock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what ſhall we think of him if he ſuffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or diſadvantage? But becauſe the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor ſtrained up to a

pitch

pitch of virtue, it is neceſſary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propoſe to fill up our time, ſhould be uſeful and innocent diverſions. I muſt confeſs I think it is below reaſonable creatures to be altogether converſant in ſuch diverſions as are merely innocent, and have nothing elſe to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to ſay for itſelf I ſhall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to ſee perſons of the beſt ſenſe paſſing away a dozen hours together in ſhuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other converſation but what is made up of a few game phraſes, and no other ideas but thoſe of black or red ſpots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this ſpecies complaining that life is ſhort?

The Stage might be made a perpetual ſource of the moſt noble and uſeful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itſelf ſo agreeably as in the converſation of a well-choſen friend. There is indeed no bleſſing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a diſcreet and virtuous friend. It eaſes and unloads the mind, clears and improves the underſtanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good reſolutions, ſooths and allays the paſſions, and finds employment for moſt of the vacant hours of life.

Next to ſuch an intimacy with a particular perſon, one would endeavour after a more general converſation with ſuch as are able to entertain and improve thoſe with whom they converſe, which are qualifications that ſeldom go aſunder.

There are many other uſeful amuſements of life which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occaſions have recourſe to ſomething, rather than ſuffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any paſſion that chances to riſe in it.

A man that has a taſte in muſic, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another ſenſe, when com-

compared with ſuch as have no reliſh of thoſe arts. The floriſt, the planter, the gardener, the huſbandman, when they are only as accompliſhments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways uſeful to thoſe who are poſſeſſed of them.

But of all the diverſions of life, there is none ſo proper to fill up its empty ſpaces as the reading of uſeful and entertaining authors. But this I ſhall only touch upon, becauſe it in ſome meaſure interferes with the third method, which I ſhall propoſe in another Paper, for the employment of our dead unactive hours, and which I ſhall only mention in general to be the purſuit of knowledge.

Monday, June 18, 1711*.

——————*Hoc eſt*
Vivere bis, vita poſſe priore frui.

Mart. Epig. xxiii. 10.

"The preſent joys of life we doubly taſte,
"By looking back with pleaſure to the paſt."

THE laſt method which I propoſed in my Saturday's Paper, for filling up thoſe empty ſpaces of life which are ſo tedious and burdenſome to idle people, is the employing ourſelves in the purſuit of knowledge. I remember Mr Boyle, ſpeaking of a certain mineral, tells us, that a man may conſume his whole life in the ſtudy of it, without arriving at the knowledge of all its qualities. The truth of it is, there is not a ſingle ſcience, or any branch of it, that might not furniſh a man with buſineſs for life, though it were much longer than it is.

I ſhall not here engage on thoſe beaten ſubjects of the uſefulneſs of knowledge, nor of the pleaſure and

perfection it gives the mind; nor on the methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular branch of it; all which have been the topics of many other writers; but shall indulge myself in a Speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before shewn how the unemployed parts of life appear long and tedious, and shall here endeavour to shew how those parts of life which are exercised in study, reading, and the pursuits of knowledge, are long, but not tedious, and by that means discover a method of lengthening our lives, and at the same time of turning all the parts of them to our advantage.

Mr Locke observes, "That we get the idea of time, "or duration, by reflecting on that train of ideas "which succeed one another in our minds; that for "this reason, when we sleep soundly without dream-"ing, we have no perception of time, or the length "of it, whilst we sleep; and that the moment wherein "we leave off to think, till the moment we begin to "think again, seems to have no distance." To which the author adds, "and so I doubt not but it would be "to a waking man, if it were possible for him to keep "only one idea in his mind, without variation, and "the succession of others: and we see, that one who "fixes his thoughts very intently on one thing, so as "to take but little notice of the succession of ideas "that pass in his mind whilst he is taken up with "that earnest contemplation, lets slip out of his ac-"count a good part of that duration, and thinks that "time shorter than it is."

We might carry this thought further, and consider a man as on one side, shortening his time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; so on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his thoughts on many subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant succession of ideas. Accordingly Monsieur Mallebranche, in his "Inquiry after Truth," (which was published several years before Mr Locke's "Essay on Human "Understanding") tells us, That it is possible some creatures may think half an hour as long as we do a

thousand

thouſand years; or look upon that ſpace of duration which we call a minute, as an hour, a week, a month, or a whole age.

This notion of Monſieur Mallebranche is capable of ſome little explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr Locke; for if our notion of time is produced by our reflecting on the ſucceſſion of ideas in our mind, and this ſucceſſion may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different beings may have different notions of the ſame parts of duration, according as their ideas, which we ſuppoſe are equally diſtinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or leſs degree of rapidity.

There is a famous paſſage in the Alcoran, which looks as if Mahomet had been poſſeſſed of the notion we are now ſpeaking of. It is there ſaid, that the angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of his bed one morning to give him a ſight of all things in the ſeven heavens, in paradiſe, and in hell, which the prophet took a diſtinct view of; and after having held ninety-thouſand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, ſays the Alcoran, was tranſacted in ſo ſmall a ſpace of time, that Mahomet at his return found his bed ſtill warm, and took up an earthern pitcher, (which was thrown down at the very inſtant that the angel Gabriel carried him away) before the water was all ſpilt.

There is a very pretty ſtory in the Turkiſh tales which relates to this paſſage of that famous impoſtor, and bears ſome affinity to the ſubject we are now upon. A Sultan of Egypt, who was an infidel, uſed to laugh at this circumſtance in Mahomet's life, as what was altogether impoſſible and abſurd: but converſing one day with a great doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, the doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this paſſage in the hiſtory of Mahomet, if he would conſent to do what he would deſire of him. Upon this the ſultan was directed to place himſelf by a huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he ſtood by the tub amidſt a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him plunge his

head into the water, and draw it up again. The king accordingly thruſt his head into the water, and at the ſame time found himſelf at the foot of a mountain on a ſea-ſhore. The king immediately began to rage againſt his doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he ſet himſelf to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this ſtrange country. Accordingly he applied himſelf to ſome people whom he ſaw at work in a neighbouring wood: theſe people conducted him to a town that ſtood at a little diſtance from the wood, where, after ſome adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman ſo long that he had by her ſeven ſons and ſeven daughters. He was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the ſtreets as a porter for his livelihood. One day as he was walking alone by the ſea-ſide, being ſeized with many melancholy reflections upon his former and his preſent ſtate of life, which had raiſed a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his cloaths with a deſign to waſh himſelf, according to the cuſtom of the Mahometans, before he ſaid his prayers.

After his firſt plunge into the ſea, he no ſooner raiſed his head above the water but he found himſelf ſtanding by the ſide of the tube, with the great men of his court about him, and the holy man at his ſide. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having ſent him on ſuch a courſe of adventures, and betrayed him into ſo long a ſtate of miſery and ſervitude; but was wonderfully ſurpriſed when he heard that the ſtate he talked of was only a dream and deluſion; that he had not ſtirred from the place where he then ſtood; and that he had only dipped his head into the water, and immediately taken it out again.

The Mahometan doctor took this occaſion of inſtructing the ſultan, that nothing was impoſſible with God; and that He, with whom a thouſand years are but as one day, can, if he pleaſes, make a ſingle day, nay, a ſingle moment, appear to any of his creatures as a thouſand years.

I ſhall

I ſhall leave my reader to compare theſe Eaſtern fables with the notions of theſe two great philoſophers whom I have quoted in this Paper; and ſhall only, by way of application, deſire him to conſider how we may extend life beyond its natural dimenſions, by applying ourſelves diligently to the purſuits of knowledge.

The hours of a wiſe man are lengthened by his ideas, as thoſe of a fool are by his paſſions. The time of the one is long, becauſe he does not know what to do with it; ſo is that of the other, becauſe he diſtinguiſhes every moment of it with uſeful or amuſing thoughts; or, in other words, becauſe the one is always wiſhing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the view of paſt life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wiſdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly! The latter is like the owner of a barren country that fills his eye with the proſpect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and ſpacious landſcape divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can ſcarce caſt his eye on a ſingle ſpot of his poſſeſſions, that is not covered with ſome beautiful plant or flower.

Friday, June 22, 1711 *.

——*Tanta eſt quærendi cura decoris.*

Juv. Sat. vi. 500.

"So ſtudiouſly their perſons they adorn."

THERE is not ſo variable a thing in nature as a lady's head dreſs. Within my own memory I have known it riſe and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it ſhot up to a very great height, ino-

* No. 98.

insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller then the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that "we appeared as grashoppers be-"fore them:" At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven foot high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new: or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret; though I find most are of opinion they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans: I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shews the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe, that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and indeed I very much admire, that those female architects, who raise such wonderful structures out of ribbands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there has been as many orders in these kinds of building, as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenal's time

time the building grew by ſeveral orders and ſtories, as he has very humorouſly deſcribed it.

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput: Andromachen a fronte videbis:
Poſt minor eſt: aliam credas.——————

Juv. Sat. vi. 501.

" With curls on curls they build their head before,
" And mount it with a formidable tow'r:
" A giantess ſhe ſeems; but look behind,
" And then ſhe dwindles to the pigmy kind.

DRYDEN.

But I do not remember in any part of my reading, that the head-dreſs aſpired to ſo great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century; when it was built up in a couple of cones or ſpires, which ſtood ſo exceſſively high on each ſide of the head, that a woman, who was but a Pygmy without her head-dreſs, appeared like a Coloſſus upon putting it on. Monſieur Paradin ſays, 'That theſe old-faſhioned fontanges roſe an ell above 'the head: that they were pointed like ſteeples, and 'had long looſe pieces of crape faſtened to the tops of 'them, which were curiouſly fringed, and hung down 'their backs like ſtreamers.'

The women might poſſibly have carried this Gothic building much higher, had not a famous monk, Thomas Connecte by name, attacked it with great zeal and reſolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monſtrous commode; and ſucceeded ſo well in it, that, as the magicians ſacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apoſtle, many of the women threw down their head-dreſſes in the middle of his ſermon, and made a bone-fire of them within ſight of the pulpit. He was ſo renowned, as well for the ſanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thouſand people; the men placing themſelves on the one ſide of his pulpit, and the women on the other,

other, that appeared (to uſe the ſimilitude of an ingenious writer) like a foreſt of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He ſo warmed and animated the people againſt this monſtrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of perſecution; and whenever it appeared in public was pelted down by the rabble, who flung ſtones at the perſons that wore it. But notwithſtanding this prodigy vaniſhed while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again ſome months after his departure, or, to tell it in Monſieur Paradin's own words, 'The women that, like ſnails, in a fright, had drawn 'in their horns, ſhot them out again as ſoon as the 'danger was over.' This extravagance of the women's head-dreſſes in that age is taken notice of by Monſieur d'Argentré in his hiſtory of Bretagne, and by other hiſtorians, as well as the perſon I have here quoted.

It is uſually obſerved, that a good reign is the only proper time for making of laws againſt the exorbitance of power; in the ſame manner an exceſſive head-dreſs may be attacked the moſt effectually when the faſhion is againſt it. I do therefore recommend this Paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would deſire the fair ſex to conſider how impoſſible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the maſter-piece of nature. The head has the moſt beautiful appearance, as well as the higheſt ſtation, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; ſhe has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the ſeat of ſmiles and bluſhes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightneſs of the eyes, hung it on each ſide with curious organs of ſenſe, given it airs and graces that cannot be deſcribed, and ſurrounded it with ſuch a flowing ſhade of hair as ſets all its beauties in the moſt agreeable light. In ſhort, ſhe ſeems to have deſigned the head as the cupola to the moſt glorious of her works; and when we load it with ſuch a pile of ſupernumerary ornaments, we deſtroy the ſymmetry of the human figure, and fooliſhly

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contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childiſh gewgaws, ribbands, and bone-lace.

Saturday, June 23, 1711*.

——*Turpi ſecernis honeſtum.*

Hor. 1 Sat. vi. 63.

" You know to fix the bounds of right and wrong."

THE club, of which I have often declared myſelf a member, were laſt night engaged in a diſcourſe upon that which paſſes for the chief point of honour among men and women; and ſtarted a great many hints upon the ſubject, which I thought were entirely new. I ſhall therefore methodize the ſeveral reflections that aroſe upon this occaſion, and preſent my reader with them for the Speculation of this day; after having premiſed, that if there is any thing in this Paper which ſeems to differ with any paſſage of laſt Thurſday's, the reader will conſider this as the ſentiments of the club, and the other as my own private thoughts, or rather thoſe of Pharamond.

The great point of honour in men is Courage, and in women, Chaſtity. If a man loſes his honour in one rencounter, it is not impoſſible for him to regain it in another: a ſlip in a woman's honour is irrecoverable. I can give no reaſon for fixing the point of honour to theſe two qualities, unleſs it be, that each ſex ſets the greateſt value on the qualification which renders them the moſt amiable in the eyes of the contrary ſex. Had men choſen for themſelves, without regard to the opinions of the fair ſex, I ſhould believe the choice would have fallen on wiſdom or virtue; or had women determined their own point of honour, it is probable that wit or good-nature would have carried it againſt chaſtity.

Nothing recommends a man more to the female ſex than Courage; whether it be that they are pleaſed to ſee one who is a terror to others fall like a ſlave at their feet, or that this quality ſupplies their own principal defect, in guarding them from inſults, and avenging their quarrels, or that courage is a natural indication of a ſtrong and ſprightly conſtitution. On the other ſide, nothing makes a woman more eſteemed by the oppoſite ſex than Chaſtity; whether it be that we always prize thoſe moſt who are hardeſt to come at, or that nothing beſides chaſtity, with its collateral attendants, truth, fidelity and conſtancy, gives the man a property in the perſon he loves, and conſequently endears her to him above all things.

I am very much pleaſed with a paſſage in the inſcription on a monument erected in Weſtminſter-Abbey to the late duke and dutcheſs of Newcaſtle. "Her "name was Margaret Lucas, youngeſt ſiſter to the "lord Lucas of Colcheſter; a noble family, for all the "brothers were valiant, and all the ſiſters virtuous."

In books of chivalry, where the point of honour is ſtrained to madneſs, the whole ſtory runs on chaſtity and courage. The damſel is mounted on a white palfrey, as an emblem of her innocence; and, to avoid ſcandal, muſt have a dwarf for her page. She is not to think of a man, until ſome misfortune has brought a knight-errant to her relief. The knight falls in love, and did not gratitude reſtrain her from murdering her deliverer, would die at her feet by her diſdain. However, he muſt waſte many years in the deſert, before her virgin-heart can think of a ſurrender. The knight goes off, attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and ſtronger than himſelf, ſeeks all opportunities of being knocked on the head, and after ſeven years rambling returns to his miſtreſs, whoſe chaſtity has been attacked in the mean time by giants and tyrants, and undergone as many trials as her lover's valour.

In Spain, where there are ſtill great remains of this romantic humour, it is a tranſporting favour for a lady to caſt an accidental glance on her lover, from a window, though it be two or three ſtories high; as it

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is usual for the lover to assert his passion for his mistress, in single combat with a mad bull.

The great violation of the point of honour from man to man, is giving the lye. One may tell another he whores, drinks, blasphemes, and it may pass unresented; but to say he lyes, though but in jest, is an affront that nothing but blood can expiate. The reason perhaps may be, because no other vice implies a want of courage so much as the making of a lye; and therefore telling a man he lyes, is touching him in the most sensible part of honour, and indirectly calling him a Coward. I cannot omit under this head what Herodotus tells us of the ancient Persians, That from the age of five years to twenty they instruct their sons only in three things, to manage the horse, to make use of the bow, and to speak truth.

The placing the point of honour in this false kind of courage, has given occasion to the very refuse of mankind, who have neither virtue nor common sense, to set up for men of honour. An English peer, who has not been long dead, used to tell a pleasant story of a French gentleman that visited him early one morning at Paris, and, after great professions of respect, let him know that he had it in his power to oblige him; which, in short, amounted to this, that he believed he could tell his lordship the person's name who justled him as he came out from the opera; but before he would proceed, he begged his lordship that he would not deny him the honour of making him his second. The English lord, to avoid being drawn into a very foolish affair, told him, that he was under engagements for his two next duels to a couple of particular friends. Upon which the gentleman immediately withdrew, hoping his lordship would not take it ill if he meddled no farther in an affair from whence he himself was to receive no advantage.

The beating down this false notion of honour, in so vain and lively a people as those of France, is deservedly looked upon as one of the most glorious parts of their present king's reign. It is pity but the punishment of these mischievous notions should have in it

ſome particular circumſtances of ſhame and infamy; that thoſe who are ſlaves to them may ſee, that, inſtead of advancing their reputations, they lead them to ignominy and diſhonour.

Death is not ſufficient to deter men who make it their glory to deſpiſe it; but if every one that fought a duel were to ſtand in the pillory, it would quickly leſſen the number of theſe imaginary men of honour, and put an end to ſo abſurd a practice.

When honour is a ſupport to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the laws of God and our country, it cannot be too much cheriſhed and encouraged: but when the dictates of honour are contrary to thoſe of religion and equity, they are the greateſt depravations of human nature, by giving wrong ambitions and falſe ideas of what is good and laudable; and ſhould therefore be exploded by all governments, and driven out as the bane and plague of human ſociety.

Tueſday, June 26, 1711*.

Romulus, & liber pater, & cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti;
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros aſſignant, oppida condunt;
Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis:—— Hor. 2 Ep. i. 5.

IMITATED.

"Edward and Henry, now the boaſt of fame,
"And virtuous Alfred, a more ſacred name,
"After a life of generous toils endur'd,
"The Gaul ſubdu'd, or property ſecur'd,
"Ambition humbled, mighty cities ſtorm'd,
"Or laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd;
"Clos'd their long glories with a ſigh, to find
"Th' unwilling gratitude of baſe mankind." POPE.

"CENSURE, ſays a late ingenious author, is the "tax a man pays to the public for being eminent."

* No 101.

nent." It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.

If men of eminence are exposed to censure on one hand, they are as much liable to flattery on the other. If they receive reproaches which are not due to them, they likewise receive praises which they do not deserve. In a word, the man in a high post is never regarded with an indifferent eye, but always considered as a friend or an enemy. For this reason, persons in great stations have seldom their true character drawn till several years after their deaths. Their personal friendship and enmities must cease, and the parties they were engaged in be at an end, before their faults or their virtues can have justice done them. When writers have the least opportunities of knowing the truth, they are in the best disposition to tell it.

It is therefore the privilege of posterity to adjust the characters of illustrious persons, and to set matters right between those antagonists, who by their rivalry for greatness divided a whole age into factions. We can now allow Cæsar to be a great man, without derogating from Pompey; and celebrate the virtues of Cato, without detracting from those of Cæsar. Every one that has been long dead has a due proportion of praise allotted him, in which, whilst he lived, his friends were too profuse, and his enemies too sparing.

According to Sir Isaac Newton's calculations, the last comet that made its appearance in 1680, imbibed so much heat by its approaches to the sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red hot iron, had it been a globe of that metal; and that supposing it as big as the earth, and at the same distance from the sun, it would be fifty thousand years in cooling, before it recovered its natural temper. In like manner, if an Englishman considers the great ferment

ment into which our political world is thrown at present, and how intensely it is heated in all its parts, he cannot suppose that it will cool again in less than three hundred years. In such a tract of time it is possible that the heats of the present age may be extinguished, and our several classes of great men represented under their proper characters. Some eminent historian may then probably arise that will not write *recentibus odiis* (as Tacitus expresses it,) with the passions and prejudices of a contemporary author, but make an impartial distribution of fame among the great men of the present age.

I cannot forbear entertaining myself very often with the idea of such an imaginary historian describing the reign of ANNE the First, and introducing it with a preface to his reader, that he is now entering upon the most shining part of the English story. The great rivals in fame will be then distinguished according to their respective merits, and shine in their proper points of light. Such an one (says the historian,) though variously represented by the writers of his own age, appears to have been a man of more then ordinary abilities, great application, and uncommon integrity: nor was Such an one (though of an opposite party and interest) inferior to him in any of these respects. The several antagonists who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and are celebrated or traduced by different parties, will then have the same body of admirers, and appear illustrious in the opinion of the whole British nation. The deserving man, who can now recommend himself to the esteem of but half his countrymen, will then receive the approbations and applauses of a whole age.

Among the several persons that flourish in this glorious reign, there is no question but such a future historian, as the person of whom I am speaking, will make mention of the men of genius and learning, who have now any figure in the British nation. For my own part, I often flatter myself with the honourable mention which will then be made of me; and have drawn up a paragraph in my own imagination, that I

fancy

fancy will not be altogether unlike what will be found in ſome page or other of this imaginary hiſtorian.

It was under this reign, ſays he, that the Spectator publiſhed thoſe little diurnal eſſays which are ſtill extant. We know very little of the name or perſon of this author, except only that he was a man of a very ſhort face, extremely addicted to ſilence, and ſo great a lover of knowledge, that he made a voyage to Grand Cairo for no other reaſon but to take the meaſure of a pyramid. His chief friend was one Sir Roger de Coverley, a whimſical country knight, and a templar, whoſe name he has not tranſmitted to us. He lived as a lodger at the houſe of a widow-woman, and was a great humoriſt in all parts of his life. This is all we can affirm with any certainty of his perſon and character. As for his Speculations, notwithſtanding the ſeveral obſolete words and obſcure phraſes of the age in which he lived, we ſtill underſtand enough of them to ſee the diverſions and characters of the Engliſh nation in his time: not but that we are to make allowance for the mirth and humour of the author, who has doubtleſs ſtrained many repreſentations of things beyond the truth. For if we interpret his words in their literal meaning, we muſt ſuppoſe that women of the firſt quality uſed to paſs away whole mornings at a puppet-ſhow: that they atteſted their principles by their patches: that an audience would ſit out an evening to hear a dramatical performance written in a language which they did not underſtand: that chairs and flower-pots were introduced as actors upon the Britiſh ſtage: that a promiſcuous aſſembly of men and women were allowed to meet at midnight in maſks within the verge of the court: with many improbabilities of the like nature. We muſt therefore, in theſe and the like caſes, ſuppoſe that theſe remote hints and alluſions aimed at ſome certain follies which were then in vogue, and which at preſent we have not any notion of. We may gueſs by ſeveral paſſages in the Speculations, that there were writers who endeavoured to detract from the works of this author; but as nothing of this nature is come down to us, we

cannot

cannot guefs at any objections that could be made to his Paper. If we confider his ftile with that indulgence which we muft fhew to old Englifh writers, or if we look into the variety of his fubjects, with thofe feveral critical differtations, moral reflections, . . .

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The following part of the paragraph is fo much to my advantage, and beyond any thing I can pretend to, that I hope my reader will excufe me for not inferting it.

Wednefday, June 27, 1711.

——*Lufus animo debent aliquando dari,*
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat fibi.

Phædr. Fab. xiv. 3.

" The mind ought fometimes to be diverted, that it may " return the better to thinking."

I DO not know whether to call the following letter a fatire upon coquettes, or a reprefentation of their feveral fantaftical accomplifhments, or what other title to give it; but as it is I fhall communicate it to the public. It will fufficiently explain its own intentions, fo that I fhall give it my reader at length without either preface or poftfcript.

' Mr SPECTATOR,

' WOMEN are armed with fans as men with ' fwords, and fometimes do more execution ' with them. To the end therefore that ladies may ' be entire miftreffes of the weapon which they bear, ' I have erected an academy for the training up of ' young women in the exercife of the fan, according

'to the moſt faſhionable airs and motions that are 'now practiſed at court. The ladies who carry fans 'under me are drawn up twice a-day in my great 'hall, where they are inſtructed in the uſe of their 'arms, and exerciſed by the following words of com-'mand:

'Handle your Fans,
'Unfurl your Fans,
'Diſcharge your Fans,
'Ground your Fans,
'Recover your Fans,
'Flutter your Fans.

'By the right obſervation of theſe few plain words of 'command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will 'apply herſelf diligently to her exerciſe for the ſpace 'of but one half-year, ſhall be able to give her fan all 'the graces that can poſſibly enter into that little mo-'diſh machine.

'But to the end that my readers may form to them-'ſelves a right notion of this exerciſe, I beg leave to 'explain it to them in all its parts. When my female 'regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her 'weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to 'Handle their Fans, each of them ſhakes her fan at 'me with a ſmile, then gives her right-hand woman 'a tap upon her ſhoulder, then preſſes her lips with 'the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in an 'eaſy motion, and ſtands in a readineſs to receive the 'next word of command. All this is done with a 'cloſe fan, and is generally learned in the firſt week.

'The next motion is that of Unfurling the Fan, 'in which are comprehended ſeveral little flirts and vi-'brations, as alſo gradual and deliberate openings, 'with many voluntary fallings aſunder in the fan it-'ſelf, that are ſeldom learned under a month's prac-'tice. This part of the Exerciſe pleaſes the Specta-'tors more than any other, as it diſcovers on a ſudden 'an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, 'beaſts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that

'display themſelves to view, whilſt every one in the 'regiment holds a picture in her hand.

'Upon my giving the word to Diſcharge theirFans, 'they give one general crack, that they may be heard 'at a conſiderable diſtance when the wind ſits fair. 'This is one of the moſt difficult parts of their exer-'ciſe; but I have ſeveral ladies with me, who, at their 'firſt entrance, could not give a pop loud enough to 'be heard at the farther end of a room, who can 'now Diſcharge a Fan in ſuch a manner, that it ſhall 'make a report like a pocket-piſtol. I have likewiſe 'taken care (in order to hinder young women from 'letting off their fans in wrong places or unſuitable 'occaſions) to ſhew upon what ſubject the crack of a 'fan may come in properly: I have likewiſe invented 'a fan, with which a girl of ſixteen, by the help of a 'little wind, which is incloſed about one of the largeſt 'ſticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty 'with an ordinary fan.

'When the fans are thus diſcharged, the word of 'command in courſe is to Ground their Fans. This 'teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when ſhe 'throws it aſide in order to take up a pack of cards, 'adjuſt a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply 'herſelf to any other matter of importance. This 'part of the Exerciſe, as it only conſiſts in toſſing a 'fan with an air upon a long table (which ſtands by 'for that purpoſe,) may be learned in two days time 'as well as a twelvemonth.

'When my female regiment is thus diſarmed, I ge-'nerally let them walk about the room for ſome time; 'when on a ſudden (like ladies that look upon their 'watches after a long viſit) they all of them haſten to 'their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place 'themſelves in their proper ſtations upon my calling 'out Recover your Fans. This part of the Exerciſe 'is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts 'to it.

'The Fluttering of the Fan is the laſt, and indeed 'the maſter-piece of the whole Exerciſe; but if a la-'dy does not miſpend her time, ſhe may make herſelf

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'mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside 'the dog-days, and the hot time of the summer, for 'the teaching this part of the Exercise; for as soon as 'ever I pronounce "Flutter your Fans," the place is 'filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are 'very refreshing in that season of the year, though 'they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender con-'stitution in any other.

'There is an infinite variety of motions to be made 'use of in the Flutter of a Fan. There is the angry 'flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the 'confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous 'flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emo-'tion in the mind which does not produce a suitable 'agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I only see the 'fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether 'she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan 'so very angry, that it would have been dangerous 'for the absent lover who provoked it to have come 'within the wind of it; and at other times so very 'languishing, that I have been glad for the lady's 'sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I 'need not add, that a fan is either a prude or co-'quette, according to the nature of the person who 'bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint 'you, that I have from my own observations compiled a 'little treatise for the use of my scholars, intitled, The 'Passions of the Fan: which I will communicate to 'you, if you think it may be of use to the public. I 'shall have a general review on Thursday next; to 'which you shall be very welcome if you will honour 'it with your presence. I am, *&c.*

'P. S. I teach young gentlemen the whole art of 'gallanting a Fan.'

'N. B. I have several little plain fans made for this 'use, to avoid expence.'

Saturday, June 30, 1711*.

——*Id arbitror*
Adprime in vita esse utile, ne quid nimis.
Ter. Andr. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

" I take it to be a principle rule of life, not to be too " much addicted to any one thing."

MY friend Will. Honeycomb values himself very much upon what he calls the knowledge of mankind, which has cost him many disasters in his youth; for Will. reckons every misfortune that he has met with among the women, and every rencounter among the men, as parts of his education; and fancies he should never have been the man he is, had not he broke windows, knocked down constables, disturbed honest people with his midnight serenades, and beat up a lewd woman's quarters, when he was a young fellow. The engaging in adventures of this nature Will. calls the studying of mankind; and terms this knowledge of the town the knowledge of the world. Will. ingenuously confesses, that for half his life his head ached every morning with reading of men overnight; and at present comforts himself under certain pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the gallantries of the age. This Will. looks upon as the learning of a gentleman, and regards all other kinds of science as the accomplishments of one whom he calls a scholar, a bookish man, or a philosopher.

For these reasons Will. shines in mixed company, where he has the discretion not to go out of his depth, and has often a certain way of making his real ignorance appear a seeming one. Our club, however, has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never spare him. For as Will. often insults us with his knowledge of the town, we sometimes take our revenge upon him by our knowledge of books.

* No. 105.

He

He was laſt week producing two or three letters which he writ in his youth to a coquette lady. The raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a mere man of the town; but, very unluckily, ſeveral of the words were wrong ſpelt. Will. laughed this off at firſt as well as he could; but finding himſelf puſhed on all ſides, and eſpecially by the Templar, he told us with a little paſſion, that he never liked pedantry in ſpelling, and that he ſpelt like a gentleman, and not like a ſcholar: Upon this Will. had recourſe to his old topic of ſhewing the narrow-ſpiritedneſs, the pride, and ignorance of pedants; which he carried ſo far, that, upon my retiring to my lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together ſuch reflections as occurred to me upon that ſubject.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing elſe, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a Pedant. But, methinks, we ſhould enlarge the title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his profeſſion and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the play-houſes, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few faſhionable diſtempers that have befallen him, and you ſtrike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the court! He will tell you the names of the principal favourites, repeat the ſhrewd ſayings of a man of quality, whiſper an intrigue that is not yet blown upon by common fame; or, if the ſphere of his obſervations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game of ombre. When he has gone thus far, he has ſhewn you the whole circle of his accompliſhments, his parts are drained, and he is diſabled from any farther converſation. What are theſe but rank pedants? and yet theſe are the men who value themſelves moſt on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

I might here mention the military pedant, who always talks in a camp, and is ſtorming towns, making lodg-

lodgments and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he ſpeaks ſmells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to ſay for himſelf. I might likewiſe mention the law-pedant, that is perpetually putting caſes, repeating the tranſactions of Weſtminſter-hall, wrangling with you upon the moſt indifferent circumſtances of life, and not to be convinced of the diſtance of a place, or in the moſt trivial point of converſation, but by dint of argument. The ſtate-pedant is wrapt up in news, and loſt in politics. If you mention either of the kings of Spain or Poland, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the Gazette, you drop him. In ſhort, a mere courtier, a mere ſoldier, a mere ſcholar, a mere any thing, is an inſipid pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the ſpecies of pedants which I have mentioned, the book-pedant is much the moſt ſupportable; he has at leaſt an exerciſed underſtanding, and a head which is full, though confuſed; ſo that a man who converſes with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may poſſibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little uſe to the owner. The worſt kind of pedants among learned men, are ſuch as are naturally endued with a very ſmall ſhare of common ſenſe, and have read a great number of books without taſte or diſtinction.

The truth of it is, learning, like travelling, and all other methods of improvement, as it finiſhes good ſenſe, ſo it makes a ſilly man ten thouſand times more inſufferable, by ſupplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in abſurdities.

Shallow pedants cry up one another much more than men of ſolid and uſeful learning. To read the titles they give an editor, or collator of a manuſcript, you would take him for the glory of the commonwealth of letters, and the wonder of his age; when perhaps upon examination you find that he has only rectified

tified a Greek particle, or laid out a whole ſentence in proper commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus laviſh of their praiſes, that they may keep one another in countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wiſe, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

Monday, July 2, 1711*.

———————*Hinc tibi copia*
Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

Hor. 1. Od. xvii. 14.

" Here Plenty's liberal horn ſhall pour
" Of fruits for thee a copious ſhow'r,
" Rich honours of the quiet plain."

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to paſs away a month with him in the country, I laſt week accompanied him thither, and am ſettled with him for ſome time at his country-houſe, where I intend to form ſeveral of my enſuing Speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me riſe and go to bed when I pleaſe, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, ſit ſtill and ſay nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to ſee him, he only ſhews me at a diſtance. As I have been walking in his fields, I have obſerved them ſtealing a ſight of me over a hedge, and have heard the knight deſiring them not to let me ſee them, for that I hated to be ſtared at.

I am the more at eaſe in Sir Roger's family, becauſe it conſiſts of ſober and ſtaid perſons; for as the knight is the beſt maſter in the world, he ſeldom changes his ſervants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his

* No 106. ſervants

ſervants never care for leaving him; by this means his domeſtics are all in years, and grown old with their maſter. You would take his *valet de chambre* for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the graveſt men that I have ever ſeen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-counſellor. You ſee the goodneſs of the maſter even in the old houſe-dog, and in a grey pad that is kept in the ſtable with great care and tenderneſs out of regard to his paſt ſervices, tho' he has been uſeleſs for ſeveral years.

I could not but obſerve with a great deal of pleaſure the joy that appeared in the countenances of theſe ancient domeſtics upon my friend's arrival at his country-ſeat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the ſight of their old maſter; every one of them preſſed forward to do ſomething for him, and ſeemed diſcouraged if they were not employed. At the ſame time, the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and maſter of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with ſeveral kind queſtions relating to themſelves. This humanity and good nature engages every body to him, ſo that when he is pleaſant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none ſo much as the perſon whom he diverts himſelf with; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is eaſy for a ſtander-by to obſerve a ſecret concern in the looks of all his ſervants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the reſt of his fellow-ſervants, wonderfully deſirous of pleaſing me, becauſe they have often heard their maſter talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himſelf in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man, who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his houſe in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a perſon of good ſenſe and ſome learning, of a very regular life and obliging converſation: he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's eſteem, ſo that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have

I have obſerved in ſeveral of my Papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidſt all his good qualities, is ſomething of a humoriſt; and that his virtues, as well as his imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and diſtinguiſhes them from thoſe of other men. This caſt of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itſelf, ſo it renders his converſation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the ſame degree of ſenſe and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him laſt night, he aſked me how I liked the good man whom I have juſt now mentioned? and without ſtaying for my anſwer, told me, that he was afraid of being inſulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reaſon he deſired a particular friend of his at the univerſity to find him out a clergyman rather of plain ſenſe than much learning, of a good aſpect, a clear voice, a ſociable temper, and, if poſſible, a man that underſtood a little of back-gammon. My friend, ſays Sir Roger, found me out this gentleman, who, beſides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good ſcholar, though he does not ſhew it. I have given him the parſonage of the pariſh; and becauſe I know his value, have ſettled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he ſhall find that he was higher in my eſteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time aſked any thing of me for himſelf, though he has every day ſolicited me for ſomething in behalf of one or other of my tenants his pariſhioners. There has not been a law-ſuit in the pariſh ſince he has lived among them: if any diſpute ariſes, they apply themſelves to him for the deciſion; if they do not acquieſce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at moſt, they appeal to me. At his firſt ſettling with me, I made him a preſent of all the good ſermons which have been printed in Engliſh, and only begged of him, that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digeſted

them into ſuch a ſeries, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued ſyſtem of practical Divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his ſtory, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's aſking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us, the Biſhop of St Aſaph in the morning, and Dr South in the afternoon. He then ſhewed us his liſt of preachers for the whole year, where I ſaw with a great deal of pleaſure Archbiſhop Tillotſon, Biſhop Saunderſon, Dr Barrow, Dr Calamy, with ſeveral living authors, who have publiſhed diſcourſes of practical divinity. I no ſooner ſaw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's inſiſting upon the qualifications of a good aſpect and a clear voice; for I was ſo charmed with the gracefulneſs of his figure and delivery, as well as with the diſcourſes he pronounced, that I think I never paſſed any time more to my ſatisfaction. A ſermon repeated after this manner, is like the compoſition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wiſh that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and inſtead of waſting their ſpirits in laborious compoſitions of their own, would endeavour after a handſome elocution, and all thoſe other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater maſters. This would not only be more eaſy to themſelves, but more edifying to the people.

Wedneſday, July 4, 1711*.

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens,
Phædr. Fab. v. 2.

"Out of breath to no purpoſe, and very buſy about no-
"thing."

AS I was yeſterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his houſe, a country-fellow brought

* No. 108.

him

him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

'Sir ROGER,

'I Desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I 'have caught this season. I intend to come and 'stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite 'in the Black River. I observed with some concern, 'the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that 'your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a 'dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I 'hope will serve you all the time you are in the coun-'try. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last 'past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. 'He takes to his learning hugely. I am, Sir,

'Your humble servant,

'WILL. WIMBLE.'

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them, which I found to be as follows. Will. Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendant of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a May-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy be-

tween a couple of friends that live perhaps in the oppoſite ſides of the county. Will. is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a ſetting-dog that he has made himſelf. He now and then preſents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or ſiſters; and raiſes a great deal of mirth among them, by enquiring as often as he meets them how they wear? Theſe gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will. the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we ſaw him make up to us with two or three hazle-twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the houſe. I was very much pleaſed to obſerve on one ſide the hearty and ſincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the ſecret joy which his gueſt diſcovered at ſight of the good old knight. After the firſt ſalutes were over, Will. deſired Sir Roger to lend him one of his ſervants to carry a ſet of ſhuttlecocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it ſeems he had promiſed ſuch a preſent for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no ſooner turned but honeſt Will. began to tell me of a large cock-pheaſant that he had ſprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the ſame nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and moſt delight in; for which reaſon I was as much pleaſed with the novelty of the perſon that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the ſpringing of the pheaſant, and therefore liſtened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midſt of this diſcourſe the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been ſpeaking of had the pleaſure of ſeeing the huge jack he had caught, ſerved up for the firſt diſh in a moſt ſumptuous manner. Upon our ſitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank,

with

with ſeveral other particularities that laſted all the firſt courſe. A diſh of wild fowl that came afterwards furniſhed converſation for the reſt of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner I was ſecretly touched with compaſſion towards the honeſt gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but conſider with a great deal of concern, how ſo good an heart and ſuch buſy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that ſo much humanity ſhould be ſo little beneficial to others, and ſo much induſtry ſo little advantageous to himſelf. The ſame temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public eſteem, and have raiſed his fortune in another ſtation of life. What good to his country or himſelf might not a trader or merchant have done with ſuch uſeful though ordinary qualifications?

Will. Wimble's is the caſe of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather ſee their children ſtarve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profeſſion that is beneath their quality. This humour fills ſeveral parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happineſs of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger ſons, though incapable of any liberal art or profeſſion, may be placed in ſuch a way of life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the beſt of their family: Accordingly we find ſeveral citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, riſing by an honeſt induſtry to greater eſtates than thoſe of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will. was formerly tried at divinity, law, or phyſic; and that, finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents have him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for ſtudies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupation of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I ſhall deſire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have ſaid in my twenty-firſt Speculation.

Friday,

Friday, July 6, 1711*.

Horror ubique animos, ſimul ipſa ſilentia terrent.

Virg. Æn. ii. 755.

" All things are full of horror and affright,
" And dreadful ev'n the ſilence of the night."

DRYDEN.

AT a little diſtance from Sir Roger's houſe, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms; which are ſhot up ſo very high, that when one paſſes under them, the rooks and crows that reſt upon the tops of them ſeem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this ſort of noiſe, which I conſider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who ſupplies the wants of the whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Pſalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, becauſe of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reaſon (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it beſides the chaplain. My good friend the butler deſired me with a very grave face not to venture myſelf in it after ſun-ſet, for that one of the footmen had been almoſt frighted out of his wits by a ſpirit that appeared to him in the ſhape of a black horſe without his head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard ſuch a ruſtling among the buſhes that ſhe let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place laſt night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the moſt proper ſcenes in the world for a ghoſt to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are ſcattered up and down on every ſide, and half covered with ivy elder

* No. 110.

buſhes,

bushes, and the harbours of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walks of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects natural raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas; has very curious remarks, to shew how by the prejudice of education one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance: "The ideas of goblins and sprights have really no "more to do with darkness than light: yet let but a "foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a "child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall "never be able to separate them again so long as he "lives: but darkness shall ever afterwards bring "with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so "joined, that he can no more bear the one than the "other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without an head; and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted,

ed, and by that means was locked up: that noiſes had been heard in his long gallery, ſo that he could not get a ſervant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, becauſe there went a ſtory in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himſelf in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had ſhut up half the the rooms in the houſe, in which either her huſband, a ſon, or daughter had died. The knight ſeeing his habitation reduced to ſo ſmall a compaſs, and himſelf in a manner ſhut out of his own houſe, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exorciſed by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means diſſipated the fears which had ſo long reigned in the family.

I ſhould not have been thus particular upon theſe ridiculous horrors, did not I find them ſo very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the ſame time I think a perſon who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghoſts and ſpectres much more reaſonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all hiſtorians ſacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of ſpirits fabulous and groundleſs. Could not I give myſelf up to this general teſtimony of mankind, I ſhould to the relations of particular perſons who are now living; and whom I cannot diſtruſt in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the hiſtorians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewiſe the philoſophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion. Lucretius himſelf, though by the courſe of his philoſophy he was obliged to maintain that the ſoul did not exiſt ſeparate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable: he was ſo preſſed with the matter of fact, which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the moſt abſurd unphiloſophical notions that was ever ſtarted. He tells us, That the ſurfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their reſpective bodies, one after another; and that theſe ſurfaces

faces, or thin caſes, that included each other whilſt they were joined in the body like the coats of an onion, are ſometimes ſeen entire when they are ſeparated from it; by which means we often behold the ſhapes and ſhadows of perſons who are either dead or abſent.

I ſhall diſmiſs this Paper with a ſtory out of Joſephus, not ſo much for the ſake of the ſtory itſelf, as the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I ſhall here ſet down in his own words. 'Glaphyra, the daughter of king Archelaus, after the 'death of her two firſt huſbands (being married to a 'third, who was brother to her firſt huſband, and ſo 'paſſionately in love with her that he turned off his 'former wife to make room for this marriage) had a 'very odd kind of dream. She fancied that ſhe ſaw 'her firſt huſband coming towards her, and that ſhe 'embraced him with great tenderneſs; when, in the 'midſt of the pleaſure which ſhe expreſſed at the 'ſight of him, he reproached her after the following 'manner: "Glaphyra, ſays he, thou haſt made good "the old ſaying, That women are not to be truſted. "Was not I the huſband of thy virginity? Have I not "children by thee? How couldſt thou forget our loves "ſo far as to enter into a ſecond marriage, and after "that into a third, nay to take for thy huſband a man "who has ſo ſhamefully crept into the bed of his "brother? However, for the ſake of our paſſed loves, "I ſhall free thee from thy preſent reproach, and "make thee mine for ever." Glaphyra told this 'dream to ſeveral women of her acquaintance, and 'died ſoon after. I thought this ſtory might not be 'impertinent in this place, wherein I ſpeak of thoſe 'kings; beſides, that the example deſerves to be 'taken notice of, as it contains a moſt certain proof of 'the immortality of the ſoul, and of divine providence. 'If any man thinks theſe facts incredible, let him 'enjoy his own opinion to himſelf, but let him not 'endeavour to diſturb the belief of others, who by in-'ſtances of this nature are excited to the ſtudy of vir-'tue.'

Saturday, July 7, 1711*.

——*Inter ſilvas academi quærere verum.*

HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 45.

" To ſearch for truth in academic groves."

THE courſe of my laſt Speculation led me inſenſibly into a ſubject upon which I always meditate with great delight, I mean the immortality of the ſoul. I was yeſterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and loſt myſelf in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the ſeveral arguments that eſtabliſhed this great point, which is the baſis of morality, and the ſource of all the pleaſing hopes and ſecret joys that can ariſe in the heart of a reaſonable creature. I conſidered thoſe ſeveral proofs, drawn;

Firſt, From the nature of the ſoul itſelf, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not abſolutely neceſſary to the eternity of its duration, has I, think, been evinced to almoſt a demonſtration.

Secondly, From its paſſions and ſentiments, as particularly from its love of exiſtence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that ſecret ſatisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneaſineſs which follows in it upon the commiſſion of vice.

Thirdly, From the nature of the Supreme Being, whoſe juſtice, goodneſs, wiſdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this great point.

But among theſe and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the ſoul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progreſs of the ſoul to its perfection, without a poſſibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint I do not remember to have ſeen opened and improved by others who have written on this ſubject,

* No. 111.

though

though it ſeems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the ſoul, which is capable of ſuch immenſe perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, ſhall fall away into nothing almoſt as ſoon as it is created? Are ſuch abilities made for no purpoſe? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never paſs: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thouſand more, would be the ſame thing he is at preſent. Were a human ſoul thus at a ſtand in her acompliſhments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away inſenſibly, and drop at once into a ſtate of annhilation. But can we believe a thinking Being, that is in a perpetual progreſs of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having juſt looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few diſcoveries of his infinite goodneſs, wiſdom, and power, muſt periſh at her firſt ſetting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

A man, conſidered in his preſent ſtate, ſeems only ſent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himſelf with a ſucceſſor, and immediately quits his poſt to make room for him.

——————————————————*Hæres*
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam.
Hor. 2 Ep. ii. 175.

" ——Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
" Wave urges wave." CREECH.

He does not ſeem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurpriſing to conſider in animals, which are formed for our uſe, and can finiſh their buſineſs in a ſhort life. The ſilk-worm, after having ſpun her taſk, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full meaſure of knowledge, has not time to ſubdue his paſſions, eſtabliſh his ſoul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his na-

ture, before he is hurried off the ſtage. Would an infinitely wiſe Being make ſuch glorious creatures for ſo mean a purpoſe? Can he delight in the production of ſuch abortive intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wiſdom, which ſhines through all his works in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nurſery for the next, and believing that the ſeveral generations of rational creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick ſucceſſions, are only to receive their firſt rudiments of exiſtence here, and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleaſing and triumphant conſideration in religion than this of the perpetual progreſs which the ſoul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the ſoul as going on from ſtrength to ſtrength; to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine for ever with new acceſſions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it muſt be a proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of reſemblance.

Methinks this ſingle conſideration, of the progreſs of a finite ſpirit to perfection, will be ſufficient to extinguiſh all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in ſuperior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human ſoul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human ſoul ſhall be as perfect as he himſelf now is: nay, when ſhe ſhall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as ſhe now falls ſhort of it. It is true, the higher nature ſtill advances, and by that means preſerves his diſtance and ſuperiority in the ſcale of being; but he knows that how high ſoever the ſtation is of which

he

he ſtands poſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame degree of glory.

With what aſtoniſhment and veneration may we look into our own ſouls, where there are ſuch hidden ſtores of virtue and knowledge, ſuch inexhauſted ſources of perfection? We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reſerve for him. The ſoul, conſidered with its Creator, is like one of thoſe mathematical lines, that may draw nearer to another for all eternity, without a poſſibility of touching it: And can there be a thought ſo tranſporting, as to conſider ourſelves in theſe perpetual approaches to Him, who is not only the ſtandard of perfection but of happineſs?

Monday, July 9, 1711*.

Ἀθανατους μεν πρωτα θεους, νομῳ ως διακειται.
Τιμα—— Pythag.

"Firſt, in obedience to thy country's rites,
"Worſhip th' immortal gods."

I AM always very well pleaſed with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the ſeventh day were only a human inſtitution, it would be the beſt method that could have been thought of for the poliſhing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would ſoon degenerate into a kind of ſavages and barbarians, were there not ſuch frequent returns of a ſtated time, in which the whole village meet together with their beſt faces, and in their cleanlieſt habits, to converſe with one another upon indifferent ſubjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being.

* No. 112.

Sunday

Sunday clears away the ruſt of the whole week, not only as it refreſhes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the ſexes upon appearing in their moſt agreeable forms, and exerting all ſuch qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow diſtinguiſhes himſelf as much in the church-yard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole pariſh-politics being generally diſcuſſed in that place either after ſermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger being a good church-man, has beautified the inſide of his church with ſeveral texts of his own chooſing. He has likewiſe given a handſome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his eſtate he found his pariſhioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the reſponſes, he gave every one of them a haſſock and a common-prayer-book; and at the ſame time employed an itinerant ſinging-maſter, who goes about the country for that purpoſe, to inſtruct them rightly in the tunes of the pſalms; upon which they now very much value themſelves, and indeed outdo moſt of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will ſuffer no body to ſleep in it beſides himſelf; for if by chance he has been ſurpriſed into a ſhort nap at ſermon, upon recovering out of it he ſtands up and looks about him, and if he ſees any body elſe nodding, either wakes them himſelf, or ſends his ſervants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon theſe occaſions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verſe in the ſinging pſalms, half a minute after the reſt of the congregation have done with it; ſometimes, when he is pleaſed with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the ſame prayer; and ſometimes ſtands up when every body elſe is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or ſee if any of his tenants are miſſing.

I was

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, no body presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side: and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a-year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the 'squire; and the 'squire, to be revenged on the parson,

ſon, never comes to church. The 'ſquire has made all his tenants atheiſts and tithe-ſtealers; while the parſon inſtructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and inſinuates to them, in almoſt every ſermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In ſhort, matters are come to ſuch an extremity, that the 'ſquire has not ſaid his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parſon threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are ſo uſed to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the underſtanding of a man of an eſtate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important ſoever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are ſeveral men of five hundred a-year who do not believe it.

Thurſday July 12, 1711*.

——*Ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano.*

Juv. Sat. x. 356.

"Pray for a ſound mind in a ſound body."

BODILY labour is of two kinds, either that which a man ſubmits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleaſure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labour for that of exerciſe, but differs only from ordinary labour as it riſes from another motive.

A country life abounds in both theſe kinds of labour, and for that reaſon gives a man a greater ſtock of health, and conſequently a more perfect enjoyment of himſelf, than any other way of life. I conſider the

* No. 115.

body

body as a ſyſtem of tubes and glands; or, to uſe a more ruſtic phraſe, a bundle of pipes and ſtrainers, fitted to one another after ſo wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the ſoul to work with. This deſcription does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muſcle and every ligature, which is a compoſition of fibres, that are ſo many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all ſides with inviſible glands or ſtrainers.

This general idea of a human body, without conſidering it in the niceties of anatomy, lets us ſee how abſolutely neceſſary labour is for the right preſervation of it. There muſt be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digeſt, and ſeparate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanſe that infinitude of pipes and ſtrainers of which it is compoſed, and to give their ſolid parts a more firm and laſting tone. Labour or exerciſe ferments the humours, caſts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in thoſe ſecret diſtributions, without which the body cannot ſubſiſt in its vigour, nor the ſoul act with chearfulneſs.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the underſtanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining thoſe ſpirits that are neceſſary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the preſent laws of union between ſoul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we muſt aſcribe the ſpleen, which is ſo frequent in men of ſtudious and ſedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which thoſe of the other ſex are ſo often ſubject.

Had not exerciſe been abſolutely neceſſary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body ſo proper for it, by giving ſuch an activity to the limbs, and ſuch a pliancy to every part as neceſſarily produce thoſe compreſſions, extenſions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are neceſſary for the preſervation of ſuch a ſyſtem of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might

not want inducements to engage us in ſuch an exerciſe of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is ſo ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and ſweat of the brows. Providence furniſhes materials, but expects that we ſhould work them up ourſelves. The earth muſt be laboured before it gives its increaſe, and when it is forced into its ſeveral products, how many hands muſt they paſs through before they are fit for uſe? Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the ſpecies in twenty; and as for thoſe who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miſerable than the reſt of mankind, unleſs they indulge themſelves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of Exerciſe.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in buſineſs of this kind, and has hung ſeveral parts of his houſe with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of ſeveral kinds of deer that he has killed in the chace, which he thinks the moſt valuable furniture of his houſe, as they afford him frequent topics of diſcourſe, and ſhew that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's ſkin ſtuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon with great ſatisfaction, becauſe it ſeems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arſenal filled with guns of ſeveral ſizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havock in the woods, and deſtroyed many thouſands of pheaſants, partridges, and woodcocks. His ſtable-doors are patched with noſes that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger ſhewed me one of them that for diſtinction ſake has a braſs nail ſtruck through it, which coſt him about fifteen hours riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and loſt above

half

half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greateſt exploits of his life. The perverſe widow, whom I have given ſome account of, was the death of ſeveral foxes: for Sir Roger has told me, that, in the courſe of his amours, he patched the weſtern door of his ſtable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were ſure to pay for it. In proportion as his paſſion for the widow abated and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet ſafe that ſits within ten miles of his houſe.

There is no kind of exerciſe which I would ſo recommend to my readers of both ſexes as this of riding, as there is none which ſo much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Doctor Sydenham is very laviſh in its praiſes; and if the Engliſh reader will ſee the mechanical effects of it deſcribed at length, he may find them in a book publiſhed not many years ſince, under the title of the *Medicina Gymnaſtica*. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of theſe opportunities, I exerciſe myſelf an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and pleaſes me the more becauſe it does every thing I require of it in the moſt profound ſilence. My landlady and her daughters are ſo well acquainted with my hours of exerciſe, that they never come into my room to diſturb me whilſt I am ringing.

When I was ſome years younger than I am at preſent, I uſed to employ myſelf in a more laborious diverſion, which I learned from a Latin treatiſe of exerciſes that is written with great erudition: It is there called the σκιομαχία, or the fighting with a man's own ſhadow, and conſiſts in the brandiſhing of two ſhort ſticks graſped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the cheſt, exerciſes the limbs, and gives a man all the pleaſure of boxing, without the blows. I could wiſh that ſeveral learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controverſies and diſputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own

ſhadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the ſpleen, which makes them uneaſy to the public as well as to themſelves.

To conclude, as I am a compound of ſoul and body, I conſider myſelf as obliged to a double ſcheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the buſineſs of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exerciſe, as well as the other in ſtudy and contemplation.

Saturday, July 14, 1711.

——*Ipſi ſibi ſomnia fingunt.* Virg. Ecl. viii. 108.

" With voluntary dreams they cheat their minds."

THERE are ſome opinions in which a man ſhould ſtand neuter, without engaging his aſſent to one ſide or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuſes to ſettle upon any determination, is abſolutely neceſſary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepoſſeſſions. When the arguments preſs equally on both ſides in matters that are indifferent to us, the ſafeſt method is to give up ourſelves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I conſider the ſubject of Witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the Eaſt and Weſt-Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is ſuch an interconrſe and commerce with evil ſpirits, as that which we expreſs by the name of Witchcraft. But when I conſider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound moſt in theſe relations, and that the perſons among us, who are ſuppoſed to engage in ſuch an infernal commerce, are people of a weak underſtanding and crazed imagination, and at the ſame time reflect up-

on the many impoſtures and deluſions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to ſuſpend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In ſhort, when I conſider the queſtion, whether there are ſuch perſons in the world as thoſe we call Witches, my mind is divided between the two oppoſite opinions; or rather (to ſpeak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been ſuch a thing as witchcraft; but at the ſame time can give no credit to any particular inſtance of it.

I am engaged in this Speculation, by ſome occurrences that I met with yeſterday, which I ſhall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the ſide of one of his woods, an old woman applied herſelf to me for my charity. Her dreſs and figure put me in mind of the following deſcription in Otway:

In a cloſe lane as I purſu'd my journey,
I ſpy'd a wrinkled Hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry ſticks, and mumbling to herſelf.
Her eyes with ſcalding rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold palſy ſhook her head: her hands ſeem'd wither'd;
And on her crooked ſhoulders had ſhe wrapt
The tatter'd remnant of an old ſtrip'd hanging,
Which ſerv'd to keep her carcaſe from the cold;
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarſely patch'd
With different colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And ſeem'd to ſpeak variety of wretchedneſs.

As I was muſing on this deſcription, and comparing it with the object before me, the knight told me, that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country; that her lips were obſerved to be always in motion, and that there was not a ſwitch about her houſe which her neighbours did not believe had carried her ſeveral hundreds of miles. If ſhe chanced

to

ſtumble, they always found ſticks or ſtraws that lay in the figure of a croſs before her. If ſhe made any miſtake at church, and cried Amen in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that ſhe was ſaying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the pariſh that would take a pin of her, though ſhe ſhould offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with ſeveral imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy-maid does not make her butter come ſo ſoon as ſhe would have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horſe ſweats in the ſtable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected eſcape from the hounds, the huntſman curſes Moll White. Nay, (ſays Sir Roger) I have known the maſter of the pack, upon ſuch an occaſion, ſend one of his ſervants to ſee if Moll White had been out that morning.

This account raiſed my curioſity ſo far that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which ſtood in a ſolitary corner under the ſide of the wood. Upon our firſt entering, Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at ſomething that ſtood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broomſtaff. At the ſame time he whiſpered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that ſat in the chimney corner, which, as the old knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herſelf: for beſides that Moll is ſaid often to accompany her in the ſame ſhape, the cat is reported to have ſpoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played ſeveral pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was ſecretly concerned to ſee human nature in ſo much wretchedneſs and diſgrace, but at the ſame time could not forbear ſmiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, adviſing her, as a Juſtice of Peace, to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbour's cattle. We concluded our viſit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home Sir Roger told me, that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children

children ſpit pins, and giving maids the night-mare; and that the country people would be toſſing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have ſince found upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was ſeveral times ſtaggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county ſeſſions, had not his chaplain with much ado perſuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, becauſe I hear there is ſcarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a pariſh, ſhe is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary diſtempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occaſion of ſo many evils begins to be frighted at herſelf, and ſometimes confeſſes ſecret commerces and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greateſt objects of compaſſion, and inſpires people with a malevolence towards thoſe poor decrepid parts of our ſpecies, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

Tueſday, July 17, 1711*.

Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic noſtræ ſimilem———

Virg. Ecl. i. 20.

"The city men call Rome, unſkilful clown,
"I thought reſembled this our humble town."

WARTON.

THE firſt and moſt obvious reflections which ariſe in a man who changes the city for the country, are

* No. 119.

are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in thoſe two different ſcenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behaviour and good-breeding, as they ſhew themſelves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the firſt place, I muſt obſerve a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good-breeding. Several obliging deferences, condeſcenſions, and ſubmiſſions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were firſt of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and diſtinguiſhed themſelves from the ruſtic part of the ſpecies (who on all occaſions acted bluntly and naturally) by ſuch a mutual complaiſance and intercourſe of civilities. Theſe forms of converſation by degrees multiplied and grew troubleſome; the modiſh world found too great a conſtraint in them, and have therefore thrown moſt of them aſide. Converſation, like the Romiſh religion, was ſo incumbered with ſhow and ceremony, that it ſtood in need of a reformation to retrench its ſuperfluities, and reſtore it to its natural good ſenſe and beauty. At preſent therefore an unconſtrained carriage, and a certain openneſs of behaviour, are the height of good-breeding. The faſhionable world is grown free and eaſy; our manners ſit more looſe upon us. Nothing is ſo modiſh as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good breeding ſhows itſelf moſt, where to an ordinary eye it appears the leaſt.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country, we find in them the manners of the laſt age. They have no ſooner fetched themſelves up to the faſhion of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the firſt ſtate of nature than to thoſe refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and ſtill prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never converſed in the world, by his exceſs of good-breeding. A polite country eſquire ſhall make you as many bows in half an hour, as would ſerve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely

finitely more to do about place and precedency in a meeting of juſtices wives, than in an aſſembly of dutcheſſes.

This rural politeneſs is very troubleſome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk firſt or laſt, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almoſt cold before the company could adjuſt the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to ſit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have ſeen him forced to pick and cull his gueſts, as they ſat at the ſeveral parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their reſpective ranks and qualities. Honeſt Will. Wimble, who I ſhould have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fiſhing all the morning, he will not help himſelf at dinner until I am ſerved. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me; and laſt night, as we were walking in the fields, ſtopped ſhort at a ſtile until I came up to it, and upon my making ſigns to him to get over, told me with a ſerious ſmile, that ſure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good-breeding, which relates to the converſation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the firſt diſtinctions of a well-bred man to expreſs every thing that had the moſt remote appearance of being obſcene, in modeſt terms and diſtant phraſes; whilſt the clown, who had no ſuch delicacy of conception and expreſſion, clothed his ideas in thoſe plain, homely terms, that are the moſt obvious and natural. This kind of good-manners was perhaps carried to an exceſs, ſo as to make converſation too ſtiff, formal, and preciſe: for which reaſon (as hypocriſy in one age is generally ſucceeded by atheiſm in another) converſation is in a great meaſure relapſed into the firſt extreme; ſo that at preſent ſeveral of our men of the town, and particularly thoſe who have been poliſhed

in France, make uſe of the moſt coarſe uncivilized words in our language, and utter themſelves often in ſuch a manner as a clown would bluſh to hear.

This infamous piece of good breeding, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impoſſible for ſuch an irrational way of converſation to laſt long among a people that make any profeſſion of religion, or ſhow of modeſty, if the country gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good-breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themſelves talking together like men of wit and pleaſure.

As the two points of good-breeding, which I have hitherto inſiſted upon, regard behaviour and converſation, there is a third which turns upon dreſs. In this too the country are very much behind-hand. The rural beaus are not yet got out of the faſhion that took place at the time of the revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are ſtill trying to out-vie one another in the height of their head-dreſſes.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the weſtern circuit, having promiſed to give me an account of the ſeveral modes and faſhions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he paſſes, I ſhall defer the enlarging upon this laſt topic till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every poſt.

Wedneſday, July 18, 1711*.

——*Equidem credo, quia ſit divinitus illis*
Ingenium——— Virg. Georg. i. 451.

——" I deem their breaſts inſpir'd
" With a divine ſagacity."——

MY friend Sir Roger is very often merry with me upon my paſſing ſo much of my time among his

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his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's neſt, and ſeveral times ſitting an hour or two together near a hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am perſonally acquainted with every fowl about his houſe; calls ſuch a particular cock my favourite; and frequently complains that his ducks and geeſe have more of my company than himſelf.

I muſt confeſs I am infinitely delighted with thoſe Speculations of nature which are to be made in a country-life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural hiſtory, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occaſion the ſeveral remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own obſervation: the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural hiſtory of animals being in my opinion demonſtrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the leaſt turn in the muſcles or twiſt in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other caſt or texture of them would have been.

The moſt violent appetites in all creatures are luſt and hunger. The firſt is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter, to preſerve themſelves.

It is aſtoniſhing to conſider the different degrees of care that deſcend from the parent to the young, ſo far as is abſolutely neceſſary for the leaving a poſterity. Some creatures caſt their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther; as inſects and ſeveral kinds of fiſh. Others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to depoſite them in, and there leave them; as the ſerpent, the crocodile, and oſtrich: others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, until it is able to ſhift for itſelf.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to obſerve a particular plan in the ſtructure of its neſt, and directs all the ſame ſpecies to work after the ſame model? It cannot be Imitation;

for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it ſee any of the works of its own kind, the neſt it makes ſhall be the ſame, to the laying of a ſtick, with all the other neſts of the ſame ſpecies. It cannot be Reaſon; for were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniencies that they would propoſe to themſelves.

Is it not remarkable, that the ſame temper of weather, which raiſes this genial warmth in animals, ſhould cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with graſs, for their ſecurity and concealment, and produce ſuch infinite ſwarms of inſects for the ſupport and ſuſtenance of their reſpective broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent ſhould be ſo violent while it laſts, and that it ſhould laſt no longer than is neceſſary for the preſervation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment; which I ſhall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning ſuch an inſtance of cruelty, becauſe there is nothing can ſo effectually ſhew the ſtrength of that principle in animals of which I am here ſpeaking. "A perſon who was well ſkilled in diſſections opened a bitch, and as ſhe lay in the moſt exquiſite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which ſhe immediately fell a licking; and for the time ſeemed inſenſible of her own pain. On the removal, ſhe kept her eye fixt on it, and began a wailing ſort of cry, which ſeemed rather to proceed from the loſs of her young one, than the ſenſe of her own torments."

But notwithſtanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intenſe than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it ſhould be no longer troubleſome to the parent than it is uſeful to the young; for ſo ſoon as the wants of the latter ceaſe, the mother withdraws her fondneſs, and leaves them to provide for themſelves; and, what is a very remarkable circumſtance in this part of inſtinct, we find that

that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it: as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species: nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards; for in all family affection, we find protection granted and favours bestowed, are greater motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shews itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation:

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! when she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! when she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter,

winter, when the rigour of the ſeaſon would chill the principles of life, and deſtroy the young one, ſhe grows more aſſiduous in her attendance, and ſtays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does ſhe help the chick to break its priſon! not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nouriſhment, and teaching it to help itſelf; nor to mention her forſaking the neſt, if after the uſual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chymical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is ſeen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that ſhew an infinitely greater ſagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the ſame time the hen, that has all this ſeeming ingenuity (which is indeed abſolutely neceſſary for the propagation of the ſpecies), conſidered in other reſpects, is without the leaſt glimmerings of thought or common ſenſe. She miſtakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and ſits upon it in the ſame manner. She is inſenſible of any increaſe or diminution in the number of thoſe ſhe lays. She does not diſtinguiſh between her own and thoſe of another ſpecies; and when the birth appears of never ſo different a bird, will cheriſh it for her own. In all theſe circumſtances which do not carry an immediate regard to the ſubſiſtence of herſelf or her ſpecies, ſhe is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, any thing more myſterious in nature than this inſtinct in animals, which thus riſes above reaſon, and falls infinitely ſhort of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and, at the ſame time, works after ſo odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themſelves, nor from any laws of mechaniſm, but, according to the beſt notions of the greateſt philoſophers, is an immediate impreſſion from

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the firſt mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures.

Thurſday, July 19, 1711*.

——*Jovis omnia plena.* Virg. Ecl. iii. 60.

——" All things are full of Jove."

AS I was walking this morning in the great yard that belongs to my friend's country-houſe, I was wonderfully pleaſed to ſee the different workings of inſtinct in a hen followed by a brood of ducks. The young, upon the ſight of a pond, immediately ran into it; while the ſtep-mother, with all imaginable anxiety, hovered about the borders of it, to call them out of an element that appeared to her ſo dangerous and deſtructive. As the different principle which acted in theſe different animals cannot be termed Reaſon, ſo when we call it Inſtinct, we mean ſomething we have no knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my laſt Paper, it ſeems the immediate direction of Providence, and ſuch an operation of the ſupreme Being as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centres. A modern philoſopher, quoted by Monſieur Bayle in his learned diſſertation on the ſouls of brutes, delivers the ſame opinion, tho' in a bolder form of words, where he ſays *Deus eſt anima brutorum*, God himſelf is the ſoul of brutes. Who can tell what to call that ſeeming ſagacity in animals, which directs them to ſuch food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholeſome? Tully has obſerved, that a lamb no ſooner falls from its mother, but immediately, and of its own accord, it applies itſelf to the teat. Dampier, in his Travels, tells us, that when ſeamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coaſts of America, they never

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venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting ſoever it may appear, unleſs they obſerve that it is marked with the pecking of birds; but fall on without any fear or apprehenſion where the birds have been before them.

But notwithſtanding animals have nothing like the uſe of reaſon, we find in them all the lower parts of our nature, the paſſion, and ſenſes, in their greateſt ſtrength and perfection. And here it is worth our obſervation, that all beaſts and birds of prey are wonderfully ſubject to anger, malice, revenge, and all the other violent paſſions that may animate them in ſearch of their proper food; as thoſe that are incapable of defending themſelves, or annoying others, or whoſe ſafety lies chiefly in their flight, are ſuſpicious, fearful, and apprehenſive of every thing they ſee or hear; whilſt others that are of aſſiſtance and uſe to man, have their natures ſoftened with ſomething mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a domeſtic life. In this caſe the paſſions generally correſpond with the make of the body. We do not find the fury of a lion in ſo weak and defenceleſs an animal as a lamb, nor the meekneſs of a lamb in a creature ſo armed for battle and aſſault as the lion. In the ſame manner, we find that particular animals have a more or leſs exquiſite ſharpneſs and ſagacity in thoſe particular ſenſes which moſt turn to their advantage, and in which their ſafety and welfare is the moſt concerned.

Nor muſt we here omit that great variety of arms with which nature has differently fortified the bodies of ſeveral kind of animals, ſuch as claws, hoofs, horns, teeth, and tuſks; a tail, a ſting, a trunk, or a *proboſcis*. It is likewiſe obſerved by naturaliſts, that it muſt be ſome hidden principle diſtinct from what we call reaſon, which inſtructs animals in the uſe of theſe their arms, and teaches them to manage them to the beſt advantage; becauſe they naturally defend themſelves with that part in which their ſtrength lies, before the weapon be formed in it, as is remarkable in lambs, which, though they are bred within doors, and never ſaw the action of their own ſpecies, puſh at thoſe who

approach

approach them with their foreheads, before the firſt budding of a horn appears.

I ſhall add to theſe general obſervations an inſtance which Mr Locke has given us of Providence even in the imperfections of a creature which ſeems the meaneſt and moſt deſpicable in the whole animal world. "We may, ſays he, from the make of an oyſter, or "cockle, conclude, that it has not ſo many nor ſo "quick ſenſes as a man, or ſeveral other animals: nor "if it had, would it, in that ſtate and incapacity of "transferring itſelf from one place to another, be bet-"tered by them. What good would ſight and hear-"ing do to a creature, that cannot move itſelf to or "from the object, wherein at a diſtance it perceives "good or evil? and would not quickneſs of ſenſation, "be an inconvenience to an animal that muſt be ſtill "where chance has once placed it, and there receive "the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, "as it happens to come to it."

I ſhall add to this inſtance out of Mr Locke another out of the learned Dr More, who cites it from Cardan, in relation to another animal which Providence has left defective, but at the ſame time has ſhown its wiſdom in the formation of that organ in which it ſeems chiefly to have failed. "What is more obvious and "ordinary than a Mole? and yet what more palpable "argument of Providence than ſhe? the members of "her body are ſo exactly fitted to her nature and "manner of life: for her dwelling being underground, "where nothing is to be ſeen, nature has ſo obſcurely "fitted her with eyes, that naturaliſts can ſcarce agree "whether ſhe have any ſight at all, or no. But "for amends, what ſhe is capable of for her defence "and warning of danger, ſhe has very eminently con-"ferred upon her; for ſhe is exceeding quick of hear-"ing. And then her ſhort tail and ſhort legs, but "broad fore-feet armed with ſharp claws; we ſee by "the event to what purpoſe they are, ſhe ſo ſwiftly "working herſelf under ground, and making her way "ſo faſt in the earth, as they that behold it cannot

" but admire it. Her legs therefore are ſhort, that " ſhe need dig no more than will ſerve the mere thick- " neſs of her body; and her fore-feet are broad, that " ſhe may ſcoop away much earth at a time; and lit- " tle or no tail ſhe has, becauſe ſhe courſes it not on " the ground, like the rat or mouſe, of whoſe kindred " ſhe is; but lives under the earth, and is fain to dig " herſelf a dwelling there. And ſhe making her way " through ſo thick an element, which will not yield " eaſily, as the air or the water, it had been danger- " ous to have drawn ſo long a train behind her; for " her enemy might fall upon her rear, and fetch her " out, before ſhe had compleated or got full poſſeſſion " of her works."

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr Boyle's remark upon this laſt creature, who I remember, ſomewhere in his works, obſerves, that though the mole be not totally blind, (as it is commonly thought) ſhe has not ſight enough to diſtinguiſh particular objects. Her eye is ſaid to have but one humour in it, which is ſuppoſed to give her the idea of light, but of nothing elſe, and is ſo formed that this idea is probably painful to the animal. Whenever ſhe comes up into broad day ſhe might be in danger of being taken, unleſs ſhe were thus affected by a light ſtriking upon her eye, and immediately warning her to bury herſelf in her proper element. More ſight would be uſeleſs to her, as none at all might be fatal.

I have only inſtanced ſuch animals as ſeem the moſt imperfect works of nature; and if Providence ſhews itſelf even in the blemiſhes of theſe creatures, how much more does it diſcover itſelf in the ſeveral endowments which it has variouſly beſtowed upon ſuch creatures as are more or leſs finiſhed and compleated in their ſeveral faculties, according to the condition of life in which they are poſted.

I could wiſh our Royal Society would compile a body of Natural Hiſtory, the beſt that could be gathered together from books and obſervations. If the ſeveral writers among them took each his particular ſpecies, and gave us a diſtinct account of its original birth

birth and education; its policies, hostilities and alliances, with the frame and texture of its inward and outward parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from all other animals, with their peculiar aptitudes for the state of being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the best services their studies could do mankind, and not a little redound to the glory of the All-wise Contriver.

It is sure, such a natural history, after all the disquisitions of the learned, would be infinitely short and defective. Seas and deserts hide millions of animals from our observation. Innumerable artifices and stratagems are acted in the howling wilderness, and in the great deep, that can never come to our knowledge. Besides that there are infinitely more species of creatures which are not to be seen without, nor indeed with the help of the finest glasses, than of such as are bulky enough for the naked eye to take hold of. However, from the consideration of such animals as lie within the compass of our knowledge, we might easily form a conclusion of the rest, that the same variety of wisdom and goodness runs through the whole creation, and puts every creature in a condition to provide for its safety and subsistence in its proper station.

Tully has given us an admirable sketch of natural history, in his second book concerning the Nature of the Gods; and that in a stile so raised by metaphors and descriptions, that it lifts the subject above raillery and ridicule, which frequently fall on such nice observations when they pass through the hands of an ordinary writer.

Friday, July 20, 1711*.

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est. Publ. Syr. Frag.

"An agreeable companion upon the road is as good as a "coach."

A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself, seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shewn to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will. Wimble and myself with him to the country assizes. As we were upon the road, Will. Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a-year, an honest man. He is just within the game-act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a-week; and

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and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the Petty-Jury.

The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution; his father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the Willow-Tree.

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom. Touchy, Will. Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will. told him that Mr Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will. it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom. Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr such-a-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that, "much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came: but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the

the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occaſion to whiſper in the judge's ear, "That he was glad his lordſhip had met with ſo much "good weather in his circuit." I was liſtening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleaſed with that great appearance and ſolemnity which ſo properly accompanies ſuch a public adminiſtration of our laws; when, after about an hour's ſitting, I obſerved to my great ſurpriſe, in the midſt of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to ſpeak. I was in ſome pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himſelf of two or three ſentences, with a look of much buſineſs and great intrepidity.

Upon his firſt riſing the court was huſhed, and a general whiſper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The ſpeech he made was ſo little to the purpoſe, that I ſhall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not ſo much deſigned by the knight himſelf to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court roſe, to ſee the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and ſtriving who ſhould compliment him moſt; at the ſame time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a diſtance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to ſpeak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, becauſe it ſhews how deſirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their eſteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his eſtate, we ſtopped at a little inn to reſt ourſelves and our horſes. The man of the houſe had, it ſeems been formerly a ſervant in the knight's family; and, to do honour to his old maſter, had ſome time ſince, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a ſign-poſt before the door; ſo that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himſelf knew any thing of the matter. As ſoon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his ſervant's indiſcretion proceeded wholly from affection and

good-

good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow ſeemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more deciſive look, That it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him at the ſame time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himſelf would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiſkers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's-head. I ſhould not have known this ſtory had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, That his honour's head was brought back laſt night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend with his uſual chearfulneſs related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear diſcovering greater expreſſions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monſtrous face, under which, notwithſtanding it was made to frown and ſtare in a moſt extraordinary manner, I could ſtill diſcover a diſtant reſemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon ſeeing me laugh, deſired me to tell him truly if I thought it poſſible for people to know him in that diſguiſe. I at firſt kept my uſual ſilence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not ſtill more like himſelf than a Saracen, I compoſed my countenance in the beſt manner I could, and replied, "That "much might be ſaid on both ſides."

Theſe ſeveral adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleaſant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

Saturday,

Saturday, July 21, 1711 *.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ. Hor. 4 Od. iv. 33.

"Yet the best blood by learning is refin'd,
"And virtue arms the solid mind;
"Whilst vice will stain the noblest race,
"And the paternal stamp efface."

OLDISWORTH.

AS I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh coloured ruddy young man, who rid by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, Sir Roger told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother that lived not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ake. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found, by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; and that if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole country.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts, I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers, who, either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or

* No 123. from

from hearing theſe notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their ſervants and domeſtics, or from the ſame fooliſh thought prevailing in thoſe who have the care of their education, are of no manner of uſe but to keep up their families, and tranſmit their lands and houſes in a line to poſterity.

This makes me often think on a ſtory I have heard of two friends, which I ſhall give my reader at large, under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be uſeful, though there are ſome circumſtances which make it rather appear like a novel, than a true ſtory.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with ſmall eſtates. They were both of them men of good ſenſe and great virtue. They proſecuted their ſtudies together in their earlier years, and entered into ſuch a friendſhip as laſted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his firſt ſetting out in the world, threw himſelf into a court, where, by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities, he made his way from one poſt to another, until at length he had raiſed a very conſiderable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, ſought all opportunities of improving his mind by ſtudy, converſation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the ſciences, but with the moſt eminent profeſſors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the intereſts of its princes, with the cuſtoms and faſhions of their courts, and could ſcarce meet with the name of an extraordinary perſon in the Gazette, whom he had not either talked to or ſeen. In ſhort, he had ſo well mixt and digeſted his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the moſt accompliſhed perſons of his age. During the whole courſe of his ſtudies and travels he kept up a punctual correſpondence with Eudoxus, who often made himſelf acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which, according to Mr Cowley, "there is no dallying with life,") they determined, purſuant to the reſolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and paſs the remainder of their days in the country. In order to

this, they both of them married much about the ſame time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a-year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchaſed an eſtate of as many thouſands. They were both of them fathers about the ſame time, Eudoxus having a ſon born to him, and Leontine a daughter: but to the unſpeakable grief of the latter, his young wife (in whom all his happineſs was wrapt up) died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been inſupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily viſits and converſations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their uſual intimacy, Leontine, conſidering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own houſe, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a ſon who knows himſelf to be the heir of a great eſtate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely, that the boy ſhould be bred up with Leontine as his ſon, and that the girl ſhould live with Eudoxus as his daughter, until they were each of them arrived at years of diſcretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her ſon could not be ſo advantageouſly brought up as under the care of Leontine, and conſidering at the ſame time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each ſide had wrought themſelves to ſuch an habitual tenderneſs for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real paſſion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his ſuppoſed parent, was taught to rejoice at the ſight of Eudoxus, who viſited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himſelf eſteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his ſuppoſed father's circumſtances,

cumſtances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own induſtry. This conſideration grew ſtronger in him every day, and produced ſo good an effect, that he applied himſelf with more than ordinary attention to the purſuit of every thing which Leontine recommended to him. His natural ablities, which were very good, aſſiſted by the directions of ſo excellent a counſellor, enabled him to make a quicker progreſs than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finiſhed his ſtudies and exerciſes with great applauſe, he was removed from the univerſity to the inns of court, where there are very few that make themſelves conſiderable proficients in the ſtudies of the place, who know they ſhall arrive at great eſtates without them. This was not Florio's caſe; he found that three hundred a-year was but a poor eſtate for Leontine and himſelf to live upon, ſo that he ſtudied without intermiſſion till he gained a very good inſight into the conſtitution and laws of his country.

I ſhould have told my reader, that whilſt Florio lived at the houſe of his foſter-father, he was always an acceptable gueſt in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her, by degrees grew into love, which, in a mind trained up in all the ſentiments of honour and virtue, became a very uneaſy paſſion. He deſpaired of gaining an heireſs of ſo great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greateſt beauty joined with the greateſt modeſty, entertained at the ſame time a ſecret paſſion for Florio, but conducted herſelf with ſo much prudence that ſhe never gave him the leaſt intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all thoſe arts and improvements that are proper to raiſe a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but ſecretly tormented with that paſſion which burns with the greateſt fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a ſudden ſummons from Leontine to repair to him in the country the next day. For it ſeems Eudoxus was ſo

filled with the report of his ſon's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himſelf known to him. The morning after his arrival at the houſe of his ſuppoſed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had ſomething of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. Florio was no ſooner arrived at the great houſe that ſtood in his neighbourhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the firſt ſalutes were over, and conducted him into his cloſet. He there opened to him the whole ſecret of his parentage and education, conluding after this manner: "I have no other way "left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than "by marrying you to his daughter. He ſhall not "loſe the pleaſure of being your father by the diſ-"covery I have made to you. Leonilla too ſhall be "ſtill my daughter; her filial piety, though miſplaced, "has been ſo exemplary that it deſerves the greateſt "reward I can confer upon it. You ſhall have the "pleaſure of ſeeing a great eſtate fall to you, which "you would have loſt the reliſh of had you known "yourſelf born to it. Continue only to deſerve it in "the ſame manner you did before you were poſſeſſed "of it. I have left your mother in the next room. "Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the "ſame diſcoveries to Leonilla which I have made to "yourſelf." Florio was ſo overwhelmed with this profuſion of happineſs, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himſelf down at his father's feet, and, amidſt a flood of tears, kiſſed and embraced his knees, aſking his bleſſing, and expreſſing in dumb ſhow thoſe ſentiments of love, duty, and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's eſtate ſettled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus paſſed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leonilla the juſt recompence, as well as the natural effects of that care which they had beſtowed upon them in their education.

Monday,

Monday, July 9, 1711*.

"A great book is a great evil."

A Man who publiſhes his works in a volume, has an infinite advantage over one who communicates his writings to the world in looſe tracts and ſingle pieces. We do not expect to meet with any thing in a bulky volume, till after ſome heavy preamble, and ſeveral words of courſe, to prepare the reader for what follows. Nay, authors have eſtabliſhed it as a kind of rule, That a man ought to be dull ſometimes: as the moſt ſevere reader makes allowances for many reſts and nodding-places in a voluminous writer. This gave occaſion to the famous proverb which I have choſen for my motto, "That a great book is a great evil."

On the contrary, thoſe who publiſh their thoughts in diſtinct ſheets, and as it were by piece-meal, have none of theſe advantages. We muſt immediately fall into our ſubject, and treat every part of it in a lively manner, or our Papers are thrown by as dull and inſipid. Our matter muſt lie cloſe together, and either be wholly new in itſelf, or in the turn it receives from our expreſſions. Were the books of our beſt authors thus to be retailed to the public, and every page ſubmitted to the taſte of forty or fifty thouſand readers, I am afraid we ſhould complain of many flat expreſſions, trivial obſervations, beaten topics, and common thoughts, which go off very well in the lump. At the ſame time, notwithſtanding ſome Papers may be made up of broken hints and irregular ſketches, it is often expected that every ſheet ſhould be a kind of treatiſe, and make out in thought what it wants in

* No. 124.

bulk;

bulk: that a point of humour ſhould be worked up in all its parts; and a ſubject touched upon in its moſt eſſential articles, without the repetitions, tautologies and enlargements, that are indulged to longer labours. The ordinary writers of morality preſcribe to their readers after the Galenick way; their medicines are made up in large quantities. An Eſſay-writer muſt practiſe in the Chymical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops. Were all books reduced thus to their quinteſſence, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny-paper. There would be ſcarce ſuch a thing in nature as a Folio; the works of an age would be contained on a few ſhelves; not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the difficulty of furniſhing out ſeparate Papers of this nature, has hindered authors from communicating their thoughts to the world after ſuch a manner: though I muſt confeſs I am amazed that the preſs ſhould be only made uſe of in this way by news-writers, and the zealots of parties; as if it were not more advantageous to mankind, to be inſtructed in wiſdom and virtue, than in politics: and to be made good fathers, huſbands, and ſons, than counſellors and ſtateſmen. Had the philoſophers and great men of antiquity, who took ſo much pains in order to inſtruct mankind, and leave the world wiſer and better than they found it; had they, I ſay, been poſſeſſed of the Art of Printing, there is no queſtion but they would have made ſuch an advantage of it, in dealing out lectures to the public. Our common Prints would be of great uſe were they thus calculated to diffuſe good ſenſe through the bulk of a people, to clear up their underſtandings, animate their minds with virtue, diſſipate the ſorrows of a heavy heart, or unbend the mind from its more ſevere employments with innocent amuſements. When knowledge, inſtead of being bound up in books, and kept in libraries and retirements, is thus obtruded upon the public; when it is canvaſſed in every aſſembly, and expoſed upon every table, I cannot

cannot forbear reflecting upon that paſſage in the Proverbs; "Wiſdom crieth without, ſhe uttereth her "voice in the ſtreets: ſhe crieth in the chief place of "concourſe, in the openings of the gates. In the city "ſhe uttereth her words, ſaying, How long, ye ſimple "ones, will ye love ſimplicity? and the ſcorners de-"light in their ſcorning? and fools hate knowledge?"

The many letters which come to me from perſons of the beſt ſenſe in both ſexes, (for I may pronounce their characters from their way of writing), do not a little encourage me in the proſecution of this my undertaking; beſides that my bookſeller tells me, the demand for theſe my Papers increaſes daily. It is at his inſtance that I ſhall continue my rural ſpeculations to the end of this month; ſeveral having made up ſeparate ſets of them, as they have done before of thoſe relating to Wit, to Operas, to Points of Morality, or Subjects of Humour.

I am not at all mortified, when ſometimes I ſee my works thrown aſide by men of no taſte nor learning. There is a kind of heavineſs and ignorance that hangs upon the minds of ordinary men, which is too thick for knowledge to break through. Their ſouls are not to be enlightened,

———*Nox atra cava circumvolat umbra.*

Virg. Æn. ii. 360.

"Black night enwraps them in her gloomy ſhade."

To theſe I muſt apply the fable of the Mole, That, after having conſulted many oculiſts for the bettering of his ſight, was at laſt provided with a good pair of ſpectacles; but, upon his endeavouring to make uſe of them, his mother told him very prudently, "That "ſpectacles, though they might help the eye of a man, "could be of no uſe to a mole." It is not therefore for the benefit of moles that I publiſh theſe my daily Eſſays.

But beſides ſuch as are Moles through ignorance, there

there are others who are Moles through envy. As it is ſaid in a Latin proverb, "That one man is a Wolf to another:" ſo generally ſpeaking, one author is a Mole to another author. It is impoſſible for them to diſcover beauties in one another's works; they have eyes only for ſpots and blemiſhes: they can indeed ſee the light, as it is ſaid of the animals which are their nameſakes, but the idea of it is painful to them; they immediately ſhut their eyes upon it, and withdraw themſelves into a wilful obſcurity. I have already caught two or three of theſe dark undermining vermin, and intend to make a ſtring of them, in order to hang them up in one of my Papers, as an example to all ſuch voluntary Moles.

Tueſday, July 24, 1711*.

Ne pueri, ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella;
Neu patriæ validas in viſcera vertite vires.

Virg. Æn. vi. 832.

"This thirſt of kindred blood, my ſons, deteſt,
"Nor turn your force againſt your country's breaſt."

DRYDEN.

MY worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a ſchool-boy, which was at the time when the feuds ran high between the Round-heads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a ſtripling, had occaſion to inquire which was the way to St Anne's lane, upon which the perſon whom he ſpoke to, inſtead of anſwering his queſtion, called him a young popiſh cur, and aſked him who had made Anne a ſaint? The boy, being in ſome confuſion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's lane?

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but

but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shewn the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon this, says Sir Roger, I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane. By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country, how they spoil good neighbourhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befal a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party-spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancour, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch says very finely, That a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, because, says he, if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others: if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you. I might here ob-

ſerve how admirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the paſſion itſelf, and not from its object) anſwers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philoſopher wrote; but inſtead of that, I ſhall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear ſoured with party-principles, and alienated from one another in ſuch a manner, as ſeems to me altogether inconſiſtent with the dictates either of reaſon or religion. Zeal for a public cauſe is apt to breed paſſions in the hearts of virtuous perſons, to which the regard of their own private intereſt would never have betrayed them.

If this party-ſpirit has ſo ill an effect on our morals, it has likewiſe a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor inſipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and ſometimes a noble piece depreciated, by thoſe who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this ſpirit is almoſt under an incapacity of diſcerning either real blemiſhes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle, is like an object ſeen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however ſtraight and intire it may be in itſelf. For this reaſon there is ſcarce a perſon of any figure in England, who does not go by two contrary characters, as oppoſite to one another as light and darkneſs. Knowledge and learning ſuffer in a particular manner from this ſtrange prejudice, which at preſent prevails amongſt all ranks and degrees in the Britiſh nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned ſocieties by their parts and acquiſitions, they now diſtinguiſh themſelves by the warmth and violence with which they eſpouſe their reſpective parties. Books are valued upon the like conſiderations. An abuſive ſcurrilous ſtile paſſes for ſatire, and a dull ſcheme of party-notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of ſophiſtry practiſed by both ſides, and that is the taking any ſcandalous ſtory that has been ever whiſpered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted truth, and raiſing ſuitable ſpecu-

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lations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary postulatums of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelfes and Gibellines, and France by those who were for and against the League: but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honour and esteem; if instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the love of their country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, "If "there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, "all people would be of one mind."

For my own part, I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association for the support of one another against the endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life, because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those methods which would be

grateful to their faction. We ſhould then ſingle every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear: on the contrary, we ſhould ſhelter diſtreſſed innocence, and defend virtue, however beſet with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In ſhort, we ſhould not any longer regard our fellow-ſubjects as whigs or tories, but ſhould make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.

Wedneſday, July 25, 1711*.

Tros Rutuluſve fuat, nullo diſcrimine habebo.
Virg. Æn. x. 108.

"Rutulians, Trojans, are the ſame to me." DRYDEN.

IN my yeſterday's Paper I propoſed that the honeſt men of all parties ſhould enter into a kind of aſſociation for the defence of one another, and the confuſion of their common enemies. As it is deſigned this neutral body ſhould act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity, and diveſt themſelves of the little heats and prepoſſeſſions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form of an aſſociation, which may expreſs their intentions in the moſt plain and ſimple manner.

"WE whoſe names are hereunto ſubſcribed do ſo-
"lemnly declare, That we do in our conſciences be-
"lieve two and two make four; and that we ſhall ad-
"judge any man whatſoever to be our enemy who
"endeavours to perſuade us to the contrary. We are
"likewiſe ready to maintain with the hazard of all
"that is near and dear to us, That ſix is leſs than
"ſeven in all times and all places; and that ten
"will not be more three years hence than it is at
"preſent. We do alſo firmly declare, That it is our
"reſolution as long as we live to call black black, and
"white white. And we ſhall upon all occaſions op-

* No 126. "poſe

"pose such persons that upon any day of the year "shall call black white, or white black, with the ut-"most peril of our lives and fortunes."

Were there such a combination of honest men, who without any regard to places would endeavour to extirpate all such furious zealots as would sacrifice one half of their country to the passion and interest of the other; as also such infamous hypocrites, that are for promoting their own advantage under colour of the public good; with all the profligate immoral retainers to each side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit submission to their leaders; we should soon see that furious party-spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society, that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthless and deprived part o mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private interest, would be no small benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the Ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the Ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labours of this industrious animal, Ægypt, says the historian, would be over-run with crocodiles; for the Ægyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures, that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partizans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal; and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents,

lents, whatever poſt they qualified him for, enter of courſe into his deſtroyer.

As in the whole train of my Speculations I have endeavoured, as much as I am able, to extinguiſh that pernicious ſpirit of paſſion and prejudice, which rages with the ſame violence in all parties, I am ſtill the more deſirous of doing ſome good in this particular, becauſe I obſerve that the ſpirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and ruſtic fierceneſs, to which men of a politer converſation are wholly ſtrangers. It extends itſelf even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the ſame time that the heads of parties preſerve towards one another an outward ſhow of good-breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourſe of civilities, their tools that are diſperſed in theſe outlying parts will not ſo much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humour fills the country with ſeveral periodical meetings of Whig jockies and Tory fox-hunters; not to mention the innumerable curſes, frowns, and whiſpers it produces at a quarter-ſeſſions.

I do not know whether I have obſerved in any of my former Papers, that my friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles, the firſt of them inclined to the landed, and the other to the monied intereſt. This humour is ſo moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no further than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the reſt of the club. I find however that the knight is a much ſtronger tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is abſolutely neceſſary for the keeping up his intereſt. In all our journey from London to his houſe we did not ſo much as bait at a whig inn; or if by chance the coachman ſtopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's ſervants would ride up to his maſter full ſpeed, and whiſper to him that the maſter of the houſe was againſt ſuch an one in the laſt election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad chear; for we were not ſo inquiſitive about the inn as the inn-keeper; and, provided our landlord's principles were ſound, did not

take

take any notice of the ſtaleneſs of his proviſions. This I found ſtill the more inconvenient, becauſe the better the hoſt was, the worſe generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that thoſe who were his friends would take up with coarſe diet and a hard lodging. For theſe reaſons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into a houſe of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honeſt man.

Since my ſtay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more inſtances of this narrow party-humour. Being upon the bowling-green at a neighbouring market-town the other day, (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one ſide meet once a-week) I obſerved a ſtranger among them of a better preſence and genteeler behaviour than ordinary; but was much ſurpriſed, that notwithſtanding he was a very fair better, no body would take him up. But upon inquiry I found, that he was one who had given a diſagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reaſon there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have ſo much correſpondence with him as to win his money off him,

Among other inſtances of this nature, I muſt not omit one which concerns myſelf. Will. Wimble was the other day relating ſeveral ſtrange ſtories that he had picked up, no body knows where, of a certain great man; and upon my ſtaring at him, as one that was ſurpriſed to hear ſuch things in the country, which had never been ſo much as whiſpered in the town, Will. ſtopped ſhort in the thread of his diſcourſe, and after dinner aſked my friend Sir Roger in his ear if he was ſure that I was not a fanatic.

It gives me a ſerious concern to ſee ſuch a ſpirit of diſſention in the country; not only as it deſtroys virtue and common ſenſe, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animoſities, widens our breaches, and tranſmits our preſent paſſions and prejudices to our poſterity. For my own part, I am ſometimes afraid that I diſcover the ſeeds of a civil war in theſe our diviſions; and

and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children.

Thursday, July 26, 1711*.

——— *Quantum est in rebus inane!* Pers. Sat. i. 1.

"How much of emptiness we find in things!"

IT is our custom at Sir Roger's, upon the coming in of the post, to sit about a pot of coffee, and hear the old knight read Dyer's Letter; which he does with his spectacles upon his nose, and in an audible voice, smiling very often at those little strokes of satire which are so frequent in the writings of that author. I afterwards communicate to the knight such packets as I receive under the quality of Spectator. The following letter chancing to please him more than ordinary, I shall publish it at his request.

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'YOU have diverted the town almost a whole month 'at the expence of the country, it is now high 'time that you should give the country their revenge. 'Since your withdrawing from this place, the fair-sex 'are run into great extravagancies. Their petticoats, 'which began to heave and swell before you left us, 'are now blown up into a most enormous concave, and 'rise every day more and more. In short, Sir, since 'our women know themselves to be out of the eye of 'the Spectator, they will be kept within no compass. 'You praised them a little too soon, for the modesty 'of their head-dresses; for as the humour of a sick 'person is often driven out of one limb into another, 'their superfluity of ornaments, instead of being in-'tirely banished, seems only fallen from their heads 'upon their lower parts. What they have lost in 'height they make up in breadth, and contrary to all

* No. 127. 'rules

'rules of architecture widen the foundations at the 'ſame time that they ſhorten the ſuperſtructure. Were 'they, like Spaniſh jennets, to impregnate by the 'wind, they could not have thought on a more pro-'per invention. But as we do not yet hear any par-'ticular uſe in this petticoat, or that it contains any 'thing more than what was ſuppoſed to be in thoſe 'of ſcantier make, we are wonderfully at a loſs about 'it.

'The women give out, in defence of theſe wide bot-'toms, that they are airy, and very proper for the ſea-'ſon; but this I look upon to be only a pretence, and 'a piece of art, for it is well known we have not had 'a more moderate ſummer theſe many years, ſo that 'it is certain the heat they complain of cannot be in 'the weather. Beſides, I would fain aſk theſe tender-'conſtitutioned ladies, why they ſhould require more 'cooling than their mothers before them?

'I find ſeveral ſpeculative perſons are of opinion that 'our ſex has of late years been very ſaucy, and that 'the hoop-petticoat is made uſe of to keep us at a diſt-'ance. It is moſt certain that a woman's honour can-'not be better intrenched than after this manner, in 'circle within circle, amidſt ſuch a variety of out-works 'and lines of circumvallation. A female who is thus 'inveſted in whalebone is ſufficiently ſecured againſt 'the approaches of an ill-bred fellow, who might as 'well think of Sir George Etherege's way of making 'Love in a Tub, as in the midſt of ſo many hoops.

'Among theſe various conjectures, there are men of 'ſuperſtitious tempers, who look upon the Hoop Pet-'ticoat as a kind of prodigy. Some will have it that 'it portends the downfal of the French king, and ob-'ſerve that the Farthingal appeared in England a lit-'tle before the ruin of the Spaniſh monarchy. Others 'are of opinion that it foretels battle and bloodſhed, 'and believe it of the ſame prognoſtication as the tail 'of a blazing ſtar. For my part, I am apt to think 'it is a ſign that multitudes are coming into the world 'rather than going out of it.

'The firſt time I ſaw a lady dreſſed in one of theſe

'petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her in my 'own thoughts for walking abroad when ſhe was ſo 'near her time, but ſoon recovered myſelf out of my 'error, when I found all the modiſh part of the ſex 'as far gone as herſelf. It is generally thought ſome 'crafty women have thus betrayed their companions 'into hoops, that they might make them acceſſary to 'their own concealments, and by that means eſcape 'the cenſure of the world: as wary generals have 'ſometimes dreſſed two or three dozen of their friends 'in their own habit, that they might not draw upon 'themſelves any particular attacks from the enemy. 'The ſtrutting petticoat ſmooths all diſtinctions, levels 'the mother with the daughter, and ſets maids and 'matrons, wives and widows, upon the ſame bottom. 'In the mean while, I cannot but be troubled to ſee 'ſo many well-ſhaped innocent virgins bloated up, 'and waddling up and down like big-bellied women.

'Should this faſhion get among the ordinary people, 'our public ways would be ſo crowded that we ſhould 'want ſtreet-room. Several congregations of the beſt 'faſhion find themſelves already very much ſtraitened, 'and if the mode increaſe, I wiſh it may not drive 'many ordinary women into meetings and conven-'ticles. Should our ſex, at the ſame time, take it into 'their heads to wear Trunk Breeches (as who knows 'what their indignation at this female treatment may 'drive them to!) a man and his wife would fill a whole 'pew.

'You know, Sir, it is recorded of Alexander the 'Great, that in his Indian expedition he buried ſeveral 'ſuits of armour, which by his directions were made 'much too big for any of his ſoldiers, in order to give 'poſterity an extraordinary idea of him, and make 'them believe he had commanded an army of giants. 'I am perſuaded that if one of the preſent petticoats 'happens to be hung up in any repoſitory of curio-'ſities, it will lead into the ſame error the generations 'that lie ſome removes from us; unleſs we can believe 'our poſterity will think ſo diſreſpectfully of their great

'grand-

'grand-mothers, that they made themſelves monſtrous 'to appear amiable.

'When I ſurvey this new-faſhioned Rotunda in all 'its parts, I cannot but think of the old philoſopher, 'who, after having entered into an Egyptian temple, 'and looked about for the idol of the place, at length 'diſcovered a little black monkey inſhrined in the 'midſt of it, upon which he could not forbear crying 'out, to the great ſcandal of the worſhippers, What 'a magnificent palace is here for ſuch a ridiculous in-'habitant!

'Though you have taken a reſolution, in one of 'your Papers, to avoid deſcending to particularities of 'dreſs, I believe you will not think it below you, on 'ſo extraordinary an occaſion, to unhoop the fair ſex, 'and cure this faſhionable tympany that is got among 'them. I am apt to think the petticoat will ſhrink of 'its own accord at your firſt coming to town; at 'leaſt a touch of your pen will make it contract itſelf 'like the ſenſitive plant, and by that means oblige ſe-'veral who are either terrified or aſtoniſhed at this por-'tentous novelty, and among the reſt,

'Your humble ſervant, &c.

Friday, July 27, 1711*.

——*Concordia diſcors.* Lucan. i. 98.

——"Harmonious diſcord."

WOMEN in their nature are much more gay and joyous than men; whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal ſpirits more light and volatile; or whether, as ſome have imagined, there may not be a kind of ſex in the very ſoul, I ſhall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They ſhould each of them therefore keep a watch up-

* No. 128.

on the particular bias which nature has fixed in their minds, that it many not *Draw* too much, and lead them out of the paths of reaſon. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and ſevere, and the other of being briſk and airy. Men ſhould beware of being captivated by a kind of ſavage philoſophy, women by a thoughtleſs gallantry. Where theſe precautions are not obſerved, the man often degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette: the man grows ſullen and moroſe, the woman impertinent and fantaſtical.

By what I have ſaid, we may conclude, men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the huſband might be relieved by the ſprightlineſs and good-humour of the wife. When theſe are rightly tempered, care and chearfulneſs go hand in hand; and the family, like a ſhip that is duly trimmed, wants neither ſail nor ballaſt.

Natural hiſtorians obſerve (for whilſt I am in the country, I muſt fetch my alluſions from thence), that only the male birds have voices; that their ſongs begin a little before breeding-time, and end a little after; that whilſt the hen is covering her eggs, the male generally takes his ſtand upon a neighbouring bough within her hearing; and by that means amuſes and diverts her with his ſongs during the whole time of her ſitting.

This contract among birds laſts no longer than till a brood of young ones ariſes from it: ſo that in the feathered kind, the cares and fatigues of the married ſtate, if I may ſo call it, lie principally upon the female. On the contrary, as in our ſpecies the man and the woman are joined together for life, and the main burden reſts upon the former, nature has given all the little arts of ſoothing and blandiſhment to the female, that ſhe may chear and animate her companion in a conſtant and aſſiduous application to the making a proviſion for his family, and the educating of their common children. This however is not to be taken ſo ſtrictly, as if the ſame duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both parties; but only

to

to ſet forth what ſeems to have been the general intention of nature, in the different inclinations and endowments which are beſtowed on the different ſexes.

But whatever was the reaſon that man and woman were made with this variety of temper, if we obſerve the conduct of the fair ſex, we find that they chooſe rather to aſſociate themſelves with a perſon who reſembles them in that light and volatile humour which is natural to them, than to ſuch as are qualified to moderate and counterbalance it. It has been anold complaint, that the coxcomb carries it with them before the man of ſenſe. When we ſee a fellow loud and talkative, full of inſipid life and laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female favourite. Noiſe and flutter are ſuch accompliſhments as they cannot withſtand. To be ſhort, the paſſion of an ordinary woman for a man is nothing elſe but ſelf-love diverted upon another object. She would have the lover a woman in every thing but the ſex. I do not know a finer piece of ſatire on this part of womankind, than thoſe lines of Mr Dryden,

Our thoughtleſs ſex is caught by outward form
And empty noiſe; and loves itſelf in man.

This is a ſource of infinite calamities to the ſex, as it frequently joins them to men, who in their own thoughts are as fine creatures as themſelves, or if they chance to be good-humoured, ſerve only to diſſipate their fortunes, inflame their follies, and aggravate their indiſcretions.

The ſame female levity is no leſs fatal to them after marriage than before. It repreſents to their imaginations the faithful, prudent huſband as an honeſt, tractable and domeſtic animal; and turns their thoughts upon the fine gay gentleman that laughs, ſings, and dreſſes ſo much more agreeably.

As this irregular vivacity of temper leads aſtray the hearts of ordinary women in the choice of their lovers and the treatment of their huſbands, it operates with the ſame pernicious influence towards their children,

who

who are taught to accompliſh themſelves in all thoſe ſublime perfections that appear captivating in the eye of their mother. She admires in her ſon what ſhe loved in her gallant: and by that means contributes all ſhe can to perpetuate herſelf in a worthleſs progeny.

The younger Fauſtina was a lively inſtance of this ſort of women. Notwithſtanding ſhe was married to Marcus Aurelius, one of the greateſt, wiſeſt, and beſt of the Roman emperors, ſhe thought a common gladiator much the prettier gentleman; and had taken ſuch care to accompliſh her ſon Commodus according to her own notions of a fine man, that when he aſcended the throne of his father, he became the moſt fooliſh and abandoned tyrant that was ever placed at the head of the Roman empire, ſignalizing himſelf in nothing but the fighting of prizes, and knocking out men's brains. As he had no taſte of true glory, we ſee him in ſeveral medals and ſtatues which are ſtill extant of him, equipped like a Hercules, with a club and a lion's ſkin.

I have been led into this Speculation by the characters I have heard of a country-gentleman and his lady, who do not live many miles from Sir Roger. The wife is an old coquette, that is always hankering after the diverſions of the town; the huſband a moroſe ruſtick, that frowns and frets at the name of it. The wife is over-run with affectation, the huſband ſunk into brutality. The lady cannot bear the noiſe of the larks and nightingales, hates your tedious ſummer-days, and is ſick at the ſight of ſhady woods and purling ſtreams; the huſband wonders how any one can be pleaſed with the fooleries of plays and operas, and rails from morning to night at eſſenced fops and tawdry courtiers. Their children are educated in theſe different notions of their parents. The ſons follow the father about his grounds, while the daughters read volumes of love-letters and romances to their mother. By this means it comes to paſs, that the girls look upon their father as a clown, and the boys think their mother no better than ſhe ſhould be.

How

How different are the lives of Ariſtus and Aſpaſia! The innocent vivacity of the one is tempered and compoſed by the chearful gravity of the other. The wife grows wiſe by the diſcourſes of the huſband, and the huſband good-humoured by the converſations of the wife. Ariſtus would not be ſo amiable were it not for his Aſpaſia, nor Aſpaſia ſo much eſteemed were it not for her Ariſtus. Their virtues are blended in their children, and diffuſe through the whole family a perpetual ſpirit of benevolence, complacency, and ſatisfaction.

Saturday, July 28, 1711*.

Vertentem ſeſe fruſtra ſectabere canthum,
Cum rota poſterior curras & in axe ſecundo.

Perſ. Sat. v. 71.

"Thou, like the hindmoſt chariot-wheels, art curſt
"Still to be near, but ne'er to be the firſt." DRYDEN.

GREAT maſters in painting never care for drawing people in the faſhion; as very well knowing that the head-dreſs, or periwig, that now prevails, and gives a grace to their portraitures at preſent, will make a very odd figure, and perhaps look monſtrous in the eyes of poſterity. For this reaſon they often repreſent an illuſtrious perſon in a Roman habit, or in ſome other dreſs that never varies. I could wiſh, for the ſake of my country friends, that there was ſuch a kind of Everlaſting Drapery to be made uſe of by all who live at a certain diſtance from the town, and that they would agree upon ſuch faſhions as ſhould never be liable to changes and innovations. For want of this ſtanding dreſs, a man who takes a journey into the country is as much ſurpriſed, as one who walks in a gallery of old family pictures, and finds as great a variety of garbs and habits in the perſons he

* No. 129. converſes

converſes with. Did they keep to one conſtant dreſs, they would ſometimes be in the faſhion, which they never are as matters are managed at preſent. If inſtead of running after the mode, they would continue fixed in one certain habit, the mode would ſome time or other overtake them, as a clock that ſtands ſtill is ſure to point right once in twelve hours. In this caſe therefore I would adviſe them, as a gentleman did his friend who was hunting about the whole town after a rambling fellow, If you follow him you will never find him, but if you plant yourſelf at the corner of any one ſtreet, I will engage it will not be long before you ſee him.

I have already touched upon this ſubject in a Speculation which ſhews how cruelly the country are led aſtray in following the town; and equipped in a ridiculous habit, when they fancy themſelves in the height of the mode. Since that Speculation I have received a letter (which I there hinted at) from a gentleman who is now on the Weſtern Circuit,

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'BEING a lawyer of the Middle-Temple, a Corniſh-'man by birth, I generally ride the weſtern cir-'cuit for my health, and as I am not interrupted with 'clients, have leiſure to make many obſervations that 'eſcape the notice of my fellow-travellers.

'One of the moſt faſhionable women I met with in 'all the circuit was my landlady at Stains, where I 'chanced to be at on a holiday. Her commode was 'not half a foot high, and her petticoat within ſome 'yards of a modiſh circumference. In the ſame place 'I obſerved a young fellow with a tolerable periwig, 'had it not been covered with a hat that was ſhaped 'in the Ramilie cock. As I proceeded in my journey 'I obſerved the petticoat grew ſcantier and ſcantier, 'and about threeſcore miles from London was ſo very 'unfaſhionable, that a woman might walk in it with-'out any manner of inconvenience.

'Not far from Saliſbury I took notice of a juſtice of 'peace's lady, who was at leaſt ten years behind-hand

'in

'in her dreſs, but as the ſame time as fine as hands 'could make her. She was flounced and furbelowed 'from head to foot; every ribbon was wrinkled, and 'every part of her garments in curl, ſo that ſhe 'looked like one of thoſe animals which in the country 'we call a Friezland hen.

'Not many miles beyond this place I was informed 'that one of the laſt year's little muffs had by ſome 'means or other ſtraggled into thoſe parts, and that 'all the women of faſhion were cutting their old 'muffs in two, or retrenching them, according to the 'little model which was got among them. I cannot 'believe the report they have there, that it was ſent 'down franked by a parliament-man in a little packet; 'but probably by next winter this faſhion will be at 'the height in the country, when it is quite out at 'London.

'The greateſt beau at our next county ſeſſions was 'dreſſed in a moſt monſtrous flaxen periwig, that was 'made in king William's reign. The wearer of it 'goes, it ſeems, in his own hair when he is at home, 'and lets his wig lie in buckle for a whole half year, 'that he may put it on upon occaſion to meet the judges 'in it.

'I muſt not here omit an adventure which happen-'ed to us in a country church upon the frontiers of Corn-'wall. As we were in the midſt of the ſervice, a lady, 'who is the chief woman of the place, and had paſſed 'the winter at London with her huſband, entered the 'congregation in a little head-dreſs, and a hooped pet-'ticoat. The people, who were wonderfully ſtartled 'at ſuch a ſight, all of them roſe up. Some ſtared at 'the prodigious bottom, and ſome at the little top of 'this ſtrange dreſs. In the mean time, the lady of 'the manor filled the area of the church, and walked 'up to her pew with an unſpeakable ſatisfaction, a-'midſt the whiſpers, conjectures, and aſtoniſhments of 'the whole congregation.

'Upon our way from hence we ſaw a young fellow 'riding towards us full gallop, with a bob wig and 'a black ſilken bag tied to it. He ſtopt ſhort at the

'coach to aſk us how far the judges were behind us. 'His ſtay was ſo very ſhort, that we had only time to 'obſerve his new ſilk waiſtcoat, which was unbut-'toned in ſeveral places to let us ſee that he had a 'clean ſhirt on, which was ruffled down to his mid-'dle.

'From this place, during our progreſs through the 'moſt weſtern parts of the kingdom, we fancied our-'ſelves in king Charles the Second's reign, the people 'having made very little variations in their dreſs ſince 'that time. The ſmarteſt of the country ſquires ap-'pear ſtill in the Monmouth-cock, and when they go 'a-wooing (whether they have any poſt in the militia 'or not) they generally put on a red coat. We were, 'indeed, very much ſurpriſed, at the place we lay at 'laſt night, to meet with a gentleman that had accou-'tred himſelf in a night-cap-wig, a coat with long pock-'ets and ſlit ſleeves, and a pair of ſhoes with high 'ſcollop tops; but we ſoon found by his converſation 'that he was a perſon who laughed at the ignorance 'and ruſticity of the country people, and was reſolved 'to live and die in the mode.

'SIR, if you think this account of my travels may 'be of any advantage to the public, I will next year 'trouble you with ſuch occurrences as I ſhall meet with 'in other parts of England. For I am informed there 'are greater curioſities in the northern circuit than 'in the weſtern; and that a faſhion makes its progreſs 'much ſlower into Cumberland than into Cornwall. 'I have heard in particular, that the Steenkirk 'arrived but two months ago at Newcaſtle, and that 'there are ſeveral Commodes in thoſe parts which 'are worth taking a journey thither to ſee.'

Monday,

Monday, July 30, 1711*.

——————*Semperque recentes*
Convectare juvat prædas, & vivere rapto.
Virg. Æn. vii. 748.

" A plundering race, ſtill eager to invade,
" On ſpoil they live, and make of theft a trade."

AS I was yeſterday riding out in the field with my friend Sir Roger, we ſaw, at a little diſtance from us, a troop of Gipſies. Upon the firſt diſcovery of them, my friend was in ſome doubt whether he ſhould not exert the juſtice of the peace upon ſuch a band of lawleſs vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a neceſſary counſellor on theſe occaſions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worſe for it, he let the thought drop; but at the ſame time gave me a particular account of the miſchiefs they do in the country, in ſtealing people's goods and ſpoiling their ſervants. If a ſtray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge, ſays Sir Roger, they are ſure to have it; if a hog loſes his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey: our geeſe cannot live in peace for them; if a man proſecutes them with ſeverity, his henrooſt is ſure to pay for it. They generally ſtraggle into theſe parts about this time of the year; and ſet the heads of our ſervant-maids ſo agog for huſbands, that we do not expect to have any buſineſs done as it ſhould be, whilſt they are in the country. I have an honeſt dairy-maid who croſſes their hands with a piece of ſilver every ſummer, and never fails being promiſed the handſomeſt young fellow in the pariſh for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be ſeduced by them; and though he is ſure to loſe a knife, a fork, or a ſpoon every time his fortune is told him, generally ſhuts himſelf up in the pantry with an old

gipsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them; the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes.

Sir Roger observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so intirely new to me, told me, that if I would, they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rode up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me, That I loved a pretty maid in a corner; that I was a good woman's man; with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend, Sir Roger, alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told him, that he had a widow in his line of life. Upon which the knight cried, Go, go, you are an idle baggage; and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true-love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night. My old friend cried pish, and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The knight still repeated, She was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. Ah, master, says the gipsy, that roguish leer of your's makes a pretty woman's heart ake; you have not that simper about the mouth for nothing.—The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me, that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies

gipſies now and then foretold very ſtrange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good-humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked; that being a kind of palmiſtry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my readers with hiſtorical remarks on this idle profligate people, who infeſt all the countries of Europe, and live in the midſt of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themſelves. But inſtead of entering into obſervations of this nature, I ſhall fill the remaining part of my Paper with a ſtory, which is ſtill freſh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago. 'As 'the Trekſchuyt, or Hackney-boat, which carries paſ-'ſengers from Leyden to Amſterdam, was putting off, 'a boy running along the ſide of the canal deſired to 'be taken in; which the maſter of the boat refuſed, 'becauſe the lad had not money enough to pay the 'uſual fare. An eminent merchant being pleaſed with 'the looks of the boy, and ſecretly touched with com-'paſſion towards him, paid the money for him, and 'ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking 'with him afterwards, he found that he could ſpeak 'readily in three or four languages, and learned upon 'further examination that he was ſtolen away when 'he was a child by a gipſy, and had rambled ever 'ſince with a gang of thoſe ſtrollers up and down ſe-'veral parts of Europe. It happened that the mer-'chant, whoſe heart ſeems to have inclined towards 'the boy by a ſecret kind of inſtinct, had himſelf loſt 'a child ſome years before. The parents, after a long 'ſearch for him, gave him for drowned in one of the 'canals with which that country abounds; and the 'mother was ſo afflicted at the loſs of a fine boy, who 'was her only ſon, that ſhe died for grief of it. Upon 'laying together all particulars, and examining the ſe-'veral moles and marks by which the mother uſed to 'deſcribe the child when he was firſt miſſing, the boy 'proved to be the ſon of the merchant whoſe heart

'had

'had ſo unaccountably melted at the ſight of him. 'The lad was very well pleaſed to find a father 'was ſo rich, and likely to leave him a good eſtate: 'the father on the other hand was not a little delight-'ed to ſee a ſon return to him, whom he had given 'for loſt, with ſuch a ſtrength of conſtitution, ſharp-'neſs of underſtanding, and ſkill in languages.' Here the printed ſtory leaves off: but if I may give credit to reports, our linguiſt having received ſuch extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been uſed to in the courſe of his peregrinations. Nay, it is ſaid, that he has ſince been employed in foreign courts upon national buſineſs, with great reputation to himſelf and honour to thoſe who ſent him, and that he has viſited ſeveral countries as a public miniſter, in which he formerly wandered as a gipſy.

Tueſday, July 31, 1711*.

———*Ipſæ rurſum concedite ſylvæ.*

Virg. Ecl. x. 63.

"Once more, ye woods, adieu."

IT is uſual for a man who loves country ſports to preſerve the game in his own grounds, and divert himſelf upon thoſe that belong to his neighbour. My friend, Sir Roger, generally goes two or three miles from his houſe, and gets into the frontiers of his eſtate, before he beats about in ſearch of a hare or partridge, on purpoſe to ſpare his own fields, where he is always ſure of finding diverſion, when the worſt comes to the worſt. By this means the breed about his houſe has time to increaſe and multiply, beſides that the ſport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to

* No 131. come

come at, and does not lie ſo thick as to produce any perplexity or confuſion in the purſuit. For theſe reaſons the country gentleman, like the fox, ſeldom preys near his own home.

In the ſame manner I have made a month's excurſion out of the town, which is the great field of game for ſportſmen of my ſpecies, to try my fortune in the country, where I have ſtarted ſeveral ſubjects, and hunted them down, with ſome pleaſure to myſelf, and I hope to others. I am here forced to uſe a great deal of diligence before I can ſpring any thing to my mind, whereas in town, whilſt I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am croſſed in my way by another, and put up ſuch a variety of old creatures in both ſexes, that they foil the ſcent of one another, and puzzle the chace. My greateſt difficulty in the country is to find ſport, and in town to chooſe it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's reſt to the cities of London and Weſtminſter, I promiſe myſelf abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, ſince I find the whole neighbourhood begin to grow very inquiſitive after my name and character: my love of ſolitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raiſed a great curioſity in all theſe parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various; ſome look upon me as very proud, ſome as very modeſt, and ſome as very melancholy. Will. Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, obſerving me very much alone, and extremly ſilent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people ſeem to ſuſpect me for a conjurer; and ſome of them, hearing of the viſit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighbourhood, is what they here call a white witch.

A juſtice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and

and is not of Sir Roger's party, has it ſeems ſaid twice or thrice at his table, that he wiſhes Sir Roger does not harbour a Jeſuit in his houſe, and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give ſome account of myſelf.

On the other ſide, ſome of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old knight is impoſed upon by a deſigning fellow, and as they have heard that he converſes very promiſcuouſly when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him ſome diſcarded Whig, that is ſullen, and ſays nothing becauſe he is out of place. Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, ſo that I paſs among ſome for a diſaffected perſon, and among others for a popiſh prieſt; among ſome for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reaſon, that I can imagine, but becauſe I do not hoot and halloo, and make a noiſe. It is true, my friend Sir Roger tells them, "That it is my way, and that I am only a philoſopher: but this will not ſatisfy them. They think there is more in me than he diſcovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing."

For theſe and other reaſons I ſhall ſet out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a perſon of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good neighbourhood. A man that is out of humour when an unexpected gueſt breaks in upon him, and does not care for ſacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer, that will be the maſter of his own time, and the purſuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unſociable figure in this kind of life. I ſhall therefore retire into the town, if I may make uſe of that phraſe, and get into the crowd again as faſt as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raiſe what Speculations I pleaſe upon others without being obſerved myſelf, and at the ſame time enjoy all the advantages of company, with all the privileges of ſolitude. In the mean while, to finiſh the month, and conclude theſe my rural Speculations, I ſhall here inſert a letter from my friend Will. Honeycomb, who has not

lived

lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

'Dear SPEC,

'I Suppose this letter will find thee picking of daisies, 'or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy 'time in some innocent country diversion of the like 'nature. I have however orders from the club to 'summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly a-'fraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company, 'after thy conversations with Moll White and Will. 'Wimble. Pr'ythee do not send us up any more 'stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town 'with spirits and witches. Thy Speculations begin to 'smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou 'dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that 'thou art in love with one of Sir Roger's dairy-maids. 'Service to the knight. Sir Andrew is grown the 'cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not 'return quickly will make every mother's son of us 'commonwealth's-men.

'Dear SPEC,

'thine eternally,

'WILL. HONEYCOMB.'

Saturday, August 4, 1711*.

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia——

Hor. 1. Sat. x. 9.

"Let brevity dispatch the rapid thought."

I Have somewhere read of an eminent person, who used in his private offices of devotion to give thanks to heaven that he was born a Frenchman: for my

own part, I look upon it as a peculiar bleſſing that I was born an Engliſhman. Among many other reaſons, I think myſelf very happy in my country, as the language of it is wonderfully adapted to a man who is ſparing of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I ſhall communicate to the public my Speculations upon the Engliſh tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The Engliſh delight in ſilence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our diſcourſe is not kept up in converſation, but falls into more pauſes and intervals than in our neighbouring countries: as it is obſerved, that the matter of our writings is thrown much cloſer together, and lies in a narrower compaſs than is uſual in the works of foreign authors: for, to favour our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts, we do it in the ſhorteſt way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conceptions as poſſible.

This humour ſhews itſelf in ſeveral remarks that we may make upon the Engliſh language. As firſt of all by its abounding in monoſyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few ſounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue, but at the ſame time expreſſes our ideas in the readieſt manner, and conſequently anſwers the firſt deſign of ſpeech better than the multitude of ſyllables, which make the words of other languages more tuneable and ſonorous. The ſounds of our Engliſh words are commonly like thoſe of ſtring-muſic, ſhort and tranſient, which riſe and periſh upon a ſingle touch; thoſe of other languages are like the notes of wind-inſtruments, ſweet and ſwelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation.

In the next place we may obſerve, that where the words are not monoſyllables, we often make them ſo, as much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronunciation: as it generally happens in moſt of our

long

long words which are derived from the Latin, where we contract the length of the ſyllables that gives them a grave and ſolemn air in their own language, to make them more proper for diſpatch, and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as Liberty, Conſpiracy, Theatre, Orator, &c.

The ſame natural averſion to loquacity has of late years made a very conſiderable alteration in our language, by cloſing, in one ſyllable, the termination of our præterperfect tenſe, as in theſe words, "drown'd, "walk'd, arriv'd," for "drowned, walked, arrived," which has very much disfigured the tongue, and turned a tenth part of our ſmootheſt words into ſo many cluſters of conſonants. This is the more remarkable, becauſe the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politeſt authors, who nevertheleſs are the men that have made theſe retrenchments, and conſequently very much increaſed our former ſcarcity.

This reflection on the words that end in ed, I have heard in converſation from one of the greateſt geniuſes this age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing obſervation, the change which has happened in our language, by the abbreviation of ſeveral words that are terminated in eth, by ſubſtituting an s in the room of the laſt ſyllable, as in "drowns, walks, ar-"rives," and innumerable other words, which in the pronunciation of our forefathers were "drowneth, walk-"eth, arriveth." This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the Engliſh tongue, and added to that hiſſing in our lauguage, which is taken ſo much notice of by foreigners; but at the ſame time humours our taciturnity, and eaſes us of many ſuperfluous ſyllables.

I might here obſeve, that the ſame ſingle letter on many occaſions does the office of a whole word, and repreſents the his or her of our forefathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the beſt judge in this caſe, would very much diſapprove of ſuch innovations, which indeed we do ourſelves in ſome

measure, by retaining the old termination in writing, and in all the solemn offices of our religion.

As in the instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular words to the detriment of our tongue, so on other occasions we have drawn two words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our language, and clogged it with consonants, as "mayn't, can't, shan't, won't," and the like, for "may "not, can not, shall not, will not," &c.

It is perhaps this humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our words, that in familiar writings and conversations they often lose all but their first syllables, as in "mob. "rep. pos. incog." and the like: and as all ridiculous words make their first entry into a language by familiar phrases, I dare not answer for these, that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our tongue. We see some of our poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate Hudibras's doggrel expressions in their serious compositions, by throwing out the signs of our substantives which are essential to the English language. Nay, this humour of shortening our language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon Sir Roger L'Estrange in particular, began to prune their words of all superfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the spelling to the pronunciation; which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite destroyed our tongue.

We may here likewise observe that our proper names, when familiarized in English, generally dwindle to monosyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a softer turn on this occasion, by the addition of a new syllable, *Nick* in Italian is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in French *Janot*; and so of the rest.

There is another particular in our language which is a great instance of our frugality of words, and that is the suppressing of several particles which must be produced in other tongues to make a sentence intelligible. This often perplexes the best writers, when they find the relatives *whom*, *which*, or *they*, at their mercy,

whether

whether they may have admiſſion or not; and will never be decided until we have ſomething like an Academy, that by the beſt authorities and rules drawn from the analogy of languages ſhall ſettle all controverſies between Grammar and Idiom.

I have only conſidered our language as it ſhews the genius and natural temper of the Engliſh, which is modeſt, thoughtful, and ſincere, and which perhaps may recommend the people, though it has ſpoiled the tongue. We might perhaps carry the ſame thought into other languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who ſpeak them. It is certain, the light talkative humour of the French has not a little infected their tongue, which might be ſhewn by many inſtances; as the genius of the Italians, which is ſo much addicted to muſic and ceremony, has moulded all their words and phraſes to thoſe particular uſes. The ſtatelineſs and gravity of the Spaniards ſhews itſelf to perfection in the ſolemnity of their language; and the blunt, honeſt humour of the Germans, ſounds better in the roughneſs of the High-Dutch, than it would in a politer tongue.

Saturday, September 1, 1711*.

——Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat viſus tibi, & humida circùm
Caligat, nubem eripiam—— Virg. Æn. ii. 604.

"The cloud which, intercepting the clear light,
"Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal ſight,
"I will remove"——

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up ſeveral oriental manuſcripts, which I have ſtill by me. Among others I met with one intitled, The Viſions of Mirza, which I have read over with great

* No. 159.

pleaſure.

pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows.

'ON the fifth day of the moon, which according 'to the custom of my forefathers I always keep 'holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my 'morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bag-'dat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation 'and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops 'of the mountains, I fell into a profound contempla-'tion on the vanity of human life; and passing from one 'thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a sha-'dow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, 'I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was 'not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit 'of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his 'hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his 'lips and began to play upon it. The sound of it was 'exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes 'that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether dif-'ferent from any thing I had ever heard. They put 'me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to 'the departed souls of good men upon their first arri-'val in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the 'last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of 'that happy place. My heart melted away in secret 'raptures.

'I had been often told that the rock before me was 'the haunt of a Genius; and that several had been en-'tertained with music who had passed by it, but never 'heard that the musician had before made himself 'visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those 'transporting airs which he played, to taste the plea-'sures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like 'one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the wa-'ving of his hand directed me to approach the place 'where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which 'is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was 'entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard,

I fell

'I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius ſmiled 'upon me with a look of compaſſion and affability 'that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once 'diſpelled all the fears and apprehenſions with which 'I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, 'and taking me by the hand, Mirzah, ſaid he, I have 'heard thee in thy ſoliloquies; follow me.

'He then led me to the higheſt pinnacle of the 'rock, and placing me on the top of it, Caſt thy eyes 'eaſtward, ſaid he, and tell me what thou ſeeſt. I 'ſee, ſaid I, a huge valley; and a prodigious tide of 'water rolling through it. The valley that thou ſeeſt, 'ſaid he, is the vale of miſery, and the tide of water 'that thou ſeeſt is part of the great tide of eternity. 'What is the reaſon, ſaid I, that the tide I ſee riſes out 'of a thick miſt at one end, and again loſes itſelf 'in a thick miſt at the other? What thou ſeeſt, ſaid 'he, is that portion of eternity which is called Time, 'meaſured out by the ſun, and reaching from the be-'ginning of the world to its conſummation. Examine 'now, ſaid he, this ſea that is bounded with darkneſs 'at both ends, and tell me what thou diſcovereſt in it. 'I ſee a bridge, ſaid I, ſtanding in the midſt of the tide. 'The bridge thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is Human Life; con-'ſider it attentively. Upon a more leiſurely ſurvey of 'it, I found that it conſiſted of threeſcore and ten en-'tire arches, with ſeveral broken arches, which, added 'to thoſe that were entire, made up the number about 'an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the 'Genius told me that this bridge conſiſted at firſt of a 'thouſand arches; but that a great flood ſwept away 'the reſt, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition 'I now beheld it. But tell me further, ſaid he, what 'thou diſcovereſt on it. I ſee multitudes of people 'paſſing over it, ſaid I, and a black cloud hanging on 'each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I ſaw 'ſeveral of the paſſengers dropping through the bridge 'into the great tide that flowed underneath it: and 'upon farther examination, perceived there were in-'numerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, 'which the paſſengers no ſooner trod upon, but they

'fell

'fell through them into the tide and immediately dis-
'appeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick
'at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people
'no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them
'fell into them. They grew thinner towards the
'middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards
'the end of the arches that were entire.

'There were indeed some persons, but their number
'was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling
'march on the broken arches, but fell through one
'after another, being quite tired and spent with so
'long a walk.

'I passed some time in the contemplation of this
'wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects
'which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep
'melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in
'the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every
'thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some
'were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful
'posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled
'and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in
'the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and
'danced before them; but often when they thought
'themselves within the reach of them, their footing
'failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of
'objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands,
'and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon
'the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors
'which did not seem to lie in their way, and which
'they might have escaped had they not been thus for-
'ced upon them.

'The Genius seeing me indulge myself on this me-
'lancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough
'upon it. Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he,
'and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not
'comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I,
'those great flights of birds that are perpetually ho-
'vering about the bridge, and settling upon it from
'time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cor-
'morants, and, among many other feathered creatures,
'several little winged boys, that perch in great num-
'bers upon the middle arches. These, said the Ge-
'nius,

'nius, are Envy, Avarice, Superſtition, Deſpair, Love, 'with the like cares and paſſions that infeſt Human 'Life.

'I here fetched a deep ſigh. Alas, ſaid I, man was 'made in vain! how is he given away to miſery and 'mortality! tortured in life, and ſwallowed up in 'death! The Genius being moved with compaſſion 'towards me, bid me quit ſo uncomfortable a proſpect: 'Look no more, ſaid he, on man in the firſt ſtage of 'his exiſtence, in his ſetting out for eternity; but 'caſt thine eye on that thick miſt into which the tide 'bears the ſeveral generations of mortals that fall into 'it. I directed my ſight as I was ordered, and (whether 'or no the good Genius ſtrengthened it with any ſu-'pernatural force, or diſſipated part of the miſt that 'was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I ſaw 'the valley opening at the farther end, and ſpreading 'forth into an immenſe ocean, that had a huge rock of 'adamant running through the midſt of it, and divid-'ing it into two equal parts. The clouds ſtill reſted 'on one half of it, inſomuch that I could diſcover 'nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vaſt 'ocean planted with innumerable iſlands, that were 'covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with 'a thouſand little ſhining ſeas that ran among them. 'I could ſee perſons dreſſed in glorious habits with 'garlands upon their heads, paſſing among the trees, 'lying down by the ſides of fountains, or reſting on 'beds of flowers; and could hear a confuſed harmony of 'ſinging birds, falling waters, human voices, and mu-'ſical inſtruments. Gladneſs grew in me upon the 'diſcovery of ſo delightful a ſcene. I wiſhed for the 'wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to thoſe 'happy ſeats; but the Genius told me there was no 'paſſage to them, except through the Gates of Death 'that I ſaw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The iſlands, ſaid he, that lie ſo freſh and green be-'fore thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean 'appears ſpotted as far as thou canſt ſee, are more in 'number than the ſands on the ſea-ſhore; there are myriads of iſlands behind thoſe which thou here diſ-

'coveresst, reaching farther than thine eye, or even 'thine imagination can extend itself. These are the 'mansions of good men after death, who according to 'the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, 'are distributed among these several islands, which 'abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, 'suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who 'are settled in them; every island is a paradise accom-'modated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, 'O Mirzah, habitations worth contending for? Does 'life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of 'earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that 'will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think 'not man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity 'reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible plea-'sure on these happy islands. At length, said I, shew 'me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under 'those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other 'side of the rock of adamant. The Genius making 'me no answer, I turned about to address myself to 'him a second time, but I found that he had left 'me: I then turned again to the vision which I had 'been so long contemplating; but instead of the rol-'ling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, 'I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, 'with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides 'of it.'

The End of the first Vision of Mirzah.

Monday,

Monday September 3, 1711*.

—*Cui mens divinior, atque os*
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.
Hor. 1 Sat. iv. 43.

"On him confer the Poet's sacred name,
"Whose lofty voice declares the heavenly flame."

THERE is no character more frequently given to a writer, than that of being a Genius. I have heard many a little sonnetteer called a *fine genius*. There is not a heroic scribbler in the nation that has not his admirers who think him a *great genius;* and as for your smatterers in tragedy, there is scarce a man among them who is not cried up by one or other for a *prodigious genius*.

My design in this Paper is to consider what is properly a great Genius, and to throw some thoughts together on so uncommon a subject.

Among great Geniuses those few draw the admiration of all the world upon them, and stand up as the prodigies of mankind, who by the mere strength of natural parts, and without any assistance of art or learning, have produced works that were the delight of their own times, and the wonder of posterity. There appears something nobly wild and extravagant in these great natural Geniuses, that is infinitely more beautiful than all the turn and polishing of what the French call a *Bel Esprit*, by which they would express a Genius refined by conversation, reflection, and the reading of the most polite authors. The greatest Genius which runs through the arts and sciences, takes a kind of tincture from them, and falls unavoidably into imitation.

Many of these great natural Geniuses that were never disciplined and broken by rules of art, are to be

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found

found among the ancients, and in particular among those of the more eastern parts of the world. Homer has innumerable flights that Virgil was not able to reach; and in the Old Testament we find several passages more elevated and sublime than any in Homer. At the same time that we allow a greater and more daring Genius to the Ancients, we must own that the greatest of them very much failed in, or, if you will, that they were much above the nicety and correctness of the moderns. In their similitudes and allusions, provided there was a likeness, they did not much trouble themselves about the decency of the comparison: thus Solomon resembles the Nose of his beloved to the Tower of Lebanon which looketh towards Damascus; as the coming of a thief in the night is a similitude of the same kind in the New Testament. It would be endless to make collections of this nature; Homer illustrates one of his heroes encompassed with the enemy, by an Ass in a field of corn that has his sides belaboured by all the boys of the village without stirring a foot for it: and another of them tossing to and fro in his bed and burning with resentment, to a piece of flesh broiled on the coals. This particular failure in the Ancients opens a large field of raillery to the little wits, who can laugh at an indecency but not relish the sublime in these sort of writings. The present emperor of Persia, conformable to this eastern way of thinking, amidst a great many pompous titles, denominates himself *the Sun of Glory*, and *the Nutmeg of Delight*. In short, to cut off all cavilling against the Ancients, and particularly those of the warmer climates, who had most heat and life in their imaginations, we are to consider that the rule of observing what the French call the *Bienseance* in an allusion, has been found out of later years, and in the colder regions of the world; where we would make some amends for our want of force and spirit, by a scrupulous nicety and exactness in our compositions. Our countryman Shakespear was a remarkable instance of this first kind of great Geniuses.

I cannot quit this head without observing that Pindar was a great Genius of the first class, who was hur-

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fied on by a natural fire and impetuosity to vast conceptions of things and noble sallies of imagination. At the same time, can any thing be more ridiculous than for men of a sober and moderate fancy to imitate this poet's way of writing in those monstrous compositions which go among us under the name of Pindarics? When I see people copying words, which, as Horace has represented them, are singular in their kind, and inimitable; when I see men following irregularities by rule, and by the little tricks of art straining after the most unbounded flights of nature, I cannot but apply to them that passage in Terence:

——Incerta hæc si tu postules
Ratione certâ facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quam si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias.

Eun. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

"You may as well pretend to be mad and in your "senses at the same time, as to think of reducing "these uncertain things to any certainty by reason."

In short, a modern Pindaric writer, compared with Pindar, is like a sister among the Camisars † compared with Virgil's Sibyl: There is the distortion, grimace, and outward figure, but nothing of that divine impulse which raises the mind above itself, and makes the sounds more than human.

There is another kind of great Geniuses which I shall place in a second class, not as I think them inferior to the first, but only for distinction's sake, as they are of a different kind. This second class of great Geniuses are those that have formed themselves by rules, and submitted the greatness of their natural talents to the corrections and restraints of art. Such among the Greeks were Plato and Aristotle; among the Romans, Virgil and Tully; among the English, Milton and Sir Francis Bacon.

The Genius in both these classes of authors may be equally

† A set of Enthusiasts who came from France into England about the year 1707.

equally great, but ſhews itſelf after a different manner. In the firſt it is like a rich ſoil in a happy climate, that produces a whole wilderneſs of noble plants riſing in a thouſand beautiful landſcapes, without any certain order or regularity. In the other it is the ſame rich ſoil under the ſame happy climate, that has been laid out in walks and parterres, and cut into ſhape and beauty by the ſkill of the gardener.

The great danger in theſe latter kind of Geniuſes, is, leſt they cramp their own abilities too much by imitation, and form themſelves altogether upon models, without giving the full play to their own natural parts. An imitation of the beſt authors is not to compare with a good original; and I believe we may obſerve that very few writers make an extraordinary figure in the world, who have not ſomething in their way of thinking or expreſſing themſelves, that is peculiar to them, and intirely their own.

It is odd to conſider what great Geniuſes are ſometimes thrown away upon trifles.

I once ſaw a ſhepherd, ſays a famous Italian author, who uſed to divert himſelf in his ſolitudes with toſſing up eggs and catching them again without breaking them; in which he had arrived to ſo great a degree of perfection, that he would keep up four at a time for ſeveral minutes together playing in the air, and falling into his hand by turns. I think, ſays the author, I never ſaw a greater ſeverity than in this man's face; for by his wonderful perſeverance and application, he had contracted the ſerioufneſs and gravity of a privy-counſellor; and I could not but reflect with myſelf, that the ſame aſſiduity and attention, had they been rightly applied, might have made him a greater mathematician than Archimedes.

Wedneſday,

Wednesday, September 5, 1711*.

———————*Servetur ad imum,*
Qualis ab incœpto processerit, & sibi constet.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 126.

"Keep one consistent plan from end to end."

NOTHING that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as Inconstancy, especially when it regards religion or party. In either of these cases, though a man perhaps does but his duty in changing his side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.

In these great articles of life, therefore, a man's conviction ought to be very strong, and if possible so well timed that worldly advantages may seem to have no share in it, or mankind will be ill-natured enough to think he does not change sides out of principle, but either out of levity of temper or prospects of interest. Converts and renegadoes of all kinds should take particular care to let the world see they act upon honourable motives; or whatever approbations they may receive from themselves, and applauses from these they converse with, they may be very well assured that they are the scorn of all good men, and the public marks of infamy and derision.

Irresolution in the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and Inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal causes of all our disquiet and unhappiness. When ambition pulls one way, interest another, inclination a third, and perhaps reason contrary to all, a man is likely to pass his time but ill who has so many different parties to please. When the mind hovers among such a variety of allurements, one had better settle on a way of life that

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is not the very beſt we might have choſen, than grow old without determining our choice, and go out of the world as the greateſt part of mankind do, before we have reſolved how to live in it. There is but one method of ſetting ourſelves at reſt in this particular, and that is by adhering ſteadfaſtly to one great end as the chief and ultimate aim of all our purſuits. If we are firmly reſolved to live up to the dictates of reaſon, without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like conſiderations, any more than as they fall in with our principal deſign, we may go through life with ſteadineſs and pleaſure; but if we act by ſeveral broken views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a value ſet upon it by the world, we ſhall live and die in miſery and repentance.

One would take more than ordinary care to guard one's ſelf againſt this particular imperfection, becauſe it is that which our nature very ſtrongly inclines us to; for if we examine ourſelves thoroughly, we ſhall find that we are the moſt changeable beings in the univerſe. In reſpect of our underſtanding, we often embrace and reject the very ſame opinions; whereas beings above and beneath us have probably no opinions at all, or at leaſt no wavering and uncertainties in thoſe they have. Our ſuperiors are guided by intuition and our inferiors by inſtinct. In reſpect of our wills, we fall into crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the eyes of our great Judge, and paſs our whole life in offending and aſking pardon. On the contrary, the beings underneath us are not capable of ſinning, nor thoſe above us of repenting. The one is out of the poſſibilities of duty, and the other fixed *in an eternal courſe of ſin*, or an eternal courſe of virtue.

There is ſcarce a ſtate of life, or ſtage in it, which does not produce changes and revolutions in the mind of man. Our ſchemes of thought in infancy are loſt in thoſe of youth; theſe too take a different turn in manhood, until old age often leads us back into our former infancy. A new title or an unexpected ſucceſs throws us out of ourſelves, and in a manner deſtroys

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our identity. A cloudy day, or a little ſunſhine, have as great an influence on many conſtitutions, as the moſt real bleſſings or misfortunes. A dream varies our being, and changes our condition while it laſts; and every paſſion, not to mention health and ſickneſs, and the greater alterations in body and mind, makes us appear almoſt different creatures. If a man is ſo diſtinguiſhed among other beings by this infirmity, what can we think of ſuch as make themſelves remarkable for it even among their own ſpecies? It is a very trifling character to be one of the moſt variable beings of the moſt variable kind, eſpecially if we conſider that he who is the great ſtandard of perfection has in him no ſhadow of change, but "is the ſame yeſterday, "to-day, and for ever."

As this mutability of temper and inconſiſtency with ourſelves is the greateſt weakneſs of human nature, ſo it makes the perſon who is remarkable for it in a very particular manner more ridiculous than any other infirmity whatſoever, it ſets him in a greater variety of fooliſh lights, and diſtinguiſhes him from himſelf by an oppoſition of party-coloured characters. The moſt humourous character in Horace is founded upon this unevenneſs of temper and irregularity of conduct.

——————*Sardus habebat*
Ille Tigellius hoc: Cæſar, qui cogere poſſet,
Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque ſuam, non
Quidquam proficeret: Si collibuiſſet, ab ovo
Uſque ad mala citaret, Io Bacche, modo ſumma
Voce, modo hac, reſonat quæ chordis quatuor ima.
Nil æquale homini fuit illi: Sæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hoſtem: Perſæpe velut qui
Junonis ſacra ferret: Habebat ſæpe ducentos,
Sæpe decem ſervos: Modo reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens: Modo ſit mihi menſa tripes, &
Concha ſalis puri, & toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis craſſa, queat. Decies centena dediſſes
Huic parco paucis contento, quinque diebus
Nil erat in loculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipſum
Mane: Diem totum ſtertebat. Nil fuit unquam
Sic impar ſibi—— Hor. 1 Sat. iii.

Instead of translating this passage in Horace, I shall entertain my English reader with the description of a parallel character, that is wonderfully well finished by Mr Dryden, and raised upon the same foundation.

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand:
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhiming, drinking:
Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!

Thursday, September 6, 1711*.

——*Si quid ego adjuero, curamve levasso,*
Quæ nunc te coquit, & versat sub pectore fixa,
Ecquid erit pretii? Enn. apud Tullium.

"Say, will you thank me if I bring you rest,
"And ease the torture of your labouring breast?"

ENQUIRIES after happiness, and rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to mankind as the arts of Consolation, and supporting one's self under affliction. The utmost we can hope for in this world is Contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but grief and disappointment. A man should direct all his studies and endeavours at making himself easy now, and happy hereafter.

The truth of it is, if all the happiness that is dispersed through the whole race of mankind in this world were drawn together, and put into the possession of

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any

any ſingle man, it would not make a very happy being. Though, on the contrary, if the miſeries of the whole ſpecies were fixed in a ſingle perſon, they would make a very miſerable one.

I am engaged in this ſubject by the following letter, which, though ſubſcribed by a fictitious name, I have reaſon to believe is not imaginary.

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of your diſciples, and endeavour to live 'up to your rules, which I hope will incline you 'to pity my condition: I ſhall open it to you in a very 'few words. About three years ſince, a gentleman, 'whom, I am ſure, you yourſelf would have approved, 'made his addreſſes to me. He had every thing to 'recommend him but an eſtate, ſo that my friends, 'who all of them applauded his perſon, would not 'for the ſake of both of us favour his paſſion. For 'my own part, I reſigned myſelf up entirely to the 'direction of thoſe who knew the world much bet-'ter than myſelf, but ſtill lived in hope that ſome junc-'ture or other would make me happy in the man, 'whom, in my heart, I preferred to all the world; be-'ing determined, if I could not have him, to have no 'body elſe. About three months ago I received a 'letter from him, acquainting me, that by the death 'of an uncle he had a conſiderable eſtate left him, 'which he ſaid was welcome to him upon no other 'account, but as he hoped it would remove all diffi-'culties that lay in the way to our mutual happineſs. 'You may well ſuppoſe, Sir, with how much joy I 'received this letter, which was followed by ſeveral 'others filled with thoſe expreſſions of love and joy, 'which I verily believe no body felt more ſincerely, 'nor knew better how to deſcribe, than the gentleman 'I am ſpeaking of. But, Sir, how ſhall I be able to 'tell it you! by the laſt week's poſt I received a let-'ter from an intimate friend of this unhappy gentle-'man, acquainting me, that as he had juſt ſettled his 'affairs, and was preparing for his journey, he fell 'ſick of a fever and died. It is impoſſible to expreſs

'to you the diſtreſs I am in upon this occaſion. I can 'only have recourſe to my devotions, and to the read-'ing of good books for my conſolation; and as I al-'ways take a particular delight in thoſe frequent ad-'vices and admonitions which you give the public, 'it would be a very great piece of charity in you to 'lend me your aſſiſtance in this conjuncture. If after 'the reading of this letter you find yourſelf in a hu-'mour, rather to rally and ridicule, than to comfort 'me, I deſire you would throw it into the fire, and 'think no more of it; but if you are touched with my 'misfortune, which is greater than I know how to 'bear, your counſels may very much ſupport, and will 'infinitely oblige the afflicted

'LEONORA.'

A diſappointment in love is more hard to get over than any other: the paſſion itſelf ſo ſoftens and ſubdues the heart, that it diſables it from ſtruggling or bearing up againſt the woes and diſtreſſes which befal it. The mind meets with other misfortunes in her whole ſtrength; ſhe ſtands collected within herſelf, and ſuſtains the ſhock with all the force which is natural to her, but a heart in love has its foundation ſapped, and immediately ſinks under the weight of accidents that are diſagreeable to its favourite paſſion.

In afflictions men generally draw their conſolations out of books of morality, which indeed are of great uſe to fortify and ſtrengthen the mind againſt the impreſſions of ſorrow. Monſieur St Evremont, who does not approve of this method, recommends authors who are apt to ſtir up mirth in the mind of the readers, and fancies Don Quixote can give more relief to a heavy heart than Plutarch or Seneca, as it is much eaſier to divert grief than to conquer it. This doubtleſs may have its effects on ſome tempers. I ſhould rather have recourſe to authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us inſtances of calamities and misfortunes, and ſhew human nature in its greateſt diſtreſſes.

If the afflictions we groan under be very heavy, we ſhall find ſome conſolation in the ſociety of as great ſufferers as ourſelves, eſpecially when we find our com-

companions men of virtue and merit. If our afflictions are light, we ſhall be comforted by the compariſon we make between ourſelves and our fellow-ſufferers. A loſs at ſea, a fit of ſickneſs, or the death of a friend, are ſuch trifles, when we conſider whole kingdoms laid in aſhes, families put to the ſword, wretches ſhut up in dungeons, and the like calamities of mankind, that we are out of countenance for our own weakneſs, if we ſink under ſuch little ſtrokes of fortune.

Let the diſconſolate Leonora conſider, that at the very time in which ſhe languiſhes for the loſs of her deceaſed lover, there are perſons in ſeveral parts of the worldjuſt periſhing in ſhipwreck; others crying out for mercy in the terrors of a death-bed repentance: others lying under the tortures of an infamous execution, or the like dreadful calamities; and ſhe will find her ſorrows vaniſh at the appearance of thoſe which are ſo much greater and more aſtoniſhing.

I would further propoſe to the conſideration of my afflicted diſciple, that poſſibly what ſhe now looks upon as the greateſt misfortune, is not really ſuch in itſelf. For my own part, I queſtion not but our ſouls in a ſeparate ſtate will look back on their lives in quite another view, than what they had of them in the body; and that what they now conſider as misfortunes and diſappointments, will very often appear to have been eſcapes and bleſſings.

The mind that hath any caſt towards devotion, naturally flies to it in its afflictions.

When I was in France I heard a very remarkable ſtory of two lovers, which I ſhall relate at length in my to-morrow's Paper, not only becauſe the circumſtances of it are extraordinary, but becauſe it may ſerve as an illuſtration to all that can be ſaid on this laſt head, and ſhew the power of religion in abating that particular anguiſh which ſeems to lie ſo heavy on Leonora. The ſtory was told me by a prieſt, as I travelled with him in a ſtage-coach. I ſhall give it my reader as well as I can remember in his own words, after having premiſed, that if conſolations may be drawn from a wrong religion and a miſguided devotion, they

cannot

cannot but flow much more naturally from those which are founded upon reason, and established in good sense.

Friday, September 7, 1711*.

Illa, quis & me, inquit, miseram, & te perdidit, Orpheu?
Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas.

Virg. iv. Georg. 494.

"Then thus the bride: What fury seiz'd on thee,
"Unhappy man! to lose thyself and me?
"And now farewell! involv'd in shades of night,
"For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight:
"In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
"In sweet embraces, ah! no longer thine."

DRYDEN.

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. Theodosius was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age, he became acquainted with Constantia, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression on her heart as it was impossible for time to efface. He was himself no less smitten with Constantia. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship

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between

between Theodosius and Constantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbad him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told Constantia it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. Constantia, who was overawed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who, after a long tumult of passions, which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, writ the following letter to Constantia.

'THE thought of my Constantia, which for some 'years has been my only happiness, is now be-'come a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. 'Must I then live to see you another's? The streams, 'the fields, and meadows, where we have so often 'talked together, grow painful to me; life itself is 'become a burden. May you long be happy in the 'world, but forget that there was ever such a man in 'it as 'THEODOSIUS.'

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it, and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers, that came to her father's house, one after another,

another, to inquire if they had heard any thing of Theodosius, who it seems had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy, which had hung upon his mind some time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befal him. Constantia, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted. She now accused herself of having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of Theodosius. In short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that, after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution, which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life: and as it is usual in the Romish church for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

We

We muſt now return to Theodoſius, who, the very morning that the above-mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious houſe in the city, where now Conſtantia reſided; and deſiring that ſecrecy and concealment of the Fathers of the convent, which is very uſual upon any extraordinary occaſion, he made himſelf one of the Order, with a private vow never to inquire after Conſtantia; whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been ſolemnized. Having in his youth made a good progreſs in learning, that he might dedicate himſelf more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his ſanctity of life, and thoſe pious ſentiments which he inſpired into all who converſed with him. It was this holy man to whom Conſtantia had determined to apply herſelf in confeſſion, though neither ſhe nor any other, beſides the Prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable Theodoſius had now taken upon him the name of Father Francis, and was ſo far concealed in a long beard, a ſhaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impoſſible to diſcover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning ſhut up in his confeſſional, Conſtantia kneeling by him, opened the ſtate of her ſoul to him; and after having given him the hiſtory of a life full of innocence, ſhe burſt out in tears, and entered upon that part of her ſtory in which he himſelf had ſo great a ſhare. My behaviour, ſays ſhe, has I fear been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilſt he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me ſince his death. She here paused, and lifted up her eyes that ſtreamed with tears towards the father; who was ſo moved with the ſenſe of her ſorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with ſighs and ſobbings, ſo far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The Father could not forbear

weeping aloud, insomuch that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him. Constantia, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of Theodosius. The Father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in tears upon hearing that name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this instance of an unparelleled fidelity from one who he thought had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrow, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted——to tell her that her sins were forgiven her——that her guilt was not so great as she apprehended—that she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. Constantia retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. Theodosius having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding with a promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. The rules of our respective orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on chearfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction

in

in your mind, which it is not in the power of the world to give.

Conſtantia's heart was ſo elevated with the diſcourſe of Father Francis, that the very next day ſhe entered upon her vow. As ſoon as the ſolemnities of her reception were over, ſhe retired, as it is uſual, with the Abbeſs into her own apartment.

The Abbeſs had been informed the night before of all that had paſſed between her noviciate and Father Francis; from whom ſhe now delivered to her the following letter :—

'AS the firſt fruits of thoſe joys and conſolations 'which you may expect from the life you are 'now engaged in, I muſt acquaint you that Theodoſius, 'whoſe death lits ſo heavy upon your thoughts, is ſtill 'alive; and that the father, to whom you have con-'feſſed yourſelf, was once that Theodoſius whom you 'ſo much lament. The love which we have had for 'one another will make us more happy in its diſap-'pointment than it could have done in its ſucceſs. 'Providence has diſpoſed of us for our advantage, 'though not according to our wiſhes. Conſider your 'Theodoſius ſtill as dead, but aſſure yourſelf of one 'who will not ceaſe to pray for you in Father

'FRANCIS.'

Conſtantia ſaw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter; and upon reflecting on the voice of the perſon, the behaviour, and above all the extreme ſorrow of the father during her confeſſion, ſhe diſcovered Theodoſius in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, It is enough, ſays ſhe, Theodoſius is ſtill in being; I ſhall live with comfort, and die in peace.

The letters which the Father ſent her afterwards are yet extant in the Nunnery where ſhe reſided; and are often read to the young religious, in order to inſpire them with good reſolutions and ſentiments of virtue. It ſo happened, that after Conſtantia had lived about ten years in the cloiſter, a violent fever broke out in the place, which ſwept away great multitudes, and

among others Theodosius. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to Constantia, who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally precedes death in sicknesses of this nature, the Abbess, finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that Theodosius was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. Constantia received it with pleasure. And now, says she, if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by Theodosius. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of it—— She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

Their tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin inscription over them to the following purpose :—

"Here lie the bodies of Father Francis and Sister "Constance. They were lovely in their lives and in "their death they were not divided."

Saturday, September 8, 1711*.

——— Si forte necesse est,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget; dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.

Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 48.

——"If you would unheard-of things express,
"Invent new words; we can indulge a muse,
"Until the license rise to an abuse." CREECH.

I Have often wished, that as in our constitution there are several persons whose business is to watch over our laws, our liberties and commerce, certain men might be set apart as Superintendants of our Language, to hinder any words of a foreign coin from passing

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among

among us; and in particular to prohibit any French phrases from becoming current in this kingdom, when those of our own stamp are altogether as valuable. The present war has so adulterated our tongue with strange words, that it would be impossible for one of our great grandfathers to know what his posterity have been doing, were he to read their exploits in a modern news-paper. Our warriors are very industrious in propagating the French language, at the same time that they are so gloriously successful in beating down their power. Our soldiers are men of strong heads for action, and perform such feats as they are not able to express. They want words in their own tongue to tell us what it is they atchieve, and therefore send us over accounts of their performances in a jargon of phrases, which they learn among their conquered enemies. They ought however to be provided with secretaries, and assisted by our foreign ministers, to tell their story for them in plain English, and to let us know in our mother-tongue what it is our brave countrymen are about. The French would indeed be in the right to publish the news of the present war in English phrases, and make their campaigns unintelligible. Their people might flatter themselves that things are not so bad as they really are, were they thus palliated with foreign terms, and thrown into shades and obscurity; but the English cannot be too clear in their narrative of those actions, which have raised their country to a higher pitch of glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be still the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that time a siege is carried on two or three days, I am altogether lost and bewildered in it, and meet with so many inexplicable difficulties, that I scarce know what side has the better of it, until I am informed by the tower guns that the place is surrendered. I do indeed make some allowances for this part of the war, fortifications having been foreign inventions, and upon that account abounding in foreign terms. But when we have won battles which may be described in our own language, why are our papers filled

filled with ſo many unintelligible exploits, and the French obliged to lend us a part of their tongue before we can know how they are conquered? They muſt be made acceſſary to their own diſgrace, as the Britons were formerly ſo artificially wrought in the curtain of the Roman theatre, that they ſeemed to draw it up in order to give the ſpectators an opportunity of ſeeing their own defeat celebrated upon the ſtage: for ſo Mr Dryden has tranſlated that verſe in Virgil,

Purpurea intexti tollunt aulæa Britanni.
Georg. iii. 25.

Which interwoven Britons ſeem to raiſe,
And ſhew the triumph that their ſhame diſplays.

The hiſtories of all our former wars are tranſmitted to us in our vernacular idiom, to uſe the phraſe of a great modern critic. I do not find in any of our chronicles, that Edward the third ever *reconnoitred* the enemy, though he often diſcovered the poſture of the French, and as often vanquiſhed them in battle. The Black Prince paſſed many a river without the help of Pontoons, and filled a ditch with faggots as ſucceſsfully as the generals of our times do it with Faſcines. Our commanders loſe half their praiſe, and our people half their joy, by means of thoſe hard words and dark expreſſions in which our news-papers do ſo much abound. I have ſeen many a prudent citizen, after having read every article, inquire of his next neighbour what news the mail had brought.

I remember in that remarkable year when our country was delivered from the greateſt fears and apprehenſions, and raiſed to the greateſt height of gladneſs it had ever felt ſince it was a nation, I mean the year of Blenheim, I had the copy of a letter ſent me out of the country, which was written from a young gentleman in the army to his father, a man of good eſtate and plain ſenſe. As the letter was very modiſhly chequered with this modern military eloquence, I ſhall preſent my reader with a copy of it.

'SIR,

'SIR,

'UPON the junction of the French and Bavarian armies they took poſt behind a great moraſs which they thought impracticable. Our general next day ſent a party of horſe to reconnoitre them from a little hauteur, at about a quarter of an hour's diſtance from the army, who returned again to the camp unobſerved through ſeveral defiles, in one of which they met with a party of French that had been marauding, and made them all priſoners at diſcretion. The day after a Drum arrived at our camp, with a meſſage which he would communicate to none but the general; he was followed by a Trumpet, who they ſay behaved himſelf very ſaucily, with a meſſage from the duke of Bavaria. The next morning our army being divided into two Corps, made a movement towards the enemy. You will hear in the public prints how we treated them, with the other circumſtances of that glorious day. I had the good fortune to be in that regiment that puſhed the Gens d'Armes. Several French battalions, which ſome ſay were a Corps de Reſerve, made a ſhew of reſiſtance; but it only proved a Gaſconade, for upon our preparing to fill up a little Foſſe, in order to attack them, they beat the Chamade, and ſent us Charte Blanche. Their Commandant, with a great many other general officers, and troops without number, are made priſoners of war, and will I believe give you a viſit in England, the Cartel not being yet ſettled. Not queſtioning but theſe particulars will be very welcome to you, I congratulate you upon them, and am your moſt dutiful ſon, &c.'

The father of the young gentleman, upon the peruſal of the letter, found it contained great news, but could not gueſs what it was. He immediately communicated it to the curate of the parith, who, upon the reading of it, being vexed to ſee any thing he could not underſtand, fell into a kind of a paſſion, and told him, that his ſon had ſent him a letter that was neither

ther fish, flesh, nor good red-herring. I wish, says he, the captain may be Compos Mentis, he talks of a saucy Trumpet, and a Drum that carries messages; then who is this Charte Blanche? He must either banter us, or he is out of his senses. The father, who always looked upon the curate as a learned man, began to fret inwardly at his son's usage, and producing a letter which he had written to him about three posts before, You see here, says he, when he writes for money he knows how to speak intelligibly enough; there is no man in England can express himself clearer, when he wants a new furniture for his horse. In short, the old man was so puzzled upon the point, that it might have fared ill with his son, had he not seen all the Prints about three days after filled with the same terms of art, and that Charles only *writ* like other men.

Monday, September 10, 1711*.

—— Quid non Jovis ira, non ignis,
Non potuerit ferrum, non edax abolere vetustas.

Ovid. Met. xv. 871.

—————— "Which nor dreads the rage
"Of tempests, fire, or war, or wasting age."

L. WELSTED.

ARISTOTLE tells us that the world is a copy or transcript of those ideas, which are in the mind of the first Being; and that those ideas, which are in the mind of man, are a transcript of the world. To this we may add, that words are the transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of man, and that writing or printing are the transcript of words.

As the Supreme Being has expressed, and as it were printed his ideas in the creation, men express their ideas in books, which by this great invention of these latter ages may last as long as the sun and

* No. 166.

moon

moon, and perifh only in the general wreck of nature. Thus Cowley, in his Poem on the Refurrection, mentioning the deftruction of the univerfe, has thofe admirable lines:

Now all the wide extended fky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's facred work fhall die.

There is no other method of fixing thofe thoughts which arife and difappear in the mind of man, and tranfmitting them to the laft periods of time; no other method of giving a permanency to our ideas, and preferving the knowledge of any particular perfon, when his body is mixed with the common mafs of matter, and his foul retired into the world of fpirits. Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as prefents to the pofterity of thofe who are yet unborn.

All other arts of perpetuating our ideas continue but a fhort time. Statues can laft but a few thoufands of years, edifices fewer, and colours ftill fewer than edifices. Michael Angelo, Fontana, and Raphael, will hereafter be what Phidias, Vitruvius, and Apelles are at prefent; the names of great ftatuaries, architects, and painters, whofe works are loft. The feveral arts are expreffed in mouldering materials. Nature finks under them, and is not able to fupport the ideas which are impreft upon it.

The circumftance which gives authors an advantage above all thefe great mafters, is this, that they can multiply their originals; or rather can make copies of their works to what number they pleafe, which fhall be as valuable as the originals themfelves. This gives a great Author fomething like a profpect of eternity, but at the fame time deprives him of thofe other advantages which artifts meet with. The artift finds greater returns in profit, as the Author in fame. What an ineftimable price would a Virgil or a Homer, a Cicero, or an Ariftotle bear, were their works, like a

ſtatue, a building, or a picture, to be confined only in one place, and made the property of a ſingle perſon!

If Writings are thus durable, and may paſs from age to age throughout the whole courſe of time, how careful ſhould an Author be of committing any thing to print that may corrupt poſterity, and poiſon the minds of men with vice and error! Writers of great talents, who employ their parts in propagating immorality, and ſeaſoning vicious ſentiments with wit and humour, are to be looked upon as the peſts of ſociety, and the enemies of mankind. They leave books behind them (as it is ſaid of thoſe who die in diſtempers which breed an ill-will towards their own ſpecies) to ſcatter infection and deſtroy their poſterity. They act the counterparts of a Confucius or a Socrates; and ſeem to have been ſent into the world to deprave human nature, and ſink it into the condition of brutality.

I have ſeen ſome Roman-Catholic Authors who tell us, that vicious writers continue in Purgatory ſo long as the influence of their writings continue upon poſterity: for Purgatory, ſay they, is nothing elſe but a cleanſing us of our ſins, which cannot be ſaid to be done away ſo long as they continue to operate and corrupt mankind. The vicious Author, ſay they, ſins after death; and ſo long as he continues to ſin, ſo long muſt he expect to be puniſhed. Though the Roman-Catholic notion of Purgatory be indeed very ridiculous, one cannot but think, that if the ſoul after death has any knowledge of what paſſes in this world, that of an immortal writer would receive much more regret from the ſenſe of corrupting, than ſatisfaction from the thought of pleaſing his ſurviving admirers.

To take off from the ſeverity of this Speculation, I ſhall conclude this paper with a ſtory of an atheiſtical author, who at a time he lay dangerouſly ſick, and had deſired the aſſiſtance of a neighbouring curate, confeſſed to him with great contrition, that nothing ſat more heavy at his heart than the ſenſe of his having ſeduced the age by his writings, and that their evil influence

was

was likely to continue even after his death. The curate upon farther examination finding the penitent in the utmoſt agonies of deſpair, and being himſelf a man of learning, told him, that he hoped his caſe was not ſo deſperate as he apprehended, ſince he found that he was ſo very ſenſible of his fault, and ſo ſincerely repented of it. The penitent ſtill urged the evil tendency of his book to ſubvert all religion, and the little ground of hope there could be for one whoſe writings would continue to do miſchief when his body was laid in aſhes. The curate, finding no other way to comfort him, told him, that he did well in being afflicted for the evil deſign with which he publiſhed his book; but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no danger of its doing any hurt: that his cauſe was ſo very bad, and his arguments ſo weak, that he did not apprehend any ill effects of it; in ſhort, that he might reſt ſatisfied his book could do no more miſchief after his death than it had done whilſt he was living. To which he added, for his farther ſatisfaction, that he did not believe any beſides his particular friends and acquaintance had ever been at the pains of reading it, or that any body after his death would ever inquire after it. The dying man had ſtill ſo much the frailty of an author in him, as to be cut to the heart with theſe conſolations; and, without anſwering the good man, aſked his friends about him (with a peeviſhneſs that is natural to a ſick perſon) where they had picked up ſuch a blockhead? And whether they thought him a proper perſon to attend one in his condition? The curate finding that the author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and ſincere penitent, but as a penitent of importance, after a ſhort admonition withdrew; not queſtioning but he ſhould be again ſent for if the ſickneſs grew deſperate. The author however recovered, and has ſince written two or three other tracts with the ſame ſpirit, and, very luckily for his poor ſoul, with the ſame ſucceſs.

Thursday, September 13, 1711*.

Sic vita erat: facile omnes preferre ac pati:
Cum quibus erat cunque una, his sese dedere,
Eorum obsequi studiis; adversus nemini;
Nunquam præponens se aliis: Ita facillime
Sine invidia invenias laudem.——

Ter. Andr. Act 1. Sc. 1.

"His manner of life was this: to bear with every body's "humours; to comply with the inclinations and pur- "suits of those he conversed with; to contradict no "body; never to assume a superiority over others. This "is the ready way to gain applause, without exciting "envy."

MAN is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of afflictions is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injustice of his neighbour. At the same time that the storm beats upon the whole species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and others, than that disposition of mind which in our language goes under the title of Good-nature, and which I shall choose for the subject of this day's Speculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shews virtue in the

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fairest

fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without Good-nature, or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word Good-breeding. For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and mimickry of Good-nature, or in other terms, affability, complaisance and easiness of temper reduced into an art.

These exterior shows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved when they are founded upon a real Good-nature; but without it are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us: health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world are great cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve but not produce.

Xenophon, in the life of his imaginary prince, whom he describes as a pattern for real ones, is always celebrating the Philanthropy or Good-nature of his hero, which he tells us he brought into the world with him, and gives many remarkable instances of it in his childhood, as well as in all the several parts of his life. Nay, on his death-bed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his soul returned to him who made it, his body should incorporate with the great mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to mankind. For which reason, he gives his sons a positive order not to inshrine it in gold or silver, but to lay it in the earth as soon as the life was gone out of it.

An instance of such an overflowing of humanity, such an exuberant love to mankind, could not have entered

entered into the imagination of a writer, who had not a ſoul filled with great ideas, and a general benevolence to mankind.

In that celebrated paſſage of Saluſt, where Cæſar and Cato are placed in ſuch beautiful, but oppoſite lights, Cæſar's character is chiefly made up of Good-nature, as it ſhewed itſelf in all its forms towards his friends or his enemies, his ſervants or dependents, the guilty or the diſtreſſed. As for Cato's character, it is rather awful than amiable. Juſtice ſeems moſt agreeable to the nature of God, and Mercy to that of Man. A Being who has nothing to pardon in himſelf, may reward every man according to his works; but he whoſe very beſt actions muſt be ſeen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. For this reaſon, among all the monſtrous characters in human nature, there is none ſo odious, nor indeed ſo exquiſitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid, ſevere temper in a worthleſs man.

This part of Good-nature, however, which conſiſts in the pardoning and overlooking of faults, is to be exerciſed only in doing ourſelves juſtice, and that too in the ordinary commerce aud occurrences of life; for in the public adminiſtrations of juſtice, mercy to one may be cruelty to others.

It is grown almoſt into a maxim, that Good-natured men are not always men of the moſt wit. This obſervation, in my opinion, has no foundation in nature. The greateſt Wits I have converſed with are men eminent for their humanity. I take therefore this remark to have been occaſioned by two reaſons. Firſt, becauſe Ill-nature among ordinary obſervers paſſes for Wit. A ſpiteful ſaying gratifies ſo many little paſſions in thoſe who hear it, that it generally meets with a good reception. The laugh riſes upon it, and the man who utters it is looked upon as a ſhrewd ſatiriſt. This may be one reaſon why a great many pleaſant companions appear ſo ſurpriſingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be merry in print; the public being more juſt than private clubs or aſſemblies, in diſtinguiſhing between what is Wit and what is Ill-nature.

Another

Another reaſon why the Good-natured Man may ſometimes bring his wit in queſtion, is, perhaps, becauſe he is apt to be moved with compaſſion for thoſe misfortunes or infirmities which another would turn into ridicule, and by that means gain the reputation of a Wit. The Ill-natured man, though but of equal parts, gives himſelf a larger field to expatiate in; he expoſes thoſe failings in human nature which the other would caſt a veil over, laughs at vices which the other either excuſes or conceals, gives utterance to reflections which the other ſtifles, falls indifferently upon friends or enemies, expoſes the perſon who has obliged him, and, in ſhort, ſticks at nothing that may eſtabiliſh his character of a Wit. It is no wonder, therefore, he ſucceeds in it better than the man of humanity, as a perſon who makes uſe of indirect methods is more likely to grow rich than the fair trader.

Friday, September 14, 1711*.

In amore hæc omnia inſunt vitia: injuriæ,
Suſpiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ,
Bellum, pax rurſum——— Ter. Eun. Act i. Sc. 1.

"In love are all theſe ills: ſuſpicions, quarrels,
"Wrongs, reconcilements, war, and peace again."

COLMAN.

UPON looking over the letters of my female correſpondents, I find ſeveral from women complaining of Jealous Huſbands, and at the ſame time proteſting their own innocence, and deſiring my advice on this occaſion. I ſhall therefore take this ſubject into my conſideration; and the more willingly, becauſe I find that the Marquis of Hallifax, who, in his "Advice to a Daughter," has inſtructed a wife how to behave herſelf towards a falſe, an intemperate,

a choleric, a ſullen, a covetous, or a ſilly huſband, has not ſpoken one word of a Jealous Huſband.

"Jealouſy is that pain which a man feels from the "apprehenſion that he is not equally beloved by the "perſon whom he entirely loves." Now, becauſe our inward paſſions and inclinations can never make themſelves viſible, it is impoſſible for a jealous man to be thoroughly cured of his ſuſpicions. His thoughts hang at beſt in a ſtate of doubtfulneſs and uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any ſatisfaction on the advantageous ſide; ſo that his inquiries are moſt ſucceſsful when they diſcover nothing. His pleaſure ariſes from his diſappointments, and his life is ſpent in purſuit of a ſecret that deſtroys his happineſs if he chance to find it.

An ardent love is always a ſtrong ingredient in this paſſion; for the ſame affection which ſtirs up the jealous man's deſires, and gives the party beloved ſo beautiful a figure in his imagination, makes him believe ſhe kindles the ſame paſſion in others, and appears as amiable to all beholders. And as jealouſy thus ariſes from an extraordinary love, it is of ſo delicate a nature, that it ſcorns to take up with any thing leſs than an equal return of love. Not the warmeſt expreſſions of affection, the ſofteſt and moſt tender hypocriſy, are able to give any ſatisfaction, where we are not perſuaded that the affection is real and the ſatisfaction mutual. For the jealous man wiſhes himſelf a kind of deity to the perſon he loves. He would be the only pleaſure of her ſenſes, the employment of her thoughts; and is angry at every thing ſhe admires, or takes delight in, beſides himſelf.

Phædra's requeſt to his miſtreſs, upon his leaving her for three days, is inimitably beautiful and natural:

Cum milite iſto præſens, abſens ut ſies:
Dies noctesque me ames: me deſideres:
Me ſomnies: me expectes: de me cogites:

Me

Me ſperes: me te oblectes: mecum tota ſis:
Meus fac ſis poſtremo animus, quando ego ſum tuus.

Ter. Eun. Act i. Sc. 2.

" Be with yon ſoldier preſent, as if abſent:
" All night and day love me: ſtill long for me:
" Dream, ponder ſtill on me: wiſh, hope for me:
" Delight in me: be all in all with me:
" Give your whole heart, for mine's all your's, to me."

COLMAN.

The jealous man's diſeaſe is of ſo malignant a nature, that it converts all it takes into its own nouriſhment. A cool behaviour ſets him on the rack, and is interpreted as an inſtance of averſion or indifference; a fond one raiſes his ſuſpicions, and looks too much like diſſimulation and artifice. If the perſon he loves be chearful, her thoughts muſt be employed on another: and if ſad, ſhe is certainly thinking on himſelf. In ſhort, there is no word or geſture ſo inſignificant, but it gives him new hints, feeds his ſuſpicions, and furniſhes him with freſh matters of diſcovery: ſo that if we conſider the effects of this paſſion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate hatred than an exceſſive love; for certainly none can meet with more diſquietude and uneaſineſs than a ſuſpected wife, if we except the jealous huſband.

But the great unhappineſs of this paſſion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the affection which it is ſo ſolicitous to engroſs; and that for theſe two reaſons, becauſe it lays too great a conſtraint on the words and actions of the ſuſpected perſon, and at the ſame time ſhews you have no honourable opinion of her; both of which are ſtrong motives to averſion.

Nor is this the worſt effect of jealouſy; for it often draws after it a more fatal train of conſequences, and makes the perſon you ſuſpect guilty of the very crimes you are ſo much afraid of. It is very natural for ſuch who are treated ill and upbraided falſely, to find out an intimate friend that will hear their complaints, con-

dole their ſufferings, and endeavour to ſooth and aſſuage their ſecret reſentments. Beſides, jealouſy puts a woman often in mind of an ill thing that ſhe would not otherwiſe perhaps have thought of, and fills her imagination with ſuch an unlucky idea, as in time grows familiar, excites deſire, and loſes all the ſhame and horror which might at firſt attend it. Nor is it a wonder if ſhe who ſuffers wrongfully in a man's opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his eſteem, reſolves to give him reaſon for his ſuſpicions, and to enjoy the pleaſure of the crime, ſince ſhe muſt undergo the ignominy. Such probably were the conſiderations that directed the wiſe-man in his advice to huſbands; "Be not jealous over the wife of "thy boſom, and teach her not an evil leſſon againſt "thyſelf."

And here, among the other torments which this paſſion produces, we may uſually obſerve that none are greater mourners than jealous men, when the perſon who provoked their jealouſy is taken from them. Then it is that their love breaks out furiouſly, and throws off all the mixtures of ſuſpicion which choked and ſmothered it before. The beautiful parts of the character riſe uppermoſt in the jealous huſband's memory, and upbraid him with the ill uſage of ſo divine a creature as was once in his poſſeſſion; whilſt all the little imperfections, that were before ſo uneaſy to him, wear off from his remembrance, and ſhew themſelves no more.

We may ſee by what has been ſaid, that jealouſy takes the deepeſt root in men of amorous diſpoſitions; and of theſe we may find three kinds who are moſt over-run with it.

The Firſt are thoſe who are conſcious to themſelves of an infirmity, whether it be weakneſs, old age, deformity, ignorance, or the like. Theſe men are ſo well acquainted with the unamiable part of themſelves, that they have not the confidence to think they are really beloved; and are ſo diſtruſtful of their own merits, that all fondneſs towards them puts them out of countenance, and looks like a jeſt upon their perſons.

They

They grow ſuſpicious on their firſt looking in a glaſs, and are ſtung with jealouſy at the ſight of a wrinkle. A handſome fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their thoughts upon their wives.

A ſecond ſort of men, who are moſt liable to this paſſion, are thoſe of cunning, wary, and diſtruſtful tempers. It is a fault very juſtly found in hiſtories compoſed by politicians, that they leave nothing to chance or humour, but are ſtill for deriving every action from ſome plot and contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual ſcheme of cauſes and events, and preſerving a conſtant correſpondence between the camp and the council-table. And thus it happens in the affairs of love with men of too refined a thought. They put a conſtruction on a look, and find out a deſign in a ſmile; they give new ſenſes and ſignifications to words and actions; and are ever tormenting themſelves with fancies of their own raiſing. They generally act in a diſguiſe themſelves, and therefore miſtake all outward ſhow and appearances for hypocriſy in others; ſo that I believe no men ſee leſs of the truth and reality of things, than theſe great refiners upon incidents, who are ſo wonderful ſubtle and over-wiſe in their conceptions.

Now, what theſe men fancy they know of women by reflection, your lewd and vicious men believe they have learned by experience. They have ſeen the poor huſband ſo miſled by tricks and artifices, and in the midſt of his inquiries ſo loſt and bewildered in a crooked intrigue, that they ſtill ſuſpect an under-plot in every female action; and eſpecially where they ſee any reſemblance in the behaviour of two perſons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the ſame deſign in both. Theſe men, therefore, bear hard upon the ſuſpected party, purſue her cloſe through all her turnings and windings, and are too well acquainted with the chaſe, to be flung off by any falſe ſteps or doubles. Beſides, their acquaintance and converſation has lain wholly among the vicious part of womankind, and therefore it is no wonder they cenſure all alike, and look upon

the whole ſex as a ſpecies of impoſtors. But if, notwithſtanding their private experience, they can get over theſe prejudices, and entertain a favourable opinion of ſome Women; yet their own looſe deſires will ſtir up new ſuſpicions from another ſide, and make them believe all Men ſubject to the ſame inclinations with themſelves.

Whether theſe or other motives are moſt predominant, we learn from the modern hiſtories of America, as well as from our own experience in this part of the world, that jealouſy is no northern paſſion, but rages moſt in thoſe nations that lie neareſt the influence of the ſun. It is a misfortune for a woman to be born between the tropics; for there lie the hotteſt regions of jealouſy, which as you come northward cools all along with the climate, till you ſcarce meet with any thing like it in the polar circle. Our own nation is very temperately ſituated in this reſpect; and if we meet with ſome few diſordered with the violence of this paſſion, they are not the proper growth of our country, but are many degres nearer the ſun in their conſtitutions than in their climate.

After this frightful account of jealouſy, and the perſons who are moſt ſubject to it, it will be but fair to ſhew by what means the paſſion may be beſt allayed, and thoſe who are poſſeſſed with it ſet at eaſe. Other faults indeed are not under the wife's juriſdiction, and ſhould, if poſſible, eſcape her obſervation; but jealouſy calls upon her particularly for its cure, and deſerves all her art and application in the attempt. Beſides, ſhe has this for her encouragement, that her endeavours will be always pleaſing, and that ſhe will ſtill find the affection of her huſband riſing towards her in proportion as his doubts and ſuſpicions vaniſh; for, as we have ſeen all along, there is ſo great a mixture of love in Jealouſy as is well worth the ſeparating. But this ſhall be the ſubject of another Paper.

Saturday,

Saturday, September 15, 1711*.

Credula res amor est —— —— Ovid. Met. vii. 826.

" Love is a credulous paſſion."

HAVING in my yeſterday's Paper diſcovered the nature of Jealouſy, and pointed out the perſons who are moſt ſubject to it, I muſt here apply myſelf to my fair correſpondents, who deſire to live well with a Jealous Huſband, and to eaſe his mind of its unjuſt ſuſpicions.

The Firſt Rule I ſhall propoſe to be obſerved is, that you never ſeem to diſlike in another what the Jealous Man is himſelf guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himſelf does not excel. A jealous man is very quick in his applications, he knows how to find a double edge in an invective, and to draw a ſatire on himſelf out of a panegyric on another. He does not trouble himſelf to conſider the perſon, but to direct the character; and is ſecretly pleaſed or confounded as he finds more or leſs of himſelf in it. The commendation of any thing in another ſtirs up his Jealouſy, as it ſhews you have a value for others beſides himſelf; but the commendation of that, which he himſelf wants, inflames him more, as it ſhews that in ſome reſpects you preſer others before him. Jealouſy is admirably deſcribed in this view by Horace in his ode to Lydia:

Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roſeam, & cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certa ſede manet; humor & in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus. 1 Od. xiii. 1.

* No. 171. " When

"When Telephus his youthful charms,
"His rosy neck and winding arms,
"With endless rapture you recite,
"And in the pleasing name delight;
"My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
"With numberless resentments beats;
"From my pale cheek the colour flies,
"And all the man within me dies:
"By turns my hidden grief appears
"In rising sighs and falling tears,
"That show too well the warm desires,
"The silent, slow, consuming fires,
"Which on my inmost vitals prey,
"And melt my very soul away."

The Jealous Man is not indeed angry if you dislike another: but if you find those faults which are to be found in his own character, you discover not only your dislike of another, but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of ingrossing all your love, that he is grieved at the want of any charm which he believes has power to raise it; and if he finds by your censures on others, that he is not so agreeable in your opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other qualifications, and that by consequence your affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his temper be grave or sullen, you must not be so much pleased with a jest, or transported with any thing that is gay and diverting; if his beauty be none of the best, you must be a professed admirer of prudence, or any other quality he is master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you must be sure to be free and open in your conversation with him, and to let in light upon your actions, to unravel all your designs, and discover every secret, however trifling or indifferent. A jealous husband has a particular aversion to winks and whispers, and if he does not see to the bottom of every thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his fears and suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief confident, and where he finds himself kept out of

a se-

a ſecret, will believe there is more in it than there ſhould be. And here it is of great concern, that you preſerve the character of your ſincerity uniform and of a-piece: for if he once finds a falſe gloſs put upon any ſingle action, he quickly ſuſpects all the reſt; his working imagination immediately takes a falſe hint, and turns off with it into ſeveral remote conſequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own miſery.

If both theſe methods fail, the beſt way will be to let him ſee you are much caſt down and afflicted for the ill opinion he entertains of you, and the diſquietudes he himſelf ſuffers for your ſake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous pleaſure in the jealouſy of thoſe who love them, that inſult over an aking heart, and triumph in their charms which are able to excite ſo much uneaſineſs.

Ardeat ipſa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis.

Juv. Sat. vi. 208.

"Tho' equal pains her peace of mind deſtroy,
"A lover's torments give her ſpiteful joy."

But theſe often carry the humour ſo far, till their affected coldneſs and indifference quite kills all the fondneſs of a lover, and are then ſure to meet in their turn with all the contempt and ſcorn that is due to ſo inſolent a behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy, dejected carriage, the uſual effects of injured innocence, may ſoften the jealous huſband into pity, make him ſenſible of the wrong he does you, and work out of his mind all thoſe fears and ſuſpicions that make you both unhappy. At leaſt it will have this good effect, that he will keep his jealouſy to himſelf, and repine in private, either becauſe he is ſenſible it is a weakneſs, and will, therefore, hide it from your knowledge, or becauſe he will be apt to fear ſome ill effect it may produce, in cooling your love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There

There is ſtill another ſecret that can never fail, if you can once get it believed, and which is often practiſed by women of greater cunning than virtue. This is to change ſides for a while with the jealous man, and to turn his own paſſion upon himſelf; to take ſome occaſion of growing jealous of him, and to follow the example he himſelf hath ſet you. This counterfeited jealouſy will bring him a great deal of pleaſure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much love goes along with this paſſion, and will beſides feel ſomething like the ſatisfaction of a revenge in ſeeing you undergo all his own tortures. But this, indeed, is an artifice ſo difficult, and at the ſame time ſo diſingenuous, that it ought never to be put in practice, but by ſuch as have ſkill enough to cover the deceit, and innocence to render it excuſable.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with the ſtory of Herod and Mariamne, as I have collected it out of Joſephus; which may ſerve almoſt as an example to whatever can be ſaid on this ſubject.

Mariamne had all the charms that beauty, birth, wit, and youth could give a woman, and Herod all the love that ſuch charms are able to raiſe in a warm and amorous diſpoſition. In the midſt of this his fondneſs for Mariamne, he put her brother to death, as he did her father not many years after. The barbarity of the action was repreſented to Mark Antony, who immediately ſummoned Herod into Egypt, to anſwer for the crime that was there laid to his charge. Herod attributed the ſummons to Antony's deſire of Mariamne, whom therefore, before his departure, he gave into the cuſtody of his uncle Joſeph, with private orders to put her to death if any ſuch violence was offered to himſelf. This Joſeph was much delighted with Mariamne's converſation, and endeavoured, with all his art and rhetoric, to ſet out the exceſs of Herod's paſſion for her; but when he ſtill found her cold and incredulous, he inconſiderately told her, as a certain inſtance of her lord's affection, the private orders he had left behind him, which plainly ſhewed, according to Joſeph's interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her.

This

This barbarous inſtance of a wild unreaſonable paſſion quite put out, for a time, thoſe little remains of affection ſhe ſtill had for her lord. Her thoughts were ſo wholly taken up with the cruelty of his orders, that ſhe could not conſider the kindneſs that produced them, and therefore repreſented him, in her imagination, rather under the frightful idea of a murderer than a lover. Herod was at length acquitted and diſmiſſed by Mark Antony, when his ſoul was all in flames for his Mariamne; but before their meeting, he was not a little alarmed at the report he had heard of his uncle's converſation and familiarity with her in his abſence. This therefore was the firſt diſcourſe he entertained her with, in which ſhe found it no eaſy matter to quiet his ſuſpicions. But at laſt he appeared ſo well ſatisfied of her innocence, that from reproaches and wranglings he fell to tears and embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their reconciliation, and Herod poured out his whole ſoul to her in the warmeſt proteſtations of love and conſtancy; when amidſt all his ſighs and languiſhings, ſhe aſked him, whether the private orders he left with his uncle Joſeph were an inſtance of ſuch an inflamed affection? The jealous king was immediately rouſed at ſo unexpected a queſtion, and concluded his uncle muſt have been too familiar with her before he would have diſcovered ſuch a ſecret. In ſhort, he put his uncle to death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himſelf to ſpare Mariamne.

After this he was forced on a ſecond journey into Egypt, when he committed his lady to the care of Sohemus, with the ſame private orders he had before given his uncle, if any miſchief befel him. In the mean while Mariamne ſo won upon Sohemus, by her preſents and obliging converſation, that ſhe drew all the ſecret from him, with which Herod had intruſted him; ſo that after his return, when he flew to her with all the tranſports of joy and love, ſhe received him coldly with ſighs and tears, and all the marks of indifference and averſion. This reception ſo ſtirred up his indignation, that he had certain-

ly ſlain her with his own hands, had not he feared he himſelf ſhould become the greater ſufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent return of love upon him; Mariamne was therefore ſent for to him, whom he endeavoured to ſoften and reconcile with all poſſible conjugal careſſes and endearments; but ſhe declined his embraces, and anſwered all his fondneſs with bitter invectives for the death of her father and her brother. This behaviour ſo incenſed Herod, that he very hardly refrained from ſtriking her; when in the heat of their quarrel there came in a witneſs, ſuborned by ſome of Mariamne's enemies, who accuſed her to the king of a deſign to poiſon him. Herod was now prepared to hear any thing in her prejudice, and immediately ordered her ſervant to be ſtretched upon the rack; who, in the extremity of his tortures, confeſt, that his miſtreſs's averſion to the king aroſe from ſomething Sohemus had told her; but as for any deſign of poiſoning, he utterly diſowned the leaſt knowledge of it. This confeſſion quickly proved fatal to Sohemus, who now lay under the ſame ſuſpicions and ſentence that Joſeph had before him on the like occaſion. Nor would Herod reſt here; but accuſed her with great vehemence of a deſign upon his life, and by his authority with the judges had her publickly condemned and executed. Herod ſoon after her death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the public adminiſtration of affairs into a ſolitary foreſt, and there abandoning himſelf to all the black conſiderations which naturally ariſe from a paſſion made up of love, remorſe, pity, and deſpair. He uſed to rave for his Mariamne, and to call upon her in his diſtracted fits; and in all probability would ſoon have followed her, had not his thoughts been ſeaſonably called off from ſo ſad an object by public ſtorms, which at that time very nearly threatened him.

Tueſday,

Tuesday, September 18, 1711*.

——*Remove fera monstra, tuæque*
Saxificos vultus, quæcunque ea, tolle Medusæ.
Ovid. Met. v. 216.

" Hence with those monstrous features, and O! spare
" That Gorgon's look, and petrifying stare." P.

IN a late paper I mentioned the project of an ingenious author for erecting of several handicraft prizes to be contended for by our British artisans, and the influence they might have towards the improvement of our several manufactures. I have since that been very much surprised with the following advertisement which I find in the Post-boy of the 11th instant, and again repeated in the Post-boy of the 15th.

ON the 9th of October next will be run for upon Coleshill-Heath in Warwickshire, a plate of x guineas value, three heats, by any horse, mare, or gelding that hath not won above the value of 5l. the winning horse to be sold for 10l. to carry 10 stone weight, if 14 hands high; if above or under to carry or to be allowed weight for inches, and to be entered Friday the 15th at the Swan in Coleshill, before six in the evening. Also a plate of less value to be run for by asses. The same day a gold ring to be grinned for by men.

The first of these diversions that is to be exhibited by the 10l. Race-Horses, may probably have its use; but the two last in which the asses and men are concerned, seem to me altogether extraordinary and unaccountable. Why they should keep running asses at Coleshill, or how making mouths turns to account in Warwickshire, more than in any other parts of England, I cannot comprehend. I have looked over all the Olympic games, and do not find any thing in them like

an aſs-race, or a match at grinning. However it be, I am informed that ſeveral aſſes are now kept in body-clothes, and ſweated every morning upon the heath, and that all the country-fellows within ten miles of the Swan, grin an hour or two in their glaſſes every morning, in order to qualify themſelves for the ninth of October. The prize, which is propoſed to be grinned for, has raiſed ſuch an ambition among the common people of out-grinning one another, that many very diſcerning perſons are afraid it ſhould ſpoil moſt of the faces in the country; and that a Warwickſhire-man will be known by his grin, as Roman Catholics imagine a Kentiſhman is by his tail. The gold ring which is made the prize of deformity, is juſt the reverſe of the golden apple that was formerly made the prize of beauty, and ſhould carry for its poſy the old motto inverted,

Detur tetriori.

Or to accommodate it to the capacity of the combatants,

The frightfull'ſt grinner
Be the winner.

In the mean while I would adviſe a Dutch painter to be preſent at this great controverſy of faces, in order to make a collection of the moſt remarkable grins that ſhall be there exhibited.

I muſt not here omit an account which I lately received of one of theſe grinning-matches from a gentleman, who upon reading the above-mentioned advertiſement, entertained the coffee-houſe with the following narrative: Upon the taking of Namur, amidſt other public rejoicings made on that occaſion, there was a a gold ring given by a whig juſtice of peace to be grinned for. The firſt competitor that entered the liſts, was a black ſwarthy Frenchman, who accidentally paſſed that way, and being a man naturally of a withered look, and hard features, promiſed himſelf good ſucceſs. He was placed upon a table in the great point of view; and looking upon the company like Milton's Death,

Grinn'd

Grinn'd horribly a ghaſtly ſmile——

His muſcles were ſo drawn together on each ſide of his face, that he ſhewed twenty teeth at a grin, and put the country in ſome pain, leſt a foreigner ſhould carry away the honour of the day; but upon a farther trial they found he was maſter only of the merry grin.

The next that mounted a table was a mal-content in in thoſe days, and a great maſter in the whole art of grinning, but particularly excelled in the angry grin. He did his part ſo well, that he is ſaid to have made half a dozen women miſcarry; but the juſtice being apprised by one who ſtood near him, that the fellow who grinned in his face was a Jacobite, and being unwilling that a diſaffected perſon ſhould win the gold ring and be looked upon as the beſt grinner in the country, he ordered the oaths to be tendered unto him upon his quitting the table, which the grinner refuſing, he was ſet aſide as an unqualified perſon. There were ſeveral other groteſque figures that preſented themſelves, which it would be too tedious to deſcribe. I muſt not however omit a plowman, who lived in the farther part of the country, and being very lucky in a pair of long lanthorn jaws, wrung his face into ſuch a hideous grimace, that every feature of it appeared under a different diſtortion. The whole company ſtood aſtoniſhed at ſuch a complicated grin, and were ready to aſſign the prize to him, had it not been proved by one of his antagoniſts, that he had practiſed with verjuice for ſome days before, and had a crab found upon him at the very time of grinning; upon which the beſt judges of grinning declared it as their opinion that he was not to be looked upon as a fair grinner, and therefore ordered him to be ſet aſide as a cheat.

The prize, it ſeems, fell at length upon a cobler, Giles Gorgon by name, who produced ſeveral new grins of his own invention, having been uſed to cut faces for many years together over his laſt. At the very firſt grin he caſt every human feature out of his countenance, at the ſecond he became the face of a ſpout, at the

the third a baboon, at the fourth a head of a bass-viol, and at the fifth a pair of nut-crackers. The whole assembly wondered at his accomplishments, and bestowed the ring on him unanimously; but what he esteemed more than all the rest, a country wench, whom he had wooed in vain for above five years before, was so charmed with his grins, and the applauses which he received on all sides, that she married him the week following, and to this day wears the prize upon her finger, the cobler having made use of it as his wedding ring.

This Paper might perhaps seem very impertinent, if it grew serious in the conclusion. I would nevertheless leave it to the consideration of those who are the patrons of this monstrous trial of skill, whether or no they are not guilty, in some measure, of an affront to their species, in treating after this manner the HUMAN FACE DIVINE, and turning that part of us, which has so great an image impressed upon it, into the image of a monkey; whether the raising such silly competitions among the ignorant, proposing prizes for such useless accomplishments, filling the common people's heads with such senseless ambitions, and inspiring them with such absurd ideas of superiority and pre-eminence, has not in it something immoral as well as ridiculous.

Saturday, September 22, 1711*.

——*Quis enim bonus, aut sace dignus*
Arcana, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos,
Ulla aliena sibi credat mala?—— Juv. Sat. xv. 140.

"Who can all sense of other ills escape,
"Is but a brute, at best, in human shape." TATE.

IN one of my last week's Papers I treated of Good-nature, as it is the effect of constitution; I shall now

ſpeak of it, as it is a moral virtue. The firſt may make a man eaſy to himſelf and agreeable to others, but implies no merit in him that is poſſeſſed of it. A man is no more to be praiſed upon this account, than becauſe he has a regular pulſe, or a good digeſtion. This Good-nature however in the conſtitution, which Mr Dryden ſomewhere calls a Milkineſs of Blood, is an admirable ground-work for the other. In order therefore to try our Good-nature, whether it ariſes from the body or the mind, whether it be founded in the animal or rational part of our nature; in a word, whether it be ſuch as is intitled to any other reward, beſides that ſecret ſatisfaction and contentment of mind which is eſſential to it, and the kind reception it procures us in the world, we muſt examine it by the following rules.

Firſt, whether it acts with ſteadineſs and uniformity in ſickneſs and in health, in proſperity and in adverſity; if otherwiſe, it is to be looked upon as nothing elſe but an irradiation of the mind from ſome new ſupply of ſpirits, or a more kindly circulation of the blood. Sir Francis Bacon mentions a cunning ſolicitor, who would never aſk a favour of a great man before dinner; but took care to prefer his petition at a time when the party petitioned had his mind free from care, and his appetites in good humour. Such a tranſient temporary Good-nature as this, is not that philanthropy, that love of mankind, which deſerves the title of a moral virtue.

The next way of a man's bringing his Good-nature to the teſt, is, to conſider whether it operates according to the rules of reaſon and duty: for if, notwithſtanding its general benevolence to mankind, it makes no diſtinction between its objects, if it exerts itſelf promiſcuouſly towards the deſerving and undeſerving, if it relieves alike the idle and the indigent, if it gives itſelf up to the firſt petitioner, and lights upon any one rather by accident than choice, it may paſs for an amiable inſtinct, but muſt not aſſume the name of a moral virtue.

The third trial of Good-nature will be, the examining ourſelves, whether or no we are able to exert it to

our own disadvantage, and employ it on proper objects, notwithstanding any little pain, want, or inconvenience which may arise to ourselves from it. In a word, whether we are willing to risk any part of our fortune, our reputation, or health or ease, for the benefit of mankind. Among all these expressions of Good-nature, I shall single out that which goes under the general name of Charity, as it consists in relieving the indigent; that being a trial of this kind which offers itself to us almost at all times, and in every place.

I should propose it as a rule to every one who is pr vided with any competency of fortune more than su-ficient for the necessaries of life, to lay aside a certain proportion of his income for the use of the poor. This I would look upon as an offering to Him who has a right to the whole, for the use of those whom, in the passage hereafter mentioned, he has described as his own representatives upon earth. At the same time we should manage our charity with such prudence and caution, that we may not hurt our own friends or relations, whilst we are doing good to those who are strangers to us.

This may possibly be explained better by an example than by rule.

Eugenius is a man of an universal Good-nature, and generous beyond the extent of his fortune; but withal so prudent, in the œconomy of his affairs, that what goes out in charity is made up by good management. Eugenius has what the world calls two hundred pounds a-year; but never values himself above nine-score, as not thinking he has a right to the tenth part, which he always appropriates to charitable uses. To this sum he frequently makes other voluntary additions, insomuch that in a good year, for such he accounts those in which he has been able to make greater bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that sum to the sickly and indigent. Eugenius prescribes to himself many particular days of fasting and abstinence, in order to increase his private bank of charity, and sets aside what would be the current expences of those times for the use of the poor. He often goes a-foot

where his buſineſs calls him, and at the end of his walk has given a ſhilling, which in his ordinary methods of expence would have gone for coach-hire, to the firſt neceſſitous perſon that has fallen in his way. I have known him, when he has been going to a play or an opera, divert the money which was deſigned for that purpoſe, upon an object of charity whom he has met with in the ſtreet; and afterwards paſs his evening in a coffee-houſe, or at a friend's fire-ſide, with much greater ſatisfaction to himſelf than he could have received from the moſt exquiſite entertainments of the theatre. By theſe means he is generous, without impoveriſhing himſelf, and enjoys his eſtate by making it the property of others.

There are few men ſo cramped in their private affairs, who may not be charitable after this manner, without any diſadvantage to themſelves, or prejudice to their families. It is but ſometimes ſacrificing a diverſion or convenience to the poor, and turning the uſual courſe of our expences into a better channel. This is, I think, not only the moſt prudent and convenient, but the moſt meritorious piece of charity, which we can put in practice. By this method we in ſome meaſure ſhare the neceſſities of the poor at the ſame time that we relieve them, and make ourſelves not only their patrons, but their fellow-ſufferers.

Sir Thomas Brown, in the laſt part of his *Religio Medici*, in which he deſcribes his charity in ſeveral heroic inſtances, and with a noble heat of ſentiments, mentions that verſe in the Proverbs of Solomon, "He "that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord:" 'There is more rhetoric in that one ſentence, ſays he, 'than in a library of ſermons; and indeed if thoſe 'ſentences were underſtood by the reader, with the 'ſame emphaſis as they are delivered by the author, 'we needed not thoſe volumes of inſtructions, but 'might be honeſt by an epitome.'

This paſſage in ſcripture is indeed wonderfully perſuaſive; but I think the ſame thought is carried much farther in the New Teſtament, where our Saviour tells us in a moſt pathetic manner, that he ſhall hereafter

regard the clothing of the naked, the feeding of the hungry, and the visiting of the imprisoned, as offices done to himself, and reward them accordingly. Pursuant to those passages in holy scripture, I have somewhere met with the epitaph of a charitable man, which has very much pleased me. I cannot recollect the words, but the sense of it is to this purpose: What I spent I lost; what I possessed is left to others; what I gave away remains with me.

Since I am thus insensibly engaged in sacred writ, I cannot forbear making an extract of several passages which I have always read with great delight in the book of Job. It is the account which that holy man gives of his behaviour in the days of his prosperity, and if considered only as a human composition, is a finer picture of a Charitable and Good-natured man than is to be met with in any other author.

"Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days "when God preserved me: When his candle shined "upon my head, and when by his light I walked "through darkness: When the Almighty was yet "with me; when my children were about me: "When I washed my steps with butter, and the rock "poured out rivers of oil."

"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and "when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. Be-"cause I delivered the poor that cried, and the father-"less, and him that had none to help him. The "blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon "me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. "I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; "I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I "knew not I searched out. Did not I weep for him "that was in trouble? was not my soul grieved for "the poor? Let me be weighed in an even ba-"lance, that God may know mine integrity. If I did "despise the cause of my man-servant, or of my maid-"servant when they contended with me: What then "shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visit-"eth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that "made me in the womb, make him? and did not one

"fashion

" fashion us in the womb? If I have withheld the poor
" from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the wi-
" dow to fail: Or have eaten my morsel myself alone,
" and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof: If I have
" seen any perish for want of cloathing, or any poor
" without covering: If his loins have not blessed me,
" and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my
" sheep: If I have lift up my hand against the father-
" less, when I saw my help in the gate: Then let mine
" arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be
" broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the de-
" struction of him that hated me, or lift up myself
" when evil found him: (Neither have I suffered my
" mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul.) The
" stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened
" my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against
" me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain:
" If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or
" have caused the owners thereof to lose their life:
" Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle in-
" stead of barley."

Tuesday, September 25, 1711*.

Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis:
Celsi prætereunt austera poemata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 341.

" Old age is only fond of moral truth,
" Lectures too grave disgust aspiring youth;
" But he who blends instruction with delight,
" Wins every reader, nor in vain shall write."

P.

I May cast my readers under two different divisions, the *Mercurial* and the *Saturnine*. The first are the gay part of my disciples, who require Speculations of

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wit and humour; the others are those of a more solemn and sober turn, who find no pleasure but in Papers of morality and sound sense. The former call every thing that is serious, stupid; the latter look upon every thing as impertinent that is ludicrous. Were I always grave, one half of my readers would fall off from me; were I always merry, I should lose the other. I make it therefore my endeavour to find out entertainments of both kinds, and by that means consult the good of both, more than I should do did I always write to the particular taste of either. As they neither of them know what I proceed upon, the sprightly reader, who takes up my paper in order to be diverted, very often finds himself engaged unawares in a serious and profitable course of thinking; as, on the contrary, the thoughtful man who perhaps may hope to find something solid, and full of deep reflection, is very often insensibly betrayed into a fit of mirth. In a word, the reader sits down to my entertainment without knowing his bill of fare, and has therefore at least the pleasure of hoping there may be a dish to his palate.

I must confess, were I left to myself, I should rather aim at instructing than diverting; but if we will be useful to the world, we must take it as we find it. Authors of professed severity discourage the looser part of mankind from having any thing to do with their writings. A man must have virtue in him, before he will enter upon the reading of a Seneca or an Epictetus. The very title of a moral treatise has something in it austere and shocking to the careless and inconsiderate.

For this reason several unthinking persons fall in my way, who would give no attention to lectures delivered with a religious seriousness or a philosophic gravity. They are insnared into sentiments of wisdom and virtue when they do not think of it; and if by that means they arrive only at such a degree of consideration as may dispose them to listen to more studied and elaborate discourses, I shall not think my speculations useless. I might likewise observe, that the gloominess in which sometimes the minds of the best men are involved,

volved, very often ſtands in need of ſuch little incitements to mirth and laughter, as are apt to diſperſe melancholy, and put our faculties in good humour. To which ſome will add, that the Britiſh climate, more than any other, makes entertainments of this nature in a manner neceſſary.

If what I have here ſaid does not recommend, it will at leaſt excuſe the variety of my Speculations. I would not willingly laugh but in order to inſtruct, or if I ſometimes fail in this point, when my mirth ceaſes to be inſtructive, it ſhall never ceaſe to be innocent. A ſcrupulous conduct in this particular, has, perhaps, more merit in it than the generality of readers imagine; did they know how many thoughts occur in a point of humour, which a diſcreet author in modeſty ſurpaſſes; how many ſtrokes of raillery preſent themſelves, which could not fail to pleaſe the ordinary taſte of mankind, but are ſtifled in their birth by reaſon of ſome remote tendency which they carry in them to corrupt the minds of thoſe who read them; did they know how many glances of ill-nature are induſtriouſly avoided for fear of doing injury to the reputation of another, they would be apt to think kindly of thoſe writers who endeavour to make themſelves diverting, without being immoral. One may apply to theſe authors that paſſage in Waller,

"Poets loſe half the praiſe they would have got,
"Were it but known what they diſcreetly blot."

As nothing is more eaſy than to be a Wit, with all the above-mentioned liberties, it requires ſome genius and invention to appear ſuch without them.

What I have here ſaid is not only in regard to the public, but with an eye to my particular correſpondent, who has ſent me the following letter, which I have caſtrated in ſome places upon theſe conſiderations.

'SIR,

'HAVING lately ſeen your diſcourſe upon a match of Grinning, I cannot forbear giving you an

'account of a Whiſtling Match, which, with many o-
'thers, I was entertained with about three years ſince
'at the Bath. The prize was a guinea, to be confer-
'red upon the ableſt Whiſtler, that is, on him who
'could whiſtle cleareſt, and go through his tune with-
'out laughing, to which at the ſame time he was pro-
'voked by the antic poſtures of a Merry-Andrew, who
'was to ſtand upon the ſtage and play his tricks in the
'eye of the performer. There were three competi-
'tors for the guinea. The firſt was a ploughman of a
'very promiſing aſpect; his features were ſteady, and
'his muſcles compoſed in ſo inflexible ſtupidity, that
'upon his firſt appearance every one gave the guinea
'for loſt. The Pickled Herring however found the
'way to ſhake him; for upon his whiſtling a country
'jig, this unlucky wag danced to it with ſuch varie-
'ty of diſtortions and grimaces, that the country man
'could not forbear ſmiling upon him, and by that
'means ſpoiled his whiſtle, and loſt the prize.

'The next that mounted the ſtage was an under-
'citizen of the Bath, a perſon remarkable among the
'inferior people of that place for his great wiſdom and
'his broad band. He contracted his mouth with much
'gravity, and that he might diſpoſe his mind to be
'more ſerious than ordinary, began the tune of The
'Children in the Wood, and went through part of it
'with good ſucceſs; when on a ſudden the wit at his
'elbow, who had appeared wonderfully grave and at-
'tentive for ſome time, gave him a touch upon the
'left ſhoulder, and ſtared him in the face with ſo be-
'witching a grin, that the Whiſtler relaxed his fibres
'into a kind of ſimper, and at length burſt out into
'an open laugh. The third who entered the liſts
'was a footman, who, in defiance of the Merry-An-
'drew, and all his arts, whiſtled a Scotch Tune and
'an Italian Sonata, with ſo ſettled a countenance, that
'he bore away the prize, to the great admiration of
'ſome hundreds of perſons, who, as well as myſelf,
'were preſent at this trial of ſkill. Now, Sir, I hum-

'bly

'bly conceive, whatever you have determined of the 'Grinners, the Whiſtlers ought to be encouraged, not 'only as their art is practiſed without diſtortion, but 'as it improves country muſic, promotes gravity, and 'teaches ordinary people to keep their countenances, 'if they ſee any thing ridiculous in their betters; be-'ſides that, it ſeems an entertainment very particularly 'adapted to the Bath, as it is uſual for a rider to 'whiſtle to his horſe when he would make his waters 'paſs.

'I am, Sir, &c.'

POSTSCRIPT.

'After having diſpatched theſe two important points 'of Grinning and Whiſtling, I hope you will oblige 'the world with ſome reflections upon Yawning, as I 'have ſeen it practiſed on a twelfth-night among o-'their Chriſtmas gambols at the houſe of a very wor-'thy gentleman, who always entertains his tenants at 'that time of the year. They Yawn for a Cheſhire 'cheeſe, and begin about midnight, when the whole 'company is diſpoſed to be drowſy. He that yawns 'wideſt, and at the ſame time ſo naturally as to pro-'duce the moſt yawns among the ſpectators, carries 'home the cheeſe. If you handle this ſubject as you 'ought, I queſtion not but your paper will ſet half the 'kingdom a Yawning, though I dare promiſe you it 'will never make any body fall aſleep.'

Thursday, September 27. 1711*.

Hic lacrymis vitam damus, et miseresciмus ultro.
Virg. Æn. ii. 145.

"Mov'd by these tears, we pity and protect."

I AM more pleased with a letter that is filled with touches of nature than of wit. The following one is of this kind.

'SIR,

'AMONG all the distresses which happen in families, I do not remember that you have 'touched upon the marriage of children without the 'consent of their parents. I am one of these unfor'tunate persons. I was about fifteen when I took 'the liberty to choose for myself; and have ever since 'languished under the displeasure of an inexorable fa'ther, who, though he sees me happy in the best of 'husbands, and blessed with very fine children, can 'never be prevailed upon to forgive me. He was so 'kind to me before this unhappy accident, that in'deed it makes my breach of duty, in some measure, 'inexcusable; and at the same time creates in me such 'a tenderness towards him, that I love him above all 'things, and would die to be reconciled to him. I 'have thrown myself at his feet, and besought him 'with tears to pardon me; but he always pushes me 'away, and spurns me from him. I have written se'veral letters to him, but he would neither open nor 'receive them. About two years ago I sent my little 'boy to him, dressed in a new apparel; but the child 'returned to me crying, because he said his grandfa'ther would not see him, and had ordered him to be 'put out of his house. My mother is won over to my 'side, but dares not mention me to my father for fear

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of

'of provoking him. About a month ago he lay ſick 'upon his bed, and in great danger of his life: I was 'pierced to the heart at the news, and could not for-'bear going to inquire after his health. My mother 'took this opportunity of ſpeaking in my behalf: ſhe 'told him with abundance of tears, that I was come 'to ſee him, that I could not ſpeak to her for weeping, 'and that I ſhould certainly break my heart if he re-'fuſed at that time to give me his bleſſing, and be re-'conciled to me. He was ſo far from relenting to-'wards me, that he bid her ſpeak no more of me, un-'leſs ſhe had a mind to diſturb him in his laſt mo-'ments; for, Sir, you muſt know that he has the re-'putation of an honeſt and religious man, which 'makes my misfortune ſo much the greater. God 'be thanked he is ſince recovered: but his ſevere u-'ſage has given me ſuch a blow, that I ſhall ſoon ſink 'under it, unleſs I may be relieved by any impreſ-'ſions which the reading of this in your Paper may 'make upon him.

'I am, &c.'

Of all hardneſſes of heart there is none ſo inexcuſable as that of parents towards their children. An obſtinate, inflexible, unforgiving temper is odious upon all occaſions; but here it is unnatural. The love, tenderneſs, and compaſſion, which are apt to ariſe in us towards thoſe who depend upon us, is that by which the whole world of life is upheld. The Supreme Being, by the tranſcendent excellency and goodneſs of his nature, extends his mercy towards all his works; and becauſe his creatures have not ſuch a ſpontaneous benevolence and compaſſion towards thoſe who are under their care and protection, he has implanted in them an inſtinct that ſupplies the place of this inherent goodneſs. I have illuſtrated this kind of inſtinct in former Papers, and have ſhewn how it runs thro' all the ſpecies of brute creatures, as indeed the whole animal creation ſubſiſts by it.

This inſtinct in man is more general and uncircumſcribed than in brutes, as being enlarged by the dictates of reaſon and duty. For if we conſider ourſelves

attentively, we ſhall find that we are not only inclined to love thoſe who deſcend from us, but that we bear a kind of natural affection to every thing which relies upon us for its good and preſervation. Dependence is a perpetual call upon humanity, and a greater incitement to tenderneſs and pity than any other motive whatſoever.

The man therefore who, notwithſtanding any paſſion or reſentment, can overcome this powerful inſtinct, and extinguiſh natural affection, debaſes his mind even below brutality, fruſtrates, as much as in him lies, the great deſign of Providence, and ſtrikes out of his nature one of the moſt divine principles that is planted in it.

Among innumerable arguments which might be brought againſt ſuch an unreaſonable proceeding, I ſhall only inſiſt on one. We make it the condition of our forgiveneſs that we forgive others. In our very prayers we deſire no more than to be treated by this kind of retaliation. The caſe therefore before us ſeems to be what they call a Caſe in Point; the relation between the child and father being what comes neareſt to that between a creature and its Creator. If the father is inexorable to the child who has offended, let the offence be of never ſo high a nature, how will he addreſs himſelf to the Supreme Being, under the tender appellation of a Father, and deſire of him ſuch a forgiveneſs as he himſelf refuſes to grant?

To this I might add many other religious, as well as many prudential conſiderations; but if the laſt mentioned motive does not prevail, I deſpair of ſucceeding by any other, and ſhall therefore conclude my Paper with a very remarkable ſtory, which is recorded in an old chronicle publiſhed by Freher, among the writers of the German hiſtory.

Eginhart, who was ſecretary to Charles the Great, became exceeding popular by his behaviour in that poſt. His great abilities gained him the favour of his maſter, and the eſteem of the whole court. Imma, the daughter of the emperor, was ſo pleaſed with his perſon and converſation, that ſhe fell in love with him.

As

As ſhe was one of the greateſt beauties of the age, Eginhart anſwered her with more than equal return of paſſion. They ſtifled their flames for ſome time, under apprehenſion of the fatal conſequences that might enſue. Eginhart at length reſolving to hazard all, rather than live deprived of one whom his heart was ſo much ſet upon, conveyed himſelf one night into the princeſs's apartment, and knocking gently at the door, was admitted as a perſon who had ſomething to communicate to her from the emperor. He was with her in private moſt part of the night; but upon his preparing to go away about break of day, he obſerved that there had fallen a great ſnow during his ſtay with the princeſs. This very much perplexed him, leſt the prints of his feet in the ſnow might make diſcoveries to the king, who often uſed to viſit his daughter in the morning. He acquainted the princeſs Imma with his fears; who, after ſome conſultations upon the matter, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the ſnow upon her own ſhoulders. It happened, that the emperor not being able to ſleep, was at that time up and walking in his chamber, when upon looking through the window he perceived his daughter tottering under her burden, and carrying his firſt miniſter acroſs the ſnow; which ſhe had no ſooner done, but ſhe returned again with the utmoſt ſpeed to her own apartment. The emperor was extremely troubled and aſtoniſhed at this accident, but reſolved to ſpeak nothing of it until a proper opportunity. In the mean time, Eginhart knowing that what he had done could not be long a ſecret, determined to retire from court; and in order to it begged the emperor that he would be pleaſed to diſmiſs him, pretending a kind of diſcontent at his not having been rewarded for his long ſervices. The emperor would not give a direct anſwer to his petition, but told him he would think of it, and appointed a certain day when he would let him know his pleaſure. He then called together the moſt faithful of his counſellors, and acquainting them with his ſecretary's crime, aſked them their advice in ſo delicate an affair. The moſt of them gave their opinion, that the perſon could not be too

ſeverely puniſhed who had thus diſhonoured his maſter. Upon the whole debate, the emperor declared it was his opinion, that Eginhart's puniſhment would rather increaſe than diminiſh the ſhame of his family, and that therefore he thought it the moſt adviſeable to wear out the memory of the fact, by marrying him to his daughter. Accordingly Eginhart was called in, and acquainted by the emperor, that he ſhould no longer have any pretence of complaining his ſervices were not rewarded, for that the princeſs Imma ſhould be given him in marriage, with a dower ſuitable to her quality; which was ſoon after performed accordingly.

Saturday, September 29, 1711*.

Ἴδμεν ψευδέα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτυμοῖσιν ὁμοῖα,
Ἴδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι. Heſiod.

" Sometimes fair truth in fiction we diſguiſe;
" Sometimes preſent her naked to men's eyes."

FABLES were the firſt pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world, and have been ſtill highly valued, not only in times of the greateſt ſimplicity, but among the moſt polite ages of mankind. Jotham's Fable of the Trees is the oldeſt that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made ſince that time. Nathan's Fable of the poor Man and his Lamb is likewiſe more ancient than any that is extant, beſides the above-mentioned, and had ſo good an effect, as to convey inſtruction to the ear of a king without offending it, and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right ſenſe of his guilt and his duty. We find Æſop in the moſt diſtant ages of Greece; and if we look into the very beginnings of the commonwealth of Rome, we ſee a mutiny among the common people appeaſed by a Fable of the Belly and the Limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the attention of an incenſed rabble,

* No. 183.

at

at a time when perhaps they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the ſame doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As Fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flouriſhed more than when learning was at its greateſt height. To juſtify this aſſertion. I ſhall put my reader in mind of Horace, the greateſt wit and critic in the Auguſtan age; and of Boileau, the moſt correct poet among the moderns: not to mention La Fontaine, who by his way of writing is come more into vogue than any other author of our times.

The Fables I have here mentioned are raiſed altogether upon brutes and vegetables, with ſome of our own ſpecies mixt among them, when the moral hath ſo required. But beſides this kind of Fable, there is another in which the actors are paſſions, virtues, vices, and other imaginary perſons of the like nature. Some of the ancient critics will have it, that the Iliad and Odyſſey of Homer are Fables of this nature; and that the ſeveral names of gods and heroes are nothing elſe but the affections of the mind in a viſible ſhape and character. Thus they tell us, that Achilles, in the firſt Iliad, repreſents Anger, or the iraſcible part of human nature: That upon drawing his ſword againſt his ſuperior in a full aſſembly, Pallas is only another name for Reaſon, which checks and adviſes him upon that occaſion; and at her firſt appearance touches him upon the head, that part of the man being looked upon as the ſeat of reaſon. And thus of the reſt of the poem. As for the Odyſſey, I think it is plain that Horace conſidered it as one of theſe allegorical fables, by the moral which he has given us of ſeveral parts of it. The greateſt Italian wits have applied themſelves to the writing of this latter kind of Fables. Spencer's Fairy-Queen is one continued ſeries of them from the beginning to the end of that admirable work. If we look into the fineſt proſe-authors of antiquity, ſuch as Cicero, Plato, Xenophon, and many others, we ſhall find that this was likewiſe their favourite kind of Fable. I ſhall only farther obſerve upon it, that the firſt of this ſort that made any conſiderable figure in the world,

world, was that of Hercules meeting with Pleaſure and Virtue; which was invented by Prodicus, who lived before Socrates, and in the firſt dawnings of philoſophy. He uſed to travel through Greece by virtue of this fable, which procured him a kind reception in all the market towns, where he never failed telling it as ſoon as he had gathered an audience about him.

After this ſhort preface, which I have made up of ſuch materials as my memory does at preſent ſuggeſt to me, before I preſent my reader with a Fable of this kind, which I deſign as the entertainment of the preſent Paper, I muſt in a few words open the occaſion of it.

In the account which Plato gives us of the converſation and behaviour of Socrates, the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumſtance.

When Socrates his fetters were knocked off (as was uſual to be done on the day that the condemned perſon was to be executed) being ſeated in the midſt of his diſciples, and laying one of his legs over the other, in a very unconcerned poſture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; and whether it was to ſhew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or (after his uſual manner) to take every occaſion of philoſophizing upon ſome uſeful ſubject, he obſerved the pleaſure of that ſenſation which now aroſe in thoſe very parts of his leg, that juſt before had been ſo much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of Pleaſure and Pain in general, and how conſtantly they ſucceed one another. To this he added, That if a man of a good genius for a fable were to repreſent the nature of pleaſure and pain in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after ſuch a manner, that it would be impoſſible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other.

It is poſſible, that if Plato had thought it proper at ſuch a time to deſcribe Socrates launching out into a diſcourſe which was not of a piece with the buſineſs of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into ſome beautiful allegory or fable.

But

But ſince he has not done it, I ſhall attempt to write one myſelf in the ſpirit of that divine author.

" There were two Families which, from the begin-
" ning of the world, were as oppoſite to each other as
" light and darkneſs. The one of them lived in Hea-
" ven, and the other in Hell. The youngeſt deſcen-
" dant of the firſt family was Pleaſure, who was the
" daughter of Happineſs, who was the child of Virtue,
" who was the offſpring of the Gods. Theſe, as I ſaid
" before, had their habitation in Heaven. The young-
" eſt of the oppoſite family was Pain, who was the ſon
" of Miſery, who was the child of Vice, who was the
" offſpring of the Furies. The habitation of this race
" of beings was in Hell.

" The middle ſtation of nature between theſe two
" oppoſite extremes was the Earth, which was inha-
" bited by creatures of a middle kind, neither ſo vir-
" tuous as the one, nor ſo vicious as the other, but
" partaking of the good and bad qualities of theſe
" two oppoſite families. Jupiter conſidering that this
" ſpecies, commonly called Man, was too virtuous to
" be miſerable, and too vicious to be happy; that he
" might make a diſtinction between the good and the
" bad, ordered the two youngeſt of the above-men-
" tioned families, Pleaſure who was the daughter of
" Happineſs, and Pain who was the ſon of Miſery, to
" meet one another upon this part of nature which
" lay in the half-way between them, having promiſed
" to ſettle it upon them both, provided they could a-
" gree upon the diviſion of it, ſo as to ſhare mankind
" between them.

" Pleaſure and Pain were no ſooner met in their
" new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon
" this point, that Pleaſure ſhould take poſſeſſion of the
" virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that ſpecies
" which was given up to them. But upon examining
" to which of them any individual they met with be-
" longed, they found each of them had a right to him;
" for that, contrary to what they had ſeen in their old
" places of reſidence, there was no perſon ſo vicious
" who

"who had not ſome good in him, nor any perſon ſo "virtuous who had not in him ſome evil. The truth "of it is, they generally found upon ſearch, that in "the moſt vicious man Pleaſure might lay claim to "an hundredth part, and that in the moſt virtuous "man Pain might come in for at leaſt two-thirds. "This they ſaw would occaſion endleſs diſputes be-"tween them, unleſs they could come to ſome accom-"modation. To this end there was a marriage pro-"poſed between them, and at length concluded. By "this means it is that we find Pleaſure and Pain are "ſuch conſtant yokefellows, and that they either "make their viſits together, or are never far aſunder. "If Pain comes into a heart, he is quickly followed "by Pleaſure; and if Pleaſure enters you may be ſure "Pain is not far off.

"But notwithſtanding this marriage was very con-"venient for the two parties, it did not ſeem to an-"ſwer the intention of Jupiter in ſending them among "mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, "it was ſtipulated between them by article, and con-"firmed by the conſent of each family, that notwith-"ſtanding they here poſſeſſed the ſpecies indifferently; "upon the death of every ſingle perſon, if he was "found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, "he ſhould be diſpatched into the infernal regions by "a paſſport from Pain, there to dwell with Miſery, "Vice, and the Furies. On the contrary, if he had "in him a certain proportion of good, he ſhould be "diſpatched into Heaven by a paſſport from Pleaſure, "there to dwell with Happineſs, Virtue, and the "Gods."

Monday,

Monday, October 1, 1711*.

——*Opere in longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.*
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 360.

" —— Who labours long, may be allow'd to ſleep."

WHEN a man has diſcovered a new vein of humour, it often carries him much farther than he expected from it. My correſpondents take the hint I gave them, and purſue it into Speculations which I never thought of at my firſt ſtarting it. This has been the fate of my Paper on the Match of Grinning, which has already produced a ſecond Paper on parallel ſubjects, and brought me the following letter by the laſt poſt. I ſhall not premiſe any thing to it farther, than that it is built on matter of fact, and is as follows.

'SIR,

'YOU have already obliged the world with a diſ-
'course upon Grinning, and have ſince proceed-
'ed to Whiſtling, from whence you at length came to
'Yawning; from this, I think, you may make a very
'natural tranſition to Sleeping. I therefore recom-
'mend to you for the ſubject of a Paper the following
'Advertiſement, which about two months ago was
'given into every body's hands, and may be ſeen with
'ſome additions in the Daily Courant of Auguſt the
'ninth.

" Nicholas Hart, who ſlept laſt year at St Bartholo-
" mew's hoſpital, intends to ſleep this year at the Cock
" and Bottle in Little-Britain."

'Having ſince inquired into the matter of fact, I
'find that the above-mentioned Nicholas Hart is eve-

'ry year ſeized with a periodical fit of ſleeping, which 'begins upon the fifth of Auguſt, and ends on the ele-'venth of the ſame month: That

'On the firſt of that month he grew dull;
'On the ſecond, appeared drouſy;
'On the third, fell a yawning;
'On the fourth, began to nod;
'On the fifth, dropped aſleep;
'On the ſixth, was heard to ſnore;
'On the ſeventh, turned himſelf in his bed;
'On the eighth, recovered his former poſture;
'On the ninth, fell a ſtretching;
'On the tenth about midnight, awaked;
'On the eleventh in the morning, called for a little 'ſmall-beer.

'This account I have extracted out of the journal 'of this ſleeping worthy, as it has been faithfully kept 'by a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, who has underta-'ken to be his hiſtoriographer. I have ſent it to you, 'not only as it repreſents the actions of Nicholas 'Hart, but as it ſeems a very natural picture of the 'life of many an honeſt Engliſh gentleman, whoſe 'hiſtory conſiſts of yawning, nodding, ſtretching, turn-'ing, ſleeping, drinking, and the like extraordinary 'particulars. I do not queſtion, Sir, that, if you plea-'ſed, you could put out an advertiſement not unlike 'the above-mentioned, of ſeveral men of figure; that 'Mr John Such-a-one, gentleman, or Thomas Such-'a-one, eſquire, who ſlept in the country laſt ſummer, 'intends to ſleep in town this winter. The worſt of 'it is, that the drouſy part of our ſpecies is chiefly 'made up of very honeſt gentlemen, who live quietly 'among their neighbours, without ever diſturbing the 'public peace. They are drones without ſtings. I 'could heartily wiſh, that ſeveral turbulent, reſtleſs, 'ambitious ſpirits, would for a-while change places 'with theſe good men, and enter themſelves into 'Nicholas Hart's fraternity. Could one but lay aſleep 'a few buſy heads which I could name, from the firſt 'of November next to the firſt of May enſuing, I queſ-

'tion not but it would very much redound to the 'quiet of particular perſons, as well as to the benefit 'of the public.

'But to return to Nicholas Hart: I believe, Sir, 'you will think it a very extraordinary circumſtance 'for a man to gain his livelihood by ſleeping, and 'that reſt ſhould procure a man ſuſtenance as well as 'induſtry; yet ſo it is, that Nicholas got laſt year 'enough to ſupport himſelf for a twelvemonth. I am 'likewiſe informed that he has this year had a very 'comfortable nap. The poets value themſelves very 'much for ſleeping on Parnaſſus, but I never heard 'they got a groat by it. On the contrary, our friend 'Nicholas gets more by ſleeping than he could by 'working, and may be more properly ſaid, than ever 'Homer was, to have had Golden Dreams. Juvenal 'indeed mentions a drouſy huſband who raiſed an 'eſtate by Snoring, but then he is repreſented to have 'ſlept what the common people call a Dog's Sleep; 'or if his ſleep was real, his wife was awake, and 'about her buſineſs. Your pen, which loves to moral-'ize upon all ſubjects, may raiſe ſomething, methinks, 'on this circumſtance alſo, and point out to us thoſe 'ſets of men, who, inſtead of growing rich by an ho-'neſt induſtry, recommend themſelves to the favours 'of the great, by making themſelves agreeable com-'panions in the participations of luxury and plea-'ſure.

'I muſt further acquaint you, Sir, that one of the 'moſt eminent pens in Grubſtreet is now employed 'in writing the Dream of this miraculous ſleeper, 'which I hear will be of a more than ordinary length, 'as it muſt contain all the particulars that are ſuppoſed 'to have paſſed in his imagination during ſo long a 'ſleep. He is ſaid to have gone already through three 'days and three nights of it, and to have compriſed in 'them the moſt remarkable paſſages of the four firſt 'empires of the world. If he can keep free from 'party-ſtrokes, his work may be of uſe; but this I 'much doubt, having been informed by one of his

'friends and confidents, that he has ſpoken ſome things 'of Nimrod with too great freedom.

'I am ever, Sir, &c.'

Tueſday, October 2. 1711*.

——*Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ?* Virg. Æn. i. 15.

"And dwells ſuch fury in celeſtial breaſts?"

THERE is nothing in which men more deceive themſelves than in what the world calls Zeal. There are ſo many paſſions which hide themſelves under it, and ſo many miſchiefs ariſing from it, that ſome have gone ſo far as to ſay it would have been for the benefit of mankind if it had never been reckoned in the catalogue of virtues. It is certain, where it is once laudable and prudential, it is an hundred times criminal and erroneous; nor can it be otherwiſe, if we conſider that it operates with equal violence in all religions, however oppoſite they may be to one another, and in all the ſubdiviſions of each religion in particular.

We are told by ſome of the Jewiſh Rabbins, that the firſt murder was occaſioned by a religious controverſy; and if we had the whole hiſtory of Zeal from the days of Cain to our own times, we ſhould ſee it filled with ſo many ſcenes of ſlaughter and bloodſhed, as would make a wiſe man very careful how he ſuffers himſelf to be actuated by ſuch a principle, when it only regards matters of opinion and ſpeculation.

I would have every Zealous Man examine his heart thoroughly, and I believe he will often find, that what he calls a Zeal for his religion, is either pride, intereſt, or ill-nature. A man, who differs from another in opinion, ſets himſelf above him in his own judgment, and in ſeveral particulars pretends to be the wiſer perſon. This is a great provocation to the proud man, and gives a very keen edge to what he calls his Zeal.

* No. 185.

And

And that this is the caſe very often, we may obſerve from the behaviour of ſome of the moſt zealous for orthodoxy, who have often great friendſhips and intimacies with vicious immoral men, provided they do but agree with them in the ſame ſcheme of belief. The reaſon is, becauſe the vicious believer gives the precedency to the virtuous man, and allows the good chriſtian to be the worthier perſon, at the ſame time that he cannot come up to his perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite paſſage which we ſee quoted in almoſt every ſyſtem of ethics, though upon another occaſion:

———*Video meliora proboque,*
Deteriora ſequor——— Ovid. Met. vii. 20.

" I ſee the right, and I approve it too;
" Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong purſue."
TATE.

On the contrary, it is certain, if our Zeal were true and genuine, we ſhould be much more angry with a ſinner than a heretic; ſince there are ſeveral caſes which may excuſe the latter before his great Judge, but none which can excuſe the former.

Intereſt is likewiſe a great inflamer, and ſets a man on perſecution under the colour of Zeal. For this reaſon we find none are ſo forward to promote the true worſhip by fire and ſword, as thoſe who find their preſent account in it. But I ſhall extend the word Intereſt to a larger meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our ſpiritual ſafety and welfare, as well as to our temporal. A man is glad to gain numbers on his ſide, as they ſerve to ſtrengthen him in his private opinions. Every proſelyte is like a new argument for the eſtabliſhment of his faith. It makes him believe that his principles carry conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the reaſon of others, as well as to his own. And that this temper of mind deludes a man very often into an opinion of his Zeal, may appear from the common

common behaviour of the atheiſt, who maintains and ſpreads his opinions with as much heat as thoſe who believe they do it only out of a paſſion for God's glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful imitator of Zeal. Many a good man may have a natural rancour and malice in his heart, which has been in ſome meaſure quelled and ſubdued by religion; but if it finds any pretence of breaking out, which does not ſeem to him inconſiſtent with the duties of a chriſtian, it throws off all reſtraint, and rages in full fury. Zeal is therefore a great eaſe to a malicious man, by making him believe he does God ſervice, whilſt he is gratifying the bent of a perverſe revengeful temper. For this reaſon, we find that moſt of the maſſacres and devaſtations which have been in the world, have taken their riſe from a furious pretended Zeal.

I love to ſee a man zealous in a good matter, and eſpecially when his zeal ſhews itſelf for advancing morality, and promoting the happineſs of mankind. But when I find the inſtruments he works with are racks and gibbets, gallies and dungeons; when he impriſons men's perſons, confiſcates their eſtates, ruins their families, and burns the body to ſave the ſoul, I cannot ſtick to pronounce of ſuch a one, that (whatever he may think of his faith and religion) his faith is vain, and his religion unprofitable.

After having treated of theſe falſe Zealots in religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monſtrous ſpecies of men, who one would not think had any exiſtence in nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary converſation, I mean the zealots in atheiſm. One would fancy that theſe men, though they fall ſhort, in every other reſpect, of thoſe who make a profeſſion of religion, would at leaſt outſhine them in this particular, and be exempt from that ſingle fault which ſeems to grow out of the imprudent fervours of religion. But ſo it is, that infidelity is propagated with as much fierceneſs and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the ſafety of mankind depended upon it. There is ſomething ſo ridiculous and perverſe in this kind of zealots, that one does not know how to ſet them out in their pro-

per

per colours. They are a ſort of gameſters who are eternally upon the fret, though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teizing their friends to come to them, though at the ſame time they allow that neither of them ſhall get any thing by the bargain. In ſhort, the zeal of ſpreading atheiſm is, if poſſible, more abſurd than atheiſm itſelf.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable Zeal which appears in atheiſts and infidels, I muſt farther obſerve that they are likewiſe in a moſt particular manner poſſeſſed with the ſpirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradiction and impoſſibility, and at the ſame time look upon the ſmalleſt difficulty in an article of faith as a ſufficient reaſon for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common reaſons of mankind, that are conformable to the ſenſe of all ages and all nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happineſs of ſocieties, or of particular perſons, are exploded as errors and prejudices; and ſchemes erected in their ſtead that are altogether monſtrous and irrational, and require the moſt extravagant credulity to embrace them. I would fain aſk one of theſe bigotted infidels, ſuppoſing all the great points of atheiſm, as the caſual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking ſubſtance, the mortality of the ſoul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motions and gravitation of the matter, with the like particulars, were laid together and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the moſt celebrated atheiſts; I ſay, ſuppoſing ſuch a creed as this were formed and impoſed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater meaſure of faith, than any ſet of articles which they ſo violently oppoſe? Let me therefore adviſe this generation of wranglers, for their own and for the public good, to act at leaſt ſo conſiſtently with themſelves, as not to burn with zeal for irreligion, and with bigotry for nonſenſe.

Wedneſday,

Wednesday, October 3, 1711*.

Cælum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.— Hor. 3 Od. i. 38.

" High Heaven itself our impious rage assails." P.

UPON my return to my lodgings last night I found a letter from my worthy friend the Clergyman, whom I have given some account of in my former Papers. He tells me in it that he was particularly pleased with the latter part of my yesterday's Speculation; and at the same time inclosed the following essay, which he desires me to publish as the sequel of that discourse. It consists partly of uncommon reflections, and partly of such as have been already used, but now set in a stronger light.

' A believer may be excused by the most hardened ' atheist for endeavouring to make him a convert, be- ' cause he does it with an eye to both their interests. ' The atheist is inexcusable who tries to gain over a ' believer, because he does not propose the doing ' himself or the believer any good by such a con- ' version.

' The prospect of a future state is the secret com- ' fort and refreshment of my soul; it is that which ' makes nature look gay about me; it doubles all my ' pleasures, and supports me under my afflictions. I ' can look at disappointments and misfortunes, pain ' and sickness, death itself, and, what is worse than ' death, the loss of those who are dearest to me, with ' indifference, so long as I keep in view the pleasures ' of eternity, and the state of being in which there will ' be no fears nor apprehensions, pains nor sorrows, ' sickness nor separation. Why will any man be so ' impertinently officious as to tell me all this is only ' fancy and delusion? If it is a dream, let me enjoy

* No. 186.

it,

'it, ſince it makes me both the happier and better 'man.

'I muſt confeſs I do not know how to truſt a man 'who believes neither heaven nor hell, or, in other 'words, a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments. 'Not only natural ſelf-love, but reaſon directs us to 'promote our own intereſt above all things. It can 'never be for the intereſt of a believer to do me a 'miſchief, becauſe he is ſure, upon the balance of ac-'counts, to find himſelf a loſer by it. On the contra-'ry, if he conſiders his own welfare in his behaviour to-'wards me, it will lead him to do me all the good he 'can, and at the ſame time reſtrain him from doing me 'any injury. An unbeliever does not act like a reaſonable 'creature, if he favours me contrary to his preſent in-'tereſt, or does not diſtreſs me when it turns to his 'preſent advantage. Honour and good nature may 'indeed tie up his hands; but as theſe would be very 'much ſtrengthened by reaſon and principle, ſo with-'out them they are only inſtincts, or wavering unſet-'tled notions, which reſt on no foundation.

'Infidelity has been attacked with ſo good ſucceſs 'of late years, that it is driven out of all its out-works. 'The atheiſt has not found his poſt tenable, and has 'therefore retired into deiſm, and a diſbelief of reveal-'ed religion only. But the truth of it is, the greateſt 'number of this ſet of men are thoſe who, for want 'of a virtuous education, or examining the grounds of 'religion, know ſo very little of the matter in queſtion, 'that their infidelity is but another term for their ig-'norance.

'As folly and inconſiderateneſs are the foundations 'of infidelity, the great pillars and ſupports of it are 'either a vanity of appearing wiſer than the reſt of 'mankind, or an oſtentation of courage in deſpiſing 'the terrors of another world, which have ſo great an 'influence on what they call weaker minds; or an 'averſion to a belief that muſt cut them off from many 'of thoſe pleaſures they propoſe to themſelves, and fill 'them with remorſe for many of thoſe they have al-'ready taſted.

'The great received articles of the Chriſtian Religion have been ſo clearly proved, from the authority of that Divine Revelation in which they are delivered, that it is impoſſible for thoſe who have ears to hear, and eyes to ſee, not to be convinced of them. But were it poſſible for any thing in the Chriſtian faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill conſequences in adhering to it. The great points of the incarnation and ſufferings of our Saviour produce naturally ſuch habits of virtue in the mind of man, that I ſay, ſuppoſing it were poſſible for us to be miſtaken in them, the infidel himſelf muſt at leaſt allow that no other ſyſtem of religion could ſo effectually contribute to the heightning of morality. They give us great ideas of the dignity of human nature, and of the love which the Supreme Being bears to his creatures, and conſequently engage us in the higheſt acts of duty towards our Creator, our neighbour, and ourſelves. How many noble arguments has Saint Paul raiſed from the chief articles of our religion, for the advancing of morality in its three great branches? To give a ſingle example in each kind. What can be a ſtronger motive to a firm truſt and reliance on the mercies of our Maker, than the giving us his Son to ſuffer for us? What can make us love and eſteem even the moſt inconſiderable of mankind more than the thought that Chriſt died for him? or what diſpoſe us to ſet a ſtricter guard upon the purity of our own hearts, than our being members of Chriſt, and a part of the ſociety of which that immaculate perſon is the head? But theſe are only a ſpecimen of thoſe admirable inforcements of morality, which the apoſtle has drawn from the hiſtory of our bleſſed Saviour.

'If our modern infidels conſidered theſe matters with that candour and ſerioufneſs which they deſerve, we ſhould not ſee them act with ſuch a ſpirit of bitterneſs, arrogance, and malice. They would not be raiſing ſuch inſignificant cavils, doubts, and ſcruples, as may be ſtarted againſt every thing that is not capable of mathematical demonſtration; in order to

'unſettle the minds of the ignorant, diſturb the pub-
'lic peace, ſubvert morality, and throw all things in-
'to confuſion and diſorder. If none of theſe reflections
'can have any influence on them, there is one that
'perhaps may, becauſe it is adapted to their vanity, by
'which they ſeem to be guided much more than their
'reaſon. I would therefore have them conſider, that
'the wiſeſt and beſt of men, in all ages of the world,
'have been thoſe who lived up to the religion of their
'country, when they ſaw nothing in it oppoſite to mo-
'rality, and to the beſt lights they had of the divine
'nature. Pythagoras's firſt rule directs us to worſhip
'the Gods "as it is ordained by law," for that is the
'moſt natural interpretation of the precept. So-
'crates, who was the moſt renowned among the
'heathens both for wiſdom and virtue, in his laſt mo-
'ments deſires his friends to offer a cock to Æſcula-
'pius; doubtleſs out of a ſubmiſſive deference to the
'eſtabliſhed worſhip of his country. Xenophon tells
'us, that his prince (whom he ſets forth as a pattern
'of perfection) when he found his death approaching,
'offered ſacrifices on the mountains to the Perſian
'Jupiter, and the Sun, "according to the cuſtom of
"the Perſians;" for thoſe are the words of the hiſto-
'rian. Nay, the Epicureans and atomical philoſophers
'ſhewed a very remarkable modeſty in this particular;
'for though the being of a God was entirely repug-
'nant to their ſchemes of natural philoſophy, they con-
'tented themſelves with the denial of a providence,
'aſſerting at the ſame time the exiſtence of gods in
'general; becauſe they would not ſhock the common
'belief of mankind, and the religion of their country.'

Saturday, October 6, 1711*.

——*Patriæ pietatis imago.* Virg. Æn. x. 824.

"An image of paternal tenderness."

THE following letter being written to my bookseller, upon a subject of which I treated some time since, I shall publish it in this Paper, together with the letter that was inclosed in it.

'Mr BUCKLEY,

'MR Spectator having of late descanted upon the 'cruelty of parents to their children, I have 'been induced (at the request of several of Mr Spec-'tator's admirers) to inclose this letter, which I assure 'you is the original from a Father to his own Son, 'notwithstanding the latter gave but little or no pro-'vocation. It would be wonderfully obliging to the 'world, if Mr Spectator would give his opinion of it 'in some of his Speculations, and particularly to

'(Mr Buckley)

'your humble servant.

'SIRRAH,

'YOU are a saucy audacious rascal, and both fool 'and mad, and, I care not a farthing whether 'you comply or no; that does not raze out my impres-'sions of your insolence, going about railing at me, 'and the next day to solicit my favour. These are in-'consistencies, such as discover thy reason depraved. 'To be brief, I never desire to see your face; and, 'sirrah, if you go to the work-house, it is no disgrace 'to me for you to be supported there; and if you 'starve in the streets, I'll never give any thing under-'hand in your behalf. If I have any more of your 'scribbling nonsense I'll break your head the first time

* No. 189. 'I

'I ſet ſight on you. You are a ſtubborn beaſt; is 'this your gratitude for my giving you money? you 'rogue, I'll better your judgement, and give you a 'greater ſenſe of your duty to (I regret to ſay) your 'father, &c.

'P. S. It's prudence for you to keep out of my 'ſight; for to reproach me, that Might overcomes 'Right, on the outſide of your letter, I ſhall give you a 'great knock on the ſcull for it.'

Was there ever ſuch an image of paternal tenderneſs! It was uſual among ſome of the Greeks to make their ſlaves drink to exceſs, and then expoſe them to their children, who by that means conceived an early averſion to a vice which makes men appear ſo monſtrous and irrational. I have expoſed this picture of an unnatural father with the ſame intention, that its deformity may deter others from its reſemblance. If the reader has a mind to ſee a father of the ſame ſtamp repreſented in the moſt exquiſite ſtrokes of humour, he may meet with it in one of the fineſt comedies that ever appeared upon the Engliſh ſtage: I mean the part of Sir Samſon in "Love for Love."

I muſt not however engage myſelf blindly on the ſide of the ſon, to whom the fond letter above-written was directed. His father calls him a "ſaucy and "audacious raſcal" in the firſt line, and I am afraid upon examination he will prove but an ungracious youth. "To go about railing" at his father, and to find no other place but "the outſide of his letter" to tell him "that Might overcomes Right," if it does not "diſcover his reaſon to be depraved," and "that he "is either fool or mad," as the choleric old gentleman tells him, we may at leaſt allow that the father will do very well in endeavouring to "better his judge-"ment, and give him a greater ſenſe of his duty." But whether this may be brought" about by breaking his head," or "giving him a great knock on the ſcull," ought, I think, to be well conſidered. Upon the whole, I wiſh the father has not met with his match, and that

that he may not be as equally paired with a ſon, as the mother in Virgil.

———*Crudelis tu quoque mater :*
Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater. Ecl. viii. 48.

" O barbarous mother, thirſting to deſtroy!
" More cruel was the mother or the boy?
" Both, both alike delighted to deſtroy,
" Th' unnatural mother, and the ruthleſs boy."

WARTON.

Or like the crow and her egg, in the Greek proverb,

Κακυ κοραχος κακον ωον

" Bad the crow, bad the egg."

I muſt here take notice of a letter which I have received from an unknown correſpondent, upon the ſubject of my Paper, upon which the foregoing letter is likewiſe founded. The writer of it ſeems very much concerned leaſt that Paper ſhould ſeem to give encouragement to the diſobedience of children towards their parents; but if the writer of it will take the pains to read it over again attentively, I dare ſay his apprehenſions will vaniſh. Pardon and reconciliation are all the penitent daughter requeſts, and all that I contend for in her behalf; and in this caſe I may uſe the ſaying of an eminent wit, who upon ſome great men's preſſing him to forgive his daughter, who had married againſt his conſent, told them he could refuſe nothing to their inſtances, but that he would have them remember that there was a difference between giving and forgiving.

I muſt confeſs, in all controverſies between parents and their children, I am naturally prejudiced in favour of the former. The obligations on that ſide can never be acquitted, and I think it is one of the greateſt reflections upon human nature that paternal inſtinct ſhould

ſhould be a ſtronger motive to love than filial gratitude; that the receiving of favours ſhould be a leſs inducement to good-will, tenderneſs, and commiſeration, than the conferring of them; and that the taking care of any perſon ſhould endear the child or dependent more to the parent or benefactor, than the parent or benefactor to the child or dependent; yet ſo it happens, that for one cruel parent we meet with a thouſand undutiful children. This is indeed wonderfully contrived (as I have formerly obſerved) for the ſupport of every living ſpecies; but at the ſame time that it ſhews the wiſdom of the Creator, it diſcovers the imperfection and degeneracy of the creature.

The obedience of children to their parents is the baſis of all government, and ſet forth as the meaſure of that obedience which we owe to thoſe whom Providence hath placed over us.

It is father Le Compte, if I am not miſtaken, who tells us how want of duty in this particular is puniſhed among the Chineſe, inſomuch that if a ſon ſhould be known to kill, or ſo much as to ſtrike his father, not only the criminal, but his whole family would be rooted out, nay the inhabitants of the place where he lived would be put to the ſword, nay the place itſelf would be razed to the ground, and its foundations ſown with ſalt. For, ſay they, there muſt have been an utter depravation of manners in that clan or ſociety of people who could have bred up among them ſo horrid an offender. To this I ſhall add a paſſage out of the firſt book of Herodotus. That hiſtorian, in his account of the Perſian cuſtoms and religion, tells us, it is their opinion that no man ever killed his father, or that it is poſſible ſuch a crime ſhould be in nature; but that if any thing like it ſhould ever happen, they conclude that the reputed ſon muſt have been illegitimate, ſuppoſitious, or begotten in adultery. Their opinion in this particular ſhews ſufficiently what a notion they muſt have had of Undutifulneſs in general.

Tueſday

Tuesday, October 9, 1711*.

—— ὕλον ὄνειρον. Hom. Il. ii. 6.

— "Deluding vision of the night." POPE.

SOME ludicrous schoolmen have put the case, that if an ass were placed between two bundles of hay, which affected his senses equally on each side, and tempted in the very same degree, whether it would be possible for him to eat of either. They generally determine this question to the disadvantage of the ass, who they say would starve in the midst of plenty, as not having a single grain of free-will to determine him more to the one than the other. The bundle of hay on either side striking his sight and smell in the same proportion, would keep him in a perpetual suspence, like the two magnets which, travellers have told us, are placed one of them in the roof, and the other in the floor of Mahomet's burying-place at Mecca, and by that means, say they, pull the impostor's iron coffin with such an equal attraction, that it hangs in the air between both of them. As for the ass's behaviour in such nice circumstances, whether he would starve sooner than violate his neutrality to the two bundles of hay, I shall not presume to determine; but only take notice of the conduct of our own species in the same perplexity. When a man has a mind to venture his money in a lottery, every figure of it appears equally alluring, and as likely to succeed as any of its fellows. They all of them have the same pretensions to good-luck, stand upon the same foot of competition, and no manner of reason can be given why a man should prefer one to the other before the lottery is drawn. In this case therefore caprice very often acts in the place of reason, and forms to itself some groundless imaginary motive, where real and substantial ones are wanting. I know a well-meaning man that is very well-

* No. 191.

pleased

pleaſed to riſk his good-fortune upon the number 1711, becauſe it is the year of our Lord. I am acquainted with a tacker that would give a good deal for the number 134. On the contrary, I have been told of a certain zealous diſſenter, who being a great enemy to popery, and believing that bad men are the moſt fortunate in this world, will lay two to one on the number 666 againſt any other number, becauſe, ſays he, it is the number of the beaſt. Several would prefer the number 12,000 before any other, as it is the number of the pounds in the great prize. In ſhort, ſome are pleaſed to find their own age in their number; ſome that they have got a number which makes a pretty appearance in the cyphers; and others, becauſe it is the ſame number that ſucceeded in the laſt lottery. Each of theſe, upon no other grounds, thinks he ſtands faireſt for the great lot, and that he is poſſeſſed of what may not be improperly called *The Golden Number*.

Theſe principles of election are the paſtimes and extravagancies of human reaſon, which is of ſo buſy a nature that it will be exerting itſelf in the meaneſt trifles, and working even when it wants materials. The wiſeſt of men are ſometimes actuated by ſuch unaccountable motives, as the life of the fool and the ſuperſtitious is guided by nothing elſe.

I am ſurpriſed that none of the Fortune-tellers, or, as the French call them, *Diſeurs de bonne Aventure*, who publiſh their bills in every quarter of the town, have not turned our lotteries to their advantage. Did any of them ſet up for a caſter of fortunate figures, what might he not get by his pretended diſcoveries and predictions?

I remember among the advertiſements in the *Poſt-Boy* of September the 27th, I was ſurpriſed to ſee the following one:

"THIS is to give notice, That ten ſhillings over "and above the market-price, will be given for the "ticket in the 1,500,000 l. lottery, No 132, by Nath.

"Cliff, at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheap-
"side."

This advertisement has given great matter of speculation to coffee-house theorists. Mr Cliff's principles and conversation have been canvassed upon this occasion, and various conjectures made why he should thus set his heart upon No. 132. I have examined all the powers in those numbers, broken them into fractions, extracted the square and cube root, divided and multiplied them all ways, but could not arrive at the secret until about three days ago, when I received the following letter from an unknown hand; by which I find that Mr Nathaniel Cliff is only the agent, and not the principal, in this advertisement.

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'I Am the person that lately advertised I would give
'ten shillings more than the current price for the
'ticket No. 132 in the lottery now drawing; which is
'a secret I have communicated to some friends, who
'rally me incessantly upon that account. You must
'know I have but one ticket, for which reason, and a
'certain dream I have lately had more than once, I was
'resolved it should be the number I most approved.
'I am so positive I have pitched upon the great lot,
'that I could almost lay all I am worth of it. My vi-
'sions are so frequent and strong upon this occasion,
'that I have not only possessed the lot, but disposed
'of the money which in all probability it will sell for.
'This morning in particular, I set up an equipage
'which I look upon to be the gayest in the town; the
'liveries are very rich, but not gaudy. I should be
'very glad to see a speculation or two upon lottery
'subjects, in which you will oblige all people con-
'cerned, and in particular

'Your most humble servant,

GEORGE GOSLING.

'P. S.

'P. S. Dear SPEC, if I get the 12,000 pound, I'll 'make thee a handſome preſent.'

After having wiſhed my correſpondent good luck, and thanked him for his intended kindneſs, I ſhall for this time diſmiſs the ſubject of the Lottery, and only obſerve, that the greateſt part of mankind are in ſome degree guilty of my friend Goſling's extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future proſpects, and become really expenſive while we are only rich in poſſibility. We live up to our expectations, not to our poſſeſſions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We out-run our preſent income, as not doubting to diſburſe ourſelves out of the profits of ſome future place, project, or reverſion that we have in view. It is through this temper of mind, which is ſo common among us, that we ſee tradeſmen break who have met with no misfortunes in their buſineſs, and men of eſtates reduced to poverty, who have never ſuffered from loſſes or repairs, tenants, taxes, or law ſuits. In ſhort, it is this fooliſh ſanguine temper, this depending upon contingent futurities, that occaſions romantic generoſity, chimerical grandeur, ſenſeleſs oſtentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. The man, who will live above his preſent circumſtances, is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the Italian proverb runs, *The man who lives by hope will die by hunger.*

It ſhould be an indiſpenſable rule in life, to contract our deſires to our preſent condition, and whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compaſs of what we actually poſſeſs. It will be time enough to enjoy an eſtate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we ſhall loſe the pleaſure of it when it arrives, and may poſſibly never poſſeſs what we have ſo fooliſhly counted upon.

Saturday, October 13. 1711*.

Νηπιοι, οὐδ' ἴασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἡμισυ παντος,
Οὐδ' ὅσον εν μαλαχῃ τε δε ασφοδελῳ μεγ' ονειαρ.
Hes. Oper. & Dier. lib. i. 40.

"Fools, not to know that half exceeds the whole,
"How bleſt the ſparing meal and temperate bowl."

THERE is a ſtory in the Arabian Nights Tales, of a King who had long languiſhed under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpoſe. At length, ſays the fable, a phyſician cured him by the following method: He took a hollow ball of wood, and filled it with ſeveral drugs; after which he cloſed it up ſo artificially that nothing appeared. He likewiſe took a mall, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which ſtrikes the ball, he incloſed in them ſeveral drugs after the ſame manner as in the ball itſelf. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his patient, to exerciſe himſelf early in the morning with theſe rightly-prepared inſtruments, till ſuch time as he ſhould ſweat: when, as the ſtory goes, the virtue of the medicaments perſpiring through the wood, had ſo good an influence on the Sultan's conſtitution, that they cured him of an indiſpoſition which all the compoſitions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eaſtern allegory is finely contrived to ſhew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exerciſe is the moſt effectual phyſic. I have deſcribed in my hundred and ſifteenth Paper, from the general ſtructure and mechaniſm of an human body, how abſolutely neceſſary exerciſe is for its preſervation. I ſhall in this place recommend another great preſervative of health, which in many caſes produces the ſame effect as exerciſe, and may, in ſome meaſure, ſupply its place, where opportunities of exerciſe are wanting. The preſervative I am

* No. 195.

am ſpeaking of is temperance, which has thoſe particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practiſed by all ranks and conditions, at any ſeaſon, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen, into which every man may put himſelf, without interruption to buſineſs, expence of money, or loſs of time. If exerciſe throws off all ſuperfluities, temperance prevents them; if exerciſe clears the veſſels, temperance neither ſatiates nor overſtrains them; if exerciſe raiſes proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herſelf in all her force and vigour; if exerciſe diſſipates a growing diſtemper, temperance ſtarves it.

Phyſic, for the moſt part, is nothing elſe but the ſubſtitute of exerciſe or temperance. Medicines are indeed abſolutely neceſſary in acute diſtempers, that cannot wait the ſlow operations of theſe two great inſtruments of health; but did men live in an habitual courſe of exerciſe and temperance, there would be but little occaſion for them. Accordingly we find that thoſe parts of the world are the moſt healthy, where they ſubſiſt by the chace; and that men lived longeſt when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food beſides what they caught. Bliſtering, cupping, bleeding, are ſeldom of uſe but to the idle and intemperate; as all thoſe inward applications which are ſo much in practice among us, are for the moſt part nothing elſe but expedients to make luxury conſiſtent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is ſaid of Diogenes, that meeting a young man who was going to a feaſt, he took him up in the ſtreet, and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had he not prevented him. What would that philoſopher have ſaid, had he been preſent at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the maſter of a family mad, and have begged his ſervants to tie down his hands, had he ſeen him devour fowl, fiſh, and fleſh; ſwallow oil and vinegar, wines and ſpices; throw down ſallads of twenty

different

different herbs, ſauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberleſs ſweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counter-ferments muſt ſuch a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a faſhionable table ſet out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I ſee gouts and dropſies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable diſtempers, lying in ambuſcade among the diſhes.

Nature delights in the moſt plain and ſimple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one diſh. Herbs are the food of this ſpecies, fiſh of that, and fleſh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way, not the ſmalleſt fruit or excreſcence of the earth, ſcarce a berry or muſhroom can eſcape him.

It is impoſſible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, becauſe what is luxury in one may be temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own conſtitutions, ſo far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do beſt agree with them. Were I to conſider my readers as my patients, and to preſcribe ſuch a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all perſons, and ſuch as is particularly ſuitable to our climate and way of living. I would copy the following rules of a very eminent phyſician. Make your whole repaſt out of one diſh. If you indulge in a ſecond, avoid drinking any thing ſtrong, until you have finiſhed your meal; at the ſame time abſtain from all ſauces, or at leaſt ſuch as are not the moſt plain and ſimple. A man could not well be guilty of gluttony, if he ſtuck to theſe few obvious and eaſy rules. In the firſt caſe there would be no variety of taſtes to ſolicit his palate, and occaſion exceſs; nor in the ſecond any artificial provocatives to relieve ſatiety, and create a falſe appetite. Were I to preſcribe a rule for drinking, it ſhould be formed upon a ſaying quoted by Sir William Temple; "The firſt glaſs for myſelf, the ſecond for my "friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth "for mine enemies." But becauſe it is impoſſible for one who lives in the world to diet himſelf always in ſo philoſophical a manner, I think every man ſhould have, his

his days of abſtinence according as his conſtitution will permit. Theſe are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for ſtruggling with hunger and thirſt, whenever any diſtemper or duty of life may put her upon ſuch difficulties; and at the ſame time give her an opportunity of extricating herſelf from her oppreſſions, and recovering the ſeveral tones and ſprings of her diſtended veſſels. Beſides that abſtinence, well-timed, often kills a ſickneſs in embryo, and deſtroys the firſt ſeeds of an indiſpoſition. It is obſerved by two or three ancient authors, that Socrates, notwithſtanding he lived in Athens during that great plague, which has made ſo much noiſe through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by ſuch eminent hands; I ſay, notwithſtanding that he lived in the time of this devouring peſtilence, he never caught the leaſt infection, which thoſe writers unanimouſly aſcribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always obſerved.

And here I cannot but mention an obſervation which I have often made upon reading the lives of the philoſophers, and comparing them with any ſeries of kings or great men of the ſame number. If we conſider theſe ancient ſages, a great part of whoſe philoſophy conſiſted in a temperate and abſtemious courſe of life, one would think the life of a philoſopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of theſe wiſe men were nearer an hundred than ſixty years of age at the time of their reſpective deaths. But the moſt remarkable inſtance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book publiſhed by Lewis Cornaro the Venetian; which I the rather mention, becauſe it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian ambaſſador, who was of the ſame family, atteſted more than once in converſation, when he reſided in England. Cornaro, who was the author of the little treatiſe I am mentioning, was of an infirm conſtitution, until about forty, when, by obſtinately perſiſting in an exact courſe of temperance, he recovered a perfect ſtate of health; inſomuch that at fourſcore he publiſhed his book, which has been tranſlated into

Engliſh

English under the title of "Sure and certain methods "of attaining a long and healthy life." He lived to give a third and fourth edition of it, and after having passed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep. The treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of cheerfulness, religion, and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it.

Having designed this Paper as the sequel to that upon Exercise, I have not here considered Temperance as it is a moral virtue, which I shall make the subject of a future Speculation, but only as it is the means of health.

Wednesday, October 17, 1711*.

Cervi, luporum præda rapacium,
Sectamur ultrò, quos opimus
Fallere & effugere est triumphus.

Hor. Od. 4 lib. iv. 50.

"We, like weak hinds, the brinded wolf provoke,
"And, when retreat is victory,
"Rush on, tho' sure to die. OLDISWORTH."

THere is a species of women, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Salamanders. Now a Salamander is a kind of heroine in chastity, that treads upon fire, and lives in the midst of flames without being hurt. A Salamander knows no distinction of sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a stranger at first sight, and is not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the person she talks with be in breeches or petticoats. She admits a male visitant to her bed-side, plays with him a whole afternoon at piquet, walks with him two or three hours by moon-

* No. 198.

light,

light, and is extremely ſcandalized at the unreaſonableneſs of a huſband, or the ſeverity of a parent, that would debar the ſex from ſuch innocent liberties. Your Salamander is therefore a perpetual declaimer againſt jealouſy, an admirer of the French good-breeding, and a great ſtickler for freedom in converſation. In ſhort, the Salamander lives in an invincible ſtate of ſimplicity and innocence. Her conſtitution is preſerved in a kind of natural froſt. She wonders what people mean by temptations, and defies mankind to do their worſt Her chaſtity is engaged in a conſtant ordeal, or fiery trial: like good Queen Emma, the pretty innocent walks blindfold among burning plough-ſhares, without being ſcorched or ſinged by them.

It is not therefore for the uſe of the Salamander, whether in a married or ſingle ſtate of life, that I deſign the following Paper; but for ſuch females only as are made of fleſh and blood, and find themſelves ſubject to human frailties.

As for this part of the fair ſex who are not of the Salamander kind, I would moſt earneſtly adviſe them to obſerve a quite different conduct in their behaviour; and to avoid as much as poſſible what religion calls Temptations, and the world Opportunities. Did they but know how many thouſands of their ſex have been gradually betrayed from innocent freedoms to ruin and infamy; and how many thouſands of ours have begun with flatteries, proteſtations, and endearments, but ended with reproaches, perjury, and perfidiouſneſs; they would ſhun like death the very firſt approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable labyrinths of guilt and miſery. I muſt ſo far give up the cauſe of the male world, as to exhort the famale ſex in the language of Chamont in the Orphan;

"Truſt not to man, we are by nature falſe,
"Diſſembling, ſubtle, cruel, and inconſtant:
"When a man talks of love, with caution truſt him:
"But if he ſwears, he'll certainly deceive thee."

I might enlarge very much upon this ſubject, but ſhall

 conclude

conclude it with a ſtory which I lately heard from one of our Spaniſh officers, and which may ſhew the danger a woman incurs by too great familiarities with a male companion.

An inhabitant of the kingdom of Caſtile, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave compoſed behaviour, determined, about the fiftieth year of his age, to enter into wedlock. In order to make himſelf eaſy in it, he caſt his eye upon a young woman who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having been reduced to great poverty by the wars, which for ſome years had laid that whole country waſte. The Caſtilian having made his addreſſes to her and married her, they lived together in perfect happineſs for ſome time; when at length the huſband's affairs made it neceſſary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of Naples, where a great part of his eſtate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a ſhipboard above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of an Algerine pirate, who carried the whole company on ſhore, and made them ſlaves. The Caſtilian and his wife had the comfort to be under the ſame maſter; who ſeeing how dearly they loved one another, and gaſped after their liberty, demanded a moſt exorbitant price for their ranſom. The Caſtilian, though he would rather have died in ſlavery himſelf, than have paid ſuch a ſum as he found would go near to ruin him, was ſo moved with compaſſion towards his wife, that he ſent repeated orders to his friend in Spain, (who happened to be his next relation,) to ſell his eſtate, and tranſmit the money to him. His friend, hoping that the terms of his ranſom might be made more reaſonable, and unwilling to ſell an eſtate which he himſelf had ſome proſpect of inheriting, formed ſo many delays, that three whole years paſſed away without any thing being done for the ſetting them at liberty.

There happened to live a French renegado in the ſame place where the Caſtilian and his wife were kept priſoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity

of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures; to which he ſometimes added a ſong or a dance, or ſome other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the Algerines enabled him likewiſe to do them ſeveral good offices. The Caſtilian, as he was one day in converſation with this Renegado, diſcovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correſpondent in Caſtile, and at the ſame time aſked his advice how he ſhould behave himſelf in that exigency: he further told the renegado, that he found it would be impoſſible for him to raiſe the money, unleſs he himſelf might go over to diſpoſe of his eſtate. The renegado, after having repreſented to him that his Algerine maſter would never conſent to his releaſe upon ſuch a pretence, at length contrived a method for the Caſtilian to make his eſcape in the habit of a ſeaman. The Caſtilian ſucceeded in his attempt; and having ſold his eſtate, being afraid leſt the money ſhould miſcarry by the way, and determining to periſh with it rather than loſe one who was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himſelf in a little veſſel that was going to Algiers. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the joy he felt upon this occaſion, when he conſidered that he ſhould ſoon ſee the wife whom he ſo much loved, and endear himſelf more to her by this uncommon piece of generoſity.

The renegado, during the huſband's abſence, ſo inſinuated himſelf into the good graces of his young wife, and ſo turned her head with ſtories of gallantry, that ſhe quickly thought him the fineſt gentleman ſhe had ever converſed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honeſt Caſtilian, whom ſhe was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow, unworthy the poſſeſſion of ſo charming a creature. She had been inſtructed by the renegado how to manage herſelf upon his arrival; ſo that ſhe received him with an appearance of the utmoſt love and gratitude, and at length perſwaded him to truſt their common friend the renegado with the money he had brought over for their ranſom; as not queſtioning but he would beat down

the terms of it, and negociate the affair more to their advantage than they themſelves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wiſh I could conceal the ſequel of this ſtory, but ſince I cannot. I ſhall diſpatch it in as few words as poſſible. The Caſtilian having ſlept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awaking found his wife had left him. He immediately aroſe and inquired after her but was told that ſhe was ſeen with the renegado about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready for their departure, they ſoon made their eſcape out of the territories of Algiers, carried away the money, and left the Caſtilian in captivity; who, partly through the cruel treatment of the incenſed Algerine his maſter, and partly through the unkind uſage of his unfaithful wife, died ſome few months after.

Saturday, October 20, 1711*.

Religentem eſſe oportet, religioſum nefas.
Incerti Autoris apud Aul. Gell.

" A man ſhould be religious, not ſuperſtitious."

IT is of the laſt importance to ſeaſon the paſſions of a child with Devotion, which ſeldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may ſeem extinguiſhed for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and diſcovers itſelf again as ſoon as diſcretion, conſideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himſelf. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and ſmothered.

A ſtate of temperance, ſobriety, and juſtice, without devotion, is a cold, lifeleſs, inſipid condition of virtue, and is rather to be ſtiled Philoſophy than religion. Devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills

* No. 201.

it

it with more ſublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the moſt exalted ſcience: and at the ſame time warms and agitates the ſoul more than ſenſual pleaſure.

It has been obſerved by ſome writers, that man is more diſtinguiſhed from the animal world by devotion than by reaſon, as ſeveral brute creatures diſcover in their actions ſomething like a faint glimmering of reaſon, though they betray, in no ſingle circumſtance of their behaviour, any thing that bears the leaſt affinity to devotion. It is certain, the propenſity of the mind to religious worſhip, the natural tendency of the ſoul to fly to ſome ſuperior being for ſuccour in dangers and diſtreſſes, the gratitude to an inviſible ſuperintendant which ariſes in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good fortune, the acts of love and admiration with which the thoughts of men are ſo wonderfully tranſported in meditating upon the divine perfections, and the univerſal concurrence of all the nations under heaven in the great article of adoration, plainly ſhew that devotion, or religious worſhip, muſt be the effect of tradition from ſome firſt founder of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of reaſon, or that it proceeds from inſtinct implanted in the ſoul itſelf. For my part, I look upon all theſe to be the concurrent cauſes: but which ever of them ſhall be aſſigned as the principle of divine worſhip, it manifeſtly points to a Supreme Being as the firſt author of it.

I may take ſome other opportunity of conſidering thoſe particular forms and methods of devotion which are taught us by chriſtianity; but ſhall here obſerve into what errors even this divine principle may ſometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right reaſon which was given us as the guide of all our actions.

The two great errors into which a miſtaken devotion may betray us, are enthuſiaſm and ſuperſtition.

There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned with religious enthuſiaſm. A perſon that is crazed, though with pride or malice,

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is a ſight very mortifying to human nature; but when the diſtemper ariſes from any indiſcreet fervours of devotion, or too intenſe an application of the mind to its miſtaken duties, it deſerves our compaſſion in a more particular manner. We may however learn this leſſon from it, that ſince devotion itſelf (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may diſorder the mind, unleſs its heats are tempered with caution and prudence, we ſhould be particularly careful to keep our reaſon as cool as poſſible, and to guard ourſelves in all parts of life againſt the influence of paſſion, imagination, and conſtitution.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the check of reaſon, is very apt to degenerate into enthuſiaſm. When the mind finds herſelf very much inflamed with her devotions, ſhe is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by ſomething divine within her. If ſhe indulges this thought too far, and humours the growing paſſion, ſhe at laſt flings herſelf into imaginary raptures and ecſtaſies; and when once ſhe fancies herſelf under the influence of a divine impulſe, it is no wonder if ſhe ſlights human ordinances, and refuſes to comply with any eſtabliſhed form of religion, as thinking herſelf directed by a much ſuperior guide.

As enthuſiaſm is a kind of exceſs in devotion, ſuperſtition is the exceſs not only of devotion, but of religion in general, according to an old heathen ſaying, quoted by Aulus Gellius, *Religentem eſſe oportet, religioſum nefas*; "A man ſhould be religious, not ſuperſtitious:" For, as the author tells us, Nigidius obſerved upon this paſſage, that the Latin words which terminate in *oſus* generally imply vicious characters, and the having of any quality to an exceſs.

An enthuſiaſt in religion is like an obſtinate clown, a ſuperſtitious man like an inſipid courtier. Enthuſiaſm has ſomething in it of madneſs, ſuperſtition of folly. Moſt of the ſects that fall ſhort of the church of England have in them ſtrong tinctures of enthuſiaſm, as the Roman Catholic religion is one huge over-grown body of childiſh and idle ſuperſtitions.

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The Roman Catholic church ſeems indeed irrecoverably loſt in this particular. If an abſurd dreſs or behaviour be introduced in the world, it will ſoon be found out and diſcarded. On the contrary, a habit or ceremony, tho' never ſo ridiculous, which has taken ſanctuary in the church, ſticks in it for ever. A Gothic biſhop perhaps thought it proper to repeat ſuch a form in ſuch particular ſhoes or ſlippers; another fancied it would be very decent if ſuch a part of public devotions were performed with a mitre on his head, and a croſier in his hand. To this a brother Vandal, as wiſe as the others, adds an antick dreſs, which he conceived would allude very aptly to ſuch and ſuch myſteries, till by degrees the whole office has degenerated into an empty ſhow.

Their ſucceſſors ſee the vanity and inconvenience of theſe ceremonies; but inſtead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more ſignificant, and which take poſſeſſion in the ſame manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have ſeen the pope officiate at St. Peter's, where for two hours together, he was buſied in putting on or off his different accoutrements, according to the different parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is ſo glorious in the eyes of mankind, and ornamental to human nature, ſetting aſide the infinite advantages which ariſe from it, as a ſtrong, ſteady, maſculine piety; but enthuſiaſm and ſuperſtition are the weakneſſes of human reaſon, that expoſe us to the ſcorn and deriſion of infidels, and ſink us even below the beaſts that periſh.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another error ariſing from miſtaken devotion; but becauſe reflections on that ſubject would be of no uſe to an Engliſh reader, I ſhall not enlarge upon it.

Tueſday

Tuesday, October 23, 1711 *.

Phœbe pater, si das hujus mihi nominis usum,
Nec falsâ Clymene culpam sub imagine celat;
Pignora da, genitor—— Ovid. Met. lib. ii. 36.

" Illustrious parent! if I yet may claim
" The name of son, O rescue me from shame!
" My mother's truth confirm; all doubt remove,
" By tender pledges of a father's love." P.

THERE is a loose tribe of men whom I have not yet taken notice of, that ramble into all the corners of this great city, in order to seduce such unfortunate females as fall into their walks. These abandoned profligates raise up issue in every quarter of the town, and very often, for a valuable consideration, father it upon the Church-warden. By this means there are several married men who have a little family in most of the parishes of London and Westminster, and several batchelors who are undone by a charge of children.

When a man once gives himself this liberty of preying at large, and living upon the common, he finds so much game in a populous city, that it is surprising to consider the number which he sometimes propagates. We see many a young fellow who is scarce of age, that could lay his claim to the Jus Trium Liberorum, or the privileges which were granted by the Roman laws to all such as were fathers of three children. Nay, I have heard a rake, who was not quite five and twenty, declare himself the father of a seventh son, and very prudently determine to breed him up a physician. In short, the town is full of those young patriarchs, not to mention several battered beaus, who, like heedless spendthrifts who squander away their estates before they are masters of them, have raised up their whole stock of children before marriage.

* No. 203.

I must

I muſt not here omit the particular whim of an impudent libertine, that had a little ſmattering of heraldry; and obſerving how the genealogies of great families were often drawn up in the ſhape of trees, had taken a fancy to diſpoſe of his own illegitimate iſſue in a figure of the ſame kind.

———*Nec longum tempus & ingens*
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes, & non ſua poma.
Virg. Georg. ii. 80.

"And in ſhort ſpace the laden boughs ariſe,
"With happy fruit advancing to the ſkies:
"The mother plant admires the leaves unknown
"Of alien trees, and apples not her own."
DRYDEN.

The trunk of the tree was mark'd with his own name, Will Mapple. Out of the ſide of it grew a large barren branch, inſcribed Mary Mapple, the name of his unhappy wife. The head was adorned with five huge boughs. On the bottom of the firſt was written in capital characters Kate Cole, who branched out into three ſprigs, viz. William, Richard, and Rebecca. Sal Twiford gave birth to another bough that ſhot up into Sarah, Tom, Will, and Frank. The third arm of the tree had only a ſingle infant on it, with a ſpace left for a ſecond, the parent from whom it ſprung being near her time when the author took this ingenious device into his head. The two other great boughs were very plentifully loaden with fruit of the ſame kind; beſides which there were many ornamental branches that did not bear. In ſhort, a more flouriſhing tree never came out of the Herald's Office.

What makes this generation of vermin ſo very prolific, is the undefatigable diligence with which they apply themſelves to their buſineſs. A man does not undergo more watchings and fatigues in a campaign, than in the courſe of a vicious amour. As it is ſaid of ſome men that they make their buſineſs their pleaſure,

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theſe ſons of darkneſs may be ſaid to make their pleaſure their buſineſs. They might conquer their corrupt inclinations with half the pains they are at in gratifying them.

Nor is the invention of theſe men leſs to be admired than their induſtry and vigilance. There is a fragment of Apollodorus the comic poet (who was contemporary with Menander) which is full of humour, as follows: "Thou mayeſt ſhut up thy doors, ſays he, with bars "and bolts. It will be impoſſible for the blackſmith "to make them ſo faſt, but a cat and a whoremaſter "will find a way through them." In a word, there is no head ſo full of ſtratagems as that of a libidinous man.

Were I to propoſe a puniſhment for this infamous race of propagators, it ſhould be to ſend them, after the ſecond or third offence, into our American colonies, in order to people theſe parts of her Majeſty's dominions where there is a want of inhabitants, and in the phraſe of Diogenes, to *Plant Men*. Some countries puniſh this crime with death; but I think ſuch a baniſhment would be ſufficient, and might turn this generative faculty to the advantage of the public.

In the mean time, until theſe gentlemen may be thus diſpoſed of, I would earneſtly exhort them to take care of thoſe unfortunate creatures whom they have brought into the world by theſe indirect methods, and to give their ſpurious children ſuch an education as may render them more virtuous than their parents. This is the beſt atonement they can make for their own crimes, and indeed the only method that is left them to repair their paſt miſcarriages.

I would likewiſe deſire them to conſider, whether they are not bound in common humanity, as well as by all the obligations of religion and nature, to make ſome proviſion for thoſe whom they have not only given life to, but entailed upon them, tho' very unreaſonably, a degree of ſhame and diſgrace. And here I cannot but take notice of thoſe depraved notions which prevail among us, and which muſt have taken riſe from our natural

tural inclination to favour a vice to which we are so very prone, namely, that *bastardy* and *cuckoldom* should be looked upon as reproaches, and that the ignominy which is only due to lewdness and falsehood, should fall in so unreasonable a manner upon the persons who are innocent.

I have been insensibly drawn into this discourse by the following letter, which is drawn up with such a spirit of sincerity, that I question not but the writer of it has represented his case in a true and genuine light.

'SIR,

'I Am one of those people who by the general opi-
'nion of the world are counted both infamous and
'unhappy.

'My father is a very eminent man in this kingdom,
'and one who bears considerable offices in it. I am
'his son, but my misfortune is, that I dare not call
'him father, nor he without shame own me as his
'issue, I being illegitimate, and therefore deprived of
'that endearing tenderness and unparalleled satisfac-
'tion which a good man finds in the love and conver-
'sation of a parent. Neither have I the opportunities
'to render him the duties of a son, he having always
'carried himself at so vast a distance, and with such
'superiority towards me, that by long use I have con-
'tracted a timorousness when before him which hin-
'ders me from declaring my own necessities, and giv-
'ing him to understand the inconveniencies I under-
'go.

'It is my misfortune to have been neither bred a
'a scholar, a soldier, nor any kind of business, which
'renders me entirely incapable of making provision
'for myself without his assistance; and this creates a
'continual uneasiness in my mind, fearing I shall in
'time want bread; my father, if I may so call him,
'giving me but very faint assurances of doing any
'thing for me.

'I have hitherto lived somewhat like a gentleman,
'and it would be very hard for me to labour for my
'living. I am in continual anxiety for my future for-

'tune, and under a great unhappineſs in loſing the 'ſweet converſation and friendly advice of my parents; 'ſo that I cannot look upon myſelf otherwiſe than as 'a monſter, ſtrangely ſprung up in nature, which eve-'ry one is aſhamed to own.

'I am thought to be a man of ſome natural parts, 'and by the continual reading what you have offered 'the world, become an admirer thereof, which has 'drawn me to make this confeſſion; at the ſame time 'hoping, if any thing herein ſhould touch you with a 'ſenſe of pity, you would then allow me the favour 'of your opinion thereupon; as alſo what part I, be-'ing unlawfully born, may claim of the man's affec-'tion who begot me, and how far in your opinion I 'am to be thought his ſon, or he acknowleged as my 'father. Your ſentiments and advice herein will be a 'a great conſolation and ſatisfaction to, 'SIR,

'Your admirer and

'humble ſervant, 'W. B.'

Thurſday, October 25, 1711*.

Decipimur ſpecie recti————

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 25.

"Deluded by a ſeeming excellence:" ROSCOMMON.

WHEN I meet with any vicious character that is not generally known, in order to prevent its doing miſchief, I draw it at length, and ſet it up as a ſcarecrow; by which means I do not only make an example of the perſon to whom it belongs, but give warning to all her majeſty's ſubjects, that they may not ſuffer by it. Thus, to change the alluſion, I have marked out ſeveral of the ſhoals and quickſands of life, and am continually employed in diſcovering thoſe which are ſtill concealed, in order to keep the ignorant and unwary from running upon them. It is with

this intention that I publiſh the following letter, which brings to light ſome ſecrets of this nature.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'THere are none of your Speculations which I 'read over with greater delight, than thoſe 'which are deſigned for the improvement of our ſex. 'You have endeavoured to correct our unreaſonable 'fears and ſuperſtitions, in your ſeventh and twelfth 'Papers; our fancy for equipage, in your fifteenth; 'our love of puppet-ſhows, in your thirty-firſt; our 'notions of beauty, in your thirty-third; our inclina-'tion for romances in your thirty-ſeventh; our paſſion 'for French fopperies, in your forty-fifth; our man-'hood and party-zeal, in your fifty-ſeventh; our a-'buſe of dancing, in your ſixty-ſixth and ſixty-ſeventh; 'our levity, in your hundred and twenty-eighth; our 'love of coxcombs in your hundred and fifty-fourth 'and hundred and fifty-ſeventh; our tyranny over the 'hen-peckt, in your hundred and ſeventy-ſixth. You 'have deſcribed the Pict in your forty-firſt; the Idol, 'in your ſeventy-third; the Demurrer, in your eighty-'ninth; the Salamander, in your hundred and ninety-'eighth. You have likewiſe taken to pieces our dreſs, and 'repreſented to us the extravagancies we are often guil-'ty of in that particular. You have fallen upon our 'Patches, in your fiftieth, and eighty-firſt; our com-'modes, in your ninety-eight; our Fans in your hun-'dred and ſecond; our Riding Habits in your hun-'dred and fourth; our Hoop-petticoats, in your hun-'dred and twenty-ſeventh; beſides a great many little 'blemiſhes which you have touched upon in your ſe-'veral other Papers, and in thoſe many letters that are 'ſcattered up and down your works. At the ſame 'time, we muſt own that the compliments you pay our 'ſex are innumerable, and that thoſe very faults which 'you repreſent in us, are neither black in themſelves, 'nor, as you own, univerſal among us. But, Sir, it 'is plain that theſe your diſcourſes are calculated for 'none but the faſhionable part of womankind, and for 'the uſe of thoſe who are rather indiſcreet than vici-

'ous.

'ous. But, Sir, there is a ſort of proſtitutes in the 'lower part of our ſex, who are a ſcandal to us, and 'very well deſerve to fall under your cenſure. I 'know it would debaſe your Paper too much to enter 'into the behaviour of theſe female libertines: but 'as your remarks on ſome parts of it would be doing 'of juſtice to ſeveral women of virtue and honour, 'whoſe reputations ſuffer by it, I hope you will not 'think it improper to give the public ſome accounts 'of this nature. You muſt know, Sir, I am provo-'ked to write you this letter by the behaviour of an 'infamous woman, who having paſſed her youth in a 'moſt ſhameleſs ſtate of proſtitution, is now one of thoſe 'who gain their livelihood by ſeducing others that are 'younger than themſelves, and by eſtabliſhing a cri-'minal commerce between the two ſexes. Among 'ſeveral of her artifices to get money, ſhe frequently 'perſwades a vain young fellow, that ſuch a woman 'of quality, or ſuch a celebrated toaſt, entertains a ſe-'cret paſſion for him, and wants nothing but an oppor-'tunity of revealing it. Nay, ſhe has gone ſo far as to 'write letters in the name of a woman of figure, to bor-'row money of one of thoſe fooliſh Roderigo's, which 'ſhe has afterwards appropriated to her own uſe. In the 'mean time, the perſon who has lent the money, has 'thought a lady under obligations to him, who ſcarce 'knew his name; and wondered at her ingratitude 'when he has been with her, that ſhe has not owned 'the favour, though at the ſame time he was too much 'a man of honour to put her in mind of it.

'When this abandoned baggage meets with a man 'who has vanity enough to give credit to relations of 'this nature, ſhe turns him to very good account, by 'repeating praiſes that were never uttered, and deli-'vering meſſages that were never ſent. As the houſe 'of this ſhameleſs creature is frequented by ſeveral 'foreigners, I have heard of another artifice, out of 'which ſhe often raiſes money. The foreigner ſighs 'after ſome Britiſh beauty, whom he only knows by 'fame: upon which ſhe promiſes, if he can be ſecret, 'to procure him a meeting. The ſtranger, raviſhed

'at

'at his good fortune, gives her a preſent, and in a little time is introduced to ſome imaginary title; for 'you muſt know that this cunning purveyor has 'her repreſentatives upon this occaſion, of ſome of the 'fineſt ladies in the kingdom. By this means, as I 'am informed, it is uſual enough to meet with a German count in foreign countries, that ſhall make his 'boaſts of favours he has received from women of the 'higheſt ranks, and the moſt unblemiſhed characters. 'Now, Sir, what ſafety is there for a woman's reputation, when a lady may be thus proſtituted as it 'were by proxy, and be reputed an unchaſte woman; 'as the hero in the ninth book of Dryden's Virgil is 'looked upon as a coward, becauſe the phantom which 'appeared in his likeneſs ran away from Turnus? 'You may depend upon what I relate to you to be 'matter of fact, and the practice of more than one of 'theſe female panders. If you print this letter, I may 'give you ſome farther accounts of this vicious race of 'women. 'your humble ſervant.

'Belvidera.'

I ſhall add two other letters on different ſubjects to fill up my Paper.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I Am a country clergyman, and hope you will lend 'me your aſſiſtance in ridiculing ſome little indecencies which cannot ſo properly be expoſed from 'the pulpit.

'A widow lady, who ſtraggled this ſummer from 'London into my pariſh for the benefit of the air, as 'ſhe ſays, appears every Sunday at church with many 'faſhionable extravagancies, to the great aſtoniſhment 'of my congregation.

'But what gives us the moſt offence is her theatrical manner of ſinging the pſalms. She introduces above fifty Italian airs into the hundredth pſalm, and 'whilſt we begin 'All people' in the old ſolemn tune 'of our forefathers, ſhe in a quite different key runs 'diviſions on the vowels, and adorns them with the

grace

'graces of Nicolini: if ſhe meets with Eke or Aye, 'which are frequent in the metre of Hopkins and 'Sternhold, we are certain to hear her quavering them 'half a minute after us to ſome ſprightly airs of the 'opera.

'I am very far from being an enemy to church mu-'ſic; but fear this abuſe of it may make my pariſh 'ridiculous, who already look on the ſinging pſalms 'as an entertainment, and no part of their devotion: 'beſides, I am apprehenſive that the infection may 'ſpread, for ſquire Squeekum, who by his voice ſeems '(if I may uſe the expreſſion) to be cut out for an I-'talian ſinger, was laſt Sunday practiſing the ſame 'airs.

'I know the lady's principles, and that ſhe will 'plead the toleration, which (as ſhe fancies) allows 'her nonconformity in this particular; but I beg you 'to acquaint her, That ſinging the pſalms in a differ-'ent tune from the reſt of the congregation, is a ſort 'of ſchiſm not tolerated by that act.

'I am, Sir,

'Your humble ſervant,

'R S.'

Mr SPECTATOR,

'IN your paper upon Temperance, you preſcribe to 'us a rule of drinking, out of Sir William Temple, 'in the following words: "The firſt glaſs for myſelf, "the ſecond for my friends, the third for good hu-"mour, and the fourth for mine enemies." Now, Sir, 'you muſt know, that I have read this your Spectator, 'in a club whereof I am a member; when our preſi-'dent told us, there was certainly an error in the print, 'and that the word Glaſs ſhould be Bottle; and there-'fore has ordered me to inform you of this *miſtake*, 'and to deſire you to publiſh the following *Errata*: 'In the paper of Saturday, Octob. 13, Col. 3. Line 11, 'for Glaſs read Bottle.

'Yours, Robin Good-fellow.'

Saturday,

Saturday, October 27. 1711*.

Omnibus in terris, quæ ſunt a Gadibus uſque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoſcere poſſunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diverſa, remota
Erroris nebula———

Juv. Sat. x. 1.

" Look round the habitable world, how few
" Know their own good, or, knowing, it purſue?
" How rarely reaſon guides the ſtubborn choice,
" Prompts the fond wiſh, or lifts the ſuppliant voice?"

DRYD. JOHNSON, &c.

IN my laſt Saturday's Paper I laid down ſome thoughts upon Devotion in general, and ſhall here ſhew what were the notions of the moſt refined heathens on this ſubject, as they are repreſented in Plato's dialogue upon Prayer, intitled, Alcibiades the Second, which doubtleſs gave occaſion to Juvenal's tenth ſatire, and to the ſecond ſatire of Perſius; as the laſt of theſe authors has almoſt tranſcribed the preceding dialogue, intitled Alcibiades the Firſt, in his fourth ſatire.

The ſpeakers in this dialogue upon Prayer, are Socrates and Alcibiades; and the ſubſtance of it (when drawn together out of the intricacies and digreſſions) as follows:

Socrates meeting his pupil Alcibiades, as he was going to his devotions, and obſerving his eyes to be fixed upon the earth with great ſerioufneſs and attention, tells him, that he had reaſon to be thoughtful on that occaſion, ſince it was poſſible for a man to bring down evils upon himſelf by his own prayers, and that thoſe things, which the Gods ſend him in anſwer to his petitions, might turn to his deſtruction. This, ſays he, may not only happen when a man prays for what he

knows is mischievous in its own nature, as Oedipus implored the Gods to sow dissension between his sons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his good, and against what he believes would be to his detriment. This the Philosopher shews must necessarily happen among us, since most men are blinded with ignorance, prejudice, or passion, which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For an instance, he asks Alcibiades, Whether he would not be thoroughly pleased and satisfied if that God to whom he was going to address himself should promise to make him sovereign of the whole earth? Alcibiades answers, That he should doubtless look upon such a promise as the greatest favour that could be bestowed upon him. Socrates then asks him, If after receiving this great favour, he would be contented to lose his life? or if he would receive it though he was sure he should make an ill use of it? To both which questions Alcibiades answers in the negative. Socrates then shews him, from the examples of others, how these might very probably be the effects of such a blessing. He then adds, That other reputed pieces of good fortune, as that of having a son, or procuring the highest post in a government, are subject to the like fatal consequences; which nevertheless, says he, men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great point, That all the most apparent blessings in this life are obnoxious to such dreadful consequences, and that no man knows what in its events would prove to him a blessing or a curse, he teaches Alcibiades after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first place, he recommends to him, as the model of his devotions, a short prayer, which a Greek poet composed for the use of his friends, in the following words: "O Jupiter, give us those things which are "good for us, whether they are such things which we "pray for, or such things as we do not pray for: and "remove from us those things which are hurtful, "though they are such things as we pray for."

In the ſecond place, that his diſciple may aſk ſuch things as are expedient for him, he ſhews him, that it is abſolutely neceſſary to apply himſelf to the ſtudy of true wiſdom, and to the knowledge of that which is his chief good, and the moſt ſuitable to the excellency of his nature.

In the third and laſt place, he informs him, that the beſt methods he could make uſe of to draw down bleſſings upon himſelf, and to render his prayers acceptable, would be to live in a conſtant practice of his duty towards the gods, and towards men. Under this head he very much recommends a form of prayer the Lacedemonians make uſe of, in which they petition the gods, "To give them all good things ſo long as they were "virtuous." Under this head likewiſe he gives a very remarkable account of an oracle to the following purpoſe:

When the Athenians in the war with the Lacedemonians received many defeats both by ſea and land, they ſent a meſſage to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, to aſk the reaſon why they who erected ſo many temples to the gods, and adorned them with ſuch coſtly offerings; why they who had inſtituted ſo many feſtivals, and accompanied them with ſuch pomps and ceremonies; in ſhort, why they who had ſlain ſo many hecatombs at their altars, ſhould be leſs ſucceſsful than the Lacedemonians, who fell ſo ſhort of them in all theſe particulars. To this, ſays he, the oracle made the following reply; "I am better pleaſed with the prayers of the "Lacedemonians, than with all the oblations of the "Greeks." As this prayer implied and encouraged virtue in thoſe who made it; the philoſopher proceeds to ſhew how the moſt vicious man might be devout, ſo far as victims could make him, but that his offerings were regarded by the gods as bribes, and his petitions as blaſphemies. He likewiſe quotes on this occaſion two verſes out of Homer, in which the poet ſays, "That "the ſcent of the Trojan ſacrifices was carried up to "heaven by the winds: but that it was not acceptable "to the gods, who were diſpleaſed with Priam and all "his people."

The conclusion of this dialogue is very remarkable, Socrates having deterred Alcibiades from the prayers and sacrifice which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above-mentioned difficulties of performing that duty as he ought, adds these words, "We must "therefore wait until such time as we may learn how "we ought to behave ourselves towards the Gods, and "towards men." But when will that time come, says Alcibiades, and who is it that will instruct us? for I would fain see this man, whoever he is. It is one, says Socrates, who takes care of you; but as Homer tells us, that Minerva removed the mist from Diomede's eyes that he might plainly discover both gods and men; so the darkness that hangs upon your mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is good and what is evil. Let him remove from my mind, says Alcibiades, the darkness, and what else he pleases, I am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me whoever he is, so that I may become the better man by it. The remaining part of this dialogue is very obscure: There is something in it that would make us think Socrates hinted at himself, when he spoke of this Divine Teacher who was to come into the world, did not he own that he himself was in this respect as much at a loss, and in as great distress as the rest of mankind.

Some learned men look upon this conclusion as a prediction of our Saviour, or at least that Socrates, like the high-priest, prophesied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the world some ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great philosopher saw, by the light of reason, that it was suitable to the goodness of the Divine Nature, to send a person into the world who should instruct mankind in the duties of religion, and, in particular, teach them how to pray.

Whoever reads this abstract of Plato's discourse on Prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this reflection, "That the great founder of our religion, as well by "his own example, as in the form of prayer which he "taught his disciples, did not only keep up to those "rules which the light of nature had suggested to this

"great

" great philoſopher, but inſtructed his diſciples in the " whole extent of this duty, as well as of all others. " He directed them to the proper object of adoration, " and taught them, according to the third rule above- " mentioned, to apply themſelves to him in their clo- " ſets without ſhow or oſtentation, and to worſhip him " in ſpirit and in truth." As the Lacedemonians in their form of prayer implored the gods in general to give them all good things ſo long as they were virtuous, we aſk in particular, " That our offences may be " forgiven, as we forgive thoſe of others." If we look into the ſecond rule which Socrates has preſcribed, namely, That we ſhould apply ourſelves to the knowledge of ſuch things as are beſt for us, this too is explained at large in the doctrines of the Goſpel, where we are taught in ſeveral inſtances to regard thoſe things as curſes, which appear as bleſſings in the eye of the world; and, on the contrary, to eſteem thoſe things as bleſſings which to the generality of mankind appear as curſes. Thus in the form which is preſcribed to us, we only pray for that happineſs which is our chief good, and the great end of our exiſtence, when we petition the Supreme Being for the coming of his Kingdom, being ſolicitous for no other temporal bleſſings but our daily ſuſtenance. On the other ſide, We pray againſt nothing but ſin, and againſt Evil in general, leaving it with Omniſcience to determine what is really ſuch. If we look into the firſt of Socrates his rules of prayer, in which he recommends the above-mentioned form of the ancient poet, we find that form not only comprehended, but very much improved in the petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that his Will may be done: which is of the ſame force with that form which our Saviour uſed, when he prayed againſt the moſt painful and moſt ignominious of deaths, " Neverthe- " leſs not my will, but thine be done." This comprehenſive petition is the moſt humble, as well as the moſt prudent, that can be offered up from the creature to his Creator, as it ſuppoſes the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our good, and that he knows better than ourſelves what is ſo.

Tueſday,

Tuesday, October 30, 1711 *.

Ιυναικος υδε χρημ' ανηρ λαιζεῖται
Εσθλης αμεινον υδε ριγιον κακης

" Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
" A bad, the bittereſt curſe of human life."

THere are no authors I am more pleaſed with, than thoſe who ſhew human nature in a variety of views, and deſcribe the ſeveral ages of the world in their different manners. A reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the virtues and vices of his own times with thoſe which prevailed in the times of his forefathers; and drawing a parallel in his mind between his own private character, and that of other perſons, whether of his own age, or of the ages that went before him. The contemplation of mankind under theſe changeable colours, is apt to ſhame us out of any particular vice, or animate us to any particular virtue; to make us pleaſed or diſpleaſed with ourſelves in the moſt proper points, to clear our minds of prejudice and prepoſſeſſion, and rectify that narrowneſs of temper which inclines us to think amiſs of thoſe who differ from ourſelves.

If we look into the manners of the moſt remote ages of the world, we diſcover human nature in her ſimplicity; and the more we look downward towards our own times, may obſerve her hiding herſelf in artifices and refinements, poliſhed inſenſibly out of her original plainneſs, and at length entirely loſt under form and ceremony, and (what we call) good-breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the moſt ancient writers, both ſacred and profane, and you would think you were reading the hiſtory of another ſpecies.

* No. 209.

Among

Among the writers of antiquity, there are none who inſtruct us more openly in the manners of their reſpective times in which they lived, than thoſe who have employed themſelves in Satire, under what dreſs ſoever it may appear; as there are no other authors whoſe province it is to enter ſo directly into the ways of men and ſet their miſcarriages in ſo ſtrong a light.

SIMONIDES, a poet famous in his generation, is, I think, author of the oldeſt ſatire that is now extant; and, as ſome ſay, of the firſt that was ever written. This poet flouriſhed about four hundred years after the ſiege of Troy; and ſhews, by his way of writing, the ſimplicity, or rather coarſeneſs, of the age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my hundred and ſixty-firſt Speculation, that the rule of obſerving what the French called the *Bienſeance* in an alluſion, has been found out of latter years; and that the ancients, provided there was a likeneſs in their ſimilitudes, did not much trouble themſelves about the decency of the compariſon. The Satire or Iambics of Simonides, with which I ſhall entertain my readers in the preſent Paper, are a remarkable inſtance of what I formerly advanced. The ſubject of this Satire is Woman. He deſcribes the ſex in their ſeveral characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful ſuppoſition raiſed upon the doctrine of Pre-exiſtence. He tells us, That the gods formed the ſouls of women out of thoſe ſeeds and principles which compoſe ſeveral kinds of animals and elements; and that their good or bad diſpoſitions ariſe in them according as ſuch and ſuch ſeeds and principles predominate in their conſtitutions. I have tranſlated the author very faithfully, and if not word for word (which our language would not bear) at leaſt ſo as to comprehend every one of his ſentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this author's want of delicacy, and muſt further premiſe, That the following Satire affects only ſome of the lower part of the ſex, and not thoſe who have been refined by a polite education, which was not ſo common in the age of this poet.

"In

" In the beginning God made the ſouls of Woman-
" kind out of different materials, and in a ſeparate
" ſtate from their bodies.

" The ſouls of one kind of women were formed out
" of thoſe ingredients which compoſe a Swine. A
" woman of this make is a ſlut in her houſe and a glut-
" ton at her table. She is uncleanly in her perſon, a
" ſlattern in her dreſs, and her family is no better than
" a dunghill.

" A ſecond ſort of female ſoul was formed out of
" the ſame materials that enter into the compoſition of
" a Fox. Such a one is what we call a notable diſ-
" cerning woman, who has an inſight into every thing
" whether it be good or bad. In this ſpecies of fe-
" males there are ſome virtuous and ſome vicious.

" A third kind of women were made up of Canine
" particles. Theſe are what we commonly call Scolds,
" who imitate the animals out of which they were ta-
" ken, that are always buſy and barking, that ſnarl at
" every one who comes in their way, and live in per-
" petual clamour.

" The fourth kind of women were made out of the
" Earth. Theſe are your ſluggards, who paſs away
" their time in indolence and ignorance, hover over
" the fire a whole winter, and apply themſelves with
" alacrity to no kind of buſineſs but eating.

" The fifth ſpecies of females were made out of the
" Sea. Theſe are women of variable uneven tempers,
" ſometimes all ſtorm and tempeſt, ſometimes all calm
" and ſunſhine. The ſtranger who ſees one of theſe
" in her ſmiles and ſmoothneſs, would cry her up for
" a miracle of good humour; but on a ſudden her
" looks and her words are changed, ſhe is nothing but
" fury and outrage, noiſe and hurricane.

" The ſixth ſpecies were made up of the ingredients
" which compoſe an Aſs, or a beaſt of burden. Theſe
" are naturally exceeding ſlothful, but, upon the huſ-
" band's exerting his authority, will live upon hard
" fare, and do every thing to pleaſe him. They are
" however far from being averſe to venereal pleaſure,
" and ſeldom refuſe a male companion.

" The

" The Cat furnifhed materials for a feventh fpecies " of women, who are of a melancholy, froward, un- " amiable nature, and fo repugnant to the offers of " love, that they fly in the face of their hufband when " he approaches them with conjugal endearments. " This fpecies of women are likewife fubject to little " thefts, cheats, and pilferings.

" The Mare with a flowing mane, which was never " broke to any fervile toil and labour, compofed an " eighth fpecies of women. Thefe are they who have " little regard for their hufbands, who pafs away their " time in dreffing, bathing, and perfuming; who " throw their hair into the niceft curls, and trick it up " with the faireft flowers and garlands. A woman of " this fpecies is a very pretty thing for a ftranger to " look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, un- " lefs it be a king or prince who takes a fancy to fuch " a toy.

" The ninth fpecies of females were taken out of " the Ape. Thefe are fuch as are both ugly and ill- " natured, who have nothing beautiful in themfelves, " and endeavour to detract from, or ridicule every thing " which appears fo in others.

" The tenth and laft fpecies of women were made " out of the Bee; and happy is the man who gets fuch " an one for his wife. She is altogether faultlefs and " unblameable. Her family flourifhes and improves " by her good management. She loves her hufband, " and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of " beautiful and virtuous children. She diftinguifhes " herfelf among her fex. She is furrounded with gra- " ces. She never fits among the loofe tribe of women, " nor paffes away her time with them in wanton dif- " courfes. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is " the beft wife that Jupiter can beftow on man."

I fhall conclude thefe iambics with the motto of this paper, which is a fragment of the fame author; " A man cannot poffefs any thing that is better than " a good woman, nor any thing that is worfe than a " bad one."

As the poet has ſhewn a great penetration in this diverſity of female characters, he has avoided the fault which Juvenal and Monſieur Boileau are guilty of, the former in his ſixth, and the other in his laſt Satire, where they have endeavoured to expoſe the ſex in general, without doing Juſtice to the valuable part of it. Such levelling Satires are of no uſe to the world, and for this reaſon I have often wondered how the French author above-mentioned, who was a man of exquiſite judgment, and a lover of virtue, could think human nature a proper ſubject for Satire in another of his celebrated pieces, which is called, The Satire upon Man. What vice or frailty can a diſcourſe correct, which cenſures the whole ſpecies alike, and endeavours to ſhew by ſome ſuperficial ſtrokes of wit, that brutes are the more excellent creatures of the two? A Satire ſhould expoſe nothing but what is corrigible, and make a due diſcrimination between thoſe who are, and thoſe who are not the proper objects of it.

Thurſday, November 1, 1711*.

Fictis meminerit nos jocari Fabulis. Phædr. l. 1. Prol.

'Let it be remembered that we ſport in fabled ſtories.'

HAving lately tranſlated the fragment of an old poet which deſcribes womankind under ſeveral characters, and ſuppoſes them to have drawn their different manners and diſpoſitions from thoſe animals and elements out of which he tells us they were compounded, I had ſome thoughts of giving the ſex their revenge, by laying together in another Paper the many vicious characters which prevail in the male world, and ſhewing the different ingredients that go to the making up of ſuch different humours and conſtitutions. Horace has a thought which is ſomething akin to this

* No. 211.

when

when, in order to excuſe himſelf to his miſtreſs for an invective which he had written againſt her, and to account for that unreaſonable fury with which the heart of man is often tranſported, he tells us, that when Prometheus made his man of clay, in the kneading up of the heart he ſeaſoned it with ſome furious particles of the lion. But upon turning this plan to and fro in my thoughts, I obſerved ſo many unaccountable humours in man, that I did not know out of what animals to fetch them. Male ſouls are diverſified with ſo many characters, that the world has not variety of materials ſufficient to furniſh out their different tempers and inclinations. The creation, with all its animals and elements, would not be large enough to ſupply their ſeveral extravagancies.

Inſtead thereof of purſuing the thought of Simonides, I ſhall obſerve, that as he has expoſed the vicious part of women from the doctrine of pre-exiſtence, ſome of the ancient philoſophers have, in a manner, ſatirized the vicious part of the human ſpecies in general, from a notion of the Soul's *Poſt-exiſtence*, if I may ſo call it; and that as Simonides deſcribes brutes entering into the compoſition of women, others have repreſented human ſouls as entering into brutes. This is commonly termed the doctrine of Tranſmigration, which ſuppoſes that human ſouls, upon their leaving the body, become the ſouls of ſuch kinds of brutes as they moſt reſemble in their manners; or to give an account of it as Mr Dryden has deſcribed it in his tranſlation of Pythagoras's Speech in the fifteenth Book of Ovid, where that philoſopher diſſuades his hearers from eating fleſh:

" Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
" And here and there th' unbodied ſpirit flies:
" By time, or force, or ſickneſs diſpoſſeſs'd,
" And lodges where it lights, in bird or beaſt;
" Or hunts without till ready limbs it find,
" And actuates thoſe according to their kind:
" From tenement to tenement is toſs'd,
" The ſoul is ſtill the ſame, the figure only loſt.

"Then let not piety be put to flight,
"To pleaſe the taſte of glutton appetite;
"But ſuffer inmate ſouls ſecure to dwell,
"Leſt from their ſeats your parents you expel;
"With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
"Or from a beaſt diſlodge a brother's mind."

Plato in the Viſion of Erus the Armenian, which I may poſſibly make the ſubject of a future Speculation, records ſome beautiful Tranſmigrations; as, that the ſoul of Orpheus, who was muſical, melancholy, and a woman-hater, entered into a Swan; the ſoul of Ajax, which was all wrath and fierceneſs, into a Lion; the ſoul of Agamemnon, that was rapacious and imperial, into an Eagle; and the ſoul of Therſites, who was a mimic and a buffoon, into a Monkey.

Mr Congreve, in a prologue to one of his comedies, has touched upon this doctrine with great humour.

"Thus Ariſtotle's ſoul of old that was,
"May now be damn'd to animate an aſs;
"Or in this very houſe, for ought we know,
"Is doing painful penance in ſome beau.

I ſhall fill up this Paper with ſome letters which my laſt Tueſday's Speculation has produced. My following correſpondents will ſhew, what I there obſerved, that the Speculation of that day affects only the lower part of the Sex.

'From my houſe in the Strand, October 30, 1711.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'UPON reading your Tueſday's Paper, I find by 'ſeveral ſymptoms in my conſtitution that I am 'a Bee. My ſhop, or, if you pleaſe to call it ſo, my 'cell, is in that great hive of females which goes by 'the name of the New-Exchange; where I am daily 'employed in gathering together a little ſtock of gain

'from

'from the fineſt flowers about the town, I mean the 'ladies and the beaus. I have a numerous ſwarm of 'children, to whom I give the beſt education I am a-'ble. But, Sir, it is my misfortune to be married to 'a Drone, who lives upon what I get, without bring-'ing any thing into the common ſtock. Now, Sir, 'as on the one hand I take care not to behave myſelf 'towards him like a Waſp, ſo likewiſe I would not 'have him look upon me as an humble-bee; for which 'reaſon I do all I can to put him upon laying up pro-'viſions for a bad day, and frequently repreſent to 'him the fatal effects his ſloth and negligence may 'bring upon us in our old age. I muſt beg that you 'will join with me in your good advice upon this oc-'caſion, and you will for ever oblige your humble ſer-'vant,

'Meliſſa.'

'SIR, Piccadilly, October 31, 1711.

'I Am joined in wedlock for my ſins to one of thoſe 'Fillies who are deſcribed in the old Poet with that 'hard name you gave us the other day. She has a 'flowing mane, and a ſkin as ſoft as ſilk; but, Sir, ſhe 'paſſes half her life at her glaſs, and almoſt ruins me 'in ribbands. For my own part, I am a plain handi-'craft man, and in danger of breaking by her lazineſs 'and expenſiveneſs. Pray, Maſter, tell me in your 'next Paper, whether I may not expect of her ſo much 'drudgery as to take care of her family, and curry 'her hide in caſe of refuſal. Your loving friend,

'Barnaby Brittle.

'Mr SPECTATOR, Cheapſide, October 30.

'I Am mightily pleaſed with the humour of the Cat, 'be ſo kind as to enlarge upon that ſubject.

'Yours till death, Joſiah Henpeck.

'P. S. You muſt know I am married to a *Grimalkin*.'

'SIR,

'SIR, Wapping, October 31, 1711.

'EVER ſince your Spectator of Tueſday laſt came 'into our family, my huſband is pleaſed to call 'me his *Oceana*, becauſe the fooliſh old poet that you 'have tranſlated ſays, That the Souls of ſome women 'are made of Sea-Water. This, it ſeems, has encou-'raged my ſauce-box to be witty upon me. When I 'am angry, he cries Pr'ythee, my dear, be calm; when 'I chide one of my ſervants, Pr'ythee, child, *do not* 'bluſter. He had the impudence about an hour ago 'to tell me, That he was a Seafaring man, and muſt 'expect to divide his life between Storm and Sunſhine. 'When I beſtir myſelf with any ſpirit in my family, it 'is High Sea in his houſe; and when I ſit ſtill with-'out doing any thing, his affairs, forſooth, are Wind-'bound. When I aſk him whether it rains, he makes 'anſwer, It is no matter, ſo that it be fair weather 'within doors. In ſhort, Sir, I cannot ſpeak my mind 'freely to him, but I either ſwell or rage, or do ſome-'thing that is not fit for a civil woman to hear. Pray, 'Mr Spectator, ſince you are ſo ſharp upon other wo-'men, let us know what materials *your* wife is made 'of, if you have one. I ſuppoſe you would make us 'a parcel of poor-ſpirited, tame, inſipid creatures; but, 'Sir, I would have you to know, we have as good paſ-'ſions in us as yourſelf, and that a woman was never 'deſigned to be a milk-ſop.

'Martha Tempeſt.'

Saturday, November 3, 1711*.

——*Mens ſibi conſcia recti.* Virg. Æn. i. 608.

"A *good* Intention."

IT is the great art and ſecret of Chriſtianity, if I may uſe that phraſe, to manage our actions to the beſt

* No. 213.

advantage,

advantage, and direct them in ſuch a manner, that every thing we do may turn to account at that great day, when every thing we have done will be ſet before us.

In order to give this conſiedration its full weight, we may caſt all our actions under the diviſion of ſuch as are in themſelves either good, evil, or indifferent. If we divide our Intentions after the ſame manner, and conſider them with regard to our Actions, we may diſcover the great art and ſecret of religion which I have here mentioned,

A good Intention joined to a good Action, gives it its proper force and efficacy ; joined to an evil Action, extenuates its malignity, and in ſome caſes may take it wholly away ; and joined to an indifferent Action turns it to a virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human Actions can be ſo.

In the next place, to conſider in the ſame manner the influence of an evil intention upon our actions. An evil intention perverts the beſt of actions, and makes them in reality, what the fathers with a witty kind of zeal have termed the virtues of the heathen world, ſo many ſhining ſins. It deſtroys the innocence of an indifferent action, and gives an evil action all poſſible blackneſs and horror, or in the emphatical language of ſacred writ, makes "Sin exceeding ſinful."

If, in the laſt place, we conſider the nature of an indifferent intention, we ſhall find that it deſtroys the merit of a good action ; abates, but never takes away, the malignity of an evil action ; and leaves an indifferent action in its natural ſtate of indifference.

It is therefore of unſpeakable advantage to poſſeſs our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions at ſome laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own ſouls.

This is a ſort of thrift or good huſbandry in moral life, which does not throw away any ſingle action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the means of ſalvation, increaſes the number of our virtues, and diminiſhes that of our vices.

There

There is ſomething very devout, though not ſolid, in Acoſta's anſwer to Limborch, who objects to him the multiplicity of ceremonies in the Jewiſh religion, as waſhings, dreſſes, meats, purgations, and the like. The reply which the Jew makes upon this occaſion is, to the beſt of my remembrance, as follows: 'There are 'not duties enough (ſays he) in the eſſential parts of 'the law for a zealous and active obedience. Time, 'place, and perſon are requiſite, before you have an op-'portunity of putting a moral virtue into practice. We 'have therefore, ſays he, enlarged the ſphere of our 'duty, and made many things, which are in them-'ſelves indifferent, a part of our religion, that we may 'have more occaſions of ſhewing our love to God, and 'in all the circumſtances of life be doing ſomething to 'pleaſe him, and the other to abſtain from every thing 'which may poſſibly diſpleaſe him.'

Monſieur St. Evremond has endeavoured to palliate the ſuperſtitions of the Roman-Catholic Religion with the ſame kind of apology, where he pretends to conſider the different ſpirit of the Papiſts and the Calviniſts, as to the great points wherein they diſagree. He tells us, that the former are actuated by love, and the other by fear; and that in their expreſſions of duty and devotion towards the Supreme Being, the former ſeem particularly careful to do every thing which may poſſibly diſpleaſe him.

But notwithſtanding this plauſible reaſon with which both the Jew and the Roman-Catholic would excuſe their reſpective ſuperſtitions, it is certain there is ſomething in them very pernicious to mankind, and deſtructive to religion; becauſe the injunction of ſuperfluous ceremonies makes ſuch actions duties, as were before indifferent, and by that means renders religion more burdenſome and difficult than it is in its own nature, betrays many into ſins of omiſſion which they could not otherwiſe be guilty of, and fixes the minds of the vulgar to the ſhadowy, uneſſential points, inſtead of the more weighty and more important matters of the law.

This zealous and active obedience, however, takes place in the great point we are recommending; for, if, inſtead

instead of prescribing to ourselves indifferent actions as duties, we apply a good intention to all our most indifferent actions, we make our very existence one continued act of obedience, we turn our diversions and amusements to our eternal advantage, and are pleasing Him (whom we are made to please) in all the circumstances and occurrences of life.

It is this excellent frame of mind, this holy officiousness (if I may be allowed to call it such) which is recommended to us by the Apostle in that uncommon precept wherein he directs us to propose to ourselves the glory of our Creator in all our most indifferent actions, "whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we "do."

A person therefore who is possessed with such an habitual good intention, as that which I have been here speaking of, enters upon no single circumstance of life, without considering it as well-pleasing to the great Author of his being, conformable to the dictates of reason, suitable to human nature in general, or to that particular station in which providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual sense of the Divine Presence, regards himself as acting, in the whole course of his existence, under the observation and the inspection of that Being, who is privy to all his motions and all his thoughts, who knows his "down-sitting and his up-"rising, who is about his path, and about his bed, and "spieth out all his ways." In a word, he remembers that the eye of his Judge is always upon him, and in every action he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by Him who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This was the character of those holy men of old, who in that beautiful phrase of scripture are said to have "walked with God."

When I employ myself upon a Paper of morality, I generally consider how I may recommend the particular virtue which I treat of, by the precepts or examples of the ancient heathens; by that means, if possible, to shame those who have greater advantages of knowing their duty, and therefore greater obligations to perform it, into a better course of life: besides that many among

us are unreasonably disposed to give a fairer hearing to a Pagan philosopher, than to a Christian writer.

I shall therefore produce an instance of this excellent frame of mind in a speech of Socrates, which is quoted by Erasmus. This great philosopher on the day of his execution, a little before the person was brought to him, entertaining his friends with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, has these words: "Whether or no God will approve of my actions, I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have "at all times made it my endeavour to please him, and "I have a good hope that this my endeavour will be "accepted by him." We find in these words of that great man the habitual good intention which I would here inculcate, and with which that divine philosopher always acted. I shall only add, that Erasmus, who was an unbigotted Roman-Catholic, was so much transported with this passage of Socrates, that he could scarce forbear looking upon him as a Saint, and desiring him to pray for him; or as that ingenious and learned writer has expressed himself in a much more lively manner; "When I reflect on such a speech pronounced "by such a person, I can scarce forbear crying out, "*Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis*: O holy Socrates, pray "for us."

Tuesday, November 6, 1711*.

——*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

OVID. de Ponto, II. ix. 47.

"Ingenuous arts, where they an entrance find,
"Soften the manners, and subdue the mind."

I Consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, make the surface shine, and discovers

*No. 315.

every

every ornamental cloud, ſpot, and vein that runs thro' the body of it. Education, after the ſame manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without ſuch helps are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the alluſion ſo ſoon upon him, I ſhall make uſe of the ſame inſtance to illuſtrate the force of Education, which Ariſtotle has brought to explain his doctrine of ſubſtantial forms, when he tells us that a ſtatue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the ſtatuary only clears away the ſuperfluous matter, and removes the rubbiſh. The figure is in the ſtone, the ſculptor only finds it. What ſculpture is to a block of marble, Education is to a human ſoul. The philoſopher, the ſaint, or the hero; the wiſe, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper Education might have diſ-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of ſavage nations, and with contemplating thoſe virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to ſee courage exerting itſelf in fierceneſs, reſolution in obſtinacy, wiſdom in cunning, patience in ſullenneſs and deſpair.

Mens paſſions operate variouſly, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or leſs rectified and ſwayed by reaſon. When one hears of Negroes, who upon the death of their maſters, or upon changing their ſervice, hang themſelves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expreſſes itſelf in ſo dreadful a manner? What might not that ſavage greatneſs of ſoul which appears in theſe poor wretches on many occaſions, be raiſed to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuſe can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our ſpecies? That we ſhould not put them upon the common foot of humanity, that we ſhould only ſet an inſignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we ſhould as much as in us lies cut them off from the proſpects of happineſs in another world as

well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this ſubject, I cannot forbear mentioning a ſtory which I have lately heard, and which is ſo well atteſted, that I have no manner of reaſon to ſuſpect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy that paſſed about twelve years ago at Saint Chriſtopher's, one of our Britiſh Leeward Iſlands. The Negroes, who were the perſons concerned in it, were all of them the ſlaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

"This gentleman among his Negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as a moſt extraordinary beauty by thoſe of her own complexion. He had at the ſame time two young fellows who were likewiſe negroes and ſlaves, remarkable for the comelineſs of their perſons, and for the friendſhip which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the female negroe above-mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her huſband, provided they could agree between themſelves which ſhould be the man. But they were both ſo paſſionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and at the ſame time were ſo true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's conſent. The torments of theſe two lovers were the diſcourſe of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear obſerving the ſtrange complication of paſſions which perplexed the hearts of the poor negroes, that often dropped expreſſions of the uneaſineſs they underwent, and how impoſſible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

"After a long ſtruggle between love and friendſhip, truth and jealouſy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their miſtreſs along with them: where, after abundance of lamentations, they ſtabbed her to the heart, of which ſhe immediately died. A ſlave who was at his work not far from the place where this aſtoniſhing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the ſhrieks of the dying perſon, ran to ſee what was the

the occaſion of them. He there diſcovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each ſide of her, kiſſing the dead corpſe, weeping over it, and beating their breaſts in the utmoſt agonies of grief and deſpair. He immediately ran to the Engliſh family with the news of what he had ſeen; who upon coming to the place ſaw the woman dead, and the two negroes expiring by her with wounds they had given themſelves."

We ſee in this amazing inſtance of barbarity, what ſtrange diſorders are bred in the minds of thoſe men whoſe paſſions are not regulated by virtue, and diſciplined by reaſon. Though the action which I have recited is in itſelf full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits, had it been informed and guided by a ſuitable education.

It is therefore an unſpeakable bleſſing to be born in thoſe parts of the world where wiſdom and knowledge flouriſh; tho' it muſt be confeſſed, there are, even in theſe parts, ſeveral poor uninſtructed perſons, who are but little above the inhabitants of thoſe nations of which I have been here ſpeaking; as thoſe who have had the advantages of a more liberal education riſe above one another by ſeveral different degrees of perfection. For to return to our ſtatue in the block of marble, we ſee it ſometimes only begun to be chipped, ſometimes rough-hewn, and but juſt ſketched into an human figure; ſometimes we ſee the man appearing diſtinctly in all his limbs and features, ſometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegancy, but ſeldom meet with any to which the hand of Phidias or Praxiteles could not give ſeveral nice touches and finiſhings.

Diſcourſes of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the beſt means we can make uſe of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourſelves, and conſequently to recover our ſouls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profeſt myſelf in this Paper a promoter of theſe great ends; and I flatter myſelf that I do from day to day contribute ſomething to the poliſhing of the

mens minds: at leaſt my deſign is laudable, whatever the execution may be. I muſt confeſs I am not a little encouraged in it by many letters which I receive from unknown hands, in approbation of my endeavours; and muſt take this opportunity of returning my thanks to thoſe who write them, and excuſing myſelf for not inſerting ſeveral of them in my papers, which I am ſenſible would be a very great ornament to them. Should I publiſh the praiſes which are ſo well penned, they would do honour to the perſons who write them, but my publiſhing of them would I fear be a ſufficient inſtance to the world that I did not deſerve them.

Saturday, November 10, 1711 *.

Vix ea noſtra voco—— Ovid. Met. xiii. 141.

"Theſe I ſcarce call our own."

THERE are but few men, who are not ambitious of diſtinguiſhing themſelves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing conſiderable among thoſe with whom they converſe. There is a kind of grandeur and reſpect, which the meaneſt and moſt inſignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The pooreſt mechanic, nay the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his ſet of admirers, and delights in that ſuperiority which he enjoys over thoſe who are in ſome reſpects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the ſoul of man, might methinks receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a perſon's advantage, as it generally does to his uneaſineſs and diſquiet.

I ſhall therefore put together ſome thoughts on this ſubject, which I have not met with in other writers; and ſhall ſet them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the pains to connect or methodiſe them.

* No. 219.

All

All ſuperiority and pre-eminence that one man can have over another, may be reduced to the motion of quality, which, conſidered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The firſt is that which conſiſts in birth, title, or riches; and is the moſt foreign to our natures, and what we can the leaſt call our own of any of the three kinds of quality. In relation to the body, quality ariſes from health, ſtrength, or beauty; which are nearer to us, and more a part of ourſelves than the former. Quality, as it regards the mind, has its riſe from knowledge or virtue; and is that which is more eſſential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

The quality of fortune, tho' a man has leſs reaſon to value himſelf apon it than on that of the body or mind, is however the kind of quality which makes the moſt ſhining figure in the eye of the world.

As virtue is the moſt reaſonable and genuine ſource of honour, we generally find in titles an intimation of ſome particular merit that ſhould recommend men to the high ſtations which they poſſeſs. Holineſs is aſcribed to the pope; majeſty to kings; ſerenity or mildneſs of temper to princes; excellence or perfection to ambaſſadors; grace to archbiſhops; honour to peers; worſhip or venerable behaviour to magiſtrates; and reverence, which is of the ſame import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

In the founders of great families, ſuch attributes of honour are generally correſpondent with the virtues of the perſon to whom they are applied; but in the deſcendents they are too often the marks rather of grandeur than of merit. The ſtamp and denomination ſtill continues, but the intrinſic value is frequently loſt.

The death-bed ſhews the emptineſs of titles in a true light. A poor diſpirited ſinner lies trembling under the apprehenſions of the ſtate he is entering on; and is aſked by a grave attendant how his Holineſs does? another hears himſelf addreſſed to under the titles of Highneſs or Excellency, who lies under ſuch mean circumſtances of mortality as are the diſgrace of human

nature,

nature. Titles at ſuch a time look rather like inſults and mockery than reſpect.

The truth of it is, honours are in this world under no regulation; true quality is neglected, virtue is oppreſſed, and vice triumphant. The laſt day will rectify this diſorder, and aſſign to every one a ſtation ſuitable to the dignity of his character. Ranks will be then adjuſted, and precedency ſet right.

Methinks we ſhould have an ambition, if not to advance ourſelves in another world, at leaſt to preſerve our poſt in it, and outſhine our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a ſtate which is to ſettle the diſtinction for eternity.

Men in ſcripture are called "ſtrangers and ſojourners upon earth;" and life a "pilgrimage." Several heathen, as well as chriſtian authors, under the ſame kind of metaphor, have repreſented the world as an inn, which was only deſigned to furniſh us with accommodations in this our paſſage. It is therefore very abſurd to think of ſetting up our reſt before we come to our journey's end, and not rather to take care of the reception we ſhall there meet, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniences and advantages which we enjoy one above another in the way to it.

Epictetus makes uſe of another kind of alluſion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be ſatisfied with the poſt in which providence has placed us. We are here, ſays he, as in a theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part in perfection. We may indeed ſay, that our part does not ſuit us, and that we could act another better. But this (ſays the philoſopher) is not our buſineſs. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not in us, but in Him who has caſt our ſeveral parts, and is the great diſpoſer of the Drama.

The part that was acted by this philoſopher himſelf was but a very indifferent one, for he lived and died a ſlave. His motive to contentment in this particular, receives a very great inforcement from the abovementioned

tioned conſideration, if we remember that our parts in the other world will be new-caſt, and that mankind will be there ranged in different ſtations of ſuperiority and pre-eminence, in proportion as they have here excelled one another in virtue, and performed in their ſeveral poſts of life the duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful paſſages in the little apocryphal book, intitled, "the Wiſdom of Solomon," to ſet forth the vanity of honour, and the like temporal bleſſings which are in ſo great repute among men, and to comfort thoſe who have not the poſſeſſion of them. It repreſents in very warm and noble terms this advancement of a good man in the other world, and the great ſurpriſe which it will produce among thoſe who are his ſuperiors in this. 'Then ſhall the righteous man ſtand in 'great boldneſs before the face of ſuch as have afflic-'ted him, and made no account of his labours. When 'they ſee it, they ſhall be troubled with terrible fear, 'and ſhall be amazed at the ſtrangeneſs of his ſalva-'tion, ſo far beyond all that they looked for. And 'they, repenting and groaning for anguiſh of ſpirit, 'ſhall ſay within themſelves, This was he whom we 'had ſome time in deriſion, and a proverb of reproach. 'We fools accounted his life madneſs, and his end to 'be without honour. How is he numbered among 'the children of God, and his lot is among the 'ſaints!"

If the reader would ſee the deſcription of a life that is paſſed away in vanity, and among the ſhadows of pomp and greatneſs, he may ſee it very finely drawn in the ſame place. In the mean time, ſince it is neceſſary in the preſent conſtitution of things, that order and diſtinction ſhould be kept in the world, we ſhould be happy, if thoſe who enjoy the upper ſtations in it, would endeavour to ſurpaſs others in virtue, as much as in rank, and by their humanity and condeſcenſion make their ſuperiority eaſy and acceptable to thoſe who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, thoſe who are in meaner poſts of life would conſider how they may better their condition hereafter, and by a juſt deference and ſubmiſſion to their ſuperiors, make them

happy in those blessings with which providence has thought fit to distinguish them.

Tuesday, November 13, 1711*.

———*Ab Ova*
Usque ad Mala——— Hor. Sat. 3. l. 1. v. 6.

" From eggs, which first are set upon the board,
" To apples ripe, with which it last is stor'd."

WHen I have finished any of my Speculations, it is my method to consider which of the ancient authors have touched upon the subject that I treat of. By this means I meet with some celebrated thought upon it, or a thought of my own expressed in better words, or some similitude for the illustration of my subject. This is what gives birth to the motto of a Speculation, which I rather choose to take out of the poets than the prose-writers, as the former generally give a finer turn to a thought than the latter, and by couching it in few words, and in harmonious numbers, make it more portable to the memory.

My reader is therefore sure to meet with at least one good line in every paper, and very often finds his imagination entertained by a hint that awakens in his memory some beautiful passage of a classic author.

It was a saying of an ancient Philosopher, which I find some of our writers have ascribed to Queen Elizabeth, who perhaps might have taken occasion to repeat it, " that a good face is a letter of recommendation." It naturally makes the beholders inquisitive into the person who is the owner of it, and generally prepossesses them in his favour. A handsome motto has the same effect. Besides that it always gives a supernumerary beauty to a paper, and is sometimes in a manner necessary when the writer is engaged in what

* No. 221.

may

may appear a paradox to vulgar minds, as it ſhews that he is ſupported by good authorities, and is not ſingular in his opinion.

I muſt confeſs, the motto is of little uſe to an unlearned reader, for which reaſon I conſider it only as "a word to the wiſe." But as for my unlearned friends, if they cannot reliſh the motto, I take care to make proviſion for them in the body of my paper. If they do not underſtand the ſign that is hung out, they know very well by it, that they may meet with entertainment in the houſe; and I think I was never better pleaſed than with a plain man's compliment, who, upon his friend's telling him that he would like the Spectator much better if he underſtood the motto, replied, "that good wine needs no buſh."

I have heard of a couple of preachers in a country town, who endeavoured which would outſhine one another, and draw together the greateſt congregation. One of them being well verſed in the Fathers, uſed to quote every now and then a Latin ſentence to his illiterate hearers, who it ſeems found themſelves ſo edified by it, that they flocked in greater numbers to this learned man than to his rival. The other finding his congregation mouldering every Sunday, and hearing at length what was the occaſion of it, reſolved to give his pariſh a little Latin in *his* turn; but being unacquainted with any of the Fathers, he digeſted into his ſermons the whole book of *Quæ Genus*, adding however ſuch explications to it as he thought might be for the benefit of his people. He afterwards entered upon *As in præſenti*, which he converted in the ſame manner to the uſe of his pariſhioners. This in a very little time thickened his audience, filled his church, and routed his antagoniſt.

The natural love to Latin, which is ſo prevalent in our common people, makes me think that my ſpeculations fare never the worſe among them for that little ſcrap which appears at the head of them; and what the more encourages me in the uſe of quotations in an unknown tongue, is, that I hear the ladies, whoſe approbation I value more than that of the whole learned

world, declare themſelves in a more particular manner pleaſed with my Greek mottos.

Deſigning this day's work for a diſſertation upon the two extremities of my paper, and having already diſpatched my motto, I ſhall, in the next place, diſcourſe upon thoſe ſingle capital letters which are placed at the end of it, and which have afforded great matter of ſpeculation to the curious. I have heard various conjectures upon this ſubject. Some tell us, that C is the mark of thoſe papers that are written by the clergyman, though others aſcribe them to the club in general: That the papers marked with R were written by my friend Sir ROGER: That L ſignifies the lawyer, whom I have deſcribed in my ſecond ſpeculation; and that T ſtands for trader or merchant. But the letter X, which is placed at the end of ſome few of my papers, is that which has puzzled the whole town, as they cannot think of any name which begins with that letter, except Xenophon and Xerxes, who can neither of them be ſuppoſed to have had any hand in theſe ſpeculations.

In anſwer to theſe inquiſitive gentlemen, who have many of them made inquiries of me by letter, I muſt tell them the reply of an ancient philoſopher, who carried ſomething hidden under his cloak. A certain acquaintance deſiring him to let him know what it was he covered ſo carefully, "I cover it, ſays he, on purpoſe that you ſhould not know." I have made uſe of theſe obſcure marks for the ſame purpoſe. They are, perhaps, little amulets or charms to preſerve the paper againſt the faſcination and malice of evil eyes; for which reaſon I would not have my reader ſurpriſed, if hereafter he ſees any of my papers marked with a Q, a Z, a Y, an &c. or with the word ABRACADABRA.

I ſhall, however, ſo far explain myſelf to the reader, as to let him know that the letters, C, L, and X, are cabaliſtical, and carry more in them than it is proper for the world to be acquainted with. Thoſe who are verſed in the philoſophy of Pythagoras, and ſwear by the *Tetrachtys*, that is the number Four, will know

very

very well that the number Ten, which is ſignified by the letter X, (and which has ſo much perplexed the town) has in it many particular powers; that it is called by platonic writers the Complete Number; that one, two, three, and four put together make up the number ten; and that ten is all. But theſe are not myſteries for ordinary readers to be let into. A man muſt have ſpent many years in hard ſtudy before he can arrive at the knowledge of them.

We had a rabbinical divine in England, who was chaplain to the Earl of Eſſex in queen Elizabeth's time, that had an admirable head for ſecrets of this nature. Upon his taking the doctor of divinity's degree, he preached before the univerſity of Cambridge, upon the firſt verſe of the firſt chapter of the firſt book of Chronicles, in which, ſays he, you have the three following words,

Adam, Sheth, Enoſh.

He divided this ſhort text into many parts, and by diſcovering ſeveral myſteries in each word, made a moſt learned and elaborate diſcourſe. The name of this profound preacher was Dr Alabaſter, of whom the reader may find a more particular account in Dr Fuller's book of Engliſh worthies. This inſtance will, I hope, convince my readers that there may be a great deal of fine writing in the capital letters which bring up the rear of my paper, and give them ſome ſatisfaction in that particular. But as for the full explication of theſe matters, I muſt refer to time, which diſcovers all things.

Thurſday,

Thurſday, November 15, 1711*.

O ſuavis Anima! qualem te dicam bonam
Antehac fuiſſe, tales cum ſint reliquiæ!
Phædr. III. i. 5.

" O ſweet ſoul! how good muſt you have been here-
" tofore, when your remains are ſo delicious!"

WHEN I reflect upon the various fate of thoſe multitudes of ancient writers who flouriſhed in Greece and Italy, I conſider time as an immenſe ocean, in which many noble authors are entirely ſwallowed up, many very much ſhattered and damaged, ſome quite disjointed and broken into pieces, while ſome have wholly eſcaped the common wreck; but the number of the laſt is very ſmall.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto.
Virg. Æn. 1. v. 122.

" One here and there floats on the vaſt abyſs."

Among the mutilated poets of antiquity there is none whoſe fragments are ſo beautiful as thoſe of Sappho. They give us a taſte of her way of writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary character we find of her in the remarks of thoſe great Critics who were converſant with her works when they were entire. One may ſee by what is left of them, that ſhe followed nature in all her thoughts, without deſcending to thoſe little points, conceits, and turns of wit with which many of our modern Lyrics are ſo miſerably infected. Her ſoul ſeems to have been made up of love and poetry. She felt the paſſion in all its warmth, and deſcribed it in all its ſymptoms. She is called by ancient authors the Tenth Muſe; and by Plutarch is compared

*No. 223.

pared to Cacus the ſon of Vulcan, who breathed out nothing but flame. I do not know by the character that is given of her works, whether it is not for the benefit of mankind that they are loſt. They are filled with ſuch bewitching tenderneſs and rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a reading.

An inconſtant lover, called Phaon, occaſioned great calamities to this poetical lady. She fell deſperately in love with him, and took a voyage into Sicily, in purſuit of him, he having withdrawn himſelf thither on purpoſe to avoid her. It was in that iſland, and on this occaſion, ſhe is ſuppoſed to have made the hymn to Venus, with a tranſlation of which I ſhall preſent my reader. Her hymn was ineffectual for procuring that happineſs which ſhe prayed for in it. Phaon was ſtill obdurate, and Sappho ſo tranſported with the violence of her paſſion, that ſhe was reſolved to get rid of it at any price.

There was a promontary in Acarnania called Leucate, on the top of which was a little temple dedicated to Apollo. In this temple it was uſual for deſpairing lovers to make their vows in ſecret, and afterwards to fling themſelves from the top of the precipice into the ſea, where they were ſometimes taken up alive. This place was therefore called, "the lover's leap;" and whether or no the fright they had been in, or the reſolution that could puſh them to ſo dreadful a remedy, or the bruiſes which they often received in their fall, baniſhed all the ſentiments of love, and gave their ſpirits another turn; thoſe who had taken this leap were obſerved never to relapſe into that paſſion. Sappho tried the cure, but periſhed in the experiment.

After having given this ſhort account of Sappho ſo far as it regards the following ode, I ſhall ſubjoin the tranſlation of it as it was ſent me by a friend whoſe admirable Paſtorals and Winter-piece have been already ſo well received. The reader will find in it that pathetic ſimplicity which is ſo peculiar to him, and ſo ſuitable to the ode he has here tranſlated. This ode in the Greek (beſides thoſe beauties obſerved by Madam Dacier,)

cier,) has ſeveral harmonious turns in the words, which are not loſt in the Engliſh I muſt farther add, that the tranſlation has preſerved every image and ſentiment of Sappho, notwithſtanding it has all the eaſe and ſpirit of an original. In a word, if the ladies have a mind to know the manner of writing practiſed by the ſo much celebrated Sappho, they may here ſee it in its genuine and natural beauty, without any foreign or affected ornaments.

An HYMN to VENUS.

I.

" O Venus, beauty of the ſkies,
" To whom a thouſand temples riſe,
" Gaily falſe in gentle ſmiles,
" Full of love perplexing wiles;
" O goddeſs! from my heart remove
" The waſting cares and pains of love.

II.

" If ever thou haſt kindly heard
" A ſong in ſoft diſtreſs preferr'd,
" Propitious to my tuneful vow,
" O gentle goddeſs! hear me now.
" Deſcend, thou bright, immortal gueſt,
" In all thy radiant charms confeſt.

III.

" Thou once didſt leave almighty Jove,
" And all the golden roofs above:
" The car thy wanton ſparrows drew,
" Hovering in air they lightly flew;
" As to my bower they wing'd their way,
" I ſaw their quivering pinions play.

IV.

" The birds diſmiſs'd (while you remain)
" Bore back their empty car again:
" Then you, with looks divinely mild,
" In every heavenly feature ſmil'd,
" And aſk'd what new complaints I made,
" And why I call'd you to my aid?

V.

" What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,
" And by what cure to be assuag'd?
" What gentle youth I would allure,
" Whom in thy artful toils secure?
" Who does my tender heart subdue,
" Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?

VI.

" Tho' now he shuns thy longing arms,
" He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
" Tho' now thy offerings he despise,
" He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
" Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
" And be thy victim in his turn.

VII.

" Celestial visitant, once more
" Thy needful presence I implore!
" In pity come and ease my grief,
" Bring my distemper'd soul relief,
" Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
" And give me all my heart desires."

Madam Dacier observes, there is something very pretty in that circumstance of this Ode, wherein Venus is described as sending away her chariot upon her arrival at Sappho's lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient visit which she intended to make her. This ode was preserved by an eminent Greek critic, who inserted it entire in his works, as a patron of perfection in the structure of it.

Longinus has quoted an other Ode of this great Poetess, which is likewise admirable in its kind, and has been translated by the same hand with the foregoing one. I shall oblige my reader with it in another Paper. In the meanwhile, I cannot but wonder, that these two finished pieces have never been attempted before by any of our own contrymen. But the truth of it is, the compositions of the ancients, which have not in them any of those unnatural witticisms that are the delight of ordinary readers, are extremely difficult to render into

 another

another tongue, ſo as the beauties of the original may not appear weak and faded in the tranſlation.

Saturday, November 17, 1711*.

Nullum numen abeſt ſi ſit Prudentia——

Juv. Sat. x. 365.

" Prudence ſupplies the want of every God."

I Have often thought if the minds of men were laid open, we ſhould ſee but little difference between that of the wiſe man and that of the fool. There are infinite reveries, numberleſs extravagancies, and a perpetual train of vanities which paſs through both. The great difference is, that the firſt knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for converſation, by ſuppreſſing ſome and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This ſort of diſcretion, however, has no place in private converſation between intimate friends. On ſuch occaſions, the wiſeſt men very often talk like the weakeſt; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing elſe but thinking aloud.

Tully has therefore very juſtly expoſed a precept delivered by ſome ancient writers, That a man ſhould live with his enemy in ſuch a manner as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend in ſuch a manner, that if he became his enemy it ſhould not be in his power to hurt him. The firſt part of this rule, which regards our behaviour towards an enemy, is indeed very reaſonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of which regards our behaviour towards a friend, ſavours more of cunning than of diſcretion, and would cut a man off from the greateſt pleaſures of life, which are the freedoms of converſation with a boſom-friend. Beſides that when a friend is

* No. 22.

turned

turned into an enemy, and, as the ſon of Sirach calls him, "a bewrayer of ſecrets," the world is juſt enough to accuſe the perfidiouſneſs of the friend, rather than the indiſcretion of the perſon who confided in him.

Diſcretion does not only ſhew itſelf in words, but in all the circumſtances of action; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more ſhining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none ſo uſeful as Diſcretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the reſt, which ſets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the perſon who is poſſeſſed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itſelf looks like weakneſs; the beſt parts only qualify a man to be more ſprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does diſcretion only make a man the maſter of his own parts, but of other mens. The diſcreet man finds out the talents of thoſe he converſes with, and knows how to apply them to proper uſes. Accordingly if we look into particular communities and diviſions of men, we may obſerve that it is the diſcreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the converſation, and gives meaſures to the ſociety. A man with great talents, but void of diſcretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, ſtrong and blind, endued with an irreſiſtible force, which for want of ſight is of no uſe to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants diſcretion, he will be of no great conſequence in the world; but if he has this ſingle talent in perfection, and but a common ſhare of others, he may do what he pleaſes in his particular ſtation of life.

At the ſame time that I think diſcretion the moſt uſeful talent a man can be maſter of, I look upon cunning to be the accompliſhment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Diſcretion points out the nobleſt ends to us, and purſues the moſt proper and laudable methods of attaining them: Cunning has only private, ſelfiſh aims, and ſticks at nothing which may make them

ſucceed. Diſcretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: Cunning is a kind of ſhort-ſightedneſs, that diſcovers the minuteſt objects which are near at hand, but is not able to diſcern things at a diſtance. Diſcretion, the more it is diſcovered, gives a greater authority to the perſon who poſſeſſes it: Cunning, when it is once detected, loſes its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even thoſe events which he might have done, had he paſſed only for a plain man. Diſcretion is the perfection of reaſon, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: Cunning is a kind of inſtinct, that only looks out after our immediate intereſt and welfare. Diſcretion is only found in men of ſtrong ſenſe and good underſtandings: Cunning is often to be met with in brutes themſelves, and in perſons who are but the feweſt removes from them. In ſhort, Cunning is only the mimick of Diſcretion, and may paſs upon weak men, in the ſame manner as vivacity is often miſtaken for wit, and gravity for wiſdom.

The caſt of mind which is natural to a diſcreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and conſider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at preſent. He knows that the miſery or happineſs which are reſerved for him in another world, loſe nothing of their reality by being placed at ſo great a diſtance from him. The objects do not appear little to him, becauſe they are remote. He conſiders that thoſe pleaſures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be preſent with him in their full weight and meaſure, as much as thoſe pains and pleaſures which he feels at this very inſtant. For this reaſon he is careful to ſecure to himſelf that which is the proper happineſs of his nature, and the ultimate deſign of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and conſiders the moſt diſtant as well as the moſt immediate effects of it. He ſuperſedes every little proſpect of gain and advantage which offers itſelf here, if he does not find it conſiſtent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his ſchemes

are

are large and glorious, and his conduct ſuitable to one who knows his true intereſt, and how to purſue it by proper methods.

I have, in this eſſay upon Diſcretion, conſidered it both as an accompliſhment and as a virtue, and have therefore deſcribed it in its full extent; not only as it is converſant about worldly affairs, but as it regards our whole exiſtence; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in general, the director of a reaſonable being. It is in this light that Diſcretion is repreſented by the wiſe man, who ſometimes mentions it under the name of Diſcretion, and ſometimes under that of Wiſdom. It is indeed (as deſcribed in the latter part of this paper) the greateſt wiſdom, but at the ſame time in the power of every one to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its acquiſition eaſy; or, to ſpeak of her in the words of the Apocryphal writer whom I quoted in my laſt Saturday's Paper, "Wiſdom is glorious; and never fadeth away, yet ſhe is "eaſily ſeen of them that love her, and found of "ſuch as ſeek her. She preventeth them that deſire "her, in making herſelf firſt known unto them. He "that ſeeketh her early, ſhall have no great travel; for "he ſhall find her ſitting at his doors. To think there-"fore upon her is perfection of wiſdom, and whoſo "watcheth for her ſhall quickly be without care. "For ſhe goeth about ſeeking ſuch as are worthy of "her, ſheweth herſelf favourably unto them in the "ways, and meeteth them in every thought."

Tueſday,

Tuesday, November 20, 1711*.

Ω μοι εγω τι παθω; τι ο δυσσοΘ; ουχ υπακουεις;
Ταν βαιταν αποδυς εις κυματα τηνα αλευμαι
Ωπερ τως δυννως σκοπιαζεται Ολπις ο γριπευς
Κηκα μη ποθανω, το γε μαν τεον αδυ τιτυκται.

Theocr. Idyl. iii. 24.

" Wretch that I am! ah, whither ſhall I go?
" Will you not hear me, nor regard my woe?
" I'll ſtrip and throw me from yon rock ſo high,
" Where Olpis ſits to watch the ſcaly fry.
" Should I be drown'd, or 'ſcape with life away,
" If cur'd of love, you, tyrant, would be gay."

IN my laſt Thurſday's Paper, I made mention of a place called The Lover's Leap, which I find has raiſed a great curioſity among ſeveral of my correſpondents. I there told them that this leap was uſed to be taken from a promontory of Leucas. This Leucas was formerly a part of Acarnania, being joined to it by a narrow neck of land, which the ſea has by length of time overflowed and waſhed away; ſo that at preſent Leucas is divided from the continent, and is a little iſland in the Ionian ſea. The promontory of this iſland, from whence the lover took his leap, was formerly called Leucate. If the reader has a mind to know both the iſland and the promontory by their modern titles, he will find in his map the ancient iſland of Leucas under the name of St Mauro, and the ancient promontory of Leucate under the name of The Cape of St Mauro.

Since I am engaged thus far in antiquity, I muſt obſerve that Theocritus in the motto prefixed to my Paper, deſcribes one of his deſpairing ſhepherds addreſſing himſelf to his miſtreſs after the following manner: " Alas! What will become of me! Wretch that I

* No. 227. " am!

" am! Will you not hear me? I'll throw off my cloathes, " and take a leap into that part of the ſea which is ſo " much frequented by Olphis the fiſherman. And " though I ſhould eſcape with my life, I know you " will be pleaſed with it." I ſhall leave it with the Criticks to determine whether the place, which this ſhepherd ſo particularly points out, was not the above-mentioned Leucate, or at leaſt ſome other Lover's Leap, which was ſuppoſed to have had the ſame effect. I cannot believe, as all the interpreters do, that the ſhepherd means nothing farther here than that he would drown himſelf, ſince he repreſents the iſſue of his leap as doubtful, by adding, that if he ſhould eſcape with life, he knows his miſtreſs would be pleaſed with it; which is, according to our interpretation, that ſhe would rejoice any way to get rid of a lover who was ſo ttoubleſome to her.

After this ſhort preface, I ſhall preſent my reader with ſome letters which I have received upon this ſubject. The firſt is ſent me by a phyſician.

Mr SPECTATOR,

' THE Lover's Leap, which you mention in your ' 223d paper, was generally, I believe, a very ef- ' fectual cure for love, and not only for love, but for ' all other evils. In ſhort, Sir, I am afraid it was ſuch ' a leap as that which Hero took to get rid of her paſ- ' ſion for Leander. A man is in no danger of break- ' ing his heart, who breaks his neck to prevent it. ' I know very well the wonders which ancient authors ' relate concerning this leap; and in particular, that ' very many perſons who tried it, eſcaped not only ' with their lives but their limbs. If by this means they ' got rid of their love, though it may in part be aſcri- ' bed to the reaſons you give for it; why may not we ' ſuppoſe that the cold bath into which they plunged ' themſelves had alſo ſome ſhare in their cure? A ' leap into the ſea or into any creek of ſalt waters, very ' often gives a new motion to the ſpirits, and a new ' turn to the blood; for which reaſon we preſcribe it

' in

'in diſtempers which no other medicine will reach. I 'could produce a quotation out of a very venerable 'author, in which the frenzy produced by love is 'compared to that which is produced by the biting of 'a mad dog. But as this compariſon is a little too 'coarſe for your Paper, and might look as if it were 'cited to ridicule the author who has made uſe of it; 'I ſhall only hint at it, and deſire you to conſider 'whether, if the frenzy produced by theſe two differ-'ent cauſes be of the ſame nature, it may not proper-'ly be cured by the ſame means.

'I am, SIR,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'and Well-wiſher,

'ÆSCULAPIUS.'

'Mr SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman croſſed in love. My ſtory 'is very long and melancholy. To give you the 'heads of it: A young gentleman, after having made 'his applications to me for three years together, and 'filled my head with a thouſand dreams of happineſs, 'ſome few days ſince married another. Pray tell me 'in what part of the world your promontory lies, 'which you call The Lover's Leap, and whether one 'may go to it by land? But, alas, I am afraid it has 'loſt its virtue, and that a woman of our times would 'find no more relief in taking ſuch a leap, than in 'ſinging an Hymn to Venus. So that I muſt cry out 'with Dido in Dryden's Virgil:

'Ah! cruel heaven, that made no cure for love!

'Your diſconſolate ſervant,

'ATHENAIS.'

'MISTER SPICTATUR,

'MY heart is ſo full of loſes and paſſions for Mrs 'Gwinifrid, and ſhe is ſo pettiſh and over-run

'with

'with cholers againſt me, that if I had the good hap-
'pineſs to have my dwelling (which is placed by my
'creat-cranfather upon the pottom of an hill) no far-
'ther diſtance but twenty mile from the Loſer's Leap,
'I would indeed endeafour to preak my neck upon it
'on purpoſe. Now good Miſter SPICTATUR of Creat
'Pritain, you muſt know it, there is in Caernarvan-
'ſhire a very pig mountain, the clory of all Wales,
'which is named Penmainmaure, and you muſt alſo
'know, it is no great journey on foot for me; but the
'road is ſtony and bad for ſhooes. Now, there is u-
'pon the forehead of this mountain a very high rock,
'(like a pariſh ſteeple) that cometh a huge deal over
'the ſea; ſo when I am in my melancholies, and I
'do throw myſelf from it, I do deſire my fery good
'friend to tell me in his Spictatur, if I ſhall be cure of
'my griefous loſes; for there is the ſea clear as glaſs,
'and as creen as the leek. Then likewiſe if I be drown,
'and preak my neck, if Mrs Gwinifrid will not loſe
'me afterwards. Pray be ſpeedy in your anſwers, for
'I am in creat haſte, and it is my teſires to do my pu-
'ſineſs without loſs of time. I remain with cordial
'affections, your ever loſing friend,

'DAVYTH AP SHENKYN.

'P. S. My law-ſuits have brought me to London,
but I have loſt my cauſes; and ſo have made my re-
'ſolutions to go down and leap before the froſts begin;
'for I am apt to take colds.'

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better expedient againſt love than ſober advice, and I am of opinion, that Hudibras and Don Quixote may be as effectual to cure the extravagancies of this paſſion, as any of the old philoſophers. I ſhall therefore publiſh very ſpeedily the tranſlation of a little Greek manuſcript, which is ſent me by a learned friend. It appears to have been a piece of thoſe records which were kept in the temple of Apollo, that ſtood upon the promontory of Leucate. The reader will find it to be a ſummary account of ſeveral

 perſons

perſons who tried the Lover's Leap, and of the ſucceſs they found in it As there ſeem to be in it ſome anachroniſms and deviations from the ancient orthography, I am not wholly ſatisfied myſelf that it is authentic, and not rather the production of one of thoſe Grecian ſophiſters, who have impoſed upon the world ſeveral ſpurious works of this nature I ſpeak this by way of precaution, becauſe I know there are ſeveral writers, of uncommon erudition, who would not fail to expoſe my ignorance, if they caught me tripping in a matter of ſo great moment.

Thurſday, November 22, 1711*.

——*Spirat adhuc amor,*
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ. Hor. 4. Od. ix. 10.

" Nor Sappho's amorous flames decay,
" Her living ſongs preſerve their charming art,
" Her 'verſe' ſtill breathes the paſſions of her heart."
FRANCIS.

AMong the many famous pieces of antiquity which are ſtill to be ſeen at Rome, there is the trunk of a ſtatue which has loſt the arms, legs, and head; but diſcovers ſuch an exquiſite workmanſhip in what remains of it, that Michael Angelo declared he had learned his whole art from it. Indeed he ſtudied it ſo attentively, that he made moſt of his ſtatues, and even his pictures in that guſto, to make uſe of the Italian phraſe; for which reaſon this maimed ſtatue is ſtill called Michael Angelo's School.

A fragment of Sappho, which I deſign for the ſubject of this Paper, is in as great reputation among the poets and critics, as the mutilated figure abovementioned is among the ſtatuaries and painters. Several of our countrymen, and Mr Dryden in particular, ſeem very

* No. 229.

often

often to have copied after it in their dramatic writings, and in their poems upon love.

Whatever might have been the occaſion of this Ode, the Engliſh reader will enter into the beauties of it, if he ſuppoſes it to have been written in the perſon of a lover ſitting by his miſtreſs. I ſhall ſet to view three different copies of this beautiful original: The firſt is a tranſlation by Catullus, the ſecond by Monſieur Boileau, and the laſt by a gentleman whoſe tranſlation of the "Hymn to Venus" has been ſo deſervedly admired.

Ad LESBIAM.

Ille mi par eſſe Deo videtur
Ille, ſi fas eſt, ſuperare Divos,
Qui ſedens adverſus identidem te
Spectat, & audit

Dulce ridentem; miſero quod omnis
Eripit ſenſus mihi: nam ſimul te,
Leſbia, adſpexi, nihil eſt ſuper mi
Quod loquar amens.

Lingua ſed torpet: tenuis ſub artus
Flamma dimanat: ſonitu ſuopte
Tinniunt aures: gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte.

My learned reader will know very well the reaſon why one of theſe verſes is printed in Roman letters; and if he compares this tranſlation with the original, will find that the three firſt ſtanzas are rendered almoſt word for word, and not only with the ſame elegance, but with the ſame ſhort turn of expreſſion which is ſo remarkable in the Greek, and ſo peculiar to the Sapphic Ode. I cannot imagine for what reaſon Madam Dacier has told us, that this Ode of Sappho is preſerved entire in Longinus, ſince it is manifeſt to any one who looks into that author's quotation of it, that there muſt at leaſt have been another ſtanza, which is not tranſmitted to us.

The ſecond tranſlation of this fragment which I ſhall here cite, is that of Monſieur Boileau.

Heureux! qui pres de toi, pour toi ſeule ſoupire:
Qui jouit du plaiſir de t'entendre parler:
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui ſourire.
Les Dieux, dans ſon bonheur, peuvent-ils l'egaler?

Je ſens de veine en veine une ſubtile flamme
Courir par tout mon corps, ſi-tot que je te vois:
Et dans les doux tranſports, ou s'egare mon ame,
Je ne ſcaurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.

Un nuage confus ſe repand ſur ma vue,
Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de douces langeurs;
Et pale, ſans haleine, interdite, eperdue,
Un friſſon me ſaiſit, je tremble, je me meurs.

The Reader will ſee that this is rather an imitation than a tranſlation. The circumſtances do not lie ſo thick together, and follow one another with that vehemence and emotion as in the original. In ſhort, Monſieur Boileau has given us all the poetry, but not all the paſſion of this famous fragment. I ſhall, in the laſt place, preſent my reader with the Engliſh tranſlation.

I.

" Bleſt as th' immortal Gods is he,
" The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
" And hears and ſees thee all the while
" Softly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile.

II.

" 'Twas this depriv'd my ſoul of reſt,
" And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt:
" For while I gaz'd in tranſport toſt,
" My breath was gone, my voice was loſt:

III.

" My boſom glow'd; the ſubtle flame
" Ran quick through all my vital frame;

" O'er

„ O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung;
" My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

IV.

" In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
" My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
" My feeble pulſe forgot to play;
" I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away."

Inſtead of giving any character of this laſt tranſlation, I ſhall deſire my learned reader to look into the criticiſms which Longinus has made upon the original. By that means he will know to which of the tranſlations he ought to give the preference, I ſhall only add, that this tranſlation is written in the very ſpirit of Sappho, and as near the Greek as the genius of our language will poſſibly ſuffer.

Longinus has obſerved that this deſcription of love in Sappho is an exact copy of nature, and that all the circumſtances which follow one another in ſuch an hurry of ſentiments, notwithſtanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really ſuch as happen in the phrenzies of love.

I wonder, that not one of the critics or editors, through whoſe hands this Ode has paſſed, has taken occaſion from it to mention a circumſtance related by Plutarch. That author, in the famous ſtory of Antiochus, who fell in love with Stratonice, his mother-in-law, and (not daring to diſcover his paſſion) pretended to be confined to his bed by ſickneſs, tells us, that Eraſiſtratus, the phyſician, found out the nature of his diſtemper by thoſe ſymptoms of love which he had learnt from Sappho's writings. Stratonice was in the room of the love-ſick prince when thoſe ſymptoms diſcovered themſelves to his phyſician; and it is probable, that they were not very different from thoſe which Sappho here deſcribes in a lover ſitting by his miſtreſs. The Story of Antiochus is ſo well known, that I need not add the ſequel of it, which has no relation to my preſent ſubject.

Saturday,

Saturday, November 24, 1711 *.

O Pudor! O Pietas———

" O modesty! O piety!"

LOoking over the letters which I have lately received from my correspondents, I met with the following one, which is written with such a spirit of politeness, that I could not but be very much pleased with it myself, and question not but it will be as acceptable to the reader.

' Mr SPECTATOR,

' YOU, who are no stranger to public assemblies, ' cannot but have observed the awe they often ' strike on such as are obliged to exert any talent be- ' fore them. This is a sort of elegant distress, to which ' ingenious minds are the most liable, and may there- ' fore deserve some remarks in your Paper. Many a ' brave fellow, who has put his enemy to flight in the ' field, has been in the utmost disorder upon making a ' speech before a body of his friends at home. One ' would think there was some kind of fascination in the ' eyes of a large circle of people, when darting altoge- ' ther upon one person. I have seen a new actor in a ' tragedy so bound up by it as to be scarce able to ' speak or move, and have expected he would have ' died above three acts before the dagger or cup of ' poison were brought in. It would not be amiss, if ' such an one were at first introduced as a ghost, or a ' statue, until he recovered his spirits, and grew fit for ' some living part.

' As this sudden desertion of one's self shews a dif- ' fidence, which is not displeasing, it implies at the ' same time the greatest respect to an audience that can

*No. 231. ' be.

'be. It is a ſort of mute eloquence, which pleads for 'their favour much better than words could do; and 'we find their generoſity naturally moved to ſupport 'thoſe who are in ſo much perplexity to entertain 'them. I was extremely pleaſed with a late in-'ſtance of this kind at the Opera of Almahide, in the 'encouragement given to a young ſinger, whoſe more 'than ordinary concern on her firſt appearance, re-'commended her no leſs than her agreeable voice, and 'juſt performance. Meer baſhfulneſs without merit 'is aukward; and merit without modeſty, inſolent. 'But modeſt merit has a double claim to acceptance, 'and generally meets with as many patrons as be-'holders.

'I am &c.'

It is impoſſible that a perſon ſhould exert himſelf to advantage in an aſſembly, whether it be his part either to ſing or ſpeak, who lies under too great oppreſſions of Modeſty. I remember, upon talking with a friend of mine concerning the force of pronunciation, our diſcourſe led us into the enumeration of the ſeveral organs of ſpeech which an orator ought to have in perfection, as the tongue, the teeth, the lips, the noſe, the palate, and the windpipe. Upon which, ſays my friend, you have omitted the moſt material organ of them all, and that is the forehead.

But notwithſtanding an exceſs of modeſty obſtructs the tongue, and renders it unfit for its offices, a due proportion of it is thought ſo requiſite to an orator, that rhetoricians have recommended it to their diſciples as a particular in their art. Cicero tells us, that he never liked an orator, who did not appear in ſome little confuſion at the beginning of his ſpeech, and confeſſes that he himſelf never entered upon an oration without trembling and concern. It is indeed a kind of deference which is due to a great aſſembly, and ſeldom fails to raiſe a benevolence in the audience towards the perſon who ſpeaks. My correſpondent has taken notice that the braveſt men often appear timorous on theſe occaſions, as indeed we may obſerve, that there

there is generally no creature more impudent than a coward.

——*Lingua melior, ſed frigida bello*
Dextera—— Virg. Æn. xi. 338.

——" Bold at the council board;
But cautious in the field, he ſhunn'd the ſword."

DRYDEN.

A bold tongue and a feeble arm are the qualifications of Drances in Virgil; as Homer, to expreſs a man both timorous and ſaucy, makes uſe of a kind of point, which is very rarely to be met with in his writings; namely, that he had the eyes of a dog, but the heart of a deer.

A juſt and reaſonable modeſty does not only recommend eloquence, but ſets off every great talent which a man can be poſſeſſed of. It heightens all the virtues which it accompanies; like the ſhades in paintings, it raiſes and rounds every figure, and makes the colours more beautiful, though not ſo glaring as they would be without it.

Modeſty is not only an ornament, but alſo a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the ſoul, which makes her ſhrink and withdraw herſelf from every thing that has danger in it. It is ſuch an exquiſite ſenſibility, as warns her to ſhun the firſt appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at preſent recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have read ſomewhere in the hiſtory of ancient Greece, that the women of the country were ſeized with an unaccountable melancholy, which diſpoſed ſeveral of them to make away with themſelves. The ſenate, after having tried many expedients to prevent this ſelf-murder, which was ſo frequent among them, publiſhed an edict, That if any woman whatever ſhould lay violent hands upon herſelf, her corps ſhould be expoſed naked in the ſtreet, and dragged about the city in the moſt public manner. This edict immediately put a ſtop to the practice which was before

before ſo common. We may ſee in this inſtance the ſtrength of female modeſty, which was able to overcome the violence even of madneſs and deſpair. The fear of ſhame in the fair ſex, was in thoſe days more prevalent than that of death.

If modeſty has ſo great an influence over our actions, and is in many caſes ſo impregnable a fence to virtue; what can more undermine morality than that politeneſs which reigns among the unthinking part of mankind, and treats as unfaſhionable the moſt ingenuous part of our behaviour; which recommends impudence as good breeding, and keeps a man always in countenance, not becauſe he is innocent, but becauſe he is ſhameleſs?

Seneca thought modeſty ſo great a check to vice, that he preſcribes to us the practice of it in ſecret, and adviſes us to raiſe it in ourſelves upon imaginary occaſions, when ſuch as are real do not offer themſelves; for this is the meaning of his precept, That when we are by ourſelves, and in our greateſt ſolitudes, we ſhould fancy that Cato ſtands before us and ſees every thing we do. In ſhort, if you baniſh modeſty out of the world, ſhe carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

After theſe reflections on modeſty, as it is a virtue; I muſt obſerve, that there is a vicious modeſty, which juſtly deſerves to be ridiculed, and which thoſe perſons very often diſcover, who value themſelves moſt upon a well-bred confidence. This happens when a man is aſhamed to act up to his reaſon, and would not upon any conſideration be ſurpriſed in the practice of thoſe duties, for the performance of which he was ſent into the world. Many an impudent libertine would bluſh to be caught in a ſerious diſcourſe, and would ſcarce be able to ſhew his head, after having diſcloſed a religious thought. Decency of behaviour, all outward ſhew of virtue, and abhorrence of vice, are carefully avoided by this ſet of ſhame-faced people, as what would diſparage their gaiety of temper, and infallibly bring them to diſhonour. This is ſuch a poorneſs of ſpirit, ſuch a deſpicable cowardice, ſuch a degenerate abject

ſtate of mind, as one would think human nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent inſtances of it in ordinary converſation.

There is another kind of vicious modeſty which makes a man aſhamed of his perſon, his birth, his profeſſion, his poverty, or the like misfortunes, which it was not in his choice to prevent, and is not in his power to rectify. If a man appears ridiculous by any of the aforementioned circumſtances, he becomes much more ſo by being out of countenance for them. They ſhould rather give him occaſion to exert a noble ſpirit, and to palliate thoſe imperfections which are not in his power, or by thoſe perfections which are; or, to uſe a very witty alluſion of an eminent author, he ſhould imitate Cæſar, who, becauſe his head was bald, covered that defect with laurels.

Tueſday, November 27, 1711 *.

——*Tanquam hæc ſint noſtri medicina furoris,*
Aut Deus ille malis hominum miteſcere diſcat.
Virg. Eccl. x. 60.

" As if by theſe my ſufferings I could eaſe,
" Or by my pains the God of Love appeaſe."
DRYDEN.

I Shall, in this paper, diſcharge myſelf of the promiſe I have made to the public, by obliging them with a tranſlation of the little Greek manuſcript, which is ſaid to have been a piece of thoſe records that were preſerved in the temple of Apollo upon the promontory of Leucate. It is a ſhort hiſtory of the Lover's Leap, and is inſcribed, " An account of perſons, male and " female, who offered up their vows in the Temple of " the Pythian Apollo in the forty-ſixth Olympiad, and " leaped from the Promontory of Leucate into the Io-

*No. 233.

" nian

"nian Sea, in order to cure themſelves of the paſſion "of Love."

This account is very dry in many parts, as only mentioning the name of the lover who leaped, the perſon he leaped for, and relating, in ſhort, that he was either cured, or killed, or maimed by the fall. It indeed gives the names of ſo many who died by it, that it would have looked like a bill of mortality, had I tranſlated it at full length; I have therefore made an abridgement of it, and only extracted ſuch particular paſſages as have ſomething extraordinary, either in the caſe, or in the cure, or in the fate of the perſon who is mentioned in it. After this ſhort preface, take the account as follows.

Battus, the ſon of Menalcas the Sicilian, leaped for Bombyca the muſician: got rid of his paſſion with the loſs of his right leg and arm, which were broken in the fall.

Meliſſa, in love with Daphnis; very much bruiſed, but eſcaped with life.

Cyniſca, the wife of Æſchines, being in love with Lycus; and Æſchines, her huſband, being in love with Eurilla; (which had made this married couple very uneaſy to one another for ſeveral years) both the huſband and the wife took the leap by conſent; they both of them eſcaped, and have lived very happily together ever ſince.

Lariſſa, a virgin of Theſſaly, deſerted by Plexippus, after a courtſhip of three years; ſhe ſtood upon the brow of the promontory for ſome time, and after having thrown down a ring, a bracelet, and a little picture, with other preſents which ſhe had received from Plexippus, ſhe threw herſelf into the ſea, and was taken up alive.

N. B. Lariſſa, before ſhe leaped, made an offering of a ſilver Cupid in the temple of Apollo.

Simætha, in love with Daphnis the Mydian, periſhed in the fall.

Charixus, the brother of Sappho, in love with Rhodope the courteſan, having ſpent his whole eſtate upon her, was adviſed by his ſiſter to leap in the beginning

of his amour, but would not hearken to her until he was reduced to his laſt talent; being forſaken by Rhodope, at length reſolved to take the leap. Periſhed in it.

Æridæus, a beautiful youth of Epirus, in love with Praxinoe, the wife of Theſpis, eſcaped without damage, ſaving only that two of his foreteeth were ſtruck out, and his noſe a little flatted.

Cleora, a widow of Epheſus, being inconſolable for the death of her huſband, was reſolved to take this leap in order to get rid of her paſſion for his memory; but being arrived at the promontory, ſhe there met with Dimmachus the Miletian, and after a ſhort converſation with him, laid aſide the thoughts of her leap, and married him in the temple of Apollo.

N. B. Her widow's weeds are ſtill ſeen hanging up in the weſtern corner of the temple.

Olphis, the fiſherman, having received a box on the ear from Theſtylis the day before, and being determined to have no more to do with her, leaped and eſcaped with life.

Atalanta, an old maid, whoſe cruelty had ſeveral years before driven two or three deſpairing lovers to this leap; being now in the fifty-fifth year of her age, and in love with an officer of Sparta, broke her neck in the fall.

Hipparchus, being paſſionately fond of his own wife, who was enamoured of Bathyllus, leaped, and died of his fall; upon which his wife married her gallant.

Tettyx, the dancing-maſter, in love with Olympia an Athenian matron, threw himſelf from the rock with great agility, but was crippled in the fall.

Diagoras, the uſurer, in love with his cook-maid; he peeped ſeveral times over the precipice, but his heart miſgiving him, he went back, and married her that evening.

Cinædus, after having entered his own name in the Pythian records, being aſked the name of the perſon whom he leaped for, and being aſhamed to diſcover it, he was ſet aſide, and not ſuffered to leap.

Eunica, a maid of Paphos, aged nineteen, in love with Eurybates. Hurt in the fall, but recovered.

N. B. This was the ſecond time of her leaping.

Heſperus,

Hesperus, a young man of Tarentum, in love with his master's daughter. Drowned, the boats not coming in soon enough to his relief.

Sappho, the Lesbian, in love with Phaon, arrived at the temple of Apollo, habited like a bride in garments as white as snow. She wore a garland of myrtle on her head, and carried in her hand the little musical instrument of her own invention. After having sung an hymn to Apollo, she hung up her garland on one side of his altar, and her harp on the other. She then tucked up her vestments, like a Spartan virgin, and amidst thousands of spectators, who were anxious for her safety, and offered up vows for her deliverance, marched directly forwards to the utmost summit of the promontory, where, after having repeated a stanza of her own verses, which we could not hear, she threw herself off the rock with such an intrepidity as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous leap. Many who were present related, that they saw her fall into the sea, from whence she never rose again; though there were others who affirmed, that she never came to the bottom of her leap, but that she was changed into a swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the air under that shape. But whether or no the whiteness and fluttering of her garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might not really be metamorphosed into that musical and melancholy bird, is still a doubt among the Lesbians.

Alcæus, the famous Lyric poet, who had for some time been passionately in love with Sappho, arrived at the promontory of Leucate that very evening, in order to take the leap upon her account; but hearing that Sappho had been there before him, and that her body could be no where found, he very generously lamented her fall, and is said to have written his hundred and twenty-fifth Ode upon that occasion.

Leaped in this Olympiad 250.

Males	124
Females	126

Cured

Cured	120
Males	51
Females	69

Thursday, November 29, 1711*.

———*Populares*
Vincentem strepitus——

Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 81.

" Awes the tumultuous noises of the pit."

ROSCOMMON.

THere is nothing which lies more within the province of a Spectator than public shows and diversions; and as among these there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant entertainments that are exhibited in our theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take notice of every thing that is remarkable in such numerous and refined assemblies.

It is observed, that of late years there has been a certain person in the upper gallery of the play-house, who, when he is pleased with any thing that is acted upon the stage, expresses his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or the wainscot, which may be heard over the whole theatre. The person is commonly known by the name of the " Trunk-maker in " the upper gallery." Whether it be that the blow he gives on these occasions resembles that which is often heard in the shops of such artisans, or that he was supposed to have been a real trunk-maker, who, after the finishing of his day's work, used to unbend his mind at these public diversions with his hammer in his hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a spirit which haunts the upper gallery, and from time to time makes those strange noises; and the rather because he is observed

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ſerved to be louder than ordinary every time the ghoſt of Hamlet appears. Others have reported, that it is a dumb man, who has choſen this way of uttering himſelf when he is tranſported with any thing he ſees or hears. Others will have it to be the playhouſe thunderer, that exerts himſelf after this manner in the upper gallery, when he has nothing to do upon the roof.

But having made it my buſineſs to get the beſt information I could in a matter of this moment, I find that the trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black man, whom nobody knows. He generally leans forward on a huge oaken plant with great attention to every thing that paſſes upon the ſtage. He is never ſeen to ſmile; but upon hearing any thing that pleaſes him, he takes up his ſtaff with both hands, and lays it upon the next piece of timber that ſtands in his way with exceeding vehemence: after which, he compoſes himſelf in his former poſture, till ſuch time as ſomething new ſets him again at work.

It has been obſerved, his blow is ſo well timed, that the moſt judicious critic could never except againſt it. As ſoon as any ſhining thought is expreſſed in the poet, or any uncommon grace appears in the actor, he ſmites the bench or wainſcot. If the audience does not concur with him, he ſmites a ſecond time, and if the audience is not yet awakened, looks round him with great wrath, and repeats the blow a third time, which never fails to produce the clap. He ſometimes lets the audience begin the clap of themſelves, and at the concluſion of their applauſe ratifies it with a ſingle thwack.

He is of ſo great uſe to the play-houſe, that it is ſaid a former director of it, upon his not being able to pay his attendance by reaſon of ſickneſs, kept one in pay to officiate for him until ſuch time as he recovered; but the perſon ſo employed, though he laid about him with incredible violence, did it in ſuch wrong places that the audience ſoon found out that it was not their old friend the trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himſelf with vigour this ſeaſon. He ſometimes plies

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at the opera; and upon Nicolini's firſt appearance, was ſaid to have demoliſhed three benches in the fury of his applauſe. He has broken half a dozen oaken plants upon Dogget, and ſeldom goes away from a tragedy of Shakeſpeare, without leaving the wainſcot extremely ſhattered.

The players do not only connive at his obſtreperous approbation, but very chearfully repair at their own coſt whatever damages he makes. They had once a thought of erecting a kind of wooden anvil for his uſe, that ſhould be made of a very ſounding plank, in order to render his ſtrokes more deep and mellow; but as this might not have been diſtinguiſhed from the muſic of a kettle drum, the project was laid aſide.

In the mean while, I cannot but take notice of the great uſe it is to an audience, that a perſon ſhould thus preſide over their heads like the director of a concert, in order to awaken their attention, and beat time to their applauſes; or, to raiſe my ſimile, I have ſometimes fancied the trunk-maker in the upper gallery to be like Virgil's ruler of the winds, ſeated on the top of a mountain, who, when he ſtruck his ſceptre upon the ſide of it, rouſed an hurricane, and ſet the whole cavern in an uproar.

It is certain, the trunk-maker has ſaved many a good play, and brought many a graceful actor into reputation, who would not otherwiſe have been taken notice of. It is very viſible, as the audience is not a little abaſhed, if they find themſelves betrayed into a clap, when their friend in the upper gallery does not come into it; ſo the actors do not value themſelves upon the clap, but regard it as a mere *brutum fulmen*, or empty noiſe, when it has not the ſound of the oaken plant in it. I know it has been given out by thoſe who are enemies to the trunk-maker, that he has ſometimes been bribed to be in the intereſt of a bad poet, or a vicious player; but this is a ſurmiſe which has no foundation: his ſtrokes are always juſt, and his admonitions ſeaſonable; he does not deal about his blows at random, but always hits the right nail upon the head. The inexpreſſible force wherewith he lays them on, ſufficiently

ſhew

ſhews the evidence and ſtrength of its conviction. His zeal for a good author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every fence and partition, every board and plank, that ſtands within the expreſſion of his applauſe.

As I do not care for terminating my thoughts in barren ſpeculations, or in report of pure matter of fact, without drawing ſomething from them for the advantage of my countrymen, I ſhall take the liberty to make an humble propoſal, that whenever the trunk-maker ſhall depart this life, or whenever he ſhall have loſt the ſpring of his arm by ſickneſs, old age, infirmity, or the like, ſome able-bodied critic ſhould be advanced to this poſt, and have a competent ſalary ſettled on him for life, to be furniſhed with bamboos for operas, crabtree-cudgels for comedies, and oaken plants for tragedy, at the public expence. And to the end that this place ſhould be always diſpoſed of according to merit, I would have none preferred to it, who has not given convincing proofs both of a ſound judgment and a ſtrong arm, and who could not, upon occaſion, either knock down an ox, or write a comment upon Horace's Art of Poetry. In ſhort, I would have him a due compoſition of Hercules and Apollo, and ſo rightly qualified for this important office, that the trunk-maker may not be miſſed by our poſterity.

Saturday, December 1, 1711*.

Viſu carentem magna pars veri latet. Seneca in Œdip.

"They that are dim of ſight, ſee truth by halves."

IT is very reſonable to believe, that part of the pleaſure which happy minds ſhall enjoy in a future ſtate, will ariſe from an enlarged contemplation of the divine wiſdom in the government of the world, and a diſcovery of the ſecret and amazing ſteps of Providence,

 *No. 237. from

from the beginning to the end of time. Nothing ſeems to be an entertainment more adapted to the nature of man, if we conſider that curioſity is one of the ſtrongeſt and moſt laſting appetites implanted in us, and that admiration is one of our moſt pleaſing paſſions; and what a perpetual ſucceſſion of enjoyments will be afforded to both theſe, in a ſcene ſo large and various as ſhall then be laid open to our view in the ſociety of ſuperior ſpirits, who perhaps will join with us in ſo delightful a proſpect!

It is not impoſſible, on the contrary, that part of the puniſhment of ſuch as are excluded from bliſs, may conſiſt not only in their being denied this privilege, but in having their appetites at the ſame time vaſtly increaſed, without any ſatisfaction afforded to them. In theſe, the vain purſuit of knowledge ſhall, perhaps, add to their infelicity, and bewilder them into labyrinths of error, darkneſs, diſtraction, and uncertainty of every thing but their own evil ſtate. Milton has thus repreſented the fallen angels reaſoning together in a kind of reſpite from their torments, and creating to themſelves a new diſquiet amidſt their very amuſements; he could not properly have deſcribed the ſports of condemned ſpirits, without that caſt of horror and melancholy he has ſo judiciouſly mingled with them.

" Others apart ſat on a hill retir'd,
" In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
" Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
" Fixt fate, free-will, foreknowledge abſolute,
" And found no end, in wandering mazes loſt."

In our preſent condition, which is a middle ſtate, our minds are, as it were, chequered with truth and falſehood; and as our faculties are narrow, and our views imperfect, it is impoſſible but our curioſity muſt meet with many repulſes. The buſineſs of mankind in this life being rather to act than to know, their portion of knowledge is dealt to them accordingly.

From hence it is, that the reaſon of the inquiſitive has ſo long been exerciſed with difficulties, in account-

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ing for the promiſcuous diſtribution of good and evil to the virtuous and the wicked in this world. From hence come all thoſe pathetic complaints of ſo many tragical events, which happen to the wiſe and the good; and of ſuch ſurpriſing proſperity, which is often the *lot* of the guilty and the fooliſh, that reaſon is ſometimes puzzled, and at a loſs what to pronounce upon ſo myſterious a diſpenſation.

Plato expreſſes his abhorrence of ſome fables of the poets, which ſeem to reflect on the Gods as the authors of injuſtice; and lays it down as a principle, That whatever is permitted to befal a juſt man, whether poverty, ſickneſs, or any of thoſe things which ſeem to be evils, ſhall either in life or death conduce to his good. My reader will obſerve how agreeable this maxim is to what we find delivered by a greater authority. Seneca has written a diſcourſe purpoſely on this ſubject, in which he takes pains, after the doctrine of the Stoics, to ſhew that adverſity is not in itſelf an evil; and mentions a noble ſaying of Demetrius, That "no-" thing would be more unhappy than a man who had " never known affliction." He compares proſperity to the indulgence of a fond mother to a child, which often proves his ruin; but the affection of the Divine BEING to that of a wiſe father who would have his ſons exerciſed with labour, diſappointment, and pain, that they may gather ſtrength and improve their fortitude. On this occaſion, the philoſopher riſes into that celebrated ſentiment, That there is not on earth a ſpectacle more worthy the regard of a CREATOR intent on his works, than a brave man ſuperior to his ſufferings; to which he adds, That it muſt be a pleaſure to Jupiter himſelf to look down from heaven, and ſee Cato amidſt the ruins of his country preſerving his integrity.

This thought will appear yet more reaſonable, if we conſider human life as a ſtate of probation, and adverſity as the poſt of honour in it, aſſigned often to the beſt and moſt ſelect ſpirits.

But what I would chiefly inſiſt on here, is, that we are not at preſent in a proper ſituation to judge of the

counſels by which Providence acts, ſince but little arrives at our knowledge, and even that little we diſcern imperfectly; or, according to the elegant figure in holy writ, "We ſee but in part, and as in a glaſs darkly." It is to be conſidered, that Providence in its œconomy regards the whole ſyſtem of time and things together, ſo that we cannot diſcover the beautiful connection between incidents which lie widely ſeparate in time, and by loſing ſo many links of the chain, our reaſonings become broken and imperfect. Thus thoſe parts of the moral world which have not an abſolute, may yet have a relative beauty, in reſpect of ſome other parts concealed from us, but open to His eye before whom Paſt, Preſent, and To Come, are ſet together in one point of view: and thoſe events, the permiſſion of which ſeems now to accuſe his goodneſs, may in the conſummation of things both magnify his goodneſs, and exalt his wiſdom. And this is enough to check our preſumption, ſince it is in vain to apply our meaſures of regularity to matters of which we know neither the antecedents nor the conſequents, the beginning nor the end.

I ſhall relieve my readers from this abſtracted thought, by relating here a Jewiſh tradition concerning Moſes, which ſeems to be a kind of parable, illuſtrating what I have laſt mentioned. That great prophet, it is ſaid, was called up by a voice from heaven to the top of a mountain; where, in a conference with the Supreme Being, he was admitted to propoſe to him ſome queſtions concerning his adminiſtration of the univerſe. In the midſt of this divine colloquy he was commanded to look down on the plain below. At the foot of the mountain there iſſued out a clear ſpring of water, at which a ſoldier alighted from his horſe to drink. He was no ſooner gone than a little boy came to the ſame place, and finding a purſe of gold which the ſoldier had dropped, took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirſt, ſat down to reſt himſelf by the ſide of the ſpring. The ſoldier miſſing his purſe returns to ſearch for it, and

demands

demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not ſeen it, and appeals to heaven in witneſs of his innocence. The ſoldier not believing his proteſtations, kills him. Moſes fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the divine voice thus prevented his expoſtulation: 'Be not ſurpriſed, Moſes, nor aſk why 'the Judge of the whole earth has ſuffered this thing 'to come to paſs: The child is the occaſion that the 'blood of the old man is ſpilt; but know, that the 'old man whom thou ſaweſt, was the murderer of that 'child's father.'

Tueſday, December 4, 1711*.

—— *Bella, horida bella!* Virg. Æn. vi. 86.

"—— Wars, horrid Wars!" DRYDEN.

I HAVE ſometimes amuſed myſelf with conſidering the ſeveral methods of managing a debate which have obtained in the world.

The firſt races of mankind uſe to diſpute, as our ordinary people do now-a-days, in a kind of wild Logic, uncultivated by rules of art.

Socrates introduced a catechetical method of arguing. He would aſk his adverſary queſtion upon queſtion, until he had convinced him out of his own mouth that his opinions were wrong. This way of debating drives an enemy up into a corner, ſeizes all the paſſes through which he can make an eſcape, and forces him to ſurrender at diſcretion.

Ariſtotle changed this method of attack, and invented a great variety of little weapons, called ſyllogiſms. As in the Socratic way of diſpute you agree to every thing which your opponent advances, in the Ariſtotelic, you are ſtill denying and contradicting ſome part or other of what he ſays. Socrates conquers you by

* No. 239.

ſtratagem,

ſtratagem, Ariſtotle by force. The one takes the town by ſap, the other ſword in hand.

The Univerſities of Europe, for many years, carried on their debates by ſyllogiſm, inſomuch, that we ſee the knowledge of ſeveral centuries laid out into objections and anſwers, and all the good ſenſe of the age cut and minced into almoſt an infinitude of diſtinctions.

When our Univerſities found that there was no end of wrangling this way, they invented a kind of argument, which is not reducible to any mood or figure in Ariſtotle. It was called the *Argumentum Baſilinum* (others write it *Bacilinum*, or *Baculinum*) which is pretty well expreſſed in our Engliſh word Club-Law. When they were not able to confute their antagoniſt, they knocked him down. It was their method in theſe polemical debates, firſt to diſcharge their ſyllogiſms, and afterwards to betake themſelves to their clubs, until ſuch time as they had one way or other confounded their gainſayers. There is in Oxford a narrow defile, (to make uſe of a military term) where the partiſans uſed to encounter; for which reaſon it ſtill retains the name of Logic-Lane. I have heard an old gentleman, a phyſician, make his boaſts, that when he was a young fellow he marched ſeveral times at the head of a troop of Scotiſts, and cudgelled a body of Smigleſians, half the length of High-ſtreet, until they had diſperſed themſelves for ſhelter into their reſpective garriſons.

This humour, I find, went very far in Eraſmus's time. For that author tells us, that upon the revival of Greek letters, moſt of the Univerſities in Europe were divided into Greeks and Trojans. The latter were thoſe who bore a mortal enmity to the language of the Grecians, inſomuch, that if they met with any who underſtood it, they did not fail to treat him as a foe. Eraſmus himſelf had, it ſeems, the misfortune to fall into the hands of a party of Trojans, who laid on him with ſo many blows and buffets, that he never forgot their hoſtilities to his dying day.

There is a way of managing an argument not much unlike the former, which is made uſe of by ſtates and communities,

communities, when they draw up a hundred thouſand diſputants on each ſide, and convince one another by dint of ſword. A certain Grand Monarch was ſo ſenſible of his ſtrength in this way of reaſoning, that he writ upon his great guns—*Ratio ultima regum*, The logic of Kings; but, God be thanked, he is now pretty well baffled at his own weapons. When one has to do with a philoſopher of this kind, one ſhould remember the old gentleman's ſaying, who had been engaged in an argument with one of the Roman Emperors. Upon his friend's telling him, that he wondered he would give up the queſtion, when he had viſibly the better of the diſpute; "I am never aſhamed, ſays he, to be con-" futed by one who is maſter of fifty legions."

I ſhall but juſt mention another kind of reaſoning, which may be called arguing by *poll*; and another which is of equal force, in which *wagers* are made uſe of as arguments, according to the celebrated line in Hudibras.

But the moſt notable way of managing a controverſy, is that which we may call arguing by *torture*. This is a method of reaſoning which has been made uſe of with the poor Refugees, and which was ſo faſhionable in our country during the reign of Queen Mary, that in a paſſage of an author quoted by Monſieur Bayle, it is ſaid the price of wood was raiſed in England, by reaſon of the executions that were made in Smithfield. Theſe diſputants convince their adverſaries with a *ſorites*, commonly called a pile of faggots. The rack is alſo a kind of ſyllogiſm which has been uſed with good effect, and has made multitudes of converts. Men were formerly diſputed out of their doubts, reconciled to truth by force of reaſon, and won over to opinions by the candour, ſenſe, and ingenuity of thoſe who had the right on their ſide; but this method of conviction operated too ſlowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightening than reaſon. Every ſcruple was looked upon as obſtinacy, and not to be removed but by ſeveral engines invented for that purpoſe. In a word, the application of whips, racks, gibbets, gallies, dungeons, fire

and

and faggot, in a dispute, may be looked upon as popish refinements upon the old heathen Logic.

There is another way of reasoning which seldom fails, though it be of a quite different nature to that I have last mentioned. I mean, convincing a man by ready money, or, as it is ordinarily called, bribing a man to an opinion. This method has often proved successful, when all the others have been made use of to no purpose. A man who is furnished with arguments from the mint, will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. Philip of Macedon was a man of most invincible reason this way. He refuted by it all the wisdom of Athens, confounded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their liberties.

Having here touched upon the several methods of disputing, as they have prevailed in different ages of the world, I shall very suddenly give my reader an account of the whole art of cavilling; which shall be a full and satisfactory answer to all such papers and pamphlets as have yet appeared against the SPECTATOR.

Thursday,

Thursday, December 6, 1711*.

——Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam—— Virg. Æn. iv. 466.

" All sad she seems, forsaken, and alone:
" And left to wander wide thro' paths unknown. P.

' Mr SPECTATOR,

' THough you have considered virtuous love in ' most of its distresses, I do not remember that ' you have given us any dissertation upon the absence ' of lovers, or laid down any methods how they should ' support themselves under those long separations which ' they are sometimes forced to undergo. I am at present in this unhappy circumstance, having parted ' with the best of husbands, who is abroad in the service of his country, and may not possibly return for ' some years. His warm and generous affection while ' we were together, with the tenderness which he expressed to me at parting, make his absence almost insupportable. I think of him every moment of the ' day, and meet him every night in my dreams. Every thing I see puts me in mind of him. I apply myself with more than ordinary diligence to the care of ' his family and his estate; but this, instead of relieving me, gives me but so many occasions of wishing ' for his return. I frequent the rooms where I used ' to converse with him, and not meeting him there, ' sit down in his chair, and fall a-weeping. I love to ' read the books he delighted in, and to converse with ' the persons whom he esteemed. I visit his picture ' a hundred times a-day, and place myself over-against ' it whole hours together. I pass a great part of my ' time in the walks where I used to lean upon his arm,

'and recollect in my mind the discourses which have 'there passed between us: I look over the several prospects and points of view which we used to survey together, fix my eye upon the objects which he has 'made me take notice of, and call to mind a thousand 'agreeable remarks which he has made on those occasions. I write to him by every conveyance, and, contrary to other people, am always in good-humour 'when an east wind blows, because it seldom fails of 'bringing me a letter from him. Let me intreat you, 'Sir, to give me your advice upon this occasion, and 'to let me know how I may relieve myself in this my 'widowhood.

'I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

'ASTERIA.'

Absence is what the poets call death in love, and has given occasion to abundance of beautiful complaints in those authors who have treated of this passion in verse. Ovid's "Epistles" are full of them. Otway's Monimia talks very tenderly upon this subject.

"——— It was not kind
"To leave me like a turtle, here alone,
"To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.
"When thou art from me, every place is desert:
"And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.
"Thy presence only 'tis can make me blest,
"Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul."

ORPHAN, Act II.

The consolations of lovers on these occasions are very extraordinary. Besides those mentioned by Asteria, there are many other motives of comfort, which are made use of by absent lovers.

I remember in one of Scudery's Romances, a couple of honourable lovers agreed at their parting to set aside one half hour in the day to think of each other during a tedious absence. The Romance tells us, that they both of them punctually observed the time thus agreed

agreed upon; and that whatever company or buſineſs they were engaged in, they left it abruptly as ſoon as the clock warned them to retire. The Romance further adds, that the lovers expected the return of this ſtated hour with as much impatience, as if it had been a real aſſignation, and enjoyed an imaginary happineſs that was almoſt as pleaſing to them as what they would have found from a real meeting. It was an unexpreſſible ſatisfaction to theſe divided lovers, to be aſſured that each was at the ſame time employed in the ſame kind of contemplation, and making equal returns of tenderneſs and affection.

If I may be allowed to mention a more ſerious expedient for the alleviating of abſence, I ſhall take notice of one which I have known two perſons practiſe, who joined religion to that elegance of ſentiments with which the paſſion of love generally inſpires its votaries. This was, at the return of ſuch an hour to offer up a certain prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their parting. The huſband, who is a man that makes a figure in the polite world, as well as in his own family, has often told me, that he could not have ſupported an abſence of three years without this expedient.

Strada, in one of his Proluſions, gives an account of a chimerical correſpondence between two friends by the help of a certain load-ſtone, which had ſuch virtue in it, that if it touched two ſeveral needles, when one of the needles ſo touched began to move, the other, though at never ſo great a diſtance, moved at the ſame time, and in the ſame manner. He tells us, that the two friends, being each of them poſſeſſed of one of theſe needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inſcribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the ſame manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of theſe plates in ſuch a manner, that it could move round without impediment, ſo as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their ſeparating from one another into diſtant countries, they agreed to withdraw themſelves punctually into their cloſets at a

certain hour of the day, and to converſe with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were ſome hundred miles aſunder, each of them ſhut himſelf up in his cloſet at the time appointed, and immediately caſt his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occaſion for, making a little pauſe at the end of every word or ſentence, to avoid confuſion. The friend, in the mean while, ſaw his own ſympathetic needle moving of itſelf to every letter which that of his correſpondent pointed at. By this means they talked together acroſs a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an inſtant over cities or mountains, ſeas or deſerts.

If Monſieur Scudery, or any other writer of romance, had introduced a necromancer, who is generally in the train of a knight-errant, making a preſent to two lovers of a couple of thoſe above-mentioned needles, the reader would not have been a little pleaſed to have ſeen them correſponding with one another when they were guarded by ſpies and watches, or ſeparated by caſtles and adventures.

In the mean while, if ever this invention ſhould be revived or put in practice, I would propoſe, that upon the lover's dial-plate there ſhould be written, not only the four and twenty letters, but ſeveral entire words, which have always a place in paſſionate epiſtles, as flames, darts, die, language, abſence, Cupid, heart, eyes, hang, drown, and the like. This would very much abridge the lover's pains in this way of writing a letter, as it would enable him to expreſs the moſt uſeful and ſignificant words with a ſingle touch of the needle.

Saturday

Saturday, December 8, 1711 *.

Formam quidem ipſam, Marce fili, & tanquam faciem Honeſti vides: quæ ſi oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret Sapientiæ. Tull. Offic.

"You ſee, my ſon Marcus, the very ſhape and coun-
"tenance, as it were, of Virtue; which if it could
"be made the object of ſight, would (as Plato ſays)
"excite in us a wonderful love of Wiſdom."

I Do not remember to have read any diſcourſe written expreſsly upon the beauty and lovelineſs of virtue, without conſidering it as a duty, and as the means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I deſign therefore this ſpeculation as an eſſay upon that ſubject, in which I ſhall conſider virtue no farther than as it is in itſelf of an amiable nature, after having premiſed, that I underſtand by the word Virtue ſuch a general notion as is affixed to it by the writers of morality, and which by devout men generally goes under the name of Religion, and by men of the world under the name of Honour.

Hypocriſy itſelf does great honour, or rather juſtice to religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an ornament to human nature. The hypocrite would not be at ſo much pains to put on the appearance of virtue, if he did not know it was the moſt proper and effectual means to gain the love and eſteem of mankind.

We learn from Hierocles, it was a common ſaying among the heathens, that the wiſe man hates no body, but only loves the virtuous.

Tully has a very beautiful gradation of thoughts to ſhew how amiable virtue is. We love a virtuous man, ſays he, who lives in the remoteſt parts of the earth, though we are altogether out of the reach of his virtue,

* No 243.

tue, and can receive from it no manner of benefit. Nay, one who died ſeveral ages ago, raiſes a ſecret fondneſs and benevolence for him in our minds, when we read his ſtory. Nay, what is ſtill more, one who has been the enemy of our country, provided his wars were regulated by juſtice and humanity, as in the inſtance of Pyrrhus, whom Tully mentions on this occaſion in oppoſition to Hannibal. Such is the natural beauty and lovelineſs of virtue.

Stoicifm, which was the pedantry of virtue, aſcribes all good qualifications, of what kind ſoever, to the virtuous man. Accordingly Cato, in the character Tully has left of him, carried matters ſo far, that he would not allow any one but a virtuous man to be handſome. This indeed looks more like a philoſophical rant than the real opinion of a wiſe man; yet this was what Cato very ſeriouſly maintained. In ſhort, the Stoics thought they could not ſufficiently repreſent the excellence of Virtue, if they did not comprehend in the notion of it all poſſible perfections; and therefore did not only ſuppoſe, that it was tranſcendently beautiful in itſelf, but that it made the very body amiable, and baniſhed every kind of deformity from the perſon in whom it reſided.

It is a common obſervation, that the moſt abandoned to all ſenſe of goodneſs, are apt to wiſh thoſe who are related to them of a different character; and it is very obſervable, that none are more ſtruck with the charms of virtue in the fair ſex, than thoſe who by their very admiration of it are carried to a deſire of ruining it.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful ſex all over charms.

As virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are ſome particular kinds of it which are more ſo than others, and theſe are ſuch as diſpoſe us to do good to mankind. Temperance and abſtinence, faith and devotion, are in themſelves perhaps as laudable as any other virtues; but thoſe which make a man popular and beloved, are juſtice, charity, muniſicence,

and, in ſhort, all the good qualities that render us beneficial to each other. For which reaſon, even an extravagant man, who has nothing elſe to recommend him but a falſe generoſity, is often more beloved and eſteemed than a perſon of a much more finiſhed character, who is defective in this particular.

The two great ornaments of Virtue, which ſhew her in the moſt advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are chearfulneſs and good-nature. Theſe generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not eaſy within himſelf. They are both very requiſite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many ſerious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from ſouring into ſeverity and cenſorioufneſs.

If virtue is of this amiable nature, what can we think of thoſe who can look upon it with an eye of hatred and ill-will, or can ſuffer their averſion for a party to blot out all the merit of the perſon who is engaged in it. A man muſt be exceſſively ſtupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no virtue but on his own ſide, and that there are not men as honeſt as himſelf who may differ from him in political principles. Men may oppoſe one another in ſome particulars, but ought not to carry their hatred to thoſe qualities which are of ſo amiable a nature in themſelves, and have nothing to do with the points in diſpute. Men of virtue, though of different intereſts, ought to conſider themſelves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious part of mankind, who embark with them in the ſame civil concerns. We ſhould bear the ſame love towards a man of honour, who is a living antagoniſt, which Tully tells us in the forementioned paſſage every one naturally does to an enemy that is dead. In ſhort, we ſhould eſteem virtue though in a foe, and abhor vice though in a friend.

I ſpeak this with an eye to thoſe cruel treatments which men of all ſides are apt to give the characters of thoſe who do not agree with them. How many perſons of undoubted probity, and exemplary virtue, on either ſide, are blackened and defamed? How many

men

men of honour exposed to public obloquy and reproach? Those therefore who are either the instruments or abettors in such infernal dealings, ought to be looked upon as persons who make use of religion to promote their cause, not of their cause to promote religion.

Tuesday, December 11, 1711 *.

Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.
Hor. Ars Poet. v. 338.

" Fictions, to please, should wear the face of truth."

THERE is nothing which one regards so much with an eye of mirth and pity as innocence, when it has in it a dash of folly. At the same time that one esteems the virtue, one is tempted to laugh at the simplicity which accompanies it. When a man is made up wholly of the *dove*, without the least grain of the *serpent* in his composition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits his best actions. The Cordeliers tell a story of their founder St Francis, that, as he passed the streets in the dusk of the evening, he discovered a young fellow with a maid in a corner; upon which the good man, say they, lifted up his hands to heaven with a secret thanksgiving, that there was still so much christian charity in the world. The innocence of the saint made him mistake the kiss of a lover, for a salute of charity. I am heartily concerned when I see a virtuous man without a competent knowledge of the world; and if there be any use in these my papers, it is this, that without representing vice under any false alluring notions, they give my reader an insight into the ways of men, and represent human nature in all its changeable colours. The man who has not been engaged in any of the follies of the world, or, as Shakespeare expresses it, " hackney'd in the ways of men," may here find a

* No. 245.

picture

picture of its follies and extravagancies. The virtuous and the innocent may know in ſpeculation what they could never arrive at by practice, and by this means avoid the ſnares of the crafty, the corruptions of the vicious, and the reaſonings of the prejudiced. Their minds may be opened without being viciated.

It is with an eye to my following correſpondent, Mr Timothy Doodle, who ſeems a very well-meaning man, that I have written this ſhort preface, to which I ſhall ſubjoin a letter from the ſaid Mr Doodle.

S I R,

'I Could heartily wiſh that you would let us know 'your opinion upon ſeveral innocent diverſions 'which are in uſe among us, and which are very pro- 'per to paſs away a winter night for thoſe who do not 'care to throw away their time at an opera, or at the 'play-houſe. I would gladly know in particular, what 'notion you have of "Hot-Cockles;" as alſo whe- 'ther you think that "Queſtions and Commands," 'Mottoes, Similes, and Croſs Purpoſes, have not more 'mirth and wit in them than thoſe public diverſions 'which are grown ſo very faſhionable among us. If 'you would recommend to our wives and daughters, 'who read your Papers with a great deal of pleaſure, 'ſome of thoſe ſports and paſtimes that may be prac- 'tiſed within doors, and by the fire-ſide, we who are 'maſters of families ſhould be hugely obliged to you. 'I need not tell you that I would have theſe ſports and 'paſtimes not only merry but innocent, for which rea- 'ſon I have not mentioned either Whiſk or Lanter- 'loo, nor indeed ſo much as One-and-thirty. After 'having communicated to you my requeſt upon this 'ſubject, I will be ſo free as to tell you how my wife 'and I paſs away theſe tedious winter evenings with 'a great deal of pleaſure. Though ſhe be young and 'handſome, and good-humoured to a miracle, ſhe does 'not care for gadding abroad like others of her ſex. 'There is a very friendly man, a colonel in the army, 'whom I am mightily obliged to for his civilities, that 'comes to ſee me almoſt every night; for he is not

'one of those giddy young fellows that cannot live out 'of a play-house. When we are together, we very often make a party at blind-man's buff, which is a sport 'that I like the better, because there is a good deal of 'exercise in it. The colonel and I are blinded by turns, 'and you would laugh your heart out to see what pains 'my dear takes to hoodwink us, so that it is impossible 'for us to see the least glimpse of light. The poor 'colonel sometimes hits his nose against a post, and 'makes us die with laughing. I have generally the 'good luck not to hurt myself, but am very often a-'bove half an hour before I can catch either of them; 'for you must know we hide ourselves up and down 'in corners, that we may have the more sport. I only give you this hint as a sample of such innocent di-'versions as I would have you recommend; and am,

'Most esteemed SIR,

'Your ever loving friend,

'TIMOTHY DOODLE.'

The following letter was occasioned by my last Thursday's paper upon the absence of lovers, and the methods therein mentioned of making such absence supportable.

SIR,

'AMong the several ways of consolation which 'absent lovers make use of while their souls 'are in that state of departure, which you say is death 'in love, there are some very material ones that have 'escaped your notice. Among these, the first and 'most received is a Crooked Shilling, which has 'administered great comfort to our forefathers, and 'is still made use of on this occasion with very good 'effect in most parts of her majesty's dominions. There 'are some, I know, who think a Crown-piece cut into 'two equal parts, and preserved by the distant lovers, 'is of more sovereign virtue than the former. But 'since opinions are divided in this particular, why

may

'may not the ſame perſon make uſe of both? The 'figure of a Heart, whether cut in ſtone or caſt in 'metal, whether bleeding upon an altar, ſtuck with 'darts, or held in the hand of a Cupid, has always been 'looked upon as Taliſmanic in diſtreſſes of this nature. 'I am acquainted with many a brave fellow, who car-'ries his miſtreſs in the lid of his ſnuff-box, and by 'that expedient has ſupported himſelf under the ab-'ſence of a whole campaign. For my own part, I have 'tried all theſe remedies, but never found ſo much 'benefit from any as from a ring, in which my miſ-'treſs's hair is platted together very artificially in a 'kind of true-lover's-knot. As I have received great 'benefit from this ſecret, I think myſelf obliged to 'communicate it to the public for the good of my fel-'low-ſubjects. I deſire you will add this letter as an 'appendix to your conſolations upon abſence, and am,

'Your very humble ſervant, T. B.

I ſhall conclude this paper with a letter from an univerſity gentleman, occaſioned by my laſt Tueſday's paper, wherein I gave ſome account of the great feuds which happened formerly in thoſe learned bodies, between the modern Greeks and Trojans.

SIR,

'THIS will give you to underſtand, that there is 'at preſent in the ſociety, whereof I am a mem-'ber, a very conſiderable body of Trojans, who, upon 'a proper occaſion, would not fail to declare ourſelves. 'In the mean while we do all we can to annoy our ene-'mies by ſtratagem, and are reſolved by the firſt oppor-'tunity to attack Mr Joſhua Barnes, whom we look up-'on as the Achilles of the oppoſite party. As for 'myſelf, I have had the reputation, ever ſince I came 'from ſchool, of being a truſty Trojan, and am reſol-'ved never to give quarter to the ſmalleſt particle of 'Greek wherever I chance to meet it. It is for this 'reaſon I take it very ill of you, that you ſometimes

'hang out Greek colours at the head of your Paper, 'and ſometimes give a word of the enemy even in the 'body of it. When I meet with any thing of this na- 'ture, I throw down your Speculations upon the table, 'with that form of words which we make uſe of when 'we declare war upon an author,

Græcum eſt, non poteſt legi.

'I give you this hint, that you may for the future ab- 'ſtain from any ſuch hoſtilities at your peril.

'TROILUS.'

Thurſday, December 13, 1711*.

——Τῶν δ' ακάματος ῥεῖ αὐδὴ
Εκ στομάτων ἡδεῖα——

"Their untir'd lips a wordy torrent pour."

WE are told by ſome ancient authors, that Socrates was inſtructed in eloquence by a woman, whoſe name, if I am not miſtaken, was Aſpaſia. I have indeed very often looked upon that art as the moſt proper for the female ſex, and I think the Univerſities would do well to conſider whether they ſhould not fill the rhetoric chairs with SHE Profeſſors.

It has been ſaid in the praiſe of ſome men, that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it muſt be owned to the honour of the other ſex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman branch out into a long *extempore* diſſertation upon the edging of a petticoat, and chide her ſervant for breaking a china cup, in all the figures of rhetorics.

Were women admitted to plead in courts of Judicature, I am perſuaded they would carry the eloquence of the bar to greater heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be preſent at thoſe

* No. 247. debates-

debates which frequently arise among the ladies of the "British Fishery."

The first kind therefore of Female Orators which I shall take notice of, are those who are employed in stirring up the passions, a part of rhetoric in which Socrates his wife had perhaps made a greater proficiency than his above-mentioned teacher.

The second kind of female Orators are those who deal in invectives, and who are commonly known by the name of Censorious. The imagination and elocution of this set of rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a fluency of invention, and copiousness of expression, will they enlarge upon every little slip in the behaviour of another? With how many different circumstances, and with what variety of phrases, will they tell over the same story? I have known an old lady make an unhappy marriage the subject of a month's conversation. She blamed the bride in one place; pitied her in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and, in short, wore out a pair of coach-horses in expressing her concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the subject on this side, she made a visit to the new married pair, praised the wife for the prudent choice she had made, told her the unreasonable reflections which some malicious people had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The censure and approbation of this kind of women are therefore only to be considered as helps to discourse.

A third kind of Female Orators may be comprehended under the word Gossips. Mrs Fiddle Faddle is perfectly accomplished in this sort of eloquence; she launches out into descriptions of christenings, runs divisions upon an head-dress, knows every dish of meat that is served up in her neighbourhood, and entertains her company a whole afternoon together with the wit of her little boy, before he is able to speak.

The Coquette may be looked upon as a fourth kind of Female Orator. To give herself the larger field for discourse, she hates and loves in the same breath, talks

to

to her lap-dog or parrot, is uneasy in all kinds of weather, and in every part of the room. She has false quarrels and feigned obligations to all the men of her acquaintance; sighs when she is not sad, and laughs when she is not merry. The Coquette is in particular a great mistress of that part of Oratory which is called Action, and indeed seems to speak for no other purpose, but as it gives her an opportunity of stirring a limb, or varying a feature, of glancing her eyes, or playing with her fan.

As for news-mongers, politicians, mimics, story-tellers, with other characters of that nature, which give birth to loquacity, they are as commonly found among the men as the women; for which reason I shall pass them over in silence.

I have often been puzzled to assign a cause why women should have this talent of a ready utterance in so much greater perfection than men. I have sometimes fancied that they have not a retentive power, or the faculty of suppressing their thoughts, as men have, but that they are necessitated to speak every thing they think, and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong argument to the Cartesians, for the supporting of their doctrine, that the soul always thinks. But as several are of opinion that the fair sex are not altogether strangers to the art of dissembling and concealing their thoughts, I have been forced to relinquish that opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to seek after some better reason. In order to it, a friend of mine, who is an excellent anatomist, has promised me by the first opportunity to dissect a woman's Tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain juices which render it so wonderfully voluble or flippant, or whether the fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant thread, or whether there are not in it some particular muscles which dart it up and down by such sudden glances and vibrations; or whether, in the last place, there may not be certain undiscovered channels running from the head and the heart, to this little instrument of loquacity, and conveying into it a perpetual affluence of animal spirits. Nor must I omit the reason which

Hudibras

Hudibras has given, why those who can talk on trifles speak with the greatest fluency; namely, that the tongue is like a race-horse, which runs the faster the lesser weight it carries.

Which of these reasons soever may be looked upon as the most probable, I think the Irishman's thought was very natural, who, after some hours conversation with a Female Orator, told her that he believed her tongue was very glad when she was asleep, for that it had not a moment's rest all the while she was awake.

That excellent old Ballad of The wanton Wife of Bath, has the following remarkable lines,

I think, quoth Thomas, womens tongues
Of aspen leaves are made.

And Ovid, though in the description of a very barbarous circumstance, tells us, That when the tongue of a beautiful female was cut out, and thrown upon the ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that posture.

———Comprensam forcipe linguam
Abstulit ense fero, Radix micat ultima linguæ.
Ipsa jacet, terræque tremens immurmurat atræ;
Utque salire solet mutilatæ cauda colubræ
Palpitat——— Met. vi. 556.

———" The blade had cut
" Her tongue sheer off, close to the trembling root:
" The mangled part still quiver'd on the ground,
" Murmuring with a faint imperfect sound;
" And, as a serpent writhes his wounded train,
" Uneasy, panting, and possess'd with pain."

CROXALL.

If a tongue would be talking without a mouth, what could it have done when it had all its organs of speech and accomplices of sound about it; I might here mention the story of the Pippin-woman, had not I some reason to look upon it as fabulous.

I must

I muſt confeſs I am ſo wonderfully charmed with the muſic of this little inſtrument, that I would by no means diſcourage it. All that I aim at by this diſſertation is, to cure it of ſeveral diſagreeable notes, and in particular of thoſe little jarrings and diſſonances which ariſe from anger, cenſoriouſneſs, goſſiping and coquetry. In ſhort, I would always have it tuned by good-nature, truth, diſcretion, and ſincerity.

Saturday, December 15, 1711 *.

Τελως ακκιρ@ εν βροτοις δεινον κακον.

Frag. Vet. Poet.

"Mirth out of ſeaſon is a griveous ill."

WHEN I make the choice of a ſubject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my reflections on it without any order or method, ſo that they may appear rather in the looſeneſs and freedom of an Eſſay, than in the regularity of a ſet diſcourſe. It is after this manner that I ſhall conſider laughter and ridicule in my preſent paper.

Man is the merrieſt ſpecies of the creation, all above and below him are ſerious. He ſees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth ariſing from objects that perhaps cauſe ſomething like pity or diſpleaſure in higher natures. Laughter is indeed a very good counterpoiſe to the ſpleen; and it ſeems but reaſonable that we ſhould be capable of receiving joy from what is no real good to us, ſince we can receive grief from what is no real evil.

I have in my forty-ſeventh paper raiſed a ſpeculation on the notion of a modern Philoſopher, who deſcribes the firſt motive of laughter to be a ſecret compariſon which we make between ourſelves and the perſons we laugh at; or, in other words, that ſatisfaction which

we

we receive from the opinion of ſome preheminence in ourſelves, when we ſee the abſurdities of another, or when we reflect on any paſt abſurdities of our own. This ſeems to hold in moſt caſes, and we may obſerve, that the vaineſt part of mankind are the moſt addicted to this paſſion.

I have read a ſermon of a conventual in the church of Rome, on thoſe words of the wiſe man, "I ſaid of "laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What does it?" upon which he laid it down as a point of doctrine, that laughter was the effect of original ſin, and that Adam could not laugh before the fall.

Laughter, while it laſts, ſlackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties, and cauſes a kind of remiſſneſs and diſſolution in all the powers of the ſoul: and thus far it may be looked upon as a weakneſs in the compoſition of human nature. But if we conſider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depreſs the mind and damp our ſpirits, with tranſient unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wiſe for ſo great a pleaſure of life.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and expoſing to laughter thoſe one converſes with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. A young man with this caſt of mind cuts himſelf off from all manner of improvement. Every one has his flaws and weakneſſes; nay, the greateſt blemiſhes are often found in the moſt ſhining characters: but what an abſurd thing is it to paſs over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities? to obſerve his imperfections more than his virtues; and to make uſe of him for the ſport of others, rather than for our own improvement?

We therefore very often find, that perſons the moſt accompliſhed in ridicule are thoſe who are very ſhrewd at hitting a blot, without exerting any thing maſterly in themſelves. As there are many eminent critics who never writ a good line, there are many admirable buffoons that animadvert upon every ſingle defect in another, without ever diſcovering the leaſt beauty of their

own. By this means, these unlucky little wits often gain reputation in the esteem of vulgar minds, and raise themselves above persons of much more laudable characters.

If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world; but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praise-worthy in human life.

We may observe, that in the first ages of the world, when the great souls and master-pieces of human nature were produced, men shined by a noble simplicity of behaviour, and were strangers to those little embellishments which are so fashionable in our present conversation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the Ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, history, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience, we exceed them as much in doggrel, humour, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule. We meet with more raillery among the moderns, but more good sense among the ancients.

The two great branches of ridicule in writing are comedy and burlesque. The first ridicules persons by drawing them in their proper characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds; the first represents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes, the other describes great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. Don Quixote is an instance of the first, and Lucian's Gods of the second. It is a dispute among the critics, whether burlesque poetry runs best in heroic verse, like that of the Dispensary; or in doggrel, like that of Hudibras. I think where the low character is to be raised, the heroic is the proper measure; but when an hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in doggrel.

If Hudibras had been set out with as much wit and humour in heroic verse as he is in doggrel, he would have made a much more agreeable figure than he does: though

though the generality of his readers are ſo wonderfully pleaſed with the double rhimes, that I do not expect many will be of my opinion in this particular.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay upon laughter with obſerving, that the metaphor of laughing, applied to fields and meadows when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in bloſſom, runs through all languages; which I have not obſerved of any other metaphor, excepting that of fire and burning when they are applied to love. This ſhews that we naturally regard laughter, as what is in itſelf both amiable and beautiful. For this reaſon likewiſe Venus has gained the title of φιλομειδης, the laughter-loving dame, as Waller has tranſlated it, and is repreſented by Horace as the goddeſs who delights in laughter. Milton, in a joyous aſſembly of imaginary perſons, has given us a very poetical figure of laughter. His whole band of mirth is ſo finely deſcribed, that I ſhall ſet down the paſſage at length:—

"But come, thou goddeſs fair and free,
"In heaven yclep'd Euphroſyne,
"And by men, Heart-eaſing Mirth,
"Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
"With two ſiſter graces more,
"To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
"Haſte thee, nymph, and bring with thee
"Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
"Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
"Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
"Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
"And love to live in dimple ſleek;
"Sport that wrinkled care derides,
"And Laughter holding both his ſides:
"Come, and trip it, as you go,
"On the light fantaſtic toe;
"And in thy right hand lead with thee
"The mountain nymph, ſweet Liberty;
"And if I give thee honour due,
"Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
"To live with her, and live with thee,
"In unreproved pleaſures free."

L'Allegro, v. 11. &c.

Tuesday, December 18, 1711 *.

———*Linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum,*
Ferrea vox.——— Virg. Æn. vi. 625.

———" A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
" And throats of brass inspir'd with iron lungs."
DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and frights a country squire, than the Cries of London. My good friend Sir Roger often declares, that he cannot get them out of his head, or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the music of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader, without saying any thing further of it.

SIR,

'I Am a man out of all business, and would willingly 'turn my head to any thing for an honest liveli- 'hood. I have invented several projects for raising 'many millions of money without burdening the sub- 'ject, but I cannot get the parliament to listen to me, 'who look upon me, forsooth, as a crack, and a pro- 'jector; so that despairing to enrich either myself or 'my country by this public-spiritedness, I would make 'some proposals to you relating to a design which I 'have very much at heart, and which may procure me 'a handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to re- 'commend it to the cities of London and Westmin- 'ster.

'The post I would aim at, is to be Comptroller-Ge-

* No 251. 'neral

'neral of the London Cries, which are at present un-
'der no manner of rules and discipline. I think I am
'pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of
'very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branch-
'es of our British trades and manufactures, and of a
'competent skill in music.

'The Cries of London may be divided into Vocal
'and Instrumental. As for the latter, they are at pre-
'sent under a very great disorder. A freeman of Lon-
'don has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for
'an hour together, with the twanking of a brass kettle
'or frying-pan. The watchman's thump at midnight
'startles us in our beds, as much as the breaking-in of
'a thief. The Sowgelder's horn has indeed something
'musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the li-
'berties. I would therefore propose, that no instru-
'ment of this nature should be made use of, which I
'have not tuned and licenced, after having carefully
'examined in what manner it may affect the ears of
'her majesty's liege subjects.

'Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and in-
'deed so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we
'appear a distracted city to foreigners, who do not com-
'prehend the meaning of such enormous outcries.
'Milk is generally sold at a note above E-la, and in
'sounds so exceeding shrill, that it often sets our teeth
'on edge. The Chimney-sweeper is confined to no
'certain pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the
'deepest base, and sometimes in the sharpest treble;
'sometimes in the highest and sometimes in the lowest
'note of the gamut. The same observation might be
'made on the Retailers of Small-coal, not to mention
'*broken* Glasses, or Brick-dust. In these, therefore, and
'the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and
'mellow the voices of these itinerate tradesmen, before
'they make their appearance in our streets, as also to
'accommodate their cries to their respective wares:
'and to take care in particular, that those may not
'make the most noise who have the least to sell, which
'is very observable in the venders of Card-matches, to
whom

'whom I cannot but apply that old proverb of, Much 'cry, but little Wool.

'Some of these last-mentioned musicians are so very 'loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that 'an honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance 'bargained with one of them never to come into the 'street where he lived. But what was the effect of this 'contract? Why, the whole tribe of Card-match-ma-'kers which frequent that quarter passed by his door 'the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after 'the same manner.

'It is another great imperfection in our London 'Cries, that there is no just time nor measure observed 'in them. Our News should indeed be published in 'a very quick time, because it is a commodity that 'will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried 'with the same precipitation as Fire. Yet this is ge-'nerally the case. A bloody battle alarms the town 'from one end to another in an instant. Every motion 'of the French is published in so great a hurry, that 'one would think the enemy were at our gates This 'likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a 'manner, that there should be some distinction made 'between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an 'incampment, a Dutch, a Portugal or a Spanish mail. 'Nor must I omit under this head those excessive alarms 'with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets 'in Turnip-Season; and which are more inexcusable, 'because these are wares which are in no danger of 'cooling upon their hands.

'There are others who affect a very slow time, and 'are, in my opinion, much more tuneable than the 'former. The Cooper in particular swells his last note 'in an hollow voice, that is not without its harmony; 'nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agree-'able melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn 'air with which the public are very often asked, if they 'have '*any* Chairs *to mend?*' Your own memory may 'suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the 'same nature, in which the music is wonderfully lan-'guishing and melodious.

'I

'I am always pleaſed with that particular time of 'the year which is proper for the pickling of Dill and 'Cucumbers; but, alas, this cry, like the ſong of the 'nightingale, is not heard above two months. It 'would therefore be worth while to conſider, whether 'the ſame air might not in ſome caſes be adapted to 'other words.

'It might likewiſe deſerve our moſt ſerious conſider-'ation, how far, in a well-regulated city, thoſe humours 'are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the tra-'ditional cries of their forefathers, have invented par-'ticular ſongs and tunes of their own: ſuch as was, 'not many years ſince, the Paſtry man, commonly 'known by the name of the Colly-Molly-Puff; and 'ſuch as is at this day the vender of Powder and Waſh-'balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the 'name of Powder-Watt.

'I muſt not here omit one particular abſurdity which 'runs through this whole vociferous generation, and 'which renders their Cries very often, not only incom-'modious, but altogether uſeleſs to the public. I mean, 'that idle accompliſhment which they all of them aim 'at, of Crying ſo as not to be underſtood. Whether 'or no they have learned this from ſeveral of our af-'fected ſingers I will not take upon me to ſay; but 'moſt certain it is, that people know the wares they 'deal in, rather by their tunes than by their words; 'inſomuch that I have ſometimes ſeen a country boy 'run out to buy apples of a bellows-mender, and 'ginger-bread from a grinder of knives and ſciſſars. 'Nay, ſo ſtrangely infatuated are ſome very eminent 'artiſts of this particular grace in a Cry, that none 'but their acquaintance are able to gueſs at their pro-'feſſion; for who elſe can know, that "Work if I 'had it," ſhould be the ſignification of a Corn-cut-'ter.

'For as much therefore as perſons of this rank are 'ſeldom men of genius or capacity, I think it would 'be very proper, that ſome man of good ſenſe and 'ſound judgement ſhould preſide over theſe Public 'Cries, who ſhould permit none to lift up their voices

'in

'in our ſtreets, that have not tuneable throats, and are 'not only able to overcome the noiſe of the croud, and 'the rattling of coaches, but alſo to vend their reſpec- 'tive merchandiſes in apt phraſes, and in the moſt diſ- 'tinct and agreeable ſounds. I do therefore humbly 'recommend myſelf as a perſon rightly qualified for 'this poſt; and if I meet with fitting encouragement, 'ſhall communicate ſome other projects which I have 'by me, that may no leſs conduce to the emolument 'of the Public.

'I am, SIR, &c.

'RALPH CROTCHET.'

Thurſday, December 20, 1711*.

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe
Compoſitum, illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper.
Hor. 1 Ep. ii. 75.

I feel my honeſt indignation riſe,
When with affected air a coxcomb cries;
'The work, I own, has elegance and eaſe,
'But ſure no modern ſhould pretend to pleaſe.'
FRANCIS.

THERE is nothing which more denotes a great mind than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This paſſion reigns more among bad poets than among any other ſet of men.

As there are none more ambitious of fame than thoſe who are converſant in poetry, it is very natural for ſuch as have not ſucceeded in it to depreciate the works of thoſe who have. For ſince they cannot raiſe themſelves to the reputation of their fellow-writers, they muſt endeavour to ſink that to their own pitch, if they would ſtill keep themſelves upon a level with them.

The greateſt wits that ever were produced in one age, lived together in ſo good an underſtanding, and

* No 253.

celebrated

celebrated one another with ſo much generoſity, that each of them receives an additional luſtre from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of ſo extraordinary a genius, than if he had himſelf been the ſole wonder of the age. I need not tell my reader, that I here point at the reign of Auguſtus, and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither Virgil nor Horace would have gained ſo great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age, for whom ſingly we have ſo great an eſteem, ſtand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But at the ſame time that Virgil was celebrated by Gallus, Propertius, Horace, Varius, Tucca, and Ovid, we know that Bavius and Mævus were his declared foes and calumniators.

In our own country a man ſeldom ſets up for a poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the ſcribblers of the age, the decay of poetry, are the topics of detraction with which he makes his entrance into the world: but how much more noble is the fame that is built on candour and ingenuity, according to thoſe beautiful lines of Sir John Denham, in his poem on Fletcher's works!

But whither am I ſtray'd? I need not raiſe
Trophies to thee from other men's diſpraiſe:
Nor is thy fame on leſſer ruins built,
Nor needs thy juſter title the foul guilt
Of eaſtern kings, who, to ſecure their reign,
Muſt have their brothers, ſons, and kindred ſlain.

I am ſorry to find that an author, who is very juſtly eſteemed among the beſt judges, has admitted ſome ſtrokes of this nature into a very fine poem; I mean, The Art of Criticiſm, which was publiſhed ſome months ſince, and is a maſter-piece in its kind. The obſervations follow one another like thoſe in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requiſite in a proſe author. They are ſome

of them uncommon, but ſuch as the reader muſt aſſent to, when he ſees them explained with that elegance and perſpicuity in which they are delivered. As for thoſe which are the moſt known, and the moſt received, they are placed in ſo beautiful a light, and illuſtrated with ſuch apt alluſions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, ſtill more convinced of their truth and ſolidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monſieur Boileau has ſo very well enlarged upon in the preface to his works, that wit and fine writing do not conſiſt ſo much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impoſſible for us who live in the latter ages of the world, to make obſervations in criticiſm, morality, or in any art or ſcience, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little elſe left us, but to repreſent the common ſenſe of mankind in more ſtrong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but very few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in Ariſtotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Auguſtan age. His way of expreſſing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this reaſon I think there is nothing in the world ſo tireſome as the works of thoſe critics who write in a poſitive dogmatic way, without either language, genius, or imagination. If the reader would ſee how the beſt of the Latin critics writ, he may find their manner very beautifully deſcribed in the characters of Horace, Petronius, Quintilian, and Longinus, as they are drawn in the eſſay of which I am now ſpeaking.

Since I have mentioned Longinus, who in his reflections has given us the ſame kind of ſublime which he obſerves in the ſeveral paſſages that occaſioned them; I cannot but take notice, that our Engliſh author has, after the ſame manner, exemplified ſeveral of his precepts in the very precepts themſelves. I ſhall produce

duce two or three inſtances of this kind. Speaking of the inſipid ſmoothneſs which ſome readers are ſo much in love with, he has the following verſes :—

> Theſe Equal Syllables alone require,
> Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire,
> While expletives their feeble aid do join,
> And ten ſlow words oft creep in one dull line.

The gaping of the vowels in the ſecond line, the expletive *do* in the third, and ten monoſyllables in the fourth, give ſuch a beauty to this paſſage, as would have been very much admired in an ancient poet. The reader may obſerve the following lines in the ſame view :—

> A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
> That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.

And afterwards,

> 'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
> The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe,
> Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
> And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
> But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
> The hoarſe rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar,
> When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
> The line too labours, and the words move ſlow;
> Not ſo when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
> Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.

The beautiful diſtich upon Ajax in the foregoing lines puts me in mind of a deſcription in Homer's Odyſſey, which none of the critics have taken notice of. It is where Syſiphus is repreſented lifting the ſtone up the hill, which is no ſooner carried to the top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the bottom. This double motion of the ſtone is admirably deſcribed in the numbers of theſe verſes; as in the four firſt it is heaved up by ſeveral Spondees intermixed with proper breathing places, and at laſt trundles down in a continued line of Dactyls.

Και μην Σισυφον ειτειδον, κρατερ' αλγε' εχοντα,
Λααν βασταζοντα πελωριον αμφοτερησιν.
Ἠ τοι ο μεν σκηριπτομενος χερσιν τε ποσιν τε,
Λααν ανω ωθεσκε ποτι λοφον. αλλ οτε μελλοι
Ἄκρον υπερβαλεειν, τοτ' αποστρεψασκε Κρατειης,
Αυτις επειτα πεδονδε κυλινδετο λαας ανειδης.

Odyss. l. 11.

'I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
'A mournful vision! the Sisyphian shade:
'With many a weary step, and many a groan,
'Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone:
'The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
'Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the
'ground.' POPE.

It would be endless to quote verses out of Virgil which have this particular kind of beauty in the numbers; but I may take an occasion in a future paper to shew several of them which have escaped the observation of others.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice that we have three poems in our tongue, which are of the same nature, and each of them a master-piece in its kind; the "Essay on translated verse," the "Essay on the art of poetry," and the "Essay upon criticism."

Saturday, December 22, 1711*.

Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

Hor. Ep. 1. lib. v. ver. 46.

[IMITATED.]

Know, there are rhymes, which (fresh and fresh apply'd)
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride. POPE.

THE soul, considered abstractedly from its passions, is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its

* No. 255.

resolves,

resolves, and languishing in its executions. The use therefore of the passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon action, to awaken the understanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the prosecutions of his designs. As this is the end of the passions in general, so it is particularly of ambition, which pushes the soul to such actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor. But if we carry our reflections higher, we may discover farther ends of Providence in implanting this passion in mankind.

It was necessary for the world that arts should be invented and improved, books written and transmitted to posterity, nations conquered and civilized. Now, since the proper and genuine motives to these, and the like great actions, would only influence virtuous minds; there would be but small improvements in the world, were there not some common principle of action working equally with all men. And such a principle is ambition or a desire of fame, by which great endowments are not suffered to ly idle and useless to the public, and many vicious men over-reached as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural inclinations, in a glorious and laudable course of action. For we may farther observe, that men of the greatest abilities are most fired with ambition; and that, on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the least actuated by it: whether it be that a man's sense of his own incapacities makes him despair of coming at fame, or that he has not enough range of thought to look out for any good which does not more immediately relate to his interest or convenience; or that Providence, in the very frame of his soul, would not subject him to such a passion as would be useless to the world, and a torment to himself.

Were not this desire of fame very strong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a man from so vain a pursuit,

How few are there who are furnished with abilities sufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration

of

of the world, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt of mankind? Providence for the moſt part ſets us upon a level, and obſerves a kind of proportion in its diſpenſations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one accompliſhment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and ſeems careful rather of preſerving every perſon from being mean and deficient in his qualifications, than of making any ſingle one eminent, or extraordinary.

Among thoſe who are the moſt richly endowed by nature, and accompliſhed by their own induſtry, how few are there whoſe virtues are not obſcured by the ignorance, prejudice, or envy of their beholders? Some men cannot diſcern between a noble and a mean action. Others are apt to attribute them to ſome falſe end or intention; and others purpoſely miſrepreſent, or put a wrong interpretation on them. But the more to enforce this conſideration, we may obſerve, that thoſe are generally moſt unſucceſsful in their purſuit after fame, who are moſt deſirous of obtaining it. It is Salluſt's remark upon Cato, that the leſs he coveted glory, the more he acquired it.

Men take an ill-natured pleaſure in croſſing our inclinations, and diſappointing us in what our hearts are moſt ſet upon. When therefore they have diſcovered the paſſionate deſire of fame in the ambitious man, (as no temper of mind is more apt to ſhew itſelf) they become ſparing and reſerved in their commendations, they envy him the ſatisfaction of an applauſe, and look on their praiſes rather as a kindneſs done to his perſon, than as a tribute paid to his merit. Others, who are free from this natural perverſeneſs of temper, grow wary in their praiſes of one who ſets too great a value on them, leſt they ſhould raiſe him too high in his own imagination, and by conſequence remove him to a greater diſtance from themſelves.

But farther, this deſire of fame naturally betrays the ambitious man into ſuch indecencies as are a leſſening to his reputation. He is ſtill afraid leſt any of his actions ſhould be thrown away in private, leſt his deſerts ſhould be concealed from the notice of the world, or receive

receive any disadvantage from the reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty boasts and ostentations of himself, and betrays him into vain, fantastical recitals of his own performances. His discourse generally leans one way, and, whatever is the subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himself. Vanity is the natural weakness of an ambitious man, which exposes him to the secret scorn and derision of those he converses with, and ruins the character he is so industrious to advance by it. For though his actions are never so glorious, they lose their lustre when they are drawn at large, and set to show by his own hand; and as the world is more apt to find fault than to commend, the boast will probably be censured, when the great action that occasioned it is forgotten.

Besides, this very desire of fame is looked upon as a meanness and imperfection in the greatest character. A solid and substantial greatness of soul, looks down, with a generous neglect, on the censures and applauses of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noise and strife of tongues. Accordingly we find in ourselves a secret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves above us, in a regular and illustrious course of virtue, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations. As on the contrary it is usual for us, when we would take off from the fame and reputation of an action, to ascribe it to vainglory, and a desire of fame in the actor. Nor is this common judgment and opinion of mankind ill-founded: for certainly it denotes no great bravery of mind, to be worked up to any noble action by so selfish a motive, and to do that out of a desire of fame, which we could not be prompted to by a disinterested love to mankind, or by a generous passion for the glory of Him who made us.

Thus is fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it; since most men have so much either of ill-nature, or of warmness, as not to gratify or sooth the vanity of the ambitious man;

man; and ſince this very thirſt after fame naturally betrays him into ſuch indecencies as are a leſſening to his reputation, and is itſelf looked upon as a weakneſs in the greateſt characters.

In the next place, fame is eaſily loſt, and as difficult to be preſerved as it was at firſt to be acquired. But this I ſhall make the ſubject of a following paper.

Monday, December 24, 1711*.

Φημη γαρ τε κακη πελεται· κυφη μεν αειρει
Ῥειε μαλ, αργαλεη δε φερειν——

Fame is an ill you may with eaſe obtain,
A ſad oppreſſion to be borne with pain.

THERE are many paſſions and tempers of mind which naturally diſpoſe us to depreſs and vilify the merit of one riſing in the eſteem of mankind. All thoſe who made their entrance into the world with the ſame advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflection on their own indeſerts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the ſcandal of ſome paſt action, or derogate from the worth of the preſent, that they may ſtill keep him on the ſame level with themſelves. The like kind of conſideration often ſtirs up the envy of ſuch as were once his ſuperiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to ſee another get ground upon them, and overtake them in the purſuits of glory; and will therefore endeavour to ſink his reputation, that they may the better preſerve their own. Thoſe who were once his equals envy and defame him, becauſe they now ſee him their ſuperior; and thoſe who were once his ſuperiors, becauſe they look upon him as their equal.

But farther, a man whoſe extraordinary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and obſervation of mankind, draws a multitude of eyes upon him, that will narrowly

* No. 256.

rowly inſpect every part of him, conſider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pleaſed, when they have taken him in the worſt, and moſt diſadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleaſure in contradicting the common reports of fame, and in ſpreading abroad the weakneſſes of an exalted character. They publiſh their ill natured diſcoveries with a ſecret pride, and applaud themſelves for the ſingularity of their judgment, which has ſearched deeper than others, detected what the reſt of the world have overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admires. Others there are who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward ſatisfaction and complacency, if they diſcover none of the like errors and infirmities in themſelves; for while they are expoſing another's weakneſſes, they are tacitly aiming at their own commendations, who are not ſubject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be tranſported with a ſecret kind of vanity, to ſee themſelves ſuperior, in ſome reſpects, to one of a ſublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more induſtrious in publiſhing the blemiſhes of an extraordinary reputation, than ſuch as lie open to the ſame cenſures in their own characters, as either hoping to excuſe their own defects by the authority of ſo high an example, or raiſing an imaginary applauſe to themſelves, for reſembling a perſon of an exalted reputation, though in the blameable parts of his character. If all theſe ſecret ſprings of detraction fail, yet very often a vain oſtentation of wit, ſets a man on attacking an eſtabliſhed name, and ſacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of thoſe about him. A ſatire or a libel on one of the common ſtamp never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers, as what is aimed at a perſon whoſe merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conſpicuous figure among men. Whether it be, that we think it ſhews greater art to expoſe and turn to ridicule, a man whoſe character ſeems ſo improper a ſubject for it, or that we are pleaſed by ſome implicit kind of revenge, to ſee him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in ſome meaſure

reduced to our own rank, who had ſo far raiſed himſelf above us, in the reports, and opinions of mankind.

Thus we ſee how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious ſpies are ſearching into the actions of a great man, who is not, always, the beſt prepared for ſo narrow an inſpection. For we may generally obſerve, that our admiration of a famous man leſſens upon our nearer acquaintance with him; and that we ſeldom hear the deſcription of a celebrated perſon, without a catalogue of ſome notorious weakneſſes and infirmities. The reaſon may be, becauſe any little ſlip is more conſpicuous and obſervable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the reſt of his character, or becauſe it is impoſſible for a man at the ſame time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconſiderable circumſtances of his behaviour and converſation; or becauſe, as we have before obſerved, the ſame temper of mind which inclines us to a deſire of fame, naturally betrays us into ſuch ſlips and unwarineſſes, as are not incident to men of a contrary diſpoſition.

After all, it muſt be confeſſed, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through, and diſſipates theſe little ſpots and ſullies in its reputation; but if by a miſtaken purſuit after fame, or through human infirmity, any falſe ſtep be made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whole ſcheme of ambitious deſigns is broken and diſappointed. The ſmaller ſtains and blemiſhes may die away and diſappear, amidſt the brightneſs that ſurrounds them; but a blot of a deeper nature caſts a ſhade on all the other beauties, and darkens the whole character. How difficult therefore is it to preſerve a great name, when he that has acquired it is ſo obnoxious to ſuch little weakneſſes and infirmities as are no ſmall diminution to it when diſcovered; eſpecially, when they are ſo induſtriouſly proclaimed and aggravated by ſuch as were once his ſuperiors, or equals; by ſuch as would ſet to ſhow their judgement or their wit, and by ſuch as are guilty, or innocent, of the ſame

ſlips

ſlips or miſconducts in their own behaviour!

But were there none of theſe diſpoſitions in others to cenſure a famous man, nor any ſuch miſcarriages in himſelf, yet would he meet with no ſmall trouble in keeping up his reputation, in all its height and ſplendour. There muſt be always a noble train of actions to preſerve his fame in life and motion. For when it is once at a ſtand, it naturally flags and languiſhes. Admiration is a very ſhort-lived paſſion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unleſs it be ſtill fed with freſh diſcoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual ſucceſſion of miracles riſing up to its view. And even the greateſt actions of a celebrated perſon labour under this diſadvantage, that, however ſurpriſing and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected of him: but, on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him, though they might raiſe the reputation of another, they are a diminution to his.

One would think there ſhould be ſomething wonderfully pleaſing in the poſſeſſion of fame, that, notwithſtanding all theſe mortifying conſiderations, can engage a man in ſo deſperate a purſuit; and yet if we conſider the little happineſs that attends a great character, and the multitude of diſquietudes to which the deſire of it ſubjects an ambitious mind, one would be ſtill the more ſurprized to ſee ſo many reſtleſs candidates for glory.

Ambition raiſes a ſecret tumult in the ſoul, it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought. It is ſtill reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or ſatisfy it. Moſt other things we long for, can allay the cravings of their proper ſenſe, and for a while ſet the appetite at reſt: but fame is a good ſo wholly foreign to our natures, that we have no faculty in the ſoul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to reliſh it; an object of deſire, placed out of the poſſibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind for a while, with a giddy kind of pleaſure, but it is ſuch a pleaſure as makes a man reſtleſs and uneaſy under it; and which does not ſo much

ſatisfy the preſent thirſt, as it excites freſh deſires, and ſets the ſoul on new enterpriſes. For how few ambitious men are there, who have got as much fame as they deſired, and whoſe thirſt after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among men? There is not any circumſtance in Cæſar's character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a ſaying which Cicero tells us he frequently made uſe of in private converſation, That he was ſatisfied with his ſhare of life and fame. *Se ſatis vel ad naturam, vel ad gloriam vixiſſe.* Many indeed have given over their purſuits after fame, but that has proceeded either from the diſappointments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleaſure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldneſs of old age; but ſeldom from a full ſatisfaction and acquieſcence in their preſent enjoyments of it.

Nor is fame only unſatisfying in itſelf, but the deſire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles which thoſe are free from who have no ſuch a tender regard for it. How often is the ambitious man caſt down and diſappointed, if he receives no praiſe where he expected it? Nay, how often is he mortified with the very praiſes he receives, if they do not riſe ſo high as he thinks they ought, which they ſeldom do, unleſs increaſed by flattery, ſince few men have ſo good an opinion of us as we have of ourſelves? But if the ambitious man can be ſo much grieved even with praiſe itſelf, how will he be able to bear up under ſcandal and defamation? for the ſame temper of mind which makes him deſire fame, makes him hate reproach. If he can be tranſported with the extraordinary praiſes of men, he will be as much dejected by their cenſures. How little therefore is the happineſs of an ambitious man, who gives every one a dominion over it, who thus ſubjects himſelf to the good or ill ſpeeches of others, and puts it in the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and deſtroy his natural reſt and repoſe of mind? Eſpecially when we conſider that the world is

more

more apt to cenſure than applaud, and himſelf fuller of imperfections than virtues.

We may further obſerve, that ſuch a man will be more grieved for the loſs of fame, than he could have been pleaſed with the enjoyment of it. For though the preſence of this imaginary good cannot make us happy, the abſence of it may make us miſerable; becauſe in the enjoyment of an object we only find that ſhare of pleaſure which it is capable of giving us, but in the loſs of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations ſet upon it.

So inconſiderable is the ſatisfaction that fame brings along with it, and ſo great the diſquietudes to which it makes us liable. The deſire of it ſtirs up very uneaſy motions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than ſatisfied by the preſence of the thing deſired. The enjoyment of it brings but very little pleaſure, though the loſs or want of it be very ſenſible and afflicting: and even this little happineſs is ſo very precarious, that it wholly depends on the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but we are diſappointed by the ſilence of men when it is unexpected, and humbled even by their praiſes.

Tueſday, December 25, 1711*.

———'Ουχ' ευδει Διος
'Οφθαλμος εγγυς δ' εστι και παρων πονω.

Incert: ex Stob.

No ſlumber ſeals the eye of Providence,
reſent to every action we commence.

THAT I might not loſe myſelf upon a ſubject of ſo great extent as that of fame, I have treated it in a particular order and method. I have firſt of

* No. 257.

all

all conſidered the reaſons why Providence may have implanted in our mind ſuch a principle of action. I have, in the next place, ſhewn, from many conſiderations, firſt, that fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and eaſily loſt; ſecondly, that it brings the ambitious man very little happineſs, but ſubjects him to much uneaſineſs and diſſatisfaction. I ſhall, in the laſt place, ſhew, that it hinders us from obtaining an end which we have abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with fullneſs of ſatisfaction. I need not tell my reader, that I mean by this end, that happineſs which is reſerved for us in another world, which every one has abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it, "fullneſs "of joy and pleaſures for evermore."

How the purſuit after fame may hinder us in the attainment of this great end, I ſhall leave the reader to collect from the three following conſiderations:

Firſt, Becauſe the ſtrong deſire of fame breeds ſeveral vicious habits in the mind.

Secondly, Becauſe many of thoſe actions, which are apt to procure fame, are not in their nature conducive to this our ultimate happineſs.

Thirdly, Becauſe if we ſhould allow the ſame actions to be the proper inſtruments, both of acquiring fame, and of procuring this happineſs, they would nevertheleſs fail in the attainment of this laſt end, if they proceeded from a deſire of the firſt.

Theſe three propoſitions are ſelf-evident, to thoſe who are verſed in ſpeculations of morality. For which reaſon I ſhall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a point of the ſame nature, which may open to us a more uncommon field of ſpeculation.

From what has already been obſerved, I think we may make a very natural concluſion, that it is the greater folly to ſeek the praiſe or approbation of any being, beſides the Supreme, and that for theſe two reaſons; becauſe no other being can make a right judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our merits: and becauſe we can procure no conſiderable benefit or advantage from the eſteem and approbation of any other being.

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In the firſt place, no other being can make a right judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our merits. Created beings ſee nothing but our outſide, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from our exterior actions and behaviour: but how unfit theſe are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections, may appear from ſeveral conſiderations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward repreſentation: many ſilent perfections in the ſoul of a good man, which are great ornaments to human nature, but not able to diſcover themſelves to the knowledge of others; they are tranſacted in private, without noiſe or ſhow, and are only viſible to the great Searcher of hearts. What actions can expreſs the entire purity of thought which refines and ſanctifies a virtuous man? That ſecret reſt and contentedneſs of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his preſent condition? that inward pleaſure and complacency which he feels in doing good? that delight and ſatisfaction which he takes in the proſperity and happineſs of another? theſe and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a ſoul, the ſecret graces which cannot be diſcovered by a mortal eye, but make the ſoul lovely and precious in his ſight, from whom no ſecrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and ſhowing themſelves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper object and a fit conjuncture of circumſtances, for the due exerciſe of it. A ſtate of poverty obſcures all the virtues of liberality and munificence. The patience and fortitude of a martyr or confeſſor lie concealed in the flouriſhing times of Chriſtianity. Some virtues are only ſeen in affliction, and ſome in proſperity; ſome in a private, and others in a public capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obſcurity, and not only ſees what we do, but what we would do. He views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and ſees us engaged in all the poſſibilities of action. He diſcovers the martyr and confeſſor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions, which

they

they had never the oportunity of performing. Another reaſon why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, becauſe the ſame actions may be aimed at different ends, and ariſe from quite contrary principles. Actions are of ſo mixt a nature, and ſo full of circumſtances, that as men pry into them more or leſs, or obſerve ſome parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; ſo that the ſame actions may repreſent a man as hypocritical and deſigning to one, which make him appear a ſaint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the ſoul through its outward actions, often ſees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to diſcolour and pervert the object; ſo that on this account alſo, HE is the only proper judge of our perfections, who does not gueſs at the ſincerity of our intentions from the goodneſs of our actions, but weighs the goodneſs of our actions by the ſincerity of our intentions.

But further, it is impoſſible for outward actions to repreſent the perfections of the ſoul, becauſe they can never ſhew the ſtrength of thoſe principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expreſſions of our virtues, and can only ſhew us what habits are in the ſoul, without diſcovering the degree and perfection of ſuch habits. They are at beſt but weak reſemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies, that may acquaint us with the general deſign, but can never expreſs the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every different ſtate and degree of human improvement, from thoſe weak ſtirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themſelves into regular purpoſes and deſigns, to the laſt entire finiſhing and conſummation of a good habit. He beholds the firſt imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the ſoul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progreſs, until it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we ſee, that none but the Supreme being can eſteem us according to our proper merits, ſince all others muſt judge of us from our outward actions; which can never give them a juſt eſti-

mate

mate of us, ſince there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of ſhewing themſelves, want an opportunity of doing it; or, ſhould they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet thoſe actions may be miſinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or, though they plainly diſcovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never ſhew the degree, ſtrength, and perfection of thoſe principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper judge of our perfections, ſo is he the only fit rewarder of them. This is a conſideration that comes home to our intereſt, as the other adapts itſelf to our ambition. And what could the moſt aſpiring, or the moſt ſelfiſh man deſire more, were he to form the notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himſelf, than ſuch a knowledge as can diſcover the leaſt appearance of perfection in him, and ſuch a goodneſs as will proportion a reward to it?

Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his deſire of fame this way; and that he may propoſe to himſelf a fame worthy of his ambition, let him conſider, that if he employs his abilities to the beſt advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the great Judge of mankind, who ſees every degree of perfection in others, and poſſeſſes all poſſible perfection in himſelf, ſhall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him, in the preſence of the whole creation, that beſt and moſt ſignificant of applauſes, *Well done, thou good and faithful ſervant, enter thou into thy Maſter's joy.*

Saturday,

Saturday, December 29, 1711 *.

Γαμος γαρ ανθρωποισιν ευκταιον κακον. Frag. Vet. Poet.

Wedlock's an ill men eagerly embrace.

MY father, whom I mentioned in my firſt ſpeculation, and whom I muſt always name with honour and gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the ſubject of marriage. I was in my younger years engaged, partly by his advice, and partly by my own inclinations, in the courtſhip of a perſon who had a great deal of beauty, and did not at my firſt approaches ſeem to have any averſion to me; but as my natural taciturnity hindered me from ſhewing myſelf to the beſt advantage, ſhe by degrees began to look upon me as a very ſilly fellow, and being reſolved to regard merit more than any thing elſe in the perſons who made their applications to her, ſhe married a captain of dragoons, who happened to be beating up for recruits in thoſe parts.

This unlucky accident has given me an averſion to pretty fellows ever ſince, and diſcouraged me from trying my fortune with the fair ſex. The obſervations which I made in this conjuncture, and the repeated advices which I received at that time from the good old man above mentioned, have produced the following eſſay upon love and marriage.

The pleaſanteſt part of a man's life is generally that which paſſes in courtſhip, provided his paſſion be ſincere, and the party beloved, kind with diſcretion. Love, deſire, hope, all the pleaſing motions of the ſoul riſe in the purſuit.

It is eaſier for an artful man who is not in love, to perſuade his miſtreſs he has a paſſion for her, and to ſucceed in his purſuits, than for one who loves with the greateſt violence. True love has ten thouſand griefs, impatiences, and reſentments, that render a man

* No. 261.

unamiable

unamiable in the eyes of the perſon whoſe affection he ſolicits; beſides, that it ſinks his figure, gives him fears, apprehenſions, and poorneſs of ſpirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himſelf.

Thoſe marriages generally abound moſt with love and conſtancy, that are preceded by a long courtſhip. The paſſion ſhould ſtrike root, and gather ſtrength before marriage be grafted on it. A long courſe of hopes and expectations fixes the idea in our minds, and habituates us to a fondneſs of the perſon beloved.

There is nothing of ſo great importance to us, as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourſelves for life; they do not only make our preſent ſtate agreeable, but often determine our happineſs to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under conſideration is an eſtate: where the parties chooſe for themſelves, their thoughts turn moſt upon the perſon. They have both their reaſons. The firſt would procure many conveniencies and pleaſures of life to the party whoſe intereſts they eſpouſe; and at the ſame time may hope that the wealth of their friend will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for themſelves a perpetual feaſt. A good perſon does not only raiſe, but continue love, and breeds a ſecret pleaſure and complacency in the beholder, when the firſt heats of deſire are extinguiſhed. It puts the wife and huſband in countenance both among friends and ſtrangers, and generally fills the family with a healthy and beautiful race of children.

I ſhould prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you muſt have a violent paſſion for her, or you have not the proper taſte of her charms; and if you have ſuch a paſſion for her, it is odds but it would be imbittered with fears and jealouſies.

Good-nature and evenneſs of temper will give you an eaſy companion for life; virtue and good ſenſe, an agreeable friend; love and conſtancy, a good wife, or huſband. Where we meet one perſon with all theſe

accompliſhments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithſtanding, is more intent on trains and equipages, and all the ſhowy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude, than conſult our proper intereſts; and, as I have elſewhere obſerved, it is one of the moſt unaccountable paſſions of human nature, that we are at greater pains to appear eaſy and happy to others, than really to make ourſelves ſo. Of all diſparities, that in humour makes the moſt unhappy marriages, yet ſcarce enters into our thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this reſpect unequally yoked, and uneaſy for life, with a perſon of a particular character, might have been pleaſed and happy with a perſon of a contrary one, notwithſtanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage we cannot be too inquiſitive and diſcerning in the faults of the perſon beloved, nor after it too dim-ſighted and ſuperficial. However perfect and accompliſhed the perſon appears to you at a diſtance, you will find many blemiſhes and imperfections in her humour, upon a more intimate acquaintance, which you never diſcovered or perhaps ſuſpected. Here therefore diſcretion and good nature are to ſhew their ſtrength; the firſt will hinder your thoughts from dwelling on what is diſagreeable, the other will raiſe in you all the tenderneſs of compaſſion and humanity, and by degrees ſoften thoſe very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the ſcene of our happineſs and miſeries. A marriage of love is pleaſant; a marriage of intereſt eaſy; and a marriage where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleaſures of friendſhip, all the enjoyments of ſenſe and reaſon, and, indeed, all the ſweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age, than the common ridicule which paſſes on this ſtate of life. It is indeed, only happy in thoſe who can look down with ſcorn or neglect on the impieties of the times, and tread the paths of life together in a conſtant uniform courſe of virtue.

Monday

Monday December, 31, 1711*.

Nulla venenato littera mista joco est.
Ovid. Trist. ii. 566.

ADAPTED.

My Paper flows from no satyric vein,
Contains no poison, and conveys no pain.

I Think myself highly obliged to the public for their kind acceptance of a Paper which visits them every morning, and has in it none of those *seasonings* that recommend so many of the writings which are in vogue among us.

As, on the one side, my Paper has not in it a single word of news, a reflection in politics, nor a stroke of party; so on the other, there are no fashionable touches of infidelity, no obscene ideas, no satires upon priesthood, marriage, and the like popular topicks of ridicule; no private scandal, nor any thing that may tend to the defamation of particular persons, families, or societies.

There is not one of those abovementioned subjects that would not sell a very indifferent Paper, could I think of gratifying the public by such mean and base methods. But notwithstanding I have rejected every thing that savours of party, every thing that is loose and immoral, and every thing that might create uneasiness in the minds of particular persons, I find that the demand of my Papers has increased every month since their first appearance in the world. This does not perhaps reflect so much honour upon myself, as on my readers, who give a much greater attention to discourses of virtue and morality, than ever I expected, or indeed could hope.

* No. 262.

When

When I broke loose from that great body of writers who have employed their wit and parts in propagating vice and irreligion, I did not question but I should be treated as an odd kind of fellow, that had a mind to appear singular in my way of writing: but the general reception I have found, convinces me that the world is not so corrupt as we are apt to imagine; and that if those men of parts who have been employed in vitiating the age, had endeavoured to rectify and amend it. they needed not have sacrificed their good sense and virtue, to their fame and reputation. No man is so sunk in vice and ignorance, but there are still some hidden seeds of goodness and knowledge in him; which give him a relish of such reflections and speculations as have an aptness to improve the mind, and make the heart better.

I have shewn in a former Paper, with how much care I have avoided all such thoughts as are loose, obscene, or immoral; and I believe my reader would still think the better of me, if he knew the pains I am at in qualifying what I write after such a manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private persons. For this reason, when I draw any faulty character, I consider all those persons to whom the malice of the world may possibly apply it, and take care to dash it with such particular circumstances as may prevent all such ill-natured applications. If I write any thing on a black man, I run over in my mind all the eminent persons in the nation who are of that complexion: when I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every syllable and letter of it, that it may not bear any resemblance to one that is real. I know very well the value which every man sets upon his reputation, and how painful it is to be exposed to the mirth and derision of the public, and should therefore scorn to divert my reader at the expence of any private man.

As I have been thus tender of every particular person's reputation, so I have taken more than ordinary care not to give offence to those who appear in the higher figures of life. I would not make myself merry even with a piece of pasteboard that is invested with a public

public character; for which reason I have never glanced upon the late designed procession of his Holiness and his attendants, notwithstanding it might have afforded matter to many ludicrous speculations. Among those advantages, which the public may reap from this Paper, it is not the least, that it draws mens minds off from the bitterness of party, and furnishes them with subjects of discourse that may be treated without warmth or passion. This is said to have been the first design of those gentlemen who set on foot the Royal Society; and had then a very good effect, as it turned many of the greatest geniuses of that age to the disquisitions of natural knowledge, who, if they had engaged in politics with the same parts and application, might have set their country in a flame. The air-pump, the barometer, the quadrant, and the like inventions were thrown out to those busy spirits, as tubs and barrels are to a whale, that he may let the ship sail on without disturbance, while he diverts himself with those innocent amusements.

I have been so very scrupulous in this particular of not hurting any man's reputation, that I have forborn mentioning even such authors as I could not name with honour. This I must confess to have been a piece of very great self-denial; for as the public relishes nothing better than the ridicule which turns upon a writer of any eminence, so there is nothing which a man that has but a very ordinary talent in ridicule may execute with greater ease. One might raise laughter for a quarter of a year together upon the works of a person who has published but a very few volumes. For which reason I am astonished, that those who have appeared against this Paper have made so very little of it. The criticisms which I have hitherto published, have been made with an intention rather to discover beauties and excellencies in the writers of my own time, than to publish any of their faults and imperfections. In the mean while, I should take it for a very great favour from some of my underhand detractors, if they would break all measures with me so far, as to give me a pretence for examining their performances

mances with an impartial eye. Nor ſhall I look upon it as any breach of charity to criticiſe the author ſo long as I keep clear of the perſon.

In the mean while, 'till I am provoked to ſuch hoſtilities, I ſhall from time to time endeavour to do juſtice to thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the politer parts of learning, and to point out ſuch beauties in their works as may have eſcaped the obſervation of others.

As the firſt place among our Engliſh poets is due to Milton; and as I have drawn more quotations out of him than from any other, I ſhall enter into a regular criticiſm upon his Paradiſe Loſt, which I ſhall publiſh every Saturday 'till I have given my thoughts upon that poem. I ſhall not however preſume to impoſe upon others my own particular judgment on this author, but only deliver it as my private opinion. Criticiſm is of a very large extent, and every particular maſter in this art has his favourite paſſages in an author, which do not equally ſtrike the beſt iudges. It will be ſufficient for me if I diſcover many beauties or imperfections which others have not attended to, and I ſhould be very glad to ſee any of our eminent writers publiſh their diſcoveries on the ſame ſubject. In ſhort, I would always be underſtood to write my papers of criticiſm in the ſpirit which Horace has expreſſed in thoſe two famous lines;

——*Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis,*
Candidus imperti; ſi non, his utere mecum.

1 Ep. vi. ult.

'If you have made any better remarks of your own, 'communicate them with candour; if not, make uſe 'of theſe I preſent you with.'

Thurſday

Thursday, January 3, 1711-12*.

Dixerit e multis aliquis, quid virus in angues
Adjicis? & rabidæ tradis ovile lupæ?

Ovid. de Art. Am. iii. 7.

But some exclaim, What frenzy rules your mind?
Would you increase the craft of womankind?
Teach them new wiles and arts? As well you may
Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey.

CONGREVE.

ONE of the fathers, if I am rightly informed, has designed a woman to be ζῶον φιλοκόσμον, an animal that delights in finery. I have already treated of the sex in two or three Papers, conformably to this definition, and have in particular observed, that in all ages they have been more careful than the men to adorn that part of the head which we generally call the outside.

This observation is so very notorious, that when in ordinary discourse we say a man has a fine head, a long head, or a good head, we express ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his understanding; whereas, when we say of a woman, she has a fine, a long, or a good head, we speak only in relation to her commode.

It is observed among birds, that Nature has lavished all her ornaments upon the male, who very often appears in a most beautiful head-dress: whether it be a crest, a comb, a tuft of feathers, or a natural little plume, erected like a kind of pinnacle on the very top of the head. As Nature, on the contrary, has poured out her charms in the greatest abundance upon the female part of our species, so they are very assiduous in bestowing upon themselves the finest garni-

tures of art. The peacock, in all his pride, does not display half the colours that appear in the garments of a British lady, when she is dressed either for a ball or a birth-day.

But to return to our female heads. The ladies have been for some time in a kind of moulting season, with regard to that part of their dress, having cast great quantities of ribbon, lace, and cambrick, and in some measure reduced that part of the human figure to the beautiful globular form which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of ornament would be substituted in the place of those antiquated commodes. Our female projectors were all the last summer so taken up with the improvement of their petticoats, that they had not time to attend to any thing else; but having at length sufficiently adorned their lower parts, they now begin to turn their thoughts upon the other extremity, as well remembering the old kitchen proverb, that if you light your fire at both ends, the middle will shift for itself.

I am engaged in this speculation by a sight which I lately met with at the opera. As I was standing in the hinder part of the box, I took notice of a little cluster of women sitting together in the prettiest coloured hoods that ever I saw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another philomot; the fourth was of a pink colour, and the fifth of a pale green. I looked with as much pleasure upon this little party-coloured assembly, as upon a bed of tulips, and did not know at first whether it might not be an embassy of Indian Queens; but upon my going about into the pit, and taking them in front, I was immediately undeceived, and saw so much beauty in every face, that I found them all to be English. Such eyes and lips, cheeks and foreheads could be the growth of no other country. The complexion of their faces hindered me from observing any further the colour of their hoods, though I could easily perceive, by that unspeakable satisfaction which appeared in their looks, that their own thoughts were wholly taken up on those pretty ornaments they wore upon their heads.

I am

I am informed that this fashion spreads daily, insomuch that the whig and tory ladies begin already to hang out different colours, and to shew their principles in their head-dress. Nay, if I may believe my friend Will Honeycomb, there is a certain old coquette of his acquaintance who intends to appear very suddenly in a rainbow hood, like the Iris in Dryden's Virgil, not questioning, but that among such a variety of colours she shall have a charm for every heart.

My friend Will, who very much values himself upon his great insights into gallantry, tells me, that he can already guess at the humour a lady is in, by her hood, as the courtiers of Morocco know the disposition of their present Emperor by the colour of the dress which he puts on. When Melesinda wraps her head in flame colour, her heart is set upon execution. When she covers it with purple, I would not, says he, advise her lover to approach her; but if she appears in white, it is peace, and he may hand her out of her box with safety.

Will informs me likewise, that these hoods may be used as signals. Why else, says he, does Cornelia always put on a black hood when her husband is gone into the country?

Such are my friend Honeycomb's dreams of gallantry. For my own part, I impute this diversity in colours in the hoods to the diversity of complexion of the faces of my pretty countrywomen. Ovid in his Art of Love has given some precepts as to this particular, though I find they are different from those which prevail among the moderns. He recommends a red striped silk to the pale complexion; white to the brown, and dark to the fair. On the contrary, my friend Will, who pretends to be a greater master in this art than Ovid, tells me, that the palest features look the most agreeable in white sarsenet; that a face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepest scarlet, and that the darkest complexion is not a little alleviated by a black hood. In short, he is for losing the colour of the face in that of the hood, as a fire burns dimly, and a candle goes half out, in the light of the sun.

This, ſays he, your Ovid himſelf has hinted, where he treats of theſe matters, when he tells us that the blue-water nymphs are dreſſed in ſky-coloured garments; and that Aurora, who always appears in the light of the riſing ſun, is robed in ſaffron.

Whether theſe his obſervations are juſtly grounded I cannot tell: but I have often known him, as we have ſtood together behind the ladies, praiſe or diſpraiſe the complexion of a face which he never ſaw, from obſerving the colour of her hood, and *he* has been very ſeldom out in theſe his gueſſes.

As I have nothing more at heart than the honour and improvement of the fair ſex, I cannot conclude this Paper without an exhortation to the Britiſh ladies, that they would excel the women of all other nations as much in virtue and good ſenſe as they do in beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as induſtrious to cultivate their minds as they are to adorn their bodies. In the mean while, I ſhall recommend to their moſt ſerious conſideration the ſaying of an old Greek poet,

Γυναικι κοσμος ο τροπος, κ' ου' χρυσια.

Saturday, *January* 5, 1712*.

Cedite Romani ſcriptores, cedite Graii.

Propert. El. 34. lib. 2. ver. 65.

Give place, ye Roman, and ye Grecian wits.

THERE is nothing in nature ſo irkſome as general diſcourſes, eſpecially when they turn chiefly upon words. For this reaſon I ſhall wave the diſcuſſion of that point which was ſtarted ſome years ſince, whether MILTON'S PARADISE LOST may be called an heroic poem? Thoſe who will not give it that title, may call it (if they pleaſe) a Divine Poem. It will be

* No. 267.

be ſufficient to its perfection, if it has in it all the beauties of the higheſt kind of poetry; and as for thoſe who alledge it is not an heroic poem, they advance no more to the diminution of it, than if they ſhould ſay Adam is not Æneas, or Eve Helen.

I ſhall therefore examine it by the rules of epic poetry, and ſee whether it falls ſhort of the Iliad or Æneid, in the beauties which are eſſential to that kind of writing. The firſt thing to be conſidered in an epic poem is the fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the action which it relates is more or leſs ſo. This action ſhould have three qualifications in it. Firſt, It ſhould be but one action. Secondly, It ſhould be an entire action. Thirdly, It ſhould be a great action. To conſider the action of the Iliad, Æneid, and Paradiſe Loſt, in theſe three ſeveral lights. Homer, to preſerve the unity of his action, haſtens into the midſt of things, as Horace has obſerved. Had he gone up to Leda's egg, or begun much later, even at the rape of Helen, or the inveſting of Troy, it is manifeſt that the ſtory of the poem would have been a ſeries of ſeveral actions. He therefore opens his poem with the diſcord of his princes, and artfully interweaves, in the ſeveral ſucceeding parts of it, an account of every thing material which relates to them, and had paſſed before that fatal diſſenſion. After the ſame manner Æneas makes his firſt appearance in the Tyrrhene ſeas, and within ſight of Italy, becauſe the action propoſed to be celebrated was that of his ſettling himſelf in Latium. But becauſe it was neceſſary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of Troy, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, Virgil makes his hero relate it by way of epiſode in the ſecond and third books of the Æneid. The contents of both which books come before thoſe of the firſt book in the thread of the ſtory, though, for preſerving of this unity of action, they follow it in the diſpoſition of the poem. Milton, in imitation of theſe two great poets, opens his Paradiſe Loſt with an infernal council plotting the fall of man, which is the action he propoſed to celebrate; and as for thoſe great actions, which pre-

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ceded in point of time, the battle of the angels, and the creation of the world, (which would have entirely deſtroyed the unity of his principal action, had he related them in the ſame order that they happened) he caſt them into the fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh books, by way of epiſode to this noble poem.

Ariſtotle himſelf allows, that Homer has nothing to boaſt of as to the unity of his fable, though, at the ſame time, that great critic and philoſopher endeavours to palliate this imperfection in the Greek poet by imputing it in ſome meaſure to the very nature of an epic poem. Some have been of opinion, that the Æneid alſo labours in this particular, and has epiſodes which may be looked upon as excreſcences rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the poem which we have now under our conſideration, hath no other epiſodes than ſuch as naturally ariſe from the ſubject, and yet is filled with ſuch a multitude of aſtoniſhing incidents, that it gives us at the ſame time a pleaſure of the greateſt variety, and of the greateſt ſimplicity; *uniform in its nature, though diverſified in the execution.*

I muſt obſerve alſo, that as Virgil, in the poem which was deſigned to celebrate the original of the Roman empire, has deſcribed the birth of its great rival, the Carthaginian commonwealth, Milton, with the like art in his poem on the Fall of Man, has related the fall of theſe angels who are his profeſſed enemies. Beſides the many other beauties in ſuch an epiſode, its running parallel with the great action of the poem hinders it from breaking the unity ſo much as another epiſode would have done, that had not ſo great an affinity with the principal ſubject. In ſhort, this is the ſame kind of beauty which the critics admire in the Spaniſh Frier, or The Double Diſcovery, where the two different plots look like counter-parts and copies of one another.

The ſecond qualification required in the action of an epic poem, is, that it ſhould be an entire action. An action is entire when it is complete in all its parts; or, as Ariſtotle deſcribes it, when it conſiſts of a beginning, a middle

a middle, and an end. Nothing ſhould go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As, on the contrary, no ſingle ſtep ſhould be omitted in that juſt and regular proceſs which it muſt be ſuppoſed to take from its original to its conſummation. Thus we ſee the anger of Achilles in its birth, its continuance and effects; and Æneas's ſettlement in Italy, carried on through all the oppoſitions in his way to it both by ſea and land. The action in Milton excells (I think) both the former in this particular: we ſee it contrived in hell, executed upon earth, and puniſhed by heaven. The parts of it are told in the moſt diſtinct manner, and grow out of one another in the moſt natural method.

The third qualification of an epic poem is its Greatneſs. The anger of Achilles was of ſuch conſequence that it embroiled the kings of Greece, deſtroyed the heroes of Troy, and engaged all the gods in factions. Æneas's ſettlement in Italy produced the Cæſars, and gave birth to the Roman empire. Milton's ſubject was ſtill greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of ſingle perſons or nations, but of a whole ſpecies. The united powers of hell are joined together for the deſtruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have compleated, had not Omnipotence itſelf interpoſed. The principal actors are man in his greateſt perfection, and woman in her higheſt beauty. Their enemies are the fallen angels; the Meſſiah their friend, and the Almighty their protector. In ſhort, every thing that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of nature, or out of it, has a proper part aſſigned it in this admirable poem.

In poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, ſhould be great. I will not preſume to ſay, that the book of games in the Æneid, or that in the Iliad, are not of this nature, or to reprehend Virgil's ſimile of the top, and many other of the ſame kind in the Iliad, as liable to any cenſure in this particular; but I think we may ſay, without derogating from thoſe wonderful performan-

ces,

ces, that there is an unqueſtionable magnificence in every part of Paradiſe Loſt, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any Pagan ſyſtem.

But Ariſtotle, by the greatneſs of the action, does not only mean that it ſhould be great in its nature, but alſo in its duration, or in other words, that it ſhould have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call Greatneſs. The juſt meaſure of this kind of magnitude, he explains by the following ſimilitude :—An animal, no bigger than a mite, cannot appear perfect to the eye, becauſe the ſight takes it in at once, and has only a confuſed idea of the whole, and not a diſtinct idea of all its parts ; if on the contrary you ſhould ſuppoſe an animal of ten thouſand furlongs in length, the eye would be filled with a ſingle part of it, that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What theſe animals are to the eye, a very ſhort or a very long action would be to the memory. The firſt ſhould be, as it were, loſt and ſwallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. Homer and Virgil have ſhewn their principle art in this particular ; the action of the Iliad, and that of the Æneid, were in themſelves exceeding ſhort, but are ſo beautifully extended and diverſified by the invention of epiſodes, and the machinery of gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable ſtory, ſufficient to employ the memory without overcharging it. Milton's action is enriched with ſuch a variety of circumſtances, that I have taken as much pleaſure in reading the contents of his books, as in the beſt invented ſtory I ever met with. It is poſſible, that the traditions, on which the Iliad and Æneid were built, had more circumſtances in them, than the hiſtory of the Fall of Man, as it is related in ſcripture. Beſides, it was eaſier for Homer and Virgil to daſh the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by it. But as for Milton, he had not only a very few circumſtances upon which to raiſe his poem, but was alſo obliged to proceed with the greateſt caution in every thing that he added out of

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his own invention. And, indeed, notwithſtanding all the reſtraint he was under, he has filled his ſtory with ſo many ſurpriſing incidents, which bear ſo cloſe an analogy with what is delivered in holy writ, that it is capable of pleaſing the moſt delicate reader, without giving offence to the moſt ſcrupulous.

The modern critics have collected from ſeveral hints in the Iliad and Æneid, the ſpace of time which is taken up by the action of each of theſe poems; but as a great part of Milton's ſtory was tranſacted in regions that lie out of the reach of the ſun and the ſphere of day, it is impoſſible to gratify the reader with ſuch a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than inſtructive; none of the critics, either ancient or modern, having laid down rules to circumſcribe the action of an epic poem with any determined number of years, days, or hours.

This piece of criticiſm on Milton's Paradiſe Loſt ſhall be carried on in the following Saturday's Papers.

Saturday, January 12, 1711-12*.

———*Notandi ſunt tibi mores.*

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 156.

Note well the manners.

HAVING examined the action of Paradiſe Loſt, let us in the next place conſider the actors. This is Ariſtotle's method of conſidering, firſt the fable, and ſecondly the manners; or, as we generally call them in Engliſh, the fable and the character.

Homer has excelled all the heroic poets that ever wrote in the multitude and variety of his characters. Every god that is admitted into his poem, acts a part which would have been ſuitable to no other deity. His princes are as much diſtinguiſhed by their manners, as

by their dominions; and even thoſe among them, whoſe characters ſeem wholly made up of courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of courage in which they excel. In ſhort, there is ſcarce a ſpeech or action in the Iliad, which the reader may not aſcribe to the perſon who ſpeaks or acts, without ſeeing his name at the head of it.

Homer does not only outſhine all other poets in the variety, but alſo in the novelty of his characters. He has introduced among his Grecian princes a perſon who had lived thrice the age of man, and converſed with Theſeus, Hercules, Polyphemus, and the firſt race of heroes. His principal actor is the ſon of a goddeſs, not to mention the offſpring of other deities, who have likewiſe a place in this poem, and the venerable Trojan prince, who was the father of ſo many kings and heroes. There is in theſe ſeveral characters of Homer, a certain dignity, as well as novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroic poem. Though, at the ſame time, to give them a greater variety, he has deſcribed a Vulcan, that is a buffoon among his gods, and a Therſites among his mortals.

Virgil falls infinitely ſhort of Homer in the characters of his poem, both as to their variety and novelty. Æneas is indeed a perfect character, but as for Achates, though he is ſtiled the hero's friend, he does nothing in the whole poem which may deſerve that title. Gyas, Mneſtheus, Sergeſtus and Cloanthus, are all of them men of the ſame ſtamp and character.

———*Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.*

There are indeed ſeveral natural incidents in the Part of Aſcanius: and that of Dido cannot be ſufficiently admired. I do not ſee any thing new or particular in Turnus. Pallas and Evander are remote copies of Hector and Priam, as Lauſus and Mezentius are almoſt parallels to Pallas and Evander. The characters of Niſus and Euryalus are beautiful, but common. We muſt not forget the parts of Sinon, Camilla,

milla, and ſome few others, which are fine improvements on the Greek poet. In ſhort, there is neither that variety or novelty in the perſons of the Æneid, which we meet with in thoſe of the Iliad.

If we look into the characters of Milton, we ſhall find that he has introduced all the variety his fable was capable of receiving. The whole *ſpecies* of mankind was in two perſons at the time to which the ſubject of his poem is confined. We have, however, four diſtinct characters in theſe two perſons. We ſee man and woman in the higheſt innocence and perfection, and in the moſt abject ſtate of guilt and infirmity. The two laſt characters are, indeed, very common and obvious, but the two firſt are not only more magnificent, but more new than any characters either in Virgil or Homer, or indeed in the whole circle of nature.

Milton was ſo ſenſible of this defect in the ſubject of his poem, and of the few characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two actors of a ſhadowy and fictitious nature, in the perſons of Sin and Death, by which means he has wrought into the body of his fable a very beautiful and well-invented allegory. But notwithſtanding the fineneſs of this allegory may atone for it in ſome meaſure, I cannot think that perſons of ſuch a chimerical exiſtence are proper actors in an epic poem; becauſe there is not that meaſure of probability annexed to them, which is requiſite in writings of this kind, as I ſhall ſhew more at large hereafter.

Virgil has, indeed, admitted Fame as an actreſs in the Æneid, but the part ſhe acts is very ſhort, and none of the moſt admired circumſtances in that divine work. We find in mock-heroic poems, particularly in the Diſpenſary, and the Lutrin, ſeveral allegorical perſons of this nature, which are very beautiful in thoſe compoſitions, and may perhaps be uſed as an argument, that the authors of them were of opinion ſuch characters might have a place in an epic work. For my own part, I ſhould be glad the reader would think ſo, for the ſake of the poem I am now examining, and muſt further add, that if ſuch empty unſubſtantial be-

ings may be ever made uſe of on this occaſion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper actions, than thoſe of which I am now ſpeaking.

Another principal actor in this poem is the great enemy of mankind. The part of Ulyſſes in Homer's Odyſſey is very much admired by Ariſtotle, as perplexing that fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies, not only by the many adventures in his voyage, and the ſubtilty of his behaviour, but by the various concealments and diſcoveries of his perſon in ſeveral parts of that poem. But the crafty being I have now mentioned makes a much longer voyage than Ulyſſes, puts in practice many more wiles and ſtratagems, and hides himſelf under a greater variety of ſhapes and appearances, all of which are ſeverally detected, to the great delight and ſurpriſe of the reader.

We may likewiſe obſerve with how much art the poet has varied ſeveral characters of the perſons that ſpeak in this infernal aſſembly. On the contrary, how has he repreſented the whole Godhead exerting itſelf towards man in its full benevolence under the threefold diſtinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

Nor muſt we omit the perſon of Raphael, who, amidſt his tenderneſs and friendſhip for man, ſhews ſuch a dignity and condeſcenſion in all his ſpeech and behaviour, as are ſuitable to a ſuperior nature. The angels are indeed as much diverſified in Milton, and diſtinguiſhed by their proper parts, as the gods are in Homer or Virgil. The reader will find nothing aſcribed to Uriel, Gabriel, Michael, or Raphael, which is not in a particular manner ſuitable to their reſpective characters.

There is another circumſtance in the principal actors of the Iliad and Æneid, which gives a peculiar beauty to thoſe two poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment. I mean the authors having choſen, for their heroes, perſons who were ſo nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. Achilles was a Greek, and Æneas the remote founder of Rome. By

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this means their countrymen (whom they principally propoſed to themſelves for their readers) were particularly attentive to all the parts of their ſtory, and ſympathized with their heroes in all their adventures. A Roman could not but rejoice in the eſcapes, ſucceſſes, and victories of Æneas, and be grieved at any defeats, misfortunes, or diſappointments that befel him; as a Greek muſt have had the ſame regard for Achilles. And it is plain, that each of thoſe poems have loſt this great advantage, among thoſe readers to whom their heroes are as ſtrangers, or indifferent perſons.

Milton's poem is admirable in this reſpect, ſince it is impoſſible for any of its readers, whatever nation, country, or people he may belong to, not to be related to the perſons who are the principal actors in it; but what is ſtill infinitely more to its advantage, the principal actors in this poem are not only our progenitors, but our repreſentatives. We have an actual intereſt in every thing they do, and no leſs than our utmoſt happineſs is concerned, and lies at ſtake in all their behaviour.

I ſhall ſubjoin as a corollary to the foregoing remark, an admirable obſervation out of Ariſtotle, which hath been very much miſrepreſented in the quotations of ſome modern critics: 'If a man of perfect and consummate virtue falls into a misfortune, it raiſes our pity, but not our terror, becauſe we do not fear that it may be our own caſe, who do not reſemble the ſuffering perſon.' But, as that great philoſopher adds, 'If we ſee a man of virtue mixt with infirmities fall into any misfortune, it does not only raiſe our pity but our terror; becauſe we are afraid that the like misfortunes may happen to ourſelves, who reſemble the character of the ſuffering perſon.'

I ſhall take another opportunity to obſerve, that a perſon of an abſolute and conſummate virtue ſhould never be introduced in tragedy; and ſhall only remark in this place, that the foregoing obſervation of Ariſtotle, though it may be true in other occaſions, does not hold in this; becauſe, in the preſent caſe, though the perſons who fall into misfortune are of the moſt perfect

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and consummate virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own case; since we are embarked with them on the same bottom, and must be partakers of their happiness or misery.

In this, and some other very few instances, Aristotle's rules for epic poetry (which he had drawn from his reflections upon Homer) cannot be supposed to quadrate exactly with the heroic poems which have been made since his time; since it is plain his rules would still have been more perfect, could he have perused the Æneid, which was made some hundred years after his death.

In my next, I shall go through other parts of Milton's poem; and hope, that what I shall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only serve as a comment upon Milton, but upon Aristotle.

Saturday, January 19, 1711-12*.

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 316.

He knows what best besits each character.

WE have already taken a general survey of the fable and characters in Milton's Paradise Lost, The parts which remain to be considered, according to Aristotle's method, are the Sentiments and the Language. Before I enter upon the first of these, I must advertise my reader, that it is my design, as soon as I have finished my general reflections on these four several heads, to give particular instances out of the poem which is now before us of beauties and imperfections which may be observed under each of them, as also of such other particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premise, that the

* No. 279.

reader

reader may not judge too haſtily of this piece of criticiſm, or look upon it as imperfect, before he has ſeen the whole extent of it.

The ſentiments in an Epic poem are the thoughts and behaviour which the author aſcribes to the perſons whom he introduces, and are juſt when they are conformable to the characters of the ſeveral perſons. The ſentiments have likewiſe a relation to things as well as perſons, and are then perfect when they are ſuch as are adapted to the ſubject. If, in either of theſe caſes, the poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminiſh, to raiſe love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other paſſion, we ought to conſider whether the ſentiments he makes uſe of are proper for theſe ends. Homer is cenſured by the critics for his defect as to this particular in ſeveral parts of the Iliad and Odyſſey, though, at the ſame time, thoſe who have treated this great poet with candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived. It was the fault of the age, and not of Homer, if there wants that delicacy in ſome of his ſentiments, which now appears in the works of men of a much inferior genius. Beſides, if there are blemiſhes in any particular thoughts, there is an infinite beauty in the greateſt part of them. In ſhort, if there are many poets who would not have fallen into the meanneſs of ſome of his ſentiments, there are none who could have riſen up to the greatneſs of others, Virgil has excelled all others in the propriety of his ſentiments. Milton ſhines likewiſe very much in this particular: nor muſt we omit one conſideration which adds to his honour and reputation. Homer and Virgil introduced perſons whoſe characters are commonly known among men, and ſuch as are to be met with either in hiſtory or in ordinary converſation. Milton's characters, moſt of them, lie out of nature, and were to be formed purely by his own invention. It ſhews a greater genius in Shakeſpeare to have drawn his Calyban than his Hotſpur or Julius Cæſar; the one was to be ſupplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, hiſtory, and obſervation. It was much eaſier therefore

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for Homer to find proper ſentiments for an aſſembly of Grecian generals, than for Milton to diverſify his infernal council with proper characters, and inſpire them with a variety of ſentiments. The loves of Dido and Æneas are only copies of what has paſſed between other perſons. Adam and Eve, before the fall, are a different ſpecies from that of mankind, who are deſcended from them; and none but a poet of the moſt unbounded invention, and the moſt exquiſite judgment, could have filled their converſation and behaviour with ſo many apt circumſtances during their ſtate of innocence.

Nor is it ſufficient for an Epic poem to be filled with ſuch thoughts as are *natural*, unleſs it abound alſo with ſuch as are *ſublime*. Virgil in this particular falls ſhort of Homer. He has not indeed ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar; but at the ſame time he has not ſo many thoughts that are ſublime and noble. The truth of it is, Virgil ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad. He every where charms and pleaſes us, by the force of his own genius, but ſeldom elevates and tranſports us where he does not fetch his hints from Homer.

Milton's chief talent, and indeed his diſtinguiſhing excellence, lies in the ſublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the moderns who rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatneſs of his ſentiments he triumphs over all the poets both modern and ancient, Homer only excepted. It is impoſſible for the imagination of man to diſtend itſelf with greater ideas, than thoſe which he has laid together in his firſt, ſecond, and ſixth books. The ſeventh, which deſcribes the creation of the world, is likewiſe wonderfully ſublime, though not ſo apt to ſtir up emotion in the mind of the reader, nor conſequently ſo perfect in the epic way of writing, becauſe it is filled with leſs action. Let the judicious reader compare what Longinus has obſerved on ſeveral paſſages in Homer, and he will find parallels for moſt of them in the Paradiſe Loſt.

From what has been ſaid we may infer, that as there are two kinds of ſentiments, the natural and the ſublime,

lime, which are always to be purſued in an heroic poem, there are alſo two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The firſt are ſuch as are affected and unnatural; the ſecond ſuch as are mean and vulgar. As for the firſt kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in Virgil. He has none of thoſe trifling points and puerilities that are ſo often to be met with in Ovid, none of the epigrammatic turns of Lucan, none of thoſe ſwelling ſentiments which are ſo frequent in Statius and Claudian, none of thoſe mixed embelliſhments of Taſſo. Every thing is juſt and natural. His ſentiments ſhew that he had a perfect inſight into human nature, and that he knew every thing which was the moſt proper to affect it.

Mr Dryden has in ſome places, which I may hereafter take notice of, miſrepreſented Virgil's way of thinking as to this particular, in the tranſlation he has given us of the Æneid. I do not remember that Homer any where falls into the faults above mentioned, which were indeed the falſe refinements of later ages. Milton, it muſt be confeſt, has ſometimes erred in this reſpect, as I ſhall ſhow more at large in another Paper; though, conſidering how all the poets of the age in which he writ were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did ſometimes comply with the vicious taſte which ſtill prevails ſo much among modern writers.

But ſince ſeveral thoughts may be natural which are low and groveling, an epic poet ſhould not only avoid ſuch ſentiments as are unnatural or affected, but alſo ſuch as are mean and vulgar. Homer has opened a great field of raillery to men of more delicacy than greatneſs of genius, by the homelineſs of ſome of his ſentiments. But, as I have before ſaid, theſe are rather to be imputed to the ſimplicity of the age in which he lived, to which I may alſo add, of that which he deſcribed, than to any imperfection in that divine poet. Zoilus, among the ancients, and Monſieur Perrault, among the moderns, puſhed their ri-

dicule very far upon him, on account of ſome ſuch ſentiments. There is no blemiſh to be obſerved in Virgil under this head, and but a very few in Milton.

I ſhall give but one inſtance of this impropriety of thought in Homer, and at the ſame time compare it with an inſtance of the ſame nature, both in Virgil and Milton. Sentiments which raiſe laughter, can very ſeldom be admitted with any decency into an heroic poem, whoſe buſineſs it is to excite paſſions of a much nobler nature. Homer, however, in his characters of Vulcan and Therſites, in his ſtory of Mars and Venus, in his behaviour of Iris, and in other paſſages, has been obſerved to have lapſed into the burleſque character, and to have departed from that ſerious air which ſeems eſſential to the magnificence of an epic poem. I remember but one laugh in the whole Æneid, which riſes in the fifth book, upon Monætes, where he is repreſented as thrown overboard, and drying himſelf upon a rock. But this piece of mirth is ſo well timed that the ſevereſt critic can have nothing to ſay againſt it; for it is in the book of games and diverſions, where the reader's mind may be ſuppoſed to be ſufficiently relaxed for ſuch an entertainment. The only piece of pleaſantry in Paradiſe Loſt, is where the evil ſpirits are deſcribed as rallying the angels upon the ſucceſs of their new-invented artillery. This paſſage I look upon to be the moſt exceptionable in the whole poem, as being nothing elſe but a ſtring of puns, and thoſe too very indifferent ones.

———" Satan beheld their plight,
" And to his mates thus in deriſion call'd :—
" O friends! why come not on thoſe victors proud?
" Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we,
" To entertain them fair with *open front*,
" And breaſt (what could we more?) propounded terms
" *Of compoſition*, ſtraight they chang'd their minds,
" *Flew* off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell
" As they would dance: yet for a dance they ſeem'd
" Somewhat

" Somewhat extravagant, and wild ; perhaps
" For joy of offered peace ; but I ſuppoſe
" If our propoſals once again were *heard*,
" We ſhould compel them to a quick *reſult*.
" To whom thus Belial, in like gameſome mood :—
" Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of *weight*,
" Of *hard contents*, and full of force urg'd home ;
" Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
" And *ſtumbled* many ; who receives them right
" Had need from head to foot well *underſtand* ;
" Not *underſtood*, this gift they have beſides,
" They ſhew us when our foes *walk not upright*.
" So they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
" Stood ſcoffing———

MILT. Par. L. b. vi. l. 609, &c.

Saturday, January 26, 1711-12*.

Ne, quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur heros,
Regali conſpectus in auro nuper & oſtro,
Migret in obſcuras humili ſermone tabernas :
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet.

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 227.

But then they did not wrong themſelves ſo much,
To make a God, a Hero, or a King,
(Stript of his golden crown, or purple robe)
Deſcend to a mechanic dialect ;
Nor (to avoid ſuch meanneſs) ſoaring high,
With empty ſound, and airy notions, fly.

ROSCOMMON.

HAVING already treated of the fable, the characters, and ſentiments in the Paradiſe Loſt, we are in the laſt place to conſider the language ; and as the learned world is very much divided upon Milton as to this point, I hope they will excuſe me if I

* No. 285. 3 G 2 appear

appear particular in any of my opinions, and incline to those who judge the most advantageously of the author.

It is requisite that the language of an heroic poem should be both perspicuous and sublime. In proportion as either of these two qualities are wanting, the language is imperfect. Perspicuity is the first and most necessary qualification; insomuch that a good-natured reader sometimes overlooks a little slip even in the grammar or syntax, where it is impossible for him to mistake the poet's sense. Of this kind is that passage in Milton, wherein he speaks of Satan:

"——God and his Son except,
"Created thing nought valu'd he nor shunn'd."

And that in which he describes Adam and Eve:—

"Adam the goodliest man of men since born
"His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve."

It is plain, that in the former of these passages, according to the natural syntax, the divine persons mentioned in the first line are represented as created beings; and that, in the other, Adam and Eve are confounded with their sons and daughters. Such little blemishes as these, when the thought is great and natural, we should, with Horace, impute to a pardonable inadvertency, or to the weakness of human nature, which cannot attend to each minute particular, and give the last finishing to every circumstance in so long a work. The ancient critics therefore, who were acted by a spirit of candour, rather than that of cavilling, invented certain figures of speech, on purpose to palliate little errors of this nature in the writings of those authors who had so many greater beauties to atone for them.

If clearness and perspicuity were only to be consulted, the poet would have nothing else to do but to clothe his thoughts in the most plain and natural expressions. But since it often happens that the most obvious phrases, and those which are used in ordinary conversation, become too familiar to the ear, and contract a kind of

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meanneſs by paſſing through the mouths of the vulgar; a poet ſhould take particular care to guard himſelf againſt idiomatic ways of ſpeaking. Ovid and Lucan have many poorneſſes of expreſſion upon this account, as taking up with the firſt phraſes that offered, without putting themſelves to the trouble of looking after ſuch as would not only have been natural, but alſo elevated and ſublime. Milton has but few failings in this kind, of which, however, you may meet with ſome inſtances, as in the following paſſages:

" Embrios and idiots, eremits and friars,
" White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery,
" Here pilgrims roam———
" ———A while diſcourſe they hold,
" No fear leſt dinner cool; when thus began
" Our author———
" Who of all ages to ſucceed, but feeling
" The evil on him brought by me, will curſe
" My head; ill fare our anceſtor impure,
" For this we may thank Adam.——"

The great maſters in compoſition know very well that many an elegant phraſe becomes improper for a poet or an orator, when it has been debaſed by common uſe. For this reaſon the works of ancient authors, which are written in dead languages, have a great advantage over thoſe which are written in languages that are now ſpoken. Were there any mean phraſes or idioms in Virgil and Homer, they would not ſhock the ear of the moſt delicate modern reader, ſo much as they would have done that of an old Greek or Roman, becauſe we never hear them pronounced in our ſtreets, or in ordinary converſation.

It is not therefore ſufficient, that the language of an epic poem be perſpicuous, unleſs it be alſo ſublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common forms and ordinary phraſes of ſpeech. The judgment of a poet very much diſcovers itſelf in ſhunning the common roads of expreſſion, without falling into ſuch ways of ſpeech as may ſeem ſtiff and unnatural; he muſt not

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ſwell into a falſe ſublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other extreme. Among the Greeks, Æſchylus, and ſometimes Sophocles, were guilty of this fault; among the Latins, Claudian and Statius; and among our own countrymen, Shakeſpeare and Lee. In theſe authors the affectation of greatneſs often hurts the perſpicuity of the ſtile, as in many others the endeavour after perſpicuity prejudices its greatneſs.

Ariſtotle has obſerved, that the idiomatic ſtile may be avoided, and the ſublime formed by the following methods:—Firſt, by the uſe of metaphors; ſuch are thoſe of Milton:

"Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
"———And in his hand a reed
"Stood waving tipt with fire.——
"The graſſy clouds now calv'd,——
"Spangled with eyes———

In theſe, and innumerable other inſtances, the metaphors are very bold, but juſt; I muſt however obſerve, that the metaphors are not ſo thick ſown in Milton, which always favours too much of wit; that they never claſh with one another, which, as Ariſtotle obſerves, turns a ſentence into a kind of an enigma or riddle; and that he ſeldom has recourſe to them where the proper and natural words will do as well.

Another way of raiſing the language, and giving it a poetical turn, is to make uſe of the idioms of other tongues. Virgil is full of the Greek forms of ſpeech, which the critics call Hellenifins, as Horace in his odes, abounds with them much more than Virgil. I need not mention the ſeveral dialects which Homer has made uſe of for this end. Milton, in conformity with the practice of the ancient poets, and with Ariſtotle's rule, has infuſed a great many Latiniſms, as well as Græciſms, and ſometimes Hebraiſms, into the language of his poem; as towards the beginning of it:—

"Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
"In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel.

"Yet

" Yet to their gen'ral's voice they ſoon obey'd——
" ————Who ſhall tempt with wand'ring feet
" The dark unbottom'd infinite abyſs,
" And through the palpable obſcure find out
" His uncouth way, or ſpread his airy flight
" Upborn with undefatigable wings
" Over the vaſt abrupt!

" ————So both aſcend
" In the viſions of God———— Book 2.

Under this head may be reckoned the placing the adjective after the ſubſtantive, the tranſpoſition of words, the turning the adjective into a ſubſtantive, with ſeveral other foreign modes of ſpeech which this poet has naturalized to give his verſe the greater ſound, and throw it out of proſe.

The third method mentioned by Ariſtotle is what agrees with the genius of the Greek language more than with that of any other tongue, and is therefore more uſed by Homer than by any other poet. I mean the lengthening of a phraſe by the addition of words, which may either be inſerted or omitted, as alſo by the extending or contracting of particular words by the inſertion or omiſſion of certain ſyllables. Milton has put in practice this method of raiſing his language, as far as the nature of our tongue will permit, as in the paſſage above mentioned, Eremite, for what is hermit, in common diſcourſe. If you obſerve the meaſure of his verſe, he has with great judgment ſuppreſſed a ſyllable in ſeveral words, and ſhortened thoſe of two ſyllables into one; by which method, beſides the above-mentioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his numbers. But this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of perſons and of countries, as Beelzebub, Heſſebon, and in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the name, or made uſe of that which is not the moſt commonly known, that he might the better deviate from the language of the vulgar.

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The ſame reaſon recommended to him ſeveral old words, which alſo makes his poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of antiquity.

I muſt likewiſe take notice, that there are in Milton ſeveral words of his own coining, as *cerberean*, *miſcreated*, *hell-doom'd*, *embryon* atoms, and many others. If the reader is offended at this liberty in our Engliſh poet, I would recommend him to a diſcourſe in Plutarch, which ſhews us how frequently Homer has made uſe of the ſame liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned helps, and by the choice of the nobleſt words and phraſes which our tongue could afford him, has carried our language to a greater height than any of the Engliſh poets have ever done before or after him, and made the ſublimity of his ſtile equal to that of his ſentiments.

I have been the more particular in theſe obſervations on Milton's ſtile, becauſe it is in that part of him in which he appears the moſt ſingular. The remarks I have here made upon the practice of other poets, with my obſervations out of Ariſtotle, will perhaps alleviate the prejudice which ſome have taken to his poem upon this account; though, after all, I muſt confeſs that I think his ſtile, though admirable in general, is in ſome places too much ſtiffened and obſcured by the frequent uſe of thoſe methods, which Ariſtotle has preſcribed for the raiſing of it.

This redundancy of thoſe ſeveral ways of ſpeech, which Ariſtotle calls "foreign language," and with which Milton has ſo very much enriched, and in ſome places darkened the language of his poem, was the more proper for his uſe, becauſe his poem is written in blank verſe. Rhyme, without any other aſſiſtance, throws the language off from proſe, and very often makes an indifferent phraſe paſs unregarded; but where the verſe is not built upon rhymes, there pomp of ſound and energy of expreſſion are indiſpenſably neceſſary to ſupport the ſtile, and keep it from falling into the flatneſs of proſe.

Thoſe who have not a taſte for this elevation of ſtile, and are apt to ridicule a poet when he departs from the common

common forms of expreſſion, would do well to ſee how Ariſtotle has treated an ancient author called Euclid for his inſipid mirth upon this occaſion. Mr Dryden uſed to call theſe ſort of men his proſe-critics.

I ſhould, under this head of the language, conſider Milton's numbers, in which he has made uſe of ſeveral eliſions, which are not cuſtomary among other Engliſh poets, as may be particularly obſerved in his cutting off the letter Y, when it precedes a vowel. This, and ſome other innovations in the meaſure of his verſe, has varied his numbers in ſuch a manner, as makes them incapable of ſatiating the ear, and cloying the reader, which the ſame uniform meaſure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of rhyme never fail to do in long narrative poems. I ſhall cloſe theſe reflections upon the language of Paradiſe Loſt, with obſerving that Milton has copied after Homer rather than Virgil, in the length of his periods, the copiouſneſs of his phraſes, and the running of his verſes into one another.

Saturday, February 2, 1711-12*.

——*Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis*
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura——

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 351.

But in a poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a ſlight miſtake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuſe.

ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE now conſidered MILTON'S PARADISE LOST under thoſe four great heads of the fable, the characters, the ſentiments, and the language; and have ſhewn that he excels, in general, under each of theſe heads. I hope that I have made ſeveral diſcoveries

which may appear new, even to thoſe who are verſed in critical learning. Were I indeed to chooſe my readers, by whoſe judgment I would ſtand or fall, they ſhould not be ſuch as are acquainted only with the French and Italian critics, but alſo with the ancient and modern who have written in either of the learned languages. Above all, I would have them well verſed in the Greek and Latin poets, without which a man very often fancies that he underſtands a critic, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

It is in criticiſm, as in all other ſciences and ſpeculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and obſervations, which he has made in his reading of the poets, will find his own reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps ſeveral little hints that had paſſed in his mind, perfected and improved in the works of a good critic; whereas one who has not theſe previous lights is very often an utter ſtranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

Nor is it ſufficient, that a man, who ſets up for a judge in criticiſm, ſhould have peruſed the authors above mentioned, unleſs he has alſo a clear and logical head. Without this talent, he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidſt his own blunders, miſtakes the ſenſe of thoſe he would confute, or, if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearneſs and perſpicuity. Ariſtotle, who was the beſt critic, was alſo one of the beſt logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr Locke's Eſſay on human underſtanding would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himſelf maſter of, who would get a reputation by critical writings; though at the ſame time it is very certain that an author, who has not learned the art of diſtinguiſhing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts and ſetting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will loſe himſelf in confuſion and obſcurity. I might further obſerve, that there is not a Greek or Latin critic, who has not

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ſhewn, even in the ſtile of his criticiſms, that he was a maſter of all the elegance and delicacy of his native tongue.

The truth of it is, there is nothing more abſurd, than for a man to ſet up for a critic, without a good inſight into all the parts of learning; whereas many of thoſe who have endeavoured to ſignalize themſelves by works of this nature, among our Engliſh writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned particulars, but plainly diſcover by the phraſe which they make uſe of, and by their confuſed way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the moſt common and ordinary ſyſtems of arts and ſciences. A few general rules extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, has ſometimes ſet up an illiterate heavy writer for a moſt judicious and formidable critic.

One great mark, by which you may diſcover a critic who has neither taſte nor learning, is this, that he ſeldom ventures to praiſe any paſſage in an author which has not been before received and applauded by the public, and that his criticiſm turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a critic is ſo very eaſy to ſucceed in, that we find every ordinary reader, upon the publiſhing of a new poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn ſeveral paſſages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr Dryden has very agreeably remarked in theſe two celebrated lines;

"Errors, like ſtraws, upon the ſurface flow;
"He who would ſearch for pearls, muſt dive below."

A true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, to diſcover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world ſuch things as are worth their obſervation. The moſt exquiſite words and fineſt ſtrokes of an author are thoſe which very often appear the moſt doubtful and exceptionable to a man who wants a reliſh for polite learning; and they are theſe, which a ſour undiſtinguiſhing critic ge-

nerally attacks with the greateſt violence. Tully obſerves, that it is very eaſy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *Verbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendered into Engliſh, "a glowing bold expreſſion," and to turn it into ridicule by a cold ill-natured criticiſm. A little wit is equally capable of expoſing a beauty, and of aggravating a fault; and though ſuch a treatment of an author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an underſtanding reader, it has however its effect among the generality of thoſe whoſe hand it falls into, the rabble of mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at, with any mixture of wit, is ridiculous in itſelf.

Such a mirth as this is always unſeaſonable in a critic, as it rather prejudices the reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a beauty, as well as a blemiſh, the ſubject of deriſion. A man who cannot write with wit on a proper ſubject is dull and ſtupid; but one who ſhews it in an improper place is as impertinent and abſurd. Beſides, a man who has the gift of ridicule is apt to find fault with any thing that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent, and very often cenſures a paſſage, not becauſe there is any fault in it, but becauſe he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of pleaſantry are very unfair and diſingenuous in works of criticiſm, in which the greateſt maſters, both ancient and modern, have always appeared with a ſerious and inſtructive air.

As I intend in my next Paper to ſhew the defects in "Milton's Paradiſe Loſt," I thought fit to premiſe theſe few particulars, to the end that the reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful work, and that I ſhall juſt point at the imperfections without endeavouring to inflame them with ridicule. I muſt alſo obſerve with Longinus, that the productions of a great genius, with many lapſes and inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of author, which are ſcrupulouſly exact, and conformable to all the rules of correct writing.

I ſhall conclude my Paper with a ſtory out of Boccalini, which ſufficiently ſhews us the opinion that judi-

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cious author entertained of the ſort of critics I have been here mentioning. A famous critic, ſays he, having gathered together all the faults of an eminent poet, made a preſent of them to Apollo, who received them very graciouſly, and reſolved to make the author a ſuitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he ſet before him a ſack of wheat, as it had been juſt threſhed out of the ſheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aſide by itſelf. The critic applied himſelf to the taſk with great induſtry and pleaſure, and, after having made the due ſeparation, was preſented by Apollo with the chaff for his pains.

Saturday, February 19, 1711-12*.

——————*velut ſi*
Egregio inſperſos reprendas corpore nævos.
Hor. 1 Sat. vi. 66.

As perfect beauties ſomewhere have a mole.
CREECH.

AFTER what I have ſaid in my laſt Saturday's Paper, I ſhall enter on the ſubject of this without further preface, and remark the ſeveral defects which appear in the fable, the characters, the ſentiments, and the language of "Milton's Paradiſe Loſt;" not doubting but the reader will pardon me, if I alledge at the ſame time whatever may be ſaid for the extenuation of ſuch defects. The firſt imperfection which I ſhall obſerve in the fable is, that the event of it is unhappy.

The fable of every poem is, according to Ariſtotle's diviſion, either Simple or Implex. It is called ſimple when there is no change of fortune in it; implex, when the fortune of the chief actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The implex fable is

* No. 297.

thought

thought the moſt perfect; I ſuppoſe becauſe it is more proper to ſtir up the paſſions of the reader, and to ſurpriſe him with a greater variety of accidents.

The implex fable is therefore of two kinds; in the firſt the chief actor makes his way through a long ſeries of dangers and difficulties, until he arrives at honour and proſperity, as we ſee in the ſtory of Ulyſſes and Æneas. In the ſecond, the chief actor in the poem falls from ſome eminent pitch of honour and proſperity, into miſery and diſgrace. Thus we ſee Adam and Eve ſinking from a ſtate of innocence and happineſs, into the moſt abject condition of ſin and ſorrow.

The moſt taking tragedies among the ancients were built on this laſt ſort of implex fable, particularly the tragedy of OEdipus, which proceeds upon a ſtory, if we may believe Ariſtotle, the moſt proper for tragedy that could be invented by the wit of man. I have taken ſome pains in a former Paper to ſhew, that this kind of implex fable, wherein the event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the firſt kind; notwithſtanding many excellent pieces among the ancients, as well as moſt of thoſe which have been written of late years in our own country, are raiſed upon contrary plans. I muſt however own, that I think this kind of fable, which is the moſt perfect in tragedy, is not ſo proper for an heroic poem.

Milton ſeems to have been ſenſible of this imperfection in his fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by ſeveral expedients; particularly by the mortification which the great adverſary of mankind meets with upon his return to the aſſembly of infernal ſpirits, as it is deſcribed in a beautiful paſſage of the third book; and likewiſe by the viſion wherein Adam, at the cloſe of the poem, ſees his offſpring triumphing over his great enemy, and himſelf reſtored to a happier Paradiſe than that from which he fell.

There is another objection againſt Milton's fables, which is indeed almoſt the ſame with the former, though placed in a different light, namely,—That the hero in the Paradiſe Loſt is unſuccesſful, and by no means

means a match for his enemies. This gave occaſion to Mr Dryden's reflection, that the devil was in reality Milton's hero. I think I have obviated this objection in my firſt Paper. The "Paradiſe Loſt" is an epic or a narrative poem, and he that looks for an hero in it, ſearches for that which Milton never intended; but if he will needs fix the name of an hero upon any perſon in it, it is certainly the Meſſiah who is the hero, both in the principal action, and in the chief epiſodes. Paganiſm could not furniſh out a real action for a fable greater than that of the Iliad or Æneid, and therefore an heathen could not form an higher notion of a poem than one of that kind which they call an Heroic. Whether Milton's is not of a ſublimer nature I will not preſume to determine: it is ſufficient that I ſhew there is in the "Paradiſe Loſt" all the greatneſs of plan, regularity of deſign, and maſterly beauties which we diſcover in Homer and Virgil.

I muſt in the next place obſerve, that Milton has interwoven in the texture of his fable, ſome particulars which do not ſeem to have probability enough for an epic poem, particularly in the actions which he aſcribes to Sin and Death, and the picture which he draws of the "Limbo of Vanity," with other paſſages in the ſecond book. Such allegories rather ſavour of the ſpirit of Spenſer and Arioſto, than of Homer and Virgil.

In the ſtructure of his poem he has likewiſe admitted too many digreſſions. It is finely obſerved by Ariſtotle, that the author of an heroic poem ſhould ſeldom ſpeak himſelf, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of thoſe who are his principal actors. Ariſtotle has given no reaſon for his precept: but I preſume it is becauſe the mind of the reader is more awed and elevated when he hears Æneas or Achilles ſpeak, than when Virgil or Homer talk in their own perſons. Beſides, that aſſuming the character of an eminent man, is apt to fire the imagination, and raiſe the ideas of the author. Tully tells us, mentioning his dialogue of old age, in which Cato is the chief ſpeaker, that upon a review of it he was

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agreeably imposed upon, and fancied that it was Cato and not he himself, who uttered his thoughts on that subject.

If the reader would be at the pains to see how the story of the Iliad and the Æneid is delivered by those persons who act in it, he will be surprised to find how little, in either of these poems, proceeds from the authors. Milton has, in the general disposition of his fable, very finely observed this great rule; insomuch, that there is scarce a tenth part of it which comes from the poet; the rest is spoken either by Adam or Eve, or by some good or evil spirit, who is engaged either in their destruction or defence.

From what has been here observed, it appears that digressions are by no means to be allowed of, in an epic poem. If the poet, even in the ordinary course of his narration, should speak as little as possible, he should certainly never let his narration sleep for the sake of any reflection of his own. I have often observed, with a secret admiration, that the longest reflection in the Æneid, is in that passage in the tenth book, where Turnus is represented as dressing himself in the spoils of Pallas, whom he had slain. Virgil here lets his fable stand still, for the sake of the following remark: "How "is the mind of man ignorant of futurity, and unable "to bear prosperous fortune with moderation! The "time will come when Turnus shall wish that he had "left the body of Pallas untouched, and curse the day "on which he dressed himself in these spoils." As the great event of the Æneid, and the death of Turnus, whom Æneas slew because he saw him adorned with the spoils of Pallas, turns upon this incident, Virgil went out of his way to make this reflection upon it, without which so small a circumstance might possibly have slipt out of his reader's memory. Lucan, who was an injudicious poet, lets drop his story very frequently for the sake of his unnecessary digressions, or his *Diverticula*, as Scaliger calls them. If he gives us an account of the prodigies which preceded the civil war, he declaims upon the occasion, and shews how much happier it would be for man, if he did not feel

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his evil fortune before it comes to paſs; and ſuffer, not only by its real weight, but by the apprehenſion of it. Milton's complaint for his blindneſs, his panegyric on marriage, his reflections on Adam and Eve's going naked, of the angel's eating, and ſeveral other paſſages in his poem, are liable to the ſame exception, though I muſt confeſs there is ſo great a beauty in theſe very digreſſions, that I would not wiſh them out of his poem.

I have, in a former Paper, ſpoken of the "characters" of Milton's "Paradiſe Loſt," and declared my opinion, as to the allegorical perſons who are introduced in it.

If we look into the "ſentiments," I think they are ſometimes defective under the following heads; firſt, as there are ſeveral of them too much pointed, and ſome that degenerate even into puns. Of this laſt kind I am afraid is that in the firſt book, where, ſpeaking of the pygmies, he calls them,

"————The ſmall *Infantry*
"Warr'd on by cranes————"

Another blemiſh that appears in ſome of his thoughts, is his frequent alluſion to heathen fables, which are not certainly of a piece with the divine ſubject of which he treats. I do not find fault with theſe alluſions, where the poet himſelf repreſents them as fabulous, as he does in ſome places, but where he mentions them as truths and matters of fact. The limits of my Paper will not give me leave to be particular in inſtances of this kind; the reader will eaſily remark them in his peruſal of the poem.

A third fault in his ſentiments, is an unneceſſary oſtentation of learning, which likewiſe occurs very frequently. It is certain that both Homer and Virgil were maſters of all the learning of their times, but it ſhows itſelf in their works after an indirect and concealed manner. Milton ſeems ambitious of letting us know, by his excurſions on free-will and predeſtination, and his many glances upon hiſtory, aſtronomy, geography, and the like, as well as by the terms and phraſes

he ſometimes makes uſe of, that he was acquainted with the whole circle of arts and ſciences.

If, in the laſt place, we conſider the "language" of this great poet, we muſt allow what I have hinted in a former Paper, that it is often too much laboured, and ſometimes obſcured by old words, tranſpoſitions, and foreign idioms. Seneca's objection to the ſtyle of a great author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in ea placidum, nihil lene*, is what many critics make to Milton. As I cannot wholly refute it, ſo I have already apologized for it in another Paper; to which I may further add, that Milton's ſentiments and ideas were ſo wonderfully ſublime, that it would have been impoſſible for him to have repreſented them in their full ſtrength and beauty, without having recourſe to theſe foreign aſſiſtances. Our language ſunk under him, and was unequal to that greatneſs of ſoul which furniſhed him with ſuch glorious conceptions.

A ſecond fault in his language is, that he often affects a kind of jingle in his words, as in the following paſſage, and many others:

"And brought into the *world* a *world* of woe,
"———Begirt th' Almighty throne
"*Beſeeching* or *beſieging*———
"This *tempted* our *attempt*———
"At one ſlight *bound* high overleapt all *bound*.

I know there are figures of this kind of ſpeech, that ſome of the greateſt ancients have been guilty of it, and that Ariſtotle himſelf has given it a place in his rhetoric among the beauties of that art. But as it is in itſelf poor and trifling, it is I think at preſent univerſally exploded by all the maſters of polite writing.

The laſt fault which I ſhall take notice of in Milton's ſtyle, is the frequent uſe of what the learned call "technical words," or terms of art. It is one of the greateſt beauties of poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abſtruſe of itſelf in ſuch eaſy language as may be underſtood by ordinary readers; beſides

beſides that the knowledge of a poet ſhould rather ſeem born with him, or inſpired, than drawn from books and ſyſtems. I have often wondered how Mr Dryden could tranſlate a paſſage out of Virgil after the following manner:

> " Tack to the larboard, and ſtand off to ſea,
> " Veer ſtarboard ſea and land.———

Milton makes uſe of *larboard* in the ſame manner. When he is upon building, he mentions *Dorick Pillars*, *Pilaſters*, *Cornice*, *Freeze*, *Architrave*. When he talks of heavenly bodies, you meet with " Ecliptick and Eccentrick, the trepidation, ſtars dropping from the zenith, rays culminating from the equator:" to which might be added many inſtances of the like kind in ſeveral other arts and ſciences.

I ſhall in my next Papers give an account of the many particular beauties in Milton, which would have been too long to inſert under thoſe general heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of criticiſm.

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END OF VOLUME SECOND.

Order at end of Vol I.